Collier's

AUGUST 14, 1948 TEN CENTS

General Stilwell: "Churchill has Roosevelt in his pocket"

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

•

WHAT EVERY NEW DRAFTEE SHOULD KNOW

BY HOWARD WHITMAN

World's newest trucks!
NEW 1949 STUDEBAKERS

Studebaker cabs are a driver's dream! Wider doors—lower floors—steps enclosed against snow, sleet and ice! Rugged, coil-spring seats—22.8% increase in window and windshield vision—air-scoop cab ventilation—two window wings, windshield wipers, arm rests and sun visors, ash tray, automatic cab light, door stops, rotary door latches, are all standard equipment. Studebaker's Truck Climatizer, finest all-weather ventilating and heating system, is available at added cost.

New in design! New in exclusive features!

THAT HUSKY handsome, new 1949 Studebaker truck you see above is more than a breath-taking new style.

It's a revolutionary change for the better in truck engineering.

It's a truck that's a stand-out example of the star-studded new Studebaker super line for '49—the easiest trucks to drive and to service that ever wheeled a load.

These sensational 1949 Studebaker trucks are new through and through—even the way they ride is a delightful new experience in relaxed comfort.

They're the world's first trucks with a new kind of "lift-the-hood" accessibility—no standing on a box to get at the engine or ignition—no fumbling under the dash panel to service the instruments or accessories.

Studebaker dealers all over America are proudly showing this new Studebaker super line for '49 right now. Stop in for a close-up look at your first opportunity. More truck models than Studebaker ever offered! An extensive new range of sizes and wheelbases!

STUDEBAKER TRUCKS

NOTED FOR LOW COST OPERATION

You Get a Bigger Telephone Package Than Ever Before

WHEN you buy telephone service you buy a great big package of convenience, safety, happiness and achievement all wrapped into one. More minutes in the day. More things done, more easily.

You buy contacts with people—a quick, dependable, economical way of keeping in touch with almost everybody, everywhere.

You now get a bigger package than ever because there are more telephones than ever. In the three years since the war, we've added nearly 9,000,000 new Bell telephones—an increase of 40%.

Many of these new telephones are right in your city, town or neighborhood. They are friends, relatives, neighbors, doctors, nurses, stores, offices: a larger world within your reach. The value of your own telephone has increased because you can call so many more people—and so many more can call you.

It's a big package, this telephone package, and it keeps on getting bigger day by day.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

COLLIER'S

August 14, 1948

ALBERT E. WINGER, *President* THOMAS H. BECK, *Chairman of the Board* WILLIAM L. CHENERY, *Publisher*

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THIS WEEK

FICTION

ARTICLES

THE WEEK'S MAIL

MARCHING ON THE POLLS

DEAR SIR: You are right. Parades to the Polls (Editorial, July 3d) are the best parades of all. You are not referring to the parades with brass bands and flags flying. But why not?

Any means that will bring out the voters to express their honest opinions is a healthy stimulant to a democracy. Let an average of 75 per cent of all the eligible voters go to the polls at every election and the "machines" and the chiselers and the incompetents in public office would soon reach the vanishing point.

JAMES S. DRAGO, Union City, N. J.

. . . I would like to see you go a step further and advocate a legal holiday when the Election Day is for the President of the United States and advocate that states have holidays for primary and state elections where they elect their governors.

It would bring to the attention of every voter that THAT WAS THE DAY for them and also their DUTY to exercise their privilege of voting. It would bring out arguments and speeches and I feel that we would greatly increase the voting.

CLAUDE E. SHAW, Superior, Neb.

CATHOLIC ACTION

DEAR SIR: The article Our Job in Italy by Charles Wertenbaker in the Collier's for June 26th is an excellent one, but there is a misconception about Catholic Action which I would like to clear up. Probably it is easy to make this mistake, but Catholic Action's aims and purposes are entirely on the religious plane. That it has any effect on politics is accidental or, as in the case of the Italian elections, there was the necessity of overcoming a deadly foe of church, the guardian of all those God-given rights which Americans prize so dearly. There can be no compromise between Jesus Christ and His Law and atheistic Communism with its devilish designs.

DONALD W. LEATHERS, Fitchburg, Mass.

TOITLE DOIBY

SIRS: Bill Fay (Collier's Sports, July 3d) claims that pigeon racing is the laziest sport in the world, since all the bird owner does is mail his bird, check its return time, report it to the association and sit back and wait for the postman to let him know how he did.

What about turtle racing? Once the contest is on, you can enjoy several hours of uninterrupted sleep before the race ends.

(Continued on page 56)

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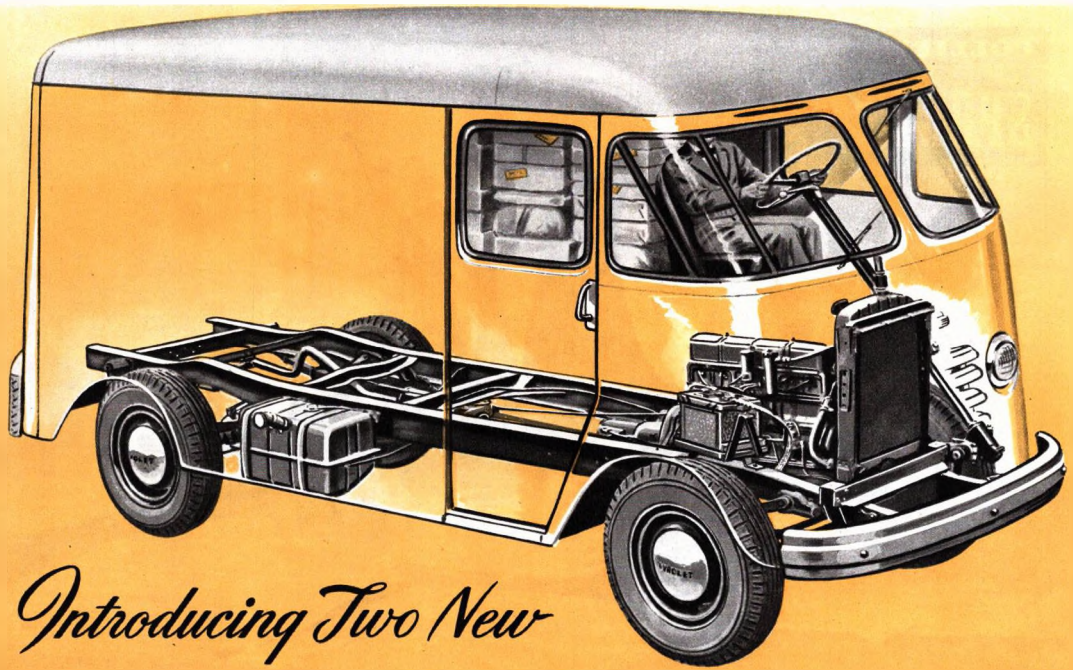


Introducing Two New

CHEVROLET *Dubl-Duti* CHASSIS

(FORWARD-CONTROL)

Illustrated above is the 125¼" wheelbase Forward Control Chassis—bumpers optional equipment.

The new Advance-Design Forward Control Chassis double cubic load space without additional wheelbase.

Parking is easier due to better maneuverability and small turning radius.

Electric starter button on instrument panel provides new, clear floor area while Chevrolet's new solenoid-operated mechanism assures positive starting.

Increased safety and operating efficiency is provided by the unique, new foot-operated parking brake.

Chevrolet's Advance-Design steering column gearshift control (on 125¼" wheelbase with three-speed transmission) creates new driving ease and convenience.

CHEVROLET Here's the big news in door-to-door delivery! Chevrolet announces two new Chevrolet DUBL-DUTI Forward-Control Chassis . . . ready now for standard body installations that *double* the cubic load space of conventional panel trucks on the same wheelbase. Think what this means in terms of bigger payloads, fewer trips, greater operating efficiency. Consider, too, that these new Chevrolet Dubl-Duti Chassis are ADVANCE-DESIGN throughout . . . rugged, feature-studded, economical to operate and maintain. Chevrolet Dubl-Duti Chassis are great additions to a great line of *lowest price* Chevrolet trucks. See your Chevrolet dealer for complete information.

Forward Control Chassis Model 3742

125¼" wheelbase; three-speed transmission; gross vehicle weights of 6,200 to 7,000 Lbs. Adaptable to nine- and ten-foot bodies.

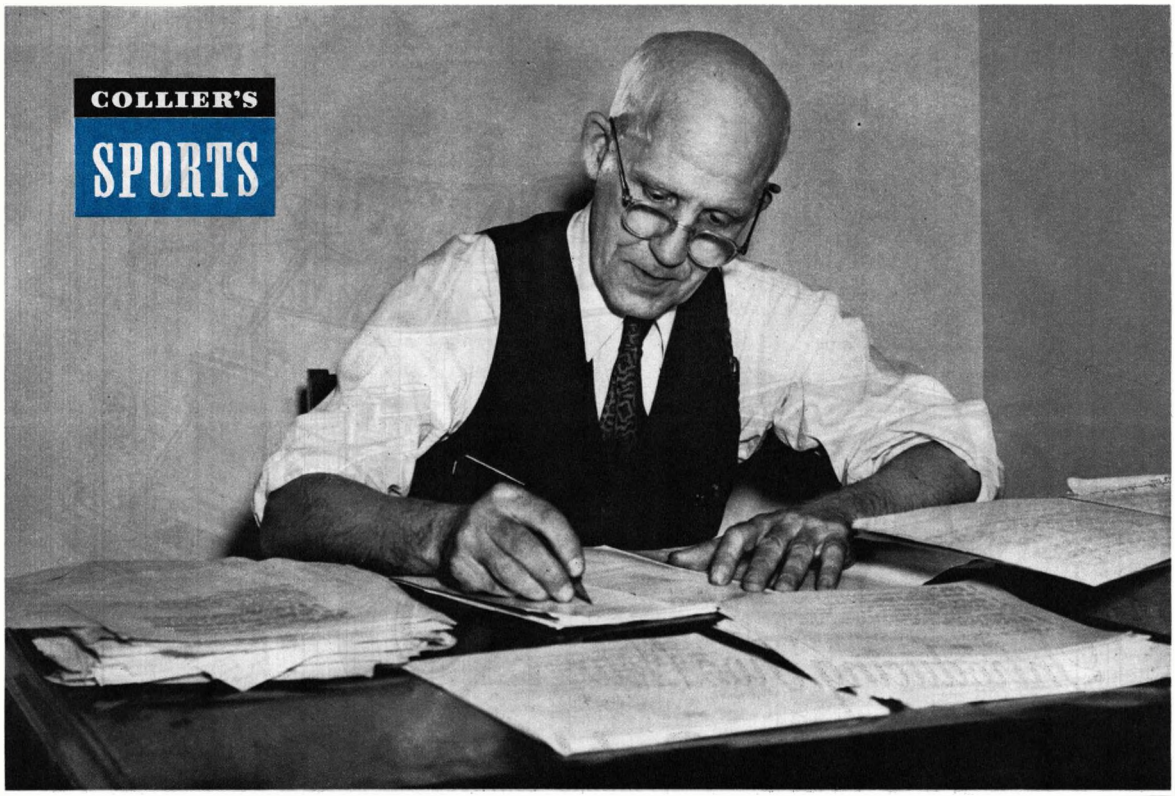
Forward Control Chassis Model 3942

137" wheelbase; four-speed transmission; gross vehicle weights of 6,700 to 10,000 Lbs. Adaptable to ten- and eleven-foot bodies.

CHEVROLET MOTOR DIVISION, GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION
DETROIT 2, MICHIGAN

ADVANCE-DESIGN

CHEVROLET TRUCKS



Meet Shorty Ray, speed-up man of the grid. He times the plays, puts the results through a mathematical mill and grinds out flashier football

SLIDE-RULE FOOTBALL

BY BILL FAY

WELL, the football season is nearly here again. Eight All America Conference and ten National League teams are sweating it out in training camp. The first All America game is a few weeks away.

Summer football training is necessary, exacting work. Pro titles have been won and lost in summer drills. Last August, Coach Jimmy Conzelman huddled with Hugh (Shorty) Ray, National League technical adviser, at the Chicago Cardinals' training camp.

"Let's go over your figures, Shorty," Conzelman suggested. "Last year in running and passing we averaged 5.47 yards per play and the Bears averaged only 4.91, but they beat us out for the championship. There must be a hole in our defense somewhere."

Conzelman's suspicions were verified on page 17 of Ray's play-by-play analysis of the 1946 season. "Team B (Ray wrote) runs a kickoff back to its 46, which is 15 yards above normal. They now are in a strategic position to use a well-diversified attack. Had they been restrained to their 31 (normal runback), their attack would have been restrained to three rushes and a punt under normal conditions. (Teams average 3.6 downs in this zone before punting or making a first down.) On the basis of a restricted attack from the 31, Team A (by permitting the extra 15-yard runback) made a gift to B of the equivalent of four downs, besides the playing time of 141 seconds, which this number of plays normally would have consumed."

Pointing directly at the Cardinals, Ray wrote on: "For 1946, the team with the highest combined gain of 5.47 was tied with three other teams for fourth position in games won. . . . This was a direct result of their defensive weakness against runbacks, as attested by their net gain per punt and kickoff, and other items. When the receivers or interceptors are presented with opportunities, in such cases, to advance unduly to positions on the field which are more favorable to retaining the ball offensively, it is reflected in more plays for them and less for the kicking or passing team."

In other words, the Bears (less powerful offensively but more alert defensively) ran 872 plays while the Cards executed 744. The Bears' opponents started only 701 plays while Cardinal opponents had 820 scrimmage opportunities. Offensively, the Bears gained 128 plays; defensively, they gained 119. Overall, the Bears' advantage over the Cards was 247 plays in 11 games.

"Just about 22 plays a game," Conzelman concluded. "Mighty interesting, Shorty. We can travel about 120 yards in 22 plays. We were spotting the Bears the length of the field in every game. We'll have to do something about those runbacks."

The Cardinals did. They improved their defense, held onto the ball longer, ran 922 plays from scrimmage —exactly the number executed by the Bears—and won the National League championship.

An amazing man, Shorty Ray, sixty-five years old, former Western Conference official, retired professor of mechanical drawing. Shorty spends the winter, spring and early summer analyzing statistics. During the fall, he supervises National League officials and observers (two at each game). The observers time officials and teams with a stop watch. Observer number one checks the officials—records how many seconds they use putting the ball in position for the next down. Observer number two checks the offensive team—jots down huddle time.

After tabulating 30,000 stop-watch readings last winter, Ray computed the officials' average ball-handling time at 7.4 seconds. Teams averaged 22.5 seconds putting the ball into play. Ray also spotted the most efficient crew of officials (6.5 average) and the laggard crew (8.2). The 8.2 crew received plenty of winter instruction from the league office.

So what difference does a second make? Plenty. By prodding officials and marking the teams that loiter in huddles, Ray's observers have increased the number of plays per National League game from 145.5 in 1936 to 166.5 in 1947. The speed-up has been a factor in increasing touchdown production from 3.4 to 5.93 per game in the same period. Specifically (as Shorty points out) each increase of a single second over the 22.5 average destroys 3.3 plays per game. It isn't hard to prove, the way Shorty does it.

BALOGH EMERGES TRIUMPHANT

Harry Balogh, the dapper, tuxedoed New York fight announcer, has become a very popular fellow with the people who own television sets—particularly people who never visited Madison Square Garden.

At his best—or worst, if you are fussy about syntax and diction—Harry is the uncrowned malaprop champion of the world. He also is a leading contender for whatever honors are awarded for redundancy, verbosity and circumlocution. He is the man who expanded "May the best man win!" into "May the more worthy participant emerge triumphant!"

Harry works without notes and always keeps his head in an emergency:

(Continued on page 57)

Never before—a Zenith console combination with Cobra Tone Arm for $169.95

PRESENTING THE ZENITH "CHALLENGER," beautiful new console combination with which Zenith establishes a new standard of radio-phonograph value

COBRA TONE ARM—Brings out tone beauty never heard from records before. Keeps your favorites sounding like new for over 2,000 plays.

SILENT-SPEED RECORD CHANGER—Gently changes 10 or 12 inch records lightning fast! The most *dependable* record changer ever built.

LONG-RANGE RECEPTION—The powerful, long-range performance that has made Zenith world-famous for long distance!

"GLIDE-OUT" PHONO UNIT—As panel is lowered, phono unit glides easily into the open. No jolting. No lid-lifting.

RADIORGAN TONE CONTROL—Makes you master of 64 different tone-blendings not possible with *any* ordinary tone control.

REMOTE CONTROL RECORD CHANGE—Just touch a button on the dial panel and start changer or change records!

Other Zenith models from $26.95 to $675.*

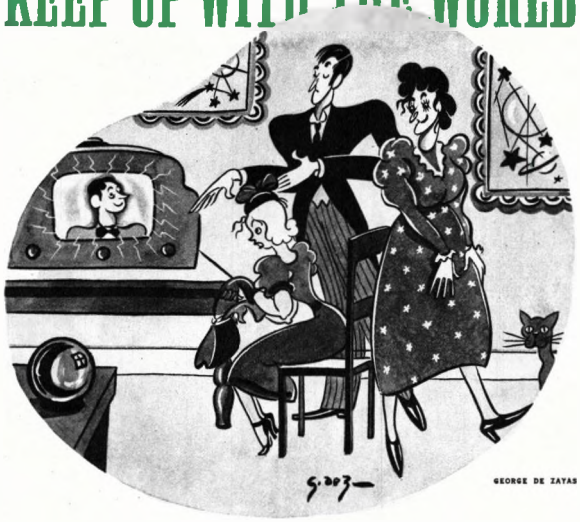
*West Coast prices slightly higher. All prices subject to change without notice.

NEVER—UNTIL NOW—has such a set been available at anywhere near this price. A stunning new radio-phonograph with Cobra Tone Arm—Silent-Speed Record Changer—Radiorgan Tone Control—all the costly, exclusive Zenith features outlined at the left. And the price? One hundred and sixty-nine dollars and ninety-five cents. That's right—$169.95*. Drop in at your Zenith dealer's soon. See and hear the gorgeous new Zenith "CHALLENGER." Then take another good look at the price tag. We rest our case right there.

ZENITH
•LONG DISTANCE• RADIO

ALSO MAKERS OF AMERICA'S FINEST HEARING AIDS
ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, CHICAGO 39, ILLINOIS

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD



BY FRELING FOSTER

Some fraudulent spiritualists now employ a "psychic television" set in their materializations. In a typical case, the medium arranges with a widow to have the machine reproduce the features of her late husband and then a confederate, posing as a telephone inspector, calls at her home and surreptitiously photographs a portrait of the deceased. At the seance a few days later, the receiver lights up and, to the accompaniment of strange ethereal sounds, the photograph, enlarged and disguised, slowly comes into focus on the screen. Believing that television waves have transmitted her husband's image from heaven, the widow gladly pays the fee —usually $50.

Probably the most ingenious banknote fraud of all time was that perpetrated by nine crooks in 1924 on the huge London firm that had long printed the paper currency of the Bank of Portugal. Posing as a representative of the bank and armed with forged documents, the ringleader tricked the firm into making and allowing him to deliver $5,000,000 worth of currency. The fraud was not discovered for over a year, and five more years passed before the gang had been caught and convicted. The Bank of Portugal sued the printers and was awarded $1,500,000 compensation for the money it lost in redeeming the unauthorized issue.—*By Andrew Robertson, London, England.*

No painting on record ever approached in size the Panorama of the Mississippi which was executed by John Banvard between 1840 and 1846 and depicted 1,200 miles of the river's landscape between the mouth of the Missouri and New Orleans. As the picture was twelve feet wide and nearly 16,000 feet long, it was exhibited by being passed between two upright revolving cylinders on the stages of large auditoriums, required two hours to be shown in its entirety and earned about $200,000 on its tour of the world's leading cities.

One of the strangest unsolved mysteries in history was created by the peculiar hoofprints in the snow discovered in Devonshire, England, on the morning of February 9, 1855. These impressions were oval, about the size of a donkey's hoof and preceded each other eight inches apart in a direct line as though the animal had been imitating a tightrope walker. The uninterrupted track led over high obstacles, crossed a wide river, passed through 15 towns and covered 98 miles. When scientists stated that no living creature ever left such prints, it was rumored they had been made by the devil himself and, consequently, many superstitious persons were afraid for months to go outdoors after dark.

For decades the Tomb of Eve in a cemetery near Jedda, Arabia, was visited annually by thousands of Mohammedans who, after dropping a coin in the slot, asked and received Eve's advice—through a speaking tube. The fact that the Mother of Mankind could talk to them and that she required a resting place 40 feet wide by 500 feet long did not tax the credulity of her customers. When this alleged mausoleum was ordered destroyed in 1927, the woman who had run the racket from an underground room retired with a fortune.

The English language once had nearly 50 collective nouns that designated groups of animals, but about half of them have become obsolete. While we still speak of a *herd* of cattle and a *flock* of sheep, we no longer speak of a *cete* of badgers, *muster* of peacocks, *mute* of hounds, *nye* of pheasants, *pride* of lions, *skein* of ducks, *skulk* of foxes or a *troop* of monkeys.—*By Willoughby Hill, New York City.*

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

Half a carload of "housing" speeds to the site

. . . *with* DIAMOND T *reliability*

MONARCH Lumber Company packs a whale of a lot of praise into one short letter reporting on this newest Diamond T Model 806A. Here's what they say:

"We are very enthusiastic over this new Diamond T, especially the lower fuel and maintenance costs. Loads from 8,000 to 12,000 board feet are hauled *swiftly*, *safely* and *economically* —to our complete satisfaction. Compared with many other makes of trucks we've used, it delivers real trouble-free performance because of its modern design and extra-heavy-duty construction."

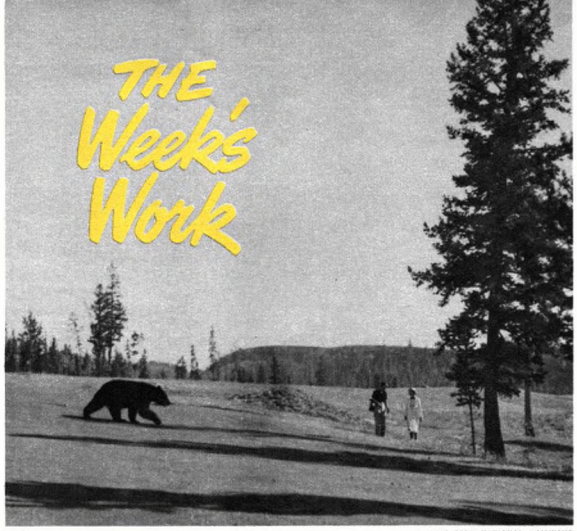
Despite glowing reports like this, Diamond T engineers aren't resting on their laurels. A new Model 704 has just been announced—similar to this 806A but with a new, super-smooth, 162 horse-power engine for higher speeds on long hauls. Other 1948 models have increased road speed; larger, more comfortable cabs; improved steering; more powerful brakes; many other advancements. Today's Diamond T's are the finest we have ever built.

See your Diamond T dealer. Let him figure the model that exactly matches your job (we build all sizes from one-ton up). Learn why drivers, maintenance men and owners say, "We all agree on Diamond T!"

DIAMOND T MOTOR CAR COMPANY CHICAGO

Established 1905

DIAMOND T TRUCKS



CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

A fur-coated kibitzer of Jasper National Park

LIKE a good tourist one of tour-designer John Kord Lagemann's first questions about Jasper National Park (Playground in the Sky, p. 28) was how cold it got in winter. "Cold enough so's you don't have to shave," answered a guide. "All you do is stick your face outside half a minute till your whiskers freeze good and hard. Then smile real quick and they'll drop off clean's a whistle."

Like a wise tourist, however, Mr. Lagemann kept sensibly aloof while interviewing the bears which infest the park—especially after one of them (weight 225) knocked Lagemann down pulling on his camera strap. "Unless you intend to support one the rest of your life," he reports, "the meanest thing you can do is feed a friendly bear. After a few tourist handouts he finds his fellow bear pretty dull company."

In fact when food gets scarce in the wintertime, the bears will lovingly break into your house and raid the pantry. They also love golf: and will trundle happily around the Jasper course kibitzing the foursomes, running ahead to grab the flag on the putting green, and pick up the ball.

They also love to sit on the tee benches and give the hackers the furry ha-ha as they drive off, and curl up for a middle-of-the-fairway snooze. Finally, after finishing a round, the fuzzy-wuzzies like to join the golfers in a cooling shower.

"They used to bite through the shower nozzles until the greens manager installed handles they could operate," relates Lagemann. "Now they merely forget to turn off the water. But while tourists have had some anxious moments, no one in Jasper has been seriously bitten or mauled in 41 years."

Around the golf course, Lagemann heard of a pair of golfers who arrived one Sunday from Troon, Scotland, for a vacation. Grimly pious, they couldn't play on the Sabbath. Neither could they keep away from the course. "So they walked the entire 18 holes," says Lagemann, "without clubs, played it mentally, deliberating over every imaginary shot—and did well, of course."

But Lagemann loved every minute of Jasper (and who wouldn't?), including the flying squirrels and the visitors who, preparing a trip to the Angel Glacier on Mt. Edith Cavell, asked: "When does the glacier spout?"

LATEST author to shake the concrete of Manhattan from his shoes and move to the Artistic & Intellectual Dead Center of America: Connecticut, is Howard Whitman. There, ensconced in a 200-year-old salt-box in Westport, he wrote What Every New Draftee Should Know (p. 13).

Like every new rusticator, Whitman says he's having his troubles keeping his hands to the typewriter, when they're itching for the throttle of the power mower. "How can a guy work when the frogs are honking in the lily pond, the cherries are begging to be picked, and the hollyhocks are bursting like hot popcorn?" he asks.

Another distinguished Nutmegger, Walter Davenport, has advised Whitman to seek escape in a Work Studio.

Mr. Davenport once forged an old forge into one. "I don't have a forge but I have a henhouse," Whitman advises. "I suppose it would be as good a place as any for laying eggs. The fragrance of 14 generations of chickens is in it, but I suppose if I ever wrote that many pieces in it, the odor would change. For better or worse?"

"AM a product of Detroit," confesses Russell Beggs, debuting with Stars in His Hair (p. 18). "Like other Detroit products, I am a little wider this year and a little lower in the waist and hair." Otherwise, for two years Mr. Beggs (who is twenty-seven, and of Wayne U.) wrote radio comedy in Hollywood, and claims to be the only comedy writer in existence who doesn't know a joke. While in the Army, Mr. Beggs was program director of a radio station on Kwajalein, a bit of mud in the middle of the Pacific. "I was a comedian here," he says, "due to the fact Bob Hope wasn't available and the island inmates were unable to tune in elsewhere. Later they transferred me to a smaller island, which, oddly, had no radio station."

Right now Mr. Beggs is at work on the only novel in existence which proves Hollywood is a pleasant place.

This week's cover: Water Girl. The blue-eyed brunette is the beauteous Joan Crouch, of Westwood, California. Joan's twenty, daughter of an importer of aromatic oils for perfumes, and a pretty-pretty at UCLA. She's also a crack amateur gardener, and L. Willinger caught her crushing beetles barehandedly among her prize anemones, photographed her cooling out. . . .

TED SHANE

MONARCH

World's Largest Family of Nationally Distributed Finer Foods

We've told you that from every land
Come finer foods for MONARCH brand.
And (don't forget) old U. S. A.
Also provides its share, each day,
Of foods that, after careful test,
Our Luke and Lucy say are "best";
—And so deserve the MONARCH label—
They surely should be on your table.

Here in a charming orchard scene
Fine, lúscious, tree-ripe peaches gleam.
And when each one perfection reaches
We call them—MONARCH SHORTCAKE PEACHES.
This is but one of finer things
That, packed in bottles, boxes, tins,
Provide five hundred foods and more
That you can buy in nearby store.

Now, every one is simply grand
And proudly wears the MONARCH brand.
If you've not tried them yet, please do.
You see, we pack them *just for you*.

REID MURDOCH,
Division of Consolidated Grocers Corp.,
Chicago, Ill.

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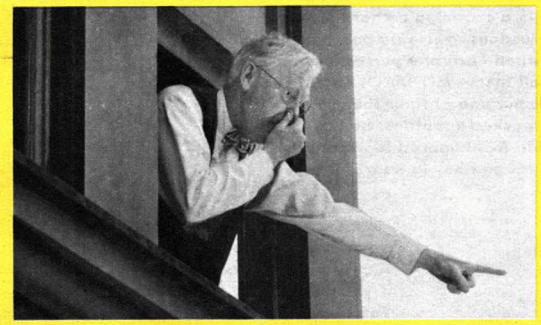

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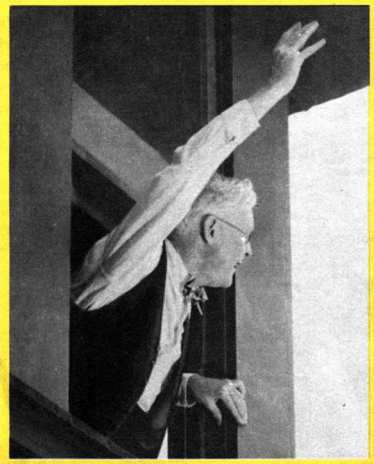


4

His sign talk can stop a train

ABOVE are some of the hand signals used by a railroad towerman to flash warnings to crews of passing trains. Hands outstretched and waving up and down (1) means there's a boxcar door unlatched and swinging dangerously.

By stretching both hands directly forward, palms together, (2), he lets the train crew know about a flat wheel.

Even the blue-streak limited must pull up short when, with his hand to nose (3) the towerman tells the trainmen that he's spotted a hotbox.

But if his quick-seeing eye lights on nothing amiss as the train thunders by, he simply leans out of the window (4), and urges it on with the "high-ball" signal.

With towermen on the job, railroaders always have watchful eyes along the track to look out for trouble—skilled hands to help them dodge it.

Too bad there's no equivalent of the railroad towerman to stand watch over your daily comings and goings—to let you know *when* an accident's coming up and *how* to duck it. But there isn't.

So, since you have no personal sentinel to tip you off to an accident about to happen, isn't this the wise thing to do?

Make sure you've got accident insurance, and *enough* of it.

Accident insurance pays doctor and hospital bills if you should be laid up with an injury. It takes care of the rent or the installments on the mortgage. It tides you and your family over what can otherwise be an awfully tough spot.

It's a simple matter to arrange for the accident insurance you need. Just call in your Travelers agent or broker.

MORAL: INSURE IN

The Travelers

ALL FORMS OF INSURANCE AND SURETY BONDS

The Travelers Insurance Company, The Travelers Indemnity Company, The Travelers Fire Insurance Company, The Charter Oak Fire Insurance Company, Hartford, Conn. Serving the insurance public in the United States since 1864 and in Canada since 1865.

A WORD FROM OMAR BRADLEY

There is no longer any place in the American Army for a "treat 'em rough, tell 'em nothing" school of officers or noncoms. If we are to make good use of these valuable years from the lives of new draftees, then we must offer them a healthy moral, intellectual and social climate in which they will serve willingly—not resentfully because of force or compulsion.

I believe that if the Army is to be a democratic instrument of this nation, then it must respect and value the basic human rights of its soldiers. It must guard their dignity, defend their integrity, and not permit these men to be pushed around unnecessarily because of the inconsiderate assumption of privileges that come with rank.

For that reason I was glad to read the article by Howard Whitman. The Army has made mistakes before —many of them. We may, unfortunately, make many more. But I do want you to know that the Army is out to prove that not only the nation but these young men as well may profit by their service.

The peacetime draft has put the Army on trial before a bar of critical public opinion. We will stand on the record.

Omar N Bradley

WHAT EVERY NEW DRAFTEE SHOULD KNOW

BY HOWARD WHITMAN

NOT long ago, a young lieutenant was addressing a group of recruits at Fort Dix, New Jersey. "Gentlemen," he said, "your officers are here to serve *you*—like a big brother or father. They understand that you are *individuals*, with particular individual characteristics which no other men in the world possess."

If I hadn't been forewarned, I wouldn't have believed my ears. *"Gentlemen" . . . "like a big brother or father."* You didn't hear much of that sort of thing during World Wars I and II.

The answer is: a new kind of "military mind" is running the Army show, and the lads of nineteen to twenty-five who receive their Draft Greetings in the coming months—and eighteen-year-olds who volunteer—will like it. It places the emphasis on brain, not brass. It puts its store in human values, individual dignity, and that good old American chestnut, *the rights of man*, rather than in the pea-brain authoritarianism which G.I.s of World War II knew contemptuously as "chicken."

Speaking of the changed mood, Army leaders often call it "the New Evangelism of Johnnie Devine." For it was aptly named Major General John M. Devine who gave the new philosophy a trial run at the Universal Military Training Experimental Unit at Fort Knox, Kentucky, and is now diffusing it throughout the Army.

Johnnie Devine was recently promoted to Deputy Chief, Army Field Forces, at Fort Monroe, Virginia, where his office is separated by one thin door from that of General Jacob (Jake) L. Devers, the Army Field Forces commander. Devers and Devine, more than any other two men in the Army, are responsible for how you will be treated if the draft board points its finger at you.

(Continued on page 71)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CLAUDE W. HUSTON

He couldn't get along with her. And without her he couldn't get along with himself

Gentleman George

BY R. R. DOISTER

AT FIVE o'clock George Willis said good night to his secretary, Miss Finchley, a brunette who lived in Brooklyn with her mother, and left his office. On the way down in the elevator a tall girl stood with her heel digging into his instep and he had to tell her politely, when she begged his pardon, that it was all right. Outside it was raining and he had to run—around the corner to the bar where Hal Everet was waiting for him. Hal was George's best friend; he had been away most of the summer, he was big and an idler, and he had a lot to talk about.

George began drinking Irish whisky with Hal and listening to him and he could not help compare himself with Hal and think Hal a pretty gay dog and himself not much. It made him angry, and an hour later when they left he was feeling aggressive about nothing in particular, just things in general.

Hal took George to a French restaurant on Fifty-third Street, Victor's. They had wine with the dinner, and George was still feeling aggressive when Hal suggested going to the Navy Officers' Club in Brooklyn to a hop the officers were having, and even though George had not been invited he said sure, why not. And, at the club, as he stood watching the dancers, especially the girls, he began to feel not only eager, but that nothing could stop him. And then he saw her.

She was dancing with a tall ugly captain and to anyone but George they would have looked ludicrous because she was so tiny. Her hair was blond, it hung smoothly to her shoulders, and she was wearing a soft white off-the-shoulder evening gown. George walked directly to her, bumping several couples, and tagged the captain. "Cut," he said curtly.

The captain backed away, and handed the girl to George. She was humming the tune the orchestra was playing, still sort of dancing as she moved toward him and put her hand on his shoulder. But George did not immediately put his arm around her. He stood holding her right hand in his left and grinning at her. He wasn't aware of the world, only of his own feelings.

She looked at him then and anyone but George would have seen that she did not like what she saw. She said, "Do you want to dance or stand?"

GEORGE put his arm around her and began to dance. Almost immediately the music stopped. He released her and as he stood there he saw the musicians put down their instruments and leave the stand. It was an intermission. He said, "Come on, let's go out on the terrace."

She looked up at him again, and she was not amused, only a little bored, but she took his arm. He led her outside. A balustrade ran around the terrace and he took his handkerchief from his breast pocket and put it on the balustrade for her to sit on. He put his hands on her waist and lifted her up, and again he felt the exhilaration that he had felt when he first saw her.

"Why, you're like a doll," he said, "your waist is so small." He took both her hands in one of his. "And your hands. You're just like a doll." He leaned closer and said, "How does anyone as tiny as you get along in this world all by herself?"

"By being smart," she said. She took her hands away. "And knowing that you're tight. I'll bet when you're sober you're as meek as a lamb. What's the matter with you? What're you afraid of?"

George felt a little sick. "I'm sorry," he said. "I guess you're right. I don't know—my best friend came to town today and I began to compare myself with him and feel bad about what I didn't have, and mean—"

"Why?" she said.

"Oh, I am meek," George said. "And I lead a small, dull life and—well, I won't bore you."

"Oh, you don't," she said quickly. Her voice was much softer. "It was awful of me to be so mean to you. I shouldn't have said what I did. It's just that everyone tells me how tiny I am and—I'm tired of it. No one wants to be tiny and look like a child forever."

"Well," George said. He was feeling very self-conscious. "Uh, I'm George Willis."

"You're nice," she said. "You're really very sweet." She looked at him soberly and then leaned forward suddenly as he stood there in front of her and rubbed her nose against his. "I'm Frances Mason."

"Oh, Frank Mason's daughter." He remembered all the things he had heard about her. She was the only child of very wealthy parents and she had a reputation of being a spoiled brat, of always getting everything she wanted. How wrong they are, George thought; why, she's a perfect lady.

"What're you thinking?" Frances said.

"Why, I was just thinking that you're a perfect lady," he said honestly.

She smiled at him, her face grew softer and she said, "That was the nicest thing you could've said to me." Then she leaned down and whispered in his ear. "Let's sneak away."

They took a cab back to Manhattan and sat in a small night club for a while talking. Since he had to work the next day he took her home at twelve. He stood just inside the door of the big town house and told her good night. She made him promise to call her the next day.

But the next day George got involved with some unexpected work that kept him and Miss Finchley in his office until five-thirty. It was exactly six o'clock as he unlocked the door of his apartment. The phone was ringing. It was Frances and he explained what had happened and asked her to dinner.

They went to the Restaurant Chambord that night. After dinner they sat in a movie house holding hands and watching an English film. When they had seen it they walked for a few blocks up Fifth Avenue. He took her home again that night at twelve. Once inside the door of her house she put her hand in his.

He leaned back, looking at her. "You're exquisite, like something very fragile." He stopped. What he had said had been so spontaneous that it frightened him.

"George," she said solemnly, "don't you ever tell anyone else that."

After he returned to his apartment he did not go immediately to bed. He sat for a long while thinking. There was something about her that affected him deeply. You've got to be careful, he told himself; you've got to remember who she is and about all the money she has and who you are. He knew well enough who he was.

Since he had been seven years old, when his parents had been killed in an auto accident, he had been a ward of his great-aunt, Caroline Willis. She was a maiden lady, she had all the family money, and she was old when she had to "take" George. Not knowing what else to do with him she put him in boarding school in New Hampshire. George was the youngest child there; he was lonely, but there was nothing he could do. He grew up that way, in very good schools. And in these schools he learned that the only way he could get along in the world was to be quiet and retiring and never demanding. For he had no home, no parents, no one at all to fall back on. He became, as everyone said, a perfect gentleman.

He never had many friends, male or female, although he knew a lot of people and got along well with them. But in college he had a roommate whose life had been somewhat the same. Hal Everet was loud and uncouth at times and he always did what he wanted. His mother was either getting divorced or remarried and usually there was no home for him. But when there was, Hal lived there. So Hal had something that George did not, and George wished secretly that he could be like Hal, but he couldn't.

When George got out of college he went to work at twenty dollars a week. Hal lived off his mother. During the war George was a supply officer. Hal commanded a PT boat. After the war George got a good job, but a hard one, and Hal went to Mexico for a year. Although George thought that he would like to do as Hal did he would not have liked it, really, because he had become at last what he thought was a perfect gentleman—never thinking of himself first, but always of others.

DURING the rest of the fall of that year George saw Frances every evening. He knew what was happening to him, but for the first time in his life he disregarded what people would say ("He's only after her money, you know.") and did as he wanted to. Shortly before Christmas, George took a week of his vacation and with her uncle and aunt they went to her uncle's hunting lodge in Maine. One afternoon George and Frances went for a walk together. When they returned, tired, their boots soaked through, they sat in front of the fireplace in their stocking feet and drank coffee. The uncle and aunt were in another part of the lodge and George and Frances were alone.

George leaned back on one elbow to look at Frances. Her face was windburned. She brushed her hair back with one hand and smiled at him as she sat there cross-legged beside him in blue ski pants and white sweater. He said suddenly, "You're the most beautiful thing I've ever seen."

"George," she said softly, turning to him.

"You are," he said. He sat up and put his arms around her, and her arms went around his neck. Then he lifted her up and held her on his lap. "You're perfect. I love you very much, Frances."

She tightened her arms around him. "Darling, I've been in love with you for so long. Why didn't you tell me? I knew you were."

"I had to be sure about you," he said. "I couldn't make a mistake and lose you. I've got to have you."

"You have me, darling. I'm right here."

"I have to," he said; "nothing else matters. It's like suddenly having everything I've wanted all my life."

She smiled, shook her head. "No, I've always had everything I've wanted, but nothing's been like this."

He began to kiss her as he sat there in front of the fireplace holding her on his lap. And he had never kissed her like that before. It, like telling her he loved her, was *(Continued on page 52)*

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA SCHWINN

Cartoonist Fred Harman sketches one of his Red Ryder comic strips. Myrtle Headlee and little Samuel Trujillo model for him as Beth and Little Beaver

RYDER OF THE COMIC PAGE

BY JAMES POLING

Artist Fred Harman puts a lot of himself into his comic-strip cowboy. The locale is Fred's, and all his characters have real-life counterparts in his neighborhood

WHEN cowboy cartoonist Fred Harman jerks his thumb skyward and says, "They went thataway," he is referring to the rocketlike manner in which his two comic-strip heroes have zoomed to fame—Red Ryder, the two-fisted redheaded cowboy who is always in there swinging on the side of law and order, and Little Beaver, his ever-faithful, ever-grunting Indian boy companion.

In two respects Harman's work is unique. It is the only cowboy strip drawn by a real, honest-to-gawd cowpuncher. It is one of the few cartoon strips in which all the main characters have real-life prototypes.

Fred Harman, the strip's creator, is all that a cowboy should be although he isn't as spectacular as one who is *pretending* to be all that a cowboy can be. He has spent most of his life busting broncos, although on occasion the broncs have busted him. He has gnarled hands and a shy smile and the traditional tall, lanky, bowlegged figure of the cow hand. When he says, "Doggone it," or, "I savvy," it sounds good—coming from him. Like Red Ryder, Fred has red hair. That isn't all that the artist has injected of himself into his protagonist.

Ryder rides the range in that section of Colorado in which Fred Harman grew up and still lives —Pagosa Springs, Archuleta County, in the Blanco Basin of the San Juan Mountains. Red wreaks havoc on the dastardly plots of the sort of villains who flourished when the old frontier period was drawing to a close. Those were the days of Fred's youth. Red rides a black horse called Thunder; so does Harman. But although Fred admits that he is drawing his own autobiography in a small way he insists that the actual flesh and blood prototype of Ryder is Bill Flaugh.

Flaugh and Harman grew up together. Bill, a couple of years older, was young Fred's mentor and protector. Bill taught Fred the rudiments of shooting, roping and branding and all the tricks of trail and ranch life. Inevitably he became young Harman's boyhood hero. He developed a paternal attitude toward Harman that has persisted to this day and now includes the whole Harman family.

Flaugh is six feet two inches and 190 pounds of really tough muscle. His square-jawed handsomeness has, in his day, got him into that sort of trouble which seems to dog the footsteps of the big, handsome he-man type.

Bill is a two-fisted man whose salty cussing should be preserved for posterity. His rounded, pungent and flowing phrases are rendered in the bellow of an indignant bull looking for big trouble. But he can be soft-spoken and clumsily gentle with women and children, treating them almost as tenderly as he would a newborn calf.

When he wants to, Bill can be close-mouthed. He evidently once saved Harman's life in a shooting but neither he nor Harman will talk about it. Flaugh dismisses the subject with the comment, "Young bulls sometimes git mighty frisky."

Flaugh would probably knuckle-dust the teeth of anyone who accused him of having any heroic traits but he is definitely a man of parts. When Harman bought his present ranch it was found that an old road-building gang had left some dynamite in a shack on the land. When the county road supervisor sent a man out to set it off, most of Harman's hands suddenly discovered that they had to go visit sick relatives. But Flaugh, a bachelor, learning that the road supervisor's man was married and the father of two children, sent him packing. Then Bill did the job himself.

Little Beaver—Samuel Trujillo to his parents—is the only character who is not portrayed with that studied authenticity which has made the strip a favorite with working cow hands. The accepted romantic conception of an Indian's garb is so foreign to fact that Harman is forced to dress Little Beaver in accordance with the legend.

The original Little Beaver has grown into long pants. Every two years Harman must choose a new boy to model and to accompany him to rodeos. Today's Little Beaver is a nine-year-old Spanish-Indian youngster from Pagosa Springs.

The only family with which Red has ever been endowed is an aunt, known as the Duchess, a spunky, outspoken old gal with a fourteen-karat heart. The Duchess is equally at home with a gun, lariat or bull whip. She can run a ranch, brand a steer or outsmart the wiliest villain that ever tried to hold up a stagecoach. In real life the Duchess is Mrs. Gertrude Larsen, a neighbor of Harman's and a lifelong friend. And there is nothing that the Duchess does in the strip that in her prime Mrs. Larsen couldn't double—in spades. She is somewhat older than the Duchess is portrayed as being and she is a pioneering woman of a type about which little has been written.

Mrs. Larsen a Real Pioneer

Most pioneer women went into the frontier country at their husbands' sides. Mrs. Larsen pioneered completely on her own. She came into Pagosa Springs in her own wagon, bull-whipping her own oxen—unfettered by any alliance with the opposite sex. She staked out a homestead, built a cabin herself and made her own ranch. Now retired, she can still sit in a card game with the toughest green-baize men in the basin. If she catches a cow hand doing a sloppy branding job she tells him off in a way that has him yes-ma'am-ing her for the rest of the season.

Ace Hanlon, the cartoon's dirty, low-down skunk, drools villainy throughout the piece and keeps alive the appearance if not the spirit of a now dead gambler, whose name Harman withholds in deference to relatives still living in the basin. He was a typical black-hatted, black-booted, black-coated gambler with a fancy embroidered waistcoat. He had jet speed in handling a pack of cards but was completely worthless in every other respect, though he was not a killer. Harman made him a murderous character in the interest of melodrama.

Thunder is probably the only publicized cowboy and rodeo horse that can't even kneel. Fred Harman doesn't hold with trained trick horses—he feels they should be stabled in the Brown Derby with their celluloid-hero owners. Thunder is just an above-the-average working cow pony. He has been known to appear publicly without having been curried.

The prototype of Beth—the raven-haired heroine of the strip—is one Myrtle Jones Headlee, a boyhood sweetheart of Harman's. Myrtle and Fred grew up on adjoining ranches and the Beth of the strip does little that Myrtle, herself, couldn't do in her youth. She rides, ropes and shoots, fearlessly, modestly and adroitly.

Myrtle Jones found her way to Hollywood and to stardom in the western pictures of the early twenties. She reappeared in Fred's orbit in the thirties, shortly before the conception of the strip, when she settled down with her husband, one of Colorado's largest ranchers, near Fred's homestead The Harmans and Headlees are close friends.

Fred seldom draws even the incidental characters without having a living model in mind. His New York business manager had always reluctantly accepted the people of the cartoon as caricatures and the product of the broadest artistic license—until he made a trip to the ranch last year and met some of the local populace. He is now considerably less critical. In the Rainbow saloon he became involved in a hot argument with a little old man who had a scraggly mustache, melon belly and isolated teeth—only to learn that he had been the basin's toughest deputy sheriff, the buckaroo who was quickest on the draw in the region.

Even the scenic background of the strip is drawn from actual models. Harman's studio is on a slope looking up to the towering San Juan Range and the Continental Divide a short distance to the east. Its windows look out over the union of the San Juan and Navajo Rivers, and the rimrock and tall pines of the upper ranch country. And if Fred needs a working ranch for a background he has only to turn to his own property for a model.

Ranch Needs More Modern Conveniences

The Red Ryder Ranch is strictly designed for profit, not comfort. Last year, with the aid of a war-surplus generating unit, kerosene lamps gave way to electricity for the first time. The guest cabin still has outdoor plumbing and Mrs. Harman gave up toting her own water just three years ago, when running water and a bathroom were installed in the main house. The other buildings on the 1,200-acre ranch consist of a cookhouse, a food cellar, two barns and a foreman's house. A house for Fred's son, recently married, will soon be erected. Fred, Jr., who has his own brand and his own herd, will help in the management of the ranch—with Bill Flaugh's permission.

Fred, Jr.'s, Eastern bride may soon agree with Mrs. Harman that it is high time the ranch became a little less profitable and considerably more comfortable. But Fred points out that the place is in danger of getting citified. Shucks, they've already got, in joint ownership with a handful of other ranchers, a private telephone line into Pagosa Springs—18 miles distant. And it works real good, too, except when the beavers gnaw down the poles.

Fred Harman came into Archuleta County in 1902, when he was two months old. His father was torn between law and ranching. Ranching won and, except for two interludes in Kansas City when his father briefly renewed his law practice, Fred grew up in the Pagosa Springs region.

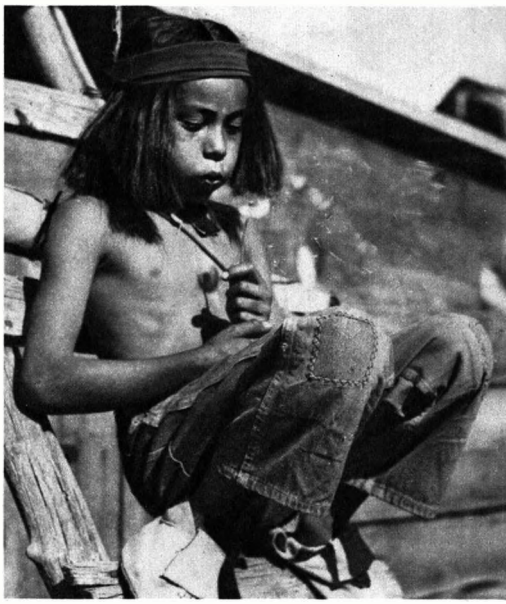
In the first World War, Harman ran away to join up, but at fifteen the best he could do was the National Guard. After a few months spent guarding the Kansas City waterworks against potential Uhlan raids he was released. He arrived back in Colorado with $3, which he wisely spent on such staples as salt, lard and flour before he set out to find a job as a cow hand. Even at a dollar a day, most ranchers thought he wasn't much of a bargain. For four months he lived off the land and slept in the woods. Then he got a job as a cow hand and for the next decade supported himself, mainly, as a cowpuncher.

One winter he drifted back to Kansas City and got a job as a "flyboy" in the pressroom of the Kansas City Star. He watched the cartoonists at work and decided that was the career for him. He had been drawing for his own pleasure for as long as he could remember. With the coming of spring he returned to ranching, but the following winter he was back in Kansas City working for the Film Ad Company, an outfit that made commercial cartoon films. He met a fellow employee named Walt Disney. A year later Fred and Walt went into the commercial film business for themselves. The venture collapsed and Disney went on to Hollywood. Fred went back to ranching.

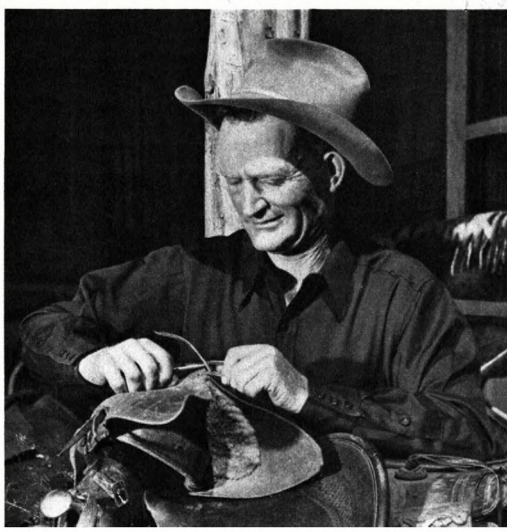
Fred continued to try to make parallel careers of ranching and commercial art work. In 1926 he married and built himself a large log cabin in his old home ranch country. When his son reached school age he decided that on his $40 a month as a cow hand, the boy was in line for an extremely meager education. So he went to Hollywood, borrowed money and set out to syndicate his own cartoon strip.

The strip was then called Bronc Peeler. Later his wife, Lola, persuaded him to make a bid for the juvenile audience by including an appealing, youthful character. So Fred created Little Beaver, modeled after a Navajo youngster he had befriended and made a pal of in Colorado. He changed the strip's title to Bronc Peeler and Little Beaver. Then he went broke. *(Continued on page 77)*

Myrtle Headlee formerly played in Western movies as Myrtle Jones and finds it easy to fit herself into the role of Beth



Above, Samuel Trujillo, the current Little Beaver. Below, Bill Flaugh, the prototype of the hard-riding Red Ryder



PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY EDWARD LANE

STARS

BY RUSSELL BEGGS

Mike Logan was a talent scout who earned his living hunting up beautiful women. Business was a pleasure until he got himself a fiancée who thought otherwise

"WOULD you like to be another Lana Turner?" I said, slipping onto the stool next to the redhead. I had spotted her when I first walked into the Beverly Hills edition of Schwab's drugstore, and something had gone click in my brain, or wherever it is something goes click when you see a beautiful girl.

"I don't even want to be the first one," the redhead said. I thought for a moment that I would cancel my milk shake and ride back to the office on the iceberg she had just handed me. But she looked too good to leave. She was about twenty-two, with a cute face, a tiny nose and blue eyes. I saw the eyes when she turned to look at me. Maybe they weren't blue, maybe they were battleship gray.

I decided that this was worth fighting for. I fired number two. "What do you think of the latest issue of the Partisan Review?" She looked like the intellectual type, you know, Joan Fontaine right after she takes off the glasses.

"I think it stinks."

I was right. Intellectual. But not talkative. Maybe boats would do it, everybody has a boat. "Been sailing at Balboa lately?"

"I hate sailing."

This was like trying to win on one of those clawhammer machines at the carnival. "You sure you wouldn't like to be another Lana Turner?"

"That's right, and I don't want to be the Partisan Review, or a sailboat at Balboa."

"Well, you may think you're Ilka Chase," I countered, "but somewhere under that tough exterior there beats a heart."

"You'll lose an arm if you try to find out," she said.

Before anybody gets the idea that I'm a cheap masher, I'd better explain that when I engaged this young lady in conversation, I wasn't doing it for myself, it was business. I work for the Bailey Jones Talent Agency, which discovers and handles movie stars. I was only trying to discover this young lady so she could be handled later on. I am at times sort of a professional masher. In the agency hierarchy, I am about one cut above the doorman, and ninety cuts below Bailey Jones, my boss. I am known as a subagent.

The Bailey Jones Agency may not have as much antique paneling as some of the more famous offices, but we handle almost as many of the top stars. I work the night shift, which means that my job is to escort our female stars to various social events, night clubs and so forth. Mr. Jones has a low impression of the average male movie star, so he has his subagents take out his unmarried female clients.

I am chief boy in this escort bureau, because I have nice manners which I picked up proofreading several Emily Post books, and because, for some strange reason, I have a reputation for not hustling young ladies up to Lookout Mountain.

The reason for this reputation is that I have taken our most luscious star, Barbara Brighton, to several social functions, and have returned her home without laying a hand on her, as the expression goes. And so the boss has the idea that I am descended from one of those little men who sit outside the harem door, and I continue to be chief escort for the agency. On the side, I scout talent at places like Schwab's.

"The food here is very bad," I said to the redhead, who was not another Lana Turner, but was plenty. "Don't you hate drugstore sandwiches?"

"No," she said.

I tried several other tacks, like don't you hate California because of the no-change-in-season? And wouldn't you like to be in New York now, boy, all those museums and all that opera?

She didn't say anything. I can take a hint. You don't have to hit me with Max Factor. I left.

I stood in front of the drugstore for a moment. It seemed early to go back to the office and play gin rummy, and the sunshine was warm, so I thought I might stroll down Wilshire Boulevard for a distance.

I walked down the boulevard. It was very reassuring. On my way back I turned up and walked toward Schwab's again and noticed an old Duesenberg parked in front of the drugstore. I have a passion for old cars, and this one was old enough for me to be more than usually passionate. I looked at it lovingly for a moment, and then I looked up and saw that the girl behind the wheel was the redhead.

She was as lovely as I had thought, but she was having trouble. The car wouldn't start. She was turning the motor over and over with no results, except that painful sound of somebody trying to start a car. She obviously didn't know what she was doing. As a man who practically designed the Duesenberg, I know a few things about the car that even old man Duesenberg himself doesn't know.

I walked up to the side of the car and said, "Look, how would you like to be another Lana Turner?"

"If you think that line is going to grow on me, you're crazy," she said, without looking up.

"Why don't you call a service station?"

"Why don't you hang yourself?"

"You'll just kill the battery that way."

"Look, there's an excavation over on Santa Monica. If you get over there quick you can still see the steam shovel."

"Do you want to get the car started?" I asked.

"No, I'm in business running down batteries."

"Move over."

"What?"

"I said move over, and I'll start the car for you." I expected her to tell me to go fall down a manhole, but she just looked at me for a moment.

"All right," she said, her voice softening, "start it."

I pulled out a few levers, toyed with the choke, delicately pressed the starter, the motor started, then caught with that nice pleasant sound of a motor that has been trying to catch for a long time.

I raced the motor and looked at the redhead triumphantly. "The least you can do is marry me."

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN KLIMLEY

IN HIS HAIR

"The motor is all you're going to start," she replied.

Well, the story could have ended right here, but it didn't. Somehow she didn't throw me out of the car, instead, she said she was driving to the beach, and then I said what a coincidence so am I.

"I'm sorry I was nasty," she said as we drove along Wilshire toward the ocean, "but that's the best attitude to take in Hollywood."

"You're absolutely right," I said. "A girl shouldn't take with strange men in Hollywood. By the way, my name is Mike Logan."

"Hello, Mike."

"What's your name?"

"Don't you think you're rushing things?"

"Now look—" I began, but then she started laughing and it was such a pleasant laugh I just stopped and listened.

"I'm sorry," she grinned. "I'm Janice Brooks."

"Hello, Janice," I said *(Continued on page 59)*

One by one she threw the little dolls, dogs, and the like. She didn't miss me once. That elephant hurt. "But darling!" I shouted once more and then fled to my car

ROAD TO THE 19th HOLE

The gallery crowded the fairway in front of Hope as he prepared to take his shot. "Spread your legs slightly," he yelled. "I'd like to play through"

BY TED SHANE

Screen zanies Bob Hope and Bing Crosby often go on the road for a round of golf. This is the tale of a typical match. If you're not wacky at the first hole you will be at the 19th

IT WAS one of those well-washed California days—clean and gentle—and Bob Hope stood outside the Beverly Wilshire Hotel with me. We were waiting for Bing Crosby, to drive down to Long Beach where Hope and Crosby would play a foursome benefit.

"There's Bing now," Hope said, looking up Wilshire Boulevard.

I looked and saw a lot of cars.

"How can you tell?"

"He even drives a car with a slice," Hope said.

Sure enough, it was Crosby, who curved to a stop.

"How are ya, Flabby?" Crosby remarked blithely as he stepped out of his car and into Hope's car.

"Nice of you to come, Festerhead," Hope retorted gaily. "We've only been waiting since Tuesday."

This was Sunday, after twelve. The match was set for one-thirty. Long Beach was about 30 miles away.

On the way down, Jack Hope, Bob's brother, drove, and I sat between Hope and Crosby in the back seat.

"This car is fifty years old," Crosby remarked. "Why don't you get a new one, Bob? It's falling apart."

"Never mind, Dumbo. It'll have to do," Hope said.

"Do you like this car as much as the kind with the gear shift?" Crosby inquired.

Soon, we were out in the rolling hills of the Coast. We passed a lot of Sunday horseback riders. Some crossed the highway in front of our car and made us slow up. The girls looked wonderingly at Hope and Crosby—but didn't recognize them.

"Sing!" cried Hope to Crosby. "Don't just sit there!" But Crosby had another thought.

"How's about picking up a couple of these guys as caddies?" he asked. "Mounted caddies—that's a gay thought."

It would take mounted caddies to keep up with Bing and Bob in their endless round of exhibition and benefit matches.

Shortly after Crosby and Hope started their motion-picture tours of just about every Road an energetic staff of writers could conjure up, they also started their tours of the golf courses. Often, those tours contributed mightily to the despair of film producers, who would call Bing and *(Continued on page 74)*

A LADY FOR BALLAROL

BY GARALD LAGARD

Rackham thought Sime Canought's new girl would make a good wife for his pappy. Then he fell in love with her himself

I LOOKED at Pappy flat on the bullhide, and I said, "Just where you figger on me finding this lady?"

Eighteen hundred and thirty-one was the first year we cleared twenty thousand on the cotton and Pappy spent most of every day on the bullhide. It took six darkies to grab hold of the bull's tail and keep Pappy tugged into the shade, but we had darkies to spare. There was a lot of Pappy, though, and he wore out a bullhide in quick order.

"Blast you, Rack," Pappy said, "go to Natchez. Go to New Orleans. Ballarol can support a lady. It's more on your account. We ain't had a lady on the place since your mammy died in '14. Sort of a middle-sized widow, Rack. You find her, and then I'll get around to pay my respects." Pappy closed his eyes again. "But nobody from Natchez-Under-the-Hill," he said.

So I put on my right and left boots brought from Pittsburgh the summer before, and found my pistols. The mare was fresh and we hit the Trace and kept moving upriver toward Natchez.

A lady on Ballarol wasn't strict to my liking. Things were pleasurable as they were. I had turned twenty-one without bringing a wife down-river, and now Pappy wanted one brought for himself. Pappy, who spent most of his time asleep on a bullhide. I figured you could spend twenty thousand dollars a year just as brisk on things a man did and could use. A lady at Ballarol!

Nobody stopped me on the Trace and I came into Natchez about boat time in the afternoon. I remember it was hot.

"Rackham Ballarol!" It was Simon Canought and he stood on the piazza of the Parker Hotel. I swung off the mare and tossed the reins to a darky and stepped onto the piazza. "Hot, ain't it?" Sime said it as if he wasn't just sure. He turned around, and I followed him into the bar. Sime put his belly tight to the mahogany and tossed a coin on the bar.

"Piscos," he said. "Two piscos, and then maybe two more." *(Continued on page 62)*

She tried to stand up and I grabbed her. I said, "What're you doing?" She kept kicking at me, squealing

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT DARLING

The HALF-NAKED Truth

BY LAWRENCE G. BLOCHMAN

The police found the young lady running down the street screaming at 2 A. M.

She was Lieutenant Ritter's problem, but Dr. Dan Coffee found the solution

THE redheaded stranger strode through the detectives' squad room with the silent disdain of a man about to foreclose a mortgage on the police station. He opened the door marked "Private—Keep Out" and kicked it shut behind him.

Lieutenant of Detectives Max Ritter did not look up from the daily morgue report. He said, "I didn't hear anybody knock."

"Shrewd observation, Ritter," said the redhead. "I didn't."

Ritter's eyes raised defiantly, to contemplate a sturdy individual with the contours of an oak filing cabinet. The man's face, his lips, his ears, his eyebrows, and the close-cropped hair of his temples were all the same color of brick-dust red. He seemed to be built exclusively of straight lines—his mouth, his shoulders, the span of his invisible eyebrows. Ritter was considering the best means of ejecting his visitor when he noted a bulge under the left armpit, which could be a shoulder holster. There was an undefinable familiarity in the visitor's manner which made Ritter think he might be a colleague of sorts.

"Sit down," the lieutenant said.

The stranger planted one haunch on a corner of Ritter's desk and dropped a card on the blotter. The card read: Peter Lovering, Private Investigator, 408 W. 14th St., New York City. WA 4-2354.

"Ever see this woman?" Lovering asked, handing Ritter a photo.

Ritter studied the regular, handsome features. The woman was young, probably in her early twenties, but her eyes were old. She was beautiful in a hard, dark, cosmetic way.

"No," said Ritter. "Actress?" He tossed the photo back.

Lovering let the photo lie. He looked at Ritter squarely. "She was a night-club dancer," he said. "But she wouldn't be dancing in Northbank."

"What's she hiding from?"

"Look, Ritter. I don't want this woman jugged. I just want to find her. Understand?"

Ritter sighed. He was a slim, tallish young man with dark, curly hair. He might have been aesthetic-looking if he were not quite so homely. And his sad, intelligent eyes deplored the wholesale flexing of muscles that seemed so necessary in his profession.

"I wish you private dicks would all quit trying to act like Humphrey Bogart," Ritter said.

"Look, Ritter," Lovering interrupted. "I'm acting for this woman's husband. He wants her back, that's all—and no fuss. She came to Northbank three weeks ago with another man. They took an apartment at the Whippet Arms, just across from the bus terminal, under the name of Mr. and Mrs. George Taylor. They paid two months in advance and had a phone installed. They were still there the day before yesterday, because the woman wrote to her husband from there. But they moved out last night, bag and baggage. They didn't ask a rent refund, they didn't have the phone disconnected and they didn't leave a forwarding address. Will you help find her?"

"What's her name?" Ritter asked.

"Her maiden name was Nancy Wynn. She may use that."

"What's her married name?"

"I'm not free to say—yet. She's five foot three, weighs 115 pounds when she's eating. Even when she's not, she curves in the right places. She has a walk that makes men follow her in the street, but she doesn't mean it. She also has gray eyes and dark brown hair—almost black. Okay?"

"We'll help." Ritter was making notes. "Where do I reach you?"

"You can't. I checked my toothbrush and clean shirt at the airport. If I bed down somewhere tonight, I'll let you know where."

Ritter clipped his notes to the photograph of Nancy Wynn. "All right, Lovering, you keep in touch."

Ritter watched Peter Lovering go out. Then he stuck his head through the door to the squad room and grunted in the general direction of the card game near the window. "Brody," he called.

One of the detectives put down his cards and stood up.

"Tail that redhead, will you, Brody?" Ritter said.

EARLY next morning Lieutenant Ritter sauntered into the pathology laboratory of Pasteur Hospital. His friend Dr. Daniel Webster Coffee waved a greeting with one hand and went on twisting the focusing knob of his microscope with the other.

"Hi, Doc," said the police detective. "I got problems."

"So have I, Max," the pathologist said. "What's on your mind?"

"Plenty," said Max Ritter. He talked rapidly and without interruption, although Dan Coffee seemed completely engrossed in his microscope. He knew that the pathologist was listening with one ear, and when he reached the point at which he judged Dr. Coffee would enter the conversation, he stopped. Dr. Coffee looked up.

"You say she wore no clothes at all, Max?" Dan Coffee asked.

"She might just as well have been stark naked," Ritter replied. "A pearl necklace ain't clothes. And you could read a phone book through that black chiffon negligee she had on."

"Where is she now, Max?"

"Right here in Pasteur Hospital. There was a cold breeze blowing down Taft Avenue last night and she was starting to turn blue. So the boys called an ambulance and then they called me. I had the ambulance shunted over here to your shop. Will you take a look at her?"

"If you want—but she doesn't sound like a case for pathology," said Dr. Coffee. "What makes you think she's not a mental case?"

"I got reasons," said Ritter. "The hospital put up an argument at first, but they can't refuse an emergency case. And a half-naked lady running down Taft Avenue at 2:00 A.M. yelling bloody murder rates as an emergency in my book. So you can bill the City of Northbank for any tests you make, and make plenty, Doc. I may be in a spot."

"How, Max?"

"Meet me for lunch at Raoul's, Doc, and I'll tell all. But I got a couple of angles to check meanwhile."

"One thing more. Are you sure the lady wasn't drunk?"

"Well, she acted drunk, Doc, and the boys thought she was. She couldn't talk straight. But she didn't smell drunk. She smelled expensive. No liquor on her breath, but she sort of gave off sweet fumes of Who-began-it's Number Ten, or some other $50-an-ounce number. "Is there any poison that smells like expensive perfume, Doc?"

"You think she was poisoned?"

"I'll tell you at noon. By the way, you can tell 'em to write 'Nancy Wynn' on her chart. That may be her name."

When the detective had gone, Dr. Coffee went down to ward F. He talked briefly to the resident, who told him that Nancy—if that were her name—had been in a coma since she was admitted. The pathologist walked down the row of white beds to look at the sleeping patient. Her dark hair fanned out on the pillow. Her face, motionless and very pale, startled Dr. Coffee strangely. An uneasy tremor ran through him, as though he were reacting unconsciously to the presence of something—something like death. Dr. Coffee did not believe in the occult or in psychic auras, so he shrugged off his impression as purely subjective and reached for the girl's wrist. There was nothing unworldly about the pulse or respiration, and yet—

Dr. Coffee examined the girl's face more closely, trying to analyze its unhappy, almost tragic beauty. The features were symmetrical, even delicate, yet they were tense. Even in sleep her lips and the muscles of her face were not relaxed. She was fighting something. Fear, perhaps. Fear of what?

GENTLY Dr. Coffee raised Nancy's eyelids. The smoke-gray eyes stared at him, unseeing. He touched her white, well-molded arms. He was particularly interested in a peculiar roughness on the underside of the forearms, a series of tiny scars and two small welts like mosquito bites. The girl moaned faintly.

Dan Coffee exchanged a few words with the medical resident and returned to his own domain in the surgical wing.

"Dr. Mookerji," he called as he opened his laboratory door.

Dr. Motilal Mookerji, resident in pathology, Calcutta's gift to Northbank, was poring over a tray of paraffin blocks, seeking one containing a fragment of thyroid tissue. The rotund Dr. Mookerji rose to his full five feet four, including the huge pink turban which coiled and spiraled upon his head like a pastry cook's dream. He pressed the tips of his brown fingers together to salute the senior pathologist.

"Greetings, Doctor Sahib," the Hindu said. "Five times greetings."

"I want you to go down to ward F, Dr. Mookerji," Dan Coffee said, "and take a blood sample from a woman our friend Lieutenant Ritter sent in."

"Leftenant Ritter?" The Hindu made clucking sounds as he wagged his big head. "We are being consulted on fresh criminal homicides?"

"No-o," said Dr. Coffee thoughtfully. "At least I don't think so. The patient came in last night in a state of apparent delirium, followed by coma. I think she's in insulin shock. We'll set up the colorimeter for a blood-sugar check."

Forty minutes later Dr. Coffee discovered that Nancy Wynn's blood-sugar level was at the alarming low of .03 per cent.

(Continued on page 66)

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD MCLEOD

"A narcotics agent was shot in New York and a hophead named George Tacoma was suspected. A very cold-blooded job. Happened right out on the street. Now, if there were one witness . . ."

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

BY ROBERT E. SHERWOOD

PART XII. ITALY DOWN FOR THE COUNT

Stalin bitterly accuses the U.S. and Britain of bad faith in postponing D-Day for western Europe. Churchill's scorching reply brings tension to a new high as Italy's collapse fails to relieve the Mediterranean crisis

WHEN Hopkins returned to Washington from Casablanca he found a formidable pile of clippings of newspaper attacks upon him and his wife. There was a fantastic story that Lord Beaverbrook gave Mrs. Hopkins emeralds worth half a million dollars for a wedding present; and there was a great deal of sensational material about the dinner for the Hopkinses given at the Hotel Carlton, on December 16th, by Bernard M. Baruch. According to the various reports, there were from 60 to 80 guests present and Baruch paid anywhere from $10 to $40 a person. (I was one of the guests and can say that it was a large party but I haven't the faintest idea what it cost.)

Whatever the statistics, there was plenty of reason to regret the whole episode. The American Magazine had just published an article by Hopkins with the title You and Your Family Will Be Mobilized, in which he wrote of the extreme toughness of the war, and the need for ever-greater sacrifices on the part of the people. He said:

. . . No family should object to meat rationing when they realize the beef and bacon they don't get is being served to their sons and brothers in the Army.

The newspapers had fun aplenty quoting those words together with the Carlton menu, which ran from caviar through beef à la mode, corned beef in jelly and Virginia ham to three kinds of ice cream, plus vintage champagne.

Of course, Hopkins was long accustomed to vilification. He knew that the really savage attacks came from the Patterson-McCormick-Hearst newspapers and were expressive of their hatred of Roosevelt and their temporarily frustrated isolationism. But these attacks were directed at his wife as much as himself, and he was determined to fight back with suits for libel.

Roosevelt talked him out of this, saying, "This is a fight in which you would be licked before you could even get started. The whole proceedings would give them a glorious opportunity to pile on the smears—and, after what you would have to take, what earthly good would it do you to win a verdict and receive damages of one dollar?" Hopkins reluctantly accepted this good advice. There were other more important causes for concern.

When Stalin received the message dispatched by the President and the Prime Minister at the end of the Casablanca conference, he cabled Roosevelt:

I received your friendly joint message on January 27th. I thank you for the information on the decisions taken in Casablanca regarding operations to be carried out by American and British armed forces in the course of the first nine months of 1943. As I understand that by the decisions taken regarding Germany you yourselves set the task of crushing it by opening a second front in Europe in 1943, I should be very obliged to you for information on the concrete operations planned in this respect and on the scheduled time of their realization.

As regards the Soviet Union, I can assure you that the armed forces of the U.S.S.R. will do everything in their power to continue the offensive against Germany and her allies on the Soviet-German front. Circumstances permitting, we intend to wind up our winter campaign in the first half of February of this year. Our troops are tired, they need rest and will hardly be able to continue the offensive beyond that time.

Eisenhower Expresses an Opinion

This was not easy to answer. The situation in Tunisia was discouraging, and Eisenhower sent a long, detailed cable expressing the opinion that it would be dangerous to launch the Sicily operation as planned. If it were to be attempted too early, said Eisenhower, "it is unlikely to succeed."

When Churchill read this message he immediately cabled Hopkins:

I was much upset about Eisenhower's message. Our people feel pretty sure that they can get their side of things ready for the June date. . . . I think it is an awful thing that in April, May and June, not a single American or British soldier will be killing a single German or Italian soldier while the Russians are chasing 185 divisions around. . . .

The most important consideration of the war now was the results of the battle of Stalingrad: for Russia, no longer a beleaguered fortress, was now emerging as one of the mightiest of world powers.

On February 18th Churchill was taken seriously ill with pneumonia. Hopkins immediately cabled him the expression of anxiety that was felt by many millions of people.

Churchill's doctors called him "the world's worst patient" and he was described as "restive and cantankerous and constantly calling for the forbidden cigars." He also never stopped dictating cables to commanders on all the battle fronts and to Roosevelt and Hopkins in Washington.

Anthony Eden arrived in Washington on March 12, 1943. According to a memorandum from Ambassador Winant to the President, Eden's mission was to be "limited to the most effective method of preparing for meetings between the governments of all the United Nations to consider questions arising out of the war." The main question was the consequence of victory at Stalingrad.

Anthony Eden Visits the President

The first notes that Hopkins wrote after Eden's arrival were dated March 15, 1943, as follows:

The President, Mr. Eden and I dined last night and discussed, in great detail, the postwar geographical problems of Europe.

RUSSIA. Eden stated he thought Russia was our most difficult problem; that she undoubtedly had two different plans up her sleeve—one based on British-American co-operation with Russia and the other on the assumption that the U.S. would withdraw from all interest in European affairs after the war. Eden said he believed that Russia preferred and hoped for the former, because Stalin was not prepared to face the implications of Russia's control over European affairs, and England would probably be too weak to face Russia alone diplomatically. I asked him what he thought Russia's demands at the peace table would be. Eden said he thought they first would demand that the Baltic States be absorbed as states in the U.S.S.R. . . .

The President stated that he thought that this action on the part of Russia would meet with a good deal of resistance in the United States and England; that he realized that, realistically, the Russian armies would be in the Baltic States at the time of the downfall of Germany and none of us can force them to get out. He, the President, said he thought the United States would urge Russia not to take them into the U.S.S.R. without a new plebiscite . . .

POLAND. Eden said he thought Russia would demand very little territory of Poland . . . He believed Stalin wanted a strong Poland, providing the right kind of people were running it . . .

CZECHOSLOVAKIA, RUMANIA, TURKEY, BULGARIA, GREECE. Both Eden and the President thought that none of these countries offered real difficulties from a geographical point of view.

AUSTRIA and HUNGARY. Both agreed that Austria and Hungary should be established as independent states. Eden said he thought Stalin would want to be pretty arbitrary about Hungary because the Russians do not like the Hungarians and that Stalin would be unwilling to give them any favors at the peace table.

GERMANY. Eden said that the most important thing, on which we had to get a meeting of the minds in regard to Germany was the question of whether we were going to be able to deal with Germany as a unit after the war, disarming them, etc., and also for the peace, or whether we were going to insist that it be broken up into several independent states. Eden said that from the conferences he had had with the Russians he was sure that Stalin . . . had a deep-seated distrust of the Germans and that he would insist that Germany be broken up into a number of states . . .

On March 16th, Hopkins wrote of a meeting with Litvinov:

I called to see the ambassador this evening and asked him what he believed the Russian demands at the peace table would be. He said that they, of course, would want the Baltic States; that Russia considered them now part of the U.S.S.R.; that they had always been historically part of Russia, apart from the fact that they were essential to them for security reasons . . .

On March 27th, there was a meeting of Roosevelt, Eden, Hull, Welles, Halifax and William

Strang, Assistant Undersecretary of State in the Foreign Office, which Hopkins described as follows:

Hull raised the question of the sixty or seventy thousand Jews . . . in Bulgaria . . . threatened with extermination unless we could get them out and . . . pressed Eden for an answer to the problem. Eden replied that the whole problem of the Jews in Europe is very difficult and that we should move very cautiously about offering to take all Jews out of a country like Bulgaria. If we do that, then the Jews of the world will be wanting us to make similar offers in Poland and Germany. Hitler might well take us up on any such offer and there simply are not enough ships and means of transportation in the world to handle them.

Eden said that the British were ready to take about 60,000 more Jews to Palestine but the problem of transportation . . . is extremely difficult. Furthermore . . . the Germans would be sure to attempt to put a number of their agents in the group. They have been pretty successful with this technique in getting their agents into both North and South America . . .

During Eden's visit much spadework was done on the organization of the United Nations. From this work there resulted the UNRRA organization and the conferences at Moscow, Teheran, Bretton Woods, Dumbarton Oaks, Yalta and finally San Francisco.

At a press conference on March 30th after Eden's departure, Roosevelt said, "If you want to be didactic and put it in terms of figures, I would say that so far . . . we are about 95 per cent together."

I asked Hopkins at the time what the other five per cent consisted of, and he replied, "Mostly France." Eden had stated the British view that they would greatly prefer to deal with one strong French authority, representing all possible elements of French opinion.

Roosevelt and Hull wished to deal separately with the French authorities in the Pacific Islands and with those in Martinique. Roosevelt persisted in his belief that no single French authority could be set up by the Allies and recognized by them, without eventually incurring the bitter resentment of the people of metropolitan France itself.

After the Eden conferences in Washington, Churchill cabled, asking Hopkins and General Marshall to join him for a meeting with Eisenhower in North Africa. The main purpose of the conference was to expedite the launching of the Sicilian Operation and to determine the answer to the question: "Where do we go from there?"

It was decided later, *(Continued on page 48)*

President Roosevelt and the Earl of Athlone, Governor-General of Canada (seated), Canada's Premier Mackenzie King and Winston Churchill (standing) have reason to smile. As the Quebec Conference meets, Mussolini has fled and Italy is putting out peace feelers

An Affair OF STATE

Jeff Baker meets a wartime Russian friend in Budapest. Leonides warns they will be fighting each other unless Jeff helps him secretly fight to overthrow the Kremlin. This is the second of four parts in a serial of high intrigue

BY PAT FRANK

The Story: After seven years in the Army, JEFF BAKER returns to the States early in 1949, determined to do something to help his country maintain peace in the world. Believing that only a practical application, through our diplomatic corps in Europe, of the democratic principles on which our government was founded can avert war, Jeff applies to the State Department for a commission as a Foreign Service officer. At a cocktail party in Washington he meets SUSAN PICKETT, young widow of COLONEL PICKETT. She is secretary at the important nine-o'clock State Department conference. Although she and Jeff are attracted to each other, she tells him, "I won't have another man. I'm afraid I'll only lose him in another war. I couldn't stand that." Jeff tells her that she is afraid to take a chance on the world, and leaves her. During Jeff's oral exam for the State Department, GERALD MATSON, in charge of the Balkans Division, raises strong objections because Jeff is not "hardheaded" enough. But what Jeff says about war appeals strongly to the Secretary of State, and Jeff is accepted. He is assigned to the U.S. embassy in Budapest. Shortly before he leaves, he receives a call from HORACE LOCKE, a lifelong friend of his father. Locke, once a powerful man, is now in an obscure position, but he shares Jeff's fears and ideals about the world, and tells Jeff to call on him if he ever needs advice and help. As Jeff is packing, the phone rings. It is Susan Pickett. She has heard he is leaving. Jeff goes to her apartment, and aware of the little time remaining, takes her in his arms and kisses her. She responds warmly. Later Susan tells Jeff goodby in the airlines terminal as loud-speakers announce, "Flight 86, loading at gate 3 for Shannon, Prague, Vienna and Budapest."

JEFF BAKER got his assignment his first night in Budapest. He had, of course, reported to the minister the morning of his arrival; that is, he reported to Morgan Collingwood, the consul general, who was senior Foreign Service officer, and Morgan Collingwood had presented him to Admiral Blankenhorn, chief of mission in Budapest.

Mr. Collingwood was a slight, balding man who looked like the oldest and most inconspicuous vice-president in a bank. But the admiral looked like an admiral. His hair was white as the crest of a breaker, his face red as if he had just stepped off a gale-swept bridge.

He sat behind an executive desk framed between the Stars and Stripes and the two-star flag of his rank. On the wall behind him were pictures of Theodore Roosevelt reviewing the Great White Fleet, Franklin D. Roosevelt when he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, and the battleship Wyoming.

Mr. Collingwood said, "This is Mr. Baker, just in this morning from Washington."

The admiral said, "Glad to have you aboard, Baker."

On the admiral's desk were tiny, perfect models of four destroyers, a cruiser and an aircraft carrier.

"Quincy Todd met the plane at Matyasfold, as usual," said Collingwood.

"Young Todd," the admiral said, "makes an excellent flag secretary. Speaks the language. You don't, do you?"

"No, sir." Jeff said. "I've got Italian and French and German, but no Hungarian. I was going to take lessons."

"Won't need to," said the admiral. "It's the same here as everyplace else. All the educated people speak English. Now you take me. I've been every place in the world Spent my whole life traveling. Never had to speak anything but English."

The admiral asked how things were at home, and Jeff told him things were about the same, and the admiral shook his head as if that were bad and said, "I want you to come up to my place for dinner tonight. I want a firsthand picture of the situation in the States. Like my intelligence fresh. Besides, Fred Keller will be there. I want you to work with him."

"Is Mr. Keller in the building?" Jeff asked.

"No, he's not in the building. You see, Baker, he has a very, very special job. Very delicate. He operates entirely outside the legation. Deals with people who can't afford to be seen going in and out of here. You understand, don't you?"

"Oh, yes, sir. You mean the Atlantis Project."

Jeff knew from the way Collingwood started, and from the admiral's face, which lost all its affability, that he had said the wrong thing.

"Where did you hear Atlantis Project?" the admiral demanded.

"In Washington, sir."

"Fools!" the admiral said, slowly shaking his head from side to side. "Here we break our necks insuring security and those blabbermouths talk about it all over the place."

"I was warned that it was extremely confidential," Jeff protested.

"Confidential, hell! It's classified top-secret! They had no right to tell *anybody!*"

The admiral let out his breath, almost in a whistle, and said, "Well, I guess there's no damage, because I'm going to use you on the job. But it's just as I've always said—it's a mistake to have generals running the State Department. They don't know what security means. Ought to have Navy men."

The admiral slapped his palm on the desk and capsized the cruiser. "Now, look, *(Continued on page 32)*

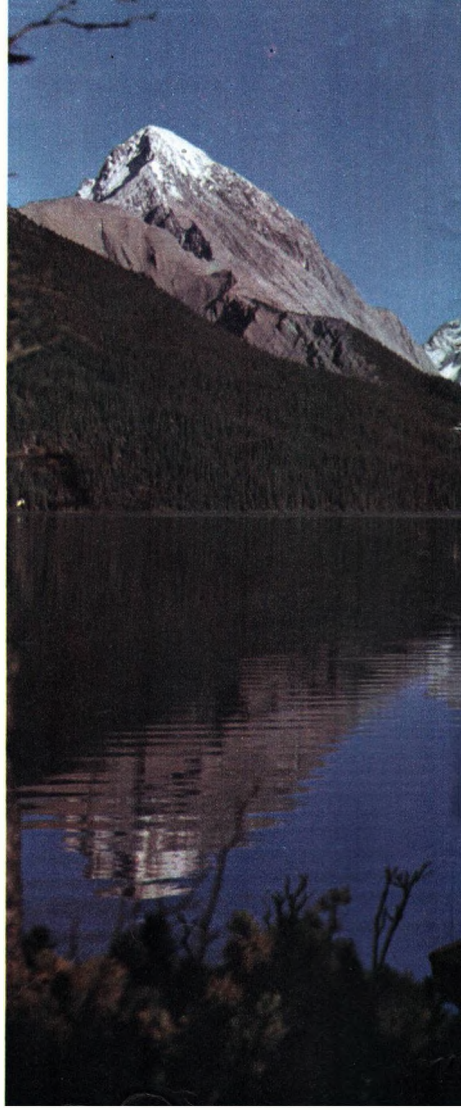
Jeff asked Rikki to dance—he didn't want her to talk any more right then. In a strange world this was a very strange city

PLAYGROUND IN THE SKY

Jasper's 4,200-square-mile sea of mountains is Canada's largest national park area. The ice age still lingers there, and Americans get a warm welcome. A heated swimming pool, a golf course, well-mannered bears and gorgeous scenery help draw the tourists

BY JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

LEO RACKOWE



CANADIAN NATIONAL RAILWAYS

DESIGNS FOR TOURING—XI

ROUTES: From western U.S. "gateway" at Spokane, Washington, take U.S. Route 95 to border; follow British Columbia Route 4 to Radium, 1-B to Mt. Eisenhower, Alberta, Route 1 to Lake Louise, then scenic Route 1-A to Jasper. Total distance: 537 miles. Gravel roads on Canadian side.
From continental U.S. "gateway" at Shelby, Montana, take U.S. 91 to border, follow Alberta Route 4 to Lethbridge, Route 3 to Macleod, Route 2 to Calgary, Route 1 via Banff to Lake Louise, then Route 1-A to Jasper. Total distance: 525 miles. Gravel roads on Canadian side.
Rail passage via transcontinental Canadian National Railways System.
Identification but no passport required at border. Americans entitled to bring back $400 Canadian purchases duty-free if they have been 12 days in Canada, $100 if they have been there less than 12 days.

ACCOMMODATIONS: At Jasper Park Lodge (650 guests) single rates, American plan only, begin at $10. At Athabasca Hotel in Jasper Village single rates begin at $3 European plan. Numerous "bungalow camps" throughout park offer heated log cabins with mountain views at $3 and up European plan, $7 and up American plan. Columbia Icefield Chalet overlooking glaciers from $5.50 and $8.50 European plan. Accommodations at Maligne and Medicine Lakes and Tonquin Valley are included in price of motor and pack-horse tours.
FOOD: Outstanding cuisine at Jasper Park Lodge and Columbia Icefield Chalet; reliable throughout the park.
WHAT TO WEAR: Informality is the rule, though some "dress for dinner" at lodge.
FOR FURTHER INFORMATION: Write to Mr. Leo D. Dolan, Director Canadian Travel Bureau, Ottawa, Ontario.

FUR traders and explorers crossing the Athabaska Trail over the Canadian Rockies used to say you couldn't find a better host than Jasper Hawes, the yellow-haired ex-Missouri mule skinner who drifted up here to run trap lines and stayed on to run a way station for the Hudson's Bay Company.

Travelers were glad to share the one-room log cabin with Jasper, his Indian wife and their uncounted young. Beds consisting of bearhides spread on the puncheon floor looked good to them and at mealtime they smacked their lips over brook trout, buffalo steak or a Jasper House specialty—wildcat roasted whole and stuffed with chunks of mountain ram.

Jasper vanished with his family 130-odd years ago when he built a raft and tried to ride the swirling Fraser River down to the coast. But his name and his hospitable reputation stuck to the whole 4,200-square-mile sea of mountains which is Canada's largest national park and one of the most stupendous scenic areas anywhere in the world.

Wayfarers today are mostly well-heeled Americans who come by car, plane or air-conditioned train to gaze, golf, swim, ski, climb or do nothing at all under a mountain sun which produces exquisite tans at daytime summer temperatures averaging around 75 degrees F. At swanky Jasper Park Lodge they rough it in log cabins containing up to five and

Jasper's most celebrated beauty spot. Here emerald-hued Lac Beauvert reflects snow-laden peaks. It is a "must" on the list of every visitor

six bathrooms, brave the glacial waters of an open-air swimming pavilion heated to a constant 73 degrees F., and venture out across the carefully nurtured wilds of a championship golf course where their greatest danger is losing a golf ball to a playful bear.

Jasper has been a national park for forty-one years, but few except hardy mountaineers ever saw the region until 1922, when the Canadian National Railways opened the 60-cabin lodge on the landscaped shores of Lac Beauvert and set out to compete with the Canadian Pacific's long-established resorts at Banff and Lake Louise. Besides the lodge there are a score of smaller hotels, bungalow camps and dude ranches to choose from. (See Tour Box.)

Unlike Banff, where the mountains tower up within yodeling distance of your hotel window, Jasper Village lies in the broad, green Athabaska Valley where the Rockies, like ancestors of time, condescend to be looked upon at a serene and lordly distance. The transparent air of the valley has a strange trick of liquefying perspective and making you feel as if you were treading interplanetary space among separate worlds of polar snow, rocky deserts, flowering meadowlands, tractless forests and aerial lakes of the deepest green, violet, indigo, cobalt and ultramarine.

From where you sit fanning yourself right now it may be hard to believe, but the ice age isn't quite over yet. From the Jasper-Banff highway you'll see its fantastic remnants in the Columbia Icefield —the 150-square mile "roof of the Rockies" which holds the greatest body of ice outside the Arctic Circle. Water from the mile-wide rivers of ice that creep down the mountainsides flows into the Atlantic, the Pacific and the Arctic oceans.

The glaciers will still be there when you get there, but they're retreating fast, some at the rate of over 30 feet a year and you can measure their movement by waves of fresh rubble they've left in front of them. Guides can always rely on a certain number of tourists to ask, "Where have the glaciers gone?" The stock answer is still: "Back up the mountains, ma'am, to fetch more rock."

Tall Tales of a Wilderness Pioneer

Whenever an American and a Canadian get to arguing over the comparative wonders of their mountains, the Canadian is pretty sure to fall back on the late Dave MacDougall, a Banff rancher and outfitter who spent a lifetime roaming through this country and embellishing its wonders. How much does it snow up here? Well, come spring thaw, Dave could generally recognize his winter campsites by the burnt-off tops of tall pines where he'd built his campfires.

As for the size of those pines, Dave was driving his team and wagon back to the ranch one day when he found the bridge over Ghost River Canyon washed out by floods. He had to cut down one of the trees along the bank to drive across. "You mean to say you drove your team over a fallen tree?" a listener once asked him.

"Shucks, no," said Dave. "That tree was holler and I drove 'em through it."

No less fabulous than Dave MacDougall's tall tales of the Rockies are the actual doings of the six Brewster brothers, who grew up on a remote mountain ranch near Banff, where their pioneer father made a precarious living by guiding wealthy big-game hunters from England and the States. In their infancy, rifles and reins took the place of rattles, and by the time most boys climb out of their play pens the Brewsters were scrambling over the mountains.

Besides guiding hunters, the boys broke trail for the railroads and highways; and when the tourists started swarming in over the border, Brewster-owned hotels, restaurants, filling stations, bus lines and guide services were way out in front of competitors. At least one of the brothers, the late Jim Brewster, became a millionaire—without changing his ways in the least. During the royal visit in 1939, when he took the king and queen to look at the big-game trophies in his parlor, Jim opened the front door and *(Continued on page 73)*

WHERE THERE'S SMOKE

BY EDGAR BROOKE

The leading man had walked home with Jane last night, but nothing happened

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

IF THERE is a lobe in the human brain whose special function is suspicion, Charlie Jordan had one of abnormal size and activity. In one way it was a help to him. He had never been known to cash a bad check and no young teller in the Gotham National Bank had a better future than Charlie. But in most ways Charlie's eternal suspiciousness was a nuisance, and I guess it was partly irritation and partly the wild notion of teaching him a lesson that made me suggest that he hire a private detective. His reaction was to look at me with respect and grudging admiration.

"Now you're talking sense," he said.

"It's nothing of the sort," I recanted testily. "It would be a crime to put a detective on a girl like Jane."

"That's exactly what I would have said a month ago, before I came to my senses. But where there's smoke—"

"—there's always fire," I chorused with him. It never seemed to bother him when I chimed in like this. He just nodded approvingly.

The next morning, when business slacked off, Charlie scratched on the grille between our cages and I drifted over.

"Same thing happened last night," he announced with gloomy satisfaction. "Jane broke a date with me."

"Who is she going with?"

"I can't find out," Charlie said bitterly.

"You mean that you're just guessing that she's running around with another man?"

"Get this," he said grimly. "One month ago Jane suddenly announced that hereafter we couldn't see each other Monday, Wednesday and Friday nights. I simply asked, 'Why not? What's up?' And she practically snarled at me and said if I were going to take that attitude, she'd be damned if she'd tell me. Then she started breaking dates and refusing to explain why. She says that she will never marry a man who can't trust her and I'd better try to develop a little ability in that direction."

I could see her point all right, knowing Charlie as I did. Still, doubt crept into my own mind. Jane was a very pretty girl, a remarkably pretty girl. If it weren't that Charlie was my friend, I'd have been hot on her trail myself long ago. You didn't have to be as suspicious as Charlie to take it for granted that plenty of eligible men would breathe hard in her presence.

The fact was that I had always been a little puzzled at Charlie's success in capturing a girl like Jane. My theory was that he proposed when she was thinking of something else and she absent-mindedly accepted him. Or maybe she thought she saw the shy little boy women are supposed to fall in love with, though the only way I could picture Charlie as a little boy was with his eye plastered to somebody's keyhole.

"When Jane broke that date last night," Charlie exploded, "she shook my faith, shook it badly. To hell with the expense. I'm going to expose her."

"How?" I asked.

"The way you suggested," he said with grim relish. "Tonight a man from the Good Will Detective Agency will start shadowing her."

I was impressed. Charlie was not the man to throw money around lightly and a private detective would draw no dime-store fee. He was burned to the first degree. "How can you afford that sort of thing?" I couldn't help asking.

"By thinking of it as an investment in my own future happiness. I inherited—well, a small inheritance." I registered about ten thousand automatically. "It's worth five hundred to guarantee that my wife will be trustworthy." He turned away and I started sorting deposit slips. The chief teller was approaching.

Three mornings later, Charlie passed behind my cage and muttered out of the corner of his mouth, "Meet me by the water fountain." We were lucky; we had the place to ourselves. "Jane," he announced in a mordant voice, "has joined the Village Players. Three nights a week she rehearses; nights she breaks dates with me, there are extra rehearsals."

"Then everything's okay?"

"No." Charlie looked as if he were sucking quinine. "It's worse than I suspected," he said hollowly. "She's playing Sadie Thompson in Rain. Don't you see that a girl like Jane wouldn't take the role of a prostitute if she weren't in love with the leading man?"

"Charlie," I said soberly, "sometimes you frighten me."

He gave me a fatherly clap on the shoulder without relaxing the undertaker's expression on his broad face. "Glad you're finally waking up. I've worried about you. Dangerous to be so naïve." He relapsed into dark meditation, then grated, "Another week, another report—then I'll really tell her off."

Charlie's influence was insidious. Several times I caught myself imagining Jane in the leading man's arms with the light of true love in her eyes. When the day arrived for the next report, I was in a stew of curiosity. The detective came to make his report at the bank. It was funny, but this suddenly made the whole affair seem more grave. He was younger than I would have assumed and had one of those eager, almost painfully honest faces. Even Charlie would have to acknowledge his integrity.

AFTER he'd gone, Charlie gave me the high sign and I wandered casually out to the water fountain. The leading man had walked home with Jane last night but the detective swore nothing happened. Furthermore, he advised Charlie to drop the investigation. He was positive Jane was not deceiving Charlie.

Charlie snorted. "Detective!" he said with acid. "It's so appallingly obvious that Jane and that pretty boy knew he was trailing them. Of course nothing happened—then. Know what the idiot did? He went home, but don't try to tell me that matinee idol did the same thing. All he had to do was walk around the block!"

"You're keeping up the investigation?"

"Certainly. After the going-over I gave that detective, I think I can expect some real results now."

Two weeks later, Charlie strode into my cage and held out a letter. "How do you like that?" he demanded.

It was from the Good Will Detective Agency. It informed Charlie that their investigation, scrupulously and conscientiously carried out by one of their best operators, had established beyond doubt that the suspect was consorting privately with no man, that her attendance at rehearsals of the Village Players signified a genuine interest in dramatics and nothing more, and that there was not the slightest evidence of her emotional involvement with her leading man, Mr. Lee Sandhover, or with any other rival. Accordingly, the agency could only consider the case closed and forthwith returned his check in advance payment of the next scheduled week's work which they could not conscientiously accept.

I didn't even try to conceal my gratification. If ever a man had asked to be proved hopelessly in the wrong, it was Charlie. "I hope you'll have the decency to apologize to Jane," I said.

Charlie was so offended that he turned red and gobbled. "I should apologize to that sneaking little cheat—for what, may I ask? As for the Good Will Detective Agency, I've half a mind to sue them. Jane trapped that bungling detective and blackmailed him into dropping the case by threatening to expose his inefficiency to his employers."

"How can you possibly know that?"

"Deduction. Analysis. Where there's—"

"Don't say it! Don't!" I cried. I walked away from him and I could positively feel Charlie's eyes boring into the back of my head in narrowed suspicion of my reason. It was a relief to leave the next day on my vacation.

When I got back, I felt like a new man. I'd almost forgotten about Charlie's ridiculous efforts to prove that Jane was deceiving him. He burst into my cage with "I told you so" written all over him.

"You don't mean it. You can't," I exclaimed.

He nodded with ghoulish satisfaction. "You're damned right I mean it," he snapped and his eyes glittered.

"But tell me, man," I said impatiently, "what's happened?"

"Jane married him. Do you admit now that she was deceitful, that I was absolutely justified in not trusting her?"

"So Jane is now Mrs. Sandhover. God, what a name!"

Charlie regarded me with surprise. "Sandhover? What are you talking about?"

"That's his name, isn't it?" I asked. "Her leading man."

"You're all twisted up," Charlie said. "She married Doolittle, the detective." He tapped me solemnly on the chest. "Set a thief to catch a thief. I never trusted that fellow, either."

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG

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AN AFFAIR OF STATE

Continued from page 26

Baker, from now on I never want you to mention the word Atlantis. Is that clear?"

"Yes, sir."

"And you'll be at my place at seven."

"I'll be there, sir."

Jeff spent the rest of the day with Quincy Todd. Todd was a stocky man with pink, round, beardless cheeks. His face looked five years younger than Jeff's, but his double-breasted suit strained to conceal a paunch, and Jeff guessed he was older. He also was a third secretary and vice-consul, but he had slipped into the job that some missions call "stableboy" and others "donkey boy." This meant that he did a great many chores that had nothing to do with diplomacy.

He wheedled gasoline out of the Hungarian Ministry of Transport, argued exchange with the Finance Minister, and fought the Ministry of the Interior, when employees of the legation fell into the hands of the police, or simply disappeared. He knew his way around the Russian *Kommandatura*, and the intricacies of the Soviet bureaucracy. If a truckload of canned food, or a correspondent, or a typewriter or a courier vanished on the road from Vienna to Budapest, he knew where to find it, or him.

He shepherded Jeff from office to office, presenting him to the staff. As he introduced the men, and a few women, he identified them by their jobs. He said, "This is Mr. Kovacs, our chief disbursing officer," or, "This is Captain Reedy, our assistant air attaché." But some he introduced simply by their names, without referring to their jobs. When it was finished Todd said, "Let's have a drink. There's an *espresso* around the corner where I can always get a fair cognac. I'll cut you in on it."

OUT on the street Jeff put aside his thoughts to begin his assessment of the city and its people. Pest was not a ruin like Buda. Here in Pest the streets were free of rubble. New plaster and unpainted boards, ugly as scar tissue, had grown across the wounds in the buildings.

They turned into the broad Vaczi Korut, and then into an alley, and there was the *espresso* with its sign in flaked gold on the glass, Café Molnar. They sat at a table with a top no bigger than a checkerboard, an elaborate steel-and-silver urn on the counter hissed and spat and produced thick Turkish coffee, and a girl brought them the coffee in tiny cups, along with the cognac.

"You want to keep this place quiet," Todd said. "We don't want it overrun by the Dick Tracys."

"The Dick Tracys? What do they do?"

"Everything. We've got the M.I.S., the O.N.I., the C.I.C., the F.B.I. the C.I.D., G-2 from USFA, Central Intelligence Agency, assorted Treasury agents, and our own security people. We're supposed to have more Dick Tracys," Quincy Todd added with some pride, "than any other mission in Europe."

"Don't they get in one another's hair?"

"Well, they spy on one another, and they read one another's mail, and they try to scoop one another on hot intelligence, but they don't exactly get in one another's hair. Theoretically, the admiral co-ordinates their activities. But they do get in my hair. They use all the transport, and eat all the food, and drink all the Scotch at the Park Club, and every once in a while one of them investigates me. It's the price I pay for the maintenance of democracy and Western civilization."

Then Todd talked of the routine of the legation. "The admiral," Todd said, "likes everybody to eat at the mess at lunch. You can have dinner anyplace you want, but it's best to turn up at the Park Club sometime during the evening."

"How about the admiral?" Jeff said.

"All I know," Todd said, "is that when I came here we had a general, and then we had a regular career minister, and now we have an admiral. Maybe it's because they've got generals everywhere else, and the Navy thought it was being discriminated against."

"I never heard of him."

"Didn't you? Out in the Pacific we heard of him. He had a task force. Lost a carrier and a transport. Then he was promoted to COMYDDOCSOUWESPAC."

"What's that?"

"Why, that's Commander of Yards and Docks, Southwest Pacific. He fought the battle of Sydney in Prince's and Romano's. Then he became a wheel in Navy Intelligence, and now he's here. He's not a bad guy. Just security-happy."

Todd signaled with his eyes, and the girl brought more cognac. She had strong legs that were flattered by her brief dirndl, and she weaved between the tables, her body erect but her hips moving as if she danced. She spoke to Todd in a language that Jeff had never heard before, with a few French phrases surprisingly dropping out of the sentences. Todd replied in Hungarian, and the girl said, "Okay, okay," and smiled at Jeff.

"What's going on?" Jeff said.

Todd smiled up at the girl as if they were discussing her beauty. "You've got to be careful about these women in Pest. Now you take Marina, here. She's a dish, all right, but she's a Rumanian Gypsy, and if you ever fell for her you'd find yourself involved with her six brothers, three sisters and maybe her whole tribe."

"I'm not going to let it worry me."

"You're not going to be a dedicated man like your boss, are you?"

"My boss? Who?"

"Fred Keller."

"How do you know he's going to be my boss?"

"My boy, in a mission like this everybody knows everything."

They left after another drink, and Todd dropped him at his hotel. "I'll have transportation for you at six thirty," he promised. "Most of our vehicles are jeeps, but I'll pry loose a staff car for you tonight."

While he shaved Jeff wondered what it was about Quincy Todd's speech that seemed so familiar, and yet so irritating and strange. It was not until he was on the way out the Andrássy Utca, which slices the city from the river to the suburbs straight as a sword cut, that it came to him. He had been taking stock of the passing traffic, noting that the cars and trucks were shabby as the people.

Then he realized what it was that was familiar and yet queer about the way Quincy Todd talked. Automobiles weren't automobiles. They were vehicles, or transportation. A garage was a motor pool. Hell, he thought, it's like being back in the Army. . . .

The admiral lived in the austere legation residence, standing behind its stately poplars and circular driveway in the embassy section that adjoins the Városliget, the big park that was like Rock Creek Park in Washington. A uniformed doorman bowed Jeff out of the sedan, and a butler took his topcoat and black Homburg and said, "You're Mr. Baker, sir? The admiral is waiting for you in the library." He led Jeff down a long hallway, deeply carpeted, rich with murals and statuary that reflected the good taste of some former occupant, slid open a pair of double doors. Jeff walked through them, and met a quarter-deck bellow: "Watch where the hell you're putting your feet!"

Jeff stood like a crane with one foot in the air. He looked down. He had almost stepped on a model battleship. It was one of a fleet that sailed through a narrow channel of leather-bound books across an isthmus of Oriental runner. The admiral was on his hands and knees in the middle of another fleet on the other side of the room, glaring up at him like an angry bulldog. "All right, Baker, come in," he growled. "Don't stand staring like you never saw me before."

"Yes, sir."

The admiral sat back and crossed his legs. That morning he had been wearing a tweed suit, but now he was Navy, his uniform coat across the back of a chair. Jeff guessed that he changed into uniform at the end of a day, for comfort, the way some men put on a dressing gown. "I'm working out a problem," the admiral said. "Want to join me? Move some of these ships around?"

"I'll try," Jeff said, "but I'm afraid I don't know much about it."

"That's all right. I'll tell you what to do. Take that fleet."

"The one between the books?"

"Yes. The one in the Bosporus. You've got the American fleet, and I've got the Russian fleet, over here in the Black Sea."

Jeff sat down on the floor, cross-legged like the admiral.

The admiral's voice and manner changed. He was no longer sitting on the floor in a Budapest suburb. He was in a great War Room in Washington hung with wonderful maps of many seas, and he was briefing the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

"Gentlemen," he said, "the situation is as follows. Fighting has broken out in Berlin, and it appears inevitable that within forty-eight hours our land forces will be swept from the continent of Europe. But the Navy has used foresight. The Navy has mobilized all available ships in the Atlantic, and dispatched them to the Straits, for we know that the enemy's first thrust will be at Turkey. We have three battleships, six carriers, six cruisers and suitable escort destroyers in the Straits. In the Black Sea the Reds have six battleships, ten carriers, fifteen cruisers and an estimated forty submarines. Now the problem is—"

JEFF interrupted, "Where did the Russians get all those battleships and carriers? I thought they only had one or two."

"They've taken over the British fleet. The British are Socialists, aren't they?"

"Yes, but—"

"Quiet! Now the problem is, shall we go into the Black Sea and attack the transports which must now be loading at Burgas, Varna and Odessa—risking annihilation if the Red fleet is operating as a single force—or shall we retreat to the Mediterranean and accept battle only when we have land-based air cover from North Africa?"

The admiral stopped speaking and looked inquiringly at Jeff. "Well," he finally said, "what's your decision?"

Jeff rested his elbows on his knees, and propped his chin in his hands, and examined the fleets. "I'm the American admiral—right, sir?"

"Correct."

"Well, I'm going to get my fleet out from between these books—out of the Bosporus, I mean—right now, and send them west as fast as they can go, and then I'm going to load about ten atom bombs on B-two-nines and B-three-sixes at our field in North Africa, and then I'm going to blow hell out of the Russian fleet, Burgas, Varna, Odessa, and maybe Belgrade and Moscow too."

"That's not fair!" the admiral protested. "I never use atom bombs in these problems!"

"They're available, aren't they?" Jeff asked.

"It spoils the fun," said the admiral.

He frowned, as if the subject burdened and troubled him. "Don't misunderstand me," he went on. "Atom bombs won't replace navies. Anybody who thinks the atom bomb will replace the Navy is a defeatist. As a matter of fact, the atom bomb can only help the Navy. It's not just enough to make atom bombs, you've got to deliver them, and the best way to deliver them is by aircraft carrier. So we're going to be protected by bigger and better battleships, armed with rockets and guided missiles. The Navy always looks ahead."

They had dry-docked the warships in a bookcase, and the admiral was putting on his coat, when Fred Keller arrived with another guest. Keller greeted Jeff warmly, and said he had been looking forward to his coming to Budapest, and that they had a big job cut out for them;

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he introduced Jeff to William Quigley, who said, "We met this morning."

"I'm sorry," Jeff apologized, "I didn't place you."

"Perfectly all right. I like people to forget me."

Jeff thought this a queer statement. As they made their way into the dining room he watched Quigley and decided that if Quigley's ambition was to have people forget him, he'd be successful. Quigley was neither short nor tall, thin nor stout, young nor old.

"Quig is in the department's Security and Investigation Division," Keller explained, "especially assigned to our project."

THE dining-room table had been designed to seat forty at diplomatic dinners, but a fence of flowers cleverly set aside one end of it. The admiral and Keller sat at the table's head. Jeff was on the admiral's right, opposite Quigley. The admiral asked Jeff whether he'd seen the big heavyweight fight, and Jeff said yes, on television. The admiral said he thought too many Negroes were winning fight championships.

Jeff said the prize ring was one of the few places where a Negro had an absolutely equal chance. "You never hear of Negro tennis or golf champions," he said, "because they're not allowed to join our country clubs."

Keller said, "It's good propaganda to have colored champions. It counteracts the Russian line. When they start talking about our racial frictions, that's one fact the Reds can't get around."

"Well, Fred, there may be something in what you say," the admiral admitted. "It may be an international asset, but it doesn't sound any good at home. Ever since Louis won the title, the Negroes have been pushing. Why, they're even talking about giving them commissions in the Navy."

The white-jacketed Filipino brought in an enormous silver platter, with a hill of black caviar rising in its center. "It was a present," the admiral said, "from the Russian naval attaché. Genuine Black Sea sturgeon. His name is Yassovsky. Met him in Washington in '44. Very decent fellow. Has a reputation as a brilliant tactician."

"Do you see him often?" Jeff asked.

"See him! Certainly not! I couldn't have him here, any more than he could invite me over to his place. Why, that'd be fraternization, wouldn't it? But he did send me this caviar, and I sent him cigarettes." The admiral glanced at Quigley, who was listening without expression. "Anyway, I hear he's left the city."

"That's the report," Quigley said.

They ate curry, and a salad, and tiny pancakes swimming in a flaming sauce, and Jeff answered questions on the political situation at home, careful to give the facts without opinion. The Filipino brought coffee, and the admiral told him, "You can go out now, Juan. Shut the doors and see that they stay shut."

Jeff knew that they had reached the hour for business.

"I think the time has come," the admiral said, "to go from the planning to the operational stage of Atlantis Project. So a general review is in order, not only to brief our young newcomer, but as a recap for ourselves. Right?"

"Right, Admiral," Keller agreed.

"Now as you know, I'm simply in charge of policy. With a war coming on I'd rather be on active service, naturally, but the powers that be have decided that I can be useful in this post. I'll admit that this is the most interesting shore assignment a man could want, and what makes it especially interesting is the Atlantis Project. Do you know that this is the first time we have ever really prepared intelligently for a war? We're doing things now that we don't usually do until the shooting has started. Usually, we get caught with our pants down."

The admiral's voice became round and oratorical, exactly as it had been when he outlined the battle problem on the library floor. "Europe will be overrun. No doubt about it, and we might as well accept it. Some of our people in Germany and Austria may fight their way to the coast, but at best we can assume an American Dunkerque. Ordinarily I'd say that we ourselves would be captured and interned.

"But I have reason to believe—nothing definite, you understand—that key personnel in the Atlantis Project will be flown out when war becomes inevitable. Now our principal objective is the establishment of an organized underground in Europe to work for us after we're gone. Is that correct, Fred?"

"Right." Keller began to talk, quietly as an actor underplaying his part, using his tanned, expressive hands in the most reserved of gestures. Hungary would be vital to the Russians. It would bivouac the bulk of their armies in the cities of western Europe, in the hope that we would not drop atom bombs on these cities.

"They know we're softhearted," the admiral interrupted. "They know we don't like to destroy friendly civilian populations."

Keller went on talking, and Jeff realized that he must have been the architect of the project, for he spoke with a salesman's glibness, answering all the objections before they could be presented. "Now I think the Hungarians are generally friendly to us. At this time a Communist government has been imposed upon them, but I think it is fair to say that generally the Hungarians are anti-Communist.

"Our aims are fairly obvious. First and most important, we need constant flow of intelligence and information. We need it on the strategic level for the efficient conduct of political warfare, and we need it on the tactical level for our military planners. Secondly, our people will lead passive resistance, and be in charge of simple sabotage conducted for morale purposes. They will operate an underground press and clandestine radio stations. They will keep alive the flame of freedom. Third, when American forces once again invade the Continent, our people will become the nucleus of a resistance army that will attack the Reds in the rear."

He turned to Jeff. "What do you think of it?" he asked.

"It frightens me a little," Jeff said.

"Because it is audacious? The admiral will tell you that no political or military plan—and the two are as one now—can succeed without risk and daring."

"It isn't that," Jeff said. "It is—perhaps that I'm afraid of making a mistake."

"He means the security angles," the admiral suggested. "And he's quite right. Frightened all of us, at first."

KELLER nodded. Now it seemed his words were directed at Quigley: "We are all aware, and must continue to be aware, of the dangers of penetration. The Secretary, as the admiral says, was worried. If the Russians or the Hungarian Communists knew, or even guessed at our plans, the results could be catastrophic. They'd slit the throats of our Hungarian friends and smash our organization before it was born. And I don't know what might happen to us."

"I do," said Quigley.

"I wish you'd quit worrying, Quig," Keller said. "There aren't going to be any leaks, because nobody is going to talk, nothing is to be committed to writing, and our contacts with the Hungarians will be careful, careful, careful. Let's take Baker's assignment as a model."

"Yes, Fred, let's get on with the job," the admiral said. "Do you think the Russians worry when they flood our country with spies, and corrupt our labor unions, and spread their poison in our schools and radio and newspapers?"

"Right. We have divided the Hungarians into groups and occupations which per se we can set down as sympathetic and potentially useful. We can assume that we will find friends among manufacturers, merchants, bankers, exporters and importers, most of the intellectuals and professional people, and the agrarian landowners. Eventually we will have a man assigned to each of these groups.

"We're going to give the world of the theater to Baker here. The theater is an important part of the life of Budapest, and one through which flows a lot of information about the Russians. It is an influential medium of propaganda.

"Furthermore, the Budapest theater is closely linked to the American theater. Hungarian motion-picture theaters for many years have been dependent upon the United States for sixty per cent of their films. Many Hungarian actors and actresses have been successful in America. American plays have been popular here. It will be quite natural that an American third secretary be seen with the theatrical crowd, either for reasons of business—or pleasure." Keller allowed himself a smile. "Especially a young, unmarried third secretary who knows how to handle himself with the ladies."

"Haw!" the admiral laughed.

Jeff felt uncomfortable. "It sounds wonderful. But where do I get the money?"

"Atlantis Project has a reasonable amount of unvouchered funds," said Keller. "Now as to your procedure. You will approach what Quig here would call your 'targets' with the view of choosing those best qualified to carry out the aims and objectives I have outlined. You will sound them out most cautiously. You will gradually let them know what they can do to help us—and themselves—when war comes. You will never let them know that you are part of an organization, or that you talk or act for anyone but yourself. You must always give the impression that you are acting without the legation's knowledge. They won't believe it, but it will allow us to repudiate you if there is a slip.

"Not until the last stages—when war is inevitable and a matter of days or weeks, will they be given definite assignments, and provided with money, equipment, codes, channels of communications, and definite instructions. Our job at this time is simply to find the completely reliable people who are not only on our side, but who are willing to act as our agents."

"It's going to be a tight little operation," said the admiral. "A nice, nice, tight little operation. And I want to tell you, Baker, that if we're successful—well, I'm not the kind of a commander who keeps all the glory for himself. There'll be plenty for all of us."

They talked until midnight. When Jeff left, the stars shone cold and blue-white like a handful of diamonds flung against the sky, and the wind blew steadily from the east and cut through his topcoat. He got into the car, and the driver slid the sedan down the Andrássy Utca. The streets were dim, and deserted.

They were halfway through the city when a man's scream of terror filled the street. The sedan jerked forward, but Jeff turned in time for one quick look down the side street. He saw two dark figures running, and in the instant that the side street was in his vision, one man leaped upon the other and brought him to the pavement, precisely as a wild animal drags down its prey.

The car spurted forward for three blocks and then slowed again. "What the hell was that?" Jeff asked in German.

"The *unbekannt Menschen*," the driver replied without turning his head. "The unknown men."

"What's that mean?"

"Russian deserters. At this season they stop fools who are out at this hour, and strip them of their clothes. So then they can hide in civilian clothes and perhaps try to escape to the west."

JEFF relaxed against the back of the seat and lighted a cigarette, and then lighted another for the driver. He discovered that his hands were shaking, and he was glad when they stopped under the marquee lights of the Astoria. He told the driver to return to the motor pool, went to the desk, and the night porter gave him his key and a brown envelope. He turned it over and saw that all that was on it was "J. W. Baker" printed with pencil. "Who left this?" Jeff asked.

"A man, sir."

"Someone from the legation?"

"No. I think a Hungarian, sir."

Jeff put the envelope in his pocket and walked upstairs, his legs heavy and aching. Their stiffness, he thought, was the result of his deep sleep in the plane the night before. A plane's reclining chairs are comfortable, but you cannot fully stretch out your legs. He found his cigarettes, and then ripped open the envelope. Inside was a letter, neatly printed, but some of the letters looked queer, as if written backward, or backhanded.

"If you are the Captain Jeff W. Baker who was at the Oriente Hotel in Bari," it read, "I would very much like to see you. If you are that Baker please be so kind as to leave a note at the apartment of János Donat, at Lovag Ut. 25, and assign a place of meeting. Any place of meeting will be okay with me but I do not wish to be embarrassment to you."

The letter was signed, "Leonides."

Jeff knew only one Leonides, and he

"I wouldn't get my hopes up. Most likely there'll be a new deal when we get back"

COLLIER'S IRWIN CAPLAN

was Leonides Lasenko, a major in the Russian air force. Jeff read the note again, and shoved it under his pillow. He was too tired to think about it. He snapped out the light and got into bed. . . .

Quincy Todd found him an apartment—only a room and bath, with its private entrance into the hallway, in Madame Angell's flat on the fourth floor of a reddish stone house on Revay Utca. Madame Angell had been letting out this room to British and Americans since the twilight years after the first World War. Her third husband had been an Englishman, and he had willed her his name and his nationality, which was her distinction and her pride.

Quincy Todd had told him all this, and more. The building superintendent, Sandor, who also functioned as elevator operator, was a police spy. But that was to be expected anywhere in Europe. Madame Angell would use Jeff as a sounding board against which to exercise her favorite among her ten or twelve tongues. Hot water would appear only at sporadic intervals.

However, there were compensations. His rent was six hundred forints a month, which was within his living allowance. And it was a large room with plenty of wall space for his maps.

HE DISCOVERED that Madame Angell stayed up all night maneuvering the dials of a large and intricate radio. Madame Angell was a propaganda fan. She maintained herself in a narcotic state of tension and excitement by absorbing the whole world's cacophony of violence —threats of war and rumors of war, news of fighting, bombings, assassinations, revolutions. She was a soap-opera addict on an international scale. For Madame Angell the troubles of Hungary were dwarfed by the monumental crises of greater nations, just as the troubles of the American housewife are dispelled as she is anesthetized by the agonies of Ma Perkins, Stella Dallas, Young Widder Brown and Our Gal Sunday.

Jeff had requisitioned a portable typewriter from the legation, and each Wednesday and Saturday evening he wrote to Susan, for the diplomatic air pouches closed for personal mail at noon on Thursdays and Sundays. On the Wednesday of his third week in Budapest he was in his room, writing to Susan, when Madame Angell jostled her way through his door, carrying a tea tray.

"A little tiffin, Mr. Baker," she said, "but no sugar. It would be nice if you could get some sugar."

"I'll try," Jeff promised reluctantly. He had provided her with five pounds of sugar only two weeks before.

Madame Angell located a pocket in the folds of her dress and drew out an envelope. "Sandor brought this up."

He put the envelope beside his typewriter. "Thanks, Madame Angell."

She kept her eyes on the envelope, as if in hopes that Jeff would open it while she remained there. "Sandor didn't say who brought it, or when. Sandor is a bad type, you know. Sandor may have—"

"I know."

She shrugged her heavy shoulders. "You Americans have grown secret like all the rest. Now I must listen to Belgrade. Did you know that Tito has his own atomic bomb? God's truth. Heard it on Belgrade last night."

Jeff waited until he heard her door close, and then he opened the envelope. The note, this time, was curt:

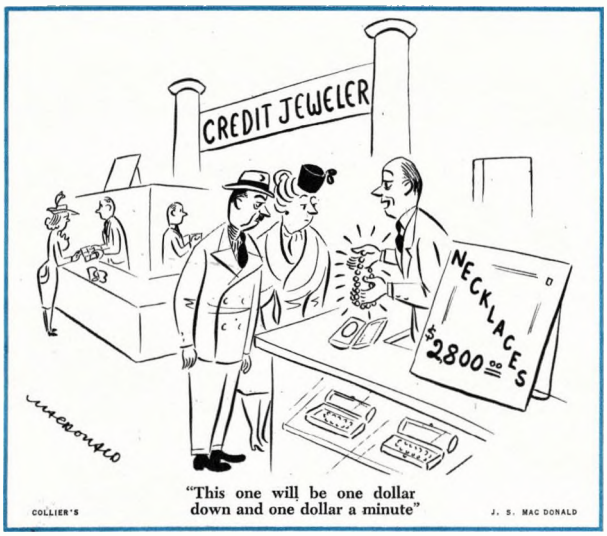
"You go often to the Espresso Molnar. I beg you to be there tonight. I will wait until midnight."

He reread the last page of his letter to Susan.

"I met this Russian in Bari," he had written, "at the Fifteenth Air Force Headquarters. We were both liaison officers, and were billeted together in the Hotel Oriente.

"I think I'd better explain a little more about why I was there, and why he was there. After I left the rest camp they didn't send me back to Division, but assigned me to Fifth Army Headquarters in Florence. I was the captain who moved the maps in the briefing tent—about as useful as a magician's assistant. Then, when they were planning the spring offensive in 1945, they decided to use heavy bombers in tactical support of the Fifth Army in the attack on Bologna. Since I knew the ground fairly well, they sent me to Bari, and we figured out ways for the heavies to identify our forward positions so they wouldn't bomb our own troops. Leonides was in Bari for exactly the same reason, except his job was to protect the Russian army operating on the other side of the Adriatic. He had a devil of a time wheedling a bomb line out of his own generals.

"But he did his best, and he was a swell guy. Everybody liked him, and he was the best poker player in the Oriente."



"This one will be one dollar down and one dollar a minute"

COLLIER'S J. S. MAC DONALD

The last paragraph he had written said, "Much as I would like to see him, I don't know how I can risk it. It would be sure to become known, and the legation would consider me most indiscreet, and perhaps dangerous."

Jeff ran a string of x's through this paragraph, and wrote: "Although I know it is indiscreet, I am going to see him tonight. I just received another note from him. I think he's in trouble and needs my help. Anyway, what the hell, I'm a free American citizen, am I not, and can talk to whomever I choose?"

Now he had made his decision he was in a hurry to go. He would finish the letter later, or in the morning. He put on his overcoat, stepped into the hallway, and rang three times for the elevator, and was about to use the stairs when he heard it grumbling its way upward.

Sandor Patek was fifty, bent and slight, with watery blue eyes and faded yellow hair that curled raggedly at the ends. "You go out this night?" he asked in German, as the elevator descended. "Is not this Wednesday, the night you remain upstairs? Perhaps the note I brought had something to do with it."

"You are absolutely right," Jeff said. "The note is from a beautiful woman. She needs my help."

"So?" Sandor said, expectantly.

"She was seized by Rajk's secret police and now hangs suspended by her toes from the Franz Josef Bridge. I am on my way to rescue her."

The elevator jerked to a stop, and Sandor opened the door, his face showing anger and shock, as if Jeff had committed a desecration. Rajk was the Communist Minister of the Interior, and therefore Sandor's boss, and his name was not used loosely, nor was the secret police ever ridiculed, although it might be hated. Sandor said something nasty in Hungarian. All the way to the *espresso* Jeff felt pleased.

He walked through the door of the Café Molnar and he saw Leonides immediately, for his was the only uniform there. Leonides' uniform was immaculate, the blouse smooth until it reached the belt, and evenly pleated below. His boots were black and shining, the stiff epaulets on his shoulders soft yellow. He was not so tall as Jeff, but built compactly, and when he rose he gave the impression of endurance and power, like a locomotive that has been still on the track, and then moves slowly ahead.

Thus he rose as Jeff threaded his way toward him, and held out his broad hand, and grinned so that the four steel teeth in the front of his mouth gleamed silver. "So you came!" Leonides said. "You have not declared war on me."

"Not yet," Jeff said, grasping Leonides' hand in both his hands. He was conscious that his words rang louder than they should. As he seated himself he heard no other sound in the *espresso* except the scrape of his chair. It is the custom, in a Budapest café, for the patrons to be openly and pleasantly curious about those around them. But not so curious as this. Not paralyzed.

"You look fine," Jeff said. "You don't look any older."

Leonides put his elbows on the table and his fists alongside his mouth so that only Jeff could see his lips, and when he spoke he spoke very softly, and his lips hardly moved. "I am older," he said. "And you are older, also. We are both so old that we will die very soon."

"Cut out the drama," Jeff said.

"Quietly. Quietly. What I have to say is only for you, not for the Pest rumor factory. You're going to kill me, and I'm going to kill you."

Jeff knew exactly what Leonides meant, and he had hoped they would not speak of this immediately. He had hoped they could bat the breeze about Bari, and perhaps get a little drunk, drunk enough to forget for a time this wall that stood between them. "What did you do after you left Bari?" he said. "You were going back to Moscow and burn your uniform. You were going to fly transport planes on the Moscow-New York run. You were going to marry that girl—what was her name?"

"Vilma. I didn't. She was dead."

"I'm sorry," Jeff said, and raced on from this unpleasantness. "What are you doing in Budapest now, Leonides?"

"Can't you guess?"

Jeff wished he had asked something else. This ordinary question was now as embarrassing and personal as inquiring about a man's religion. "No, I can't."

"In this day, what would you do with a Russian who speaks English not badly, who for two years went to Cambridge, and who for another two years was a liaison officer with the Americans?"

"Propaganda?" Jeff ventured.

"Try once more. Remember that no other Russian in Budapest, not even the marshal, would dare be seen in public with an American."

"In a place like Budapest," Jeff said, "you put him to watching the Americans and British."

"You win the sixty-four dollars," said Leonides. "See, I remember my slang. Yes, my job is to watch the Americans. Not the actual spying, mind you. That is the province of the foreign branch of MVD. I receive all their reports. That is how I knew you were here on the day you came. That is how I know, for instance, that last week you twice visited Zukats, the cinema exhibitor.

"Also I talk to those who know the Americans—the Hungarians, the Rumanians, the Swiss, the Swedes, the Austrians and Germans who are here. I examine all that you have done, and try to analyze why you have done what you have done, and predict what you will do. And once a week, or twice a week, I write, for the marshal, a report of what is in the soul of the scheming Americans."

Jeff started to rise. "I don't like to have my soul examined. I'm sorry."

THE Russian put his hand on Jeff's arm. "Wait, dope. Wait for what I have to say. When your enemy watches you there is little to fear. When your own countrymen spy on you, then you are lost. That has been the curse of my country. Okhrana, Cheka, OGPU, NKVD and now MVD—they are all alike. They suck the milk from my Russia, and fill her breasts with poison!"

Jeff sat very still. He knew now why Leonides had hunted him out, and the urgency of the summons. He knew even why he himself was here. "When I got your note tonight," he said, "I thought you needed help. I thought you'd become one of the *unbekannt Menschen* and needed money to run the border."

"I am one of the unknown men," Leonides whispered—for his quick eye had noted the girl coming with Jeff's cognac and coffee—"except that I am still in my uniform. There are many of us—many more than you think. There is even one close to *him*."

Marina set the drinks down, and said, "Okay? Okay. See, I learn English."

"Who's the lucky teacher?" Jeff said. Her arms were bare and smooth and brown, and her vitality reminded him of Susan, and he wondered how long it would be before he saw Susan again.

The girl didn't answer him, but undammed a stream of Rumanian at Leonides and the Russian rocked his head back and laughed with his mouth wide, so that everybody at the other tables looked. "I speak all the wrong languages," Jeff complained.

"She says," said Leonides, "that ordinarily she does not like Russians, because Gypsies are individualists and Russians are sheep. She says she likes me better than any Russian she has ever seen, because obviously I too am an individualist. She also says for us to enjoy ourselves, because we will both be exiled in the morning, me to Siberia and you to Alcatraz."

"Alcatraz?"

"They think it's the American political prison."

Marina had been listening, but not un-

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derstanding. "I learn English more. Okay," she said. Leonides patted her round bottom, and she whirled away.

"What was it we used to say at the Oriente?" said Leonides. "Stacked. Yes, really stacked. With such beautiful creatures in the world, why is it we must think of war?"

"So you're sure there'll be a war?"

LEONIDES traced squares in the moisture on the table, frowning as he talked. "Yes. We are like two ships on a collision course, with blind men stiff in fear at the wheel. Not only will there be a war, but I think I can tell you how it will start, and the course it will run, and how it will end. You will attack us. Your memory of Pearl Harbor will always be fresh and raw and you will not again risk surprise. You will attack us at that moment when your President believes we have the atomic weapon, and are ready to attack you. Your President will make this awful decision alone, without the customary reference to your Congress, because it will be a military necessity that he do so.

"Your Central Intelligence Agency will know when we have a stock pile of atomic bombs. Already he must have been informed of our progress in bacteriological warfare, in which we are perhaps further advanced than you. Your reconnaissance will unmask our airfields. Your F.B.I. will have penetrated our plots within your own homeland. Our actions in Germany and Austria and Manchuria and Korea and Greece will become intolerable to your Army. Our overt acts in the Middle East will frighten your Navy, which might starve without the Middle East oil, and the admirals too will clamor for war. And in that moment when he is certain your country faces another Pearl Harbor, then he will order the attack. He must."

Jeff drank his cognac in a gulp. "Go on," he said.

"In the first day your Air Force will destroy all our important centers. You will turn into radioactive power Voroshilovgrad, Magnitogorsk, Gorki, Leningrad, Stalingrad, Odessa, Dnepropetrovsk, of course Moscow, and the new uranium cities beyond the Urals. How many millions you will kill I cannot estimate, nor will the number you kill affect the course of the war."

Jeff interrupted: "No, because by then you will have your armies in the cities of western Europe, and you will drive the Western armies into the sea."

"Only in the beginning," Leonides said. "Later you will land on the Continent, and your armies will defeat the Soviet armies just as they did the Germans, and for the same reason. You will have overwhelming production and fire power and air power. Most of the Soviet armies will be destroyed."

"Then the war will be over," Jeff said.

"Oh, no," said Leonides. "That will be only the second phase. The third phase will come when you occupy most of Russia, and all of Europe. I should think it will take ten or twelve million men. It will be extremely difficult and perhaps impossible. There will be interminable guerrilla warfare."

"And then we will have won the war," Jeff said.

"No, you will not have won. You will simply have performed a Russian tragedy. You will, out of fear for your own life, have committed murder and then suicide."

"I don't understand."

"Naturally, you will be under a military dictatorship. With so many ideological traitors and Soviet agents in your country you could not successfully conduct a war without such a dictatorship. Your jails will be bursting, and all your freedoms vanished. You will drain your natural resources to win this victory, and the drain will never end, for always there will be your millions of soldiers outside your borders, straining to maintain the victory and restore order. All of Europe and some of Asia will be in such ruins and chaos that it would be better to let it again join the jungle. But you will not be able to do this, because people will still live there, and they will all hate you. And eventually you will crack and break up, and your suicide will be complete."

Jeff signaled Marina to bring him another drink. "All of what you say may be true, Leonides," he said, "but there is one thing worse than winning a war, and that is losing it."

"That is true," said Leonides, "but there is not much difference in the end. Nobody ever again will win a war."

Marina came with Jeff's drink, and he swallowed it quickly, as he had the other, and it did not sting or warm him, but seemed innocuous as water. "Sounds silly, doesn't it?" he said.

"It is truly silly, but there it is, each day closer."

"And you have no hope?"

"I do have hope. If I had no hope I would leave here this minute and throw myself into the Danube." Leonides looked at Marina, and smiled at her, and she saw from his smile that what he had to say was serious and private and not her concern. She touched his shoulder and went back behind the bar.

"There is a saying here in Budapest," he went on, "that, like many other Budapest sayings, is funny and yet true. It is: 'Stalin made two mistakes. He showed the Red Army to Europe, and he showed Europe to the Red Army.' "

Jeff laughed aloud.

"As I say, it is true," Leonides continued. "Our soldiers have seen with their own eyes. They know that even in this beaten and cringing country the people live better than in Russia. They have more opportunity, more freedom. They have more things, like bathtubs and toilets and electric stoves. They are happier. Some can laugh. Do you know what it means not to be able to laugh, for fear that the MVD may see you laughing, and suspect you laugh at *him?*"

"Go ahead," Jeff urged.

"Most important, in many places, such as Berlin and Vienna, the Red Army has been in contact with the American Army, and they have seen what the American Army has—what matériel and what privileges—and it is not believable. For my part, the happiest days of my life I spent in Bari. I think I know America, and Americans, and I like them and will do, am doing, my best not to war on them. There are many others like me, who know the West. There is even one high in our government who is our leader. And we have talked with each other, and we are moving. Not quickly, for it would be fatal. We are the Second Russian Revolution." He reached out his wrestling-strong hand and gripped Jeff's arm. "Did you hear that, Jeff—the Second Russian Revolution!"

THE limitless possibilities opened before Jeff's mind. "I heard," he said. "I didn't think it was possible, but now I see I was foolish. We didn't think there was opposition against Hitler, either. But there was, and they very nearly killed Hitler."

"We will most certainly kill *him*," Leonides said. "We will kill *him*, and the other sour and crazy ones, and in Russia we will have a new government and a new country and there will be peace."

"I hope so," Jeff said.

"I pray so," said Leonides. "I pray so. We can do it alone, but with your help it will be quicker. Perhaps without your help it would not be quick enough. It is difficult for us to approach you. We tried before. Yassovsky, who was naval attaché, sent a present of caviar to your minister-admiral. He knew him well in Washington. What happened? The minister-admiral sent Yassovsky ciga-

rettes, but no word. I don't understand it. It was a direct invitation."

"I understand, I'm afraid," Jeff said. "Yassovsky has gone?"

"He was recalled to Moscow. I don't know why. It worries me, and the others of us. Now there is no possible link between us and you, except you, Jeff."

Jeff hesitated for the part of a second, the beat of a heart. "What do you want me to do?" When the question was out he knew he had turned his future into a path he had never expected nor intended. Once before he had made such a decision. It was like the day he had found the height commanding Futa Pass lightly held. He had moved his platoon up the height, without flanks, orders, communication, supplies, or the support of artillery.

"At this time," said Leonides, "you do nothing. All I want now is the assurance that at the proper time you will transmit the news of what we are, and what we intend, and what we need."

"Sure," Jeff agreed. He balanced his chair back on two legs, and then let them bang to the floor.

Quincy Todd had come through the door of the Café Molnar. It had been

From Installment XIII of THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS: "Had he (the skipper of the luckless destroyer which loosed a torpedo at the new battleship carrying Roosevelt to the Cairo Conference) known that the President's party included Admiral King, he would undoubtedly have attached the anchor to his neck and plunged himself to the bottom of the sea rather than live to face the awful consequences."

Jeff's understanding that Todd came to the *espresso* only during the daylight hours. But here he was, four steps away, pulling off his overcoat, peering through the tobacco smoke and uncertain light. "Hey, Quincy," Jeff yelled.

Todd turned, smiling automatically, moved toward their table, and then froze like a man in the woods who had almost stepped on a snake. He had seen the Russian.

"Come on over," Jeff urged.

"Just poked my head in to look," Todd said. He fled, his coat under his arm.

"Well, I'll be damned!" Jeff said.

"This will get you into trouble?" Leonides suggested.

"I don't think so," Jeff said. "He's a good guy. I honestly don't see why it should get me into trouble. I'll just explain that I met you in Italy, and bumped into you here. That's reasonable, isn't it?"

"Yes, you'll be all right," Leonides decided. "You'll be able to—what do you say—swing it."

They talked of how they should meet in the future. Jeff could always send a note to the house on Lovag Utca. "The apartment," Leonides explained, "is what is known as a letterbox. It is occupied by a Hungarian named János Donat. Whatever is left with Donat will reach me. But you should not go there yourself, except in exceptional emergency, for if an American were seen entering the apartment Donat might be compromised. On my part, I can always leave a message at your apartment."

"The Hungarian superintendent," Jeff warned, "is a Rajk spy."

"I know," said Leonides, "but so is the Hungarian who carries our messages."

"There is one more thing," Jeff said. "Can I communicate what you have told me to someone else, in case anything should happen to me?"

"I have placed my life in your hands," Leonides said simply, but in a tone that was almost a rebuke. "Not only my life, but many others."

"I'm aware of it."

"It is true that it would be better if one other besides yourself should know what I have told you, and yet I am hesitant to give my sanction that it pass beyond you." Leonides looked down at the table, and Jeff knew that he was looking into the days to come, and estimating the possibilities. "If you have a friend in your government whose insides you know, whom perhaps you have known all your life, whose lips cannot be opened by any means, then I agree. I say yes."

"You are very careful," Jeff observed.

"Your Department of State," said Leonides, "is not secure."

IN THE morning Jeff awoke thinking. He showered and shaved and when he stepped out of the bathroom there was a pot of scalding water on his table. He mixed his powdered coffee, set the cup alongside his typewriter, and concluded his letter to Susan.

"Thursday A.M.," he wrote. "I saw Leonides. He looked fine." This sounded inane, but how much more could he dare tell her, or anyone, except the one person in whom he eventually must confide? He could not tell her of the cabal of which Leonides was a part. He trusted her, certainly, but he was afraid that if it became necessary for her to transmit Leonides' story to the department, the story would not be credited. She was, after all, only the girl who took the nine-o'clock conference.

He signed his name to the last sheet of the letter, and was typing the address on the envelope when there was a knock on his door. He hoped it was Quincy Todd. He would like to explain last night to Quincy, so he would not suspect Jeff of traffic with the Russians, and tattle to Morgan Collingwood. He didn't think Todd would do this. Todd would talk to him first.

"Come in," Jeff called.

It was Quigley. For the first time Jeff was conscious that Quigley wore rimless glasses, and that the eyes behind them were hard like freshly cast metal.

"Is this room secure?" Quigley inquired.

"I don't know. Maybe there's a red-headed Russian under the bed. Why don't you look?"

"Don't be funny, Mr. Baker. You're in no position to be funny."

When he had last seen Quigley, at the mess, Quigley had called him by his first name. Now Quigley was calling him "Mr. Baker."

"I see you were writing a long letter," Quigley said. "Do you mind if I look at it?"

"You're damned right I mind!" Jeff came out of his chair and put himself in front of the security officer.

Quigley was a small man. The top of his hat came level with Jeff's eyes. He said, "I must insist."

"Do you *like* to read other people's mail?" Jeff asked.

"As a matter of fact, I do."

"Well, you're not going to read mine."

"Yes, I am," Quigley said quietly. "You see, Mr. Baker, you've committed a really astonishing breach of security. I've been in this business for a long time, Mr. Baker, and I've never heard of anything more brazen. You spent three hours last night with one of the most dangerous Russians in Pest. A clever Intelligence officer. His assignment is to learn about the Americans, in case you don't know it. You have been entrusted with the most sensitive, and highly classified, information in this mission. You drink with this Russian for three hours, and the next morning you write a long letter. I think you will agree that I must require a com-

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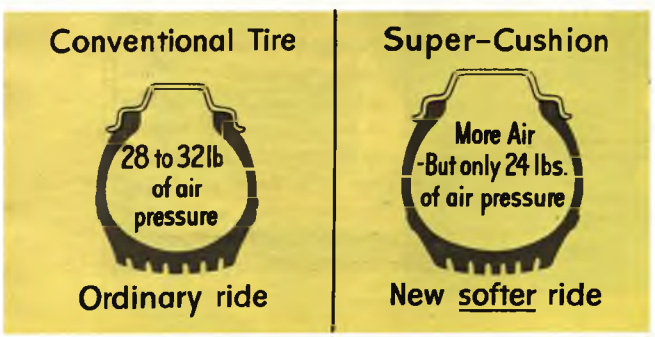

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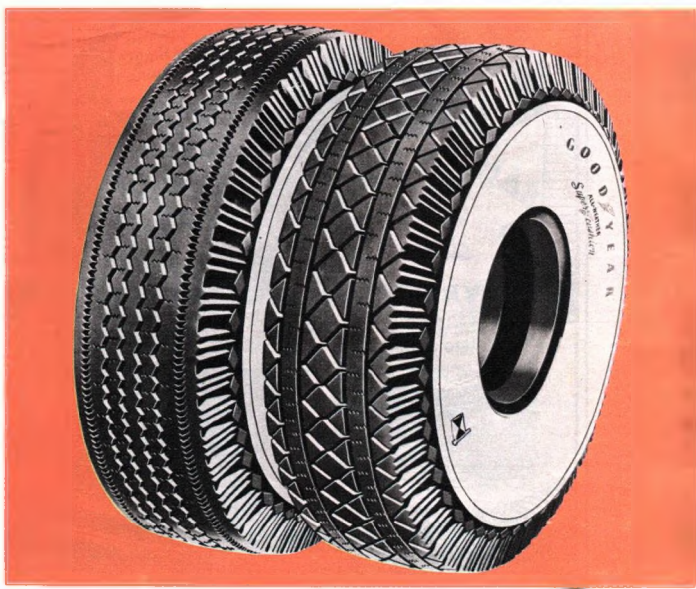

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plete statement. I must see this letter."

Suddenly Jeff felt awkward and out of place. He picked the letter from the desk, handed it to Quigley.

Quigley read the letter and said, "Well, Mr. Baker, I think that explains everything very well. It doesn't seem to be so serious as I had imagined."

"You mean I'm not going to be hanged, or boiled in oil?"

"This is still not funny, Mr. Baker. If the admiral hears about it, he may want you flogged, keelhauled and thrown into irons." The very smallest, most elusive bit of humor touched the corners of Quigley's mouth. He dropped the letter on the desk and peered at the address on the envelope. "Susan Pickett, Bay State Apartments," he repeated. "Fine girl. Colonel Pickett's widow."

"Do you know her?"

"No. I just know of her. I know of almost everyone in the department."

Jeff found, to his surprise, that his indignation had burned out, and had been replaced by curiosity. "Tell me," he said. "How did you know I met Major Lasenko in the *espresso* last night?"

Quigley sat down, placed a hand on each knee, and said: "Mr. Baker, I am a professional. There are some so-called security officers here—the ones whom Quincy Todd calls 'Dick Tracys'—who are not professionals. They are not fit to wear a Junior G-Man badge. They may once have been Alcohol Tax Unit agents, chasing bootleggers, or prison keys, or divorce snoops, or third-grade detectives in fourth-rate police departments. When war came they got themselves jobs in Intelligence, or Security, and now they have found a new band wagon. They have discovered that it pays to be mysterious. They get a nice salary, and all-expense tours to Europe and Asia and South America, and unvouchered cash in large lumps, and neither the Congress nor Internal Revenue dares ask where the money goes, because they are all chasing the Reds, and anyone who questions them is meddling with national security and is probably a Red himself, or anyway a fellow traveler. They are wrecking my profession. I have been in the department for thirty years, first as a courier and later as a security officer. Because I am a professional I know everything that goes on, and because I am a professional I cannot tell you how I know, because it might compromise my sources."

"I see," Jeff said. "Thirty years in the department! I wonder if you knew my father?"

"Baker? Baker? The only Baker I knew was Nicholas Baker. He was an important man in the European Division."

"My father's name was Nicholas Baker, and he was in the European Division, but he was a clerk."

THERE was another subtle change in Quigley, hardly a change in expression, perhaps only a change in the cadence of his words. "So you're Nick Baker's son. He was a friend of mine. And he was important. I'm sure that on occasion his influence directed policy. In those days the little, unknown men like your father insured the continuity of our policy. The department is too big for that now, and the work too specialized. The little man can see only the smallest fragment of the whole. He should attend to his own job. I do. You should, too, Jeff."

"I am. I am doing the very best I know how."

"I'm sure you are. I'm sure Nick would be proud of you. You know, Jeff, Nick talked about you a great deal. Well, I'm going back to the legation."

When Quigley was gone Jeff flopped down on the bed and for a long time lay on his back without moving, staring up at the stains on the ceiling.

When at last he shook himself off the bed he knew something that he had not known before. The career for which he had prepared no longer existed, for him or anyone. The art of diplomacy, like many other things, lay buried in the radioactive dust of Hiroshima. Within Hiroshima itself there might be, with a few generations, mutations of the body. They would be shocking and ugly, but not dangerous. There had been more immediate mutations in the mind of man. His lobe of fear had abnormally grown, his confidence in a better future had disintegrated, his instinct for brotherhood and kindness was vestigial, his memory of the Sermon on the Mount was somewhere gone.

He understood the way of it. There was the bomb, and there was this cold war. There was a saying, "When war begins, diplomacy ends," and the United States was at war. It was wrong to call it a cold war, as if it moved with a glacier's deliberation, or were safely encased in the freezing compartment. It was a war hot and consuming and dreadfully wasteful, a war fully munitioned with passion and hatred.

JEFF missed Quincy Todd at the luncheon mess in the pension off Kossuth Lajos-tér, but he found him that night in the Park Club, in the cocktail lounge. Quincy Todd was dancing with Marge Collins, who was in Cryptography, and their feet were barely moving for they were entranced with the music. Then Quincy Todd saw Jeff, and winked and called out, "I'm at Fred Keller's table. Come on over."

Jeff made his way across the dance floor, and Keller was at a table against the wall. "Come on over," he called to Jeff. "I've got someone here wants to meet you."

The someone was the girl with Keller. She was the most striking woman Jeff had ever seen. She seemed to illuminate the side of the room. "This is Rikki Telredy," Keller said. He held out his hand as a horticulturist might bring attention to a unique camellia. "Isn't she lovely? Rikki—Jeff Baker."

"Oh, I've heard of you," Jeff said, seating himself. "You dance at the Arizona."

"She is *the* dancer at the Arizona," Keller said. "I told Rikki last night that you were interested in the exchange of talent, and other cultural matters, between Hungary and America, and Rikki said she hoped you'd be here tonight, and here you are. I think you two will find a great deal to talk about together."

"I'm sure of it," Jeff said. Fred was bird-dogging a target for him. Fred was telling him that Rikki was a prospect for Atlantis Project.

Then the music ended and a waiter brought fresh drinks. Quincy and Marge came back to the table, and Quincy said, "Later."

"They've got secrets," said Marge Collins. "Those two have secrets together."

Quincy laughed and said, "Yes, we've got secrets—both of us."

Keller then told the classic tale about the American correspondent who was pushed around by a Russian general, and his awful revenge. He cabled home reports that the Russian general—who actually was no more co-operative than any other Russian general, and less than most—was chummy with his Anglo-American opposite numbers on the Allied Control Council. The story was seen by the Russian embassy in Washington, relayed back to Moscow, and the Russian was recalled, and presumably sent to Siberia. Jeff didn't listen. He had heard the yarn before, and anyway he was watching Rikki.

She was, he supposed, the perfect Magyar type, and in Hungary are born some of the most beautiful women in the world. The soft glow of the room fired her coppery hair with many tiny lights. Her cheekbones were wide and prominent, her face was triangular, her skin golden as if she had carefully rationed

her hours in the California sun, and yet there was no sun in Budapest at this season. Her nose was straight, and her nostrils were so mobile that their movement changed her expression.

Jeff knew he was looking at a product of four thousand years of invasion and conquest, in which many armies and many races had rolled across the Danube at this gate to the West. In her he could see the Tatars, and the Mongol hordes of Genghis Khan; the Turk storming up the Balkan peninsula in a tide that ended only at the gates of Vienna; a trace of Byzantium, and a trace of Judea; Arpád the Conqueror leading his Magyars through the Carpathians out of the mysterious steppes; the arrogance of a Roman legionnaire; the chic of a French émigrée; the legs of a Viennese actress. She was mixed by an old civilization. She was wonderful. She was European.

He asked her if she would like to dance, and she said not yet, that they should wait until the rest of the band came, and then they would do a czardas together. He said he didn't know how to do a czardas. He had always believed himself clumsy on a dance floor. He was of the jitterbug era, but he could never bring himself to try a dance strictly American, much less some wild Hungarian thing.

She said she'd teach him. He said, "You speak American English."

She said, "I've been dancing at the Arizona for ten years. The Arizona is exactly like an American club. All the tourists used to come to the Arizona, and when your military mission came to Pest after the war, it was their first stop. Even before food."

"I don't wonder," Jeff said.

He got a little drunk, because he was envious of Fred, and finally he dared a czardas with Rikki. Everybody laughed and applauded, and Rikki said he danced very well, and he was drunk enough so that he believed her.

It was not until the evening was well along that Rikki told of the rumor. "I don't know whether any of you would tell me," she began, "even if you knew. But I heard it this afternoon at rehearsal. A high American official, flown secretly from Washington, had a conference last night with the Red marshal. Here. In Budapest."

"Nonsense," Keller said.

"Oh, no, it is not nonsense," Rikki said. "They met in a restaurant. Some say a restaurant on the Vaçi Utca, and some say on Andrássy Utca. People saw them."

"Really?" said Quincy Todd.

"Yes. They talked of peace agreements."

"But there is peace," Todd said.

"I mean real peace."

"I can hardly believe it," Jeff said, because he was nervous, and because he felt he should say something.

"It must be true," said Rikki, "because all stocks went up on the Bourse this afternoon. And in the black bourse the forint rose. Yesterday the forint was twenty to the dollar, black. Today it is fifteen. Everybody is thrilled. Everybody is excited."

Quincy Todd looked at him in the oddest way, and Jeff asked Rikki to dance again, because he wanted her to talk no more of it. In a strange world, this was a strange city.

ONE day in mid-December the admiral's secretary, a yeoman seconded to the State Department, called Fred Keller and said the admiral would like to see him at once. Ordinarily the admiral didn't issue such peremptory orders, through another party, to Keller.

So Keller was disturbed. He was a little afraid of the admiral anyway, although he was sure he never showed it, and certain that no one else could notice. When he forced himself to inspect this uneasiness, or fear, he knew only that the admiral's hearty voice and didactic statements alarmed him.

When Fred Keller walked into the admiral's office he was careful to conceal his unease. It was necessary to treat the admiral with respect, but also it was necessary to maintain equality. When the admiral sensed that a man was afraid of him, or awed by his rank, then that man's life became miserable.

The admiral pointed to a chair. "Sit down, Fred," he said.

Keller sat down.

"Fred," the admiral said, "I just got a confidential letter from a friend of mine in Washington. I've been thinking over what he said, and I think we'd better speed up our operations."

"You mean Atlantis Project?"

"Well, yes. That's about the only thing we've got going here that isn't routine. Everything else would rock along whether I was here or not, but I'd like to see something come of Atlantis in a hurry."

Keller knew that while the admiral had his idiosyncrasies, he was politically shrewd. His career proved that. He had gone into Naval Intelligence, which had once been regarded as the graveyard of ambitious officers, at precisely the right time. And now, when political and traditional warfare merged into one, he occupied a strategic post of command. Keller said, "I thought it was agreed, sir, that we should move slowly."

"Times change. Events move faster, and we have to speed up to keep pace. Besides, there's always the chance of competition." The admiral leaned back in his chair. "What one man can think

of, another can think of. I'd like to see us put this thing across first, wouldn't you, Fred?"

Now Keller knew what was up. In some other part of the world, somebody else was working on something approximating Atlantis Project. The admiral, naturally, wanted the kudos that would go to those associated with the first success.

"Very well, sir," Keller said.

ONE by one, that afternoon, Fred Keller called in the men on his team. They were, ostensibly, commercial attachés, oil technicians, financial experts, or in the offices of the naval, military and air attachés.

Keller, in keeping with standard security practice, called in the men of his team singly. It was not necessary or desirable that they know one another. This was protection against the possible unmasking of Atlantis from the lowest echelons. Each man on the team knew only what was necessary to form his own cell.

He didn't get to Jeff Baker until the following morning. He had purposely saved Baker for last. He had great hopes for Baker. For one thing the theater was traditionally a center of antitotalitarian activity in Hungary. And he had confidence in Baker's work. Baker seemed to show more imagination and perception than some of the others. Baker was a Princeton man.

At nine o'clock Keller called Jeff and told him to come over, "Whenever you have the chance," but in a tone that would let Jeff know it was important. Baker said he'd be there in thirty minutes.

Keller told his butler to run up coffee. He changed his tie and took off his lounging robe, and put on a sweater and sport jacket. He examined his hair in the bathroom mirror, and touched his temples with a dark liquid. He was too young to show gray.

He wondered how far Jeff Baker had progressed with Rikki Telredy. He discovered he had difficulty in imagining Baker as a lover. In one way Baker seemed only a lank and immature boy, and yet he possessed that lacquer of sophistication, that outer hardness, that comes to those who have been part of a conquering army.

When Jeff Baker arrived the room was dusted and immaculate, and the coffee made. "Forget your hat again?" Keller greeted Baker.

Jeff put his hand on top of his head and said, "I did, didn't I?"

Keller asked him how he was progressing, and Jeff told him fairly well. "Offhand," Jeff said, "most of the theatrical people dislike the Russians and like the Americans, and they aren't bashful about saying so. But I haven't been making any judgments on words alone. I've been trying to test their inner loyalties by presenting problems and situations and observing their reactions."

"That's smart," Keller agreed, "but we'll have to move faster from now on."

"I can't say," Jeff said, "that I'm sure of more than a few yet."

"You ought to be able to do something with that Zukats," Keller told him. "I should think he'd be completely dependent on Hollywood."

"He may be," Jeff said. "But he's a smoothie. I'm seeing him again this afternoon."

"And Miss Genghis Khan—what about her? You shouldn't have any trouble with her. She wants to get to America." Everyone in the legation called Rikki Telredy Miss Genghis Khan.

"Oh, I'm sure she'll be all right," Jeff said. "Should I put the question to her? I'm seeing her tonight."

Keller smiled. "Seeing quite a bit of her, aren't you? All business, Jeff?"

Jeff wondered whether he had been poaching on private property in seeing Rikki so often. Sounded like it. Yet she always seemed willing to date him. "Well, you see," Jeff explained, "Miss Genghis Khan is especially useful because there isn't anybody she doesn't know."

"Now don't worry, Jeff," Keller said. "See her as often as you like. All of us have to sacrifice something, and I guess I can sacrifice Rikki."

Jeff went home and got his hat. He also changed his shirt from blue to white, and his tie to polka dot, and his suit from tweed to the best blue. Miklos Zukats, who owned five cinemas in the city, a stack of gold Swiss francs in a vault in Geneva, and a packet of RKO and Paramount stock in another vault in New York, regarded Jeff as a special emissary to him from Washington.

Jeff was always welcome in Zukats' office in the Rakoczi, although sometimes Jeff suspected it was only because his presence boosted the exhibitor's ego.

"Of course we'll wear them! You don't want to be conspicuous out in Arizona, do you?"

COLLIER'S DON TORIN

Zukats regarded himself as a cosmopolite and citizen of the world. His office was decorated in Italian modern, which is perhaps more modern and extreme than Los Angeles modern. If an American diplomat visited his office to talk films, then the darkness could not be closing in around him. The world wasn't going to pot. It was only his imagination.

"Well," Zukats greeted Jeff this day, "did you hear what's happened now?"

"You mean the fighting in the Near East?" Jeff said. "That's hardly news."

"Oh, that business!" said Zukats, waving it away with a gesture of two fingers. "Let's not talk about it. No. I meant Lana Turner."

Jeff said, "I didn't hear about Lana Turner."

"Again she is in trouble with her studio," Zukats said. "And me twitching for her!"

"You what?"

"As you say, I have a twitch for her. I like her. She draws. She is Box Office. Also in Hollywood three years ago I met her personally. Such gams. At the same party I met the great producer Goldwyn. Such a great man! Never plays the red board."

"What do you mean?" Jeff asked, and told himself he'd have to start reading Variety. He'd ask Quincy Todd to make some sort of deal with the air line, so he could get Variety.

"It is not money alone he wants. He is hep to art."

Jeff opened a plastic cigarette box on the desk and took out an American cigarette. "Do you mind?"

"Please. Every week I have them shipped especially." Zukats winked. "There are ways."

Jeff congratulated himself. The communication lines of business always have a way of bridging the fissures of world disorder. But his instinct reined him in. "You know, Mr. Zukats, I think you ought to follow Goldwyn's example. If he makes good American pictures, you ought to show good American pictures."

"Oh, that again."

"That again. From the junk you show in your theaters the people of Budapest must have a peculiar opinion of America. They must think that one third of us are gangsters who own night clubs, and the other third cowboys, and the rest of us the dipsomaniac sons and daughters of millionaires."

Zukats shrugged. "It's good Box Office."

"It isn't good propaganda. You're making it easy for the Communists. When you show pictures like that you're making Moscow's line sound true."

"You know how it is," Zukats said. "All your big stars are barred. They go and yap about the Communists, so they get barred here. It is their own fault. Why don't they clam up?"

"Something called the right of free speech," Jeff said. "Remember?"

"Does it do any good to have free speech, and no foreign grosses?"

Jeff tried his technique of testing loyalty by forcing a decision. "I can get you good pictures if you've got the courage to show them."

"What? Documentaries? Do you want me to go dark?"

"We'd rather have you show no American pictures than the ones you show now."

Zukats leaned back in his chair and folded his plump, pink hands across his stomach. "You know that I am your friend. Why, I am almost an American. Do you want to ruin your friends?"

"The time has come," Jeff said carefully, "when every man must take his stand. What will happen to you if war comes—or even if relations are broken? Where will you get your films then? What will happen to you when the state not only tells you what pictures to show, but owns all the theaters and takes all the profits?"

Zukats' hands jumped nervously. "When war comes, I may not be here."

"You'll be here. Do you think that even now Rajk's police will let you out of the country?"

Jeff knew he had touched a sensitive spot deep inside Zukats' shell, for his dumpy body came out of the chair, and when he settled back again his usually pliable mouth was thin and tight. Jeff guessed that Zukats had already tried to leave Hungary—and failed.

At last Zukats said, "Now I will speak to you truly."

"That'll be a switch."

"Six months ago," Zukats continued, "I applied for an exit permit. You know our exit permits?"

"Yes." No Hungarian could cross his border without one.

"I said I had to go to Hollywood to arrange for more pictures. They said no. I tried then, with money. One hundred thousand forints! They still said no. So then I asked myself, 'What would the big men in Hollywood do if they were in my position?' I thought about this much, and I found the answer. Do you know what it was?"

"I haven't the foggiest notion."

Zukats rocked in his chair, and half smiled. "They would do what was safe. They would go with the tide. For five years after Hitler came to power did Hollywood notice him? No. Does Hollywood attack Franco, or Trujillo, or Perón? No. It is not safe. It hurts the Box Office. At this moment it is safe for Hollywood to be against Communism, just as ten years ago it became safe for Hollywood to be against Fascism. But if there were a Communist government in Washington, what would they do? Why, they would make and show Communist pictures, of course. They would say to themselves, 'If we do not do it, somebody else will.' So I will tell you what I am going to do. So long as I can book American pictures, I will take them. Also I hope this talk of war comes to nothing. After all, I have more funds in dollars than in rubles. But if war comes, if the government takes over my theaters, it will be so arranged that I can still run them. I will do what is safe."

Jeff put his hand on his leg and squeezed until it hurt, because a diplomat never loses his temper. "Suppose, Mr. Zukats, that I recommended that my department request the American producers to stop sending you films of any kind?"

Zukats didn't stop smiling. "Nothing would happen, my boy. I don't think the producers would pay your department any attention. True, the best American films I cannot show. But we have still a good market here, and Hollywood will think of its foreign grosses."

Jeff rose. "Goodby, Mr. Zukats," he said. It was disappointing, and surprising, too, in a way. Zukats had such close connections with America. He dropped Zukats into the slot marked bad.

THAT night Jeff didn't call for Rikki until eleven because the floor show bored him except for her number. The first three times he had seen Rikki dance his eyes had not left her, but on this night he watched the others who watched her. While she danced nothing moved except the pulse and throb of the music and Rikki. The dance she did was called new, and original, but it was old as woman. It is done, in variations, by many races, from the Ivory Coast to the central Pacific.

The Arizona was arranged like an amphitheater, the tables rising terrace by terrace from the circular dance floor. Jeff was seated at a table three terraces above the floor, a table that he now regarded as his table. For minutes before he could expect her, he kept his eyes on the curtained door to the left of the stage. Finally she came out, conspicuous in the silver lamé, her well-kept but by no

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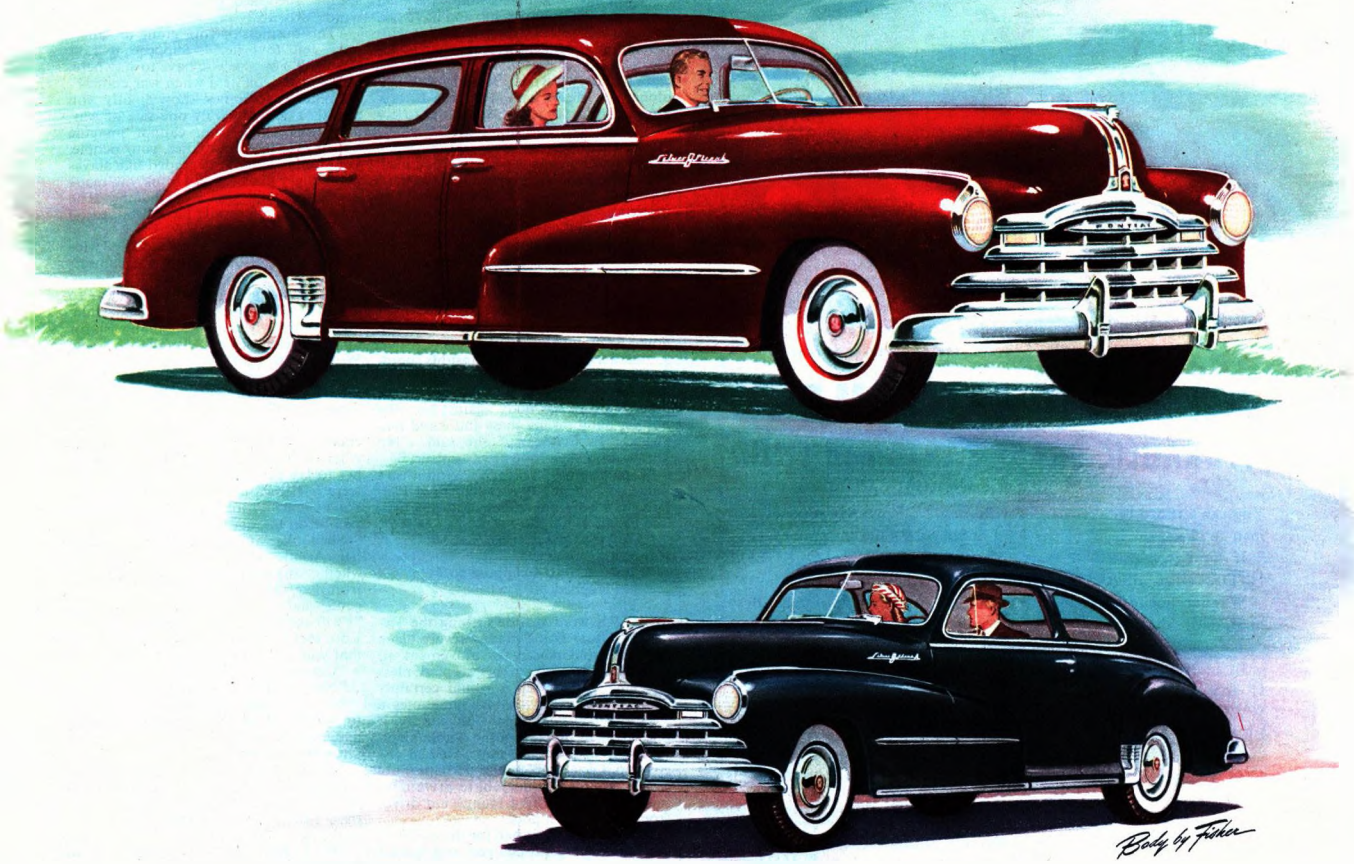

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means new broadtail coat over her arm. She moved directly to his table.

"Well, where tonight?" she greeted him. "The Park Club, I hope. I am hungry."

"You're always hungry, Rikki."

"If you did my dance every night, and other dances also, and rehearsed the new show two afternoons a week, and carried everything up and down five flights of stairs because of no elevator, and walked everywhere because of no car, you would be hungry, too. It is true that I eat three thousand calories a day—four thousand when I can get butter or fats. But do you see any fat on me? Look! Look, you Jeff!"

Jeff looked, and said, "Don't get me wrong, Rikki. You're not fat."

"I will have a drink—a raki—and then we will go to the Park Club and have one of those wonderful club sandwiches with ham, chicken and turkey. Is that possible?"

"You know, Rikki, I never see you alone. We never have a chance to talk alone, and I have important things to say to you, Rikki. You know that."

"You can see me alone if you wish, Jeff. I think you have misunderstood me." She raised her eyes, so queerly slanted, so wise and yet so sensitive to hurt. The music started, and Jeff took her hand and led her down the terraces.

The Arizona's dance floor revolved, and this created a pleasant illusion for the dancers. Even when standing still, they had the sensation of smooth movement, and the faces at the tables whirled past without effort. So Jeff stood still now and tightened his arm around her, so that her face pressed against his shoulder, and the perfume of her hair was in his nostrils, and he could feel the whole lithe length of her body against his. She put her hand on his chest and eased him away. "Take it easy," she said. "No hurry. You have food at your place?"

"Canned stuff," Jeff said. "And it isn't much of a place. It isn't like Fred Keller's. It's only one room. I'm not rich, like Fred."

"Are you really worried about Fred? Have you jealousy?"

"I don't know. I suppose so."

Rikki laughed.

THERE were shadows along the Revay Utca. Some shadows were black and solid and poised for movement, so Jeff carefully chained his jeep. Unless one chained his jeep it would certainly vanish. Even with chains, sometimes a jeep vanished, piecemeal—or entirely, if one left it in the streets the whole night. He drove his own jeep now. He had discovered it was simpler, and perhaps more secure considering his job, to drive himself instead of using a Hungarian driver from the legation pool.

Jeff rang the night bell for the elevator, and it made a great clangor, and Sandor came out from his room under the stairs, belting up his trousers. Ordinarily Sandor was surly and disgruntled but when he saw Rikki his eyes became bright and observant, and he pretended courtesy.

"If you need me later," Sandor said in German as they reached Jeff's floor, "do not hesitate to ring."

Jeff and Rikki went into the room, and Rikki looked around the room, and slipped off her coat. Jeff put it on a hanger in the closet. From the closet shelf he took a half loaf of round brown bread, a box of crackers, jars of cheeses, a can of chicken and tinned butter.

Jeff marveled at how she ate. She ate like a puddler off the night shift. When they finished, and Rikki was wiping the crumbs from the table, Madame Angell came in and said she'd heard them talking, and would they like tea. The water was already boiling. Rikki said Madame Angell was very kind.

Madame Angell brought the tea, and said Radio Lyons was very exciting that night. Radio Lyons reported a coup in Azerbaijan, and Russian troops in the area, and also massing on the Kars frontier. It certainly looked as if war could not be far off. Jeff said that was very interesting. Madame Angell wondered whether Jeff and the young lady cared to listen to Radio Lyons. Jeff said no, thanks. Madame Angell said the situation was critical, and they should listen. This week had been like the week of Munich. Jeff found a box of hard candies he had concealed between his shirts, and presented it to Madame Angell. She went away.

RIKKI climbed on the bed, and piled the pillows against the wall, and leaned back against them. "Now what is this private thing of which you wish to speak?" she asked, gibing at Jeff with the word "private."

"This business of your going to America," Jeff told her. "Suppose it falls through? Suppose you have to stay here, and you are still here when war comes?"

"When war comes—how lightly you say it! You know only one side of war, you Americans. You cannot imagine how it is to lose your cities, your people, your country, to be degraded like slaves and hungry like beasts. I think you made a mistake with your atom bombs. The second one you should have dropped on Chicago."

"If war comes," Jeff amended. Twice this day he had said "when war comes," and it worried him.

He sat on the edge of the bed, close to her. The time had come for the question. "Rikki, would you do more than wish for an American victory? Would you act? Would you fight for our freedoms—yours and mine—after I was gone?"

"Do you mean would I be an *espione*—an agent?"

"Perhaps not that." Here he must choose his words carefully. She knew what he was doing too. He was asking her to lay her life on the line. "If there were a Hungarian underground, would you be in it? Would you help us? Would you be on the side of the West?"

She looked at him out of the corners of her Asiatic eyes, and Jeff wondered whether any man could long hold a secret from her. He thought: What an intelligent, what a perfect agent she would be. "I will answer you," she said, "but before I do, there are things I must say to you that you will not like."

"Go ahead. I can take it."

"Not about you. About your country."

He was silent. He didn't like people to be critical of his country when they had never been in his country, and he knew she was going to be critical.

"In the beginning," she said, "I must tell you how I once felt about America—like the Moslem dreams of heaven, like that. I came here from Debrecen, a town in the east. You know it?"

"No." He wished she wouldn't get so serious so fast. She was like other European girls he'd met. They took their love affairs casually, but their politics seriously, which was just the opposite of most girls back home.

"It is a place of mud and swine and wheat. It is necessary to Pest, but it is not known to Pest. So why should you know it? I had danced in Debrecen—I was queen of the czardas—and an uncle gave me the money to come to Pest. First I danced at a little place which like the Arizona is on the Nagymezo Utca. I danced there five years. Ten years I have been at the Arizona. I am thirty-four. Do I look it?"

"No. You look much younger." This was true.

"All this time I thought of America. You know how it is in my profession, Jeff. You can be the greatest dancer in the world outside of New York, but until you dance in New York you are nobody. So I thought of America, and I studied America—yes, your history, written in English—and I talked to Americans who

came to the Arizona. They were so happy, so generous, so impetuous. They had such truth in them. Some were from New York and Hollywood, seeking talent. There is much talent in Hungary. I was offered jobs. I did not take the first offers. I had advice from Hungarians already in America. They would write me, 'Do this; don't do that.' Finally I took an offer. A year's contract. In that same week the borders closed. We became a province of Germany."

Jeff rebuked her. "That wasn't America's fault. That was your own lack of guts."

"You people!" said Rikki. "You have never had the pistol against your head! Anyway now I do not feel the same. We have talked much about me going to America, Jeff, but I do not know truthfully whether I wish to go. If I knew I could go tomorrow, I might not go."

"Why not?"

"You have changed. Something has happened to you. You are not the same." Rikki moved angrily. "All at once it seemed to happen. I was in Linz for a special engagement—yes, Jeff, for a Nazi—when your troops came there. They were so wonderful, Jeff. You have no idea."

She put her hands over her breasts, and shook her head as if to toss out words that would not come easily. "What happened to those men, Jeff? Where did they go? Do you keep all your good ones at home? You will not answer me, no?"

JEFF didn't say anything. He could not help but compare the quiet dignity of the men of the 339th with the uncertain boys, afflicted with a conqueror complex, whom he had seen in the Vienna occupation.

"Later that same year—it was 1945—" Rikki went on, "I walked into your finance office—yes, the finance office here in the mission on Szabadszag-tér—and I saw one of your officers. Do you know what he was doing, Jeff? He was looking at rough diamonds through a jeweler's glass. And the shelves of the office were lined with cameras, and watches, and binoculars like a pawnshop. This was the time for the pengo inflation, when we were stripping our fingers and our closets so as to eat, and it was possible for one with dollars to make a profit on our misery. I was sick. I cannot forget."

Jeff Baker had always believed in the intrinsic goodness of his country and his countrymen. America might make mistakes, but they were mistakes of judgment, not of the heart. This girl, Rikki, was saying his heart wasn't right, and he didn't like it.

Rikki said, "It is not money that we ask from America, Jeff. It is something of the spirit. You had it once. Where did it go? You were climbing to the stars, and stretching out your hands to pull us up with you. But now, your eyes are on the ground just before you—not a meter more."

Jeff was growing angry. "What about ERP?" he demanded. "What about that? You've been listening to Soviet propaganda, Rikki."

"Of course I listen to Soviet propaganda, to British propaganda, to American propaganda, to all other propaganda. We Europeans understand propaganda. We have learned to separate the fact, the motive, from what we hear. We can smell what is hidden. We have been educated in propaganda by a master, Jeff—by Goebbels."

"Well, what about ERP?"

RIKKI said, "It sounds good, until one remembers the speeches in your Congress. One remembers how they haggled and bickered not only on how much should be given, but what should be demanded in return."

"My department isn't responsible for what is said in the Senate, as you are smart enough to know. You Europeans can never understand our free speech. You never believe that anyone in or out of public life, except in my department and the Army and Navy, can say whatever he wishes about policy. That's what confuses you people."

Rikki made a face. "Your department! Do you think anyone trusts your department now? There were people who believed you. I did. What happened to the Four Freedoms? And the Atlantic Charter? And the United Nations? Do you know what I think now? I think your department betrayed the United Nations."

"Rikki!"

"It is what I think. Your department has no policy except the expedient, and fear of the Soviets. You can even be blackmailed by the Arabs. Your department is the upholder of Franco, and the Argentine dictator. All over the world you support bad people. In China the corrupt ones, in Greece the worst of the reaction, in Turkey a police state as bad as we have here. Is it that your leaders are all old men, or cynics?"

"You like the Russkies better?" Jeff snapped.

"Don't be silly. There is one thing more. You. I thought you brought me here for one thing, and it is something else. Perhaps it is only my pride, but I did not come here to be enlisted as a spy."

He recognized that there was nothing more to say. He tried to keep his temper, but he said, "Okay, I guess this is where you get off." He took her coat from the closet, and she wormed into it with angry movements of her shoulders, and without speaking. They walked down the steps, she remaining one step ahead of him.

He helped her into the jeep, and then he got in himself, and wrestled with the heavy lock on the chain. Finally he had the stubborn chain off the wheel, turned the key in the ignition, and jammed his foot down on the starter.

Jeff never knew what hit him. The bomb under the hood of the jeep attached to the spark-plug wires exploded, ripping the hood backward toward the windshield. And the sound of the explosion was all that Jeff was aware of, and then he was aware of nothing.

(To be continued next week)

OUNCE OF PREVENTION

THE BURNING ISSUE

O vain, uncomfortable man,
You couldn't wait to get a tan.
O wretched and repentant dunce,
You strove to cook it all at once.
O sorry, miserable mister,
Your wincing hide is one big blister.
And now you blame it on the sun
That your vacation is no fun.
Reflect—an ounce of slow-but-sure
Is more than worth a pound of cure.

—Margaret Fishback

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

Continued from page 25

however, that Churchill should come to Washington with his Chiefs of Staff for full-dress conferences in May. On May 2d, he cabled Hopkins that he was well aware that the President was distracted by domestic affairs, particularly the coal crisis, and he suggested that it might be well for him to stay at the British embassy rather than at the White House.

The coal crisis referred to was one of the recurrent eruptions of John L. Lewis. It compelled Roosevelt to issue an order to Harold Ickes, as Secretary of the Interior and Solid Fuels Administrator for War, to take over all the bituminous and anthracite mines and operate them under the protection of the U.S. Army. On May 2d, Roosevelt made an extraordinary appeal over the radio to the miners to go back to work as a patriotic duty. But just as the President was being wheeled from his study to go down to the Oval Room where he made his broadcasts, word came that the melodramatic Lewis had just announced that he had concluded an agreement with Ickes for the return of the miners to work in two days. Roosevelt gave the speech anyway.

Date Set for Normandy Invasion

On May 11th, Hopkins went to Staten Island to meet Churchill and Lord Beaverbrook, who had crossed on the Queen Mary together with several thousand German and Italian prisoners of war. Hopkins accompanied them to Washington for the two-weeks conference which bore the name TRIDENT and at which the date for the Normandy invasion—May 1, 1944—was at last definitely set.

Roosevelt would not hear of the suggestion that Churchill stay at the British embassy, so the Prime Minister went straight to the White House. The week end of May 15th was spent at Shangri-La.

On the drive from the White House to the Catoctin Hills, the President's car passed as usual through the old town of Frederick, Maryland. Churchill saw the roadside signs advertising Barbara Frietchie candy, and asked about them. Roosevelt explained that Barbara Frietchie was a semilegendary character of our Civil War about whom Whittier had written a poem. All the President could remember of it was:

"Shoot, if you must, this old gray head,
But spare your country's flag," she said.

Whereupon Churchill proceeded to recite the entire poem, stating afterward that he had not thought of it in at least 30 years. A little farther on he saw a road sign pointing to Gettysburg and asked how far away that was. It was, roughly, 40 miles. He said, "Why, this may have been the very road by which Longstreet moved up," and then went on to review the whole battle. A few days later, Churchill was invited to speak before a joint session of Congress and he compared the present status of the second World War—after Stalingrad and Tunisia—to the status of the Civil War after Gettysburg. (This proved to be an amazingly accurate estimate of the time that remained before victory.)

Churchill's speech to the Congress was so informative that Congressmen were louder than ever in their complaints that "the only time we get to find out what's going on in the war is when the British Prime Minister visits Washington and tells us."

When Stalin learned that the opening of the Second Front had been definitely postponed for one year British and American relations with the Soviet Union, which had been none too good for months, became appreciably worse. Admiral Standley had issued a rather blunt statement to the press that Russia had given us no credit for Lend-Lease aid, and it was obvious that he must be recalled, but the selection of his successor was not an easy one. Roosevelt tried to persuade Joseph E. Davies to go back to his old job in Moscow, but the state of Davies' health made it impossible for him to accept the post. Davies strongly urged that Hopkins be chosen; Roosevelt flatly rejected this suggestion, for he did not want Hopkins to be away from Washington for any length of time.

"What a vacation! Rained every day. Never felt so rested in my life"

COLLIER'S KIRK

Stalin sent Churchill a cable in which he reviewed at length all the assurances that had been given during the past 13 months relative to the opening of a second front, and concluded with words which could be interpreted only as charges of deliberate bad faith by the Western Allies. Churchill dispatched an angry reply to this without consulting Roosevelt, and the tension increased.

Stalin recalled Ambassadors Litvinov from Washington and Maisky from London. There was now an atmosphere alarmingly reminiscent of that which had preceded the Molotov-Ribbentrop Pact of August, 1939, and the fears of a separate Russo-German armistice were revived. It was fortunate that the enemy did not know how bad relations were between the Allies at that moment, how close they were to disruption.

Hopkins had an unusual (for him) experience at this time: He was given some friendly publicity. Harold Ross, brilliant editor of The New Yorker, assigned one of his best men, Geoffrey T. Hellman, to do a profile of Hopkins. Hellman persuaded Hopkins to talk freely about the old days at Grinnell College, the welfare work in New York City, the passions and the hatreds of the New Deal era and the peregrinations during the war. When Hopkins read this profile—which said that he resembled "an animated piece of shredded wheat"—he wrote a note of appreciation to Hellman and remarked, "I seem to turn out a mixture of a Baptist preacher and a racetrack tout."

On June 29th, as the hazardous Sicilian expedition was about to embark and the tension with Moscow was most acute, Vice-President Wallace delivered his all too blatant public blast against the Secretary of Commerce, Jesse H. Jones, charging that he had obstructed the efforts of the Board of Economic Warfare to build up stock piles of critical and strategic war materials in 1940, 1941 and even after Pearl Harbor. This was undoubtedly the worst of all the public brawls that marred the record of the Roosevelt Administration and it gave to the American people—not to mention the people of other United Nations—an alarming sense of disunity and blundering incompetence in high places.

Roosevelt was extremely angry at Wallace for this outburst and at Jones for the manner in which he snapped back. On July 15th, Roosevelt dissolved the Board of Economic Warfare, of which Wallace was chairman, and put its functions and various others connected with foreign economic matters, which had been in Jones's department, under the authority of Byrnes, whose title now was Director of the Office of War Mobilization.

Sunday afternoon, July 25th, Judge Rosenman and I were with the President at Shangri-La. Hopkins having left that morning with General Arnold for some salmon fishing in Canada. We had been working on a speech to be delivered the following Tuesday mainly for the purpose of trying to save the National Resources Planning Board from death at the hands of Congress; to the conservative majority on Capitol Hill the very word "plan" was considered a Communist invention and any planning board must be part of a plot to disrupt the capitalist system of free enterprise.

Roosevelt made the point in this speech that we had *planned* the North African campaign more than a year ago and we had *planned* the Sicilian campaign more than six months ago, and it was none too soon to start planning for postwar reconversion; he presented for the first time the proposal for a G.I. Bill of Rights, the plan for which had been drawn by the NRPB.

The speech was in virtually final form late Sunday afternoon, when Steve Early telephoned from Washington to say he had just heard a news flash over the radio to the effect that Mussolini had resigned. The report had been picked up from the Rome radio, which, of course, was a highly unreliable source.

The President seemed quite surprised but not tremendously excited and said, "I wonder how we could get any confirmation on that?" I telephoned to my associates in the OWI short-wave broadcasting center in New York. They had heard it, all right, and had communicated with the B.B.C. authorities in London who were inclined to believe it true; the OWI people had subsequently been trying to get confirmation of it from the White House or any other official source in Washington, while the White House was now trying to get confirmation from *them*. I reported this to the President and he said, "Oh, we'll find out about it later."

We resumed work on the speech, had a leisurely dinner, then drove back to Washington, arriving late in the evening. The President went to his study to try to reach Churchill on the telephone. It was to me an amazing glimpse into Roosevelt's manner of life: For a matter of more than five hours all that the President of the United States heard of the downfall of the first of the Axis dictators was the chance report on a radio news flash. One would have thought that dispatches would have been flashing constantly from and to all directions, even on the radio-equipped Secret Service cars during the drive back to Washington.

The next day Roosevelt's speech was substantially revised to meet the new developments. The President said:

Our terms to Italy are still the same as our terms to Germany and Japan—"Unconditional Surrender." We will have no truck with Fascism in any way, shape or manner. We will permit no vestige of Fascism to remain.

By then it became clear that the King of Italy had managed to remain on his throne throughout the palace revolution and had appointed Marshal Badoglio Prime Minister. The question immediately arose as to whether the Allies should treat with the new government, overlooking the fact that the king had accepted if not blessed the Mussolini regime and that Badoglio had been the Duce's commander in chief in Ethiopia.

Again there were indignant protests from those who had been outraged by the measures of "expediency" in North Africa. The merest suggestion of recognition brought down more opprobrium on the State Department, which by now was regarded in liberal circles as the very citadel of reaction and of the policy of "doing business" with the avowed enemy.

Advantages of Italian Surrender

However, the State Department was by no means the predominant policy-making instrument in considering the new situation in Italy. It was a matter of cold, hard military calculation. General Eisenhower and the Combined Chiefs of Staff were conscious of the enormous possible advantage of having any Italian government, regardless of its political coloration, which would have the authority to deliver an immediate surrender. The question of immediacy was all-important, for the Allies wanted to move into Naples and the Foggia air base and Rome itself before the Germans could reinforce these points.

In Badoglio's first public statement after the fall of Mussolini, he indicated that Italy would not seek a separate peace; he said, "The war goes on," but he did not add *"positively."* There was little doubt that peace feelers would soon emerge from Rome. This presented a situation the handling of which, on a minute-to-minute basis, was a matter of overwhelming importance.

It was obvious, therefore, that the

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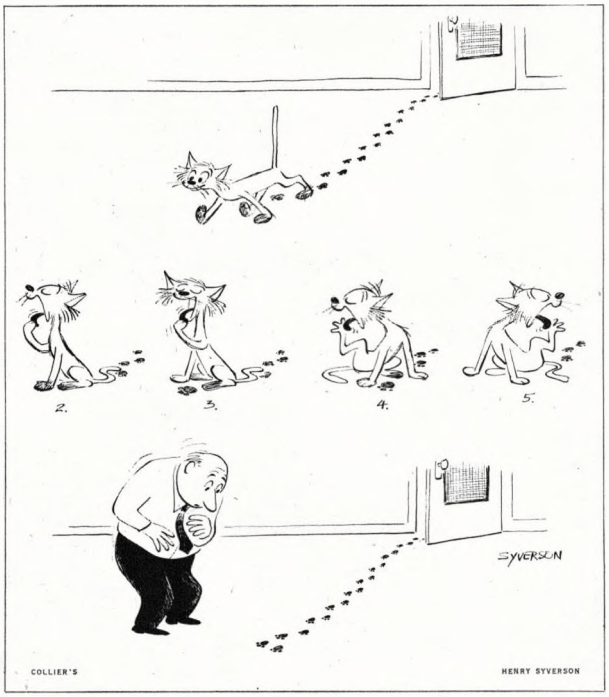


time had come for another Roosevelt-Churchill conference, and arrangements were rapidly made for a meeting in Quebec. The Chiefs of Staff assembled first to lay the groundwork for military discussion, arriving in Quebec on August 12th. The following day the Prime Minister joined the President at Hyde Park for preliminary conversations. En route, Churchill went far out of the way to show his daughter, Lieutenant Mary Churchill, Niagara Falls; he told assembled newspapermen that he had seen the falls some thirty years before and that the principle of the thing still seemed to be about the same.

Shortly after the Quebec conference started, Roosevelt and Churchill sent the following message to Stalin:

The British ambassador in Madrid reported to us on August 15th that General Castellano, representing Badoglio, had arrived there bearing a letter of introduction from the British Minister at the Vatican. Castellano declared that he had authorization from Badoglio to state Italy's willingness to surrender unconditionally if she could thereupon join the Allies. This seems a firm offer, the British Minister at the Vatican having confirmed that Badoglio had stated in writing that he had given authorization to Castellano. We do not intend to enter into any bargain with Badoglio's government for the purpose of inducing Italy to change sides.

We recognize, on the other hand, many advantages in the acceleration of the campaign which might result. Our invasion of the mainland of Italy will begin probably before September 1st, and approximately a week later we shall make our full-scale landings at AVALANCHE (the Salerno Beachhead south of Naples). It would seem likely that Badoglio's government will not survive that long. There are one or more German armored divisions outside Rome, and once they suspect that Badoglio is playing them false they would be able to overthrow him and set up another Fascist government under Farinacci, for instance. Or, the Badoglio government might collapse and plunge all of Italy into anarchy.

This message went on to say that authorization had been sent to Eisenhower to send emissaries to meet with Castellano in Lisbon.

This mission was entrusted to the tough-fibered General "Beadle" Smith, accompanied by Brigadier K. W. D. Strong, a British officer, who was G-2 on Eisenhower's staff. Castellano told Smith and Strong that the principal Italian desire was, first, for protection against the Germans during their present phase of defenselessness and, then, an opportunity to join with the United Nations in fighting the Germans. Eisenhower's representatives said that all they were authorized to offer were terms for a military capitulation which must be accepted unconditionally, but they said that the Allies were prepared to give assistance and support to Italian forces or individuals who would fight or work to obstruct the German military effort.

Stalin Is Kept Informed

Having completed the preliminary conversations with Castellano, Smith and Strong returned to Algiers. Decisions as to further steps were passed to Quebec. Roosevelt and Churchill kept Stalin informed of every subsequent development so that the Soviet Union would be in full agreement with all the terms of Italian surrender and would, indeed, participate in its acceptance.

Otherwise, the principal accomplishments of the Quebec Conference were an Anglo-American agreement on the draft of a Four Power Declaration, to involve the Soviet Union and China, as well as the United Kingdom and the United States, for the establishment of an effective international organization.

In the military field, the principal decisions were the reaffirmation of the target date (May 1, 1944) for OVERLORD and the establishment of the Southeast Asia Command under Mountbatten, with Stilwell as Deputy Supreme Allied Commander.

Churchill was by no means reconciled to the Normandy invasion nor to any other major operation in western Europe. He advanced his usual and always

powerful warnings of the appalling casualties that might be suffered. He pointed again and again to the map of France, showing the tremendous logistical advantages enjoyed by the Germans, the quantity of supply lines, the roads and railroads running east and west to the Channel ports.

However, the Air Force now had achieved the answer to this: concentrated, unrelenting bombing which would disrupt the system of supply and restrict facility of maneuver. The combined bombing offensive was given the code name Operation POINT BLANK, and the Italian part of it was called Operation STRANGLE. The ultimate story of the success of this huge and prolonged application of air power is written in the German records.

At Quebec the decision was made—for the first time, in so far as I know—to supplement the Normandy invasion with landings by American and newly armed French forces in the Toulon-Marseille area of southern France. This was an operation against which Churchill fought implacably until within a few days of its accomplishment on August 15, 1944, whereupon he turned up aboard a British destroyer and, with apparent exultation, waved the victory sign to the astonished troops as they moved toward the Riviera beaches.

Hopkins had with him at the Quebec Conference a document headed Russia's Position, which was quoted from "a very high-level United States military strategic estimate" (the source was otherwise unidentified). It contained the following:

Russia's postwar position in Europe will be a dominant one. With Germany crushed, there is no power in Europe to oppose her tremendous military forces. It is true that Great Britain is building up a position in the Mediterranean vis-à-vis Russia that she may find useful in balancing power in Europe. However, even here she may not be able to oppose Russia unless she is otherwise supported.

The conclusions from the foregoing are obvious. Since Russia is the decisive factor in the war she must be given every assistance, and every effort must be made to obtain her friendship. Likewise, since without question she will dominate Europe on the defeat of the Axis, it is even more essential to develop and maintain the most friendly relations with Russia.

Finally, the most important factor the United States has to consider in relation to Russia is the prosecution of the war in the Pacific. With Russia as an ally in the war against Japan, the war can be terminated in less time and at less expense in life and resources than if the reverse were the case. Should the war in the Pacific have to be carried on with an unfriendly or a negative attitude on the part of Russia, the difficulties will be immeasurably increased and operations might become abortive.

This estimate was obviously of great importance as indicating the policy which guided the making of decisions at Teheran and, much later, at Yalta.

Toward the end of the Quebec Conference, word was received from Stalin agreeing to a meeting of the Foreign Secretaries in Moscow. This news was greeted enthusiastically for it meant the beginning of the long desired collaboration of the Big Three, as well as the easing of the dangerous tension that had existed between the Western Allies and the Soviet Union.

Churchill Awarded Degree at Harvard

Churchill accompanied Roosevelt back to the White House after the Quebec Conference and remained in Washington off and on for three weeks, during which time the British and Canadian troops landed on the Italian boot, General Clark's Fifth Army landed at Salerno, and Italy surrendered. On September 6th, Churchill went to Cambridge, Massachusetts, to receive an honorary degree from Harvard University. This ceremony had been long planned and Roosevelt, a member of the Class of 1904, took a great deal of interest in it.

In his speech, Churchill made a statement that he would hardly have dared to make at any previous and less propitious moment in the war or, indeed, at any previous time since the Declaration of Independence. He said, "This gift of a common tongue is a priceless inheritance, and it may well someday become the foundation of a common citizenship. I like to think of British and Americans moving about freely over each other's wide estates with hardly a sense of being foreigners to one another."

After the Quebec Conference—and after practically every other conference in the war—Hopkins was in a state of utter depletion and had to go to the Naval Hospital for rest and revival. (His frequent visits to this hospital often impelled the critics of the Administration to ask why the taxpayers' penicillin should be wasted on the restoration of Hopkins.) One of the most interesting pieces of reading matter that now came to his sickbed was a full-page feature

"Thank goodness—for a minute I thought it was going in the rough!"

COLLIER'S MARY GIBSON

from the Chicago Sunday Tribune with a colored cartoon that showed Hopkins leering and, hovering over his shoulder, the sinister image of Grigorii Rasputin.

In the accompanying article, Walter Trohan achieved a remarkable effect in juxtaposition: "One evening in 1907, a peasant strode across the highly polished floor of the salon of Count Alexander Pavlovich Ignatiev— He bowed clumsily to an ill-assorted circle of nobles, politicians, schemers, charlatans, adventurers, clergy and dignitaries . . . unkempt brown hair, stringy brown beard gave him a wild appearance . . . Rasputin went on to sway Russia by the power of his eye. Nicholas, the czar of all the Russias, fell on his knees before this curious mixture of penitent and debauchee and called him a 'Christ.' The czarina believed in him implicitly. For almost nine years this preacher of redemption thru sin virtually ruled Russia . . .

"On a May day in 1933 a lean, gangly figure with thinning brown hair and dandruff made his way . . . thru an ill-assorted group of representatives, crackpots, senators, bums, governors, job seekers, political leaders, and toadies . . . in the person of Harry Lloyd Hopkins, son of an Iowa harness maker, Santa Claus had come to town. He emptied his hands of other people's money. This strange and contradictory figure spent on and on to sway a nation and then the world. The President of the United States brought him into his official family and then into his private family and poured his innermost thoughts into the spender's prominent ears. The wife of the President adopted his small child in all but name."

Trohan quoted Representative Dewey Short (Republican of Missouri) as having said in "a message of extraordinary importance" to the House of Representatives: "Would the followers of the Rasputin of the White House . . . use this war as a smoke screen to saddle upon America a type of government and a kind of economy entirely foreign and contrary to those we have ever known?"

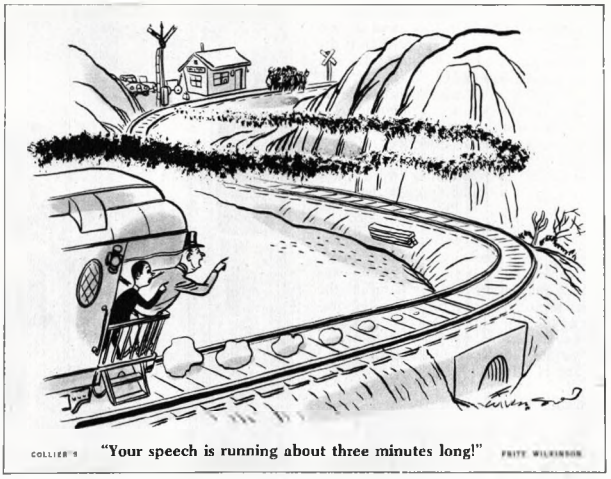
Hopkins pasted the Trohan article in his scrapbook.

On September 20th, Hopkins read a copy of the proposed agreement whereby Italy would be permitted to enter the war not as an "ally" but as a "cobelligerent," and he wrote the following memorandum and sent it to the President:

I hope you will not encourage Eisenhower to recognize Italy as a cobelligerent. This will put them in exactly the same status as the rest of our allies. Nor do I think there is enough evidence that Badoglio and the king can be trusted for us to arm any of their divisions. I should think that Eisenhower could quietly look the other way if some of the armistice terms are being violated, such as Italian naval ships being used to transport our troops, or Italian bombers from Sardini fighting the Germans . . .

Would it not be better in paragraph two to cut the words "to wage war against Germany" and substitute "to assist us in the war"?

I cannot see that a declaration of war by Badoglio gets us anywhere except a precipitated recognition of two men who have worked very closely with the Fascists in the past . . .



COLLIER'S "Your speech is running about three minutes long!" FRITZ WILKINSON

On September 25th, Roosevelt announced the resignation of Sumner Welles as Undersecretary of State and the appointment of Edward R. Stettinius, Jr., to that position. This marked the unhappy conclusion of the protracted conflict between Hull and Welles. Even Roosevelt could no longer produce a semblance of pacification with temper-softening words. Roosevelt was anxious to have Welles go to Moscow for the conference with Molotov and Eden, but Welles felt that he had no course but to get out of government service altogether. To the best of my knowledge, Hopkins wrote nothing about the Hull-Welles dispute and I never heard him comment on it one way or the other.

Roosevelt's concept of his dependence on Hull was justified by the enormous success of the Moscow Conference in October, and its consequent profound effect on Congressional opinion. On November 5th, as Hull was returning from Moscow, the Senate approved by a vote of 85 to 5 the Connally Resolution providing for postwar collaboration to secure and maintain peace for the world and for the establishment of a general international organization that might become a new League of Nations.

This decisive action strengthened Roosevelt's hand immeasurably as he embarked for the first conference of the Big Three at Teheran. It served notice on the other United Nations that in the settlement of the second World War, as contrasted with the first one, Roosevelt had the backing of the legislative branch, which Wilson had so disastrously lacked.

(Next week: Teheran—the Three Titans, meeting for the first time, plan the future of an entire planet. Stalin's casual promise that Russia will fight Japan after Germany has been defeated changes the whole war picture.)

GENTLEMAN GEORGE

Continued from page 15

something he had saved. The fire burned down to embers and the room grew black. He continued to kiss her, he was drunk with her, and her scent clogged his nostrils. The fire burned out completely, the room grew cold, but they did not notice. . . .

After they went back to New York they did not tell anyone they were going to be married. Her parents were in Florida and she wanted to tell them first, she did not want to write them about it. George agreed. About that time, too, he started meeting all her friends. There were Christmas parties, New Year's parties, and before he knew it winter had passed. Her father had gone to California on business—he went directly from Florida—and when spring came her parents were still on the Coast.

Hal Everet, who had also spent the winter in Florida, came back to town. He was the only real friend that George had to introduce to Frances, although George did not tell Hal about the marriage, because Frances' parents did not know. Too, Hal began to go a lot of places with them, and several times when George could not get away from the office Hal took Frances out. At the time George thought nothing of it.

Spring came early that year. The last week in April, Frances' uncle who had the hunting lodge in Maine asked her to open his summer place in Massachusetts for him. George planned to go with her one week end, but when it came he had to stay and work. He was terribly disappointed.

"Darling," he said over the phone, "I don't want you to go if I can't get away. Can't we go next week end?"

"But I promised my uncle, George."

"But you know he really doesn't care."

"George, I promised him. We mustn't be selfish, you know, dear."

"That's right," he said. He had suddenly had so much of what he had yearned for all his life that he guessed he had become a little blind to other people's wishes. "Well, you go ahead. I'll miss you, darling."

That Saturday night on his way home from the office George stopped in at the men's bar at the Ritz for a drink. As he walked in he saw Frances' uncle sitting alone at a small table. The uncle waved to him and George went over.

"Why, sir," he said, "I thought you were in Massachusetts."

"No," the uncle said. "But I did think that you went."

"Why, no," George said.

"Well, I know she went up with some young man," the uncle said. "I'll bet I've confused you with him."

George felt sick. "What young man?"

"Your name is George," the uncle said. "Of course. Why, she went up with Hal then. That's who it was, Hal."

For a moment George could not move. He sat there feeling sicker and sicker.

"Poor Arthur! When the cop stopped us Arthur was scared to death—!"

"So I said—listen, you big ape! Just because you got that badge doesn't mean—!"

COLLIER'S DAVE GERARD

So that's why she was so eager to go this week end, he was thinking, that's why she couldn't wait until I could go. He jumped up.

"What's the matter?" the uncle said. "Hey!"

George went out to the street and stood at the curb. He wanted to kill someone and he thought: I'll kill Hal, I'll kill him. Automatically he started to walk. He went down Madison Avenue to the park at Twenty-third Street. Then he sat on a bench and put his head in his hands. His face was hot, his head hurt. She had been everything he had wanted, he had never tried to have anything that he had wanted before, and all the misery and the loneliness that he had had in him all his life came to the surface.

He got up and walked again. In a bar he got some cigarettes and a drink. But the bar was too noisy. He left. When he got to his apartment he went to bed, but he could not sleep. All his life he had let people push him around. Well, to hell with her then! He was through with her. If he couldn't have all of her, he wasn't going to have only part. . . .

Monday afternoon when he came home from his work his telephone was ringing. He did not answer it, and in a moment it stopped. Fifteen minutes later it began ringing again. All that evening it rang at fifteen-minute intervals. He knew it was Frances and he did not answer it. The next night he got a telegram every hour, delivered by a messenger. He burned them without reading them. When he got home, Wednesday night, there were two letters in his box from Frances and one from Hal. He tore them up, unopened. He wasn't going to let them butter him up with some fast talk so they would all be

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friends again. This time no one was going to talk him into anything.

After two weeks the telegrams, phone calls and letters stopped.

The next week the vice-president of his firm in charge of personnel called George into the office and asked him bluntly if he would consider taking the position of manager of their Buenos Aires branch. Immediately George said yes.

"Now wait a minute," the vice-president said. "You don't know what this means. It's very likely that if you do well in Buenos Aires, you'll spend the rest of your business life in South America."

"Good," George said. "I'll go."

HE WAS scheduled to sail in two weeks, and he worked the first one, but not the second. He gave Miss Finchley a new fountain pen and inkwell set and a box of candy, cleaned out his desk, and left. Every night of his last week in town he went to the theater, alone. And he wrote his great-aunt Caroline a note telling her what he was going to do.

The day before he was to sail he received a note from his great-aunt telling him that he could come to see her. So that morning at eleven he called at the small Park Avenue apartment that she had kept since she had sold the old family house. A maid as old as his aunt let him in and he found his aunt in a small sitting room. She was small, wrinkled and deaf.

George sat on a small uncomfortable chair and held his hat in his lap. "In my note I forgot to tell you where I'm going. South America. Buenos Aires in particular."

The aunt looked at him with old eyes that had heavy lids like a turtle's.

"I probably won't come back for a good many years, if ever." He cleared his throat. "So this is probably the last time we shall see each other."

"You know that I'm leaving the money to charity," the great-aunt said. "You mustn't expect anything."

"I don't," George said.

"You should get married," she said. "You're the last one of us."

George suddenly wanted to talk to her, to tell her about Frances, to tell her how miserable he felt. He had never done such a thing before. "Aunt," he said, "listen. I was going to get married, I was engaged to Frances Mason. But something happened, and, I want to talk to you. I need to."

She looked at him, then twisted the knob on her hearing aid and shook the battery case. "What did you say?" she said.

He managed a smile. That was an old trick of hers, pretending that she did not hear what she did not want to. "I said goodby," he said.

When he went out of the apartment building he stopped for a moment on the sidewalk. The sun was shining and the weather was pleasantly mild. Lately he had avoided going anyplace where Frances might be. But now he had only one more day, he might never come back. He wanted to have lunch at Victor's because he was lonely and he had to talk to someone, even a bartender.

He walked downtown to Fifty-third and went into Victor's. It was decorated in soft grays and the lights were indirect. He went to the bar. As he was standing there staring down at his Martini he felt someone put a hand on his shoulder and he heard her say, "Hello, George."

He knew, of course, but he turned around as if he were surprised. "Why, Frances, hello."

She was smiling up at him and she had never looked better. Her hand was still lightly on his arm and right then it began all over for him again.

"I've been looking for you," she said. "I heard you were going to South America."

"Yes," he said.

"Be gone long?"

"I probably won't come back." He had somehow finished his drink. "Well, I must go."

"George," she said, "please have lunch with me. Please talk to me. I know I've hurt you, but I don't know how. Please tell me about it. Don't you know how I feel about you? All you have to do is say come, and I'll go with you anywhere, do anything for you. You've got to tell me what it is."

He took a deep breath. There it was. All he had to do was accept her explanation, believe what she wanted him to believe about the week end. Just be a good little boy and fall in line. "I don't think you'd better say any more. You'll only embarrass us both."

"Oh, don't be such a fool!"

"Goodby, Frances," he said. As he went to get his hat from the hat-check girl he saw in the mirror behind the bar that Frances had her face in her hands. He wanted to go back, but he wouldn't let himself.

Later that afternoon he went to his apartment and finished packing. The phone rang at five. It was Miss Finchley. She had some papers that he was to take with him, she said she would come by from work with them. He thanked her, hung up. Almost immediately the phone rang again. Thinking it was Miss Finchley again he answered it.

"Hey, George!" Hal said. "What's this I—"

"None of your damn' business," he said.

"Listen, George," Hal said. "I want to—"

"Go to hell!" he said and slammed down the phone. That was too much. He went to the liquor cabinet and poured a stiff drink.

MISS FINCHLEY came at five-thirty. When George opened the door she held out an envelope and said, "Here are the papers, Mr. Willis."

He took them and stood there looking at her. He was feeling pretty aggressive again. Miss Finchley was brunette, and she was young. He decided that she was not half bad. "Would you care to come in?" he said.

"Yes." Miss Finchley said.

He let her in, seated her and said, "Would you care for a drink?"

"Uh-huh." Miss Finchley said.

George gave her the drink. She drank it and he poured her a second, which she sipped. She smiled at him and said, "I hope you'll be very happy."

"I will," George said. "Don't you worry. Say, what's your first name?"

"Gladys," she said.

"Let's have another drink," he said. He made the drinks and when he sat down beside her on the couch, he put his arms around her and kissed her.

She pushed him away. "Now calm down, Junior."

"Listen, Gladys," he said.

"No," she said. "No. What's the matter with you anyway?"

George put his face in his hands. He was fed up with himself again. It seemed he couldn't do anything right. "What a jerk I am!" he said.

"What's the matter?" she said.

George told her all about Frances. He left out nothing. When he had finished, Gladys Finchley said, "You're crazy. So what if her uncle didn't go? Maybe her aunt went. Or even if they were there alone it doesn't necessarily mean anything. Gee, I feel sorry for you. You just don't know very much about people, do you?"

"What do you mean?" George said.

"Give the girl a break," she said. "Give her the benefit of the doubt, can't you?" She looked at her watch. "Gee, I have to go."

After Miss Finchley left, George sat down and poured himself another drink

and looked at it. He wasn't so sure of himself now. The idea that he might have been mistaken was growing in his mind, and slowly making him sick. Now take it easy, he told himself, just sit here and think this thing out.

At six the next morning he was still sitting in the same chair, but he had not thought it out. As the sun began to shine in the windows of his apartment, he got up and made a pot of coffee. He drank some of it, but it did nothing for him.

•

AT TEN o'clock he shaved, took a shower and dressed. He sat back down in the chair again until eleven-thirty. Then he could stand it no longer and went to the telephone and called Frances. She was not in, she was out to lunch. Where? At Victor's.

George took a cab there. As he got out he looked up and down the street but he did not see her coming, so he went in. She was not at the bar, and she was not in the dining room. As he turned to go back to the bar he saw her come in. He hurried toward her. "Frances."

She looked at him as if he were a stranger. "I thought you'd left."

"I've got to talk to you," he said.

"George, we have nothing to say to each other."

"I've got to," he said. "Frances I've got to talk to you."

"What do you want?" she said tiredly.

"You," he said.

"Oh, George, are you a fool? How much do you think I can stand?"

He could not stand there any longer and he took her hand, put her arm through his and led her into the dining room. It was still early and the room was almost empty. The headwaiter seated them on the banquette around a corner from the main part of the dining room. "I've got to ask you something," he said.

She did not look at him.

"Remember that week end I couldn't go with you?" he said. "I had to work. Remember?" He told her word for word his conversation with her uncle in the bar. "All I could think was that you'd gone with Hal to be alone with him. Your uncle hadn't gone, so I thought your aunt hadn't gone either."

"You want to know if my aunt was there?" she said. "Watching us so we could do no wrong? Is that what you want to know?" She looked very tired. "George, don't you know that if I had wanted Hal it wouldn't have made any difference whether my aunt was along or not? I'd been out with him before, you know."

"But, a week end—"

"You and I were never together twenty-four hours a day," she said. "How about the daytime? Didn't you worry about that? How did you know whom I was with and what I was doing? If we were married would you stay home all day to watch me?"

"No," he said, "I—"

"Don't you see how ridiculous you are?"

He was very tired and he knew that all the torment he had been through in the past few months was all due to himself. He had hated people all his life for putting things over on him, when it had been his fault for letting them do so. It was a weakness that he had tried to conquer by pushing other people around himself.

"Maybe it was because I had never cared about anyone before, maybe I loved you too much. You know, I can't remember my parents and I never got any love from my aunt. I never had a girl before, Frances, I never loved anyone, anyone at all. If you hadn't chased me some I would never have loved you. But when I did I had to make up for everything I never had. It just came pouring out. There was too much of it, and that's no good." He paused. "I guess I was afraid all along that something would happen so I wouldn't get you. When it looked as if something had happened then I was too ready to believe that it really had."

She was looking up at him, she took his hand in both of hers. "I thought I'd been miserable," she said. "I thought I'd had a very hard time. You've never had a very good time, have you, George?" She held his hand against her cheek. "Do you want me to go to South America with you? Or anywhere else? I'll go, because I love you. I never stopped for a minute. Let me help you, darling."

"Help me," he said. "You want to help me." He leaned back and sighed, but he did not feel so bad any more. He looked at her as she held his hand against her cheek; he grinned at her. "Now how could you help me?" he said. "How could anyone as tiny as you help anyone? Why, you're like a doll. Listen, how does someone as tiny as you get along in the world all by herself, anyway?"

"By being smart," she said quickly, "and knowing that men like you just say these things to me."

"Oh?" he said. "Well, not any more. All that's going to change."

"Is it?" she said. She put both her hands in his, and looked up at him, grinning a bit. "Tell me about it, George."

"It'll take time," he said.

"We have all afternoon," she said.

"No," he said. "I mean a long time. You know, like forever."

She laughed. "Well, you just go right ahead then."

THE END

"This is my boss, Tommy. See how absurd it is to be jealous?"

COLLIER'S HANK KETCHAM

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

And what about the fellow who bets the horses through a bookie? He never sees the bangtails run—just phones the bookie and drops a check into the mailbox every now and then. Rarely is he required to use energy to open an envelope containing his winnings.

Getting my vote as all-time high in inactive sportsmen is the fellow who scored the world's fish endurance record. Back in 1934, a gray nurse shark, Skipper IV by name, was installed in an aquarium pool at Taronga Park, Sydney, Australia. The shark swam continuously, at three miles an hour, until 1939, a total of some 105,000 miles. Then along came the war, and the shark watcher suddenly found himself with other duties. On his return, presumably he suspected that Skipper IV might have stopped once or twice during his absence, for the record has not been picked up since the end of hostilities.

JOHN DERR, Upper Montclair, N. J.

. . . Lazy Man's Sport reads: ". . . You never have to wait up for them because pigeons look for a comfortable tree at dusk and stay there until dawn."

I have read of passenger pigeons breaking down trees with the weight of their nest, a hundred years ago, but that particular kind of pigeon is extinct. I have never seen a pigeon alight in a tree.

GUY K. BROWNING, Wilmington, Del.

. . . I understand that a pigeon's feet are so formed that to grasp anything with the toes is an impossibility. You will never see them resting on wires, either.

CLIFFORD B. EWING, Peoria, Ill.

KNOCK MR. DAVENPORT'S HEAD

DEAR SIR: In answer to Russell Y. Ritchey's question of What Would You Do? (June 26th), I submit the following suggestion:

Take Mr. Ritchey's head and knock it against that of Mr. Davenport, your editor, for producing one of the most arrant pieces of warmongering ever published by a periodical in this or any other country.

MRS. ALICE L. FALLENDER, Hollywood, Cal.

MUSCLED U.N.

DEAR EDITOR: There was a frightfully sour note running all through Collie Small's The Hot Potato Olympics (July 3d). It seems to be virulent among sports writers at the moment. Why not build instead of break? I have reported several Olympic games and by and large the competitors were the finest sort of fellows, better than those I met at meetings of the League of Nations, at national political conventions or even at the meetings of the executive committee of the British Labor party.

ARTHUR S. DRAPER, Chestertown, N. Y.

It's not the athletes who cause the Olympic ructions. It's the nations behind them.

ART CRITICISM

DEAR ED: Six Artists and a Model (July 3d) should have been entitled Six Monstrosities and a Model. You are reading the letter of a great artist of ten years back, as I used to do that sort of stuff in kindergarten. This modern art is really going to extremes, and getting too technical:—goofy pictures that only goofy characters could think up.

Seventh Unmonstrosity

Undoubtedly, I'd never win an art award for my piece of work, but at least the majority of the people could look at it and tell what it is, so here's the seventh piece for the model to see.

NANCY J. LONG, Rochester, N. Y.

THE LONG & SHORTHAND OF IT

THE EDITOR: Your article on the movie Joan of Arc (June 26th) says "the words (at her trial) were translated directly from the stenographic record." According to the encyclopedia the first known shorthand system (English) dates from 1588—157 years after Joan's death and the first French shorthand system was dated 1651—220 years after Joan's death. How about it?

MRS. FRED'K B. SMITH, Birmingham, Mich.

Our Britannica says: ". . . earliest record we have of an organized system of shorthand dates from the year 63 B.C. . . . *Rome . . . Dating from the 10th Century we find the Paris MS. of Hermogenes, with some tachygraphic writing of that period. . . ." England was the birthplace of* modern *shorthand.*

THE IRREVERENT MARSHALL

DEAR SIR: Jim Marshall's Out of This World (June 12th) had a tone of flippancy running through it. He seemed far more interested in the man-made wonder of a big telescope than in the wonders of the galaxies he was looking at.

To refer to the sun (a million times larger than this earth) as "you puny little runt" shows a lack of reverence in the handiwork of the Creator. Here I quote Arthur M. Harding, Professor of Astronomy, University of Arkansas: "The more a man knows about the miracles of science and about the universe that is around him and above him the more religious he becomes and the more respect he has for his Creator."

C. R. V. BAGSHAWE, Victoria, B. C.

UI

DEAR SIR: The excellent article by Howard Whitman, Chiselers' Holiday (June 26th), reminds me of a man who managed to collect New York unemployment insurance while he was in Reno for the usual reason. I know of several books written by authors who collected their weekly $21, and artists who did the designing and illustrations similarly financed themselves. Makes a nice design for living, for the beneficiaries. Mr. Whitman might also have included gals who quit jobs to have their babies, as frequent collectors under the present scheme of things.

J. M. RUSSAKOFF, New York, N. Y.

GRUBB STAKE

DEAR SIRS: I note with interest (The Week's Work, July 24th) that Mr. Dave Grubb, the writer, is ambitious to get married to a brunette, have seven children, and open a poolroom in his home town in West Virginia. Well—I'm of the required hair tinge, own a pool table of my own, and just to make it easier for Dave, have seven children by my late husband. All that interests me is this: I know Mr. Grubb has a wonderful brain—I thought his story The Lodge Brother superb. But does he have the body to go with it?

GEORGETTE KONLIN, Chicago, Ill.

Grubb

We reproduce Mr. Grubb's physiog. Reader Konlin will have to do her own proposing and judge his physique for herself! Eight mouths take a lot of feeding.

SLIDE-RULE FOOTBALL

Continued from page 6

or, to take the words right out of his mouth, he invariably retains a firm grasp on his cogitative faculties in moments of crisis.

A reporter once complimented Balogh on his extemporaneous style, but Harry denied the charge. "Furthermore," Harry insisted, "I always make up my announcements as I go along."

SHARP EARS ON THE BENCH

Durocher finally paid Stanky a compliment; he said he was bigger than Mickey Rooney and faster than Ernie Lombardi. . . . Sure the Indians are lucky—a team's gotta be lucky to be up there fighting for the pennant. This time last year they were trying to waive Lemon outta the league because he couldn't hit hard enough to stay in the outfield. But the Brownies claimed him so Boudreau decided to try the kid as a pitcher. So Lemon's the best young pitcher in the league now, better'n Feller for my dough . . .

Sure, I like the South, but those bus rides are murder. Ever take that night run from Asheville down to Charlotte, round and round those mountains? Dreisewerd couldn't take it. Poor old Clem always got sick. He never pitched a series opener in Charlotte. . . . Feller asked me if I wanted to pick up some of that after-the-season exhibition money but I said no thanks. Me, I'm like Enos Slaughter—October is the month to hunt. I jes like to hear the dogs run. Purtiest sound in the world. . . . And after Berra came out of one of them Errol Flynn movies somebody asked him if he knew what the skull and crossbones on the pirate flag meant. . . . Berra said sure I do—iodine. . . .

Some of these big-bonus rookies oughtta talk to Honus Wagner about the good old days. Honus rode a coal train to his first minor-league job—down in Steubenville, think it was—signed for thirty bucks a month, paid for his own uniform and shoes and ended up two bucks ahead for the month. Think of that—Wagner for two bucks. And the Tigers paid Wakefield fifty-two grand to sign his name and he hasn't done much else since.

TWO STARS—TWO STYLES

Any similarity between Beverly Baker and Gertrude Augusta (Gussie) Moran, top gallery favorites on the tennis circuit, is geographical and coincidental. Bev and Gussie live in Santa Monica, California. Beyond that there is nothing similar.

Ambidextrous Beverly, just turned eighteen, has no backhand. Maybe it would be more accurate to say she has two forehands, right and left. She serves right-handed, writes left-handed, and eats right-handed. On shots down the middle, she does what comes naturally.

"I use whatever hand the racket happens to be in," Bev says. "If you start thinking about it, it gets too complicated."

Bev's double-barreled forehand didn't just happen. Her dad planned it that way. "Bev isn't much over five feet," Frank Baker explains. "The two forehands increase Bev's reach—help her to cover almost as much court as a taller girl."

The all-forehand style also gives Bev extra hitting power. She won the National public parks title in 1946, and scored her first big victory last September by upsetting Pat Todd (ranked No. 4 nationally) in the finals of the Pacific Southwest.

Galleryites who revel in Bev's unorthodox strokes are captivated by Gussie Moran's classic style and form: hips 35 inches, waist 27 inches, bust 36 inches. Glamorous Gussie rates No. 9 nationally, surprisingly high when you remember Gussie quit tennis in 1941 after winning the girls' doubles title with Louise Brough, now the American champion.

Gussie had movie ambitions at eighteen (her dad is a Hollywood sound technician). Friends told her tennis would put muscles where curves ought to be. "So I quit," Gussie recalls. "I decided I wanted to be a girl."

Several minor parts—including a dancing bit in Rhapsody in Blue—ended Gussie's movie aspirations. She worked the graveyard shift at Douglas Aircraft for three years.

"When the war ended," Gussie says, "I decided to play tennis again. Went East but everybody beat me in 1945. The next year I got to the national quarter finals, took a set from champion Pauline Betz, and ranked 13th. Jumped to nine last summer. This year I'm aiming for No. 4—and the title in 1949."

Strangely enough, tennis officials do not share the gallery's enthusiasm for Gussie. "I don't think they like the way I dress," Gussie admits. Court protocol decrees knee-length dresses or longish shorts for lady tennis players. Gussie wears short-shorts and a T-shirt.

Down East last summer, Gussie put one of the disapproving brass hats on the spot. "What's wrong with my T-shirt?" she asked.

"Well, Miss Moran, isn't it a bit—that is—can't you buy a larger size?"

"I always buy the large size," Gussie replied—then added mischievously, "but they shrink."

THE END

"What say we try one Sunday evening without him?"

You see it wherever the best is served...

DIXIE BELLE

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STARS IN HIS HAIR

Continued from page 19

and suddenly we were talking to each other. She said she had just come from New York to live in Santa Monica with her uncle, who was retired and had a beach house. The Duesenberg was also his.

I explained that I was willing to teach her everything about a Duesenberg, including how to dismantle it completely.

"I'm just interested in learning how to start it."

"That's the hardest part. Maybe you just better keep me around to start it."

I took her to dinner that night and during the next week I was with her constantly, since she couldn't start that car, and since I was growing more and more out of my mind about her. I didn't have any nightwork to do because Bailey Jones was out of town.

By the time my boss got back, Janice and I were that way about each other. I hate to say this, but charm is one of the things I have to offer the agency business, and a little of it spills over into my personal life, so it was only natural that, knowing me, Janice should come to be very interested in me. Maybe it isn't natural, but let's think of it that way. I like to think she found something deeper in me, because what is charm after all but recapped teeth well exposed in a laugh that sounds sincere? That last sentence is from a novel I am writing that exposes the Hollywood sham.

So three weeks after the day we had met, I said to the redhead that I was in love with her.

"You just like the Duesenberg," she said.

"No, it's you," I said. "Just you alone."

"That sounds like a great popular song."

"You're not taking me seriously."

"Why should I?"

"Because I'm serious."

"About me?"

"Yes."

"All right. I love you too."

Overlook this Hemingway dialogue. We were really in love. I took her into my arms, she took me into her arms, and well, despite the difficulty with arms, it was marvelous. Being in love, I mean.

"Palm Springs," I said, "is a nice place to get married. I know a guy who's been married there several times, wouldn't go anyplace else."

"Anyplace is a good place to get married," Janice replied.

"We can gamble at Palm Springs."

"That's Reno."

"Let's go there."

"Let's not, getting married is enough of a gamble."

So we agreed on anyplace, which was a little town up the coast. We planned to go that week end and stay for several weeks. I checked with the boss. I didn't say I was getting married, but told him I'd like to go on a talent hunt in the hinterlands for several weeks. He thought it was a great idea, just great.

SO THE afternoon of my wedding day (we were going to drive up to Anyplace that night in the Duesenberg) I was packing my things in my apartment, deciding whether or not to take my tennis racket, when a call came from my boss.

"Mike, what are you doing tonight?" Bailey Jones said.

"I'm getting married."

"Cancel it. I want you to take Barbara Brighton to a dinner given by the Newspaper Correspondents."

"Boss, maybe you didn't hear me, I'm getting married."

"Mike, if it was something serious, I'd let you go, but—"

"Serious! I'm getting married!"

"Look, there's nobody left to take Barbara, and she's fond of you."

"But, boss—"

"And her contract with us runs out this month, and we've got to be especially nice to her so we get a renewal."

"But, boss—"

"Pick her up at her house at eight."

"But, boss—"

WELL, it wasn't much of a job, but it was the only one I had. So I called Janice. You don't say to your bride-to-be that you can't get married because you've got a date with another girl, particularly when it's Barbara Brighton, whose face and figure are more familiar to the American male than the multiplication tables.

So I said I had to work, something very important had come up at the office, we were going to have to go over the books all night.

"My wife watches on television and—silly of us, I suppose—when I tug my cap twice it means 'I love you'"

COLLIER'S — PERRY BARLOW

"Books—I didn't know agents could read."

"This isn't that kind of book. This is accounts."

"But, darling, this is our wedding night," Janice said with a tear in her voice, or else there was a bad connection.

"How do you think I feel?" I said. "Do you think I'd rather go over the books than—? I mean marry you?"

"No," she said.

"All right, I'll pick you up in the morning. I love you, baby."

"I love you too."

"I'll pick you up in the morning."

"Get here early." . . .

I felt like a heel at that dinner with Barbara. She looked quite lovely in a low-cut evening gown, but I had never had any particular interest in her because she had a way of calling me Michael and fawning all over me, when I knew that she was really only interested in herself, and could never be interested in anybody else. Still, it had been pleasant before to be seen with her, to be envied by the uninitiated who didn't know her as she really was, but only as the first citizen of their dream world. It had been pleasant in that way before, but that night I felt horrible. I should be in that small town up the coast with my bride, and here I was having dinner with the most celebrated beauty in the world. It was crazy.

There was champagne. I don't drink, but Barbara has a special interest in champagne. She won't drink anything else, some kind of a Madame Du Barry complex but she makes up for her shortages in the other departments by putting away champagne like it was corned beef and cabbage. The result was that toward the end of the evening she grew rather fond of me and kept saying what a dear boy Michael was, the only agent who didn't want to maul her. This wouldn't have been so bad but at a particularly inopportune moment, a photographer took her picture. She was demonstrating her fondness for me by giving me a big bear hug when I saw the flash.

I tried to catch the photographer but he was gone. I hoped he wasn't from one of the newspapers because if that picture got printed and Janice saw it—

I took Barbara home and then tried to get a little sleep. I had told Janice I would be by about ten in the morning and we would leisurely drive up the coast and somewhere above Santa Barbara we would get married.

I got up at ten and drove to Santa Monica. I rang the doorbell and the redhead let me in. Those blue eyes were battleship gray again.

"Going over the books, eh?" she started.

"What's the matter?" I said.

"This," she cried, pointing at a newspaper in her hand. I knew without looking that it had printed The Picture.

"Now look, baby, there's nothing between me and Barbara."

"You were just trying to keep warm?"

"That's my job."

"Keeping her warm?"

"No, taking her to dinner."

"You said books, accounts!"

"I didn't want to worry you!"

"Go!"

"But, Janice—"

"Leave! Go!"

"But, darling—this is our wedding day!"

"It *was* our wedding day—go!"

It was then she started throwing things. Unfortunately I had taken her to Ocean Park a few nights before and won for her about a dozen little dolls, dogs, elephants and the like. She had placed them all on the mantel, and now, one by one, she threw them at me. She showed much more skill than she had at Ocean Park, she didn't miss me once. That elephant hurt.

"But, darling!" I shouted once more and then fled to my car. . . .

Driving back into town, I decided that I would resign my job with the agency. That would show Bailey Jones, and it would also show Janice that I really loved only her. I considered having Barbara call Janice to tell her that she had hugged me for a gag, but it didn't seem like such a good idea. Barbara was strange; she might not want to lose me for an escort.

I entered the boss's office and said, "Mr. Jones, I want to resign."

"But, Mike! Baby!" he said in that tone he always used when he wanted to talk somebody out of something. "Aren't you happy here?"

"I'm very unhappy."

"But you go out with the loveliest girls in the world. What's wrong?"

"I don't want to go out with the loveliest girls in the world, I want to go out with my wife. I mean, I want to get married."

"Married?"

"Yes, to a girl."

"But why didn't you say so?"

"I tried to tell you yesterday, Mr. Jones, but you wouldn't listen."

"You—married?" the boss said, suddenly realizing what I meant.

"Well, it's not so impossible. I'm twenty-nine now and—"

"But if you get married, you'll have to go out with your wife!"

"That's why I'm resigning."

"You—married," he repeated. "I think this is wonderful, Mike; marriage, you know, is a wonderful institution!"

"You should know," I said, "you've been in eight times."

"But you don't have to resign to get married."

"I don't?"

"No—you can go on day shift."

"Fine, boss!" I said. Day shift meant that I would have to have lunch with people instead of dinner, take girls to tennis matches instead of night clubs, and carry contracts around from studio to studio, like an office boy, but it would give me my evenings free.

"No, sir, no more nightwork for you, Mike," the boss said. Then he put on his serious look, lectured me on the sanctity of the home, and said, "This is a fine thing you're doing."

"A far, far better thing than I have ever done before," I said.

"Exactly."

JANICE wouldn't answer the door or the phone, and it was a week before I found her. During lunch hour I was walking down Wilshire to see the girls in their California dresses, and I happened to turn up and walk by Schwab's. I wasn't going to go in, but I saw the old Duesenberg, and changed my mind. I saw the redhead sitting at the counter.

There was an empty stool beside her so I slid onto it. "How would you like to be another Lana Turner?" I said.

She didn't even look.

"I've got it fixed with the boss, baby," I continued, "I don't ever have to take any of our clients out at night."

No answer.

"Never any more."

No answer.

"Never. Ever."

"I don't believe it."

"Honest. I'm on a day shift."

"We'll see," she said.

"You mean it's all right?"

"We'll see."

"How about tonight? Dinner?"

"All right. Are you sure you're not going to have to take Barbara someplace?"

"Positive."

"Well, I guess I need somebody who knows how to start a Duesenberg."

We walked outside and I started the car for her. "Pick you up about seven. Maybe we could get married tonight."

"No."

"Janice, I love you," I said, racing the motor, "and I don't have to work nights any more and I'm crazy about you." Then I did rather an unusual thing for me. I grabbed her and kissed her. The motor was racing and so was I. I won.

"Oh, Mike," she said, "maybe we better get married." I kissed her again, and there was a roar of approval, not from the motor but from an audience of people who had come out of the drugstore to watch us. I stood up, took off my hat, bowed and drove away in triumph.

THAT evening, I was in my apartment packing my clothes to get married. (I still couldn't make up my mind about the tennis racket.) The phone rang. I let it ring for a long time, but then I thought I'd better answer it. It could always be a rich uncle wanting to leave me a lot of money, or a publishing house saying they had decided to publish that novel.

I answered it. It wasn't my uncle. It wasn't the publisher. It was Bailey Jones.

"Look, Mike, I've got a little job for you," he said.

"We said no more nightwork, boss."

"I know, Mike, but do you think I'd ask you to do this if it wasn't important?"

"No."

"Well, we're in a jam, and I know I can always count on you in a jam, can't I?"

"I suppose so."

"All right then. Barbara had a date with Cary Sprague to go to the Lambert newspaper dinner tonight, but she's been stood up. You've got to take her!"

"But I just took her to that dinner last week."

"That was another newspaper syndicate; it was just a rehearsal, this is the big one. You've got to take her, we can't offend the press."

I took a deep breath and thought the situation over. If I ran out on Janice again, I would never help her start the Duesenberg or anything else. And yet, if I told the boss I couldn't go because I was getting married, he'd talk me out of it, or I'd probably get fired. Then, right out of the Sunday section of the paper, an idea came to me.

"Look, boss, I'd love to do it, but I can't—"

"Why not?"

"Well, I'm working on something that's more important for the agency."

"Like what?"

I paused, trying to think of something.

"You don't mean you're getting married?" he said.

"Oh, no, nothing like that. I mean I'm trying to sign up a little girl that every other agency in town wants to handle."

"What's she like?"

"Well, she's—uh—sensational. Plenty of oomph and all that."

"Good teeth?"

"Yeah, all of them."

"Dark hair?"

"Sort of."

"Good!"

"So I won't be able to take Barbara to the dinner, boss, I've got to track this girl down."

"That's great, Mike, bring her over here in an hour!"

"But what about Barbara?"

"She can go with her husband if she has to: get that girl over here. Jerry Kent is in the office and I've just told him I've got a new girl for him to put in his picture."

From Installment XIII of THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS: "Churchill wanted to drive the Japanese out of it [Burma] not so much for the purpose of gaining access to China as to avenge a mortal insult to imperial prestige, and he did not relish the idea that the Americans or, more especially, the Chinese should have any share in the credit for its liberation."

"But don't you want to use the girl you've got, boss?"

"Don't be silly, Mike, I haven't got any girl. I was just stalling. Get that girl over here!"

"But, boss—"

He hung up on me.

For a moment I looked at my diploma on the wall and wished I'd been a Latin teacher like I was going to in the beginning, before I took Latin. And then I made a decision. I threw the tennis racket in the car and continued packing. I was going to get married, even if it meant my job. I could worry about work after the honeymoon. After all, a man who can start a Duesenberg must be in demand someplace.

I drove to Santa Monica and picked up Janice. She looked lovely in her wedding gown—blue jeans and a red shirt. Something old and something blue, she explained.

"Do you think we'll really get married?" she grinned.

"What could stop us?" I said bravely.

"I thought maybe you might have to take Barbara to the flea circus."

"Darling, we're going to be married if I have to lose my job," I said, thinking it was going to work out just like that.

My plan was to drop by the office and tell the boss that the girl I was trying to get for him had gone to Fresno to see her mother and I was going to drive up there, nab her and bring her back.

I parked in front of the Bailey Jones offices in Beverly Hills and said to Janice, "I've got to tell my boss something. I'll be right out."

"Is this the hallowed hall?"

"This is it."

"Mind if I take a look?"

"You want to see the insides?"

"It was in a magazine last month. Very modern. I'd like to take a look."

"All right," I said, "come on." We went inside. I left Janice looking at the *décor* of the outer room and opened the door into the boss's office.

"Where is our new star?" Bailey Jones said immediately. I saw Jerry Kent, the producer, sitting on the couch.

"Hi, Mike," Jerry said. He was a fat man with a cigar, and a Hungarian accent he picked up on a trip to Pasadena.

"Hi, Jerry. Boss, there's something I got to tell you about this girl. She's from Fresno," I began.

"I want somebody who is different," Jerry said, making motions with his hands that meant she had to be different.

"Mike says she's sensational," the boss added, "and Mike can pick them!" He was sort of mentally rubbing his hands.

"She's got to be different," Jerry continued. He was one of the more articulate of his profession.

"Where is she?" Bailey went on.

"I'm trying to tell you, boss, a funny thing happened—"

At that moment I heard Janice's voice from the outer office. "Is this a Picasso, Mike?" she asked.

THE door was open so I just turned around. "Excuse me, boss. Janice, honey, I'll be right out," I said and started to close the door.

"Wait!" said Jerry. "Wait!" He was looking under my arm at Janice. He was short. "That's her!" he shouted. "Different!"

"Different!" shouted Bailey Jones who knows a lead when he hears one. "Completely different!"

"You better tell somebody this painting is upside down," Janice said.

"The voice!" Jerry went on. "Different!"

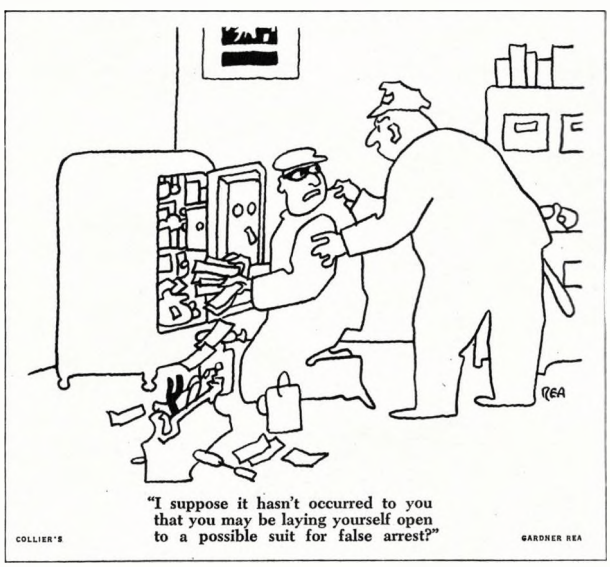
"Very different!" added the boss.

"Different," I said, thinking it was time I agreed.

"Different!" repeated Bailey Jones. He always had to have the last different.

Well, I didn't go to Fresno to find my mythical girl, because they signed Janice to a contract, and now she is a star. They say she'll be a bigger star than Barbara Brighton, maybe another Lana Turner. This afternoon the boss called me and asked me to take Janice to a very important party tonight. He says I'm the only one of his employees he can trust with as beautiful a girl as my wife.

THE END



"I suppose it hasn't occurred to you that you may be laying yourself open to a possible suit for false arrest?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

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A LADY FOR BALLAROL

Continued from page 21

I drank the pisco right down. I looked around. Delbert and Delevan Hale were yelling at each other like always, and Press Farmer was trying to get out from between the twins before he went deaf. I waved, then I said to the bartender, "Two more piscos."

What with piscos, and then more piscos we stayed in the Parker Hotel bar a long time. Then Sime took out a big watch, looked at it, then shook his head and showed it to the bartender.

"What's it say?" he asked.

The bartender said, "Ten minutes after five, Mr. Canought."

"Oh, hell," Sime said. "I got to go to the boat."

The bartender rubbed the bar. "What boat, Mr. Canought? Boat's gone long time ago."

"You figure on taking the boat, Sime?" I asked. "You just came back from New Orleans. You going again?"

Sime scowled at me. "No. I ain't taking the boat." He finished another pisco, then banged the glass down. "She's coming on it. I got to meet the boat." He took my arm. "We gotta meet the boat, Rack."

WE WENT out, and I mounted the mare. Sime looked up the street, and one of the Canought darkies drove the carriage up. Sime got in and he told the coachman to get out. I rode alongside.

"Who's she?" I asked him.

"I tol' you," Sime said. "How many times I gotta tell you, Rack? She's comin' on the boat." He touched the back of the horse with the whip. "Seems as how you're showin' too much interest in this lady, Rack."

Sime and I were good friends. He lived a little way upriver from Ballarol and we had grown up together. We had a lot of arguments. Two years before we couldn't agree over a hound-dog. I still have the mark on my leg where Sime put the bullet. It never hurt much, and we had always been friendly. A gentleman has to show spirit. I liked Sime fine but I wouldn't take anything off him.

"Sime," I said, "I won't take anything off you." Then I remembered Pappy and what I'd come to Natchez for. I stopped the mare and Sime stopped the carriage.

"I ain't going to meet Dolly by myself," Sime blurted.

"All right," I said. "But you dull your tongue, Sime."

Natchez-Under-the-Hill was a place to see and smell. You could see anything down there, and you could smell the garbage and the mud flat that spread from the foot of the cliff to the river. There wasn't a boat in sight when we got to the Landing. There was a red-haired girl sitting on a round-top trunk, and she stood up when Sime got out of the carriage. She didn't say anything, and Sime just looked at her for a minute. Then he looked at me.

I reckon I was staring real hard. She was a little girl, but she was good-sized in the right places. Her eyes were green, with little speckles of brown in them. She kept looking at Sime.

"Miss Remson," Sime said at last, "Dolly, this is Rackham Ballarol."

"I am waiting for the next boat," she said to him. "I am not waiting for you any longer."

"I was kept, Dolly," Sime said, and his voice was weak.

I cleared my throat. "Ma'am," I said, "you can't wait all night. Not here in Natchez-Under-the-Hill."

"Mind your own business," Dolly said, still looking at Sime. And Sime turned to me. There was a high flush on his face, and it wasn't all due to the piscos. Sime was working himself up.

"I don't reckon we need you, Rack," he said.

I bowed to Dolly, and I said, "Ma'am, I bid you good day."

"Don't you dare leave me alone with this man!" Dolly cried. Sime moved toward me.

"You going to make trouble, Rack?" he said.

"She says, Sime." I told him carefully, "that she don't want to be alone with you. I reckon she knows what she wants." I looked at Dolly Remson's red hair, and her green eyes with the flecks of brown in them. I figured if anybody made trouble it would be Dolly Remson. And I didn't figure it was any of my trouble. I stepped toward the mare, and Sime gave me a push. My feet sort of twisted and I fell down. I was up in a hurry.

I poked Sime, and he lit on one elbow and the seat of his breeches. He got up.

"Here's the hatchet, Ed. Would you split me some kindling, please?"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

He bowed to Dolly Remson. She stared at both of us in turn, her eyes big as plums.

"My apologies, ma'am," Sime said, and he bowed with a jerk. "You will please excuse us," Sime said. "We will be crossing over into Louisiana."

"One of us," I said, "will be back soon."

"No!" Dolly said. "No! Please—"

"We got to," Sime grunted. "Dueling ain't legal in Mississippi any more." He walked toward the carriage. "Don't you fret, I'll be back."

"Ha-ha!" I laughed. Then she looked straight at me and I stopped laughing. Sime got in the carriage and I mounted the mare. I swung my hat off, and Dolly's lip trembled. I had to spur the mare to catch Sime. He was going up the hill fast.

I followed Sime into the bar at the Parker Hotel.

"This," I told myself, "will be a scandal like nobody ever had before." I began to pride myself in it. I had never fought any man over any woman before. I wasn't sure I was fighting Sime over Dolly Remson, but I began to hope so. I drank two piscos while Delevan Hale argued with Delbert Hale over choice of weapons and distance. Everybody knew it would be pistols, and everybody knew it would be twenty paces. But the twins were cold as river ice in February and very polite to each other. Delevan came to stand beside me, and Delbert went to have a pisco with Sime.

"Gentlemen," Press Farmer said, "who is the injured party?" Press was a lawyer and a man for wasting time.

"I am!" Both Sime and I said it at once, and there wasn't another sound in the room except the clink of a pisco bottle against a glass.

"What was the injury?" Press asked. "Do you agree on that?"

Sime clamped his mouth shut, and I didn't say anything. I began to think hard, but I couldn't remember who was injured, except Dolly Remson. And the longer she sat down in Natchez-Under-the-Hill on her round-top trunk, the more injured she would be. Whichever one of us went back down the hill—I shuddered.

"Pistols," Press Farmer said at last, "at twenty paces? Is that agreeable?"

Delevan and Delbert looked at each other, then both said, "Yes, sir." Sime and I didn't say anything, even on the way across the river into Louisiana.

THERE were oaks shading the dueling ground and you could see the river. I scraped my feet over the grass. The ground was dry and the grass thick. I waited, while Doc Price held onto his little black bag, standing a little apart from the seconds and the witnesses. He kept watching me, until I swore under my breath and looked away across the Mississippi toward Natchez. So far as I knew Dolly Remson was still sitting on her round-top trunk.

Delevan came up to me. "This is very irregular," he said. "But Mr. Canought would like to speak to you, Mr. Ballarol."

"Damn it, Del," I said, "don't call me mister. It sounds like you're talking about a corpse. What's he want?"

Sime stood a ways off, and he looked over at me. Delevan didn't say anything more, so I scowled at Sime and took a few steps in his direction. He met me.

"You want to apologize, Sime?" I asked him.

He showed his teeth at me, then he said, "I trust you are an honorable man."

"What's that got to do with it?" I asked.

"If I fall," Sime said, "there is the lady."

"What's that got to do with me?" I demanded.

"As if you didn't know, Rackham Ballarol!" Simon sneered.

"As if I gave a damn, Simon Canought!" I sneered back. "Let's get on with this."

We both bowed, and I chose a pistol from the rosewood case. It was a long-barreled gun and it had a nice balance and a light trigger pull from a hair trigger you could set. I watched Sime take the other pistol.

"Take your places, gentlemen." And I walked over and backed into Sime. "Ten paces, gentlemen. The word will be fire, one, two, three. No firing after the count."

I held the pistol high. I didn't think of anything as I walked. Then I stopped and turned around just as Sime did. I let the pistol down, aiming at Sime. There was plenty of daylight left, but I couldn't see him too well. I heard the word and I pulled the trigger. I saw a puff of smoke from Sime's pistol. I waited a minute, then I shook myself real easy. Sime was down.

I walked over and looked at him. There was only a little blood on his shirt.

"Rackham Ballarol," Sime said, "you have done for me."

"I ain't!" I cried, and Doc Price came up and knelt on the grass, laying his little bag open. "Doc," I said, "he ain't hit bad!"

Sime batted his eyes, then he clawed at his shoulder. "You have done for me—" He didn't say any more, and Doc Price said, "I fear unconsciousness has set in."

I dropped the pistol, and Delevan picked it up and put it in the case. He clapped me on the back. I scowled at him and walked toward the riverbank where our boat was. I got in and sat down on a thwart. I could see Doc Price working away at Sime on the ground.

SHE wasn't at the landing when I went back. And when I found she had got a carter and had gone up the hill, I rode up the hill myself. I was trying to think of a middle-sized widow for Pappy, but I couldn't keep my mind on it. I went back to the Parker Hotel bar, and as soon as I got inside there was a great holler and I was thumped and drunk to. Sime had been taken home in his carriage and he was perky enough to sit up and grin at the loafers under the portico of the Agricultural Bank as he rode by. Sime lived alone, his house like a man's should be—filled with dogs, tack for his horses and liquor handy to a man's hand. And Ballarol was like that, but now Pappy wanted a lady on the place to regulate it into fussyness. I wasn't in any hurry to think about a middle-sized widow.

After a while the desk clerk came in and put a note in my hand. He told me I better read it because it was from a lady.

She was upstairs, in the ladies' parlor, and even filled as I was with pisco pride, I was a long time on the stairs. But she wasn't mad like she'd been at the landing. She sat on the sofa, and she wore a different dress. There was a lot of it spread over the horsehair sofa, but there wasn't much spread over her at the top. All I could do was bow.

"You murderer," she said, and her lips began to quiver and her bosom heaved.

"Sime ain't hurt much," I said. "Do you want me to take you out to the Canought plantation?" I thought it was a handsome offer in a lot of ways; I didn't

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my present of a watch to carry every minute
of your journey—and make you think of me
until that hour when you come back to me.
And all I ask through every moment
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For the gifts you'll give with pride—let your jeweler be your guide

The WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

know how Sime would feel about me showing up with her while his shoulder was still hot from my bullet. And looking at her in that dress, I decided I didn't want Sime to have another look at her at all.

All of a sudden she began to cry. "I'm going back to New Orleans! I don't want to marry anybody, least of all Simon Canought. I want to go home!"

"Ma'am," I said, "you mean you were going to marry him?"

Dolly Remson began to tear her handkerchief up, while she nodded, making the tears run all directions on her cheeks.

"Why Sime?" I said. "He ain't any more a marrying man than I am."

Dolly put her handkerchief up to her eyes, but I could see her looking at me through a hole she had torn in it. "Men change," she whispered. "I thought Sime—I reckon I wouldn't have promised—" She stopped and looked at the toe of her shoe that peeped out from beneath her spread skirt. "I just had to marry somebody," she whispered.

All of a sudden I coughed, and Dolly stared at me.

"I haven't any family," she said. "I've been tending children of sort of kinfolk. I'm a poor relation," she went on bravely, but spots of red came to her cheeks. "And Sime—" The color spread on her face, but she went on. "I reckon I set my cap for him, when he came to visit last month. I reckon I did just that, Mr. Ballarol. And then I was sorry." She looked past me, then added, "I reckon Sime was sorry too."

"Sime's a fool," I said. Then I swallowed hard and added, "But if you want him, ma'am, I reckon you'll have him. I'll have a talk with Sime—"

"You won't!" Dolly Remson cried. She looked down at her hands. "I can get a man without you to mix in. You, and your pistols!"

"I reckon, then," I said, "I won't mix in any more, ma'am."

"All right," Dolly said, still looking at her hands.

"I'll be going, ma'am," I said.

"Well," Dolly said, "why don't you go? Don't just stand there. You look like a man who knows his own mind."

I sat down. "I reckon I ain't so sure," I muttered, and my mind filled up with confusion and anger at myself.

"I'll go back to New Orleans," Dolly said. "I'll go back and raise those—" she bit the words off.

"You don't have to do that," I said with a rush. "You would like Ballarol! You would like Pappy!" I licked my lips. Then I closed my eyes, still seeing her as she looked—trim, and red-haired and with her tiny shoe peeking out from beneath her skirt. "Mammy," I said it to myself, then I groaned out loud.

"Are you in pain, Mr. Ballarol?" Dolly said stiffly.

"I reckon I am, Miss Remson," I said. "I ain't been a marrying man, so Pappy—" I put my head down and let out a long and hollow moan. "I just can't do it!"

I heard her skirts rustle, but I didn't look up. When at last I did, she was gone. I went back downstairs. I didn't go into the bar again. I got my mare and hit the Trace fast.

THE Canought house was all lighted up, and I found Sime propped up in bed. He had a bottle of whisky handy, and he was holding a pistol between his knees and running oiled patches through the barrel with one hand. His right arm was in a sling. Two big hound-dogs lay on the bed. They both sat up and barked at me when I came in the bedroom. The sperm oil on the pistol patches smelled stronger than the hound-dogs.

I sniffed. "I reckon it's plain, Sime," I said carefully, "why a lady wouldn't feel at home here."

"You're damn' tidy all of a sudden, Rack," Sime said. He sighted through the pistol barrel, then he poured a drink of whisky for himself. He eyed me over the glass. "If you're talkin' about Dolly Remson"—he drank the whisky, then finished—"I reckon a man can change his mind."

I nodded. "I reckon he can. But a lady gets first chance at it, Sime." I watched him, and I watched the pistol, and I watched both the hound-dogs. It would be like Sime, having his pistol empty, to sick dogs on me. "She's got to turn you down, Sime. And I reckon I got to see her do it."

"Now, Rack," Sime said, "you know she won't do that! You ain't givin' me any chance at all." Then he began to wheedle me. "You're my best friend, Rack, and nobody ought to come between us. A woman changes a man something awful. He won't have any more say than—" He stopped. "Well," Sime ended, "he won't have any say at all."

"You ain't got any say now, Sime," I said. "It's hers." I headed for the door. "I'll be back, Sime."

PAPPY was sleeping on his back, with his knees up and a steady flutter to his lips. I looked at him in the candlelight, then I grabbed one knee and shook him. He grumbled a minute in his sleep, and then he sat up with a roar.

"I did what you asked, Pappy," I said. "The lady is in Natchez."

"Huh?" Pappy said. "Blast you, Rack—" He sat up, grabbing the covers about his neck. "You ain't found one, Rack?"

But I nodded. "I have, Pappy. Like you said."

"But that was yesterday," Pappy groaned.

"She's got to turn you down, Pappy," I said. "It has to be her choice." . . .

When I got back to the Parker Hotel in Natchez, it was six o'clock in the morning. The night clerk blinked when I asked to see Miss Remson.

"You can send a boy up with me," I said, "but I'm going up and knock on her door."

"Mr. Ballarol," the clerk began, but I didn't wait. I went up the stairs three steps at a time. I knocked on her door.

"Who is it?" I heard her say. "What do you want?"

I waited while I thought how to answer. I couldn't think so I kept rapping. She came to the door and I heard the bolt slip back. She opened it a crack and peeked out. She hadn't made a light, but I could see her in the light from the window.

"Who is it?" she asked.

"Rackham Ballarol," I replied. She gave a little shriek and slammed the door. I didn't hear the bolt slip. "Miss Remson," I said, "Dolly, you got to come with me. We're going down-river."

"You go away!" Dolly said, and I rattled the door. "No!" she squealed. "Go away!"

I didn't answer; I just stood there at the door trying to think what to do next. After a minute Dolly asked, "Have you gone away?" She said it nervously, and the door opened again slowly.

"You better get dressed," I said. "I'll wait right here until you do."

Dolly glared at me and slammed the door. But I could hear her moving around.

When she came out she walked past me without saying a word. But I saw her look at me from the corner of one eye. We went downstairs and outside. I handed her into a carriage I had hired. I got in, and then I looked at her. She had on a cloak, but under the cloak she wore the same dress I'd seen her in the evening before in the ladies' parlor.

"That ain't fair," I said. "Sime—"

"Where are you taking me?" Dolly said. I gave the horse a lick with the whip and we started south.

"We're going to see Simon Canought," I told her. She stood up, and I grabbed her. "What are you trying to do?" I asked.

"Jump out!" she yelled, and she tried. She kept kicking and squealing as I drove with one hand.

After that she didn't say any more, until I wheeled the carriage into the Canought drive. She sat over in the corner, and when I stopped the carriage in front of the piazza, she said, "I won't see Simon Canought!"

I got out, and when I reached for her she gave me such a sweet smile that I hesitated. Then she grabbed for the reins and the whip and I had to jump clear over the wheel for the mare's head. She raised the whip, and I just looked at her. Then she threw the whip on the ground and climbed down herself.

Sime was having breakfast, and he stood up when we came in. Dolly refused to look at him. She sniffed and went to stand at a window. The cloak slipped down on her shoulders and she let it stay there. It was hard to look from her to Sime, but I did it.

"Sime," I said, "you have something to say to the lady."

"Rack," Sime began, and I jabbed my finger at him.

"It's the lady you're to talk to, Sime!"

"Miss Remson," Sime began, "Dolly—" His voice was hoarse and Dolly half turned from the window. I saw Sime swallow hard. Then he blinked his eyes a couple of times. "Miss Remson," he went on earnestly, "will you honor me with your hand in marriage?"

Dolly turned clear around, and my heart began to pound up in my throat. She looked at Sime, and her lips began to quiver. She was as pretty as a chestnut filly in the sun. She was trim as a bird dog. I couldn't look at her any more. I looked at Sime, and his eyes began to light up as they took that dress in. He walked toward her, and she stood there as if she was waiting for him.

"Dolly," Sime said, "I don't know what got into me—"

"I know what got into you, Sime!" I yelled. "A bullet got into you. But you're carryin' this too far!

"You keep out of this!" Sime said. "You brought her here, and now you can leave a man alone with his intended wife."

"No," Dolly said suddenly. "I'm not anybody's intended wife."

I let go a big breath. "You're telling him no?" I asked.

Dolly looked at me, and I saw the brown flecks in her green eyes again. "Even you should be able to understand that!" she snapped.

"Simon Canought," I said, "good morning to you!" And I bowed and hustled Dolly out into the hallway. Sime yelled after us, but I handed her into the carriage and whipped up the horse.

"If you are so frightened of me," Dolly said, "it will be a comfort to know I will not refuse the next man who asks me. And even if you make him ask me at pistol point."

I grinned at her. The sun was bright on her hair, and she had her feet flat on the floor boards, her tiny shoes showing below her skirt. She was such a little girl to be so saucy.

"I went to Natchez to get a wife for Pappy," I told her. "To get a lady for Ballarol. Now I reckon I'll go back there for a parson, if you've made your mind up."

WE GOT to Ballarol in the heat of the afternoon, and I knew Pappy would be sound asleep on the bullhide. I let the parson sit in the carriage, and I lifted Dolly down and led her toward the six darkies who were sleeping in a row beside Pappy, ready to take hold of the bullhide and tug him into the shade.

"Pappy!" I called, and Pappy's eyes opened and his mouth went shut. He blinked. Then he saw Dolly Remson.

"Rack!" he said, and his voice was hoarse and low. "Rack, not her!"

"Her, Pappy," I said. "A lady for Ballarol."

He sat up, and a shaft of sunlight hit him in the eye.

"Move me!" he yelled, and the six darkies took hold of the bull's tail on the hide and moved him. He fixed his eyes on Dolly, then he groaned and looked at me.

"She ain't middle-sized, Rack," he said. "And if she's a widow—"

"She ain't, Pappy," I said. "She ain't even a wife yet. Pappy, a man can change his mind, can't he?"

"Not me, Rack!" Pappy hollered. "I'm too old to change my mind!"

"But I ain't too old to change mine," and I looked at Dolly Remson. She stepped back a little ways, but not quite out of my reach. "I let you have your say once," I told her. "Now I'll let you have it again. You want to be married here by the bullhide, or you want to be married in the house?"

"I don't care," Dolly said, "so long as it's you. And I reckon it is you, this time."

Pappy gave a deep sigh, then he lay back on the bullhide.

"I reckon it was all the time," I said, and Dolly smiled as if it was a secret.

THE END

COLLIER'S "I'll just have whatever you're having, if it's steak" SIDNEY HOFF

THE HALF-NAKED TRUTH

Continued from page 22

"Go down and tell Dr. Green that the diagnosis is hypoglycemia," Dan Coffee told the Hindu resident. "He'll know what to do."

"Have not previously witnessed case of diabetes in reverse," Dr. Mookerji remarked. "What is prognosis, Doctor Sahib?"

"We'll have to find out if it's chronic hyperinsulinism or just an overdose," Dr. Coffee said. "I've got to go out to lunch pretty soon, but keep in touch with Dr. Green. When the patient wakes up, we'll see about a glucose tolerance test."

"Will establish liaison with ward F instantly," said the Hindu. "Am wishing you most tremendous appetite, Doctor Sahib."

DAN COFFEE'S appetite did not require the un-Vedantic blessings of his Hindu resident, for if there was anything the pathologist found as exciting as the discovery of a new strain of bacteria, it was a new or rare gastronomic experience. And the surest way of luring Dr. Coffee away from his laboratory at midday, as Max Ritter had learned, was to suggest lunch at Raoul's, a tiny restaurant one flight up, on the wrong side of the tracks in industrial Northbank.

Dr. Coffee arrived at Raoul's promptly at noon, for he knew that on the second Friday of the month the place would be crowded, chiefly with cooks from the near-by food canneries come to eat Raoul's bouillabaisse. As Raoul would rather be found dead than serve a bouillabaisse made with fresh-water fish, the celebrated Marseille specialty graced his menu only on alternate Fridays, when his biweekly shipment of conger eels, sea robins, lobsters, flounders, sea bream, and salt-water mussels arrived by air express from the Atlantic seaboard.

As he climbed the narrow staircase, Dan Coffee sniffed the pleasant aroma of onions and tomatoes and saffron simmering in good olive oil, with overtones of deep-sea fragrance, a grace note of garlic and contrapuntal accents of bay leaves.

When the tall, rangy silhouette of Dr. Coffee emerged from the stairway, Max Ritter was already seated. The detective was dejectedly making patterns with his fork on the wine-stained checkered tablecloth.

"Hi, Doc," Ritter said gloomily. "I ordered some of that boo—some of that fish stew, before it's all gone. Okay?"

"Perfect, Max." Dr. Coffee tucked his napkin into his collar, for eating bouillabaisse at Raoul's was a serious affair, with no holds barred and ground rules undictated by Emily Post.

"I think maybe I got you here under false pretenses, Doc," Ritter said.

"Nonsense, Max. There's bouillabaisse."

"I mean about that Nancy Wynn dame. I thought we had something hot there, but now I dunno. Anyhow, here's the score. Yesterday a private dick who thinks he's tough because he's got red hair and comes from New York brings me a picture of a good-looking tomato he says is on the lam from her lawful-wedded husband. This dick's name is Pete Lovering, and he says Nancy is in Northbank and will I help dig her up because the husband says come home, all is forgiven. So what happens? So we find Nancy in bed at your hospital, but we can't find the private dick."

A cloud of fragrant steam arose from the center of the table as Dan Coffee lifted the lid of an earthenware casserole which had just been put down. He ladled some of the golden liquid into his soup plate. "He'll probably turn up," Dr. Coffee said. "I saw the story in the early editions of the afternoon papers, with a pretty good description of Nancy."

"But why does this dick take a powder on me?" Ritter asked. "I had him tailed when he left the squad room yesterday, because he wouldn't give me an address. It took him just half an hour to shake the tail. Brody followed him to the Union Station and waited for twenty minutes outside the men's room. Brody is very considerate for a cop. When he finally went inside to look, Lovering was gone—down the drain, Brody figured—until he noticed there was another exit through the janitor's room. We haven't seen him since."

COLLIER'S "Who's the boss—you or me?" WILLIAM STEIG

"Are you putting a watch on Nancy?" Dr. Coffee asked.

"What for?" Ritter was attacking a lobster claw. "Far as I know, she hasn't done anything I can hold her for. The way I see it, Nancy just likes it with the guy she ran away with and doesn't want to go home. This strip tease last night was probably just an act to get away from Lovering. Or was it, Doc?"

"It was no act," said Dr. Coffee. "It was hypoglycemia. Insulin shock."

THE detective whistled. "Sounds bad," he said.

"They act like drunks," Dr. Coffee said. "Irrational actions, incoherent speech, temporary blackout, delirium and coma. She probably doesn't even remember running around like a fan dancer without fans."

"Let's forget about her," Ritter said. "Far as I'm concerned, the case is closed. The hell with Lovering."

Dr. Coffee sopped up the last of the saffron-tinted sauce with a piece of French bread. He drained his wine glass and unfastened his napkin. Suddenly he had a recurrence of the same queer uneasiness he had felt when he first saw the tense, fear-haunted face of the unconscious Nancy Wynn. He stared at the worried frown on the detective's forehead.

"Max, you're a liar," he said. "This case has got under your skin. You can't drop it yet, and you know it. Let's have some coffee, and then we'll both go back to the lab."

"I guess you're right, Doc," Ritter admitted.

The centrifuge was whirring as Dr. Coffee and the detective entered the laboratory.

"Well, Dr. Mookerji, how's the patient in ward F?" Dan Coffee asked above the drone of the machine.

The Hindu touched a switch and the spinning coronet of test tubes purred slowly to a stop. "Can report glucose test now quite superfluous," he replied. "Lady patient has departed from this abode of pain."

Dr. Coffee's hand, which was reaching for his white coat, dropped to his side. "Dead?" he asked.

"Quite contrariwise, Doctor Sahib," the Hindu replied. "Copious administrations of dextrose and other carbohydrates by Dr. Green caused speedy recovery. Whereupon lady departed from hospital for home and cozy fireside."

"Hey, wait a minute, swami." Max Ritter grimaced as if he had bitten into something very sour. "You mean Nancy Wynn went home under her own power?"

"Partially," said the Hindu. "Lady's power was partially derived from own quite handsome legs, and partially from strong arm of loving husband."

"Husband?" echoed Ritter.

"You should have had her transferred to a private room with a guard on the door," Dr. Coffee suggested.

"It's no crime in this state for a dame to go home with her own husband—if it was her husband. Did you see them go, swami?"

"Was involuntary witness to entire scene of domestic bliss and happy reunion," Dr. Mookerji said. "When informed by Dr. Green that lady patient was in wakeful condition, had repaired instantly to ward F. Lady was quite jolly and talkative regarding terpsichorean subjects. Upon learning of Bengali origin of self, lady expressed great curiosity concerning nautch dancers and other Hindu rigadoons and hornpipes. Was volunteering simple demonstration of bayadere temple dance when loving husband burst upon scene."

"What did he look like, swami?" Max Ritter asked.

"Greatly regret cannot describe countenance or other anatomical features," the Hindu replied. "As result of modest Bengali upbringing, am moved to blushing confusion by public osculation and similar Occidental phenomena of extravagant affection. Therefore averted eyes during mutual kissings and intertwining of arms."

"Don't tell me that Nancy went home in that pearl necklace and Cellophane slip she arrived in," Max Ritter said.

"Thoughtful husband provided bundle of female clothings and lady patient garbed self in same prior to happy exit."

Dr. Coffee picked up the phone and spoke briefly to the hospital office. "The cashier says the bill was paid by a man named George Taylor," he reported, a moment later.

"I'd better talk to the cashier," Ritter said, "and some of the people in Ward F. Maybe they'll remember what this so-called husband looked like. Come along, swami?"

WHEN Dr. Mookerji and the detective left the laboratory, Dan Coffee returned to his Q fever puzzle which he had put aside that morning. He was just settling down to his microscope when he was interrupted by another visitor—a very handsome young man, dressed like a fashion ad. He said in a resonant baritone:

"My name is George Taylor. I'm looking for my wife. I saw in the paper that a woman believed to be Nancy Wynn was in this hospital. Nancy Wynn was my wife's maiden name. When I inquired for her, they said I should see either Dr. Mookerji or Dr. Coffee in this laboratory. Can you help me?"

Dr. Coffee frowned. This young man did not answer Max Ritter's description of the redheaded detective. Perhaps he was the third angle of the triangle, the man Nancy had run away with. In that case, who was the husband who had come for Nancy earlier in the day—who had also given the name of George Taylor? Was one of these men the legal husband, summoned from New York by the private detective? Dr. Coffee's lower jaw protruded as he said, "I'm afraid Nancy Wynn went home with her husband about an hour ago."

"But I'm Nancy's husband. I'm George Taylor." The young man shook his head in bewilderment.

"The man who took Nancy Wynn home said he was George Taylor, too," Dr. Coffee said. "When did you last see Nancy Wynn, Mr.—Taylor?"

"Last night." The young man made a fluttery gesture with his right hand. "I was called to Chicago on urgent business, and I took the midnight plane. I flew back late this morning. My wife wasn't home, and I couldn't imagine—"

"Where do you live, Mr. Taylor?"

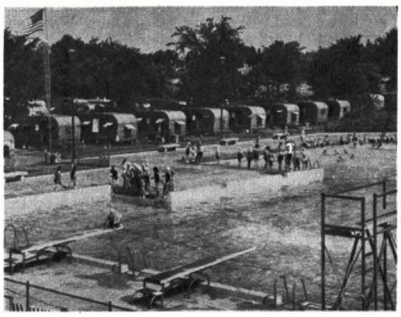
"Corner of Taft and Wilson. Naturally, I was frantic when I didn't find Nancy at home. Then I saw the newspapers—"

"Dr. Mookerji will be back shortly," Dan Coffee said. "He may be able to help you identify the man who took Nancy home."

"I don't need his help." The young man stiffened. "I know the rat. I'll handle him myself. May I use your phone?"

"The public telephones are downstairs in the lobby," Dr. Coffee began. But the young man was already dialing.

"Send a taxi to Pasteur Hospital," he



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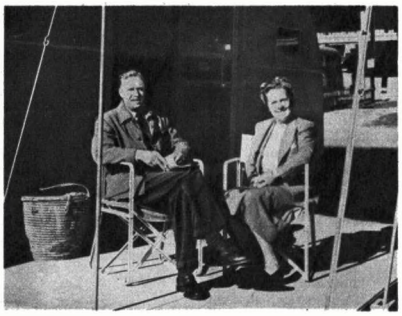

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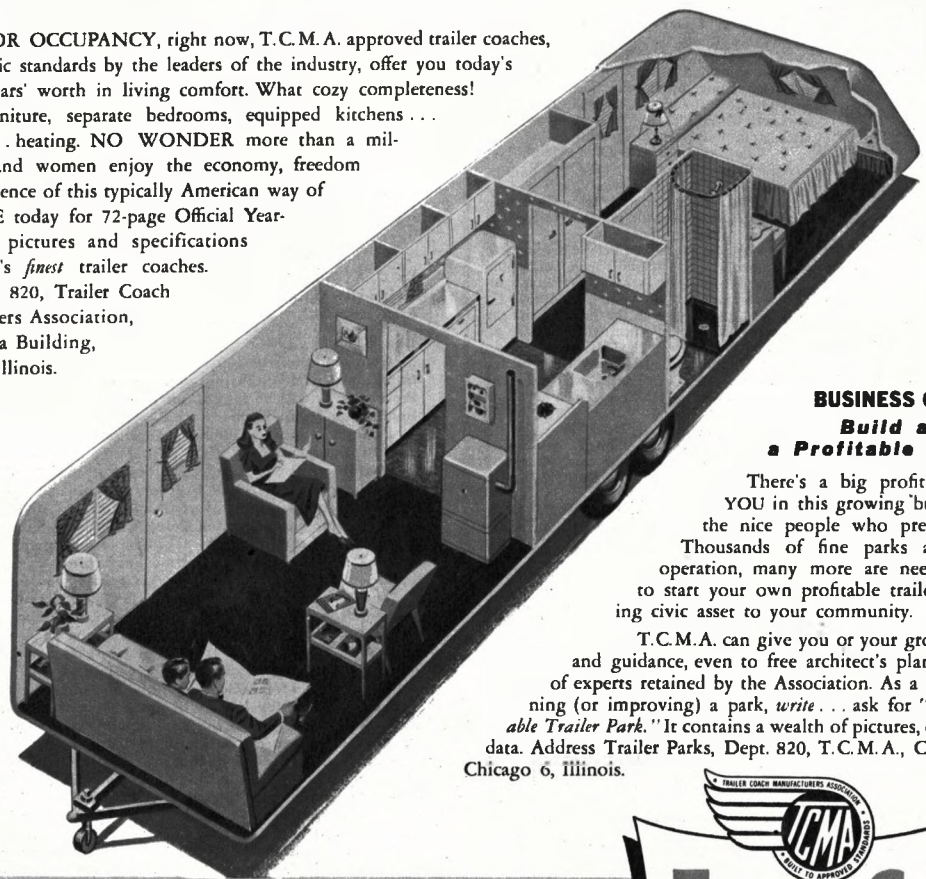

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said. "Taylor. I'll be waiting at the main entrance."

"You'll want to report this matter to the police," Dr. Coffee said. "Lieutenant Ritter will be here any minute."

"I don't need the police. This is a personal matter." The young man paused at the door. "And I'll handle it personally." The door closed after him.

Dr. Coffee immediately called the office of the hospital. "Is Dr. Mookerji there? Then flash his number on the call board. He's to come to the lab at once —with Lieutenant Ritter."

The instrument had scarcely dropped into its cradle when the bell rang. "Laboratory," said Dr. Coffee—and felt his scalp tingle. The receiver vibrated with a shrill, feminine voice, strident with terror.

"Dr. Mookerji? Oh, help me, Doctor," cried the panic-stricken voice.

"Dr. Mookerji just stepped out. This is Dr. Coffee."

"Oh, help me, Doctor! This is—Nancy Wynn." The voice quavered with despair. "He's trying to kill me. I've been shot. Oh!" The voice died in a whimper.

"Hello," said Dr. Coffee. "Hello." But the wire was dead.

Automatically he lighted a cigarette. Then he sprang up and stalked to the window. A taxi was drawing up in front of the main entrance to the hospital. The dapper George Taylor walked down the steps and got in. The taxi drove off. Dan Coffee noted the license number. Then he looked at his watch. It was exactly three o'clock.

The telephone rang again.

"Laboratory," said Dr. Coffee. "No, Lieutenant Ritter isn't here, but I can— Hold on. Here he comes now."

Max Ritter circled Dr. Mookerji's right end to take the phone. He grunted a few times and hung up.

"The boys grabbed Peter Lovering five minutes ago," he said. "He was going into the Whippet Arms Apartments with a suitcase full of woman's clothes. I'd left word I was at the hospital, so the boys are bringing him over. They're on their way now."

"If those clothes were for Nancy Wynn," Dr. Coffee said, "we'll be going right back to Whippet Arms. Nancy's been shot."

"Are you kidding, Doc?"

"Nancy just telephoned. She asked for Dr. Mookerji. She said somebody was trying to kill her. Said she'd been shot. She sounded bad."

"Let's meet the boys out front," Ritter said. "I want the swami to come along to identify Lovering. I think he's the guy who walked Nancy out of here a while ago."

"I forgot to tell you," said Dr. Coffee, "that a rather stunning young man just left here after claiming *he* was Nancy's husband. He said his name was George Taylor and he lives at Taft and Wilson. Here's the number of his taxi."

"Some gals have more husbands," Ritter said.

WHEN the police car drove up to the hospital entrance, Dr. Mookerji pointed to Peter Lovering, seated between two detectives, and exclaimed, "Gentleman with crimson hairs is indeed beloved husband of lady in ward F."

"Husband for today, maybe," Ritter said. "Climb out, boys. Doc Coffee and I are going to ride with the tough guy. You take my car and go to Taft and Wilson to pick up a good-looking young gent who may or may not admit he's George Taylor. What address on Taft Avenue did you get these female duds, Lovering?"

"None of your damned business," Lovering growled.

"There's a park on one side of Taft Avenue at Wilson," Ritter said. "And there's a church on one of the other corners. So you won't have any trouble finding Taylor. When you get him, bring him to the Whippet Arms." As Ritter stepped into the car, his hands explored Lovering's armpits. "Where's your gun, Lovering?"

"I don't carry a gun," Lovering said.

"You had one yesterday," Ritter said. "Whippet Arms, Jim. And fast."

"What's the idea of the Whippet Arms, Ritter?" Lovering demanded.

"You got Nancy Wynn hiding there," Ritter said.

"So what? So I found her and the case is closed. Lay off, will you, Ritter?"

"We want to talk to Nancy," Ritter said. "We heard she got hurt. We want to ask a few questions."

"She's not hurt, and I'll answer your questions. Damn it, Ritter, keep out of this. I'm taking the girl back to New York on the five-o'clock plane. It's a chance of salvaging two lives, so will you lay off, Ritter, and give the girl a break?"

"Tell me more," said Ritter. "Forget the red light, Jim. We're in a hurry."

The police car leaped ahead, siren moaning, to squirm through the traffic-

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Dear Sir:

Congratulations! You have not only built a better mousetrap than your neighbor but you have proved conclusively that the next war will be fought not with rocket planes, supersonic bombers and guided missiles but with atomic mice.

I do not presume to stick my nose into your experiments, sir, but it so happens that for the past several months I have been bombarding bits of cheese with slow neutrons. I did this out of sheer boredom rather than with any scientific purpose in mind. However, since reading of your injections of U-235 into mice, my neutronic cheese, which should still be in the icebox if my wife hasn't been nibbling, takes on cataclysmic importance. Indeed, it would not surprise me one whit if your fissionable mouse and my impregnated cracker spread would bring Stalin around to our way of thinking. How's about meeting me in Alamogordo, New Mexico, next Thursday for "Operation Cheddar"? I will be carrying an innocent-looking cheese-on-rye and a jar of mustard marked "Top Secret" in case I'm shadowed by enemy agents. You bring along a couple of your atomic mice wrapped in lead foil, a Geiger counter and some sliced ham. The procedure is obvious: We will place a bit of cheese far out in the desert at the site of the first atomic experiment. You will then release a mouse within sniffing distance. If I am any judge of atomic energy, Mickey's first nibble will be his last. The chain reaction should rattle windows as far away as Houston and make the Bikini blast sound like a busted piece of bubble gum.

If our experiment is one half as successful as it appears on paper, it will be no trick at all for a group of specially trained commandos to infiltrate into Russia and stuff bits of my hopped-up cheese into hundreds of strategic chinks and crannies. At the zero hour you will uncork your nuclear mice and—BOOM! Peace treaties will be signed before the fur has settled over Moscow.

If you think well of my plan please wire your approval before the little woman decides to whip up a souffle.

Yours truly,
Jack Cluett

clogged intersection. Peter Lovering sat forward tensely on the edge of the seat, looking straight ahead. His red, square-hewn face was hard as he said, "I'll spill the confidential details, Ritter, if you give me your word you won't keep Nancy off that five-o'clock plane. She's clean, so far as Northbank is concerned."

"I won't stop her," said Ritter, "if she's clean—and able to travel."

LOVERING spoke in clipped, brittle phrases, impassively, with clinical objectiveness. His metallic voice cut through the wail of the siren as he told Nancy Wynn's story. Nancy was an upstate girl who had come to Broadway two years ago and clicked at once as a night-club dancer. She had an Oriental routine—a damned good one—and a future.

Then she fell for an actor on the same bill, a handsome young impersonator whom the night club's press agent called "a second Julian Eltinge." Unfortunately, the actor was a dope addict, and he started Nancy using the needle. He also happened to do a little dope peddling on the side, and attracted the attention of a federal narcotics agent. The federal agent set a trap for the actor, but all he caught was Nancy Wynn. At least, that's what he thought. He didn't realize that he was caught himself—that he'd fallen in love with Nancy.

"The court let Nancy off with a light sentence to a state hospital," Lovering said, "to take the cure. The narcotics agent went to see her every day, and when she got out, he married her. I guess it served him right. Any guy who's run with the dope squad ought to know better than marry a hop-head. He knows that nine out of ten never stayed cured. But a guy in love is screwy anyhow, and this particular guy was so crazy in love with Nancy that he was sure she was number ten and would stay off the junk forever. She stayed off for exactly four months. Then she ran away from home."

"With the second Julian Eltinge?" Ritter asked.

"Right," said Lovering. "The actor put her right back on the main line, and she ran away with him. The federal agent took it pretty hard. He turned in his badge, of course. He concentrated on forgetting about Nancy. He kept away from everything that reminded him of his wife—and of narcotics. Then a few days ago the husband gets a letter from Nancy—she's sorry, she's in Northbank, and she's in a jam. Will he please come and get her out. And that's where I come in. I had to be cagey with you, Ritter, on account of the husband. I had to see what kind of a jam she was in, first. When I located her in the hospital, I bought some clothes and brought her to the Whippet Arms. Then I went to Taft Avenue to get her things. She was afraid to go back there."

"What was she afraid of?" Ritter asked.

"She won't tell me till we get out of town. She's still afraid."

"A very sad story," said Ritter. "Is it true?"

"Ritter, I ought to bust your teeth in."

"Maybe you made up the sob story," Ritter said, "because you shot Nancy for some reason or other, and that's why you don't pack a gun today."

"I left my gun with Nancy when I went for her clothes. I told you she was scared."

"How did you get in and out of Whippet Arms the first time without the boys seeing you?"

"Your boys never think about back doors," Lovering said.

"Let's try the front door this time," Ritter said. "Here we are."

The police car squatted low on its springs as the driver braked to a sudden stop. A plain-clothes man sauntered down the steps of the Whippet Arms.

"Brody," Ritter asked, "did you hear any gunfire during the last half hour?"

"I wouldn't know," Brody replied. "With all those busses burping in and out o' that bus station across the street, anything but a howitzer or a block buster would sound like backfire to me."

"I guess you got the key to Nancy's apartment, Lovering," Ritter said. "Let's go up."

Dr. Coffee climbed two flights of stairs behind Ritter and Lovering, with Dr. Mookerji panting along six lengths to the rear. Ritter took the key from Lovering and turned it in the lock. The door opened directly on a small living room. There was a gray rug on the floor. A peculiar gourd-shaped design in deep red glistened at one end of the rug. At the small end of the crimson pattern Nancy Wynn lay on her face.

Dr. Coffee stepped over the .45 automatic lying on the rug near the telephone stand. He bent over the pitiful bundle that had been Nancy Wynn. He listened for a heartbeat, although one glance at the ugly wound in the nape of her neck told him that there would be none. He examined the wound at length.

"All I can say, Max," he declared at last, "is that she probably died within the hour."

Max Ritter made no comment. He was watching Lovering. The redheaded private detective stood against the wall. He was not merely leaning. His shoulders were thrust back, his hands pressed tightly against the plaster as if he were clinging to the wall for support. His normally red face was ashen. He didn't look at Nancy. He stared at the gun on the rug.

"That your automatic, Lovering?" Ritter asked.

Lovering nodded. He managed a sneer. "I suppose you'll find my prints on it."

"Nuts!" Ritter said. "I never saw anybody yet who could develop prints off corrugated metal—not even a private dick."

BEFORE Lovering could comment, there was a noisy interruption from the hall. A plain-clothes man entered the room, dragging the protesting George Taylor, who was sharing a pair of handcuffs. The handsome young man's hair was mussed, and his faultless attire was no longer faultless.

"We had a little trouble," said the plain-clothes man. "He didn't want to come."

"Take this thing off of me!" the handsome young man shouted. "Take—" Then he saw Lovering, and screamed. "Kidnaper!" When he saw Nancy Wynn's body he went on screaming, but the words were unintelligible.

"Shut up!" Ritter ordered. "Know this guy, Lovering?"

"Yes. That's George Tacoma."

"Tacoma?" Ritter frowned, trying to remember something.

"My name's Taylor." The young man had stopped screaming.

"Is this the second Julian Eltinge?" Dr. Coffee asked.

Lovering clenched his fists. "The ham," he said, "the wife stealer and the dope peddler."

Dr. Coffee had moved close to Taylor-Tacoma. His fingers encircled the young man's wrists, pushed back his sleeves from his forearms. Then he raised his hands to touch the young man's face, as though testing the texture of the skin.

"Keep your hands off me!" Tacoma shouted. And Dr. Coffee looked at his gums.

"Close your eyes," said Dr. Coffee quietly. He placed his thumbs against Tacoma's eyelids, pressed gently. "Soft eyeballs," he said, half to himself. "How long have you been a diabetic, Mr. Tacoma?"

"How can you talk medical nonsense,"

Tacoma protested, "when my wife's been killed? How—"

"Your wife!" Lovering broke in bitterly.

"Max," said Dr. Coffee, "you'd better arrest Mr. Tacoma for the murder of Nancy Wynn."

"You're all crazy!" Tacoma objected. "I haven't seen Nancy since I went to Chicago last night. You can check with the air line. You can check with my hotel in Chicago—"

"I'm sure we'd find you were in Chicago," Dr. Coffee continued. "But I'm just as sure that before you left her last night, you filled Nancy's hypodermic with insulin, instead of her usual evening shot of morphine—and I'll undertake to prove that you use insulin, Tacoma. You expected to find Nancy dead of insulin shock when you got back today. When the newspapers told you what had actually happened, you started for the hospital to take further measures. Did you see Nancy and Lovering come out together, Tacoma?"

"But I haven't seen Nancy, I tell you!"

"Let's say you followed them to the Whippet Arms," Dr. Coffee went on. "You waited until Lovering left Nancy alone. Since your rent on this apartment is paid up, you must still have the key. So you let yourself in and shot Nancy with the gun that Lovering conveniently left behind."

"But you're mad!" Tacoma protested. "I went right to the hospital. I was in your laboratory, Doctor—talking to you. I didn't leave the hospital until three o'clock. The cab driver will tell you that. That's the truth. That's the naked truth."

"The half-naked truth, at most," said Dr. Coffee, "veiled with lies. After Tacoma left my lab, and before he got into his cab, he had time to call me from one of the phone booths in the hospital lobby. He's the second Julian Eltinge, you know. And it shouldn't be difficult for a brilliant female impersonator to imitate Nancy's voice."

"Are you guessing, Doc?" Ritter asked.

"No, Max, that's not a guess," said Dan Coffee quietly. "When Tacoma came to my lab Nancy was already dead. He came because he thought he was building a perfect alibi for himself. He didn't know he had already destroyed that alibi with a single shot. It was physically impossible for Nancy to have telephoned the hospital. Even if she had lived for a minute or two after being shot through the neck—which I doubt—she could not have dialed a number or even lifted the phone from its cradle. The shot destroyed at least one of her cervical vertebrae—after which she could not have moved her hands or lifted her arms."

Max Ritter nodded, and the struggling, yelling Tacoma was dragged from the apartment.

Lovering walked across the room to the body of Nancy Wynn. He moved slowly, as if in a trance. There was nothing hard-boiled about him now. His shoulders sagged. Something bright glistened on his lower eyelids. He looked down at the body.

RITTER ambled over to Lovering and awkwardly put one hand on his shoulder. There was an unfamiliar note of compassion in his voice as he said, "So you turned in your federal badge."

Lovering said, "Why the hell did he have to kill her?"

"When did Nancy leave you, Pete?" Ritter asked. "On the twenty-first of last month?"

"She left several days before, but she wrote me a farewell note dated the twenty-first," Lovering said listlessly. Then he looked up, startled. "How did you know?"

"If you hadn't worked so hard at forgetting," Ritter said. "If you hadn't done such a good job steering clear of anything to do with the racket and your old beat, you might have heard that a narcotics agent was shot in New York on the twenty-first, and that a hophead named George Tacoma was suspected. I happen to know, because we got the New York circular here about two weeks ago. A very cold-blooded job. Happened right out on the street. Now if there were just one witness to that New York shooting and if the one witness kicks over the traces and tries to run away, don't you think Tacoma might have killed her?"

Lovering fumbled for his handkerchief. "I guess I got something in my eye," he said.

Dr. Coffee nudged Dr. Mookerji and indicated the door.

"We haven't finished today's surgicals, Doctor," Dan Coffee said. "Back to the lab."

"With utmost pleasure and relief, Doctor Sahib," the Hindu said. "Am finding self somewhat embarrassed by discovery that hardened minions of law and order possess tenderized hearts and functioning lachrymal ducts."

THE END

"What do you mean—'Where are we going on our vacation?' We'll be lucky if we can stay right here"

COLLIER'S

BILL KING

WHAT EVERY NEW DRAFTEE SHOULD KNOW

Continued from page 13

"Every man in the Army," says Devine, "shares the basic human needs: He needs self-respect, he needs the respect of others, he needs a chance to get ahead, and he needs warmth and affection."

One brass hat, still living in the days of Prussian glory, exposed himself to the new evangelism and said to Johnnie Devine, "There's only one trouble with your little plan. These men won't fight!"

General Devine's eyes sharpened. "That just proves to me that you've never been in a battle," he replied icily.

Later he said to me, "I've seen a lot of men fight and a lot run away. I think I've learned what really makes men fight. It's the self-respect and the individual strength you build into them."

Army life for the postwar soldier will begin at one of the 250 main recruiting stations now operated by the Army (plus some 75 more being activated for the draft). These correspond to the induction centers of World War II and they are the draftee's first stop after receiving his Greetings. The Army will look over his body and mind and then send him home. If he is okay, he'll be called up for training, usually within two weeks.

THE HITCH

There's nothing like a friend in need
And I have many such.
The only drawback is, indeed,
They seem to need so much.

—Norman R. Jaffray

This time the Army will send him to one of the four training divisions now in operation (the Ninth Infantry at Fort Dix, the Third Armored at Fort Knox, Kentucky, the Fifth Infantry at Fort Jackson, South Carolina, the Fourth Infantry at Fort Ord, California), or to one of the four or more additional training divisions designated to handle draftees as the traffic thickens. In any case he'll be sent to the training center nearest his home. The Army is definite about that. None of this shipping lads all over the U.S., not with the hot breath of Congressional penny pinchers on the Army's neck.

What New Recruits Can Expect

At Fort Dix, New Jersey, I went through the draft-geared reception rigmarole with a dozen new recruits for a preview of what the draftee can expect. Master Sergeant Henry C. Reichle, the initial interviewer, checked each man's papers, assigned him to a company in the training division, and, since the lads had arrived by evening, promptly dispatched them to their first Army meal. I sat down in the "processing mess" with these boys from Baltimore and Boston to a meal of pork chops, boiled potatoes, string beans, corn, celery, oranges, fruit gelatin, bread and butter and coffee.

After the meal we went to "prepack issue," where the new men were given essentials to tide them over until clothing issue the next day.

Each was also handed a manual called Army Life. On one of the opening pages he could read, "This Army has a great respect for your mind . . . You, too, must respect your own mind. Don't sit back and stop thinking simply because you will have food and a place to sleep. Ask questions . . ."

He could also notice on the bulletin a prominent sheet headed: "Opportunity to present complaints and grievances." And he received a mimeographed greeting from Lieutenant Colonel Charles F. Arny, head of the receiving division, in which his scanning eye could find such lines as:

"The Army belongs to you and 140,000,000 other Americans . . . We must prevent future wars, and guarantee peace for ourselves by assuring peace in the rest of the world . . . We convinced the world of our power in the fighting war. Will we prove our points in the 'war of ideas'?"

And so to barracks for the night. Next morning the four-day "processing cycle" began.

Recruits Treated with More Respect

It began at 0800 (8 A.M., Army style) with "reception orientation." The lads, still in civvies, sat in a lounge draped with the flags of the United Nations and heard Fort Dix officers brief them on life in the Army. To those who had visions of Hard-boiled Smiths barking, "Okay, punks, yer in the Army now," it must have come as a surprise to hear the first speaker say, "Good morning, gentlemen," and then go on as if he were talking to the American Association of Bank Presidents.

At 1:00 P.M. the new men were given a physical looking over, followed by a clothing issue. Each received, compliments of Uncle Sam, raiment worth $134.03 at PX prices (probably amounting to over $200 at your favorite store). This included three pairs of shoes, an overcoat, three jackets, three pairs of trousers, four shirts, seven pairs of socks, five sets of underwear, a sweater, gloves, galoshes, neckties, caps, and a proud batch of insignia, including the cookie-shaped Ninth Infantry Division shoulder patch.

At 5:00 P.M. the new men received a $5 advance on their first month's pay. This would keep them in haircuts, laundry and cigarettes, until their first payday (last day of the calendar month). Pay is $75 a month. 50 per cent more than the G.I.s of World War II received and 150 per cent more than the doughboys of World War I.

Finally, at 6:30 P.M. the men labeled all their clothing and equipment, and their first full day in the Army was over. For the remaining three days of their processing they would receive classification tests, aptitude and specialty tests, officer candidate tests, inoculations, blood typing, X rays, information on soldier insurance, bonds and allotments, and finally a personal interview.

Then—basic training.

This *bête noir* of Army life has been considerably changed from what the World War II soldier knew. To accommodate the draft traffic it has been reduced temporarily from 13 weeks to eight. Much of the blood and thunder, like the famous "infiltration course" in which soldiers slithered forward on their bellies while live machine-gun fire whizzed over their heads, has been eliminated. So have the courses in dirty fighting, judo, bayonet jabbing, and groin kicking which were deemed necessary during the savage press of war.

Most veterans will remember a bitter pill of their basic training days known as the "obstacle course," in which they had to climb perpendicular walls, scramble over log barricades, leap from stump to stump, shinny up poles, slide down ropes, crawl through pipes, slither under barbed wire, and engage in a number of other less-than-intriguing activities.

I saw trainees doing the same things at Fort Dix. But there was a big differ-

ence. The course wasn't called an "obstacle course." It was a "confidence course." The trainee wasn't forced to take any of the hurdles he didn't want to. It was left entirely up to him. If he had the "confidence" he did it. If not, he could walk around it. Result: Every trainee took every hurdle, and took great pride in so doing.

"The Army's getting smart in its old age," a battalion commander remarked. "These kids get a kick out of the course now. Man, how they used to cuss it in the old days!"

The Basic Training Period

During his eight weeks' basic training, the draftee will work a closely packed 44-hour, five-and-one-half-day week. All told, he'll get, among other things, 24 hours of drill; 16 hours of inspections; 30 hours of clothing, equipment and quarters maintenance; eight hours of map reading; 20 hours of marches, bivouacs and tent pitching; 12 hours of first aid, and mental and physical hygiene; 30 hours of physical training; 30 hours of tactical training (combat formations, camouflage, fortifications, scouting, etc.), and 84 hours of weapons training.

Unlike the basic training of the war draftees, he will not have any truck with grenades, mines, bazookas and other dangerous weapons during the eight weeks. He will fire only the M-1 (Garand) rifle and the carbine. Other pyrotechnics he will know only by witnessing demonstrations—at least until he completes basic and gets his unit assignment.

While the new man is in his fifth or sixth week of basic, the classification board at the training center will decide whether to ship him to an Army unit after his eighth week, or to hang onto him a bit longer for specialist training or for the Army's new pride and joy, the "leadership course."

Just as old-line militarism stressed *followers*, so the new evangelism stresses *leaders*.

The leadership training course is under Brigadier General Wayne C. Smith (who demonstrated his own leadership quotient by rising from buck private to general). Part of it is the working out of 20 problem situations drawn up especially for trainees by a team of nationally known psychologists. For example:

Here's a new-fangled tent you've never seen before. Pitch it, while a rating officer checks how efficiently and intelligently you go about it.

You're in a reconnaissance patrol. What's that in the path? An enemy dispatch case! Hurrah—you'll pick it up, rush back to headquarters and they'll make you a general. Boom! Sorry, fella, that had a booby trap connected to it. You should have thought of that.

Men chosen for the leadership course get kid-glove treatment. They eat in a special "leaders' mess" with handsome drapes on the windows and flowers on the tables. They have a day-room as elegant as any officers' club. Many of them will go direct to Officer Candidate School and come out with bars on their shoulders.

"The leadership idea," says General Smith, "is the Army's answer to the caste system."

After his eight weeks' basic training (plus six weeks more if he's sent to the leadership course, or eight weeks more if he gets specialist training) the draftee will eventually find himself assigned to an Army unit. Maybe it will be in the U.S.; maybe overseas.

The best Army estimates, at this writing, are that approximately one third of the draftees will be assigned to occupation forces in Germany and Japan. Two thirds will stay in this country. However, the situation being as explosive as it is, none of the big brass wants to make a commitment just now.

Can the draftee choose his theater?

No. Draftees come into the Army with no strings attached. Unlike volunteers they cannot choose a unit on the Rhine River, Osaka Bay, or familiar old Lake Michigan. They go where the Army needs them.

If the draftee is assigned overseas, how long will he stay?

Probably the whole time. The Army has found it wastes dollars to ship a man overseas for less than a year or two. Right now 12 months is the minimum for overseas service. If a draftee is assigned as an occupation replacement he will probably stay in foreign parts until his 21-month hitch is up. If he's sent to a unit in this country, the chances are he will be a home soldier throughout.

But when can the draftee get home to see his folks and his girl friend?

He can't get home at all during his first month in the Army. No passes will be permitted. After four weeks he can get the usual week-end passes and go home if home is close enough. If he is assigned overseas he will get a pre-embarkation leave (one week plus travel time). He can go home in the full blaze of olive drab, plus insignia, or he can slip into his civvies if he wishes. Unlike the wartime soldier, he can doff the Army garb when off post and off duty.

"Don't you think my drives have improved, Edgar? I've never been this far in the rough before"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

Every man is entitled to 30 days furlough time per year. If he wishes (and his C.O. doesn't object), he may accumulate the 53 days due him for his 21-month hitch and take them all at the tail end, reducing his draft service to about 19 months.

What if the man is critically needed at home—death, illness, or emergency in the family?

He can request an emergency furlough. The Red Cross checks all these requests. The way to get your lad home fastest is to go directly to your local Red Cross chapter, tell them the story and let them carry the ball from there.

Relieving Mother's Fears

The American mother, stanch soul that she is, has two big worries when her boy goes into the Army: 1. Will he get enough to eat? 2. Will he come back a "good boy"?

Right now the Army feed bag totals nearly 4,000 calories per day. This is at least two-and-a-half times as much as a man needs to live, and 33 per cent more than the average U.S. civilian consumption.

Yes, drafted Donald is going to get enough to eat. But is he going to come home a "good boy"?

The new evangelism has a good deal to say about V.D. It regards the World War II policy as a miserable failure, turns thumbs down on the idea of handing men cures and preventatives. With greater wisdom, the Army's new idea is to go right to the basic problem of sex itself. It seeks to build up the soldier's understanding of sex and human relations, to put sex in its proper setting, to integrate it with love, marriage and family living.

I sat in a small Army theater and viewed the new V.D. film which draftees will see: The Miracle of Living. Its theme was home and family, but it got in its punches with a wallop. Typical of the new evangelism, it turned away from the negative arguments—warnings of dire results—and held out the positive goals of marriage and good home building. It showed how incongruous infection is when a man thinks of the girl he's in love with.

During basic training the draftee will attend four V.D. lectures, with the medico and the chaplain sharing the rostrum. He will, of course, learn the ABC's of social disease, but particularly he will get adult concepts of what sex is all about.

The Army seems to realize, deep in its brass-plated heart, that if mankind is to be saved it is the quiet spiritual values which will save him, not only the bazookas. The chaplain gets a new, big role in the draft Army, and the chaplain ratio is going to be one to 800 instead of one to 1,000 as it was during the war.

At Dix there is a conspicuous absence of swearing. In fact I heard but one swear word while I was there. It was uttered by a new private, not by the legendary tough sergeant. It was the sergeant who said, "Watch your language!"

For the old boys in iron pants who prate about the Army going soft, General Devine likes to haul out the West Point graduation address of General Schofield in 1877. He likes to read these lines:

"The discipline which makes the soldier of a free country reliable in battle is not to be gained by harsh or tyrannical treatment . . . such treatment is far more likely to destroy than to make an army. It is possible to impart instruction and to give commands in such a manner and such a tone of voice to inspire in the soldier no feeling but an intense desire to obey, while the opposite manner and tone of voice cannot fail to excite strong resentment and a desire to disobey."

(You can find those words etched in bronze in the sally port of the old South Barracks at West Point.)

"No," says General Johnnie Devine. "the draftees won't be coddled. The regime will be as strict as that in any military organization, the hours as long, the work as arduous, and the fatigue and guard duty as inevitable . . .

"But—we're also going to build those boys' characters, give them confidence, increase their self-respect, and make them better citizens while also making them good soldiers."

THE END

PLAYGROUND IN THE SKY

Continued from page 29

yelled upstairs: "Dell, we got company."

In Jasper, even the residents get confused sometimes and call it "Brewster Park." It was Major Fred Brewster, a graduate engineer, veteran of World War I, and dreamer of the Brewster clan, who picked the site of the lodge on Lac Beauvert and contracted to build most of the "cabins" and turn a mountain forest into the 18-hole golf course designed by golf architect Stanley Thompson.

Now the only Brewster left in Jasper, Fred has kept only the enterprises that enable him to spend a lot of time with his horses and get out on the trail.

New Pinnacles to Conquer

Because it was completely forsaken between the end of the fur brigades and the coming of the railroad, a large part of Jasper hasn't yet been thoroughly explored. Canada's Alpine Club and its guest climbers have conquered the most difficult peaks, but if you want to make your way up where no mortal has ever set foot, the guides can still help you select just the pinnacle to suit your pocketbook.

The mountains require a special breed of horse as well as man. In Jasper, Fred Brewster, Red Creighton and others are trying to bring back a reasonable facsimile of the "cayuse."

The original cayuse was a wiry, short-necked, long-haired critter which carried pack or rider up to 50 to 60 miles a day over broken terrain. It required no shoeing, and thrived in desert country. Gradually, plow horses brought in by white settlers diluted the strain.

About the closest you'll come to it are the little horses you'll ride through the mountains in Jasper. Every one of the 250 cayuses Fred Brewster turned loose in Brulé Valley last fall survived the cold and snow of the subarctic winter without any special feeding.

Along with the mountains, Jasperites generally include Dr. Thomas Riley O'Hagan among the park's natural wonders. The town physician for 25 years, he has never asked whether a patient could pay, never sent a bill, and never failed to answer a call for help, even when it involved a nighttime ascent of the mountain trails. On his seventieth birthday—he is now nearing eighty—the whole town "put on a do," as they say of parties up here, and presented him with a $1,000 gift and the request that he blow it in on his first vacation. Dr. O'Hagan went to New York and spent his whole month there attending graduate seminars at the Columbia University Medical School.

When Paramount filmed the outdoor shots for The Emperor Waltz at Jasper two summers ago, Bing Crosby spent most of his spare time on the golf course. Last summer he came back to compete in the annual Totem Pole tournament—and won it! The whole town has a crush on Bing and everywhere you go you'll find his autographed pictures hanging beside those of the king and queen, who spent a couple of days here during their tour.

While he was Prince of Wales, the present Duke of Windsor stopped off here several times on his Canadian tours. One of the local golfers who played several rounds with him noticed that the prince spoiled most of his drives by holding his head high and arching his back. "Keep your eye on the ball," he finally burst out, "and tuck in your belly." The prince wheeled about in astonishment, and for a moment it looked like the end of a beautiful golf friendship.

Then he grinned. "You know," he said, "that's the first time anybody ever told me I had a belly."

Many of the lodge's guests come back summer after summer and consider the place their own. Jasper looks out for them. Among these are the two elderly spinster twin sisters from Boston who are affectionately known to everybody in Jasper as "Haig & Haig." No guest in the lodge ever sits at their dining-room table by mistake. Their chairs are marked with pink ribbons, tied in identical bows.

There are two dozen good trout lakes and streams within walking distance of Jasper, and hundreds of glacier-fed lakes and streams within reach by car and on horseback.

The best angler in the Jasper sector is the American dipper, a saucy gray bird about the size of a robin known locally as the "water ouzel." You'll find him around any of the mountain streams and it's hard to believe your eyes the first time you see him walk down the shore of a mountain torrent, wade into the rushing water, and calmly keep on going till he disappears under the surface. The ouzels build their nests behind waterfalls and fly in and out of a solid wall of water with the greatest of nonchalance.

Jasper Park is an animal republic in which deer, elk, mountain sheep and bear enjoy liberty, equality and fraternity with the human population. In town it is not at all unusual to see a group of deer mincing down the main street, pausing to window-shop along the way.

Till recently the town favorite was Old Tubby, a fat buck which had his regular rounds and always knocked politely at the back door for handouts. Playing with children he let them hang on his horns and climb on his back, and come Christmas he trotted around gaily with jinglebells and colored paper streamers on his antlers. Tubby's end came last fall on the cinder lot in back of the roundhouse where he fought for six hours running with a strange young buck. Half dead, Tubby retreated to a near-by back yard. But next day he staggered back to make his last stand. This time his rival finished him off with one swipe of his antlers.

Now and then a brown bear wanders into town to have a look around. Generally, however, the bears stick to the lodge or the bungalow camps outside of town. They've been great golf enthusiasts ever since Field Marshal Earl Haig opened the course in 1925, and on the fourth hole a big brown bear chased Haig's ball and batted it down the fairway with his paw. Today some of the big fellows like to sit on the benches and watch you tee off.

If you take a trail trip, one of the most curious animals you'll see—and certainly the laziest—is the whistling marmot. Up around 6,000 feet they sit on a sunny rock like fairy-tale dwarfs, turning their heads to follow each member of your pack train as you pass, and whistling in mild astonishment. They look as if they'd just got up from a long sleep and could hardly pull their eyes open—and this is just about the fact. They sleep seven months of the year and at least 12 hours out of the 24 during the five months they're out of their winter burrow. Their footprints in sand or mud bear a weird resemblance to those of a small child.

On moonlight nights you can walk through the woods and watch the flying squirrels—whole families of them swooping merrily from branch to branch.

Watch the Beavers at Work

The beavers—the beaver is Canada's national animal—are numerous around Jasper, too, and tourists like to play sidewalk superintendent to their construction work.

Not long ago Jasper sent a pair of its beavers over to neighboring Prince Albert Park, where engineers had painstakingly built a model beaver dam and lodge. The first thing the beavers did was to tear it down piece by piece and rebuild it properly.

To most Americans, Canada "feels like home," but every now and then, when you are here, you'll pick up a magazine or newspaper warning Dominion readers against "Americanization." The late Stephen Leacock, the Canadian humorist, once called it "the same kind of apprehension as is felt on a respectable farm when the daughter of the family is going out too much with the hired man—you can't tell what might happen."

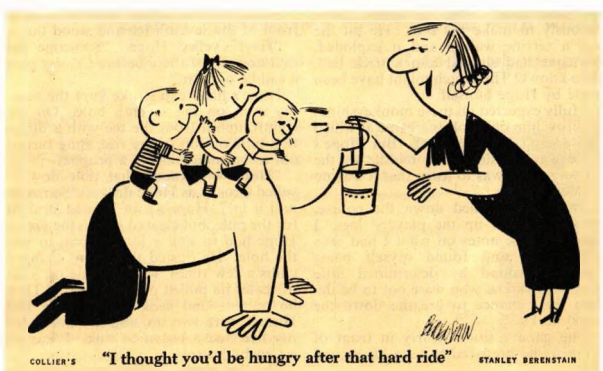
You'll have a hard time unearthing any such apprehension among western Canadians. On the purely material side, they need American dollars; and last year U.S. visitors to Alberta Province alone left nearly $5,000,000 behind them.

An atomic scientist who vacationed in Jasper last summer came about as close as anybody to summing up the way the Rockies make you feel. He spent most of his time on the trails, pausing often to look up at the peaks, which even in midsummer are full of snow and *noblesse oblige*.

"What do they say to you?" asked a fellow hiker.

"They say," the scientist quoted the mountains, "'Never mind, little man, we'll let you know when the time comes.'"

THE END



ROAD TO THE 19TH HOLE

Continued from page 20

Bob to do a scene, only to learn that the irrepressible pair had departed the set to make some shots of their own on a golf course.

These niblick nitwits have enticed galleries to part with considerable amounts of money for War Bonds, for the discouragement of juvenile delinquency, for the treatment of virtually every disease known to civilized man.

And there was a large crowd of contributions-on-the-hoof milling about us as we stepped out of the car at the Long Beach Recreation Club, with honors in insults approximately even. A mob of girls thrust autograph albums into the stars' faces.

Hope patiently explained that no autographs would be signed before or during the match. "Bad for the wrists," he said, "unless you follow through."

In the locker room sat two gentlemen.

"Shake hands with Willie Hunter and Macdonald Smith," Hope said. "They're 300 apiece."

Hunter, quite a tournament golfer despite the fact that he is well into his fifties, offered us a drink. His cheeks were red and he looked Scotcher than the Scotch. Macdonald Smith was older, quite a gay and dudish gent.

The Gallery Likes to Laugh

We bantered a bit in the locker room as the boys slipped into golf togs and spiked shoes. Then we moved out into a little room where a table was set for a slight repast. Willie Hunter took meat and potatoes, and both boys took pie and ice cream, as the crowd looked on, gaping and smiling. Some hung over a little balcony to listen to the repartee.

"The crowd comes not for golf," Hunter commented, "but for laughs."

"How's Sinatra?" cried a girl leaning over the balcony, aiming her question at Crosby.

"Never mind Sinatra," Hope replied. "What's the matter with Crosby here? He's Sinatra's father in age. You know, the mothers of the girls who squeal for Sinatra squeal for Crosby."

Crosby took refuge in song—Sinatra's hit, All or Nothing at All. The girls in the balcony began to squeal and weave the way the Sinatra-minded do.

A tanned, good-looking young man stepped up—George Lake, the affable pro of the club. He wanted to know if the boys were ready to go. Details of the match were corroborated. It was to be best ball, and Hope and Hunter were to play Crosby and Smith. Hope would have a two handicap, one stroke on each half. While Crosby is considered the better of the two, Hope has played dingdong golf with him, each alternating in wins. At Lakeside, their home club, Crosby has a three-stroke handicap, has shot a 68. Hope's handicap is four strokes.

"How's about the financial arrangements?" Crosby urged. "Would ten, ten and ten suit you?"

"Yes, except I'd like to see the money," Hope taunted.

"You don't trust me?"

"Well, I don't want to bet," said Hope, "unless you've got it with you. You have such a bad memory."

The bets were satisfactorily arranged. Having a high regard for Crosby's lower handicap, I asked for and was granted a modest interest in his side.

Lunch over, we returned to the locker room, where the players hefted their well-stocked bags. Crosby uses Ken Smith woods, Burke irons. Hope uses Jones irons and Jimmy Thomson woods.

"Also a stomach pump," Bob added, "for use after every shot."

A huge auxiliary police escort shouldered a path through the crowd to the first tee, where a microphone stood. Crosby moved easily to the mike, and the shouting gallery quieted.

"I think I ought to say," Crosby began, "that owing to his advancing years and general preoccupation with the female members of the gallery, Mr. Hope will be allowed a handicap of four."

Hope took the microphone and said, "Pay no attention, folks. Stick around and maybe you'll see something of Crosby's finish. It will be the first time, if you do."

"Listen to him," Crosby cried. "He's nothing but Red Skelton with a stomach."

Hope's rebuttal was to refer to Crosby as "Sinatra with hips."

"Careful girls," Crosby warned. "Stay clear of the woods. Hope makes more shots into them—!"

George Lake announced that the match was on.

Willie Hunter was up. Winner of all sorts of crowns and a big-time money champ, now pro and manager at the Riviera Country Club near Hollywood, Hunter pegged his ball, stepped up to it, and drove off. Sharp and true, the ball was away down the first fairway. The crowd roared its approval.

"And now," said George Lake, "all-time grand old man of golf and holder of many titles—"

Hope leaped forward.

"—Macdonald Smith!" Lake finished.

Hope mugged disappointedly, and the crowd roared.

Someone estimated Smith's drive at 230 yards, down the center. Then it was Crosby to the tee.

"Athlete of the month—" Lake announced, and again Hope rushed to the tee eagerly, only to be displaced by Crosby. Bing addressed his ball, clipped it neatly and sent it booming straight down the fairway, about 220 yards.

"And now," said Lake, "I'd like to introduce that wonderful man—Red Skelton with a belly."

"Never mind that," Hope cautioned. "And please overcome that bad habit of marking my sixes upside down."

He made elaborate preparations, dusting the tee, removing a matchstick, warning folks back. Then he settled down seriously to make his shot. He hit the ball a terrific wallop and it exploded. Someone had slipped him a trick ball. Who knows? The switch might have been made by Hope himself.

I fully expected all these monkeyshines to throw him off. Golf is a game at which one doesn't horse around. But Hope's drive was far down the middle of the fairway and I was to learn that it was no accident.

The crowd milled down the course, trying to climb up the players' legs. I tried to make notes on what I had seen and heard, and found myself being bounced around by determined little girls in sweaters, who were not to be denied their chance to breathe down the boys' necks.

The gallery stood nearly in front of Hope as he prepared to take his second shot.

"Spread your legs slightly," he yelled. "I'd like to play through."

His shot arched beautifully over a trap and onto the green, along with the other three. All players sank their putts, and the hole was halved.

"Hey, Bob!" yelled a fan, as Hope addressed his ball on the second tee. "Turn around!" The galleryite held a camera poised.

"I'll be around with my backswing," Hope flung over his shoulder as he cracked one down the fairway. Hunter drove to the green. Bing went off to the left and I began to wonder about my five bucks. All one-putted except Mac Smith who missed an easy short one for a four. The match was still even.

On the third tee, Hope asked which way the green lay.

"Follow your nose, Ski-Snoot," Crosby advised.

"You mean I take off?" asked Hope, making a zooming motion.

On the third, a 410-yard, par-four hole, Hope drove straight, and made his second shot with a number-four wood. The ball zoomed into the crowd waiting at the edge of the green.

"I'll have to play that out of somebody's pocket," Bob predicted.

Hope Breaks into Song

On the green, Hope broke into "Oh, What a Beautiful Morning." He swung his putter, a brass-headed, scallop-edged affair, with the line, "Everything's going my way." As it turned out, the putt went his way, but too far. It rolled straight to the cup, and right on over it. Again, the hole was halved.

The amateur comedians really got to work on the fourth tee. On Hope's backswing, someone grabbed the club out of his hand. Bob followed through without a club.

"Could I have your autograph?" he asked the humorist.

His tee shot landed on the green, 130 yards away, but bounced off.

"It's got rubber heels on it," Hope commented sadly, after trying to keep it on by energetic body-English. Everybody took a par-three on the hole, and again on the fifth the hole was halved.

On the way to the sixth green Crosby introduced me to Tommy Kling.

"This is my manager," Bing announced. Tommy proved to be a small freckled kid who had taken Bing around the course during Bing's last visit. Tommy's idea of managing Crosby was to walk quietly beside the singer, saying nothing—just in a world of delight.

On the green Hope measured a long putt and missed it. But when Hunter hit a 30-footer (which won the hole), Hope dropped to his knees, and cried, "O Allah, Allah be praised!"

A dog ran out about twenty yards in front of the seventh tee and stood there.

"Hey!" yelled Hope. "Someone get that dog out of there before Crosby puts a saddle on him!"

Hope's handicap stroke kept the scoring even on the seventh hole. On the eighth, uphill from the tee with a direction pole on top of the rise, Bing turned out to be something of a prophet.

"Hope will knock that pole down!" yelled Crosby as Hope drove. "Someone pull it in!" Hope's shot headed straight for the pole, but cleared it. On the green, Hope had to sink a longish putt to win the hole. He dusted the green, changed clubs a few times, weighed one on a set of scales he pulled out of his bag. Then he putted—and sank it. Now he and Hunter were two up, and my hopes for my five bucks began to sink. I was on a Crosby horse!

On the ninth, leading prettily to the

SPORTING ODDS

On a Louisville golf course Pee Wee Reese once shot a par four on a 355-yard hole and was at no time on the fairway, in the rough or on the green.

His long drive landed in a sand trap, slightly to the left of the fairway and about 100 yards short of the green. His second shot, out of the sand, landed in another trap adjoining the green. His third shot, an explosion out of the sand, carried a bit long and passed completely over the green, landing in still a third sand trap beyond the green. Only a fellow who had lived for three years in Brooklyn, where daffy things happen, could have kept from breaking up his sticks at that point. Pee Wee selected a niblick and blasted the ball out of the sand, up in the air over the bunker at the edge of the green. Without touching the green the ball landed in the cup on the fly, and stayed there as a quick-thinking caddie yanked the pin.

—Alvin A. Brunner, Louisville, Ky.

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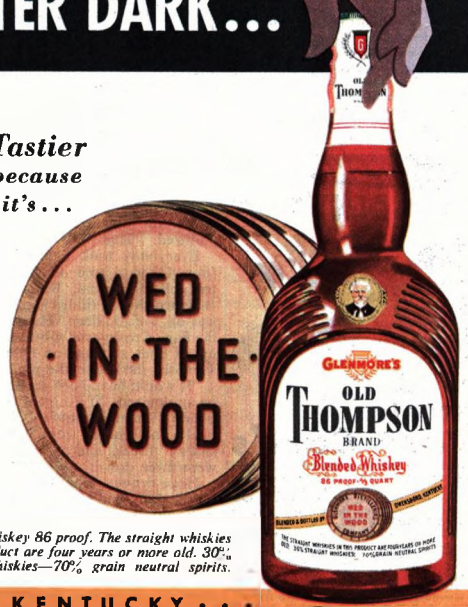

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Spanish mission clubhouse, Hope smashed straight and far.

"Where are you getting your marijuana these days?" Crosby muttered.

As we approached the ninth green I had a feeling I was licked. Hope lay two, about 200 yards from the green. The crowd made an alley up the slope to the green.

"What is this?" Hope called. "The Burma Road?" Then he waved to the crowd blocking his path. "Let me look at the green, dear people."

The crowd laughed and fell back. Hope hit a long wood, which zinged over the green and into the crowd beyond.

Four thousand galleryites, at $1 a head and fifty cents for kids, ringed the ninth green as Hope lined up his 25-foot putt.

A Bet Is Made

"It is time to put playthings aside and turn commercial," Crosby said. "I shall wager you four to one that you can't sink it."

Hope looked at him in amazement.

"Five to one," Bing continued. "Six to one. Eight to one."

Hope continued to look at him as if he were a Rockefeller offering a workingman a lollipop in lieu of a raise.

"How bad can you need money?" Crosby asked.

"I just want a pile something like yours," Hope said carelessly. To the crowd, he added, "You know, last year, Bing fell off his wallet and broke his leg."

"Ten to one!" Crosby said, turning away with the air of a man making a final offer.

"Now that you're talking, okay," Hope agreed. He measured the putt, squatted, sighted it.

"If he sinks this, I'll be back in the Coconut Grove," Crosby muttered.

As Hope putted, the crowd held its breath. It went straight into the cup. Hope gave a swooning cry, tossed his club aside and fell backward. The putt halved the hole, all players getting par fives. Hope and Hunter led at the turn, two up.

Hope dropped into the clubhouse for coffee. He weighs about 180 pounds, and golf keeps him in fattish fair condition.

"Isn't it wonderful, Ted?" he confided as he strode toward the clubhouse. "No one's ever done this in the movie colony before. Bing and I have been all over the country. The people are nuts about it. It does everybody good, including us. Healthy all around."

He's very friendly and good-natured, this Hope, despite his merry-go-round wit. He works at humor all the time, but rarely repeats himself.

We returned to the 10th tee, and were off again, all four playing with their usual steadiness. Thus far, hardly a poor stroke had been made.

A baby started to cry as Hope swung on his second shot.

"I know just how you feel," Bob sympathized. "That's the way I feel too."

Everybody took a five on this par-four, 422-yard hole. On the 11th, it was par golf all around. But on the 12th, a 162-yard shorty, things happened. Smith was on, but too deep. Hunter almost hit the flag. Crosby was short. He'd taken a lot of club and hit too lightly. Hope's shot was almost to the pin.

"It would have been right in the cup," he apologized, "if I'd hit it right—which I didn't intend to, anyway."

He and Hunter took the hole with snazzy threes, and Crosby and Smith were three down.

Hope drove a long one into the crowd on the 13th, and Crosby sadly said, "He just annihilated Long Beach."

On the green, Hope sank a 15-footer, then swelled up magnificently, threw his club away and strutted like a superman. Crosby had a 25-footer to sink, but was short by six inches. Hunter and Smith had threes, and the hole was halved. The 13th was halved, too.

Crosby was informed that Hope would have another stroke handicap on the fourteenth.

"Aren't you ashamed to take a handicap from an old man like me?" Bing asked plaintively. Crosby drove out of bounds.

"Retake!" Hope yelled to the crowd, waving them back so Crosby could shoot again.

"Hey, Bob!" yelled a crowd comedian as Hope teed up. "Gimme your ball!"

Hope turned to me in mock despair. "Everywhere I go, I have nine or ten straight men," he observed. "A guy can't play golf."

Hope was off well, and when they got to the green he sank his putt. He and Hunter were four up. Crosby conceded, and my five bucks went.

"Don't go, folks!" George Lake megaphoned to the crowd on the fifteenth hole. "Hope begins to tire here."

"You make the jokes and I'll play golf," Hope retorted.

Nobody left, even though the match was over. They wanted laughs, and never mind the golf. Hope drove off, and broke his wooden tee. Someone in the crowd dived for it, but Hope dived faster.

"Have that reshafted," he said to his caddy, Don Boren, crack club golfer who had volunteered to take him around.

Crosby's drive shot straight into a big, spreading eucalyptus.

"Hey!" cried Hope in alarm. "Careful! You'll knock Johnny Weissmuller out of that tree!"

Nothing much happened after that, except that at one point Bing broke into song, to the delight of the gallery.

"Hey, Bing! Don't do that!" Hope warned. "You'll bring on a moose!"

On the eighteenth, Bing and Bob arranged their private bets. Then Bing drove off well.

"Oh, why did I open my big, fat kisser?" Hope wailed. Then he turned to his caddy. "My lumber, please!" The caddy tossed him a tee.

His drive skidded to the left, then cut grass and disappeared.

We battled through the crowd, Hope mourning all the way about the shot. Then, to his amazement, he found it lying well up with the others.

"I've got relatives in this crowd," he said. He swung with an eight iron, and lofted the ball straight over the green. But when we got there, the ball was closest in. The crowd had kicked his ball out.

"Everybody's a comedian here," he said, as he dropped his putt.

All Have Good Scores

We fought our way into the locker room, and as the boys changed, Hunter commented that it was reasonably good golf, but that crowds won't behave.

"When that guy grabbed my club," Hope said, seriously, "I didn't like it too much. It's hard enough to play against the straight men. The Hopes in the crowd are worse."

As we left, the autograph hunters were there, and Bing and Bob signed their way to the car. Then we were rolling on the California cement. We passed a movie house, outside of which a long line stretched.

"Hey, Bing," Bob asked, "how's about they revive Two for Tonight? They might catch the overflow dough."

"Yeah," Crosby agreed. "If they put Some Like It Hot on with it."

I gathered that these represented the two biggest flooperoos the boys had made.

Loosening my shoes to allow cool air to get at my suffering feet, I drew out a pencil stub and figured the individual scores as we rode along. Hunter had a neat 73. Both Smith and Crosby scored 75s. Hope, despite his clowning, had taken a 77.

And that's not bad golf!

THE END

RYDER OF THE COMIC PAGE

Continued from page 17

An Eastern publisher who knew his serious work—remarkably realistic oil paintings of Indian and cowboy life—sent Fred the money to come East, to write and illustrate a book on frontier life. He signed him up. The serious book is not yet finished but the publisher has made a good thing out of the Red Ryder and Little Beaver books. Fred's first job was to draw a strip called Red Ryder, which sold immediately to one of the country's largest syndicates. This was in late '38. The rest is history.

Today, Fred is one of the fastest artists in the business and one of the hardest-working. He has no assistants, which among strip cartoonists is unusual. He is a perfectionist and temperamentally incapable of working with a helper. An assistant might not know the difference between a California, single or center-fire rig and that, of course, would be calamitous.

Fred's syndicate takes a rather jaundiced view of his active ranch life. After all, there is a lot of that long green riding on his battered right hand and he is constantly being thrown, bitten or stomped on. Two years ago he broke his right elbow, had his arm set in a right-angle cast and, two days later, was back at his drawing board.

Whether Red Ryder rates first, second or third among Western cartoon strips is anyone's guess. If Red isn't champ he is certainly a leading contender for the title. He is seen by 45,000,000 people in over 750 daily and Sunday newspapers in this country, Canada, Australia and Central and South America; 65,000,000 people see the eight annual Red Ryder films, each of which is released in more than 8,000 theaters; 12,000,000 Red Ryder comic magazines are sold yearly and 1,000,000 Little Beaver and Red Ryder books cross the counter annually. Mr. Hooper hasn't counted the ears of those who listen to Ryder's drawl on the radio but he figures that a mighty big parcel of people listen in.

It seems reasonably safe to say that Ryder and his little pal command the high esteem of a considerable chunk of people. All in all, Fred Harman's future looks secure.

THE END

Collier's believes...

...HERE'S SOMETHING TO THINK ABOUT

THE agreement worked out by the General Motors Corporation and the United Auto Workers Union (C.I.O.) raised some questions that we will be talking about for a long time to come.

The immediate advantage to the company, to the union and to the consuming public is that a strike was avoided. A large strike at this time would have had a very sour effect. It would have been costly to the company, tragic to some of the workers, and a headache to the nation that has quite enough to worry over.

Two ideas which were injected into the agreement will demand continuing attention. Of the 11-cent-an-hour wage increase, three cents represent an "annual improvement factor." The eight cents is a cost-of-living adjustment.

The cost-of-living adjustment is familiar. Many years ago the cost of living was the wage basis advocated by labor. In recent times wages have been fixed by other considerations, chief of which is the scarcity of workers. Sometime, of course, the cost of living will again have to be considered. The price level is the final measure of any wage. So it is good to have the relationship between wages and prices formally recognized.

The "annual improvement factor" is a new and an ambitious consideration. Only a large and thoughtful organization could dare promise to increase efficiency annually so that it could afford to make a wage increase based on improvement of production. Behind that pledge to improve industrial processes and to share the fruit of improvement are research, engineering, advertising and mass production. Invention following scientific experimentation is the way to such a goal.

A large corporation rich in man power can risk such a bet on its future, but too many lesser industrial enterprises lack such aids to improvement. Nevertheless where an enterprise does grow and better its productivity, it is wise to distribute widely these gains.

All in all the wage treaty made by General Motors and the union is an interesting document. A great many people on both sides of the industrial table will be considering its consequences for a long time to come. . . .

W. L. C.

. . . IN CALLING A SPADE A SPADE: Every once in a while, some entirely well-meaning person suggests in public that we take to calling the American economic system by another name than capitalism or the profit system.

The latest of these as we go to press is Walter Mitchell, Jr., managing director of the Controllers (accountants) Institute of America. Mr. Mitchell sprang his idea at this organization's recent Middle West conference that was held in St. Paul, Minnesota.

He argued, as do all who make similar suggestions, that when we call our setup capitalism or the profit system we "make it easy for Communists and other left-wingers to allege that we are merely trying to safeguard the 'vested interests.'" So Mr. Mitchell thinks we ought to take to calling our financial and social mechanism the "enterprise economy."

We move we just keep on calling it capitalism, with a big C and without apologies.

Capitalism is the correct name for it, for one thing. For another, the Communists are the world's current champions at the art of calling things by their wrong names. The Reds term their own tyranny "democracy," claim that their one-man-rule system expresses the will of "the toiling masses," call Hitler-style elections like the recent thing in Czechoslovakia "free democratic elections," and so on.

Liars eventually defeat themselves. We may sound crazy in saying so at this moment in world history, but we think the Communists will eventually cut their own throats somehow with their lies, distortions and contradictions. Why ape them in that respect?

Capitalism is an honorable word, and the system it describes has made more people happier than any other economic device ever yet evolved. Let's keep the word. Let's make the system better and better.

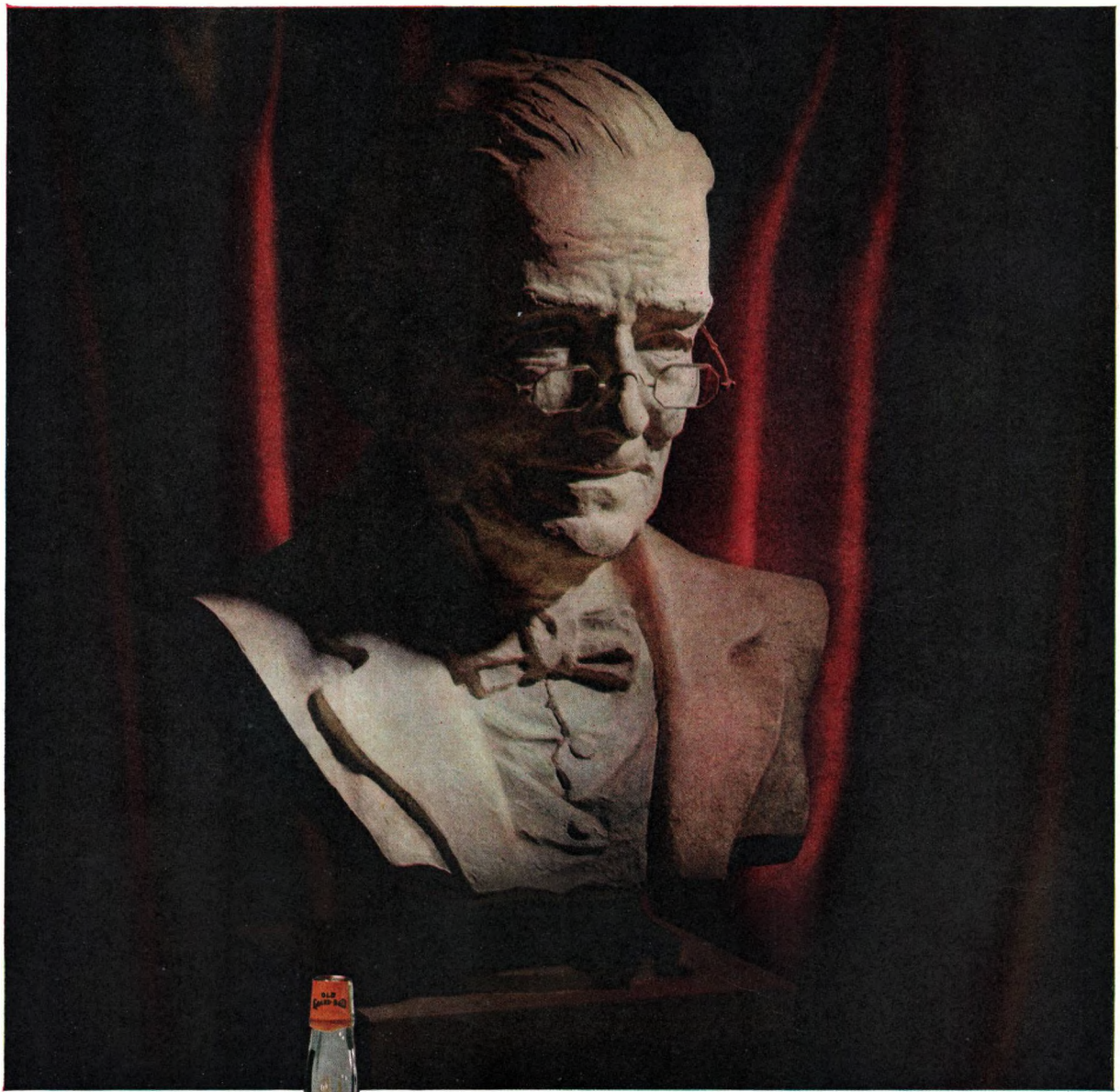
. . . SCIENCE CAN STUB ITS TOE: We take note of police use here and there of allegedly infallible scientific gadgets for registering degrees of drunkenness. You know—the cops pick up some motorist and apply the device to his breath, and if he's found to have such and such a percentage of alcohol under his belt the judge is supposed to fine him or suspend his license for drunken driving.

We don't doubt that these things can measure anybody's alcoholic content accurately. But how can any of them possibly register the way alcohol affects the particular person under inspection?

Mr. A, for example, can take five highballs or three dry Martinis and still be a reasonably safe driver. Mr. B gets too potted on one drink to be trusted at the steering gear of a kiddy car. And there is an occasional Mr. C, who gets badly squiffed on the first three or four drinks, becomes as steady as a gyroscope on the next few, and then suddenly and quietly falls flat on his face along about drink number 10 or 11. So it goes.

We don't think the gadget has been or can be invented that will register these individual alcoholic tolerances and peculiarities. Consequently, police use of such devices seems to us unreliable and unscientific. Science has its limitations, and we believe this is definitely one of them.

All science aside, the best advice under this head is: Don't drive at all when you've been drinking at all.



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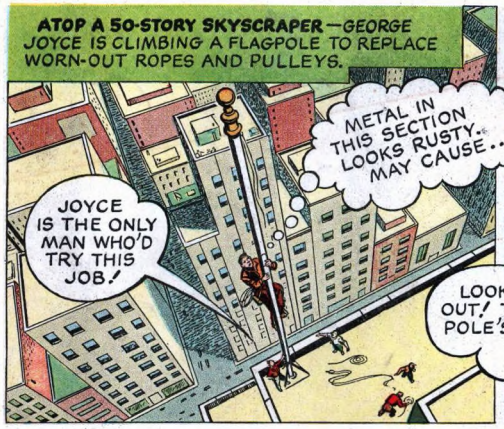
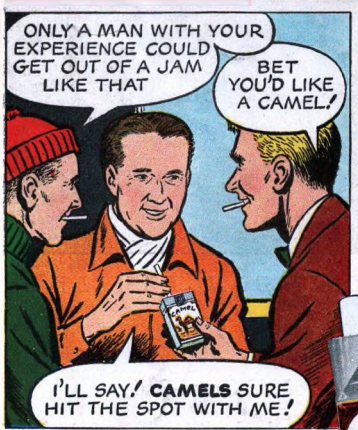
ATOP A 50-STORY SKYSCRAPER—GEORGE JOYCE IS CLIMBING A FLAGPOLE TO REPLACE WORN-OUT ROPES AND PULLEYS.



HANGING IN MID-AIR 50 STORIES UP.

JOYCE CALLS ON ALL HIS NERVE AND **EXPERIENCE.** FIRST, HE QUICKLY REMOVES HIS FOOT FROM STIRRUP ROPE; THEN DROPS THE LINE TO HIS ASSISTANTS.

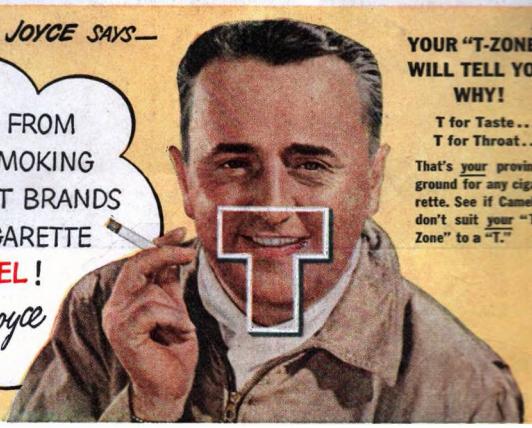
***EXPERIENCE IS THE BEST TEACHER**— IN STEEPLE-JACKING AND IN CIGARETTES TOO. WITH MILLIONS WHO HAVE TRIED AND COMPARED, **CAMELS** ARE THE **"CHOICE OF EXPERIENCE."**



STEEPLE-JACK **GEORGE JOYCE** *SAYS—*

I'VE LEARNED FROM EXPERIENCE IN SMOKING SEVERAL DIFFERENT BRANDS —THERE'S NO CIGARETTE LIKE A CAMEL!

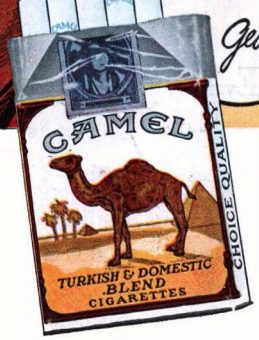
George Joyce



YOUR "T-ZONE" WILL TELL YOU WHY!

T for Taste...
T for Throat...

That's your proving ground for any cigarette. See if Camels don't suit your "T-Zone" to a "T."



According to a Nationwide survey:

MORE DOCTORS SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

Three nationally known independent research organizations asked 113,597 doctors to name the cigarette they smoked. More doctors named Camel than any other brand.

MORE PEOPLE ARE SMOKING CAMELS THAN EVER BEFORE

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.