Collier's

FEBRUARY 14, 1953 • FIFTEEN CENTS

TWO LINCOLN PICTURES
As You Never Saw Him Before

WHY DIDN'T YOU GET THAT RAISE?
What It Takes to Get Ahead

RACIAL PREJUDICE
How One City Beat It

Says Al Rossi,* a sound engineer,
"About whiskey there's one thing that's clear:
If you're seeking the best,
Make this easy taste test.
You'll find **Calvert** the brand without peer!"

* AL ROSSI, TV and sound engineer, Lowell, Mass.

Should you switch whiskies? Make this taste test and see!

1. SNIFF Calvert and any other whiskey to make sure which has the finest *bouquet*. Use ¼-oz. samples of each—*without knowing which is which.*

2. TASTE each whiskey *critically* to compare smoothness and mellowness. Then swallow *carefully* to be certain which is free from bite, burn or sting.

3. CHOOSE the whiskey that *really* has the better taste. We're confident you will pick Calvert—because its finer taste is determined by scientific taste tests made by thousands of folks like you. But if you still prefer another brand, stick with it. *Fair enough?*

Compare...and you'll switch to Calvert

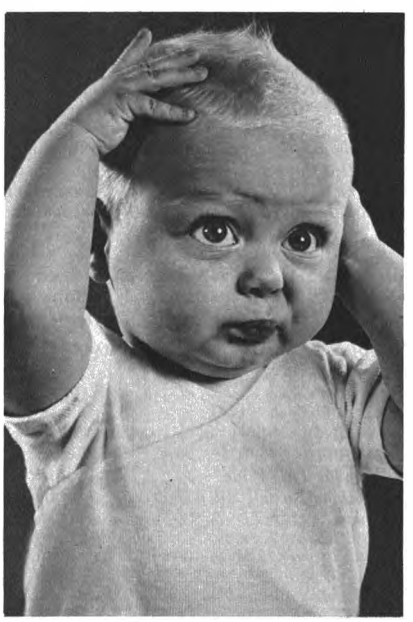
CALVERT RESERVE BLENDED WHISKEY—86.8 PROOF—65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS—CALVERT DISTILLERS CORPORATION, NEW YORK CITY

6 Billion Dollars? Yes, Buster, that's a bill you inherit. It's the cost to date of government power —federal-government-in-the-electric-business—the money put out for electric power plants, electric lines and all that goes with them.

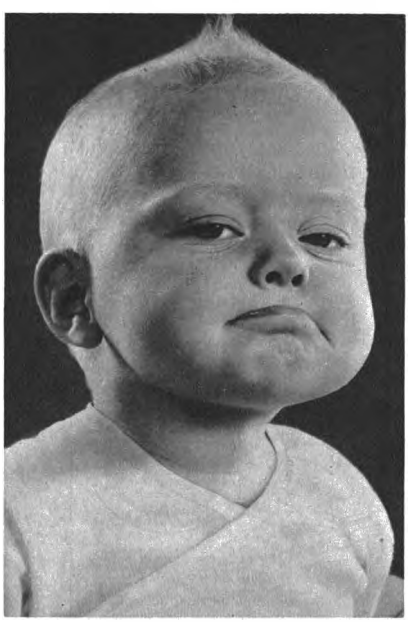
Big Baby, Eh? You bet. Government power has grown like a giant. It's 35 times bigger than it was 20 years ago. In money, that's a big chunk of the whole U. S. debt. Just paying interest on it costs Americans over $150 million a year.

Who Gets Nicked? Well, your parents do. And everyone else. In the taxes they pay on food, clothing, smokes, income—even baby powder. That means that everybody's taxes help pay the electric bills of the people served by government power.

Is This Necessary? Not a bit. Most people get electric service from an independent electric light and power company. They pay for what they use, and at low rates—for electricity is a real bargain. And no one else has to pay part of their bills.



Why Can't Somebody...? Do something about it? Everybody can. By objecting to any more unnecessary government power projects, and helping Congress resist those who want a $45 billion tax-supported federal monopoly of electricity.



I'll Yell Bloody Murder! Even better than that, Sonny. Encourage your family to help get the federal government out of all business as much as possible, so you won't grow up to be just a helpless subject of a socialist nation.

America's Electric Light and Power Companies*

*Names on request from this magazine

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February 14, 1953

ARTICLES

FICTION

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

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The Cover

It's shopping day at the supermarket and the junior members of the family have dropped their important business at home to lend a hand with the groceries. The armed guard on this cartload of valuable vittles is artist Lee Burke's son, Lee, Jr., and the happy passenger is Guy, his younger brother.

Week's Mail

More Potable than Potent

EDITOR: Like many others, I enjoyed the article, Washington's Third Party—The Cocktail Party, by Andrew F. Tully (Jan. 3d). I must take exception, however, to the unfair as well as untrue statements in reference to vodka made in this article.

The author refers to vodka as a national poison, and also as a corrosive distillation of potato alcohol. Mr. Tully advises his readers to beware of dynamic vodka Martinis which, according to Mr. Tully, "knock you flat" and "stomp all over you."

Apparently Mr. Tully obtained his information from storybooks, because all producers of vodkas made and sold in the United States use grain neutral spirits and not potato spirits, just as do the manufacturers of the well-known brands in Europe.

Furthermore, most vodkas are bottled at 80 proof and 100 proof—although the lower-proof vodka is the biggest seller by far, probably ten to one. So why should a Martini made with 80-proof vodka be any more potent than a Martini made with 90-proof gin? It isn't. In fact, by using the same proportions of liquor and vermouth, the vodka Martini is less potent.

We, as sole United States distributors of Smirnoff Vodka, the largest-selling brand, devoted a great deal of time as well as money in promoting vodka, particularly in a vodka Martini. I am sure you will appreciate why we take exception to those disparaging references to vodka in Mr. Tully's article.

FRANK C. MARSHALL, G. F. Heublein & Bro., Inc., Hartford, Conn.

Navy Stories

EDITOR: With a new year ahead, I'd like to take this opportunity to thank Collier's for the many fine Navy stories of 1952.

The carrier and the submarine articles (Sea Power's Sunday Punch, Oct. 4th; America's New Dreadful Weapon, Dec. 20th) were two of the Navy magazine high spots of the year. We received much favorable comment on both of them. LEWIS S. PARKS, Rear Admiral, U.S. Navy, Chief of Information, Washington, D.C.

The Bulge

EDITOR: Von Rundstedt's story of The Battle of the Bulge (Jan. 3d) was very good, but as usual told by someone in the rear.

Having been a dogface in the 28th Inf. Div., I happened to be in the breakthrough area quite some time before and during the supposedly surprise attack.

To the rear echelon and to the public I'll admit it was a surprise, but to

The story of two fat men . . .

One acted unwisely . . . he always ate too much; he tried to lose weight quickly through strenuous exercise, self-prescribed drugs, and other short-cuts to weight reduction.

One reduced sensibly . . . he consulted his doctor about his weight problem, and followed a properly balanced diet to bring his weight down gradually, and keep it at a desirable level.

OVERWEIGHT is our country's Number One health problem today. In fact, it is estimated that there are about 25 million Americans who are burdened by excess pounds.

Medical authorities stress the health hazards of overweight more than ever before. The reason for this is simple:

Continuing studies show that overweight people do not live, on the average, as long as those who keep their weight at a desirable level. This is because excessive fat tends to increase a person's chances of possibly developing one or more diseases of the heart and blood vessels, diabetes, liver and gall bladder disease and other disorders.

Overweight may reduce physical efficiency and often is a serious handicap in the event an operation is needed, or an acute illness occurs.

In addition, overweight is apt to place an unnecessary strain on many vital organs, especially the heart. It has been estimated, for example, that for every 20 pounds of excess weight, one's heart must serve about 12 extra miles of blood vessels. So, it is important to keep a watchful eye on your weight and start reducing as soon as any unwelcome pounds appear.

Safe and sensible weight reduction should always begin with a visit to your doctor. He will examine you and suggest what weight is best for you. His decision will be based, in part, on your height and age, as well as your bone structure and the kind of life you lead.

Nearly all cases of overweight are due to eating too much. There are various reasons for excessive eating—emotional difficulties, for example. Whatever the cause, the doctor can usually help you to develop a sound weight reduction program. This will usually include a properly balanced diet; one which will bring about the desired reduction slowly, usually at the rate of about two pounds a week, and also supply the body with the necessary protective food elements. However, no diet will produce satisfactory results, unless there is a determined effort made by the patient to reduce.

With the doctor's advice and a firm resolution to cooperate wholeheartedly, an overweight person can usually attain the desired weight—at which he will look, feel, and act best. *Remember that proper weight, in terms of everyday comfort and longer life, is worth whatever effort is required to achieve and maintain it.*

the doggies in the front line it was clear that the attack was apparent and coming soon.

I myself reported the mass preparations that could be heard and seen with the naked eye in my sector alone, and I know the rest of the front-line observers reported the same.

The rear echelon, through all these reports, would always say: "Pay no attention to the activity, it is just relief troops coming up."

We even captured German troops dressed as Americans. I recall one American (German) major who had the very location of our rifle and mortar positions 15 days before the breakthrough. The higher-ups, including SHAEF, thought nothing of it. Then they hit and it was a great surprise.

HAROLD P. HAYES, Tiffin, Ohio

. . . I must question one incident in Von Rundstedt's account of the battle. You printed a picture of American dead at Malmédy with a caption explaining that SS men, hurrying to the front, came upon them (the captive American troops) and immediately opened fire, thinking that they were an American unit heading for battle. You also state that this was the explanation given by Von Rundstedt.

I can see the plausibility of the excuse being accepted by one who has never seen combat, but as an ex-infantryman, I cannot swallow such rot. If the officers in command of the SS troops failed to see that the American troops were unarmed they might have given orders to open fire, but there is no such thing as a combat officer who orders his troops to continue firing until every one of the enemy is dead *without one shot being fired in return.*

GEORGE KAISER, Brookline, Mass.

. . . Thank you for the work and effort it must have taken on the part of your staff to put out an article on the history and truth of the Battle of the Bulge.

I was a heavy machine gunner with the 99th Division holding the line in the Ardennes sector. I was captured Dec. 17, 1944.

At the time a lot of things that happened in that battle looked funny, even clear down to the viewpoints of a lowly Pfc. Your article cleared up some of them by explaining the strategy a man must use to try to reach and take a nearly impossible objective when the elements are against him in war, such as was the case of Von Rundstedt's trying to reach Antwerp.

ORVILLE W. SNYDER, Bedford, Pa.

. . . If it is naïve to be surprised to find it raining on Monday when the weather report predicted rain, then it is correct to claim that Field Marshal von Rundstedt's assault at the Battle of the Bulge was a complete surprise.

An article by a military analyst appeared in the New York Times published a week or more before this event wherein the author stated that in his opinion Von Rundstedt would attempt one more all-out attack from the Ardennes Forest.

I think it was this same military man who also predicted in an article published in the Times several days before the event that General Rommel would strike out from the Kasserine Pass.

An article by a military man under the title of What Will Be Japan's Probable Course in the Event of War in the Pacific? (I quote from memory) appeared in the Times several weeks before Pearl Harbor. In it the author stated that Japan would attack Pearl Harbor and try to destroy our fleet.

Nevertheless our top commanders were completely surprised in each instance. Why?

LEE R. ROBBINS, Norwich, Conn.

Collector's Items

EDITOR: Eleven months ago we became the parents of a daughter and received, among other gifts, two of Cydney's children ballet pictures. Upon seeing your Jan. 3d issue on the newsstand we immediately recognized another Cydney.

May we thank you for this fine addition to our collection. It now hangs with the other two in the baby's room.

MR. & MRS. JOSEPH ASHER, Bronx, N.Y.

"New Hope . . . New Understanding"

EDITOR: We deeply appreciate the publication of the article, Would You Share Your Home with a Mental Case? (Dec. 20th). The account gives splendid expression to our experience of how patients may benefit from an opportunity to return to the community, and to the remarkable contribution of caretakers like Mrs. Tucker.

Reactions to the article have been most interesting. Families of patients in the hospitals have told us of their renewed hope for the eventual adjustment of their relatives. One family said that the article helped them to a new understanding; they had regarded mental illness as hopeless and saw for the first time that it was really possible that their own relative could have a chance to recover and return to normal life.

FRANK F. TALLMAN, M.D., Director of Mental Hygiene, State of California, Sacramento, Cal.

. . . The article on family care for mentally ill people was superb. Because I supervise mentally ill veterans in family-care homes such as described made it particularly meaningful to me. It is gratifying to note the improvement that most patients make under this form of supervised care. Certainly it is hoped that all states will recognize the good that is derived and will adopt similar programs.

JAMES H. IVORY, Veterans Administration Hospital, Tuskegee, Ala.

Jerry Young, on the job near Lewistown, Montana. Photograph by Anthony Linck.

"Me?—I Make Mud Pies!"

By **JERRY YOUNG**

as told to **GRANTLAND RICE,** *Noted Sportswriter and Commentator*

YEAH, THAT'S RIGHT—I mess around with mud for a living.

Could be I make mud packs to chase away wrinkles—but I don't. I might be vice president in charge of sludge pits at a pottery. But I'm not. The kind of mud pies I make, it's an art—but it's a science, too.

Just in case the suspense is getting unbearable . . . I'm the guy who says, "Here's mud in your eye" to an oil well. They tell me—and sometimes I believe 'em—that I'm one of the most important guys on the drilling site. Here's why:

Mud does a lot of big jobs around a drill site. When a well is drilled by the rotary method, mud lubricates the drill-stem and keeps it cool. It flows up out of the drill hole and carries out ground-up rocks from the bottom. It hardens the clay around the sides of the hole, and makes a well that won't cave in.

This isn't ordinary mud, either. We buy it by the sack, made-to-order for the kind of ground we're drilling in. Some of it is made with South American fibres, with alumina, silica—lots of different chemicals. The boss-driller on each job usually has his own favorite mud recipe—and I'm the guy who mixes it, adding just the right amount of water, salt, and other chemicals.

With the help of me and my fancy mud pies, Cities Service last year drilled 375 miles of holes, contributing toward the production of 43,000,000 barrels of petroleum liquids—which it turned into more than 400 products you can use around the house, in your car, on your farm if you have one, and in the factory.

Are these products good? Why man, I was there when they were born! Sure—I think they're the best on the market today.

CITIES SERVICE

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Here's a doleful tiding for you folks whose gold mines were closed down by the government during World War II. If you're thinking of suing the government for the dough you think you might have got if you'd been permitted to go on digging, you've got to prove down to the last possible nugget that "conditions" are the same today as they were then. And anybody who can do that wins a hatful of folding money.

★ ★ ★

Dr. Burgess Gordon, president of the Woman's Medical College in Philadelphia, foresees the day when men may have to wear girdles if they hope to

meet female competition in industry, business and politics. Girdles make for better and deeper breathing, he says, resulting in more vitality; and there are far too many middled men in business.

★ ★ ★

Bit of professional advice discovered in the Iowa Association of Chiefs of Police and Peace Officers Magazine. That, by the way, is the name of the journal, not the contents. Advice is, "Don't argue with the cop. Maybe he just wants to give you a friendly warning. Don't sit in your car hollering you're a taxpayer. You can no more win an argument with him than a ballplayer can with an umpire. Instead, congratulate him for being on the job. Thank him for giving you a ticket. He has been examined physically and has a stout heart. He will not drop dead."

★ ★ ★

Having read that the true rebel yell begins "on A-sharp, slides up immediately half a tone, changes to D-sharp, holding there and ending with a tremolo," Mr. Simms O'Brien walked to the corner of his street in Lawrence, Massachusetts, and gave it a try. Three times brought results—two cops, several dogs and an ambulance.

★ ★ ★

Before being asked what we think of the housing shortage in Washington, D.C., we say it's nonsense. Plenty of room if they'll just take old 48's advice and throw away those 4,000,000 cases filled with triplicated, quadrupled and sextupled forms we the people have filled out and the government saved. Costs $70,000,000 a year to store them in space as large as seven Pentagon buildings. Why not use this space to file away leftover Truman administration personnel? Or at least the stranded, but still hopeful, cronies. Lots of room then for Ike's guys.

★ ★ ★

Because his picture on his campaign literature was said to have been taken from a photograph made 12 years ago, the Honorable Earle H. Hill, recently re-elected to the Oregon legislature, has been asked to resign. Oregon law says politicians may not broadcast photographs more than five years old. Mr. Hill's opposition cries "fraud." Mr. Hill replies "nonsense." Situation tense.

★ ★ ★

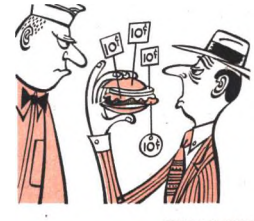
Judge in Rutland, Vermont, asked the cop whether he was sure the prisoner was drunk when arrested. Cop said: "Well, Judge, it was like this: I saw this man drop a penny in the parking meter and look up at the courthouse clock and holler that he's lost twelve pounds. What do you think?"

★ ★ ★

From Beatrice, Nebraska, we receive word that a lady asked to be excused from jury duty because she did not believe in capital punishment. But the judge told her she shouldn't worry because this case merely involved a fellow whose wife gave him five hundred dollars to pay for a fur coat she'd ordered. Fellow didn't buy the coat but went on a pub-crawl with a dame he'd picked up in a bar and spent all the money that way. "All right, Judge," said this lady. "I'll serve. Maybe I was wrong after all about capital punishment."

★ ★ ★

The sign on this eatery near Pomona, California, announced: Hamburgers Ten Cents. So George Irwin entered. He ate one hamburger. The counterman demanded 40 cents. Mr. Irwin pointed to the sign. Said the counterman: "You had it on a bun, didn't you? That's ten cents. You said yes to pickle relish, didn't you? Ten cents more.



IRWIN CAPLAN

Nodded when I asked onion, didn't you? Another dime. Anything else on your mind, mister?" The bewildered Mr. Irwin couldn't think of anything.

★ ★ ★

Large sign on a trailer truck seen one recent night by Mr. Fred Wetherbee out in Greenfield, Indiana: DIM DEM DAM LIGHTS.

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Well, He's About This Wide

By JOHN I. KEASLER

"Oh, it's too large, isn't it?" my wife said unhappily

EXACTLY why wives find it impossible to remember their husbands' clothing sizes is a mystery I have been unable to fathom. At least I've been unable to fathom it from the dark folds of my latest birthday present, which my wife handed me the other evening.

"Oh, you shouldn't have," I said greedily, shaking the box to see if it gurgled. "Now what in the world could this be?"

"A fine way to find out would be to take it out of the box," she advised. "Try it on for size."

I executed these maneuvers but seemed little nearer to the answer. So far as I could determine, the box contained a bright-plaid pyramidal tent or, perhaps, an elephant blanket. The present turned out, however, to be a sport shirt.

"Oh, it's too large, isn't it?" my wife said unhappily, as I emerged from the bedroom, tripping over the shirttails. "I distinctly *told* that clerk I wanted size sixteen double E."

"Sixteen double E?" I croaked from somewhere inside the shirt. "My shirt size is sixteen *thirty-three*."

"That silly clerk," my wife said. "I wish you could get your shirt size straight. Well, I'll just have to take it back and exchange it."

"Never mind," I said hastily. "They're wearing elephant blank— I mean, sport shirts roomier today."

I was taking no chances of coming out even worse. The complete inability of the female mind to cope with the standard measurements used in men's clothing has long been a source of well-swathed confusion to me, but I've learned not to fight it.

For instance, there's my aunt in Philadelphia, an otherwise orderly minded woman who can memorize the ingredients of a complicated casserole at a glance. But for years I've been receiving undershirts from her which a midget couldn't enter with a shoehorn.

It is small comfort to realize this distaff blind spot is universal. This was brought to my attention recently while I was in a men's wear department, to exchange some socks a niece had given me, apparently under the impression I wore them over my shoes. I was yanked bodily into the suit department by an elderly lady customer.

"My husband's about this big in here," she said to the clerk, as she absently delivered a nasty right cross to my mid-section, "but he's a little taller. And he's not so flat in the back part. What size suit do you wear, young man?"

"Size forty," I gasped.

"Is that all?" she asked suspiciously. "I wear a size thirty-eight myself." She demanded a size forty-four, just to be safe.

She probably had known her husband only a few decades and naturally couldn't be expected to know his suit size.

"With men's sizes so confusing, it's a wonder women understand them as well as we do," my wife, Margery, said self-righteously the other day when her mother sent me a pair of corduroy slacks, the only slacks I ever had which stood still the first four steps I took.

"I know your sizes, sort of," I wailed to Margery.

"Well, naturally," she said. "Anybody can learn women's sizes. Even you. They're so simple."

Here before me I have a working chart of women's sizes, worked out unerringly through simple calculus and blind instinct. The woman in point shall remain unnamed.

She wears a size-twelve blouse, except sometimes. Then she wears either a size ten or a size fourteen. Of course, she also wears a size-thirty-four blouse or, occasionally, size thirty-six. The reason given for this is that it all depends. These statistics may apply to slips but not to dresses except at some stores.

"Half sizes" allow for anatomies which are larger in some places than in others. The "Miss" size bracket has nothing to do with age, or anything else the mortal mind can conceive of, and may or may not be larger than a "Mrs." size, of which there are none.

Lastly, none of this makes any difference because, through a strange quirk in natural law, your wife will take anything you buy her back to the exchange counter, whether or not it fits.

Simple? Of course, I admitted to my wife. Matter of fact, she is so impressed by my grasp of these fundamentals that she has promised to quit trying to wheedle at least a size-ten hat for me from salesmen simply because she wears a size twenty-two and is afraid I'll catch cold.

It's dark in this fedora. ▲▲▲

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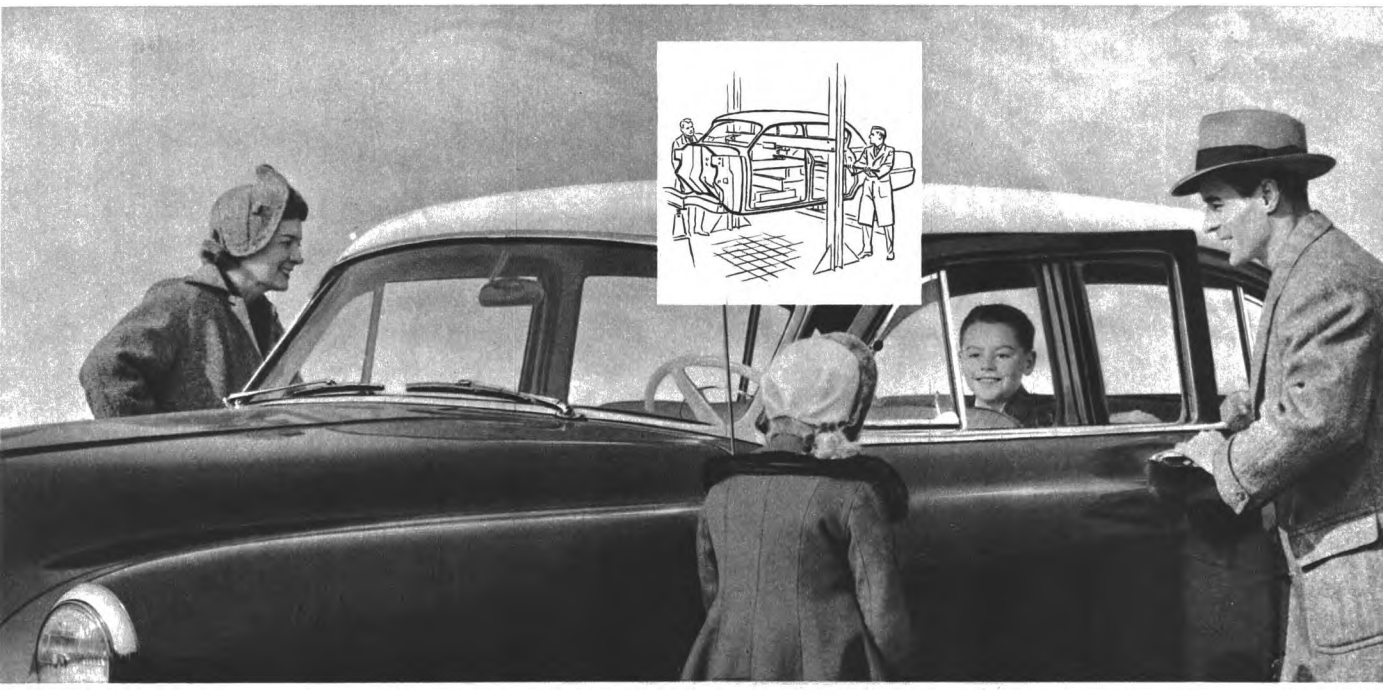

EVEN BEFORE you turn the starter key, you sense the strength built into every new Plymouth, Dodge, DeSoto and Chrysler. The tight, firm way the doors latch hints that here is a body-and-frame structure ruggedly safe throughout. You notice, too, the wide, full-circle view through the smart new curved one-piece windshield and added window space all around. On Comfort-Level seats, you sit naturally erect, better able to see the road.

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WHY DIDN'T YOU GET THAT RAISE?

By HOWARD WHITMAN

Maybe your idea of how to get ahead is out of date. Psychologists have created new standards and tests. If you understand them, you may get that increase yet

THE way to get ahead in the world is changing just about as fast as the world is. Science is moving in to help big companies decide who gets the better job—and the bigger pay check. That old rogue known as "Pull" is being thrown out the window, and so is its side-kick, "Lucky Break." In their places are new methods, fresh from the psychological laboratories, for determining not only how good a man is at his job but how good he is *as a person*—and what he can develop into. A good many old notions, and some old virtues, too, are going on the scrap heap.

Consider, for example, the idea of getting a promotion by being in the right place at the right time. Many a career has been built on it, yet it is mostly a matter of luck, not merit. Today, instead of being caught short and picking the first person who comes by the door, companies are building a backlog of promotable personnel—tested, appraised, ready to move up the ladder. *Employee evaluation* has supplanted the stab in the dark.

Or, consider the notion of fitting square pegs into square holes. Just a few years ago that was about all there was to personnel science. Today, that approach is looked upon as kid stuff. The real trick is to find out what kind of wood the peg is made of, what quality, how durable, and—most important of all—how it can be shaped in the future to fit into a hole it doesn't begin to fit into right now. *Employee development* has taken the place of the peg game.

The old virtues die hardest of all. They must be born again in a new context. E for effort isn't enough any more. A man can put forth a lot of effort going around in circles. Even sheer, roll-up-your-sleeves hard work isn't what it used to be. One personnel consultant says, "If a man works his head off, his company may think he can't get his work done in a normal day." The new ideal is *productive work*—the efficient use of energy, not the sheer output of it. As with machinery, a smooth, well-paced worker is considered better than one eternally on the verge of blowing a gasket.

Most people are pleased that the scientific approach is supplanting favoritism, petty prejudice, dumb luck, random selection and eager-beaverism. Most people want to be promoted. But I think it can safely be assumed they want to be promoted for being what they really are.

Dr. Walter D. Woodward, psychiatrist at the American Cyanamid Company, says:

"We are looking beyond the old idea of promotion. We are thinking in terms of *development*, looking toward a man's long-term progress with the company. We want to develop men who can fit into future vacancies, take jobs which don't even exist yet. Our idea is to help people develop on the job, grow into something better."

Growth on the job, I found in visits to numerous companies and numerous consultants, seems to have taken the place of square-peg-square-hole thinking. Says the modern employer, "I'm not content to keep you as I found you. I want to watch your growth and development (and help you in it) so that you can hold bigger, better jobs as time goes by."

In many firms, I found "salesman development programs," "supervisor development programs," "executive development programs" and other varieties of the growth-on-the-job approach. Each recognized a fundamental principle of psychology: people are not static, they are constantly changing.

The changes are determined by the deep, underlying piles of personality structure. Hence the new dynamic approach to promotion is based not so much on how well a man or woman can do a particular job, but how mature and well-integrated his or her personality may be. The mainsprings of personality supply, after all, the incentive, integrity, vigor and enthusiasm a person needs to do not only today's job but any future job.

In the files of the American Management Association, a study covering 80,000 clerical and office workers in 76 companies analyzes the reasons why people are not promoted. Lack of skill on the job accounts for only 23.5 per cent of the trouble. Personality failings account for 76.5 per cent. Some of the personality failings and the extent to which they halt promotion are: lack of initiative 10.9 per cent, lack of ambition 9.7 per cent, carelessness 7.9 per cent, non-co-operation 6.7 per cent and laziness 6.4 per cent.

These personality failings can be observed in surface behavior. But today's personnel experts listen also for deeper rumblings, especially when important promotions are involved. Their listening apparatus consists of batteries of psychological tests plus "evaluation interviews."

Let's say the personnel director or a plant psychologist is considering Mr. A for promotion to foreman. He wants to find out just what kind of a director of other men Mr. A will be. He can't come right out in an interview and ask, "Do you have an authority complex?" or "Are you a martinet?" or "Do you want this job just to lord it over

THESE TRAITS HELP

1. Ability to think analytically
2. Evenness of moods
3. Ability to inspire confidence
4. Willingness to work hard and to require others to do so
5. Toleration of hostile action
6. Ability to think critically
7. Good social sensitivity (tact, finesse)
8. Courage of convictions
9. Resistance to fear

THESE TRAITS HURT

1. Inability to take criticism
2. Lack of originality
3. Gloominess and pessimism
4. Inability to follow through
5. Hostility (suspicion and back-stabbing)
6. Dissipation of effort
7. Dread of responsibility
8. Fluctuating loyalties
9. Lack of sympathy

If you are lively at night but tired in the morning, emotional fatigue may be the reason

your fellow workers?"—and expect an answer worth listening to.

So he uses a "revealing situation" question. "Let us suppose," he says, "that one of your men has been late twice in the past ten days. Each time you spoke to him about it. The last time, two days ago, his lateness disrupted your work schedule and you spoke to him strongly and received his assurance that he would be on time in the future. This morning, he is late again, and because of his lateness an important job has been held up and your department will fail to have an order ready for delivery. What would you do about this man?"

Right Answer Reveals Mature Quality

You might say there couldn't be "right" or "wrong" answers to such a nebulous question. But there are.

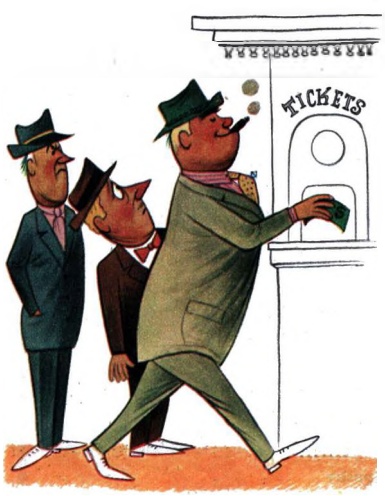
For example: "I'd fire him" is a wrong answer.

"I'd give him another chance" is a wrong answer.

"I'd find out why the man was late" is the right answer.

It is the right answer because it shows Mr. A's agility of mind in the face of a loaded question. It shows good qualities of judgment and an even, judicial temperament. (After all, the man may have been late because his mother was taken to the hospital that morning.) Further, the answer shows a warm, mature feeling toward a fellow man. It is not the mawkish "give him another chance" or the cold-fish "fire him." The approach is open and human—and the man can still be fired or forgiven after the facts are known.

In written tests of personality, the "sleeper" question provides quick glimpses into character



If you speak up when someone shoves ahead of you in a line, you score for aggressiveness

structure—and the person being tested usually hasn't the faintest idea what he has revealed about himself. Here is a typical "sleeper" sequence:

Answer yes or no:

1. Do you object to the odor of fertilizer?
2. Would you feel sickish at seeing blood on a wound?
3. Do you object to the odor of garbage?
4. Would you feel sickened by attending a bullfight?
5. Would you object to drinking milk if it were beginning to sour?

On the surface this would appear to be a test of squeamishness. Actually it is a veiled probing for sadistic tendencies. It is not foolproof, of course, and is merely a pointer at best, yet you can see the possible implication if one answered "yes" to questions 1, 3 and 5 and "no" to questions 2 and 4.

Personality tests are valueless (and sometimes dangerous) when used by amateurs. When used by experts they can serve a good purpose, mainly because experts know just how far to trust them. Instead of jumping to conclusions, the skilled tester used test questions as "predictors"—hints about where to probe deeper in the personal interview.

Here's an example: "Have you ever figured out a way you'd choose to use if you committed suicide?" asks a test question. A simple yes or no answer doesn't mean a thing. Nor is there anything ominous if someone answers, "by shooting," "by hanging" or any similarly frank response. But there might be a predictor—something to dig into later—if the answer showed either a strong avoidance of the subject, such as, "Would never dare to think of such a thing!" or a preoccupation reflected in a long, enthusiastic description of one's favorite suicide method.

There are dozens of questions (and they appear in dozens of varieties on various tests) which are "clue-loaded." They have no right or wrong answers, but any answer at all adds another brush stroke to the portrait of a person. They are questions such as the following, and are aimed at the aspects of character shown in parentheses:

On meeting someone, do you say hello first or do you wait for the other fellow to say hello? *(hostility)*

Are you hurt if someone fails to return your call? *(ego weakness, inferiority feelings)*

Do you feel peppy at night and tired in the morning? *(emotional fatigue)*

Do little problems prey on your mind? *(generalized anxiety)*

If you had a free day, would you prefer to spend it alone or with other people? *(self-sufficiency)*

Would you rather make a decision yourself or have someone help you make it? *(sense of adequacy, confidence)*

Do you prefer conventional living or are you a nonconformist? *(spontaneity, assurance, rebelliousness)*

Does criticism bother you if you do not consider it constructive? *(ego strength)*

Would you speak up or let the incident pass if someone pushed ahead of you in line? *(aggressiveness, assertiveness)*

Is it hard for you to say no to a salesman? *(suggestibility)*

Some of these questions have interesting correlations, established through repeated experience and cross checking with control groups. Take the last question. If a man says it is *not* hard for him to say no to a salesman he may not make a very good salesman himself. Cross checking has shown that 90 per cent of the successful salesmen themselves find it hard to say no to a salesman.

Some tests have impressive records of predictability. The Life Office Management Association, representing over 250 insurance companies, developed a series of mental-alertness tests for clerical workers. Dr. Marion A. Bills, of the Aetna Life Insurance Company, reports on the basis of

Studies show that 90 per cent of successful salesmen are soft touches for other salesmen

follow-up studies that a person scoring over 120 on either of two of these tests stands between four and five times more chance of being promoted to a decision-making job within five years than one having a lower score.

From company to company, personnel departments use their own individual test batteries, combinations of selected standard tests plus any special tests they may have worked out for themselves. A typical combination might include (1) an adaptation of the old Army "Alpha" test for verbal, numerical and general mental ability, (2) an occupational selection test such as the Kuder Preference Record, (3) a general interest test such as the Allport-Vernon Scale of Values, (4) a vocational interest test such as the Strong Vocational Interest Inventory and (5) one or two personality soundings such as the Guilford-Zimmerman Temperament Survey or the Bernreuter Personality Inventory.

Portrait Includes Future Trends

Each of these tests, in skilled hands, sharpens the portrait of the man being considered for promotion—not only the portrait of the man today but the portrait of the man he may develop into. The Kuder Preference Record, for example, is designed to reveal inclinations in one or more of nine directions: scientific, commercial, musical, artistic, literary, social service, persuasive, mechanical and clerical. The Allport-Vernon Scale of Values aims to measure six basic fields of interest: the theoretical, economic, aesthetic, social, political and religious. The personality tests help nail down the intangible quantity known as character.

But the final rounding out—and the heart of the new, scientific approach to promotion—is the evaluation interview. Yes, this is talk, just talk. But it is extremely skilled talk, just as psychotherapy is mainly talk, but skilled talk.

In Cleveland, at Western Reserve University's Personnel Research Institute, I sat in as observer at an evaluation interview conducted for a Cleveland firm, the Solar Steel Corporation. The interviewers were two psychologists, Dr. Erwin K. Taylor, director of the institute, and Theodore Kunin. The subject was a Solar Steel employee

whom we shall call Mr. X (with facts of the interview clinically disguised to avoid identification).

Mr. X had been at the institute all morning going through a test battery. After a leisurely lunch for rest and recuperation he now was ready to face the evaluators. He came into the room with a friendly air, greeted the interviewers and sat down at a table opposite Kunin, with Dr. Taylor at a desk at the head of the table.

I was not introduced to the man. I simply sat in a corner of the room with a noteboard and pencil. But the lack of introduction was no surprise. I had asked Dr. Taylor about it in advance and he had said, "No, I intentionally will not introduce you. This is to be a 'stress interview' and your unexplained presence will serve a good purpose. It will add to the stress."

Content with this role as a stress factor, I sat with as enigmatic an expression as I could muster and took notes during the interview.

Questions at a "Stress Interview"

Mr. X hadn't answered more than a half-dozen routine questions when the stress was turned on.

Kunin: What would you do if a customer complained that the steel you shipped to him was inferior and you tested it and found that it was of top quality?

Mr. X: I'd demonstrate. I'd show him how good it was.

Kunin: And the customer comes back at you, "Young man, I've been in the steel business thirty years—and I say it's no good!"

Mr. X: Well, I'd show him the test. I'd—

Kunin: That only makes him angrier.

Mr. X: I suppose I'd have to take it back.

Dr. Taylor: When it's perfectly good?

Mr. X: But he says it isn't.

Kunin: But you know it is.

Mr. X: What else could I do but take it back?

Kunin: Suppose the company won't take it back?

Mr. X: I'd run some more tests—I'd prove to the customer—

Dr. Taylor: The customer isn't interested.

Mr. X: Well, you've got me. I guess I'd just have to talk to the sales manager about that.

Kunin: But what if *you* were the sales manager?

Mr. X at this point squirmed and lighted a cigarette. He was nonplused and silent, and the psychologists allowed the uncomfortable seconds to tick by in silence—intentionally.

One way to find out what a man is like is to get him drunk. The investigator drinks tea

One personnel man deliberately keeps a job candidate waiting—and listens to him explode

Dr. Taylor came back after a bit with, "Suppose you were made sales manager and two of your colleagues resented the fact and were intent on getting you out as soon as possible?"

Mr. X: Well, I'd try to gain their confidence.

Kunin: How?

Mr. X: I'd show them that I was in their corner.

Dr. Taylor: How?

Mr. X: I'd, uh—well, I'd show them that I'm a good guy.

Dr. Taylor: How?

To everything Mr. X said, the comeback was "How?" and no matter how adequately or inadequately he followed through, the dogged "How?" still awaited him.

At one point Dr. Taylor engaged in "role playing" with Mr. X. The psychologist played the role of a customer, who for some reason had stopped doing business with Mr. X's firm and Mr. X had the job of mollifying him and winning him back.

Mr. X: I haven't had an order from you for some time. Is anything wrong?

Dr. Taylor: No, I wouldn't say anything's wrong.

Mr. X: Well—I mean, we took care of you when steel was short, didn't we?

Dr. Taylor: Do you think I'm under obligation to you?

Mr. X: I wouldn't say that. I just mean we took good care of you.

Dr. Taylor: You made a profit on every ton, didn't you?

Mr. X: All I mean is, I'd like to just be fair about this thing.

Dr. Taylor: Oh, then you think I'm being unfair!

Mr. X: Oh no, not at all. That's not what I meant. I just thought—well, steel might be short again sometime.

Dr. Taylor: Are you threatening me!

Poor Mr. X had considerable color in his cheeks by now and just when I thought he'd blow his top, Kunin came to the rescue by taking the interview up another path.

These snatches are but a minuscule part of an interview which lasted two hours and covered everything from life history and job history to hobbies and ambitions. But the excerpts illustrate the stress theme. There are no answers to many of the questions Mr. X was asked; in fact they were framed expressly, as Dr. Taylor put it, "to get Mr. X in deep—and then get him in deeper."

The Personnel Research Institute has a bag of tricks to create stress artificially:

¶ Intentionally make a man late for his interview by having him delayed in one of the other offices, then look at your watch quite obviously when he comes in.

¶ When he gives a perfectly good answer to a question, just sit there and stare at him.

¶ Treat a big shot as though he were nobody, interrupt everything he starts to say with, "We don't care about that."

¶ State ominously, "Every word of this is being taken down." Then ask pleasantly, "You don't mind being recorded?"

Many Kinds of Resistance Are Tested

But what does stress accomplish? Why create it? Its purpose is to test the man's resourcefulness, to see if he recognizes stress and what he does about it, to see how much it takes to throw him off balance, to see what his quitting point is, to test his adroitness at handling people even in impossible situations. One technical measurement of a man's response to stress is his recovery quotient—the speed with which he bounces back, the amount of frustration he carries along into the next situation.

Some personnel men lean to novel and unorthodox techniques.

One, known unofficially as "The Broadway Bar Test," consists simply of getting the candidate for promotion as drunk as you can—under any pretext whatever—and observing his behavior with a skilled eye. It is considered cricket to arrange with your favorite bartender to put tea in your shot glass while the man you are interviewing gets straight whisky. If the candidate is the maudlin, talking type you may get more in 30 minutes than in a week of careful interviewing. Tests for belligerence and frustrability may be administered by intentionally mispronouncing the man's name or repeatedly asking him what department he's in and how long he's worked for the company.

"The Turkish Bath Test" is another. You invite the candidate for promotion to come to your club or gym and you interview him in the steam room. One company executive who used this

DRAWINGS BY ERIC GURNEY

Interview in a steam room: "Strip a man of his clothes and you strip him of all sham"

method with, in his opinion, outstanding success, remarked, "It is practically impossible for any man to maintain a superficial pose while he is naked. Strip a man of his clothes and you strip him of all sham."

A third technique is "The Nobody Home Test." Here, the candidate for promotion is given an appointment for an interview, and when he arrives at the personnel director's office the receptionist intentionally ignores him. If he points out that he has an appointment she tells him to sit down and wait—and again ignores him. If he *insists* he has an appointment, she then denies it. If, with proper gentlemanliness but firmness too, he demands his right to see the man he made an appointment with, the secretary replies, "I'm sorry, the personnel director has left orders that he is not to be disturbed."

What the Smart Candidate Would Do

During all of this the personnel director watches every move of the candidate through a one-way light screen and listens to every word through a set of headphones hooked to a microphone disguised as a thermometer. Only if the candidate walks—politely but determinedly—straight by the secretary and into the personnel director's office does he get an interview at all.

None of these maverick techniques is recommended, for, if they work at all, they work only because of the peculiar talent of the personnel director who uses them. They have no scientific validity.

In any event, when the results of the batteries of tests and the evaluation interview have been collated, a final report or "audit" of the individual who is up for promotion is made. In the report, the personnel director or psychologist summarizes what his tools and techniques have helped him find out. He appraises the subject's abilities and future potential, ventures generalized predictions concerning his behavior, and delineates the elements of character that are pertinent to the man's job-life. Then he either recommends promotion —or discourages it.

Sure to be mentioned in a man's final audit are his "traits." These are, to be sure, the same deathless traits of character which employers in grandpa's day were interested in—but they are viewed through a scientist's glass.

Take the trait of thoughtfulness versus interest in overt activity, sometimes stated as "introversion versus extroversion." Psychologists find that the man who is a bit on the introvert side makes a better candidate for promotion to a supervisory position than the extrovert. The reason, psychologists J. P. Guilford and Wayne S. Zimmerman, authors of the Guilford-Zimmerman Temperament Survey, comment, is that the extrovert "is so busy interacting with his social environment that he is a poor observer of other people and of himself. He is probably not subtle and may be lacking in tact. He dislikes reflection and planning."

The trait of aggressiveness has been evident in the behavior of some employees during the stress interviews mentioned earlier. A psychologist told me he and his associate once ended an interview trying to defend themselves against a man who threw answers faster than they could throw questions. It has long figured in getting a man to the top of the ladder. A company chairman tells the board, "We want men who are active, alert—who will tackle the job aggressively." Yet, on the other hand, we condemn aggressiveness in such common remarks as, "Don't push other people around" and "Don't try to get ahead by stepping on other people's toes." An aggressive person often finds himself disliked.

The personnel psychologist comes up with the answer to this apparent clash. Sheer "aggressiveness" he regards as a negative character trait. For most jobs it is undesirable. But—"unobtrusive aggressiveness": there's a term to make a personnel man tingle. For most jobs he loves it. It is power, drive and alertness without offense or disregard for others. It marks the socially mature go-getter.

The good psychologist is the first to admit that traits must not be interpreted rigidly or out of context. The *entire* individual and his complete quota of character traits must be taken into account.

Ola C. Cool, veteran management counselor and director of the Labor Relations Institute, remarked, "The men and women who know best how to get along with people—these are the ones who get the promotions."

Job knowledge, or know-how, has not lost in importance, of course, but human relations has gained in importance; that is what tips the scale.

Cool told of a brilliant engineer, an MIT graduate, who was absolute tops technically but missed out on promotion to a $25,000-a-year job. Cool explained, "This man was so good technically that he lost respect for the others around him, and he showed it. Result—he couldn't get good work out of his men."

Leadership is a word you hear repeatedly in the personnel offices. The measure of leadership is no longer how well a man can drive workers ahead of him like a team of horses, but how well he can get them to follow him like a team of men.

"Often the opinion a man's co-workers have of him is more important than management's," Cool remarked. "If he gets the promotion, they are the ones who will have to work with him."

One industrial firm, before promoting a machine operator to supervisor, always gives him this down-to-earth human relations test: it makes him a machine-fixer for three months. Why? "You see, a machine-fixer gets around. He has to deal with fellows all over the plant," the personnel manager explained. "He doesn't know it, but in three months we have a full-length portrait of his social adaptability."

The importance of human relations goes up the scale with the importance of the job. In most jobs the initial promotions, say during the first two to five years, preponderantly are based on skill, know-how, job knowledge. But when a man gets up to the supervisory levels—when he stops handling tools and starts handling people—an almost total reversal of qualifications begins.

Ratio of Know-How to Human Relations

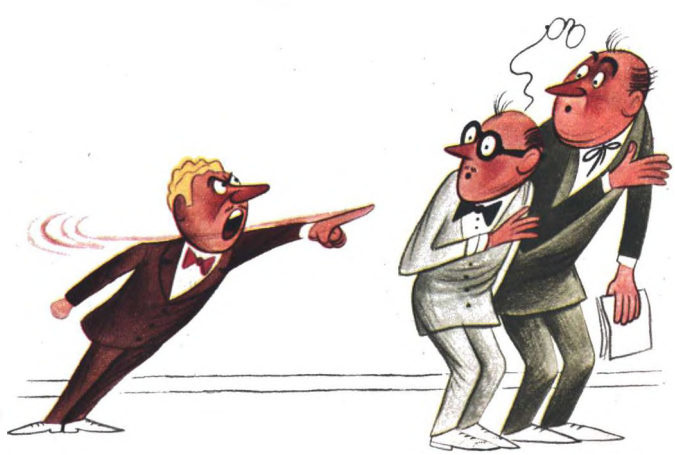
If full qualification for a job represents 100 per cent, then Cool depicts the swing of the teeter-totter something like this: for a rank-and-file worker, know-how is 90 per cent, human relations, 10 per cent; for promotion to lead man (or first step up the ladder), know-how is 75 per cent and human relations 25 per cent; for promotion to foreman or supervisor, know-how is 50 per cent and human relations 50 per cent; for promotion to executive, know-how is 20 per cent and human relations 80 per cent.

At the 1951 General Management Conference of the American Management Association one company president gave the following breakdown of how he spends his time: day-to-day operations 5 per cent, long-range planning 25 per cent, human relations work with employees, stockholders and everyone else with whom the company comes in contact—70 per cent.

In industry, as in politics, everyone has the right to want to be president. So, many companies start way down on the scale helping their people develop the art—or heart—for getting on with people. The General Electric Company does it with a counseling program, urging each supervisor to have a counseling session with each of his workers at least once a year—plus as often as an employee may wish to initiate counseling on his own steam.

"Joe, if you could have any job you wanted, what job would you want?" is a question commonly heard in counseling. It stems from interest in Joe as a person—neither an isolated wage earner nor an impersonal producer of profit, but a member of a team.

In one company, the personnel manager named a man for promotion to a job for which he had no previous training. When asked why, he remarked, "We can teach that man all the know-how he needs in six weeks—but it has taken him thirty-two years to become the person he is."



Sometimes the badgered employee turns on his tormentors and makes them defend themselves

BROADWAY'S BUSIEST BABE

By JAMES POLING

When Helen Gallagher isn't on stage, she's going to a singing, diction, acting or dance class. It pays off. A chorus girl five years ago, Helen's a star today

HOW fast can you become a Broadway star? Five years ago, Helen Gallagher was a chorus girl. Two years ago, she had yet to sing her first solo on stage. Just one year ago, her acting ability got its first test. Today, at twenty-six, the pert, bouncy brunette is the top-billed, indispensable member of Hazel Flagg, Manhattan's newest musical comedy—an unknown who's responsible for the success of a $200,000 investment.

Possibly because her rise was so swift, Helen still considers herself a learner. When she isn't rehearsing, performing or sleeping, she's usually attending a class—singing class, dancing class, diction class or acting class. While making costume changes between scenes, she practices breathing exercises. While applying make-up, she mutters, "Are you copper-bottoming 'em, my man? No, I'm aluminuming 'em, mum," and other tongue-twisters assigned by her diction coach.

When rehearsals for Hazel Flagg started, Helen found her days too busy for music lessons. So she talked her teacher, Susan Seton, into giving her the lessons at midnight. After her dramatic coach suggested exercises for facial mobility, Helen intrigued lunch-hour restaurant patrons for days on end by pausing between mouthfuls and trying to touch the point of her chin and then the tip of her nose with her tongue.

Versatility is her goal, and most people think she has attained it. In the title role of Hazel Flagg, the five-foot two-inch, 107-pound actress has to sing eight songs, ranging from blues to coloratura to rhythm numbers. She does five strenuous dances —two ballets, a tango, a jitterbug and a modern dance—and remains on stage singing, acting or dancing for 10 of the show's 13 scenes. Quite literally, as Helen goes, so goes the show.

The fledgling star is all too well aware that she has suddenly become the mainstay of a huge, expensive extravaganza. "If people would just shut up about this being such a big show," she laments, "with a cast of 55, whopping sets, elaborate costumes and all of that. I know what's been gambled on me, but I don't want to think about it. I just want to think about one dance step, or one line of a song at a time."

If Helen is worried, the show's producer, Jule Styne, and his colleagues seem very confident. They've billed her above such established and expert performers as Thomas Mitchell and Benay Venuta, but they don't regard their gamble on their new star as a long shot. They think her expert timing and pixielike handling of comedy numbers compares to the work of Bea Lillie. Her vocal quality, they say, is similar to Judy Garland's, with the

WERNER WOLFF

Broadway's newest star still thinks she has much to learn. Here, Harry Asmus gives dancing lesson

Helen (center, second row) spends four hours each week in diction class, worries about Bronx accent

Unable to fit vocal lessons into schedule, Helen talked teacher Susan Seton into midnight sessions

added volume and brashness of Ethel Merman.

"We've bet $200,000 on Helen," Styne says, "because we think she's the greatest package of singing, dancing and comedy since Marilyn Miller."

Helen says, "Are they out of their minds? They're talking about four other people, not me."

Styne and his associates could, understandably, be biased. In the last analysis, it will be the public, and the line it forms at the box office of the Mark Hellinger Theater, that will render the final verdict on Styne's judgment in giving Helen the top billing.

"It was a simple decision to make," he says, "because she's the only musical-comedy actress I know of who can do everything. I'm not kidding. Name me one established star who doesn't have to have dancing support in a show. Helen's not only a singer and comedienne, she's a ballerina, too. She's the only triple threat we've got, the only one in the business who can be a show's star singer, star comedienne *and* star dancer.

"I don't know where we'll ever find another girl to play the part if we have to cast a road company."

It won't disturb Helen if they can't find anyone. Once she has created a part she takes a fiercely maternal attitude toward it and gets upset if it is placed in the hands of a foster mother. A couple of years ago, she withdrew from a show to take a better part. One night she went back to watch the actress who had replaced her—and left the theater sobbing, "Oh, my beautiful, beautiful part!"

She finds Hazel Flagg an even more beautiful role because it offers her, for the first time, full scope for her unique combination of talents. The musical—Ben Hecht's adaptation of his famous movie, Nothing Sacred, which starred the late Carole Lombard—tells the story of a dial painter in a small-town watch factory, a charming little liar with a wild imagination who pretends she is suffering from radium poisoning and has only three weeks to live. A floundering magazine, impressed by the promotional possibilities of her ostensible tragedy, brings her to New York and dedicates itself to seeing that her every dying wish is gratified —and publicized. Hazel, no piker at wishing, is as ingenious at exploiting the magazine's credulity as the magazine is in exploiting her.

Love Triumphs at the Final Curtain

New York is quickly brought to her feet. Her courage in the face of death becomes the main theme of the nation's radio and press. The city plans the biggest funeral in its history. She's to have a monument in Central Park. Then love enters the plot, bringing with it a threat of exposure, and she is brought back to sober reality with a thump. The curtain, of course, descends on love triumphant, with Hazel having outlived the lie she has perpetrated.

As this fable runs its course, Helen's triple-threat qualities are constantly in evidence. In scene after scene of situation comedy, sometimes broad, sometimes subtle, she makes expert use of the zany, antic expressiveness of her hands, face and eyes—an expressiveness which comes out so unself-consciously that, when she saw her first screen test, she exclaimed, "Good heavens, how I must frighten people who talk to me for the first time." Her dances range from the lyrical ballet inspired by her first Paris gown to the hilarious tango that highlights a scene in which she imagines herself to be Laura de Maupassant, a Parisian plaything for men.

Her songs are equally varied. They run from a romantic ballad like How Do You Speak to an Angel?, to the jazz-happy You're Gonna Dance with Me, Willie, and the syncopated chant of Laura de Maupassant:

"Outside my château on the wealthy Riviera,
Aristocratic noblemen will rave and rant;
Oh, how they'll beg to be the next one to be ruined
*By that Laura de Maupassant."**

In a song entitled My Wild Imagination, she unwittingly gives a clue to the character of Helen Gallagher, as well as the character of Hazel Flagg, when she sings:

"I love the world of make-believe . . .
I love the game of let's pretend
*And wish the game would never end . . ."**

Helen is unquestionably happier and more secure in the make-believe world of the theater than she is in the workaday world. On stage, she is assured and confident and projects a vivid personality. (In her last show, Pal Joey, she won the Donaldson and Antoinette Perry awards as best supporting actress of 1952.) In everyday life, her shyness and timidity are easily seen beneath the protective cloak of brusqueness she has adopted. The theater has a deep psychic significance for her, and she knows it. "Whenever I'm not working," she says, "I get asthma. It's got to be psychosomatic."

Mary Anthony, a dancer and teacher who once shared an apartment with Helen, says, "I took her at her stage value—you know, fast-talking, flip—before I lived with her. Then I discovered that she was actually an easily hurt kid who was so vulnerable you felt like leaving her bedroom light on at night so she wouldn't wake up and be frightened."

She Avoids the Spotlight Off Stage

Her timidity when she's not on stage explains much in Helen that puzzles those who know her casually, or only as a performer. It explains why, during the eight years she has been in the theater, she has avoided the spotlight off stage. It throws light on her disregard of appearance for appearance's sake. And it explains, at least partly, the way she has immersed herself in her work.

If practice makes perfect, Helen should one day be the perfect star, on stage. But she is a long way from possessing even the surface attributes of a star, off stage.

Her friends and colleagues constantly urge her, "Please, you've got to look and act like a star. The public expects it of you."

Helen, with her lack of ostentation, refuses to believe the public gives a hoot where she goes, or whom she goes with, or what she wears when she goes there, so long as she gives it its money's worth in the theater. "It certainly seems to me," she says, "more important not to goof off on stage than for some columnist to break the world-shattering news that I was seen at El Morocco last night wearing a new mink." When she met the press for the first time after her elevation to stardom she was, in fact, wearing mink. But she was carrying an old gray squirrel coat over her arm and she hastened to announce, "The squirrel's mine. I borrowed this mink from my music teacher to have some pictures taken."

It's unlikely that Helen's way of life will ever provide a columnist with any world-shattering items. She lives—with her mother (her father died last March) and an elderly police dog—amidst clutter and confusion in a large, modern three-room apartment, in the West Fifties. She says she knows she lives "surrounded by rubble," but adds that she just hasn't the time or, to be honest, the inclination, to do anything about it.

Her social life could hardly be called spectacular. She's been to the exclusive restaurant, "21," once. Her only appearance at the Stork Club was on its television program. She's never been inside the Colony Restaurant. She is, in fact, practically unknown in New York's smart after-dark circles. At last year's Antoinette Perry awards dinner at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, a committeewoman who arrived at the actress' table to escort her to the platform had to ask, "Who's Helen Gallagher?"

But Helen can frequently be found relaxing, after the theater, in a late movie on West Forty-second Street, or in Chinatown Charlie's Sixth Avenue restaurant. When she does appear in public, her press agent probably prays that no prowling columnist will encounter her; clotheswise, she has been called "the female Marlon Brando."

She has a stunning figure, fine features and complexion, animated blue eyes and rich brown hair,

Helen's a triple-threat star—singer, dancer, actress. She's shown rehearsing the jitterbug scene from her new musical show, Hazel Flagg

but she's so disinterested in her appearance that she spends an absolute minimum of thought, effort and care on its embellishment. Her mother, a talented seamstress who makes most of her clothes, keeps Helen's closet filled with attractive garments—when she can get her daughter to stand still long enough to be fitted. But Helen prefers to pull out an old sweater or blouse and a skirt when she dresses for the street. If she feels like going to dinner in slacks, she wears them. And she uses no form of street make-up except lipstick—when she remembers to put it on.

After he'd signed her for the role of Hazel Flagg, Jule Styne hesitantly suggested, "Isn't it time you began to try to look like a star? If it's a question of money, I'll gladly loan you whatever you need." Styne says she told him she was quite happy the way she was and, besides, it was a nuisance to get herself all done up.

Her almost ostentatious lack of pretension extends into other areas and sometimes gets out of hand, according to her agent, Howard Hoyt. Arthur Freed, producer of the Academy Award winner An American in Paris and other M-G-M musical extravaganzas, recently discussed a movie contract with Helen, on a visit to New York. She listened politely until he'd finished talking of her movie potentialities, then took some snapshots from her wallet, handed them to him and said, quite seriously, "There's the girl you should be buying. She's as talented as she is beautiful and she's out in Hollywood at your finger tips. You ought to go after her, not me."

Hoyt says, "She was making a pitch for Virginia Gibson, a Warners' stock player she used to room with when they were in the chorus together. Helen's always underselling herself. Why, I've seen her standing in the wings so mad at herself for what she thought was a bad performance she had to fight to get a smile on her face so she could go out and take a bow before an audience that was beating its hands to pulp applauding her."

Whatever she thinks, on the record Helen has done all right in her brief career. She was born in Flatbush in 1926, and moved to the Bronx when she was four. At sixteen, she began to study at the School of American Ballet, and at eighteen she landed her first job, in the chorus of a show called Seven Lively Arts. She then appeared, in turn, in a flop called Mr. Strauss Goes to Boston, in Billion-Dollar Baby and in Brigadoon. In the winter of 1947, she left a $60-a-week chorus job in Brigadoon to go into High Button Shoes—the turning point of her career.

Maid's Role Shrank in Rehearsal

She was given a maid's role and a song to sing, and there was talk that she might do a comedy tango number. But as rehearsals progressed, her song was cut, the dance was ignored, and her maid's role shrank to five brief lines.

Then, when the show opened in Philadelphia, it was found that at one point the leading lady, Nanette Fabray, didn't have enough time to make a complicated costume change. The tango number was hastily exhumed to bridge the interval. Helen and her partner, Paul Godkin, were given some improvised lines, which no one thought particularly funny. They had only one hour before the second performance in which to rehearse their dance routine. Then they went on and stopped the show. Helen, it turned out, possessed that rare talent which enabled her to take a simple line like, "But it's *so* Spanish!", and give it a comedy reading that rocked the house. When the New York reviews appeared she was officially "discovered."

She next appeared in the New York and London productions of the revue Touch and Go, in which she sang her first solo number. Jule Styne called her back from England to appear in Make a Wish, a short-lived show in which Helen scored a personal triumph. Styne next cast her as Gladys Bumps, the blackmailing night-club entertainer, in Pal Joey. Her flip comedy, pert and bouncy dancing, and her handling of her Red Hot Mama number and songs like You Mustn't Kick It Around, and Plant You Now, Dig You Later earned her such acclaim that, Styne says, "I knew if I didn't star her soon, someone else would. Hence, Hazel Flagg."

Now that stardom has come to Helen there is some speculation about what it will do to her as a person. The general consensus is summed up in the comment of actor-director Terry Becker: "If *she* changes and goes prima donna, there's no hope for anyone."

Helen is not planning to change. In January, just before Hazel Flagg's out-of-town opening in Philadelphia, Harry Mayer, Warner Brothers' New York casting director, met Helen and told her he'd soon be seeing her in Hollywood, now that she was a star. Helen answered, "I'll go to Hollywood when they want *me*. So far, all you movie people have wanted to take me out there and change the way I act, change my hair, my clothes, change everything. I can be had, but not for a remodeling job. I'll stay the way I am."

Which, if Styne and company have figured the angles correctly, is just the way the public wants her.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE COVELLO

A. Lincoln—As You Never

Two newly discovered negatives of the Emancipator's 1860 campaign photographs make possible these exciting prints—showing him as he looked to his contemporaries

IN THE Smithsonian Institution at Washington, D.C., there are two old glass photographic negatives, about seven by nine inches in size and about as thick as an ordinary windowpane. Both have been broken as though trampled underfoot. Yet they are jealously protected in a permanently sealed case, as one of the nation's treasures.

The two shattered plates are the original negatives of Abraham Lincoln's 1860 campaign pictures, made on June 3d, two weeks after his nomination. They show Lincoln without the beard he wore nine months later, when he took the oath to preserve an already divided Union.

Although the negatives are priceless, by today's standards, no really good prints were ever made from them. The thousands of reproductions sold during the 1860 campaign were made by a relatively crude process; by the time modern methods and paper were developed, the plates were cracked, and all the latest prints have had to be retouched, with a resultant loss of detail.

No one ever dared hope that a duplicate set of negatives existed. But there was such a set.

The two pictures on these pages were made from duplicates discovered last fall by King V. Hostick, a young collector of historical documents. "Almost alone among Lincoln pictures," says Lincoln scholar Paul Angle, director of the Chicago Historical Society, "they show the man as his contemporaries saw him."

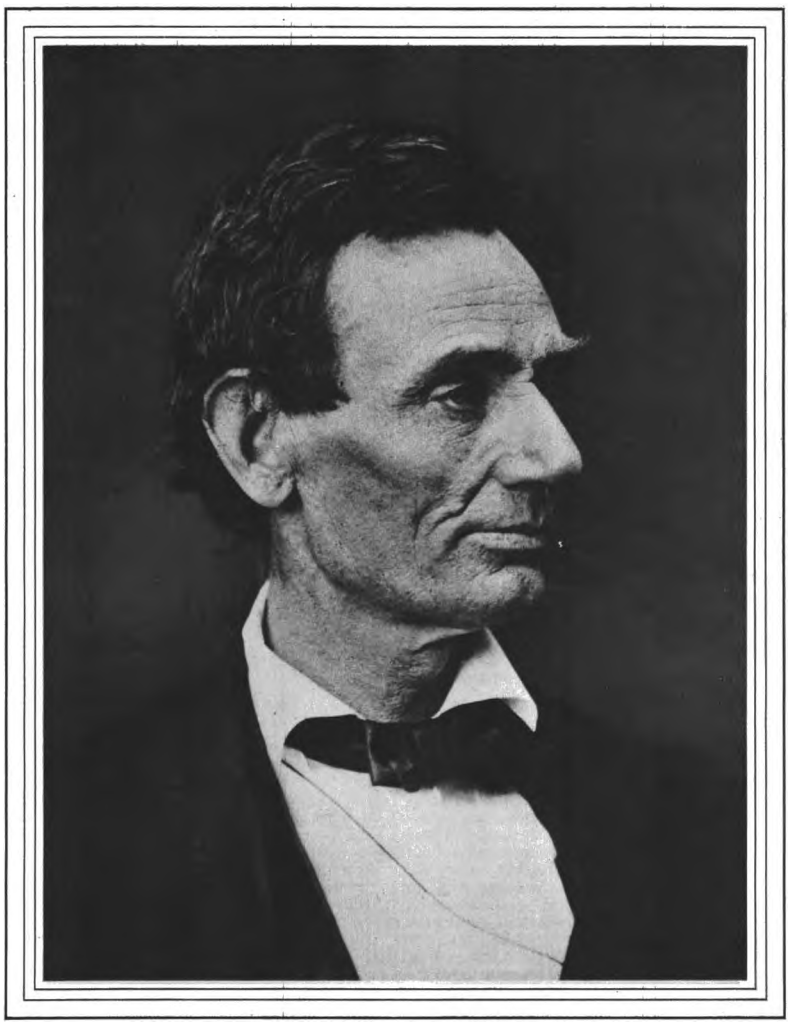
The plates—originals and duplicates alike—have had a remarkable history.

The originals were made by a commercial photographer named Alexander Hesler, who probably would never have had the chance if he hadn't botched an earlier job of photographing Lincoln. The story starts on February 28, 1857, when Lincoln made a visit to Chicago with some lawyer friends. He was, even then, a big man in Republican politics. He was head of the new party in Illinois, and the year before had received some support for the Vice-Presidential nomination on the national ticket. It was considered certain he would run for the United States Senate the next year against Stephen A. Douglas.

While he was in Chicago, Lincoln went to the Hesler Gallery at 113 Lake Street, between Clark and Dearborn, to undergo the ordeal of having a picture made, a process which required the subject to sit absolutely motionless for long seconds while the impression was taken on a wet plate.

Hesler directed Lincoln to pose with his profile to the camera. The photographer arranged his equipment and prepared his plates. Lincoln smoothed his coarse black hair. Some historians say Hesler didn't like it that way and ran his fingers through it. But whatever the reason, the photograph shows a rumpled Lincoln, looking as though he had just rolled out of bed. It was undoubtedly the most unflattering picture of Lincoln ever made.

SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTION



This picture was made from a duplicate negative found in near-perfect condition by King V. Hostick. Compare with print from the cracked original plate, at lower left

When Lincoln was nominated for President in Chicago on May 18, 1860, there was an instant public demand for a photograph of him. The art of publishing photographs was not yet known, and the only mass-circulated pictures were engravings.

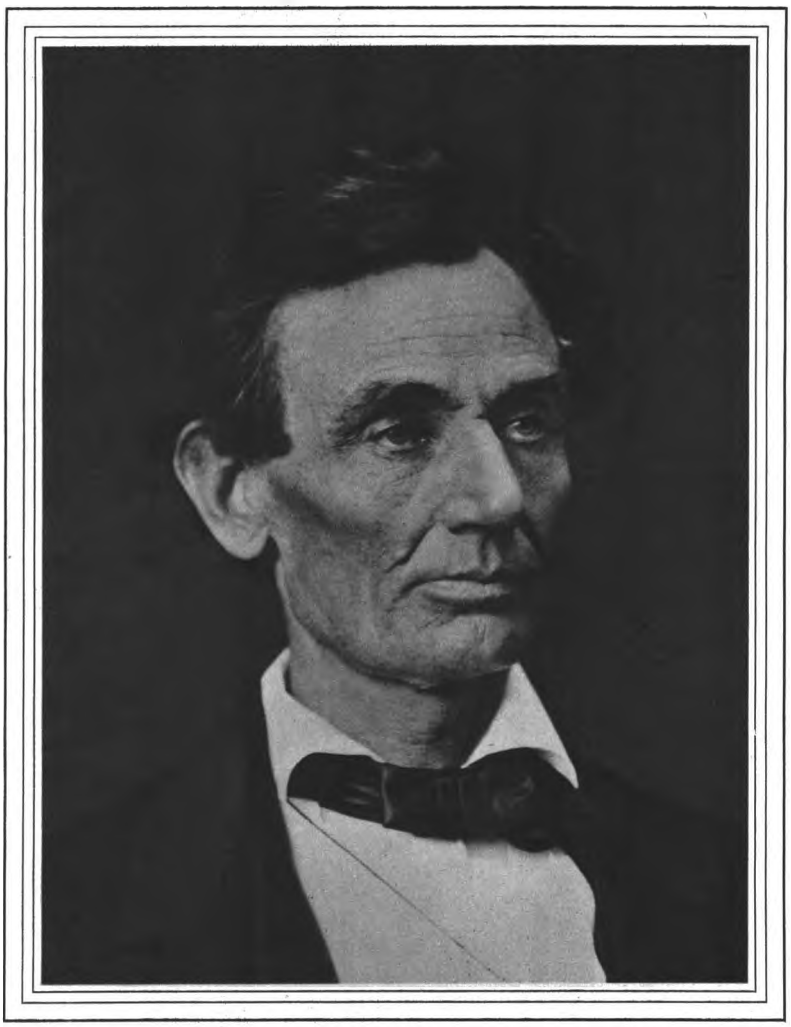
Hesler put copies of the tousle-haired Lincoln in his window and began to sell them, along with a splendid photograph of Democratic Senator Douglas, who was running against Lincoln for the Presidency. The contrast between the seedy-looking Lincoln and the well-groomed Douglas nettled Lincoln's friends. They asked Hesler to suppress the Lincoln photograph. Hesler was willing, but he wanted Lincoln to sit for another. Lincoln did so, in Springfield. Hesler faced a difficult assignment, the task of making a portrait photograph without the trappings and the skylight of his studio. It is believed he posed his subject in the state Capitol, near one of the large windows, to illuminate Lincoln's features.

June 3, 1860, was a Sunday, so the offices of the Capitol were closed. There, in the hollow quiet of the stone building, undisturbed by curious onlookers, Hesler dipped his glass plates, inserted them in his camera and made the pictures.

Nobody is sure how many negatives Hesler made that day. Some sources say four, and they may be correct. If so, Hesler probably chose the

Saw Him Before

By ROBERT S. HARPER



Above print is finer than any made from original negative (like the one at corner of page) because originals were broken before they could be subjected to modern methods

two best—or perhaps Lincoln made the choice. In any case, Lincoln is commonly quoted as having said when proofs were shown to him: "Well, that expresses me better than any I have seen. If it pleases the people, I am satisfied."

The sale of one hundred thousand copies repaid Hesler for his trip to Springfield.

Hesler's gallery passed into the hands of George B. Ayres in 1866, about a year after Lincoln was assassinated. It was customary in those days for photographers to reclaim the glass in old negatives by placing them in an acid bath that cleaned off the collodion film with which they had been coated in the wet-plate process. "It was while once engaged in culling out these obsolete negatives that I came upon the priceless ones of Abraham Lincoln," Ayres later explained. "They had been shelved for many years, and somehow had fortunately escaped consignment to the acid pot."

In 1866, the full impact of Lincoln's greatness had not yet fully dawned on the people. To Ayres, standing there with the negatives in his hand and wondering whether he should save them, Lincoln was, in the photographer's own words, only "a famous Illinois lawyer who had become President." Still, Ayres put the negatives aside. He said later he did it because they were mementos.

Ayres sold the gallery in 1867, and moved East, taking the Lincoln negatives with him. Five weeks after he left Chicago, the gallery was burned out.

When former Presidential secretaries John G. Nicolay and John Hay published their life of Lincoln in Century magazine in 1886, Ayres remembered his photographic relics and sent them a copy. Nicolay and Hay, who had known Lincoln long before he wore a beard, chose Ayres's photo for the frontispiece of the biography when it was published in ten volumes in 1890.

A revival of public interest in Lincoln followed the appearance of the Nicolay and Hay biography. Ayres published his Lincoln photographs, with marked success. When Ayres died, the negatives were left to his two daughters, Mrs. Edith L. Bunce and Anne Smith Ayres. In 1932, William H. Woodward, a Philadelphia attorney, accepted them in lieu of a fee and a debt of $500 in settlement of the estate of Anne Smith Ayres.

In March, 1933, Woodward agreed to sell the negatives to William H. Danforth, chairman of the board of the Ralston Purina Company, St. Louis. Woodward was to be paid by draft upon delivery of the negatives to a St. Louis bank.

Woodward decided to send the negatives by registered mail. When he presented the package for mailing on March 28th, it was rejected by the post-office superintendent. After rewrapping it in cardboard and corrugated cork board, Woodward again submitted it, and it was accepted by a clerk in the superintendent's absence.

Two days later, the bank wired Woodward that the negatives were found to have been broken when the package was opened in St. Louis. Woodward immediately filed his claim. After investigation by postal authorities, the claim was paid. In 1936, the Post Office Department turned the broken negatives over to the Smithsonian.

There the history of the Lincoln campaign pictures rested until last year. In July, King Hostick paid a visit to Philadelphia, where Ayres had lived up to the time of his death, and was offered an assortment of effects from Ayres's estate—including two old glass photographic plates of Lincoln in large envelopes. He bought them, not certain of their value, and brought them back to Springfield. It was Herbert Georg, owner of a Springfield photographic studio and something of an expert on Lincolniana, who identified them as duplicates of the Hesler negatives.

Georg believes the origin of the duplicates is easily explained:

"There's a fairly simple method of duplicating glass negatives, and the Hesler duplicates were probably made by Ayres as insurance against peeling or breakage of his precious plates. Peeling is loss of emulsion from the glass. It damages the negatives. Hostick's copies show the original plates had begun to peel."

Lincoln authorities are inclined to agree with that theory. Ayres, growing old in Philadelphia, prized the negatives above all his other possessions. He once wrote a History of the Negatives, in which he spoke of them almost in awe, saying he had obtained them "providentially" for the American people.

In the same pamphlet, Ayres told of the gallery fire that could have destroyed the two plates, and added, "The sequel shows that I 'builded better than I knew.'"

But Ayres didn't know that there was to be another and still more thrilling sequel. ▲▲▲

The Little BRIDE

By ANN CHIDESTER

My sister Maxine left her husband and came back home. She was perfectly miserable, but the only sympathy she got was from me. Our very own mother was absolutely unnatural—and terribly wise

MY SISTER Maxine is four years older than I, and married. She lives hundreds of miles from us now. Her husband, Jack Staunton, is a sheep-and-cattle rancher on his father's ranch, the Three Bells. He and Maxine live in a small ranch house up in the mountains of Montana. It is beautiful and enormous up there, and I am sure I would not want to leave that place in the high air, with the mountain peaks beyond, and that life with Jack, but Maxine wrote to say she was coming for a visit as soon as my vacation from the university started. It was not like her to leave the cool, high country for the hot plains of Ohio, but I supposed she wanted us to see the baby, especially now that he could walk.

"She thinks she's still a bride," Mother said. She set her face in that stern way she has which means nothing will move her.

"The girl says a vacation," Father said. "Why must you read something more into that?"

"Because I remember myself."

"Do you want her to think this house is not hers when she needs it?"

"And what about Jack? And their own house?" Mother insisted, in a way she seldom does.

"Maxine knows what she's doing, Mother," I said.

"A girl, until she really grows up, thinks marriage is pure heaven. She has to find out it's a practical, everyday affair, and that she's not so special."

We cleaned Maxine's bedroom and dusted off her childhood collection of animals and bought a secondhand crib. Being the youngest and the last one at home, I had missed her, and I thought it might be wonderful to be able to talk to her at night the way we used to. Maxine was always a very wise person. I could not understand Mother's line of reasoning. Maxine had taught me to dance and put on lipstick without a mirror, to dive from the highest towers, to paddle a canoe and drive a car, and I still thought she could do no wrong. Still, Mother is shrewd about the world and usually has some practical plan of action.

"There is something gone wrong," she kept saying. "She's being childish."

It seemed impossible that Maxine could be childish with anything as important as her marriage. I remembered how, when she first met Jack, she was like someone drunk, most of the time, walking into walls and sitting for hours with a silly smile, staring at nothing, and it was lovely and horrible to see. When you looked into her eyes, it was like looking down into a bottomless, clear lake and seeing passing images far below.

We sat talking most of the night in my room. Maxine warned me, "Jo, have a good time, be equipped to go out and make your own living"

She was dead when he was not with her, but she could be aroused to life at the sound of his red jalopy turning Krober's corner a block away, making a shriek and grind that could deafen you. "Old Lady Joanna," they used to call me because I was solemn and they were silly. Often at night when I peered out my bedroom window, they seemed to be walking together in a dream in the summer moonlight.

"I refuse to listen to any complaints about Jack," Mother said a hundred times or more, though I could not believe Maxine intended any disloyalty to Jack. In Mother's eyes, he was the perfect husband, the father of John J., a grandson to end all grandsons.

IT WAS odd to see Maxine with John J., getting off the train, loaded down with bags and bottle warmers and the baby slung over one arm like a sack of meal, his chubby legs swelling out of his stained white shoes. If Maxine never did another thing in her life, she could always look at John J. and say here was enough. That John J.! He looked a lot like a rabbit. Other times, when he passed through the living room, very erect and sober, and my father looked up and muttered, "Who was that portly gentleman?"—then John J. looked mostly like a bishop. He had big teeth and peculiar hair that was white and like pelt.

We used to meet Maxine's train when she came home from school. In those days she would bound from the platform, her fur jacket swinging open, and we all laughed and tried to hold her at once. The boys were home, then, before they were married, but this time there were only three of us, and everyone wanted to grab John J., who just blinked and made a bubble and wanted to get down to eat bugs or dirt or something. Maxine wore the suit she had worn on her honeymoon trip, and it was awfully tight. She was dead tired, but she had brought her tennis racket and golf clubs. The summer would be wonderful, then; we could go around together and do all the old things. She had missed me, too, and all of a sudden I understood how the ranch might be lonely. *(Continued on page 68)*

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL C. BURNS

We're SELLING OUT Our DISABLED VETERANS!

Politics, apathy and ineptitude are making a wreck of the VA medical program and endangering sick men

By SAM STAVISKY

THE nation's medical-care program for disabled veterans, praised as one of the medical miracles of the postwar period, seems to be falling apart. Since 1945, $5,000,000,000 has been spent on the program by the American people. Hundreds of conscientious doctors, nurses and medical workers have sacrificed, sweated and fought for it. Yet, at a time when injured and sick men are coming out of Korea by the thousands, what's happening to the Veterans Administration's hospital system is a shocking story.

For the last five years, the politicians and bureaucrats have been seizing more and more control, squeezing out the medical men who made VA medicine "second to none."

One out of every four physicians and two out of four nurses have quit. Thousands of other professional and technical workers have gone, too, and have never been adequately replaced.

The politicians have compelled the VA to build new hospitals, and at the same time have cut the funds needed to maintain them. About 25,000 of the VA's 128,282 hospital beds are now empty, although 22,000 sick and diseased veterans are knocking vainly at the hospital doors. Thirteen new VA hospitals with 8,000 beds are due to be completed this year, but the agency has neither the money nor the personnel to operate them.

Patient treatment in many VA mental hospitals consists merely of minimal care—or less.

In some hospitals, nursing has been spread out so thin that one nurse is forced to handle two wards.

Services of laboratories, X-ray rooms, operating rooms and clinics have been drastically reduced, or canceled altogether.

Throughout the VA hospital system, patient treatment and recovery are being retarded dangerously.

In short, we're selling out the disabled veterans, and some fast work may be required of President Eisenhower and the eighty-third Congress if we are to save the situation.

Another Kind of Army for Bradley

Just before the end of World War II, a government shamed by revelations of the scandalous medical attention given our disabled war veterans called on a GI-beloved war hero, General Omar N. Bradley, to pitch into the problem (hospital standards had fallen so low at the time that many doctors considered good enough for the VA were not welcomed by medical societies). Bradley, as Administrator of Veterans Affairs, rallied around him an army of dedicated men and women who, within a year, converted VA medicine from a national disgrace to a national pride.

Publicly, the VA still boasts that its medical program is "second to none." Officially, the agency cautiously admits that the quality of its medical care is threatened. But privately, any number of VA medical leaders will tell you—as they told me—that the quality of VA medicine has been growing steadily worse and that the program is in danger of collapse.

"The plain fact is that morale in the veterans hospitals has fallen—and fallen—and fallen," I was told by one of the nation's foremost physicians, still affiliated with the VA medical system. "So has the medical prestige of Veterans Administration, which is so important to doctors. It is becoming just about impossible to get any self-respecting doctor to join us in the VA programs."

The agency's present troubles began early in 1948, when General Bradley departed to become Army Chief of Staff. Almost immediately, the politics-firsters and power-thirsters began hamstringing the VA army of dedication. Top medical men who had joined the VA to provide disabled veterans with first-class medicine had to spend their

Patient sweeps out empty ward in VA's Crile Hospital, Cleveland. Ward is one of many throughout the nation closed for lack of funds

GLENN ZAHN

"Four Hands on the Keyboard," by Douglass Crockwell. Number 78 in the series "Home Life in America"

In this friendly, freedom-loving land of ours—Beer belongs . . . enjoy it!

BEER AND ALE—AMERICA'S BEVERAGES OF MODERATION
Sponsored by the United States Brewers Foundation . . . Chartered 1862

GEORGE OLSON

VA hospital at Minot, N.D., was ordered built by Congress over vigorous objections of VA doctors, who said none was needed there. It has 150 beds, but no more than 40 have ever been filled at once

Economy drive forced closing of the huge Birmingham Hospital in California. Scores of armless and legless ex-GIs had to sell special homes nearby or go 40 miles to another hospital for treatment

INTERNATIONAL

energies fighting the bureaucrats for operational control of the medical program, and battling the demands of politicians for pork-barrel hospitals.

Establishment of a new veterans hospital as a political favor is an old American custom. Bradley tried valiantly to stamp out the practice, and place new VA hospitals where they would best serve the needs of the disabled GIs, rather than the desires of the plum-demanding politicians. Even he was not completely successful.

VA medical men privately point to the hospital at Minot, North Dakota, which was opened about two years ago, as Horrible Example No. 1. "We needed Minot, with its 150 beds, like a hole in the head," one VA doctor told me. "We never have been able to staff the place or fill the beds." Back in 1945, the Republicans accused President Roosevelt, with considerable circumstantial evidence on their side, of placing a 100-bed hospital at Miles City, Montana, to help Leo C. Graybill, the unsuccessful Democratic candidate in the 1944 Congressional race.

The VA hospital at Dublin, Georgia—40 miles from the nearest railroad station—was rammed down the throats of the medical men by Representative Carl Vinson of Georgia, then head of the House Naval Affairs Committee. This isolated 900-bed building, originally a Navy hospital, never has been able to get more than 350 VA patients.

Other recent VA hospitals with a political taint —built despite VA protestations that they were too far from medical schools or from areas where needy vets were concentrated—are those at Salisbury, North Carolina, within the bailiwick of Representative Robert L. Doughton, former House Ways and Means Committee chairman; at Bonham, Texas, home town of former Speaker of the House Sam Rayburn, and at Marlin, Texas, home grounds of ex-Senator Tom Connally, who was chairman of the Foreign Relations Committee.

In addition to the pork-barreling, the VA doctors discovered that they—and their patients—were all too often made, in the name of economy, the pawns of a grim political hoax.

For public consumption, President Truman repeatedly declared that the disabled veterans must have only the best in medical care. But his Budget Bureau cut the VA's medical operating funds again and again—an average of $92,600,000 a year for the last six years—forcing down the level of VA medical care.

For example, the *fiscal experts* of the Budget Bureau chopped $9,000,000 off the 1953 allowance recommended by the *medical experts* of the Veterans Administration for feeding hospitalized ex-GIs. The VA doctors estimated it would cost $1.28 a day to put a tubercular patient on a medically sound, balanced diet; the bureaucrats permitted only $1.21.

The VA people know the facts of life; Congress was clamoring for economy, and there was tremendous pressure on the President and his advisers to cut expenses. As it turned out, they apparently didn't cut them enough to suit the lawmakers. But the unforgivable act, to the VA medical men, was Mr. Truman's insistence that the veterans were getting top care, when he knew it couldn't be so.

Like the President, Congress pledged, year after year, that the disabled veterans would get only the best medical care. Then the VA's money for medical operations would be pruned, as in the 1949, 1951 and 1953 budgets—and at the same time the VA would be ordered to build dozens of new hospitals! In fiscal 1950, Congress gave the VA $40,000 less than in 1949, yet provided funds for new hospitals with 16,000 more beds.

For three years after the exit of General Bradley, the VA crusaders fought back under the leadership of Dr. Paul B. Magnuson, the VA's chief medical officer and architect of its high-quality medical system. A Chicago orthopedic surgeon of world renown, Dr. Magnuson had built up the VA's medical research and training program, and had linked its hospitals with the major medical schools of the country.

The Voice That Aroused the Nation

Magnuson has a persuasively soft speaking voice and a frighteningly loud hollering voice. He used both effectively. His roars of anguish in the summer of 1950 aroused a nation-wide storm of protest, forcing restoration of a funds cut which had threatened 4,000 medical workers with dismissal. At that, VA had to drop 1,400 medical personnel.

Magnuson was zealously counterattacking another funds-and-personnel inroad early in 1951, when Major General Carl Gray, who had succeeded General Bradley as Administrator of Veterans Affairs, suddenly announced the medical director's resignation. "Resigned, hell!" roared Magnuson. "I was fired!"

General Gray is an amiable, rotund wartime transportation officer and peacetime railroad vice-president. Although sincerely devoted to doing good, the general has continually bumbled into trouble as head of the VA.

Repeatedly, against the wishes of the VA's medical director, and sometimes without his knowledge, the general would take it upon himself to order changes in the medical program—such as canceling an aseptic-technique project at the VA hospital in Butler, Pennsylvania, and eliminating a research project at Batavia, New York.

A Senate committee which investigated Magnuson's firing heard testimony from Major General Paul R. Hawley, Magnuson's predecessor as medical director under Bradley, and now director of the American College of Surgeons. Hawley said:

"No competent judge of medical care has ever thought that Dr. Magnuson was not doing a fine job; yet the administrator (Gray) elected personally to operate the medical service, and in this he succeeded to an intolerable, and dangerous, degree."

Magnuson himself gave the Senators an example. "At Waco, Texas," he testified, "a building from which we had evacuated all patients to permit construction changes to make it suitable for neuropsychiatric patients—also suffering from tuberculosis—was arbitrarily ordered by him (Gray) to be put back in use, even though the lack of facilities in this building had previously been determined dangerous to the health not only of the patients but of the nursing staff."

After the hearings had closed, the Senators reported that they had found "evidence of remarka-

are built while vital ones cry for operating funds

bly inept administration" which threatened the VA medical program with "complete disintegration."

The furor aroused by Magnuson's dismissal had its effect. Gray, under a barrage of criticism (and no doubt glad to be relieved of his irritating subordinate), agreed to restore to his new medical chief, Vice-Admiral Joel T. Boone, former White House physician, much of the power he had steadily clipped from Magnuson.

But it was not until November, 1952, with the release of a $600,000 VA efficiency survey made by the engineering firm of Booz, Allen & Hamilton, that Gray finally gave to the medical director real control over VA hospital activities—the control Magnuson had sought vainly for three years.

With Magnuson gone, the politicians and bureaucrats found the VA a soft touch. The Budget Bureau's fiscal experts rode roughshod over VA medical experts. When Admiral Boone protested, he was told bluntly: "You just don't have to give the VA hospital patients such good food, such expensive drugs, so much attention and care."

In the spring of 1952, its eyes peeled on the forthcoming election campaign, the House of Representatives whacked into the VA medical program with new vigor.

In the private confines of the Independent Offices Appropriations Subcommittee, chairman Albert Thomas, Texas Democrat, and ranking Republican John Phillips of California (who will head the subcommittee this year) served notice that they intended to wipe out the "frills" in the veterans medical-care program—frills like research in radioisotopes and atomic medicine, and the special training projects for VA doctors and technicians. On the assurance of the two legislators that elimination of such projects would not impair the VA medical program—and despite the contrary testimony of every witness before the subcommittee—Congress lopped $68,000,000 off the VA's medical operating funds.

At the same time, the two apostles of economy approved—and got the House to accept—the expenditure of $143,000,000 for new hospitals.

Scores of spokesmen from VA, the medical colleges and the veterans organizations rushed to the Senate Appropriations Committee to declaim the mutilation of the veterans medical-care program.

Tributes to VA's Research Program

Dr. R. Hugh Wood, speaking for the Association of American Medical Colleges, declared that VA research, far from being a frill, was, with education and medical care, one of the three keystones of first-class medicine. Cancel the research, said Wood, and the rest of the program would go to pot.

Other experts testified that the VA research program had paid its way 100 times over by its work on tuberculosis, cancer, arthritis, paralysis, mental disease and other maladies which afflict not only veterans but all Americans.

Furthermore, VA officials warned, the House budgetary amputation would force the VA to close 21 hospitals and would prevent the opening of any new facilities.

Senator Burnet R. Maybank, chairman of the Senate Appropriations Subcommittee, tried to save the situation. "It's ridiculous," said the South Carolina Democrat, "for a legislative body to order new hospitals built while failing to appropriate adequate money for staffing and maintaining hospitals already up." At Maybank's urging, the Senate restored the VA's medical operating funds, and deferred all hospital construction not under way.

But when differences between the House and Senate bills were being ironed out in conference, Thomas and Phillips fought back. The resultant compromise forced the VA to accept some new hospitals, and a cut of $31,000,000 in its medical operating funds. The cut meant that the money available for medical expenses was $8,000,000 less than the amount allotted for the previous year—although the VA had been forced to open 20 new hospitals in the meantime.

The bill which delivered this crippling blow also contained a warning not to let the standards of the VA medical program sag. To back up that inconsistent admonition, Congress specifically prohibited the VA from dismissing any doctors, dentists, nurses or dietitians in effectuating the budget cut.

Workers in a Well-Staffed Hospital

Medical men know that doctors and nurses alone are not the measure of a good hospital. Dr. Daniel Blain, medical director of the American Psychiatric Association, summed it up for me: "It takes a full complement of psychologists, social workers, recreational and occupational workers, psychiatric aids, maintenance men, good cooks and many others to make a hospital tick as a first-rate treatment center . . ."

The Veterans Administration never would have fired any of its professional staff, anyhow; there are not enough doctors and nurses to go around as it is. The big worry was keeping the physicians from quitting.

"Cut the ground from under a doctor, and you don't have to fire him; he starts looking for another job on his own volition," commented Dr. Hawley, the first VA medical director under Bradley.

The cutback of VA medical money, however, compelled Gray to take three harsh steps: he froze all facilities at on-duty strength, doing away with 1,900 posts; he halted further recruitment, in effect abolishing jobs vacated by death and resignation; and then, in November, he dismissed 2,250 medical workers. It's a fair estimate that the three actions resulted in the loss of some 6,000 VA hospital beds, and probably more.

Nobody denies that Gray took the only action possible under the circumstances. But furious members of the VA medical staff claimed that the funds would never have been cut in the first place if Gray had fought effectively enough for them.

One establishment hurt by the personnel cutback was the medical center at Wood, Wisconsin. George M. Reichle, who had quit the faculty of Notre Dame to become an assistant in physical medicine rehabilitation at Wood, resigned with a bitter blast at Gray. "I no longer believe you are sincere in trying to maintain those same high medical standards set by your predecessor," he wrote the administrator. "Since it is your responsibility to keep Congress and the Bureau of the Budget and President Truman informed on financial requirements for such a program, I, as a member of the working force at the hospital level, am satisfied that this shameful cut in medical personnel is your responsibility."

LILLIAN FUSCUE

Harold Truebger, bedridden in Memphis hospital, can't use hands, needs constant care—but doesn't have it

Besides slashing the number of VA medical workers, the economy drive severely curtailed home-town medical and dental care, the activity of hospital consultants and attending physicians, the number of contract beds in non-VA hospitals and the travel expenses available for medical personnel.

Cutbacks Bring Hardship to Patients

Here's how the cutbacks affected the Bronx, New York, hospital, one of the finest in the VA system:

Bronx had to fire 112 full-time employees, shut down 120 beds, close up three of eight surgical operating rooms and two of eight X-ray diagnostic rooms, reduce by half its bed capacity for the care of new, acutely disturbed mental patients, and cut its facilities for legless and armless casualties from Korea. The hospital's million-volt X-ray machine for cancer treatment, newly installed in a specially constructed $350,000 annex, was forced to remain idle; the special tuberculosis service, completed at a cost of $100,000, could not be opened.

Follow-up checks and treatment of discharged veterans with cancer, T.B., heart disease and other major ailments had to be terminated, sometimes in the midst of outpatient treatment. The 400-odd ex-GI paraplegics in the New York area, who are dependent on the Bronx hospital for orthopedic appliances and surgical treatment of recurrent trouble, were all "seriously and dangerously" affected, according to the hospital's Senior Medical Consultants Group. The senior consultants—comprising the top medical brains in New York City

Personnel cutbacks have dealt VA medicine sharp blow. This occupational therapy clinic in Wichita was closed for lack of one therapist. The same hospital had to shut down entire psychotic ward

PAUL THRELFALL

universities and private practice—concluded that the slash in funds and operations at Bronx prolonged the hospitalization of patients, increased the costs per patient, delayed treatment, and diluted the quality of medical care.

In Buffalo, New York, Dr. Stockton Kimball, dean of medicine at the University of Buffalo, reported a long list of hazards resulting from orders to reduce personnel—ranging from the closing of two wards, an operating room and an X-ray room, to a possible increase in deaths from surgery and medication errors.

In hospitals all over the country, the effects were the same.

At Wichita, Kansas, the occupational therapy clinic had to be shut down for the lack of one therapist, and a psychotic ward had to be eliminated. The hospital at Temple, Texas, reported that a lack of nursing help made its neuropsychiatric service "hazardous for both personnel and patients." At Biloxi, Mississippi, the nurses had to take over the duties of five janitors.

"There are times when we can't even afford to send a medical man along on the VA hospital modernization surveys, and so for the lack of a few hundred dollars jeopardize a program which will cost millions," said Dr. Harvey J. Tompkins, chief of Veterans Administration's psychiatry and neurology division.

One of the VA's proudest boasts has been its training program, which has been turning out hundreds of young specialists. With each new jolt from the politicians or bureaucrats, fewer trainees decided to stay on. Latest figures disclose that only 22 per cent of the VA's resident physicians are willing to remain after completing their training.

Progress Menaced by Insecurity

A "sense of insecurity hovers over the VA medical program," said Dr. Leonard G. Rowntree, chief consultant and chairman of the Dean's Committee at the VA hospital in Coral Gables, Florida, and chairman of the American Legion's Medical Advisory Board. Rowntree said he could not advise his own son to join the Veterans Administration's Department of Medicine.

The "incredible cost of damaged morale" among the medical personnel, observed Dr. Karl Menninger, head of the famed Menninger Clinic, who is chief consultant and chairman of the Dean's Committee at the VA hospital in Topeka, Kansas, leads to "uncountable cost of increased human suffering." Made insecure and anxious, the medical personnel are apt to take their resentment and frustration out on the patient—"unintentionally and unconsciously, but very effectively," warned the noted psychiatrist.

The impact of the latest funds cut has been so far-reaching that to date *more than one half of the members of Congress* have written to the Veterans Administration to protest or to demand an explanation. The letters of these complaining Senators and Representatives reveal that they had no realization of the havoc their own economy would create.

One result of the VA reduction in medical operations was the shutdown of hospitals run by the United States Public Health Service in Kirkwood, Missouri; Mobile, Alabama; Portland, Maine; and San Juan, Puerto Rico—areas where no VA hospital is available. The VA was, in effect, renting beds for veterans in those hospitals; when the VA canceled its contracts, the four USPHS hospitals had to shut down for lack of funds.

The closing of the hospital at Kirkwood prompted a loud complaint from Representative Thomas B. Curtis of Missouri.

Curtis charged that the Veterans Administration wouldn't be in financial difficulty if it didn't fill its hospital beds with veterans whose disability was not directly attributable to their military service—so-called nonservice-connected patients.

When Ailment Is Not Due to Service

The problem of nonservice-connected disability has long bedeviled the Veterans Administration. It has been the tradition of our country that veterans suffering from wounds and disease incurred in the military service—service-connected disability—have earned an *absolute right* to free hospitalization and medical care. For the past 18 years, Congress has also declared that veterans with nonservice-connected disability have the *qualified privilege* of free hospitalization, provided that a VA bed is available, and the veteran swears he cannot afford to pay for treatment elsewhere. The qualified privilege does not include outpatient treatment or home-town medical and dental care, which are available for service-connected disability.

Today, only one third of the VA's hospital beds are occupied by service-connected patients; the rest are filled with veterans whose ailments have not been traced to their military service. Obviously, the elimination of nonservice-connected cases would straighten out the VA's financial and staffing difficulties. The only trouble is, it might create a worse situation.

Approximately 65 per cent of the VA's patients suffer from neuropsychiatric or tubercular diseases, both service- and nonservice-connected. Many of the others have chronic diseases like paralysis and heart trouble, requiring long, expensive treatment. Can the VA throw out the two out of three whose maladies originated outside of military service?

"Somebody has got to take care of them," the VA's medical chief, Admiral Boone, told a Senate committee last summer. "Their hospital costs will be a taxpayers' responsibility, whether through state or federal agencies." Besides, Dr. Boone pointed out, "there is no civilian hospital program in the nation that could bear this load."

As it is, the VA's increasingly long waiting line has driven some communities to lock up psychotic veterans, for fear they will hurt themselves or other citizens. Thousands of veterans suffering from active tuberculosis are a health menace to their fellow citizens, also for the lack of a hospital bed.

Besides the chronically sick, a large number of ex-GIs enter VA hospitals for nonservice-connected acute ailments requiring less than 90 days of hospitalization. Many of these patients require immediate treatment while their claim for service-connection is in the long process of adjudication; many are VA pensioners and 100 per cent disabled; the rest have sworn they can't afford treatment.

No doubt there's been some abuse of the inability-to-pay oath, but how much no one really knows. The American Legion, which is anxious to prevent such abuses, is convinced, after checking, that cheating is rare, and could be prevented by tighter screening.

In any case, the immediate issue facing the Veterans Administration—and the new political administration—is not the confusion-befogged problem of the nonservice-connected disabled veteran; it's getting enough stopgap funds to keep the VA's hospital and medical-care system from crumbling. Such a disaster is a real possibility; the agency is running low on money and needs a new appropriation from Congress to keep going.

The prospect has the VA medical men and their friends on the outside deeply concerned. "Should the VA first-class medical system collapse," says Dr. Magnuson, who spent last year as head of the President's Commission on the Health Needs of the Nation, "it will never again be rebuilt in our generation."

Before going to Congress with their request, VA officials had to get past the Budget Bureau. Despite their strong feeling of impending catastrophe, the medical men couldn't convince the Presidential fiscal experts, and the Budget Bureau turned down the initial request for $25,000,000 in stopgap funds. The VA doctors slashed the figure to $16,000,000; that, too, was rejected. The desperate medical men then begged the Budget Bureau to approve a request for $6,000,000. Budget officials finally okayed $5,000,000. Now it's up to Congress.

But sentiment may have changed in Congress since the last time the lawmakers raked over a VA appropriation. This is not an election year, so the economy pressures may have eased somewhat. The new President is a long-time friend of the veteran, too. But, most important, events of the last year indicate that the members of Congress have at last been alerted to the danger. There seems to be a good chance that the new Congress will ignore the recommendation of the Truman Budget Bureau and provide a more nearly adequate appropriation.

Long-Term Problems of VA's Future

Once the emergency situation at the VA is straightened out, President Eisenhower and the eighty-third Congress must face the long-term problem:

Does the government still want to give disabled veterans top medical care, whatever the cost?

If so, the President and Congress should see to it that the VA gets adequate funds. And it will have to take steps to improve the administration of the agency and its medical program.

Replacing General Gray is only the first step.

The establishment of a top-level, nonpartisan commission of medical experts which would have the final word on medical standards for VA hospitals seems to be the only possible long-term solution. Among its other functions, this commission could serve as a nonpolitical agency to pick new VA hospital sites.

The new President has already indicated that he is aware of the disaster looming over the VA's medical program. In a letter to a veterans leader, written a week before the victorious end of his election crusade, General Eisenhower pledged:

"Every disabled soldier must have the best care and treatment which this country affords. Such facilities must have the full financial support of the federal government. There must be no compromise with the best available professional skill, hospital care and rehabilitation." In this pledge lies the hope that the veteran's high-grade medical-care program can yet be saved. ▲▲▲

Controversial administrator of the VA, Gen. Carl Gray

UNITED PRESS

Former VA medical chief, Dr. Paul Magnuson, fired by Gray

CARROLL SEGHERS

Vice-Admiral Joel T. Boone, present VA medical director

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They Call It Jane Russell Hill

By PETER KALISCHER

It's a hill in Korea, GI-named for sound GI reasons

Seoul, Korea

THE United Nations and the Communists have been fighting over Jane Russell for months. Jane Russell Hill in Korea, that is. And during that time, the hill has made more headlines than the movie actress for whom it was named. Some of the bitterest fighting of the past year in Korea has spilled over its two crests, and even when the front has been officially "all quiet," opposing patrols skirmished on its scarred slopes.

Yet a year and a half or two years ago, Jane Russell Hill might have been just a number, to be heard and forgotten. In the early days of the Korean war, hills were designated merely by their height; thus a hill 516 meters high became simply Hill 516. But numbers were too impersonal for the GI, for whom war is a very personal thing. They also were too routine for war correspondents, who sought more dramatic and easily remembered designations for contested heights.

Naming the hills has proved an almost endless task. Korea is a country of hills and mountains. In two and a half years of war, United Nations troops have had to fight for more of these heights than they care to recall.

Kalischer

GIs and newsmen got their inspiration for the names from the shape of the hills, local legends, bitter experiences, and even memories of home.

There can be no question why grim Heartbreak Ridge, Bloody Ridge and Sniper Ridge were so christened; hundreds, perhaps thousands, of UN soldiers died on their slopes. Bunker Hill got its name from its honeycomb of Communist fortifications. GIs believe Siberia Hill, where Chinese Reds and United States Marines dug in and tossed grenades at one another from 40 paces, is as bleak as its namesake —the Soviet part of East Asia.

Jane Russell Hill was immortalized by an anonymous United States 7th Division GI after a look at its two crests. The Associated Press held out against using that name—as too undignified, presumably—until one morning a United Nations communiqué made it official. Later someone reported artillery fire had reduced Jane Russell Hill to Katie Hepburn Ledge, but the name wasn't changed officially. The hill is in the Triangle sector, a rugged three-sided mountain complex on the central front.

Bloody Baldy, west of Chorwon, where a United States 1st Cavalry Division regiment nearly met disaster in 1951, had its top cropped clean of vegetation by mortar and machine-gun fire. We renamed the hill Old Baldy after we recaptured it.

Luke the Gook's Castle is a Communist-fortified peak on the east-central front. In GI terminology, a gook used to mean any Oriental. Now UN troops usually apply it only to the Iron Curtain brand. And Luke was the collective name which GIs gave the stubborn North Koreans who defended the peak.

Our South Korean allies usually stick to local place names, like White Horse, Iron Horse and *Taedok-san* (Mount Big Virtue). But after an epic stand, the South Korean Capitol Division renamed a mountain Capitol Hill. And a Republic of Korea general, to inspire his troops, christened another hill *No Yogi Icora*—Stay and Fight.

UN pilots, taking their cue from the shapes that peaks and ridges assume from the air, named T-Bone, Pork Chop, Arrowhead and Alligator Hills. A nostalgic New Yorker thought up Jackson Heights, and other boys far from home named hills in their sectors Seattle, Frisco and Pikes Peak. A circular valley on the eastern front was tagged the Punch Bowl, and a ridge line running off it became the Ladle.

Hill christening has reached such a pitch that the U.S. Army newspaper Stars and Stripes recently ran a cartoon showing two GIs under fire on a slope with one soldier complaining: "We've been fighting 48 hours on this damned ridge and nobody's called it anything yet."

The cartoon brings to mind an epic Marine stand along the Naktong River earlier in the Korean war. The Reds had breached the United States 24th Division's lines after a night crossing and were dangerously close to cutting the Eighth Army's jugular —the Pusan-Taegu supply road.

Men of the First Marine Brigade plugged the hole, then pushed the North Koreans back, paddy by paddy, hill by hill, until the leathernecks stood atop the last height dominating the Naktong River bank.

"What'll we call this battle?" asked a war correspondent. "What's the name of this ridge?"

"Hasn't got one," replied an exhausted Marine.

So one of the crucial engagements of the Korean war went down in military annals as "The Battle of No-Name Ridge."

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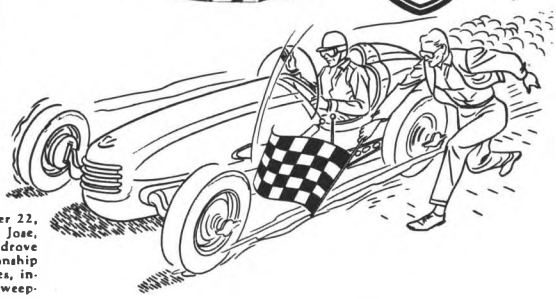
BILL SCHINDLER — Drove to victory at Springfield, Illinois, on August 16, setting a new 100-mile record for that track. Was one of only 14 drivers who finished the Indianapolis Sweepstakes on May 30.

BOBBY BALL — On November 22, he won the race at San Jose, California. During 1952, he drove in many national championship big car and midget car races, including the Indianapolis Sweepstakes on May 30.



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"Helen," Lydia said from the stairway. "Barclay. I'm sorry to interrupt like this. Did you get the garter belt for Selby? We're about ready for it now"

LADIES' DAY

By JOHN F. WALLACE

He was the father of the bride, and on this one day he was a man alone in a world of women. It was not, he decided, a fate worse than death, for, in their various ways, all of them loved him

THIS was one of the important days of his life, and it said something for Barclay Henderson that he was able to pace slowly up and down, to pass and repass the pier glass in the lower hall of his New York house without giving his image a glance. He had dressed carefully an hour ago, he had adjusted his tie and arranged the flower in his buttonhole with a sure hand. The outward man could remain assured of his correctness, Barclay knew; the inner man viewed this turning of the page, this ending of a chapter, chaotically.

A bridesmaid appeared at the turn of the stairs, her legs twinkling in a froth and froufrou of lace. Barclay viewed her descent with warmth, and smiled. But she rushed past him, muttering, "Pins, pins!" and disappeared down the hallway.

Women, thought Barclay, not in disparagement. It struck him as all wrong that any creature possessing such charms should be so preoccupied with pins that she was unaware of his appreciation.

The girl came hurrying back. The little golden glints of safety pins showed between her compressed lips as she brushed past Barclay. She started to run up the stairs, then stopped suddenly and turned around.

"Do I look all right?" she said out of the corner of her mouth. Her hands went to her skirts.

"Why, delightful—Janie," Barclay said. "I hardly knew you."

"Okay," Janie said. She turned, ran a few steps, and stopped again. "You looked at me kind of funny when I was coming down," she said. "I thought something was dangling, or something."

"Not at all," Barclay said. He watched the legs twinkle out of sight, and sighed. In Barclay Henderson's encounters with women, there was both illusion and delusion; he was saddened only when the two occurred without decent interval. The woman descending, the child ascending, became an accent to his mood. Today he was the father of the bride—his only child—and the conviction lay strongly on him that he was the mere creature of woman.

A taxi door slammed outside; then he heard his wife's brisk heels on the concrete. "Well," Helen said, coming in. "Everything under control?"

"They haven't sent for smelling salts," Barclay said. "How did you get out?"

"Sneaked. I knew you wouldn't like it."

"Well, don't do it again. My God, I have to lean on you today."

"Oh, no, you don't," Helen said. "You stand on your own two feet today. And stand steady." She pressed up to him, sniffing. "You do any nipping?"

"Innocent," Barclay said. "What were you after this time?"

Helen put down a package. "Selby said her garter belt was too tight. Suddenly her garter belt was too tight, and she knew she was going to faint."

They grinned at each other. "You're wonderful," Barclay said. "You've been wonderful to her." Helen was the wife of his second marriage, Selby the daughter of his first. He had been earnestly thankful that they had got on well together during Selby's half-yearly stay with them.

"Why, darling," Helen said. "I love her. But I'd love her anyway, even if she were a little bee, because she's yours."

"Well, you've worked hard. You've worked hard over this wedding."

Helen swung her head, her eyes closing. "I'm beat," she admitted. "I'm glad her mother flew in to take a hand."

"Ah, Lydia."

Helen touched the dainty parcel, with its dainty contents. "I'm glad Lydia's here, anyway," she said.

"You've been wonderful about that, too," Barclay said, "inviting her to stay here while she's in town. Wife and ex-wife under the same roof. Sharing woman-talk. Sharing my liquor with me. Sensible," Barclay said, hoping he was giving the matter adequate, and final, coverage. "Civilized."

"Sensible, darling, no doubt. But civilized?" Helen smiled knowingly, an expression Barclay didn't much like.

"I thought you got on very well," Barclay said.

But now Helen wanted to tell him something, and Helen always chose the damnedest times for such things.

UPSTAIRS a door opened and released a gust of girlish voices, of muted shrieks and laughter. He was aware that the tapping of many high heels was increasing in urgency.

"You'd better take that, ah, thing, upstairs," he said. "They'll be needing it."

"Don't worry, darling. I know when they'll need it. We're well ahead of schedule."

With Helen directing things, they would be.

"I just keep wondering," Helen said, "what you'd be like now if you'd stayed married to her."

"Listen," Barclay said, "I've told you. I've told you all I can tell. And anyway it was all washed up long before I met you."

"I keep looking at her," Helen said. "I keep looking at her and thinking she had you when you were both young, when you had the whole world ahead of you—"

Barclay Henderson was not an assertive man with women. But he had cultivated a reserve of directness, a kind of hindsight weapon. "Stop it," he said now. "This is no time for that. No time is the time for that."

"She's a lady," Helen said. "She's got that, and I haven't."

"'Lydia was a lydy,'" he murmured, smiling, and the thing that was building up between them began to deflate. Lydia had been too much of a lady, Barclay had often told Helen. "You're my breed of cats," he told his wife now. "I love you."

"But you must still—" Helen began, and Barclay braced himself. Helen had had her moments of

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR SARNOFF

obsession about his life with Lydia. She had been like this before. Usually it was when she was overtired, or when she had been careless about cocktails. And at this moment, he realized, Helen was very tired.

The upstairs door opened to more sounds of agitated femininity. The gentler sounds of a short while ago were working up to a veritable typhoon. Somebody hurried along the upstairs hall and started down the stairs. The feet that appeared at the curve of the stairway—those long narrow feet—Barclay would have recognized anywhere, any time. There was a good deal about Lydia that was long and narrow—her feet and hands, her mouth and nose. And probably her mind, too, Barclay thought. He had never been able to satisfy himself on this latter point; but certainly now, Lydia's fine, long details added up to startling beauty. In this light she seemed hardly to have aged, although her ash-blonde hair was showing a darker gray.

"Helen," Lydia said, "Barclay. I'm sorry to interrupt Did you get the garter belt? We're about ready for it."

Helen handed the parcel to Lydia. "I hope it's big enough," she said. "Nerves make people burpy."

Lydia, looking a little startled, ran back up the stairs.

Barclay looked at Helen.

"All right," Helen said, "so I'm a realist. You need a realistic woman, darling." She started up the stairs and then stopped, turning back to him. "Don't you?" There was wistfulness in her voice.

"I wouldn't be where I am today without your realism," Barclay said. "I still wouldn't have a dime."

"Do you love me, darling?"

"I love you," he said. He moved toward her as she stood two stairs above him, and put his arms around her waist. "Lecherously," he said, "intellectually, tenderly." He looked up at her, meaning it. She was rounded and quick, and she had the faculty of recouping her energy almost instantaneously.

He gave her a spank. "Now, go on up. Lyd's flustered."

"Lydia? Flustered? Not that one. Lydia's cool," Helen said positively. "Cold."

"Ah," said Barclay. "You're wrong about that." It gave him a pleasant sense of at least partial mastery to be able to refute Helen, and know he was right. "It's just that she's a lady, dear. She hates to let anything show."

HE WANDERED through the hall and into the kitchen. A maid was polishing the champagne glasses, setting them in lovely gleaming rows. The champagne itself lay snugly cased on the floor, ready to be iced, and on the old kitchen sideboard there was an array of spirits. Barclay hovered over this, tempting temptation. Then he passed into the big studio living room. It was a luxurious room, now further enriched with banked flowers, with silver and linen for the wedding breakfast. He thought, with pleasure, that he had spared nothing; and none of it had put him in debt. The light of his brilliance, once an erratic thing, had shone steadily and increasingly since his marriage to Helen six years ago; and the world's goods had accrued to him.

A hell of a good fellow, Bark, anybody would tell you that. A genial host, a man who could proffer a check or a cash loan at the psychological moment and make you feel complimented. A good drinker, Bark, who never slopped over or pinched dames at parties. If anybody deserved his prosperity, it was Barclay Henderson.

He smiled to himself, pacing now across the soundless rug among these silent preparations for festival. Well, he'd always courted a good opinion of himself, from everybody. Even Lydia respected him now! His child, now in an upper room robing for her severance from him, adored him.

He would miss Selby. Anne Selby Henderson. It was Lydia who had insisted on the Selby, a family name, and it had stuck. Lydia had insisted on a good deal, in those days. But he would miss Selby. He would miss her, he thought rather deliberately; he would miss the college boys and the young businessmen that she brought home as hopeful beaux; miss her dignified periods of reticence, her tears of confession or confusion against his shoulder.

"John is *so* good to me. He treats me like a dog"

COLLIER'S GERALD H. GREEN

And he would miss that other six months too—the time she spent with her mother. Selby had always been a little too much for Lydia. Nearly always, while she was with her mother, a crisis would arise. There would be long-distance consultations with Lydia (her cool voice and cool manner the perfect mask for the agitated and passionate core of her), and very often Barclay had had to pack a bag and take a train or a plane, and go to them.

Sometimes he wondered how Lydia had managed during the war. He had been gone for more than four years, and their divorce had been made final just before he went into the Army. He had not been available for consultation then! And indeed, Lydia had not asked for it. Her letters were cheerful, factual. She prayed for his safety, and so did Selby. Selby wrote, too, her childish scrawl changing from letter to letter, becoming at the end the conscious backhand of a young lady.

Well, there'd been other things in his life in those days. Barclay was thirty-four in 1942, when he first put on a uniform—young enough to be an infantryman, old enough to take the war very differently from the way the twenty-year-olds reacted. When a piece of shell casing tore into his body, in the Battle of the Bulge, he was able to accept that and continue to exercise his command while he lay bleeding and freezing in the snow.

Helen, in Red Cross uniform, had come into his life while he was in the hospital. It seemed to Barclay then that his foremost concern was his failure with Lydia. There was no going back—that was one of the irrevocables—but he could neither die nor face living in the light of that failure. All this had been easy to tell Helen. She was quick and warm and wise enough to see that Barclay was by no means the worn-out husk he thought himself. They were married in New York in 1946, and if the fact that he was sharing the upbringing of his daughter with his ex-wife disturbed her, she rarely showed it.

"I've got what you need," Helen had told him, when he was convalescing from his wound, when he was beginning to make love to her.

She did have what he needed, too; and he had pulled himself together.

"I don't know whether to become a movie star, a famous author, or take up typing and shorthand"

COLLIER'S KATE OSANN

THE upstairs door opened again, and a gaggle of bridesmaids clattered down the stairs. Delightful, he thought, charming, in spite of the awful clumping of their heels and the high pitch of their voices. Selby knew how to manage high heels on stairs, how to manage her voice. Lydia had taught her that.

The girls swept through the hall, the sweet young scent of them billowing in to him. They were holding make-up kits, heading for the downstairs bathroom, and Barclay realized that time was running out. Youth was about to leave his house; a curtain was going down. He swallowed, feeling heavy, longing for a quick drink. His own youth, somehow, was going to be on the far side of that curtain.

The bridesmaids swept back up the stairs, a covey now, light-footed, flower-fresh. In the upper hallway somebody screamed, in the universal female expression of excitement. Doors were banging with rapidity now, and the sound of footsteps was loud and constant.

There was a crash of glass from the upstairs bathroom, and then somebody rushed down the stairs.

"Barclay," Lydia called. "Barclay!"

"In here," he said. "Why? What's the matter?"

"Selby's cut herself," Lydia said.

"That crash?" he said, startled, a vision agonizing him of Selby lying on the tile of the bathroom floor in a welter of glass.

"No, no, I did that. I upset everything in the medicine cabinet. Hurry," Lydia said, "do something! She's bleeding all over the place."

Barclay felt stunned. "What—" he said. "How—?"

"She was shaving," Lydia said.

"*Shaving?*" Barclay shouted.

"Her legs," Lydia said.

"Oh." He breathed deeply, recognizing this as the kind of thing that would crack Lydia's façade. "That should have been done last night," he said, "or this morning."

"I know," Lydia confessed. Their

eyes met and they began laughing. If ever Lydia had had to do anything as coarse as shaving her legs, she had taken good care never to let him know.

"If she gets blood on that dress—" Lydia said. She laughed again, and a kind of hysteria touched them both.

"Wait," Barclay told her. "I'll fetch a styptic pencil."

"It's like the time when she had her appendix out," Lydia said when he returned.

"Remember when she took that fall from a horse at camp?" Barclay said.

Lydia had become still, her errand forgotten. A smile curved tenderly about her mouth, and her eyes dwelt on him. It struck Barclay as miraculous, and terrible, that in the reaches of his mind and Lydia's the life they had abandoned still had entity. They had created something more than the tangible Selby, in that time, and something less mortal. Perhaps less mortal than

"And I'm taking the plane out tonight."

"Lydia!" Helen called from the head of the stairs. "Did you get something? Did you find Barclay?"

"Here," Barclay said. He thrust the styptic pencil at Lydia, relieved and yet wanting to call her back as she left him.

The front doorbell rang. He answered, finding it was the chauffeurs with the two hired limousines. He wondered if he should ask them in for a drink, but decided against it.

There was pandemonium upstairs now, and he went through the hall with the sensation of a man fleeing from something. When he heard footsteps on the stairs once again, he went quickly through the kitchen and out into the garden.

"Barclay," Lydia called. "Barclay!" Helen called with her. The two of them appeared in the garden door.

"Selby's gone wacky," Helen said.

COLLIER'S "They're a little big, but they work fine if you put your fists in the thumbs" STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

he or Lydia, he thought, bemused now, touched to stillness by Lydia's stillness.

Barclay was still holding out the styptic pencil, and Lydia had not yet reached for it. Lydia, Barclay thought, had always chosen the damnedest times for getting at him.

But memory lay strongly over them —memory of the many times when they had stood together for Selby's sake, even though their marriage was ended. Memory, and memory that begat memory. "It was the only time I could get close to you," Barclay said now. "When you got upset about Selby. You let me in, then."

LYDIA'S face moved, as though she had turned it from the light. "It was the only time I could."

"I tried," Barclay said. "God knows I tried."

"And God knows I tried, too," Lydia said. "But did you really? Do you now?"

"Now wait," Barclay said. "Didn't we say all this ten years ago?"

"Oh, darling," Lydia said. She touched her eyes with a handkerchief, shaking. "Is anything ever final?"

Barclay stared at her, and some of the meaning of this day began to come through to him. "This is," he said. "Selby's getting married today. She's going to have a husband to take care of her from now on."

"She says she's changed her mind. She doesn't want to get married."

Lydia stared at him numbly.

"Oh, Lord," Barclay muttered. He ran through the house and up the stairs. Bridesmaids, looking frightened, scattered before him.

"Daddy!" Selby cried. She had been lying on her face across the bed in her slip. Now she turned over. "Daddy!" she cried, and clung to him.

Barclay stroked her face. "You've got to pull yourself together—" he began, but the young body in his arms jerked convulsively.

"I don't want to leave you," Selby moaned. "I don't want anything changed."

A woman Barclay had never seen before came in with the wedding dress. "It's nearly time," she said.

Barclay motioned her away, fiercely. "Listen," he said, feeling weakness. "Do you mean this?"

Selby's arms just tightened about him. There was a rapt look on her face. "I love you, Daddy," she whispered.

Why, Barclay, he said to himself, everybody loves you today. You old woman-lover, Barclay, you charming so-and-so, he thought; then, paternally: This is your daughter.

He whacked her, the contact of her young flesh faintly stinging to his hand. He felt her stiffen. "I love you, too," he said. For a moment Barclay Henderson locked eyes with his daughter, saw the temper mount and recede in them. Shared laughter bubbled up between them.

"Daddy," Selby said, "you're wonderful. I'd better get dressed now."

Downstairs he found Lydia pale and upset, Helen impatient.

"Last round," he said, looking at his watch for the first time that day. "Let's get this show on the road."

Helen glanced at Lydia. "I'll take care of Selby," she said. She ran up the stairs.

BARCLAY walked into the kitchen, motioning Lydia to follow. At the sideboard he poured two short drinks. "Can't do any damage now," he said. "No time for more than one." He held up his glass. "Lydia," he said, feeling pain, "hail and farewell, or something."

"We'll never have to see each other again," Lydia said.

They drank.

Hail, Lydia. And now, farewell, Barclay thought, with awkward compassion. What will you do now with your Selby-half of the year, Lydia? What, indeed, with all your years?

He looked at her over the rim of his glass, at her beauty that had always stirred him, at her passiveness that had always baffled him. She could have married again, he knew, knowing well the admiration she commanded in men. Yet by her overfineness, perhaps, or by inertia, or because she was Lydia, she had remained forged to the past. Or by some selfishness in myself, he thought, shrinking from acknowledgment.

Try to meet that responsibility, Barclay, old boy, he thought, the pain hard and definite in his breast. It would take a Helen, now, to tell you where to put your futile pity.

There were footsteps on the stairs, that avenue of the day, once again. Slow footsteps this time, many of them, and solemn. The bride and her attendants were coming down. The front door was opened, and there was the sound of automobile motors starting up.

"Let's go," Barclay said.

They walked quietly through the festive room and into the now empty hallway. Their hands touched and then parted, and they stepped into the street.

"Hurry!" Helen was calling. "Don't dawdle now, you two!"

"Barclay," Lydia said, "I just thought of something. There's almost bound to be grandchildren, you know."

"Grandchildren! I'm too young to have grandchildren," he said. It was the one thing he had not thought of.

"It will make me believe my hair, too," Lydia said. "But grandchildren do have to be visited by their grandparents, don't they?"

"That's true," Barclay said. He began to laugh, to really laugh with a richness of enjoyment, for the first time that day. "By God," he said, and he wanted to kiss Lydia, "I never thought of that. Never thought of it."

"Barclay," Helen called. His wife was leaning out of the open door of a limousine. "Come on!" He ran across the sidewalk and climbed in beside her. "What are you laughing at?" Helen said.

"Never mind," Barclay said. "This is ladies' day. I want all the ladies to be happy today."

"Well, I'm happy now," Helen said. She pressed comfortably against him. "Darling," she whispered; "I love you."

"Darling," Barclay said, thinking he'd better stop this laughter now, better get himself ready for the church, "I love you, too."

Racial Prejudice—How

In six years, this city has made heart-warming progress toward equal opportunity for

At the famous Top of the Mark, Dr. and Mrs. Nelson W. Johnson (left) have cocktails with Mr. and Mrs. John Kan. Lounge is in the Mark Hopkins Hotel, which has no racial barriers

Tung-po Yu, right, head of Macy's stock room, with employee Joan Otten. Macy's is one of several San Francisco stores which found it was good business to drop racial restrictions

By JOHN GERRITY

NOT long ago, a group of San Franciscans called at the office of Associate Superintendent of Schools Watt A. Long. They were, they explained, members of a Negro church congregation and they were planning a tea for Negro public schoolteachers. Would Dr. Long be kind enough to give them the names of Negro faculty members?

"I hope you will forgive me," Dr. Long replied, "but I'm afraid I can't help you. I don't know who and where they are. However, if you would like, I will give you the addresses of the schools and possibly you can find your guests by making a nose count."

A few days earlier, in another part of the city, a young graduate student of the University of California walked into the office of Helen Graham, personnel director of The Emporium, one of San Francisco's largest department stores.

The young lady was doing research for a term paper on discriminatory practices of employers. "I would like to know," she asked Mrs. Graham, "how many nonwhite employees you have, and in what departments they work."

"I don't know," Mrs. Graham answered, "but if it's important, I'll help you find out."

"How?"

"I'll assign you a guide and you can go through the store and see for yourself," the personnel director said.

These two incidents are not unusual in San Francisco, which has made astonishing progress in a scant six years toward removing the conditions that prevent equal treatment for minority groups in most other American cities. All over San Francisco, there has been a de-emphasis of the differences between races, coupled with a growing conviction that discrimination exacts as heavy a tax on the prejudiced majority as it does on the victimized minorities.

That's not to say that the brotherhood of man is universally accepted in San Francisco, or that instances of discrimination do not arise. But they are much rarer than in many other parts of the country—and not because the Golden Gate city has never known the race problem. Many people (including some who know better) sometimes suggest that San Francisco "has always been tolerant," or even that the Western cities have never been cursed with the bitter racial animosities that exist elsewhere. Neither of those statements is true.

Scene in Chinatown of the 1860s

Chinese slave labor was a marketable commodity in San Francisco as recently as 1868, five years after the Emancipation Proclamation was signed. Few modern ghettos or slums could match those in which San Francisco quartered its Oriental minorities 75 years ago. Here's how B. E. Lloyd described them in his book, Lights and Shades in San Francisco:

"A family of five or six persons will occupy a single room, eight by ten feet in dimensions, wherein all will live, cook, eat, sleep, and perhaps carry on a small manufacturing business. . . . In the lodging houses they huddle together and overlay each other, like a herd of swine that seeks shelter in a strawpile on a cold winter night. . . ."

Of course, Lloyd's report is of an unenlightened city of the nineteenth century. But conditions were not appreciably better six years ago. To be sure,

San Francisco Squelched It

its Negro and Oriental minorities. The fight isn't over, but bigotry is being licked

ships like the quixotically named Daughters of Joy no longer delivered cargoes of slave girls at the Golden Gate in 1946. But it was a brave Chinese who ventured out of Chinatown to find a home. Many Negroes were herded together in packing-case houses at Hunter's Point. Others moved into slum dwellings in the Fillmore District vacated when the Japanese were evacuated to war camps in 1942.

Polite but ineffectual lip service was paid to legislation outlawing employee discrimination in public schools. Only one Negro doctor was practicing in any public or private hospital; a Negro physician had to turn his patients over to a white doctor at the hospital doors. Because of war-made manpower shortages, officials of the city-owned transit system had hired a few nonwhites—grudgingly, and with considerable trepidation, they admit today. But less than a mile from where the founders of United Nations had met, union hiring halls prominently displayed signs saying, "Negroes Need Not Apply."

No More Prejudice in Public Schools

San Francisco knew intolerance, no doubt about it. But today the picture has changed amazingly. In the public schools, whites are teaching Negroes, Negroes are teaching whites, and Orientals are teaching both. Children of all races and faiths may attend any school in the city, so long as its physical facilities can accommodate them.

In big stores, like Macy's, The Emporium or Joseph Magnin's, Chinese clerks are employed as shopping counselors to Nob Hill aristocrats; Negroes and Orientals manage full departments, supervising as many as 25 white clerks; Japanese head up sales-research sections; Filipinos are floorwalkers.

There isn't a hospital in the city, public or private, where a Negro doctor can't enjoy every facility his white colleague does. Ward segregation—five years ago a common practice which often forced nonwhites into expensive private rooms—has been abolished.

Only a few weeks ago, Paul Fanning, who handles personnel for the city-owned Municipal Railway, went to the Urban League, an organization devoted to the welfare of members of minority groups, to plead for more recruits for the civil service exams—"preferably men and women who can be trained as supervisors."

Skilled Negro membership in the AFL building trades unions has grown from none in 1946 to about 4,000 today and there isn't a construction job in the city where a qualified Japanese, Negro, Chinese or Filipino can't get a job.

Indicative of the swing away from segregated housing, a survey of residential areas by the San Francisco Council for Civic Unity shows that one third of the city's blocks have at least one nonwhite family residing there—with (according to another survey sponsored by the University of California) no adverse effect on the value of homes.

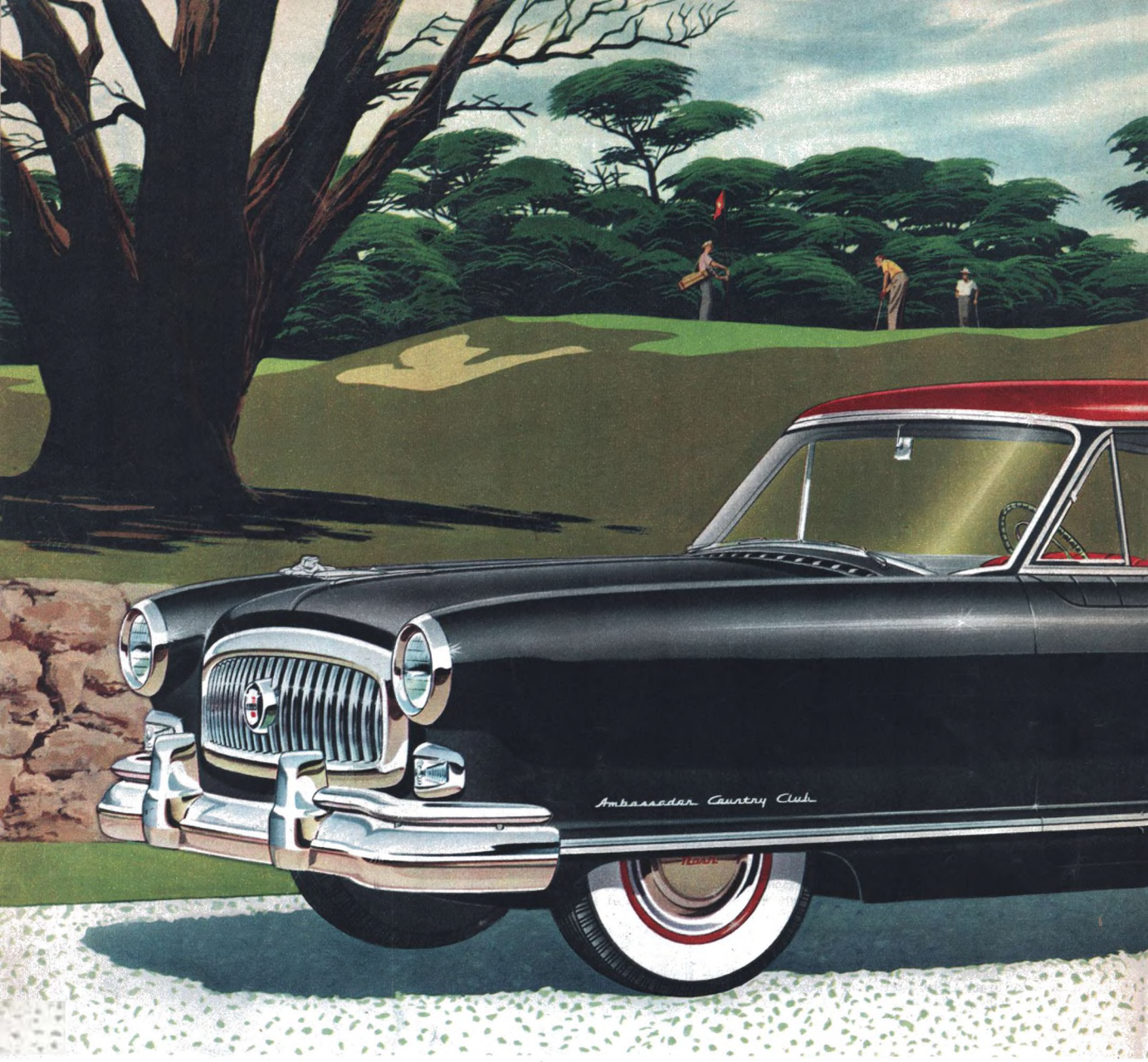
Major hotels, like the Mark Hopkins and the Fairmont, are wide open to any reputable guest who can pay his bill. Not long ago, three dinner dances, a convention and an author's lunch were held on the same day in the community rooms of the two hotels, all under the sponsorship of mixed Negro and white groups.

How did it all happen? How is it that San Francisco has made such great strides toward racial equality at a time when life for men of different races is often so difficult in cities like New York, Chicago, Detroit and New Orleans (or the nation's

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MASON WEYMOUTH

Dr. Daniel Collins (l.), Negro dentist who teaches at U. of California, examines patient Carmyn Gorman with student Ted Schuster. Collins is rated among city's top dental surgeons

Discrimination-free pools, playgrounds and schools teach youngsters tolerance at an early age. One third of the city's residential areas have mixed white and nonwhite populations



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It pays to be tolerant. That's why so many of San Francisco's businessmen have

capital, where a public swimming pool had to be closed because of threatened riots between white and Negro swimmers)?

The answer, at least in part, is that San Francisco might not have done so well with its racial problem if the problem hadn't been so bad to begin with.

Influx of Minority Peoples

At the end of World War II, San Francisco found itself with the largest Chinese and Japanese settlements of any city outside the Orient, and the third largest Mexican and Filipino populations on the West Coast. The city also had experienced a greater short-term rise in Negro population than any other city in the United States—a ten-fold increase, from less than 5,000 to more than 50,000 in six years. Altogether, almost 125,000 members of racial minority groups had chosen to live in this city of 750,000. In a city with a past history of discrimination such as San Francisco's, it was a potentially explosive situation. Nor could the problem be easily resolved by pious appeals to brotherhood, or by endlessly repeating, as some did, that "everything will work out all right in time."

Civic leaders, industrialists, merchants, utility heads, public officials and schoolteachers rolled up their sleeves and went to work, spearheaded by social service organizations whose primary interest is elimination of discriminatory practices. Their formula was simple: "Discrimination is bad business and equality is profitable."

Thus, when Seaton Manning and Donald Glover of the Urban League first braced the managements of the city's top department stores, they argued:

"We don't want you to hire Negroes or Chinese or Japanese because they are downtrodden victims of prejudice. We want you to do yourself a favor. These Negroes, Japanese and Chinese are your customers. We think they'll become better customers if you recognize their ability to sell as well as to buy."

Manning and Glover met all the standard replies: that patrons might object, that old employees would quit, that the expense of setting up separate rest rooms, restaurants and infirmaries would be prohibitive. Manning had a common-sense comeback:

"Is the buying power of one man any less than that of another, merely because of color? And how do you know you will need separate restaurants and rest rooms until you actually experiment?"

After much discussion, several stores decided to take the plunge. The Emporium, one of the first stores to be approached, hired its first Negro clerk without any fanfare. No customer complained. No employee quit. Next, a Filipino was placed in the store's haberdashery. Nothing happened. Two nonwhite women were hired for the hosiery department, but none of the other women clerks was surprised, outraged or excited. Hosiery sales kept abreast of sales in other departments.

Three months later, The Emporium revamped its employment application forms. All questions relating to race, creed and color were deleted. Employment interviewers were told to make themselves color-blind, or find jobs elsewhere.

The Emporium really became a full-fledged foe of discrimination following an incident which didn't actually involve the race issue at all. The store introduced late Monday-night shopping, and a number of long-time employees threatened to walk off their jobs. It happened that they were white. A young management trainee talked them out of it—and it happened that he was Japanese.

Macy's also started hiring nonwhites after hearing the Manning-Glover arguments. Neither employees nor customers showed any signs of being offended; last Christmas, Macy's sales were 20 per cent higher than ever before, and one harried store official remarked: "Thank Heaven for the Japanese, Chinese and Negro students who were willing to work as part-time clerks. Without them, there would have been a lot of unhappy customers."

Today, although a few holdouts remain stubbornly biased, scores of stores, like the City of Paris, Joseph Magnin and H. Liebes, have members of minority groups working for them.

Similarly, insurance companies, automobile agencies, the privately owned gas and electric company and the telephone company overhauled their policies and put hiring and promotions on a "merit and ability basis only."

You can get some idea of how zealously these industrial crusaders have been battling Jim Crow from a seemingly trivial incident in the Pacific Telephone & Telegraph Company.

A young Negro telephone operator had been transferred, at her own request, from one exchange to another. Word reached Mark R. Sullivan, president of the company, that her new coworkers were snubbing her and making life almost unbearable with their petty cruelties.

Sullivan asked the girl not to quit or to transfer out of the troublesome exchange. Instead, he escorted the young lady to work one day and gave her and her sister operators a brief lecture on telephone company economics.

"One out of every six calls handled in this exchange," Sullivan said, "is made by a Negro, a Filipino or a Chinese. If we lose that sixth call here, or anywhere else in the city, we stand to lose our jobs. At the very least, we will get (and deserve) a one-sixth pay cut. I'll leave it up to you ladies how you want to run your company."

With that, Sullivan walked out. There hasn't been a complaint from that exchange in nine months—and the once-snubbed young lady is now a supervising operator.

In the early days of San Francisco's campaign against prejudice, many small hotels were slow to drop their objections to guests because of race. Ben Swig, co-manager of the Fairmont Hotel, tried to solve the problem all by himself.

"Whenever Ben heard a visitor to San Francisco had been denied a room because of color or race," recalls Lee Watson, a friend of Swig, "he'd move heaven and earth to find the rejected guest.

" 'Come up to my place,' Ben would say. 'The Fairmont needs guests like you.' "

Two Outstanding Negroes

Like any other city, San Francisco has its share of outstanding minority members—people like Cecil Poole, crackajack Negro trial attorney in the district attorney's office who, justices of the superior court predict, will join them on the bench within another couple of years; or Dr. Daniel Collins, sometimes called the city's leading dental surgeon, who was the first Negro to join the faculty of the University of California Dental School.

But the Urban League's Donald Glover prefers not to make too much of such men as Poole and Dr. Collins, who probably would have achieved great personal success whatever the local conditions. More significant, Glover says, has been the opening up of skilled and nonskilled laboring jobs in the city.

"When I first came to San Francisco in 1946," Glover recalls, "the double trolley tracks on Market Street were being torn up. One day I walked from Eleventh Street to the Embarcadero, a distance of about two miles, and didn't see a single Negro in the work gangs.

"When I checked with the company's main offices," Glover went on to explain, "I found that an employment clerk had merely *assumed* that no Negroes were to be hired. No one had objected to Negroes. The clerk just felt that his bosses didn't want them.

"Once the 'assumption' was brought to their attention," Glover added, "the company executives acted quickly. A few days later, there were plenty of Negroes on the job."

In Building Trades Unions

It was a long time before nonwhites were able to get skilled employment on construction jobs where union labor was employed. But it was done. Leaders of the AFL building trades union first admitted a few pilot craftsmen. No riots developed and contractors didn't seem to mind. Today there are nearly 4,000 skilled nonwhite journeymen working shoulder to shoulder with whites, and a comparable increase has occurred among nonskilled workers.

In 1947, San Francisco's school board hired a new superintendent, Herbert C. Clish, of New Rochelle, New York. Clish accepted the appointment after making clear his belief that a good school system was conditional on his having a free hand in hiring teachers, with professional competence the only requirement. The board agreed.

A number of people winked indulgently. "Just the thing for an incoming school superintendent to say," they commented knowingly. "Good public relations, too." But Clish had meant every word of it. A few weeks after he took over, a vacancy in a principalship arose. Clish immediately named Dr. William Cobb, a Negro, as the man best qualified for the job. And he didn't stop there.

Reforms were invoked, aimed at wiping out all references to race or nationality in the schools. Seminars and summer-school classes for teachers were set up to drive the lesson home. Stereotypes like, "Negroes make good clowns," were branded as highly undesirable. Even harmless sayings, like "Italians like music," or "Japanese never show their feelings," were ruled out of order. An end was put to all-Negro choruses and to having children promenade at school functions in Oriental or Spanish costumes. Any and all exhibitions were stopped, however innocent in appearance, if they tended to set children apart racially or religiously. Finally, questions on race disappeared from teachers' employment applications.

During the six-year life of Clish's reforms, there has been not a single disturbance traceable directly to racial differences.

And the education in tolerance of young San Franciscans doesn't stop in the classroom. Every public swimming

Next Week

DO THE REAL HEROES GET THE MEDAL OF HONOR?

By BRIG. GEN. S. L. A. MARSHALL

Although many men earn their decorations the hard way, some of our greatest heroes are shamefully ignored under the present awards system, says this expert, writing with Collier's Bill Davidson. On the other hand, fools and cowards may sometimes get the nation's top medals. General Marshall tells how we can prevent such injustices

pool and playground in the city is nonsegregated. Of 75 playground supervisors, 29 are nonwhites, including two of the city's six district supervisors.

It would be difficult to single out any one man or organization to praise for the gradual ending of segregated private housing. City supervisors, like George Christopher and Marvin E. Lewis, were front runners in making San Francisco the first city in the nation specifically to rule out segregation in urban redevelopment programs.

Edward Howden of the city's Council for Civic Unity keeps watch, always ready to howl when he spots a housing abuse. But Howden's howl wouldn't be much more than a whimper if it weren't for the free radio time the Columbia Broadcasting System gives him each week.

Howden's powerful effect was demonstrated by the Sing Sheng incident, which he was instrumental in making nationally famous. Early last spring, Sheng, who had been an Army Intelligence captain in World War II, bought a house in all-white Southwood, a San Francisco suburb. A few white neighbors objected. Soon they had tub-thumped Sheng's proposed purchase into a major issue. Sheng agreed to abandon his project if the majority of the neighbors voted against him. By voting time, the core of objectors had done a superb, if malicious, campaign job. Sheng lost.

Howden, who had heard of the case too late to affect the balloting, brought all of his guns to bear after Sheng's defeat, and exposed the incident as a civic disgrace. The story was picked up nationally. Both the San Francisco Examiner and the Chronicle hammered away locally. Though Sheng bought elsewhere, his failure in Southwood had a good effect: no suburban development wants to risk the scorn and wrath heaped upon the voters of Southwood for raising the race issue.

Survey Shatters Realty Myth

The University of California is entitled to a share of the credit for taking race discrimination out of housing. It has eloquently shattered the myth that real-estate values tumble as soon as a nonwhite family moves into a neighborhood that was previously all white. In a city-wide survey, the university selected typical control areas. In one, called Silver Terrace, the average price of homes in 1950, when it was all-white, was $9,750. Since 1950, there have been 27 sales in Silver Terrace, 21 to whites, six to Negroes. Today the average price of homes in Silver Terrace is $10,750.

Another district which was previously all white is the Visitacion Valley section, where homes cost $9,500 in 1949. Since then, there have been 167 sales, 121 to whites, 32 to Negroes and 12 to Chinese, Japanese and Filipinos. Today, Visitacion Valley homes are selling for an average price of $11,000.

Strangely out of step with the trend of affairs, until very recently, has been the San Francisco Housing Authority. It has steadfastly maintained that all public housing contracted for after 1949, but not yet built, must follow the so-called neighborhood pattern. If an area was predominantly Negro before 1949, any public housing contracted for there would have to be for Negroes. The same would be true for white or Chinese neighborhoods.

Endless arguments failed to budge the local Housing Authority. But just a few weeks ago, its stand was ruled unconstitutional in superior court. Although the authority is planning to appeal, the attitude of most San Franciscans was summed up a few weeks ago by a special grand jury report which said, "This attempt to enforce a policy of racial discrimination has been a disservice to San Francisco."

Champions of White Supremacy

Equally anachronistic have been four labor unions which exclude nonwhites in whole or in part: Harry Lundeberg's Sailors Union of the Pacific, the AFL Teamsters, the independent Automotive Workers and the AFL Bartenders. Their reasons for practicing discrimination are either evasive or not forthcoming at all. But these die-hards and a constantly dwindling number of employers who still champion white supremacy are fighting a losing battle. Whenever they step out of line, the city's more strident voices demand a compulsory fair employment practices law, like the one Cleveland enacted in 1950. Quickly, cooler heads of all colors whip the offenders into line.

San Francisco's accomplishments are not the outgrowth of some occult civic practice, nor do its people possess a magic formula which brings about a fantastic transformation of character. Businessmen, teachers and public officials have no less self-interest in San Francisco than anywhere else; it's just that they have directed their self-interest into healthy channels, not destructive ones.

It is not by mere coincidence that Negro lawyers are respected members of the city's Lawyers' Club. Nor was it oversight when the first Negro doctor logged his patient into St. Francis Memorial Hospital, or when a white young man bought his Chinese lady friend a cocktail in the Top of the Mark lounge. It was prudent, good, hardheaded business sense at work.

It has even become fashionable in San Francisco to practice tolerance. Social maturity is not only easy to wear, it's handy to show off. In discussing their personnel problems, many industrial and labor executives forget they were ever anything but open-minded.

One executive, proudly telling me of his company's wide-open employment policy, said, "Why, we've never known anything like discrimination out here. I was raised with Chinese; our cook was a Chinese. My brothers and I played with their kids. We knew them. We loved them."

That man's firm steadfastly denied employment to Chinese, except in the most menial jobs, until just a few years ago. Fortunately, he can blank out the intolerant years. His attitude today is an uninterrupted projection of what he learned as a boy on his father's ranch.

In one major respect, his attitude has undergone a subtle change, however: nowadays, he is downright irked whenever he hears of intolerance, and there is just the slightest trace of smugness when he contrasts the ways of the evildoer with his own enlightened methods.

"That fellow," he remarked about one die-hard, "is simply digging his own grave." ▲▲▲

He was never afraid. No one in the world was as strong, or as wise, as his father

THE CUB

By LOIS DYKEMAN KLEIHAUER

ONE of his first memories was of his father bending down from his great height to sweep him up into the air. Up he went, gasping and laughing with delight. He could look down on his mother's upturned face as she watched, laughing with them, and at the thick shock of his father's brown hair and at his white teeth.

Then he would come down, shrieking happily, but he was never afraid, not with his father's hands holding him. No one in the world was as strong, or as wise, as his father.

He remembered a time when his father moved the piano across the room for his mother. He watched while she guided it into its new position, and he saw the difference in their hands as they rested, side by side, upon the gleaming walnut. His mother's hand was white and slim and delicate, his father's large and square and strong.

As he grew, he learned to play bear. When it was time for his father to come home at night, he would lurk behind the kitchen door. When he heard the closing of the garage doors, he would hold his breath and squeeze himself into the crack behind the door. Then he would be quiet.

It was always the same. His father would open the door and stand there, the backs of his long legs beguilingly close. "Where's the boy?"

He would glance at the conspiratorial smile on his mother's face, and then he would leap and grab his father about the knees, and his father would look down and shout, "Hey, what's this? A bear—a young cub!"

Then, no matter how tightly he tried to cling, he was lifted up and perched upon his father's shoulder, and they would march past his mother, and together they would duck their heads beneath the doors.

And then he went to school. And on the playground he learned how to wrestle and shout, how to hold back tears, how to get a half nelson on the boy who tried to take his football away from him. He came home at night and practiced his new wisdom on his father. Straining and puffing, he tried to pull his father off the lounge chair while his father kept on reading the paper, only glancing up now and then to ask in mild wonderment, "What are you trying to do, boy?"

He would stand and look at his father. "Gee whiz, Dad!" And then he would realize that his father was teasing him, and he would crawl upon his father's lap and pummel him in affectionate frustration.

And still he grew—taller, slimmer, stronger. He was like a young buck with tiny, new horns. He wanted to lock them with any other young buck's, to test them in combat. He measured his biceps with his mother's tape measure. Exultantly, he thrust his arm in front of his father. "Feel that! How's that for muscle?"

His father put his great thumb into the flexed muscle and pressed, and the boy pulled back, protesting, laughing, "Ouch, Dad, not so hard!"

Sometimes they wrestled on the floor together, and his mother moved the chairs back. "Be careful, Charles—don't hurt him."

After a while his father would push him aside and sit in his chair, his long legs thrust out before him, and the boy would scramble to his feet, half resentful, half mirthful over the ease with which his father mastered him.

"Doggone it, Dad, someday—" he would say.

HE WENT out for football and track in high school. He surprised even himself now, there was so much more of him. And he could look down on his mother. "Little one," he called her, or "Small fry."

Sometimes he took her wrists and backed her into a chair, while he laughed and she scolded. "I'll—I'll take you across my knee."

"Who will?" he demanded.

"Well—your father still can," she said.

His *father*—well, that was different.

They still wrestled occasionally, but it distressed his mother. She hovered about them, worrying, unable to comprehend the need for their struggling. It always ended the same way, with the boy upon his back, prostrate, and his father grinning down at him. "Give?"

"Give." And he got up, shaking his head.

"I wish you wouldn't," his mother would say, fretting. "There's no point in it. You'll hurt yourselves; don't do it any more."

So for nearly a year they had not wrestled, but he thought about it one night at dinner. He looked at his father closely. It was queer, but his father didn't look nearly as tall or broad-shouldered as he used to. He could even look his father straight in the eyes now.

"How much do you weigh, Dad?" he asked.

His father threw him a mild glance. "About the same, about a hundred and ninety. Why?"

The boy grinned. "Just wondering."

But after a while he went over to his father where he sat reading the paper and took it out of his hands. His father glanced up, his eyes at first questioning and then narrowing to meet the challenge in his son's. "So," he said softly.

"Come on, Dad."

His father took off his coat and began to unbutton his shirt. "You asked for it," he said.

HIS mother came in from the kitchen, alarmed. "Oh, Charles! Bill! Don't—you'll hurt yourselves!" But they paid no attention to her. They were standing now, their shirts off. They watched each other, intent and purposeful. The boy's teeth gleamed again. They circled for a moment, and then their hands closed upon each other's arms.

They strained against each other, and then the boy went down, taking his father with him. They moved and writhed and turned, in silence seeking an advantage, in silence pressing it to its conclusion. There was the sound of the thumps of their bodies upon the rug and of the quick, hard intake of breath. The boy showed his teeth occasionally in a grimace of pain. His mother stood at one side, both hands pressed against her ears. Occasionally her lips moved, but she did not make a sound.

After a while the boy pinned his father on his back. "Give!" he demanded.

His father said, "Hell, no!" And with a great effort he pushed the boy off, and the struggle began again.

But at the end his father lay prostrate, and a look of bewilderment came into his eyes. He struggled desperately against his son's merciless, restraining hands. Finally he lay quiet, only his chest heaving, his breath coming loudly.

The boy said, "Give!"

The man frowned, shaking his head.

Still the boy knelt on him, pinning him down. "Give!" he said, and tightened his grip. "Give!"

All at once his father began to laugh, silently, his shoulders shaking. The boy felt his mother's fingers tugging fiercely at his shoulder. "Let him up," she said. "Let him up!"

The boy looked down at his father. "Give up?"

His father stopped laughing, but his eyes were still wet. "Okay," he said. "I give."

The boy stood up and reached a hand to his father to help him up, but his mother was before him, putting an arm about his father's shoulders, helping him to rise. They stood together and looked at him, his father grinning gamely, his mother with baffled pain in her eyes.

The boy started to laugh. "I guess I—" He stopped. "Gosh, Dad, I didn't hurt you, did I?"

"Heck no, I'm all right. Next time . . ."

"Yeah, maybe next time . . ."

And his mother did not contradict what they said, for she knew as well as they that there would never be a next time.

For a moment the three of them stood looking at one another, and then, suddenly, blindly, the boy turned. He ran through the door under which he had ducked so many times when he had ridden on his father's shoulders. He went out the kitchen door, behind which he had hidden, waiting to leap out and pounce upon his father's legs.

It was dark outside. He stood on the steps, feeling the air cool against his sweaty body. He stood with lifted head, looking at the stars, and then he could not see them because of the tears that burned his eyes and ran down his cheeks.

HERE IT IS!

PHILIP MORRIS KING-SIZE

—the only leading King-Size cigarette made an *exclusively different way* to avoid the main cause of irritation!

NOW! PHILIP MORRIS is available in the new KING-SIZE and the famous Regular Size.

Remember, you'll *feel better* when you change to PHILIP MORRIS. In case after case, coughs due to smoking disappear . . . parched throat clears up . . . that stale, "smoked-out" feeling vanishes.

Yes, KING-SIZE or REGULAR

YOU'LL FEEL BETTER

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Call for PHILIP MORRIS

Take your choice
but make your choice
PHILIP MORRIS
KING-SIZE or **REGULAR**

Salesman for Schneider company, O. K. Donham, displays a snappy pearl-trimmed number during spring showing held by the St. Louis firm

"Lovely, Schneider, Lovely!"

No one ever accused a Schneider of having a good hat face. But do they worry?

DON'T laugh. When the Schneider brothers put on women's hats, it's no gag. They're making money. Brothers Ben, Paul and Sam are partners in a St. Louis wholesale millinery firm which does a million dollars' worth of business annually.

In an average day, the Schneider brothers and their salesmen model more than 50 chapeaux apiece. Any one of them can tuck his ears into a cloche, coax a flower into place or tie a veil under his chin with perfect aplomb.

Such an extravagant waste of authentic comedy is routine in places like Schneider Brothers. Along Wholesale Row in millinery centers throughout the country, salesmen try on women's hats all the time. They model for the buyers of retail stores, who want to see just how the product sits on the head; how far forward it's worn; how sharply it tilts; even, in some cases, which end faces front.

For such demonstrations the salon treatment is superfluous. Any head will do. And since a salesman's head is usually the most readily available, it is pressed into service.

The entire affair is as dead-pan as a stock-exchange transaction. And no one is even mildly amused at finding a bald spot where the hat crown has been cut out to accommodate a pony tail. In its three decades, the Schneider company has never used a female model.

Admittedly, the Schneider brothers don't do a thing for their hats. But the arrangement has at least one advantage: the buyers aren't misled by a pretty face.

When a customer says, "Lovely, Schneider, lovely!", she can't possibly mean anything but that the hat stands on its own merit. As one of the brothers recently said: "That's the test. If a hat looks good on a Schneider, believe me—it will look good on anybody."

Modeling a navy scoop-brim, Ben Schneider says: "This isn't so funny. In the old days salesmen tied down veils over muttonchop whiskers"

Wearing a curvaceous felt bonnet, Paul Schneider holds another for quick change

Sam Schneider applies an expert forward tilt to a "suiter" (a hat for wear with suits)

In a chic petit-pearl straw, salesman Harry Harris patiently awaits the buyer's reaction

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JACK GOULD

"I DROVE THE 1953 BUICK"

by Earl Wilson

"I'm cruising around the endurance loop in this shot—yet that '53 Buick handled like a sweetheart. It feels like a lot of solid automobile under you, with no sway, no 'yaw'—and complete control at all times."

(Editorial Note: Earl Wilson, famous Broadway reporter and nationally syndicated columnist, wrote the accompanying article after a visit to the General Motors Proving Ground at Milford, Michigan.)

"How would you like to be a test-driver ... and try out our new cars?" the Buick man said over the phone.

Why not? It might be fun. It wouldn't be daredevilish, for after all, what can you do with a new model? They're all pretty much alike. A new face-lift job here . . . a splash more of chrome there . . . a few more horsepower under the hood . . . what else?

"O.K.," I said . . . enthusiastic for the simple reason that I wanted to see the famous General Motors Proving Ground near Flint, Mich. Maybe I'm a frustrated test driver, as who isn't?

(How was I to know that the Buick folks had put the whip to their 1953 cars.)

So I zipped out and drove the new Buicks.

I drove them on the endurance track . . . on the straightaway . . . on those pretzel turns . . . over some of the roughest terrain a test car ever bumped a driver's head on . . . so help me, Hannah, I was a test driver.

"I jotted down a few notes while looking at this exploded view of Buick's new Twin-Turbine Dynaflow Drive. But who needs notes after driving with this terrific transmission? It gives the new Buick sensational getaway, capital 'S'!"

They didn't give me a helmet . . . nor any padding.

They just moved me in behind the wheel and said, "Let 'er roll!"

Y'r Uncle Oil (New York pronunciation) wanted to test that new V8 Fireball Engine . . . and the new Twin-Turbine Dynaflow Drive everybody's so excited about . . . and the celebrated Million Dollar Ride the Buick ads mention so gently.

"You know about the getaway power of these new Buicks?" asked the man who was there to answer all my questions.

"Meet . . . . . " And he introduced me to the engineers . . . young men, with ages of learning in their faces, who had gone all out.

Yep, they'd pooled their brains, for this was Buick's Golden Anniversary. They'd brought forth a spanking new Dynaflow Drive with two turbines where one grew before.

They'd revved up the power and the compression ratio in every '53 Buick. They all had their chests out, justifiably proud, I'd say, of '53.

"I'll try the getaway first," I announced.

We poised there in a ground-hugging '53 Buick on the saucer-like track. The real "pros"—the professional test drivers—were going past us along the top of the saucer.

Ever seen that? Well, I admit it gave me a little tingle, just being there.

"Go ahead . . . try it for getaway."

That's what my guide, Gus Weldy, said to me. I pressed the accelerator . . . and off we went . . . but quick.

Up shot the pointer on the speedometer. It reached thirty so smoothly and silently that when I stopped the car I asked Gus, "Is this a souped-up job?"

No—just an engineering test car . . . exactly like the production model.

"I was impressed—as I guess every visitor must be—by the test cars that have something resembling a bicycle wheel attached. This 'fifth wheel' is a device for measuring speed and distance with unusual accuracy. On one trip around in a '53 Roadmaster, we found we'd made 17.2 miles on one gallon of gas."

Just to show me how they had zipped up the getaway in these new '53 Buicks, Gus Weldy set up another test. We went out to the

straightaway. He got into a 1952 Roadmaster, the big-power Buick.

I got into a new '53 Special, the baby of the Buick line. We lined up alongside each other.

At the drop of a flag, we tromped down on our gas pedals.

In five heartbeats I was a full car-length ahead of that '52 Roadmaster . . . in the '53 Special.

I'd driven a '52 Buick Roadmaster before, so I was skeptical.

"Let me try that job against this '53 Special," I said to Weldy. We went through the same test. This time I also-ran.

The 1953 Buick Special "whupped" that high-powered '52 Roadmaster on getaway.

They said it was because the new Special had the new Twin-Turbine Dynaflow. It had new horsepower, higher compression. The new '53 Super goes a big step beyond that. And the '53 Roadmaster . . . well, that's in a class by itself.

We left those two cars and both of us got into a new '53 Roadmaster for the next experiment.

We also added a couple of passengers.

Maybe you've seen that Proving Ground? Beautiful roads . . . some straightaway . . . some curving . . . a little lake . . . and wow! A hill that reminds you of San Francisco.

"Here's 'Test Driver' Wilson making the grade—just a baby grade. But up ahead is the real grade, almost straight up. And that Buick I'm driving climbed the 300 feet to the top from a standing start, gaining steadily all the way."

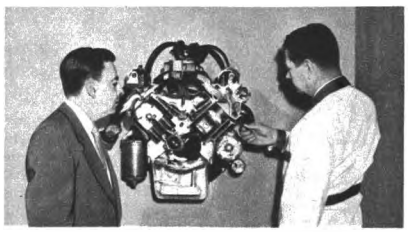
That 27% grade . . . it goes up like a sheer cliff . . . was the one we wanted. I thought we were going to turn front-end over rear . . . the hill was that steep.

But the Buick accelerated all the way, steadily gaining until we got to the top—300 feet from where we started. The car never groaned, never protested, never left any doubt in my mind about making it. That Buick climbed to the summit of the grade without wavering . . . even for a split second.

"What else can I do?" asked your amateur test driver . . . now beginning to gain confidence . . . and a lot of respect for that V8 Fireball Engine and that amazing Twin-Turbine Dynaflow.

"How about trying a '52 Roadmaster against a '53 Roadmaster?" . . . on a baby hill, a 7.2 percent grade. Fine!

The difference between the '52 and '53 Roadmaster is considerable. From a standing start, the '52 reached the top of the baby grade in 48 seconds. Whereas the '53 made it in 43½ seconds.



"The Buick engineer is showing me the innards of the new V8 Fireball Engine—but what impressed me most about it was the way it makes those new '53 Buick Supers and Roadmasters perform. It really puts the whip to them."

As they explained it to me, the horsepower has been stepped up in every Series Buick this year . . . to 130 in the Special, 170 in the Super and 188 in the Roadmaster. Compression ratios are way up, too. In fact, that V8 Fireball in the Roadmaster and Super has an 8.5 to 1 compression . . . highest in any American passenger car today. It's also a shorter engine than its predecessor . . . 13½ inches shorter, and . . . if you care for statistics . . . 180 pounds lighter. That made it possible to produce a shorter car, yet one with a lower, more massive look.

At the same time, the car has every inch of interior room it had before—but now with a shorter turning radius. That makes it easier to handle on the road and in tight spots. On top of that, they made Power Steering standard equipment on this '53 Roadmaster . . . and that's effortless steering, the way I translate it.

"Here's the most grueling strip of road at the Proving Ground. Not just rough cobbles, but a lot of jolting dips and hollows, too. And even on this rugged stretch, that Buick rides like the proverbial million."

Oh, yes! Those air-conditioned models in the Roadmaster and Super Series. Quel *luxury!*

Somebody induced me to get into another car — not a Buick — and take a spin over a strip of Belgian paving blocks. They seem to be like cobblestones . . . only rougher. I'd driven the Buick over them and hadn't found them too bad to ride over. But in this other car that I'd been hornswoggled into driving over those Belgian blocks . . .

I decided that must have been where some fellow invented the expression, "Shiver my timbers!" Because mine did.

It was after my jolting in this other car that I realized why the Buick people call theirs "the Million Dollar Ride."

On the way back to Broadway, I had to admit I had enjoyed driving those new Buicks. The Buick people call them "the greatest Buicks in fifty great years." I'll never argue with that.

Earl Wilson

Dynaflow Drive and Power Steering are standard on Roadmaster, optional at extra cost on other Series. Buick Air Conditioning is offered at additional cost on all Roadmaster and Super sedan and Riviera models.

P.S. FROM BUICK: Sorry we can't invite all of you to drive the 1953 Buick at the General Motors Proving Ground. But your Buick dealer cordially invites you to see and try this Golden Anniversary Buick locally. See him soon.

BUICK *Division of* GENERAL MOTORS

Television treat—
the BUICK CIRCUS HOUR—every fourth Tuesday

The greatest

BUICK

in 50 great years

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

The Wine of

Miss Candy was beautiful and rich, but somehow she seemed doomed to be unhappy. A lady like that, Lonnie thought, didn't belong to be sad

By MARY-CARTER ROBERTS

THE fire began to show late in the morning. Lonnie Burd, lounging in the door of his liquor store, saw the smoke at eleven thirty. It was in just about the middle of the big field belonging to Kirchner that faced Lonnie's place from across the county road. The smoke was rising in a single column, slow and light, and melting into the general heat haze almost as soon as it was up.

The field was a ten-acre rectangle. On its far side it was bounded by the Little 'Gator Cypress Swamp. Its right end was marked by a bare, steep, twenty-foot railroad embankment, its left end by a broad sand track that followed the dividing line between Kirchner's land and Miss Aggie Tatum's orange grove. The land was a waste, choked with scrub palmetto, chest-high and interlacing.

No fire in any such worthlessness was important, Lonnie knew. A fire there wouldn't do any harm. It wouldn't even rid poor Kirchner of the palmetto; within a month the old scrub would be growing back. Moreover, at this time of year—mid-spring—when the country was dry from the winter and the rains were still six weeks off, scrub fires were common. Just the same, Lonnie watched the smoke. It was there, and it was something to watch. He had been running a package business on that little back road for over a year, ever since he got out of the Army, and he did not find the business lively. He had come to the point where he watched a lot of trifling sights.

He stood in his doorway until noon. Except for the usual buzzards high in the sky, and the smoke, he saw no movement. He did not move much himself. He had lighted a cigar; it went out, and he dropped the stub into the pocket of his khaki work shirt. From time to time, he slowly slid a hand over his jaw, enjoying the rasp of his two-day beard. He was a stocky young man of medium height, and his large, square face had a mild and gentle expression. He had been in the fighting in the Philippines, on New Guinea and Okinawa. He had also served with the occupation forces in Japan.

At twelve o'clock, as was his habit, he locked up and hung on the doorknob a card marked with the penciled sentences: *This Establishment Will Reopen Promptly At One. Kindly Wait. Thank You.* Then he got into his jeep and drove home to lunch. The fire in the scrub had not spread appreciably.

He lived a couple of miles down the road, alone, in a tarpaper shack that he had put up on the site of his boyhood house, which had been destroyed in a hurricane a year before. The old place had been a painted bungalow with a screened porch, and sometimes, remembering his dead mother and her lifelong passion to "get everything nice," Lonnie would have a guilty sensation, because he had not yet built in a comparable style. He meant to. But the shack was comfortable, and he was used to it.

He warmed collards, black-eyed peas and ham on his electric hot plate, and ate from the cooking utensils. For dessert he had a saucerful of broken bread and canned sirup. Then he fed his hound, Daisy, who was nursing a family under the doorstep, played with the pups a minute, fixed a couple of sandwiches to carry back, and washed up. It was one-twenty-five when he started back.

ROUNDING the bend in the road below the store, Lonnie saw that the smoke had changed. It was no longer slow and light; it was black, and it was pouring up fast, forming a long cloud that, because there was no wind, stayed low. The change was normal. He knew the reason for it. The fire was feeding on dead ground litter; but it was also searing and shriveling the palmetto above it, and the palmetto was sappily green and tough. It always burned that dirty way. Lonnie parked, got down, and unlocked the store.

The heat that had accumulated in the small, tin-roofed booth while it was shut up hit him as he entered, and he shook his head in his customary disapproval. Sometime, he thought, he might install a fan. As soon as he had opened the windows and switched on his radio, getting a program of recorded gospel singing, he went back to the door, leaned a shoulder on the jamb, chewed a toothpick, and looked around more carefully. He saw that the fire was burning in a line several hundred yards long. The line was parallel to the road and moving away from it. It was lengthening steadily at each end. The flames themselves were not visible above the thick palmetto.

Miss Aggie gave a scream. "Here it is! Get your rake and come on." She ran toward the fire. Deadly pale, Miss Candy followed her

the Country

A little after two, a customer stopped at the store, and half an hour later there was another one. The first was Johnny Jacobs, a rancher; the second was Charlie Howard, a truck farmer. Both were driving home after a morning in the market town. Each bought a pint of whisky. Johnny said, as he was making payment, counting out the coins from a handful, "Fire." Not to deprive him of the role of informant, Lonnie cast an inquiring look in the direction of the field. Then he answered warmly, " 'Deed so."

Charlie tilted his head toward the left end of the smoke line and remarked, "That might could reach Miss Aggie's grove." "It might could," Lonnie agreed. "Come a wind," Charlie added. "That's right," said Lonnie, nodding, "come a wind."

ALONE again, staring at the black cloud, he visualized the actual burning, the like of which he had seen scores of times—the low, delicate-looking flames eating at the dead mat on the ground, the stiff palmetto branches contracting, writhing, and finally dropping down. It would make a big excitement, he supposed, for the bugs, rattlesnakes and birds that were the field's only inhabitants, but when you saw it with human eyes, you realized that it was purely open-and-shut. That fire wouldn't do anything unexpected. When it reached the railroad at the right, it would go out there. When it reached the swamp in the center, it would go out there. And up at the left, the sand track would end it. In a few hours, it would all be over.

That, Lonnie perceived, perfectly covered the case as it now was. As for Charlie Howard's remark about Miss Aggie's grove and wind, why, that *depended* on a wind, and there was none. Let a wind come—from the proper direction—and the first row of Miss Aggie's trees could get scorched; for, though the fire itself would never cross the sand track, it might, if fanned, blaze up high enough for its heat to do some damage. That would be a bad thing to happen to a nice little lady like Miss Aggie, Lonnie thought. But it was not happening now.

He stopped considering the fire and began to think about Daisy's pups—which ones he would keep, which ones give away. The gospel singing had ended and been followed by cowboy ballads, which had been followed by hillbilly music, which had been followed by more gospel singing. Then the sequence was broken by a political speech delivered in a tone so sharp as to enforce listening. Lonnie went back into the store and turned the radio off. He sat down and tilted his chair against the wall, took the stub of his morning cigar out of his shirt pocket, and began to smoke.

He would not go home until midnight. His trade became good only at about five, when country people with work in town started driving by on the way home. It got better around seven thirty, when the traffic reversed and folks began going to town for the evening, and it reached its peak after the shows closed and parties set forth to roam the roads. A long day. He would be glad when Daisy weaned her babies, and he could bring her with him once again.

For the present, it was just hot in the booth. It had been cooler in the doorway; still, he had only one chair, and that chair was inside. So, in evaluating the two locations, he had to take into consideration the matter of sitting down or standing up. Lonnie liked the idea of the choice. There was a completeness, a mutual exclusiveness about the alternatives—keep cool but stand up, sit down but swelter—that seemed to him pleasantly humorous. He liked the idea so well, indeed, that he had once confided it to another person, a lady: He remembered the time now.

The lady was a very special customer of his, a Miss Candy. She belonged to the winter colony that had lately settled over on the lake—a lot of people from away who had bought land, put up houses made mostly of glass, built piers, and posted signs saying *Restricted* all along the shore where, a few years back, Lonnie and other cracker boys had gone swimming naked. Like all the number, she was rich; but that was not what made her special to Lonnie. She was very beautiful, very kind and, somehow, without knowing it, doomed to be unhappy. Anyone could see that nothing in this world was ever going to bring happiness to that lady.

SHE showed her sorrow in everything. The time he told her about his chair-and-doorway choice, she had not even smiled. She had drawn her fine silken brows down in a grave frown, looked at him queerly, as if she were trying to see through something, and finally asked in a voice of faraway despair, "Why don't you *move* the chair, then?"

He had felt that that was shifting the ground, but he had answered as best he could. "I might do that someday," he had said, looking surprised and trying to sound convincing. But Miss Candy (she had been sitting in her big convertible in front of the store at the moment) had not been put off her track. She had shaken her head in obvious grief, shut her mouth very firmly, and driven off. Lonnie thought now simply what he had thought at the time: that a mouth so lovely didn't belong to be treated any such hard way.

He thought that he might fill out his order for the week, the blanks for which were lying on the counter. Then he noted that there was no hurry—he had plenty of time—and went on driftingly reviewing his acquaintance with the strange lady.

The very first time she had stopped

ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

at the store, she had reproached him with a despairing intensity because he kept only cheap wines in stock. "It's *just* as easy to get the good ones," she had exclaimed, her great dark-blue eyes flashing with a fascinating fire. "So *why* do you small dealers insist on selling this dreadful stuff?" He had apologized. She had paid small attention. "You could educate the public taste," she had continued, still intense. "Teach people to know good things. Places like your store here—they're where it should be done."

" 'Deed they are, ma'am," he had answered—and had seen that he had failed to please. But ever since, Miss Candy had bought her wine from him and never again had she called it dreadful. Instead she referred to his whole stock simply as "the wine of the country"—which of course it wasn't, being strictly from California—and would specify her choices by color only. "Red," she would say, and he would give her his dollar-and-a-quarter port. Or "white," and he would fetch his ninety-nine-cent sauterne. He knew the reason for her strange ways. They came from her being a stranger.

There were plenty of strangers in the world; he readily admitted it, having seen that it was so. In his travels during the war he had come to realize that the people who are strange far outnumber those who are not. The thing about Miss Candy was, a lady so pretty didn't belong to be strange. A lady so pretty had a right to be real.

But she was strange. She was capable of becoming perfectly desperate over colored people, for instance—and also over cats, he remembered feelingly. She had been parked in front of the store one day, waiting for her wine, when a jalopy had rolled down the road with about a dozen colored boys pushing it. Lonnie knew them, had known them all his life. The whole winter they had been trying to go places in that chariot of calamity, and always it broke down. That day, when they got right in front of the store, one of them stubbed his toe and fell. The others, clinging to the jalopy, rushed and scuffled on, and the fallen one was left behind on all fours in the middle of the blacktop.

Amused at the sight, Lonnie had called out, "Put a harness on, boy, and get in front, and you might really help. You ought to be nearly as good as half a mule."

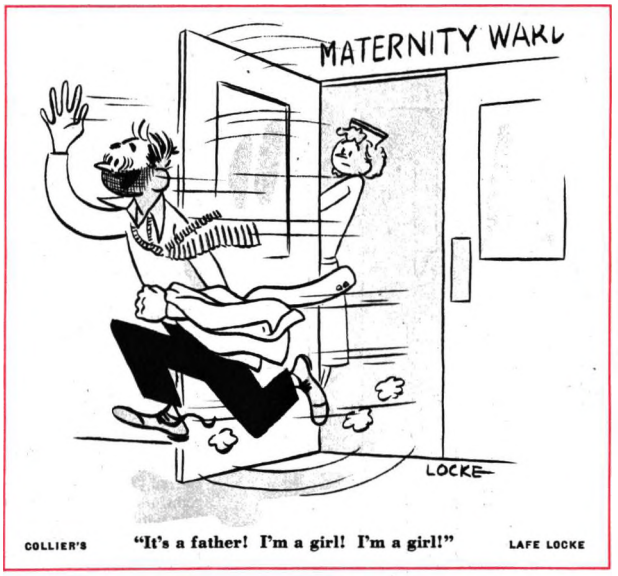
The boy, still down, had grabbed at his cap and burst out laughing, and the rest of them had laughed too and hollered back, "Yes, sir, Mr. Lonnie," "That's right, Mr. Lonnie," "You sure right, sir." But because all of them reached for their hats at once, the old jalopy was left free and ran down into the ditch.

MISS CANDY had turned pale as death. She had said, "It has to be seen to be believed." What? Lonnie still could not guess, but to one thing he'd take his bounden oath: she had no cause to complain. Those boys, who were all good boys, had behaved. They had not given her a second look.

The cats that distressed her were the ones—blind kittens mostly—that people put out on the road. She always picked those little things up. Her car had been crawling with them one day when she stopped at his place, and she had been close to tears. What she talked about, however, was cruelty, not kittens. She had said, "Every one of these animals represents somebody's cruel impulse. And cruelty is the worst thing in the world."

He had agreed. "It's surely not no nice way to act," he had said. Then he had expressed admiration for her goodness in giving those poor things a home. It surprised him to learn she was not going to do that, after all. She was just going to carry the lot of them to the vet and have them put away. He had picked one up while they talked; it was nosing his finger, hunting something to nurse, and he found that he did not like the idea of handing it over to be purely killed. So he took all she had and, as she put it, "found homes for

COLLIER'S "Hey, Mom, why does Daddy keep yelling about Christmas? That was months ago" CORKA



COLLIER'S "It's a father! I'm a girl! I'm a girl!" LAFE LOCKE

them." It had not been hard; all he had done was to drop the batch in the colored quarters in town—colored people, he knew, never let any animal starve.

His act had started something, though; Miss Candy, every now and then, would bring him a fresh collection. She would offer him money when she did this, not for himself, she would explain, but for the people who were to provide the homes. "If it's someone poor," she would say, "I don't want them to be burdened. I regard the responsibility as mine."

"They ain't poor, ma'am," he would answer. Nobody was that poor, he thought, but, as Miss Candy plainly did not know it, he never told her. He would not hurt her feelings. Too many things were doing that already.

He had kept his eyes on his order blanks while he made these reflections, and now he saw the sheets slide to the edge of the counter and cascade to the floor. A second later, he felt the wind himself.

He did not move. He concentrated on trying to decide whether this was just a puff or steady. He knew soon that it was not a puff. It was steady, and it was blowing diagonally across Kirchner's field, from the right front to the rear left. That meant it would beat the fire back from the railroad and push it faster toward the swamp. It also meant that Miss Aggie's trees might be hurt. Somebody ought to send Miss Aggie word right away.

Lonnie sat up and looked consideringly at the telephone. You tell Miss Aggie Tatum anything about that property of hers, he thought, particularly you tell her it needs looking after, and you take a downright risk. Miss Aggie was a famous saucebox.

She was a cute, little, freckle-nosed, red-headed widow lady who, ever since her husband had died a few years back, had run her groves herself, plainly with a chip on her shoulder to prove that she was as smart a manager as any man. And she was too, Lonnie thought, smiling. Miss Aggie was smart as a new dime. She wasn't a lady to be caught napping. If, now, she had been watching the fire herself and was set to take her measures, she would, when he called her, just about bite his head off. Lonnie's smile broadened, and he got up and started toward the telephone.

At that moment he heard a car pass the store and, from habit, looked out the window. He saw Kirchner's truck going up toward Miss Aggie's, fast. Well, that must mean Kirchner himself was taking over. Considering that it was, after all, Kirchner's fire, Lonnie discarded the idea of telephoning and went to the door to get a better view.

He was surprised when he saw the change that had taken place in the field. The flames were visible now. They were rearing up higher than the palmetto, making an unbroken line, whipping and jagged. They looked like palmetto themselves, Lonnie thought, palmetto that was thinly red and meanly limber. Then he reminded himself that, after all, the winter had been exceptionally dry.

SQUINTING through the smoke, he took in the situation up Miss Aggie's way. The fire line had branched out there into several prongs, all moving toward her grove. But they would not be hard to handle. It would just be a matter of Kirchner's waiting with a shovel in the sand track until each prong got close, and then smothering the flames with dirt. Lonnie looked after the disappearing truck. He expected it to turn onto the track. It did not. It kept straight on past both track and grove until, a dot in the distance, it turned into the driveway that led to Miss Aggie's house. There the trees shut it from sight.

Lonnie smiled again. So Kirchner was going to fetch Miss Aggie in person. There's not the least kind of need of that, he thought. Kirchner could perfectly handle that little old fire alone.

Well! Kirchner and Miss Aggie were, of course, great friends. Everybody knew that. Kirchner had had lots of trouble. His wife had gone off with another man; he had a big family of children, and the poor fellow was run nearly ragged trying to be mother, housekeeper and fruit grower too. Miss Aggie, a right-living Christian lady, often helped her neighbor. She took baked things to him, mended his kids' clothes, and put an occasional Kirchner washing through her machine. Being kindhearted went with being sassy, Lonnie knew. He did not blame Kirch-

ner. He just kept on smiling faintly as he stood looking up the road.

The truck reappeared within five minutes. This time it was over in the grove. It bounced out from among the trees into the sand track and stopped. Two figures in dungarees jumped from the cab. Even at that distance, the contrast in sizes was clear. Miss Aggie was a tiny little trick; Kirchner was both tall and stout. They did not do anything—there was nothing they could do yet. They just stood, waiting, of course, for the nearest prong of flame to come into smothering distance, and Lonnie thought: A shovel wasn't the only way you could raise a little sand.

Then Miss Candy came down the road, driving the convertible, going slowly, staring over her shoulder at the fire. She stopped when she got to the store. Lonnie wiped his face and neck with his handkerchief and went over to her. But before he could say good evening, Miss Candy asked him in a wondering voice, "Where are the crews?"

As often happened in Lonnie's conversation with Miss Candy, he saw that he would have to temporize until he found out what she was talking about. Crews? He cupped a hand to his ear, to imply that it was a fault of his hearing, not a lack of clarity in her question, that kept him from understanding, and said, "Now, I do beg your pardon, ma'am. You were saying—?"

He was, as always, bemused by her elegance and beauty. She was a silvery blonde; she wore her hair in great, soft, perfect braids around her head, and everything about her looked frail and precious. She had on a fragile dress made of thin blue stuff. And, of course, *she* did not care a bit about that. Lonnie had sometimes wondered if she even knew that she was pretty.

POOR Miss Candy was devoured with ideas in her mind. "The crews!" she repeated urgently. "The fire fighters! Where are they? I haven't seen a soul."

He felt he could not answer fast enough, so great was her anxiety. He pointed. "Right up there," he said, "at the edge of that orange grove."

Miss Candy sat bolt upright and stared hard. "Oh, where?" she cried, in her familiar desperation. "*I* don't see them. I only see two people. And they aren't *doing* anything."

"They might could be taking a short rest," Lonnie said.

"Where are the others?" Miss Candy demanded.

Shading his eyes, he peered out across the field. "Well, now," he told Miss Candy, "I don't just see them, this minute."

She leaped into the breach. "There aren't any others!" she cried. "I knew it! The whole countryside is in flame, and nobody does a thing! Oh, can't you see"—as if forcing control on herself, she took a lower tone—"can't you see the wind is blowing it toward the woods?" She gestured at Little 'Gator. "That whole forest may be destroyed, all those great old trees. They're *valuable*,"—her voice conveyed a startling scorn as she said the word—"even if no one cares about their beauty. And if the wind should shift, why, there are all those colored people on the other side of the railroad. They'll lose their poor, pitiful homes, their *lives*, if it sweeps through fast. Anyway, it's a *fire!*"

"Yes, ma'am," he said. "It surely is."

"They try to trick you into leaving your money in there by paying you interest"

COLLIER'S CHON DAY

"Everyone—everyone—should be out!" Miss Candy insisted. She took her gaze from the flames and turned it on him with a directness that made him briefly dizzy. "They automatically deputize where I live," she said. "Every man that's able *has* to go out at the very first word of a fire. The women fix food. It's all organized. They *want* to save their natural resources. And all those young trees—" She shook her head bitterly at the palmetto field. "Don't these people realize what is being destroyed?"

REFLECTING that if Kirchner should ever put the field into cultivation, he would have to root the "young trees" out with a bulldozer, Lonnie answered, "You're surely right, ma'am. A fire don't help nobody." Then he felt ashamed of using such slyness to anyone as pretty as Miss Candy, and he tried earnestly to comfort her. "Don't you worry none, ma'am," he said. "Mr. Kirchner and Mrs. Tatum—they're there. They're doing all anyone could."

"Only two people," she said. "The listlessness and cruelty of this land will kill me."

At that second, the fire got to the edge of the swamp. That was not the timbered part. In front of the woods was a broad expanse of water choked with weed and grass. The water was low, and the vegetation was a thick, dead mat above it, powder dry. Striking that virtual tinder, the fire behaved as anyone would expect.

"Sometimes I think you don't care whether I nag you or not"

COLLIER'S A. F. WILES

"I'm glad ya' like it. Ya' know how to open it, don't ya'? Can I help ya' get it open? Want me to show ya' how?"

COLLIER'S — HARRY MACE

It spread with a roar, and it sent a sheet of red flame flying up as high as the tallest trees. That went out almost immediately. Then it came again and again, repeating itself as the fire rolled forward, snapping back and forth in front of the cypress like a banner of transparent silk. It would all be out in a few minutes, of course, but for the time being, it looked awful. Lonnie could see that it looked like the very end of the world. "Watch her go!" he cried enthusiastically, before he thought. Then he looked guiltily at Miss Candy.

To his astonishment, all the distress was gone from her face. She was purely calm. She was, somehow, lighted with a flame herself, a quiet, white one. Smiling almost dreamily, she said, "I am going over there. I will help the two people."

LONNIE saw she meant it. He also saw what it meant for him: he would have to go with her. She could not get the convertible into the sand track; the big car would be up to the hubs inside of twenty feet—if there were no other reason against her going alone. He said, "Well, now, I was just thinking of doing that myself, Miss Candy. Would you be willing to ride in this old thing of mine, ma'am? It's not got no paint to speak of, and *your* car'll sure get dirty over in that road."

"My *car*," Miss Candy said bitterly, but she sprang out and hurried over to the jeep. "Have you any fire-fighting tools?" she said. He picked up the rake that he sometimes used to tidy his parking space and put it behind the seat. It made him sick to see Miss Candy's pretty dress on his messy cushions, but he did not say so. He said nothing about her shoes either. They were little gold sandals with high spike heels. Giving her a smile, he climbed in beside her.

What was Miss Aggie Tatum going to think, when he arrived with this rich lady and announced that he had come to help her and Kirchner save the country's natural resources? Lonnie could not face her question. By the time he parked in the sand track behind Kirchner's truck, he was feeling that question inside his throat, as if it were his Adam's apple, swelling. But he need not have worried, for Miss Aggie, like the colored boys with the jalopy, behaved.

To Miss Candy's rapid statement, Miss Aggie answered, sounding terribly grateful and surprised, "You came up here to help me save my trees? Why, bless your dear heart, hon. That's wonderful of you! Kirchner, you hear? This lady came to help."

And Kirchner, taking off his hat and making a kind of bow, said instantly, "Help iss always welcome and good." He had lived in that country twenty-five years, but he still kept his Pennsylvania Dutch accent.

Then there was an end of all conversation, for the most advanced prong of the fire was by that time close. As if she had not seen it before, Miss Aggie gave a scream. "Quick!" she cried. She snatched the shovel out of Kirchner's hands and ran excitedly toward the fire. Deadly pale, Miss Candy followed. Lonnie and Kirchner stood, not looking at each other, while the two women put out the flames.

There were four prongs, and they put three of them out. Then, as if something, somewhere, could not bear the spectacle any longer, it simply rained. There was a light, brief shower. In two or three minutes the fire was a thing of the past.

When that happened, Kirchner flung up his hat and followed that by flinging up his arms. He had a big, bald head, a long, big face, big teeth, and a big stomach. He seemed to become a giant in an instant—he seemed to fill the grove. "S-h-o-w-e-r-s of blessings!" he shouted. "Miss Aggie, you are saved!"

Miss Aggie instantly sprang in between him and Miss Candy. "Saved! Saved!" she cried. She too flung up her arms. She was glittering with raindrops. They were spangled on her tightly kinked-up red curls, on her freckled face, on her overalls. Lonnie was especially conscious of them on the gold hairs of her forearms and on her grubby little fingers, which she held stretched wide apart. Facing each other so, she and Kirchner looked for a few seconds as if they were going to dance, to embrace each other.

And to Lonnie, in those seconds, it was clear that, at last, they would make a go of it. They would stop pretending that all they wanted was to be friendly neighbors. Kirchner would get a divorce, and Miss Aggie would marry him. It had happened right then, and Miss Candy's presence had brought it about. Where was she?

She was standing no more than five feet from him—and he did not dare to look at her. He knew that she would have become so faraway that, in everything but fact, she would be invisible. Miss Candy's fire, like that of the field, had been put out.

Miss Aggie, radiant, said that they must all come to her house and have coffee. In a gentle, friendly tone, Miss Candy refused. She said she must not keep Mr. Burd any longer from his store. Then, in an even gentler tone, she added, "I'm afraid I've been very stupid. You see, where I come from, everybody fights a fire."

Miss Aggie opened her mouth, but Kirchner somehow prevented her speech. He said, "Ah, yes? A different country."

MISS CANDY and Lonnie climbed into the jeep and drove away. He still could not bear to look at her.

When they were about halfway down the sand track, she said with heartbreaking simplicity, "I suppose by tomorrow the whole county will know I went over there."

"Then they'll know you done a kindly deed," he said.

"I understand," she said. "You mean well. You're a nice goodhearted boy."

When that insult reached Lonnie's brain, it changed his feelings terrifyingly. He had been wanting to cry, for her sake, until then. Afterward, with his blood running up in his neck, he thought he would just like to take hold of her and teach her something. He not only thought he'd like to, he felt as if he had. He drove on another hundred yards before he got the impossible idea transferred into a possibility. He knew by then what he was going to do.

A nice, goodhearted boy. He was crowding thirty. He had been around the world, had jumped into an unseen ocean from an airplane two miles up, had saved some men from death, had killed some others. He had four thousand dollars in the bank. When he got back to his store, now, he would just invite Miss Candy to have a drink. Not with himself, of course. He knew his place. He would simply say, "Miss Candy, ma'am, would you pleasure me by taking a small refreshment? A glass of the wine of this here country?" In that way, maybe, he could tell her.

He got down from the jeep in his parking space and started around to Miss Candy's side, to offer her a hand. She jumped out before he was halfway there. She took a step toward the convertible and then stopped. "That man that was up there." She pointed to the grove. "Mr. Kirchner. Isn't he a European? A displaced person, perhaps?"

Lonnie heard himself say, "Yes, ma'am," and passed the question through his mind: Did it make a bit of difference?

She nodded. "Two people," she said, as if to herself alone. "And one of *them* a foreigner. This country. Well" —she returned her attention to him— "good-by, Mr. Burd. Thank you for everything." She gave him a lovely smile and drove away.

He watched until her car disappeared. Then, putting his hand to his mouth, he yawned. ▲▲▲

My Father's Child

The war was at its peak, and the President was a busy man with only a moment to spare—a magnificent moment that was to determine the course of Matthew Hazard's whole life

By PAUL HORGAN

MAJOR PRESCOTT, holding his guitar, sat on the floor with his back to the wall. With his head bent, he made music on the strings, waiting for a song to come to him that he would like to sing for them all. The others liked to hear him sing. When he sang, another self was freed. It was the vulnerable self that ordinarily he concealed under his hard, scoffing manner—a manner that deceived none who knew him well, but only himself.

His wife Jessica leaned a little toward him and said, "Hiram, sing Johnny, Did You Say Good-by? I haven't heard that for ages, and I love it."

He smiled, glad of the suggestion, and began to pick out the melody to recall it, saying, "It's the first song I ever learned when I got in the Army in sixty-one. It was a new song, then. An old sergeant taught it to me. I was a private. It goes like this:

"Johnny, did you say good-by?
Oh, yes, Father.
I kissed them one and all good-by,
I said now don't you go and cry,
For I'll be homing by-and-by,
Oh, yes, Father."

His voice was deep and gentle, and the guitar throbbed and hummed in the one-room adobe house where he sang for his wife and his friends. It was a hot, still, July night in the year 1887. The stars trembled like shining drops of water above the desert and above the little post of United States Cavalry that showed the only lighted windows for a hundred miles. This was Fort Delivery, in the Territory of Arizona, where Troop F of the Sixth Cavalry kept vigil against Apache outbreaks.

"Johnny, did you march away?
Oh, yes, Father.
The drum and bugle they did play,
I marched through all the summer's day,
I slept by night in new-mown hay,
Oh, yes, Father."

Lieutenant Matthew Carlton Hazard and his wife Laura listened to the song with Mrs. Prescott. The room was their home—quarters near the end of Officers' Row. One day, through promotion in rank, they would have better quarters. But here they had come as bride and groom, and here their son had been born, and here they had filled every corner and shadow with living memories.

They glanced at each other as they listened, and Jessica Prescott saw that for a brief instant they were each conscious only of the other. Their eyes shone. The mystery of their meeting and marriage—out of all possible combinations of people in the world—amazed them as always. Their feelings were as apparent as the comeliness and well-being of their flesh. They were blessed in their desire.

The Prescotts observed and understood the exchange and smiled an old married couple's smile over it. Hiram Hyde Prescott gave an extra strum to the guitar strings, and his voice increased:

"Johnny, did you fight the war?
Oh, yes, Father.
That is what a soldier's for,
To listen to the cannon's roar
And fight till he can fight no more,
Oh, yes, Father."

Jessica put her finger on her lips and said softly, "Hush, my dear, don't wake the baby."

The major ducked his head guiltily and made the music soft again and glanced at the large basket that stood on a table under the open window where it might catch any breeze that came up later in the night, as the desert cooled. In the basket, Prescott Hazard lay asleep. He was four months old. Without disturbing the song, Laura went to lean over him in the loveliest of gestures. His fists were crowded against his face. She gently moved them. He let them fall to the little mattress where they lay framing his damp and delicate head, and he worked his mouth and cheeks in a slumbering memory and was quiet again.

"Johnny, did you come on home?
Oh, yes, Father.
The government, they brought me home,
And laid me underneath the loam,
And here I lie, no more to roam,
Oh, yes, Father."

Softly and slowly the song ended.

The listeners were silent. Half conscious of the vast wilderness all about them, in which Fort Delivery alone represented a life that was familiar, they clung to the last notes hungrily. Whatever they had of interest and entertainment, they had to provide for themselves.

The major broke the spell. "When I fit the Civil War as a youngster," he said in his ironic manner, "I thought that song was about me."

"And so it was," said Jessica briskly. "And I've heard you sing it for years, and only just now it occurs to me who 'father' was in the song."

"Oh, it does," he said. "Now who could that be?"

"Father Abraham."

Laura looked at her with astonished delight. "Why, of course," she said, "Abraham Lincoln—not really, of course, but the feeling of it."

"His feeling for everyone whom he had to call to war," said Jessica. "That's in it."

Matthew rose and went to the supper table where the lamp was beginning to smoke. He turned the wick. "Did you ever see him, Major?" he asked.

"No. But he was the best general in the whole ruckus."

"I did," said Matthew. "I saw him."

The Prescotts stared at him, and Hiram Hyde said, "Thunder, you're too young."

"No. I was seven years old. He put me—he himself put me where I am today."

"Put you where? In Arizona? What thundering rubbish is this?" asked the major, who disliked any figure of speech. Jessica had to remind him of the sleeping child again, and he nodded, frowning, and more quietly said, "What?" to Matt.

"President Lincoln, personally, himself, put me in the Army," Matt said.

"Oh, please. Tell us," Jessica said. A story was another way to endure the wilderness.

"Well," said Matt—and told his story. . . .

* * *

In the late summer of sixty-four, when school was barely begun, and bees were still above the clover in the meadows, and boys ran barefoot and women went every day to read the Army lists on the post-office door, the town of Fox Creek, Indiana, heard some rousing news. Though he was not campaigning for re-election, it appeared that President Lincoln was obliged to make a trip by the steam cars in the second week of that September and that on a certain morning he would pass through Fox Creek, westbound.

Mr. Clarny, the station agent, had the news and for the next few days was the most important man in town. A committee called on him to telegraph asking the President to stop in Fox Creek and say a few words from the rear car of his train. There was anxiety until a message came back over the telegraph that said, I WILL. A. LINCOLN, and then there was great pride and delight.

About a thousand people lived in Fox Creek. The town had dusty, shady streets, many of them crossed by the creek that wandered from north to south through sloping meadows and rail-fenced orchards. The tracks of the Pittsburgh, Fort Wayne and Chicago line came from the east between deep-grassed fields, went by the gray wooden station with its narrow gables edged with wooden cutouts, and then continued on across the creek and out of sight. The highest point in town was called School Knob. It stood on the outskirts and commanded a view in all directions. On its gentle summit sat what was called Old School. The children in elementary grades went there.

ON THAT September morning everything in town shone in the golden sunlight. From the school window the extra flags in town looked brand-new. Now and then a newly polished horn in the firehouse band reflected a ray of sunlight, blindingly. Nobody worked; nobody studied or did lessons. Everyone, since early morning, had been holding his breath.

The school children knew who was coming—it was Father Abraham. "Voom!" they said, imitating the cannons of the war in which their fathers and older brothers and young uncles were fighting. Of all those who had never seen the war, the children were nearer to knowing what it was like than their elders. But for all, the war was personified in the President. To the children he was like a grand figure in a storybook. Seven-year-old Matthew Hazard thought of him often—the commander in chief.

He thought of him in a great blue uniform with golden shoulder fringes and buttons, and with a long cavalry saber with a gold knot, and a white horse. He saw whole meadows full of men, all exactly alike, following him with bayonets at the port, knees bent in arrested running, dots of light along the ranks of their black, patent-leather visors. He saw the shining army right there, crossing Fox Creek after their commander in chief, who held out his saber to order "Forward!" It was a heroic creek for Matthew even before he entered the first grade, for one frosty afternoon in early winter he saw a

"This officer's cap does not fit you now," said the President, "but it will fit you someday, Matthew. And when it does, maybe you will remember kindly who put it there"

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

red fox among rusty weeds at the edge of the water; and for years he believed that the name of the creek, and of his home town, came from the very fox, the individual animal, that he had seen—Mr. Fox of Fox Creek, Indiana, himself.

And now that the commander in chief, President Abraham Lincoln himself, was coming there, the little creek became one of the great rivers of the world. Matthew Hazard was so excited that what meager breakfast he ate would not stay down. His mother said she worried until she saw him run up School Knob, right afterward, as muscularly wild and inventive as a large kitten.

He considered his whole life blessed by fortune, but on that morning he realized it for the first time. His seat in the schoolroom was by a window that overlooked the town—the tunnels of trees on the streets that led down to the tracks and the station, and the tracks coming to town and going. Before anybody else, he saw smoke at the horizon where the eastbound tracks were. Without thinking to get permission, he ran out in the hall.

FROM the cupola of Old School a good, stout rope hung down inside the building. He seized it and swung. High above him the school bell went blang and mrong. He danced, and the rope took him up, and he came down with it. He would have cracked the bell if he could.

He told the town with the bell that the President's train was almost there. Children streamed out of their classrooms and out the main door. He left his bell and ran with them; he led them. They tumbled and spilled all the way down the hill. Part of the way lay over a boardwalk. The weeds in the cracks blurred green to Matthew with the speed of his running, and he believed that he flew.

He was the first boy to reach the station platform. There he saw Mr. Clarny inspecting the last loops of red, white and blue bunting that were being tacked up by a firemen's committee. For the past several days Matthew had seen himself as Mr. Clarny and had wanted to be like him. Who but Mr. Clarny was in charge of the President's visit? Mr. Clarny was short, pear-shaped and deliberate. He wore an eyeshade and spectacles, and never lifted his eyelids all the way up. He held a moist, dead cigar butt cuddled against his sloping stomach. When he put it between his teeth, the effect was impressive. Matthew could imitate him and often showed other boys how Mr. Clarny was. He rushed up to him now and asked, "Right on time, isn't she?"

Mr. Clarny did not even glance at him, but he replied with grave civility, "This will be a *special* train. It'll only stay a minute."

The midmorning breeze lifted the bunting. People hurried down the road to the station. They could all see the smoke in the eastern sky; it seemed to come and go. Now it was dense and again pale and silvery like a wave of heat. When no steam engine took form in the distance, someone said that the smoke must be a hay fire about at the old Carruthers place. Murmurs of agreement went around. Someone else asked when was the train due in, then? And Matthew answered, exactly like Mr. Clarny, "This will be a *special* train. It'll only stay a minute."

And then someone asked why everyone had broken their necks to get down here if the train wasn't even due in and if it could only stay a minute, and Mr. Clarny scratched his brow under his green eyeshade with the thumb of his cigar hand and said, "Somebody rang the bell at Old School," and with that all the children, the teachers, and finally everyone, turned on Matthew, and all their voices said: "He did it!"

It was a hard moment, full of responsibility. There was the band from the firehouse to be considered, and the mayor's committee. There was Mr. Clarny and his grave preparations. There was every man, woman and child. Matthew saw his mother in the crowd on the platform. She lifted her head and smiled at him as if to tell him she was proud of what he'd done, regardless. It was enough.

He too felt proud, then, and cried out, "He's coming, all right," and then threw himself down on the tracks to put his ear on a rail and listen for the faraway train.

He shut his eyes and listened hard. His heart banged away and slowly something cleared in his hearing. It was a thin, faint humming, and it grew stronger. He opened his eyes to look and be sure, and then he shut them again, and he heard. There was a clear, jarring ring of the track now. He jumped up, waving his arms, vindicated. "It's coming!" he called out. "I heard it!"

On top of his words there came on the wind, like a long cry, the oncoming engine's whistle out of the east. The crowd quickened, leaning out over the track to see. Other small boys fell to the tracks, like Matthew, to listen to the rails, and were hastily pulled back.

Then they saw it. It let out smoke, and it stood far away there on the track. They could tell by the smoke that it was moving, but it seemed to be both furious and slow. Those waiting in the little town in the summer fields felt something must crack if they had to wait much longer for the world to come down the tracks to Fox Creek. But of course the engine grew and grew, and soon the wheels with their shining drivers clanked by, and with a blast of sunny steam and a ringing scream of her iron brakes, the engine ground to a halt. The name of the locomotive was Flying Dutchman, for it said so in a yellow-and-green sign under the engineer's window.

The rear car was four cars back, quite a way beyond the end of the station shed. The crowd broke and flowed to the rear, followed by the band. The train conductor, with telegrams in his hand, hurried to the office of Mr. Clarny. Matthew ran down the gravelly path beside the cars. Up ahead the engine grunted and sweated and leaked. Back to the rear the crowd fanned out facing the rear platform.

Running low, Matthew managed to come in around the crowd, at knee level, and at once began to climb up on the last car. Someone plucked him off and made him stand down properly. He had barely been put down where he should have been—staring upward at the overhang of the car and the long wood-ribbed door and the festoons of guard chains on the rear platform—when the door opened slowly, and, stooping to get out the doorway, came a very tall man in a stovepipe hat and a long, black, rumpled coat.

The crowd let go, and the band blared and drummed in general tumult. There were cries of "Old Abe!"

Matthew's mouth dropped open. There was some mistake. He had not come to see an old brown man with a scarecrow frame. He was looking for the commander in chief. He wanted President Lincoln. He stared about. The grown-up faces were raised and lighted. He looked up again to the rear car. Gazing down at him with a fierce frown that was at the same time a smile, the man took off his rubbed, tall hat, pulling it from the back frontwards across his face, and then he broke at the knees like a grasshopper and gravely set the hat down on the floor and then came up again. The crowd laughed and clapped, and Matthew did not know why.

The man held up one hand for silence. Fox Creek, the fields, the United States held their breath and waited. There was going to be a speech. In the bated quiet Matthew tugged at the citizen nearest to him and asked out loud, "Where is President Lincoln?"

"Right up there, that's him; now you hush!" was the answer, which was accompanied by a hard clout.

"Is *that* him?" asked Matthew, and stared up at the platform, while his cherished images fell shattered.

THE tall, brown man heard him and looked down and nodded solemnly at Matthew, as if to say that, yes, this was him, such as it was, and nothing could be done about it. Then the President squared his shoulders and slowly raised his right hand over the crowd and scratched his neck and opened his mouth to speak.

And just exactly then the engine up front let go a leak of steam with a screech, and the President closed his lips and clasped his hands over his middle and waited. The band blared and pounded. Suddenly the engine quit screeching, and the President made several little nods and then began again, saying, "My—"

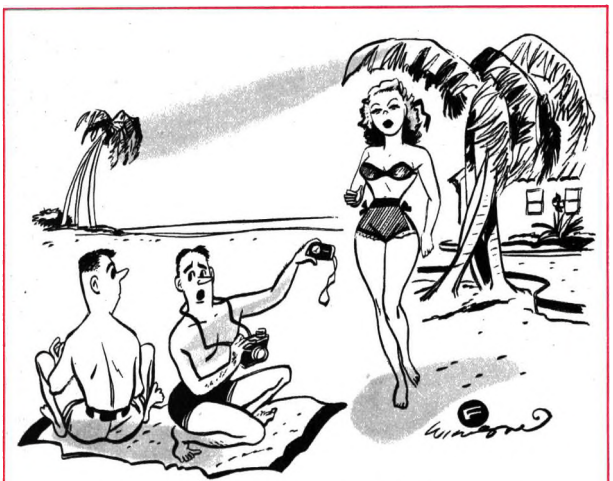
Blast went the engine again and cut him off, deafening him and everybody else. He looked down at Matthew and frowned, sharing with him, now that Matthew knew who he was, an opinion about that pesky engine. He looked like a farmer making a joke, trying to be serious and scary, when all the time he felt right peart. Somebody poked Matthew and gestured, to say that the President was making up to him.

Matthew put his head down and turned hot in shame that he had not known who Mr. Lincoln was at first. He had to act more indifferent than ever. He scraped his foot and knew that everybody was trying to see the boy whom the President of the United States was making up to in the midst of all the racket. The President pointed his thumb over his shoulder at the engine that was making the noise that shut him up, and he raised his eyebrows and waggled his jaw and put apart his hands to ask what could be done about the whole scrape. He smiled. His face was so tired and so lined that when he smiled it was enough to turn your heart right over.

And the next thing anybody knew, the conductor was swinging up on the side of one of the cars up ahead, and the steam cut off, and the engine began to hoot out smoke, and the wheels started to turn. They took hold on the rails, and the President's train was moving out. Heavy soot came down over the crowd, and they yelled and waved. The President bent down and took up his hat and waved it back. As the train pulled out it gave several blasts with its saluting whistle.

The whistle seemed to wake Matthew up. He looked after the last car, where the President still stood looking at everyone, and Matthew thought he looked sadly at him because—Matthew suddenly jumped with a fearful thought—the President was almost gone away, believing that Matthew did not know who he was and didn't care.

"No, there!" cried Matthew, but there was too much noise, and nobody heard him. He gave a leap and began to run up the tracks after the special train under the smoky, jubilee sun. He was determined to catch the train and make things all right with the President. He knew he must win a race to do so, for not far to the west of the station the tracks crossed Fox Creek on a wooden



COLLIER'S "My exposure meter just went 'Boingggg'!" FRITZ WILKINSON

trestle with open air between the ties. If he tried to run across them, he would surely put his leg through and break it. He had to catch the train this side of the bridge. He put up his head and tried harder. He thought he was gaining, but the clackety-clack of the wheels ahead of him went faster.

Then he saw Mr. Lincoln lean out from under his rear-platform overhang into the sunlight to catch him. The President clapped his hands, and Matthew flew. The President stomped his big right foot in time with the running, and Matthew puffed and romped. The engine blew, and Matthew was ready to burst. The space widened between him and the last car. He was going to lose. He faltered.

"No, no"—the President shook his head and waved—"come on, come on!"

THE bridge was just ahead. Mr. Lincoln could hardly have known it was there, as a trap to Matthew, but just as if he did know, he suddenly put up his long arm and took the signal cord under the roof and yanked it hard many times. The train at once began to slow down; it rolled onto the bridge and stopped with only the rear car on solid ground this side of Fox Creek.

When Matthew saw that, he knew it had stopped for him. He came up to the rear car. The door opened, and some men came out to see what was going on. One of them was a young officer in blue uniform. The President turned to them and nodded that things were all right, he had taken charge. They just stood there then.

The President gazed down at Matthew, saying, "Well, now."

Matthew went hollow, now that he was where he meant to be, and said nothing. The President leaned down, took Matthew by his hand, then took his other hand and hauled him up over the guard chains and set him on the platform.

"You came to see me?" he asked seriously.

Matthew nodded.

Mr. Lincoln scraped up behind himself an unfolded chair made of fancy green-and-brown carpeting and sat down. On his knees he placed Matthew. "What about?" he asked.

Matthew knew perfectly well what about, but he couldn't speak. He hung his head.

The President said, "Just had to see the old hound-dog, anyhow, is that it?"

One of the men produced a watch and with barely respectful impatience said, "After all, Mr. President, we haven't got all day."

"Maybe you haven't, but I have, if somebody is about to break wide open unless somebody else will sit down and pay him a little mind."

"Yes, sir," said the man furiously.

The President winked at Matthew, poking fun at what grown men get all het up over, and asked, "You live back there in Fox Creek?"

Matthew nodded.

"Say yes, my boy."

"Yes," said Matthew.

"That's done her. Now we can talk. What's your name?"

Matthew told him.

"All right, Matthew Carlton Hazard. What does your pappy do?"

"He was a soldier."

"He was, was he?" A long, sweet smile went over the tired old man's face. "In this war?" he asked.

"Yes, sir."

"Did you lose him?"

"Yes."

"When? Where?"

"At Chicka—"

"—mauga?" the President said, finishing the difficult name. "Chickamauga. Last year." He put his hands on Matthew's shoulders and gripped him hard. "God bless him," he said. "Is your mother all right?"

"Yes, sir."

"And are you?"

"Yes, sir."

"And so are we all, my boy, for we are trying to do what is right." He drew a deep, uneven breath. "Now let me tell you something, Matthew. Whatever you want to be and do, if it is a good thing to be and do, you can be it and do it in this land. Do you know that?"

"Yes, sir."

"If *my* father's child can get to be the President, *your* father's child can make his heart's desire. Do you hear?"

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Lincoln put his long finger like a bayonet on Matthew's breast. "Who is your father's child, then?"

Matthew thought for a moment, and then he knew. "Me."

"That's who he is all right! Now then. What do you want to be?"

"Like my father."

"You mean, a soldier?" the President asked.

"Yes."

The President turned to the young officer beside him and said, "Captain, if you please."

THE captain leaned down to inquire what his commander in chief wanted, and Mr. Lincoln reached up and took off of his head a little blue cap with the squashed-in front and the brass bugle on top.

"I'll make it up to you, Captain," he said, and put the cap on Matthew's head. It was somewhat too large, but it was real, and it was put there without any idea that it was funny or make-believe. "It does not fit you now," said the President, "but it will fit you someday, Matthew. And when it does, maybe you will remember kindly who put it there. Will you?"

"Yes, sir."

"When the time comes, you find your congressman and tell him you have to go to West Point. You tell him we want to get to where we won't need wars and killing, but you tell him if the Republic needs soldiers, you're aiming to be one. He'll pay attention to you, if you stick out your wishbone and dog him enough.

"One thing though"—the President put on a joking look—"one thing, don't tell anybody I sent you. It might do you no good ten years from now. Who knows? Who knows?" he added with a sort of sad politeness. "Anyhow," he said, brightening, "far's I'm concerned, you're a soldier right now! It's just a case of the Army waiting a while for you!"

And with that he lifted Matthew off his knees and got up and lifted him over the chains down to the ground. He turned and nodded to someone, the signal was sent to the engineer and the train began to pull away.

President Lincoln looked once more at Matthew, waved good-by to him with an air of having finished up a good piece of business and, stooping, went inside.

* * *

"That was the last I saw of him," said Matthew.

The others looked at him long. Just then the young trumpeter across the parade ground of Fort Delivery began to sound taps. It was the trumpeter's great moment of the day, and he met it fully. No matter how long they were with the Army, the purity of the call that closed the day and, finally, the life of a soldier, had the power to move those to whom it was directed. They listened and heard sung for them everything that they could not say for themselves.

After the last note, Jessica looked at Laura and said to her, but for the gentlemen to hear as well, "Love. Trouble. Duty. These are never worn-out words, are they?" She turned to Matthew. In the lamplight that made heavy shadows in the room, she looked younger and prettier than he'd have thought. "Your Mr. Lincoln was not ashamed of them, either, was he, Matthew?"

"All I know," said Matthew, "is that he took a lot of trouble that day with a fatherless child."

"I know," said Hiram Hyde, finding a way to hide his feelings, "I know. There aren't any great men any more. We don't breed 'em."

Laura smiled. She knew better. She let her gaze rest on the basket where Prescott Hazard lay sleeping. ▲▲▲

Speaking of HOT COFFEE...

Dogs are trained to track smugglers by scent. Customs cop leading parade (above) impersonates smuggler with coffee sack, wears padded sleeve for protection. Graduate canines are called *Kaffeeschnüffelhunde*. Below, a member of notorious Mützenich gang, caught with the goods

Aachen, Germany

COFFEE is traveling in fast company nowadays. The beverage that most Americans consider a necessity of life has taken on, in one part of the world at least, the glamor of such costly or forbidden items as gold, diamonds and narcotics. And it is responsible for one of the most colorful cops-and-smugglers sagas of the day.

In West Germany, coffee is selling legally at the equivalent of three to four dollars per pound, chiefly because of a 265 per cent tax set upon its wholesale value by occupation law. But German coffee lovers, determined to have their brew, are buying 36,000,000 pounds a year on the black market.

Almost half the contraband coffee is sneaked into the country across a twisting 78-mile border near the point where Germany, Belgium and Holland meet. To curtail the smuggling, the government has set up a special patrol of 1,000 customs agents, known locally as *Kaffeebullen*, or coffee bulls, with a fleet of powerful cars and a pack of specially coffee-sensitized dogs called *Kaffeeschnüffelhunde*.

Thousands of people are being fined, jailed and shot at. There is a startling resemblance to our own prohibition era—coffeeleggers have their molls, called *Kaffeebräute*, the coffee cops their spies, who enroll as members of the smuggling gangs. There are running gun fights on crowded city streets and through the dense woodlands along the border.

To get the full story, I drove from Paris to the hub of the smuggling racket here in the ancient, war-smashed, triple-border city of Aachen. The once-proud capital of Emperor Charlemagne is now a depressing town of 130,000, where rubble combines with neon and chrome, and misery peeks at you from every corner. Of all the border spots, the Aachen area has the thickest woods and the most irregular boundaries. It's a smugglers' paradise.

I saw some of the international boundaries—wooden markers lost in the middle of forest greenery; a tunnel through a wooded hillside marked GERMANY at one end and BELGIUM at the other; an iron fence running lengthwise down the middle of an ordinary city street—on the left, where the streetcar runs, it's Germany and the bars advertise Lowenbrau; on the right, where the autos are, it's Holland and you can buy Heineken's beer.

I also had a series of talks with the chief coffee cop, Bernhard Fechner; went out one night with a forest patrol, and visited a saloon in downtown Aachen where the coffee elite swap trade secrets.

Black-market coffee can now be bought almost anywhere in West Germany, and almost everyone is involved in the racket in one way or another. Although there is considerable private smuggling, *der Schmuggel*, as the coffee racket is called, is actually a highly organized affair. Most of the coffee comes from Belgium, where it can be bought for less than $1 a pound, and is resold on the German black market at a 150 per cent profit, still a good cut under the legal price. (The Bonn government contends that some contraband coffee filters out of the U.S. Army stocks; that's undoubtedly true, but Army coffee is just a drop in the black-market cup.)

Chief Fechner explained the workings of the professional smuggling racket to me. There are two main branches—*der Träger*, or infantry, and *der Kraftfahrzeug*, or motorized *Schmuggel*. It's the *Trägers* who give the coffee cops their biggest headaches.

When coffee costs almost $4 a pound, look for a smugglers' field day. In wild West Germany, coffee can be hot in more ways than one

By PAUL E. DEUTSCHMAN

Der Trägerschmuggel is carried out largely by gangs of up to 150 members, which have a Teutonic organization that makes the old-time Capone mob seem like a disordered crowd of Sunday-school picnickers. There's the *Rabatzer* gang (*Rabatzer* is slang for tough guy), the Putz gang (named after its leader), the *Jugoslavische* gang (mostly Yugoslav refugees) and the famous village gang of Mützenich.

The gangs are split into two types, light and heavy. In the former, each runner carries a load of exactly 20 pounds; in the latter, runners carry 40 to 80 pounds each, over shorter distances. In the usual gang, there are three, sometimes four types of operator.

First come the spies, who go out ahead of the main body of troops to discover where the cops are hiding. Almost anybody wandering through the woods at night may be a coffee spy. Often a gang will send out a pair of apparent lovers, ostensibly searching for the privacy of a hidden nook. If they come upon a cop, what's to stop their speaking up—loudly—in surprise? Other spies have gone out as flower-pickers or mushroom gatherers or homeward-bound bicyclists.

Tricky Technique Used by Decoys

After the spies have signaled the cops' hiding places, three or four decoys go to work. Usually a decoy carries a conspicuous sack on his back; he leads a frenzied chase through the woods, and then lets himself be caught. The sack is found to contain hay or ordinary grass. "Food for my rabbits," protests the outraged citizen.

When smuggler-wise coffee cops began to ignore this ruse, many decoys filled their sacks with honest-to-goodness coffee. Now the cops have to gamble on just whom, if anyone, to chase—the lovers, the mushroom gatherers, or the suspicious-acting characters toting sacks that may or may not contain coffee.

After the decoys come the main smuggling troops, the runners who skim through the newly made holes in the boundary like a battalion of speedy halfbacks. As an added precaution, some gangs have introduced rear guards who follow behind the runners to create what the military would call a diversionary action.

The actual coffeerunners, who carry the stuff over the border, are in a class by themselves—superbly conditioned men, usually between twenty and thirty-five years old. They wear working clothes that show a decidedly American influence: Army suntan trousers, field jacket, khaki shirt and the little knitted olive drab cap that fits inside a helmet liner. Rounding out the costume is a pair of high-topped sneakers. All of these items are obtainable in German stores selling U.S. Army surplus.

The basketball shoes are a source of great bitterness to the coffee cops. Because of their long waits in the damp woods, the customs police must wear heavy boots which put them to great disadvantage in competitive dashes through the underbrush. The field jackets are even more valuable to the smugglers than the sneakers. The light gangs carry their coffee beans loose inside the full blouse, supported by the drawstrings at the waist; when there's danger of being caught, they simply zip open the jacket and out spills the evidence. Smugglers must be caught with their coffee on them to be prosecuted. The heavy gangs, which run shorter distances, usually carry their loads in sacks.

To catch the runners in the woods, the coffee cops' most potent weapons are *die Kaffeeschnüffelhunde*. I saw these coffee-sniffing hounds in action—most of them big German shepherds which, astonishingly, seem able to sniff out a handful of coffee beans half a mile away.

I went out by motorcycle one rainy night to inspect the patrols, along with Chief Fechner and a burly cop named Rudolf Goring. At one lonely spot, we set the motorcycle alongside a wooden fence and began tramping single file over the slippery, tree-shadowed countryside. About half a mile inside the woods, a voice boomed out in stern, storm-trooper tones, "Halt!", and a dog growled ominously in the darkness. We halted, and I had my introduction to Raudi, aged six and all fangs, who froze with his muzzle about one inch from my left knee.

In his five years of service, Raudi had caught 863 smugglers and brought in more than 100,000 *Deutsche Mark* worth of coffee. The day after our first meeting, Raudi put on a demonstration for me. Two coffee cops, masquerading as smugglers, disappeared into the thick woods beyond the police barracks. Raudi, with handler Willi Arlt, was standing about 500 yards from the woods. Suddenly he began to sniff and strain against the leash. The smugglers were nowhere in sight, but Raudi had caught the scent of the coffee they were carrying. He bared his fangs eagerly, his tongue dripped in anticipation, and his bark rose plaintively, like a puppy begging for a treat.

Then the men appeared briefly at a distant break in the forest. Like a flash of brown lightning, Raudi hightailed it after them. For a few moments both the men and the dog were out of sight. Suddely, the men emerged in another clearing—with Raudi right behind them. He flashed round them like 20 unmuzzled furies after a treed cat. The men dropped their sacks and waited, with Raudi standing guard, until Willi came puffing up.

Dogs like Raudi are invaluable for combating smugglers afoot, but the motorized smugglers are a different problem. Like the "infantry," the mechanized coffeerunners are divided into groups.

First, there is the "legal" *Schmuggel*—an activity in which vehicles fitted with clever hiding places attempt to slip through customs at regular frontier check-points.

The "inside" *Schmuggel* occurs when a truck or automobile on the German side of the border pulls to a stop at a prearranged spot, permitting gangs of coffeeleggers to dart out of the woods and pick up loads of coffee. Inside smuggling always is tried late at night on some remote cowpath.

The "broken frontier" *Schmuggel* is the most dramatic of the lot: vehicles with large loads of coffee actually cross over in the dead of night, either by inching along a seldom-used road, then making a dash to some prearranged depot, or by crashing through a customs gate at terrific speed, hoping to lose the cops in the ensuing pursuit. For such escapades, the smugglers generally use cars like the heavier makes of American automobiles. Three armored cars have also been caught. One was stolen from Belgian occupation forces stationed nearby; the other two were homemade, steel-plated jobs.

To discourage cross-country driving by motorized smugglers, the customs people dig cleverly concealed ditches. Sometimes they spread barbed wire across roads at night, to lay speeding vehicles low. They also encase gateposts in thick cement, for smugglers have been known to saw through wooden ones and use acetylene torches on steel ones. And there is a flying squad standing by 24 hours a day with motorcycles, souped-up Porsche cars and powerful new Mercedes-Benz station wagons equipped with radio.

Coffee cop and coffee hound stand guard near Aachen, where borders of three nations meet

A special unit has been set up to examine cars for coffee hiding places. This outfit's name, in simple, everyday German, is *Kraftfahrzeuguntersuchungstruppe*, which means power-driven materials-examining troop. Legally, these K-troopers can halt and examine any car within 15 miles of the frontier. And since, as one of them told me, "smugglers look like anybody," many innocent automobilists have had all the air let out of their tires, and have stood for an hour or two while agents went over every square inch of their car's chassis and upholstery with a rubber hammer.

Empty Limousine Fools Coffee Cops

A lot of time is spent on routine checking, but sometimes there's real excitement. One night a big limousine, driven by a well-known smuggler, went through customs empty. It was near the Mühlenstrasse, a favorite smuggling thoroughfare that forms a Y with the Aachen road. A motorized patrol tailed the car as it chugged, lights out, into a nearby village. The smuggler parked in the first of two side streets; the cops parked their car in the second.

Soon a heavy convertible came speeding out of the right wing of the Y—the frontier road. The driver honked three times, then headed for Aachen. Immediately, the limousine cut in behind.

The cops took off, trying to overtake the limousine and get at the convertible, which they were sure was loaded with coffee. But the limousine kept swerving back and forth across the road so the patrolmen couldn't pass. Finally, the lead car, after an hour's chase, disappeared from sight. When questioned, the driver of the limousine answered casually, "My steering wheel jammed."

Ten days later, the cops picked up the same trail. But this time, when the convertible appeared, the police quickly slipped in ahead of the limousine and gave chase through the night at 90 miles an hour. The smugglers dropped crow's-feet, cruel-looking four-pointed affairs made of soldered nails, over the side. The cops avoided the crow's-feet by zigzagging, and began firing at the smugglers;

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BILL STAPLETON

Policeman shows inner tube used to smuggle coffee. Contraband beans have also been hidden inside coffins, babies' diapers, wheel chairs

When chased, the motorized smugglers throw these four-pointed "crow's-feet," made of soldered nails, into road to pierce police-car tires

after a 40-minute chase, mostly through downtown Aachen, the police shot out one of the convertible's tires. Two men jumped out and escaped. When the car was examined, 2,700 pounds of coffee was found inside.

Smuggling involves far more people than the organized racketeers. Local citizens are constantly tempted to slip over into Belgium to buy a pound of coffee for the equivalent of 95 cents. They can sell it at the nearest *Gasthaus* back in Germany for $2.85. One observer, not connected with customs but in a good position to know, said, "Between five and six thousand people, in Aachen alone, live exclusively off the proceeds of coffee smuggling."

In 1951 there was an average of 1,000 arrests a month in the Aachen zone. The local jails are usually so full of coffee culprits that often those who've been arrested are allowed to walk about freely while awaiting trial. Some have been picked up for smuggling a second or third time before their first case has been tried.

Coffee cops have learned to trust no one. A few months ago, one of them stopped the local governor in his official car, asked him if he had any coffee, then made him show his car papers.

Border agents have found coffee in the most improbable places: inside coffins, in milkmaids' false-bottomed pails, in babies' diapers and in the padding of motor-driven wheel chairs.

In typical Teuton fashion, the customs people are very methodical and impartial about punishing offenders, big, small or medium. If a smuggler is caught carrying more than 4½ pounds, he's fined from 50 to 200 *Deutsche Mark*, ($12 to $47) or given a three-month jail sentence—whether he's a peasant or a coffeelegger connected with a million-dollar syndicate. If more than two people are involved, they're a gang, according to the law, and each member gets three months in jail. If it's a recurrent crime, the smuggler may be sentenced to three months more. A seventy-three-year-old woman recently was sent up for 23 days; it was her twentieth coffee offense.

By far the most fantastic coffee case in Germany is that of the Mützenich gang, a loosely affiliated group which, authorities claim, smuggled in more than 170,000 pounds of coffee in a single year before it was broken up. The gang, customs police say, included 90 of the 1,300 people in the border village of Mützenich-über-Monschau, among them two cops and the mayor's three sons. Although 52 were arrested and sent to jail, all were quickly let out pending trial. It was harvesttime, the smugglers argued, and the fields had to be worked.

The Mützenich case is still waiting to go to court. Meanwhile, there's strong feeling against the coffee cops at the Mützenich check-point. No one will talk to them, and if they go into a café, they can't get served. Mützenichers have even threatened to secede from Germany and join up with Belgium if the case ever comes to court.

Because coffee is such an important element in German life, and because the tax is considered so unfair, practically all sentiment in Germany—except perhaps at the Finance Ministry in Bonn and at customs headquarters—is on the side of the smuggler. Angry mobs have chased cops away from sacks of coffee thrown out of pursued cars; threats of reprisal shootings have been made against customs men's families by people whose children have been hit by wild-flying bullets.

Press Protests over "Death Penalty"

The newspaper *Aachener Nachrichten* has a standing headline, WILD WEST, AACHEN, under which it runs stories with titles like, "Man Killed for Eight Pounds of Coffee." The entire West German press keeps driving home the point: "West Germany does not have a death penalty for any crime. Why, then, should a man be executed for carrying coffee?" (In the first eight months of 1952, three smugglers were killed and 11 wounded by the police in the Aachen area alone.)

Who is responsible for the tax law that's causing all the trouble?

The Bonn government would like to say it's the occupation's fault. "We lost the war and have to pay for it," a young customs lawyer told me. "That's why the Allies imposed those high coffee taxes on us." But spokesmen for the U.S. High Commissioner of Germany (HICOG) say: "It was the Germans' own idea."

When I dug deeper, I discovered both sides must share responsibility.

In 1948, the Allies took steps to make West Germany's currency worth something in world markets. There wasn't any Bonn government then, but HICOG consulted with the German-staffed Bizonal Economic Administration, forerunner of the present Bonn Finance Ministry. BEA suggested, among other methods of raising money, a 30-*Deutsche Mark*-per-kilo coffee excise tax. HICOG approved, and almost immediately serious smuggling started.

"Now," moaned one U.S. official, "they try to say the tax was our idea."

But although the original tax has been cut two thirds, it is still exorbitant, and smuggling continues full blast. There has been a great deal of agitation to change the law. Finance Minister Schaeffer has promised to take the matter up when the new budget is presented to the *Bundestag* this year. But Bonn is worried about what the proposed cut might do to its revenue.

In the meantime, the West German government goes on trying to enforce the law, and the coffee cops at the borders, the MPs along the roads and the customs accountants continue to have their hands full. Just how far smugglers will go in trying the patience of the border patrol is indicated by what might be called The Case of the Barking Fox.

A border cop was walking through the woods one warm evening last summer when he spotted a man standing in a small pond, with only his head above water. The man kept trying to shove something under with both hands. The officer made the bather get out.

The fellow turned out to be fully dressed—and, sure enough, he had two rubber sacks containing five pounds of coffee each.

The cop dragged the protesting man to jail. When the bather appeared before the judge, his excuse ran something like this: he had been strolling through the forest, minding his own business, when he heard a fox barking. "I must catch that fox," he said to himself; "they are bad for the livestock." He ran and ran, but couldn't catch the fox. Suddenly, he stumbled over two sacks—and found they contained coffee!

"I intended to bring the coffee to the customs station," he continued, "but it was very hot, and I was tired from all that running. So, when I came to this pond, I decided to take a little bath first."

"You took a bath with all your clothes on?" asked the judge.

"Oh, yes," the man said. "I was wet anyway, from all that running. . . ."

"In all my 40 years on the bench," the judge told the coffee smuggler, "I've never met a bigger liar than you!"

Although not all smugglers go to the same lengths as the man in the pond, they're a determined lot. Chances are they'll stay in business as long as the legal price of coffee remains at its present outlandish level—and as long as the Germans continue to be coffee hounds. ▲▲▲

FAIN'S ON FIRST

A fiery player, he'll charge the plate and dare enemy batters to ram the ball down his throat

HE'S a driving, scrappy, impulsive, win-or-know-the-reason-why kind of baseball player. He's as cocky as they come and so uncompromisingly competitive that he will verbally rip apart his best friend after a bobbled ground ball.

His explosive temperament has earned him such nicknames as "the Firebrand," "Fain the Fiery" and "Furious Ferris." But despite his low boiling point, Ferris Fain of the Philadelphia Athletics is almost universally regarded as the best first baseman in the American League. Some experts go further; they say he is the best in baseball.

Fain, a husky, five-foot eleven-inch left-hander now heading into his seventh season with the A's, does almost everything to perfection on a baseball diamond—except hit home runs with regularity. He's a smooth fielder, has one of the strongest throwing arms in the game, and has been the American League batting champion for the last two years with averages of .344 and .327, respectively.

His hitting is a throwback to the pre-Babe Ruth era. Instead of swinging for the fences and cracking out home runs, the Philadelphia first baseman is content with singles and doubles. Shrewd old Connie Mack was one of the first to appreciate the volatile infielder's batting skill. Back in 1950—a year in which Fain batted only .282—Manager Mack hailed him as the best hitter in baseball. Few others would go quite that far even today. But while Fain has hit a mere 35 homers during his six years in the big leagues, only five other players have won the American League batting championship two seasons in a row.

By RALPH BERNSTEIN

Strangely enough, during the off season, Fain the Fiery is deceptively mild. His home town of Walnut Creek, California, regards him as an affable, gentle-mannered, thirty-year-old pillar of the community. It's when he puts on a uniform —any uniform—that he undergoes a startling personality change.

As a soldier in World War II, he took his military calisthenics so seriously that he once literally knocked himself out exercising at an Army camp. Then there was a memorable game against the Chicago White Sox in 1951. Fain became so angry at himself for lofting an easy pop fly to the infield that he viciously kicked at first base on his way back to the dugout. He was side-lined for the next 37 games with a broken foot.

However, his driving spirit also pays its share of dividends. He beats out base hits, makes seemingly impossible fielding plays and wins ball games by just sheer grit and hustle.

There's no better man in baseball, for example, at fielding a bunted ball, and his don't-give-a-darn tactics are especially profitable when the opposing team tries to sacrifice a man from second to third base.

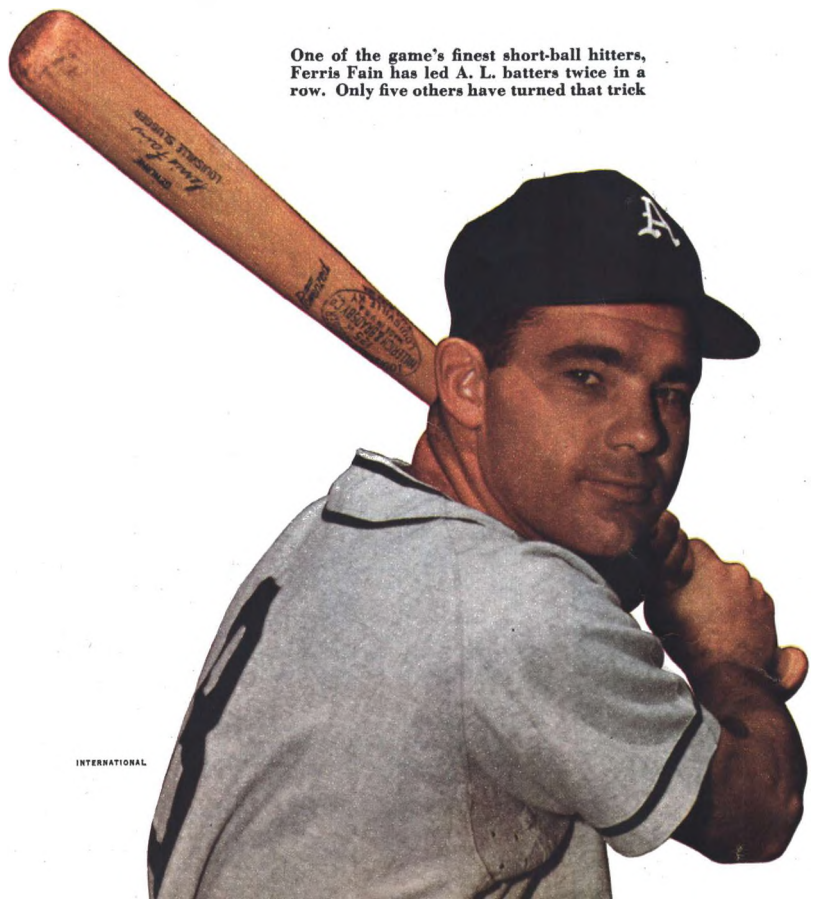
On the play, Fain charges with the pitch almost to home plate, picks up the bunt on the run and, if there is any possible chance of making the force-out, whips the ball to third in almost the same motion. The play is one of the most difficult in baseball, but the Philadelphia first baseman makes it look routine. That's why he, and almost everyone else who follows the A's regularly, remembers two occasions in quick succession a few seasons ago when he missed.

The first occurred in the late innings of a close game at Boston's Fenway Park. With men on first and second, the Boston batter dropped a bunt along the first-base line. Fain roared in as usual, scooped up the ball, and rifled it toward third base. His direction was good, but the altitude was wrong. The ball soared into the grandstand and the Red Sox scored a key run. Later the same week, Fain pulled exactly the same boner and it cost Philadelphia a close game with the Detroit Tigers. As the disconsolate Philadelphia first baseman trudged toward the bench at the end of the inning, the straight-backed figure of Connie Mack, then eighty-seven and still active, blocked his way. With a studied softness that fooled no one, Mack said: "Young man—don't you ever do that again. Don't ever throw any more bunts to third base."

Fuming inside over his two failures, Fain barked back: "What do you want me to do with the ball, Mr. Mack? Sit on it and hatch it?"

"It might be safer," Mack said, and strode back to the dugout.

Few baseball men can stay angry long at Fain. Both Mack and Jimmy Dykes, the A's present manager, are among his greatest admirers. They know that a player who goes all out all the time will occasionally boot a game by trying to do the impossible. But they are willing to take the risk if the player performs as brilliantly as Fain does. Other managers feel the same way. Each spring Fain is the center of a flood of trade rumors. The New York Yankees, Cleveland Indians and Detroit Tigers are only three of the teams which are reported to have bid as much as $250,000 for him, only to be turned down.



INTERNATIONAL

One of the game's finest short-ball hitters, Ferris Fain has led A. L. batters twice in a row. Only five others have turned that trick

Signed Contract Brings Relaxation

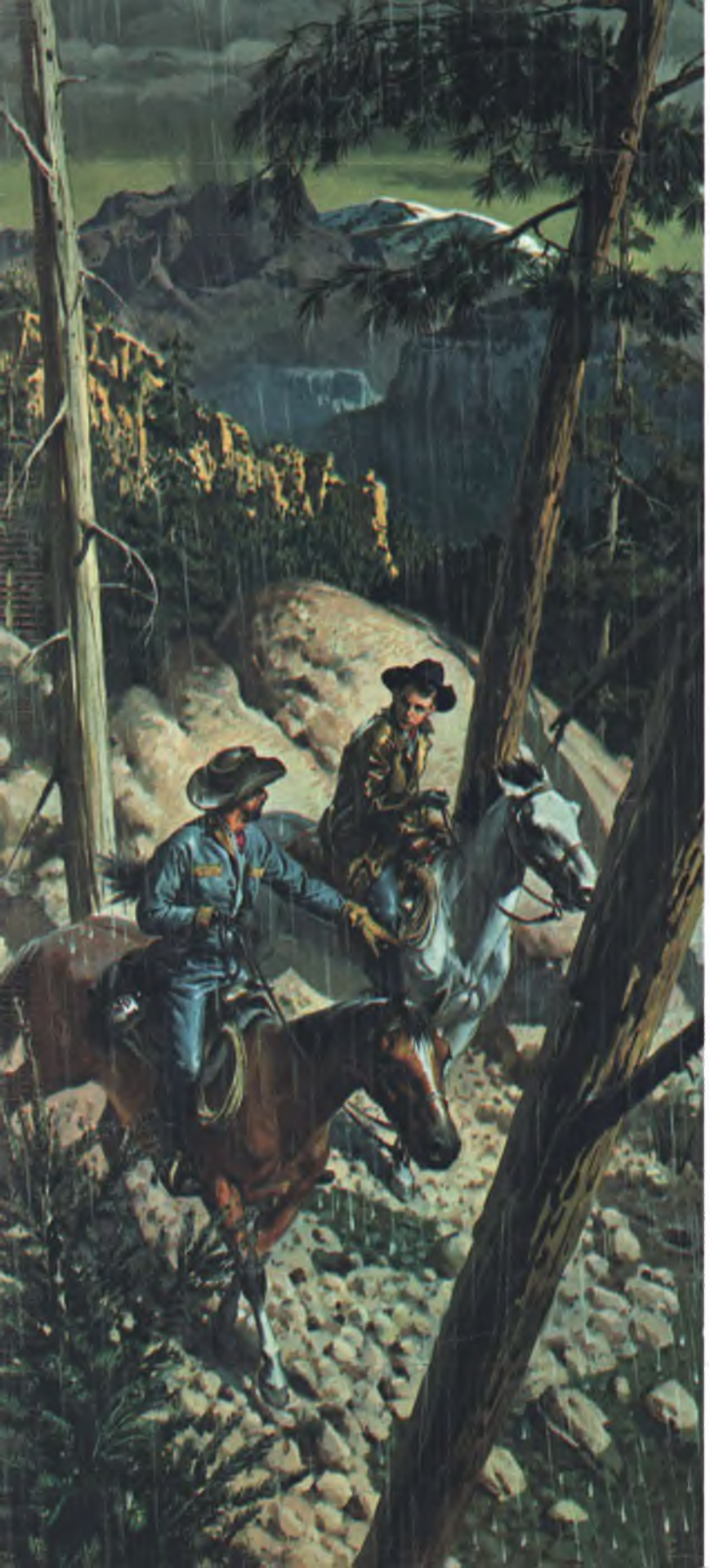
Fain admits that the annual cycle of rumors, denials and trade speculation puts him on edge every now and then, adding: "I'm always glad when the contract is signed (he got about $28,000 last year) and I don't have to worry who is going to be my boss. Then I can relax and play ball."

He has been relaxing and playing ball for cash ever since he signed with the San Francisco Seals at the age of seventeen. But his sports heritage goes back much further. His late father, Oscar Fain, was a jockey good enough to ride a horse named Duval to second place in the 1912 Kentucky Derby.

The younger Fain was considered an adequate, if not outstanding, player during his three prewar seasons. But on his return in 1946 from Army Air Force duty, he batted .301 for the Seals. Seven major-league teams sought to buy him; through luck and the vagaries of baseball law, the Athletics picked him up in the minor league for only $10,000—a fraction of his real worth.

While Fain no longer goes around kicking bases to let off steam, there is little chance that he will mellow much more with the passing years. His reply to criticism of the way he charges in on bunts is typical:

"They tell me that someday a batter is going to drive the ball right down my throat. Sure I run risks. So what? All I know is that I want to win, whether I'm playing baseball or pinochle. I'll be up there this season trying the same way I've been trying for many years. Maybe I'll hit .380. Maybe I'll only hit .260. This is a funny business and you can't make any predictions. But I'll be giving out 100 per cent. You can bank on that."



The LONG WINTER

By WALTER HAVIGHURST

Ralph McKeever was a hard man—hard on his animals, and his men, and himself. In his grim world, you had to go it alone

A THIN, cold rain was falling, and the air came down cold from the snow fields on Sheep Mountain. It felt like March, not the middle of May; winter couldn't let go this year. So it looked good to Dan, when he rode into the little park ringed with dripping spruce, to see his father and Gus already dismounted and blue smoke rising in the gray air. Gus threw down an armload of sticks where big Ralph McKeever was feeding a reluctant fire, fanning it with his Stetson.

The boy broke through the fringe of trees, and his father called: "Drag up one of those dead branches, Dan."

He pulled the horse over to a stunted spruce and grasped a dead limb. The wood splintered as he leaned against it, bracing himself in the stirrups. At the rending noise Diablo shied, and the boy was already off balance. He fell hard, with the broken spruce branch under him.

His father, still fanning the fire, didn't look around. "Can't you learn to stay on a horse?" he said.

Dan got up slowly, pushing the dead limb away. Gus dropped his new load of sticks and splashed across the little stream. He headed off the horse, throwing up his right arm —the one with an iron hook on the wrist—while his good hand caught the reins. In a quick hitch he tied them around a sapling.

He looked around. "Hurt, Dan?" he asked.

The boy shook his head.

At the fire his father straightened up slowly, putting the Stetson on his head. As he approached, Dan limped away, his thin jaw set. His father went back to the fire. While he fanned the blue smoke into a blaze, the boy came up, dragging the spruce limb.

The rancher snapped off the wood and tossed it on the fire. "Hungry?" he said.

"Yes," Dan answered.

"Hurt yourself?"

"No."

"When I was your age . . . going on fifteen . . ."

The boy reached up for another branch. He was almost as tall as the big man in the blue work jacket, now stained dark with drizzle, but he did not have his father's big hands nor his wide shoulders. Dan pulled at the stubborn limb.

"We've got enough wood now," his father said. "You want to camp here all day and all night?"

The boy didn't answer. He jammed his stiff hands into his pockets.

Gus came up from the creek with the coffeepot dripping. With his good hand he dumped the coffee in and set the pot in the crackling fire.

"What you think I saw down there, boss?"

The rancher looked around.

"That young bull's track. Fresh," Gus said.

Ralph McKeever scowled at his son. "You must have

Gus had the reins wrapped around his hook; his good hand pointed. "There's his track," he said. "It don't tell much about where he was going. It fades out"

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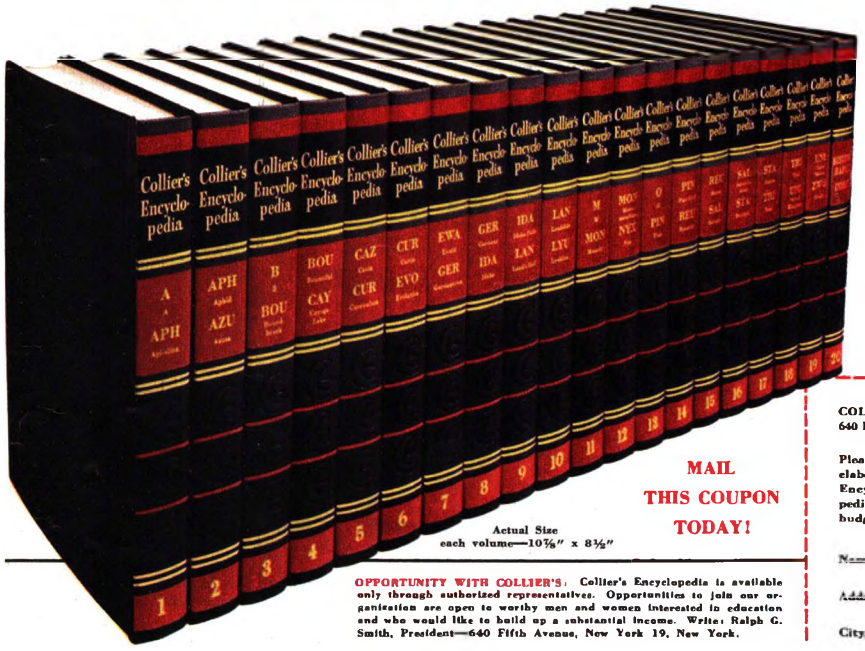

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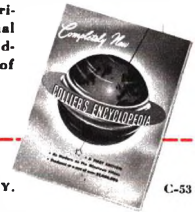

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rode right past them," he said. "Didn't you see anything?"

"They're half in the creek," the foreman said quickly.

"Which way is he headed?"

"Couldn't tell," Gus answered. "Only shows where he crossed over. But I'd say he was heading down."

"We'll separate then," the rancher said, "after we've had some coffee." He went to his horse and unbuckled the saddlebag.

THE rain was letting up, and the fire burned briskly around the blackened coffeepot. He laid out the sandwiches and boiled eggs that Indian Mary, muttering some singsong to herself, had fixed at daylight.

A brown froth boiled over and hissed onto the fire. Gus pulled the pot off with his hook and poured smoking coffee into the tin cups.

"We'll make a sweep down the mountain," the rancher said. "I'll go over and catch the other fork of the creek. Gus, you take this fork. You drop down the canyon, son, and follow Sheep Creek. One of us ought to pick him up on the way. We'll meet down at the flats."

Gus rinsed out the coffeepot, scouring it in the sand. He stomped on the fire and doused it with creek water, though the woods were dripping. They got on their horses.

"You know where to go, son?" the rancher said.

"Down the canyon."

"And keep your eyes open. That bull is worth a lot of money."

The rain began to come down harder as the rancher rode off, his slicker gleaming above the wet flank of his horse.

For a little way the foreman and young Dan rode together. Gus had the reins wrapped around his hook; his good hand pointed. "There's his track," he said, "but it don't tell much about where he was going. It fades right out after he got across."

"We might pick it up again," the boy said, "if he followed the creek."

"That's right."

For a minute there was only the crunch of hoofs and the creak of leather. Gus fingered a pinch of tobacco out of his breast pocket and crammed it into his mouth. "Saw you limping," he said. "That foot bother you?"

Dan shook his head. "It caught in the stirrup when I fell," he said. "It just got twisted."

"That canyon trail is rough. Maybe you better take this fork. I'll go down the canyon."

The boy swung around, his thin face tense under the wide brim of his hat. "Dad wouldn't— He told me to take the canyon. I can make it."

"Oh, sure," the foreman said. "But Diablo's spooking today. And your foot—"

"It'll be all right."

"You sure, Danny?"

The boy sat rigid in the saddle. Danny—that was what his mother had always called him. He hadn't heard it since that gray day, with the snow swirling furiously against her bedroom window, a week before Christmas.

"I'm all right," he said. He dug his heels in, and Diablo jumped ahead. The spruce boughs rained on him as he made for the head of the canyon.

"See you at the flats," the foreman called.

RALPH McKEEVER had forded the noisy water and come out on the green flats when Gus appeared, driving the yearling bull ahead of him. Dan was not there. They waited a while in the rain, looking through the drizzle toward the canyon mouth, letting the horses pull at the wet grass.

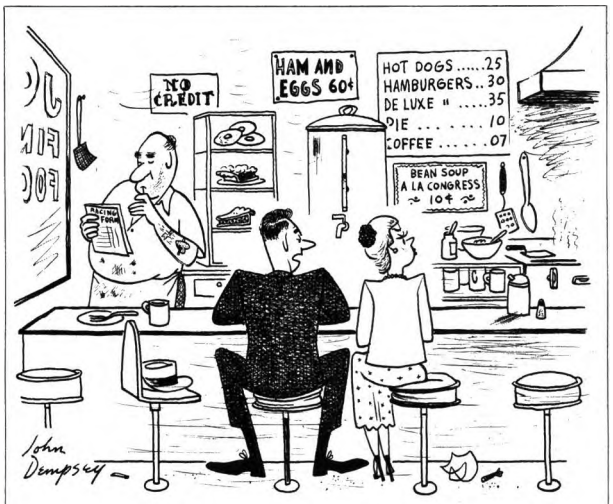
"He ought to be here," the rancher said. "It's shorter down the canyon."

"Rougher too," Gus said.

The big man grunted. "That's why I sent him that way," he said. "When I was his age I knew every gulch between here and Granite Peak. I knew every foot of that canyon—could ride it in the dark. He's got to learn."

Gus put a wad of tobacco into his mouth.

"You know how it was last winter," the rancher said, looking off in the rain. "He took it hard. For a month after Christmas he wouldn't do a thing but tend that colt in the stable—blankets and hot water, ground oats and warm bran mash!" He turned to the slouching foreman. "But he's growing up



"This place is good enough for anyone who wants to be just a sister to me"

COLLIER'S JOHN DEMPSEY

COLLIER'S

"Daddy, will you entertain Oliver while I get dressed?"

GEORGE WOLFE

now. Did you see him up there by the creek when he fell? It hurt all right, with that dead branch under him. But he wouldn't let me come near." The rancher smiled. "He got up and walked away. Did you see him?"

Gus nodded. "I saw him." He spat a brown stream past his horse's ear.

Daylight was nearly gone; a heavy sky was pressing down on the high, bare slopes.

"Let's be moving," the rancher said. "If he looks around any he'll see we've been here."

They jogged on along the creek, up a draw, across the big pasture. Through the dusk came a light drumming of hoofs. Then a yearling colt raced beside them, head up, showing the white feather between his pointed ears.

"That colt," the foreman said. "You wouldn't think he'd been sick all winter. I guess Dan wasn't wasting his time. Look at that stride. See how he puts his feet down. He'll make us a horse."

"He looks all right," the rancher said, "if he's got stamina."

They rode through scattered pines to the corral, and when they turned the horses out, the yellow lamplight showed from the house. They washed up at the pump, with a good smell of supper coming from the kitchen door and the radio going. Before they went in Gus looked across the pasture where the horses were standing in the thin, cold rain.

Old Franz, his wrinkled, red face freshly scrubbed, was already sitting up against the radio that was on full blast. Soon he would take the sheep up to the high parks, where there would be no sound but the wind pouring down the pass and the sheep blatting. He got up and hobbled over to the table. "Where's young Dan?"

"In the box canyon," the rancher said. "He probably lost the trail and had to pick his way."

Indian Mary set food on the table, and they ate with the radio shouting. Ralph made a motion over his shoulder, and Mary turned the knob. Then they ate in silence. When she padded around again, filling the coffee cups, she stopped at the empty place, next to the end of the table where Ellen McKeever had sat.

"That boy always hungry," she said, nodding her head so that her big shadow moved slowly on the wall. "He never get full."

"He's empty now," Gus said.

Old Franz nodded. "Hungry as a sheep," he said.

Ralph buttered a square of cornbread before he spoke. "When I was his age I was out for days in these mountains. He has to learn."

INDIAN MARY stalked back to the kitchen, and there was only the noise Old Franz made, working his toothless gums and swilling coffee. They kept waiting for the sound of footsteps outside, for the door to burst open and a voice half bass and half treble to say, "I'm starved!" But when Old Franz pushed his plate back there was only the steady dripping outside the window and a rattle in the kitchen, where Mary was poking wood into the stove.

After the cheese and pie and another round of the coffeepot, Old Franz turned on the radio again. "Not so loud," Gus shouted around the stem of his pipe. Ralph leafed through the Durango Herald-Democrat and then tossed it down. He filled his pipe, stared at the dark window, and began talking about horses.

"You know why our colts bring the price we get, Gus. They survive on their own."

"That colt, Feather—" the foreman began.

The rancher went right on. "Foaled on the range, born maybe in a snow-

storm, chased by coyotes and bobcats before they're a week old—they learn how to take care of themselves. Sure we lose some, but the ones that grow up are real horseflesh. They'll always have stamina."

In the slanting lamplight his face was harsh. One hand held the dead pipe in his mouth, and the other twisted a tobacco pouch till the leather was white. He was talking about horses, but even Indian Mary, moving around the table laying out the breakfast places, knew there were other things in his thoughts. There was his loneliness, his confused concern for the son he had cut himself off from, his memory of Ellen McKeever playing the upright piano at the edge of the lamplight. She had insisted on going to Durango to buy Danny's Christmas present, a bridle for the colt he was raising. She was already coughing when they started, and that trip was too much, the long cold ride back made longer when the chains broke in the deepening snow and Ralph worked with numb hands in bitter silence, mending them with a snarl of baling wire. That night, when she began to toss with fever, the telephone was dead. Somewhere in the cold woods the wire was down, though a doctor could never have got there through the drifting snow. All because of a Christmas gift.

Ralph held it against his son. And when the boy seemed lost without his mother, Ralph held that against him too. No man, or boy, can have things his way. Now he sat with a dead pipe clamped in his jaw, staring at the black window.

"Shut off the radio," Gus said.

When Old Franz didn't stir, Gus jumped up, pushed him out of the way and turned the knob. Outside, through the dripping rain, came a high-pitched whinny.

"That's Diablo," Ralph said.

Gus was already in the kitchen. He took the lantern from the wall, scratched a match on his metal hand, and turned up the wick. Then he went outside.

RALPH came out after him. At the corral gate they found Dan's horse, with raveled reins and a scarred and dripping saddle.

"Fell off again," the rancher said.

"He had a bad foot," Gus said. "It twisted when he fell this noon." He lowered the lantern and looked at the horse's ragged hoofs. "There's a rough stretch halfway up the canyon. That new rockslide."

The rain fell cold on their faces.

"We can't get up there tonight," the rancher said. "We'll have to wait for daylight."

Gus pulled off the scratched saddle and the sodden blanket, and then slipped the bridle off Diablo's head. His good hand made a flat sound on the wet rump, and the horse trotted off in the darkness. Gus heaved the saddle into the dark tack room.

As they walked back to the house, the rancher began: "When I was his age—"

Gus cut in. "He's got matches, and there's shelter in the canyon. He won't try to travel on a bad foot. He's hungry though, that's sure."

"Do him good," Ralph said sharply. "The kid's got to learn to take care of himself."

Old Franz stuck his head out of the bunkhouse door. "Where's Dan?"

"His horse came in alone," Gus said.

"Where you think he is?" Old Franz insisted.

"He's still in the canyon," the rancher said. "Saddle three horses in the morning. We'll start up as soon as there's daylight." . . .

At breakfast, while darkness was thinning outside the windows, Old Franz hobbled in, excited.

"We lost a colt, boss. That new one, out of the roan mare."

"Dead?" Ralph asked.

"Dead as a sheep. Throat slit wide open. And that other colt, Feather"—the old man pushed his battered hat back—"he's cut up bad. Part of the fence is down, above the creek. I found the colt there, scared as a sheep, with the wire cuts on him."

Gus got up. "Where is he?" he asked.

"In the corral," Franz answered. "I brought him in with the others."

In the kitchen Mary had a package of sandwiches ready and a thermos jug of smoking coffee. "That boy be hungry," she said.

"Better fill a jug of water, too," Gus said. The rancher followed him outside.

As they crossed the yard, Gus pointed. The sky was brightening, a band of pale blue spreading over the long saddle of snow on Sheep Mountain. But what Gus pointed to was a thread of smoke showing against the dark spruce slopes above the canyon.

"Halfway up the canyon," Ralph said. "He didn't get far."

Gus nodded. "By that rockslide. Right there is where you'll find him."

The rancher looked around. "You not going?" he asked.

"I figured to look at this colt."

The clatter of hoofs began as the men opened the heavy gate. The colt ran stiff-legged, head up, ears rigid, eyes rolling. He stopped on the far side of the corral and stood there sweating in the raw air. When he turned they saw the torn forequarters and the blackened stripes down his forelegs.

The rancher went toward him. Snorting, tossing his thin head, the colt ran to the far corner. "Whoa, now—whoa!" the rancher called, closing in on him. The colt bolted. The man waved his hat, and the colt dodged back, slammed into the fence, and fell. The rancher stepped up, but the colt got his blackened legs on the ground and scrambled up. "Whoa, now! Whoa!" Ralph said again. But the colt flew past him, flinging mud.

Ralph walked back to the gate. "Better turn him out," he said, pushing the hat back on his head.

But Gus stood waiting with a hackamore hooked on his metal hand. "He's hurt bad," he said quietly, his eyes on the trembling colt. "He needs some help."

"It's a waste of time," Ralph said.

GUS walked up slowly, holding his good hand out. "Easy, boy, easy. Easy now." Twice the colt jerked past him, and still Gus followed, his voice going on in that steady, quiet horse talk.

"It's no use, Gus." The rancher went to the tie rack and buckled the saddlebags behind his saddle. When he looked around, Gus had the hackamore on the colt and was studying the trembling forelegs.

"Three deep cuts," he said. "I hope they don't go through those muscles." Still muttering quietly to the colt, he tied the hackamore to the rail.

"Turn him out," Ralph said.

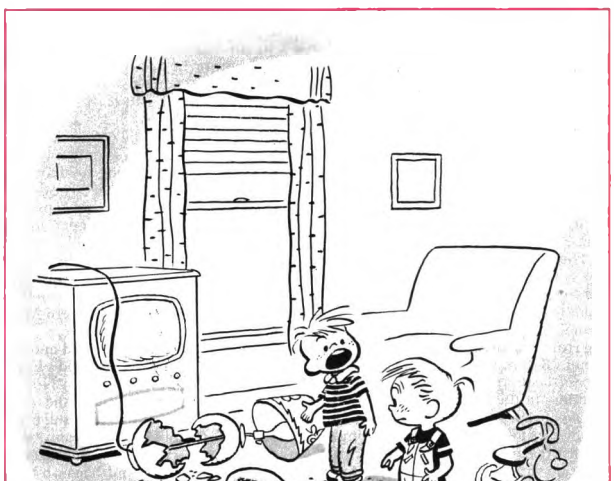
"I'll get some tar on him." Gus hooked the blackened bucket with his metal hand.

"You're wasting time," Ralph said again. There was a new sharpness in his voice. "Turn him out, I said. Let him heal up himself. If he can't, he'll never be my kind of horse."

Gus looked up, the blue eyes thoughtful in his leathery face. "What's galling you, Ralph? Any other time—before last winter—you'd be doing this yourself. What's wrong with you?"

The tall man's face was harsher than ever, and his voice was savage. "Nothing is wrong with me. But you can't make a sound horse out of a soft one. Let him heal himself, if he can."

Gus set the bucket down. For a minute he stood scowling across the corral. Then he pulled back his sleeve and held up his right arm. It showed a worn harness strapped to his elbow and holding a leather collar onto his wrist, with the hook anchored in it. "Your father didn't talk like that when I lost a hand



"You'd better hop on the phone and invite some other kid over before your mother comes home, or we'll have to take the rap!"

COLLIER'S ROLAND COE

"I see you've rearranged the living room. What did you do with your brother?" COLLIER'S DICK CAVALLI

with a stick of his blasting powder," he said. "I was just a boy, and I thought I'd never be any good around horses or cattle with my right hand gone. I was ready to blow. But your father wouldn't let me. He made me think I could be as good as any man." Gus spat at a fence post and turned back to the colt.

"It's a waste of time," the rancher repeated.

"Then I'll do it on my own time. Take it out of my wages." Gus's blue eyes blazed as he hooked up the bucket.

Ralph climbed into his saddle. In a grim silence he rode out the gate, tugging the lead horse behind him.

At the canyon mouth he waded his animals across Sheep Creek and urged them up to high ground on the far side. He stopped there, his eyes searching. The sky was clearing, there was a thin sun now, and all along the west slope the wet spruce glistened. Finally he found the gray-blue thread, thinner now but unmistakable. In the windless air the smoke went straight up, across the pale swath of aspens on the mountain shoulder and the high snows on the ridge. Impatiently he nudged his horse ahead. He was not exactly worried about his son, but something was nagging him.

AS HE moved on up the canyon his mind kept going back—not to last winter or any time before that—just back an hour ago, when he had ridden away in anger from the corral gate. Now he saw, as though they were there before him, a calm man and a frightened colt. He saw a maimed hand holding the hackamore and a good hand dabbing a tarred brush at the torn forequarters. He heard a patient voice say: "Easy, boy, easy. Steady, now, steady, steady, steady." In that clear picture, Ralph saw the yearling flinch and stand. He was a proud colt, though he had been frail and awkward. He was a hurt and frightened animal, but he had courage. After this morning he'd be marked, but he'd be strengthened, too.

As Ralph rode on, he heard his own voice following him like an echo. "Let him heal himself . . . You're only wasting time." And he saw the flash of scorn in the foreman's eyes. He was wrong, dead wrong. And Gus was right.

A realization came to him, and it was like the end of a long and numbing pain: *They don't have to survive alone. They can count on help.* The colts and the horses . . . Gus and young Dan . . . Even grim Ralph McKeever himself.

The sun had burned the ground haze off; and now he looked up at the washed blue sky. He nudged his horse and jogged through a scattering of cedars. In the clear again, he searched for the thread of smoke. All he saw was the rimrock and the huge sweep of the upper slopes.

He cupped a hand to his mouth and called: "Dan! . . . Dan!"

The fading echo went from wall to wall. Then there was only the small noise of Sheep Creek in the canyon's silence.

He urged his horses up a sharp grade and around a jutting boulder. As it climbed, the trail grew rougher. Then there was no trail at all. There was only a chaos of shattered rock studded by snapped and broken cedars.

"Dan!" he called. "Dan!" Now there was a pleading in his voice.

No answer came except the mocking echo. But his narrowed eyes fixed on an unshattered pine beside a massive boulder. He dismounted, unstrapped the saddlebag, and picked his way over the slide of rock.

He called again. "Dan . . ."

This time his voice was different, but the huddled figure in the huge rock's shelter did not stir. He stepped across the charred sticks and bent over. "Dan," he said quietly.

At his touch the boy awoke. For an instant his startled eyes showed white. He scrambled to his feet, but at the first step he collapsed. Then Ralph saw the bruised and blackened foot bursting out of a tattered sock.

He slit the sock with his knife and pulled it off. He opened the saddlebag, poured cold water on the sock, and bathed the swollen joint. The boy's eyes opened. He looked at his father as if from a distance.

The older man said, "You've got a bad foot, Dan."

"It—it doesn't hurt."

"Hurt? Why, sure it hurts. It hurts plenty," he said, pouring fresh water on the sock. "It's as big as a feed bag."

The boy looked down and his eyes widened.

"But it won't stay that way," Ralph said. "In a few days we'll have you as good as ever."

The boy sank back.

"What I don't see," the older man said, "is how you got this far. Every lurch in the saddle would throw you on this foot."

"I fell off," Dan answered.

"Right here? Where you had firewood and this rock for shelter? That was lucky, Dan."

"No. I crawled here."

THE man looked again at his son, and now he saw the scarred hands and the torn clothing. As he dabbed at the ankle a muscle quivered in his cheek. "We—we saw your smoke first thing this morning."

"Can I have a drink of water?" Dan asked. "I'm thirsty."

"Sure you can. I'm forgetting everything. There's hot coffee here, and sandwiches. Mary knew you would be hungry."

As Ralph unwrapped the package a grimy hand reached out. The first sandwich went in three huge bites.

"I kept looking for the bull, Dad. Did you find him?"

"Yes, we did. Gus picked him up, halfway down the gulch."

"Where is Gus?"

"In the corral. Doctoring your colt, Feather. He cut himself on the new fence."

"Bad?" Dan asked.

"Yes, pretty bad. But we can take care of him. He was scared and hurt, but we'll get him over it."

The boy seemed to forget the food in his hands. Slowly his eyes went up to his father. "Dad—if we help him—will he—will he have stamina?"

Again the muscle quivered in the man's gaunt cheek. His deep-set eyes looked squarely at the boy. "Yes, he will, Dan. More than ever."

The boy swallowed the last of the sandwich. He rubbed his stomach. "I'm still hungry," he said.

"Well, Mary will know what to do about that. We'd better start home. I'm going to carry you to the horses." His arms cradled the boy. "Easy now. Take it easy. Just put your arm around my shoulder."

Ralph stepped carefully through the broken rock and lifted the boy into the saddle. They started down the trail, taking it slowly, the sun warm as a blanket on their backs.

"You all right?" the man asked. "We can stop and rest, anywhere."

"I'm all right," Dan answered.

They forded the creek and came out on the wide, green flats, where the wet grass gleamed in the sun.

A magpie flew over, showing its white chevrons, and from somewhere a bobolink sang his bubbling, dingdong song, over and over.

"Summer is getting here at last," the rancher said. "It's a late season. We had a long winter, but it's over now." He turned in the saddle. "You're not saying much, Danny. What's on your mind?"

The boy smiled. "Oatmeal and cornbread," he said, "bacon and pancakes. I'm starved."

The Little Bride

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

We got into the car, with John J. sitting in front gnawing Mother's earring, and Father tried to drive and look at the baby at the same time. It never seemed to cross their minds that they had almost ignored Maxine for John J., a comparative newcomer.

WE TALKED as fast as we could, and when we got out in front of the house, Maxine stood there like a pilgrim before a holy shrine. She had been homesick. "I never thought I'd see it again," she said.

"Nonsense," Mother said.

"C'mon, fella," Father said, and he made a swipe at John J., who blinked like a philosopher. There was really a baby. I mean, if you want poise and health and a look of destiny, that baby had everything.

Maxine took off her shoes and walked through every room barefooted. She put on her old jeans that had been hanging in her closet. They were tight now. I felt sad for some reason I could not understand, except that she looked lonely, and I had never thought of her that way, not Maxine, who had everything. It made me suspect that love was not the easy, simple thing I had always dreamed it.

She wanted to know about everyone, all those who had danced at her wedding, and she thought we could have a crowd for Saturday night.

"Jeannie Pearson's studying art in Paris," Mother said. "The Meyers twins are married and living in the same town in Michigan. Bobby Hendricks, your old flame, is now engaged to a Canadian girl who lisps. The entire Whitehead tribe has gone to Chicago to make a fortune in a jazz band." She still held John J. dozing in her arms. "Aren't you going to feed him, dear?"

"He ate on the train." She looked as though she had had quite enough of her darling boy for a while.

Mother studied her for a moment. Then she rose and dropped the baby into Maxine's lap. "You'd better look after him, dear," she said, smiling and kissing Maxine's cheek. "I don't know these fabulous new methods." For one who had awaited John J.'s visit with such anticipation, she was certainly getting rid of him quickly.

"Oh," Maxine said.

"Give John J. to me," Father demanded gruffly.

"Go along," Mother ordered. "This is not a man's business." She gave me a warning glance.

Plainly, she would have her way in this matter, though I thought Maxine needed a vacation, and it all seemed cruel to me. She had hoped for her freedom as in the old days before Jack and John J.

We sat up most of the night in my bedroom—the baby slept in hers. She said that even the air at home was better, not so thin and sharp. She said everything was better, and repeated this many times, as though to convince herself.

She warned me, shaking her finger, "Jo, have a good time. Finish at the university. Be equipped to go out and make a living so you're not dependent on your husband or your family. Look at me—I left school too soon and for no sound reason, and now what am I? A dependent!"

"Did you fight with Jack?"

"Not at all. *He* fought with *me!*"

"That's what Mother said," I warned her. "She has no sympathy."

"We-ell," she said slowly, with that face of tragedy she had used when she was in a high-school play as the young girl who was stage-struck and had to give up her love for her art. "We-ell, I've left him, but I don't want them to know. They—they've had a perfect marriage. They're like children in a paradise, and they don't know other people may not be as lucky as they. Most people make mistakes, and then they are chained together forever. I want to keep this from them as long as I can. I only told you because I had to tell someone, and it's only right that you know so you'll understand, so you'll remember to enjoy your freedom while you have it and not give it up, foolishly."

She had always seemed so clear-headed and right, it was hard to hear such unreasonable talk. Mother always said there was no such element as luck in marriage.

"Did he strike you?" I asked. I had in mind a scene of family chaos in the kitchen—like something out of the old silent films.

"Strike me! I wish he had. It was nothing so simple."

"Was he cruel, then?" How terrible to think that she and Jack had come to such a situation when, in the beginning, I had thought that nothing could separate them.

"Not Jack. Jack's never openly cruel, but he sits and waits. Sheep can be expensive, you know, and much more important than wives, especially when you're just starting out in the nasty business. It makes me sick, Jo, when I think of Jack's education—he graduated with honors—and all the chances he had, and now he's rotting away in the mountains and expecting me to like it and rot with him because he admires that life, and his father says he needs him. We have our own lives! Why, John J. acts like an animal most of the time, like a lamb or something."

"He's awfully cute."

"I'm awfully young to be a mother, too. It isn't altogether fair."

"I could just eat him."

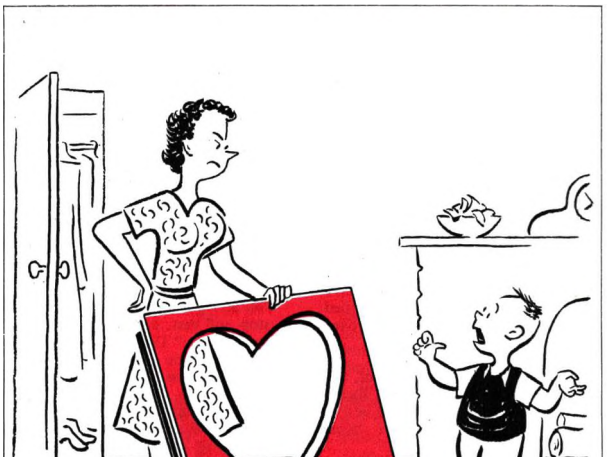
"Actually, he's homely as a mud fence. He looks like Jack's father." But she was pleased, too, that I found John J. attractive.

I don't know what Maxine expected of her family and her old friends. Mother said Maxine thought of herself as being a bride still, in the middle of an everlasting honeymoon. She may have thought of herself as the same girl she had been before her marriage, but there was an undeniable change which even I, not wishing to see it, had to admit. She even looked different. A baby, a husband, and three years had done that, but she didn't know it. She did not think in the same way, either, but she kept trying, and I wanted to believe she could have whatever it was she needed most.

When you are girls together, sleeping in the same house, sharing your plans and fears, you think nothing can happen to the other that does not happen to yourself as well. You seem an everlasting part of that one life. The memories, the temper, the years of similar background are not changed by a separation of miles.

MAXINE clung to this ideal, too, but I began to sense, largely because Mother was so firm in her stand, that something new had been added, something bigger and grander than the old days, the old ways. With Maxine, it was Jack, and this had changed her without her knowing it.

Take the matter of golf. She planned to play every morning, but by the time she got John J. going for the day, and we drove out to the club with him in a jump seat between us—Mother made no offers to be a baby sitter—she could not give her full attention to golf.



"You gave me permission. I asked if I could use the card table to make a big Valentine heart and you told me yes. Remember?"

COLLIER'S — SCOTT BROWN

She had missed all the carefree ways of her girlhood and brooded about them up there in the mountains. Golf had become a symbol of all she felt she had missed. She could not think of what she had gained. Golf was the big thing, and Jack and John J. had no right to take it from her. Still, by the time we reached the fifth green, she seemed bored. She was forcing herself to get her money's worth, and she was disappointed.

The same was true with tennis. We put John J. in his stroller. Maxine had been country-club champion. Now she kept trying to watch the baby with one eye.

ONE day, Bobby Hendricks, who was engaged to this Canadian girl with a lisp, came over from another court, and I sat on the side lines watching them play. For the first time, Maxine seemed to be as she always had been, laughing and playing hard. Bobby had admired her a lot and praised her for everything, joking with her. I did not want, however, to fall into the position of baby sitter, either. Not that my nephew was less than divine, but it doesn't look good to be sitting with a baby when you want to play tennis. You appear like an illegal member of the married set or a high-school kid who does it for money, and the position is not profitable.

John J. was bored. We had to leave, but Bobby walked to the car with us, and said he'd drop around that evening and talk about old times. "My girl's with her family for the summer, so I'm fairly foot-loose," he explained.

"Wonderful," Maxine said, and she talked all the way home about how it *was* just like old times, after all, but John J. yelled for a banana as it was past his lunchtime. He kept up a drooling dirge that made me sleepy, and I heard little of what Maxine said, but I saw her face. Of course, I never believed Maxine had any real intentions about Bobby Hendricks. I am sure she was not aware of any. She was thinking that he'd always been a good date, jolly and clever and an easy spender. He had taken her to one of the proms, and a girl remembers that, and he gave her her first orchid. I think his attention now made her feel like a girl without any cares, and, while Mother called it a clear case of regression, I could not see any harm in it.

"It's not a real date or anything like that," Maxine said when we were sipping iced tea after lunch and John J. was snoring like a goat, upstairs in his crib. (It sounded like a plane very low over the house.) "It's just for old times, you know."

"You're a wife and mother, Maxine. You can't afford this girlish whimsey," Mother said.

"Mother!" I said. "You know Maxine isn't like that!"

"Uh-huh," Mother said, putting on the face she uses when she talks about what happened to her in Paris when she was a girl—very wise, very witty, and very sane, too.

"Honestly, Mother, you *are* quaint," Maxine said. "Just because I'm married doesn't mean I have to be a corpse or something."

"Old times are lovely, but don't try to trap them like mink to warm you, dear. Think of them fondly over cocktails. Remember that it was old times that gave you Jack and the baby, and

now it's *new* times and even more wonderful, if you'll stop acting like a bride and be a mother and a wife. It will be every bit as marvelous—only different, dear."

I was full of awe for Mother. She made sense.

"I hate it so," Maxine said. "You think Jack's so perfect, but you ought to try living with him up there. He's no happy college boy, now."

"Your father's a Republican, and that was never easy for me to live with," Mother said.

"But the life up there. Those ranch women. They're so settled and comfortable, and he expects me to act like one of them, frowzy and satisfied, going to the League of Women Voters, talking about recipes until you think you'll go completely mad."

"You hate it because they're better cooks than you are," Mother said blandly, not daring to look at me, because I thought this was cruel, and it was not like Mother to be like that, nor was it easy for her.

"But it's me—Maxine, *myself*. Not someone Jack owns. I'm myself." Maxine put her chin in the air, looking fragile and pathetic.

"It's no longer you, yourself, alone—Miss Maxine Farrell, her father's darling, her sister's idol," Mother said, angrier than I have ever seen her. "It's you—Mrs. Jack Staunton, and that means you *and* Jack and that snoring sea lion upstairs, John J. It's no use trying to make things the way they were, because it's too late, and later than you think. About time you went home before your fine husband gets range-happy himself and trots down to see some bright lights in Denver. You think he won't?"

"All he wants to do is hammer around the house and teach John J. to box. All the time, he's down on the floor swatting like a man in a paper bag, and the baby's what he wants, not me," Maxine said. She rose in her proudest manner and went upstairs to turn John J. onto his stomach.

Mother and I looked at each other, and Mother said, "It's hard to learn. You like to be the little bride everyone loves, so romantic, all white and starry-eyed, and you don't want to give in. You want to hang onto your little moment. Oh, I remember—and all I've said to her, Jo, was what *my* mother had to say to me."

"She counts on us to help her, and we just hurt her," I said. This was nothing like the romantic life I had supposed Maxine had for herself with Jack, nothing like what I had thought I would have, too, someday.

"She needs to be hurt," Mother said, and blew her nose and went into the pantry where she likes to stand when she needs a good cry. I left her. I think she was remembering about being a bride herself, and she was loving every moment of this memory.

MAXINE shoveled food into John J. She had her hair up in bobby pins and pink strawberry cream on her face just as she used to on the night of a big date, except that now her time was not her own. She had to stuff food into John J., who seemed to inhale it. Also, she could not take all the time she pleased in the bath because she had to bathe him and do the business of the drink of water and a story, making quack-quack and oink-oink sounds until her throat was raw, and then murmuring the prayer to the guardian angel.

I looked in on her then, and she was standing beside the crib looking down at John J., who slept with his rump in the air, clutching a sawed-off Teddy bear that had been hers when she was a baby. She stood there, rooted, her body in that weary attitude you have seen in paintings of peasant women with their children. I think she had never felt quite like this before. She was alone there, and she did not want to move.

"He's here," I whispered to her. "Waiting on the porch. You'd better get to him before the folks insult him to death. The yellow convertible, the white buckskin shoes—all ready for the attack."

"What's the matter?" she asked. "What do you mean?"

How could I tell her that I did not want to see her changed, a kind of fallen idol? You never say things like that. "I don't want you and Jack to lose each other," I said.

SHE came to my room to finish dressing. "I want to have some fun," she explained. "We can all drive out to Mickey's."

"I'm going to a French movie with Charlie."

"Charlie Slater—little Charlie with the buckteeth?"

"He's got his growth. His teeth are okay now," I said haughtily. "Besides, Mickey's burned down, and everyone goes to the malt shop these days."

"A malt shop!" She was disgusted. "But I want a good band. I want to dance all night."

"And the police patrol the road up at Luther's Grove. You can't park there any more."

"Oh, nonsense," she said, blushing.

"I happen to think you're asking for it," I said finally. "I think, personally, it's a disgrace for a married woman, a mother, to try to hold onto an old flame who is engaged to another."

I had never spoken to her like this, woman to woman, and she was shocked. I was sore, too, that she mentioned Charlie as though he were still a crazy boy with poor teeth, and I was ashamed of her, Maxine, who had been the perfect sister, almost always. I wanted her to be on Mother's side—and on mine, now.

All evening I felt uneasy about her, as though I had lost her somehow, and I must hurry to find her. At the malt shop, the crowd was younger. The married ones stayed home, had the neighbors over for television, drank beer and ate cheese sandwiches in their kitchens. That was what the proper, married ones liked. Besides, Bobby Hendricks was supposed to be a little dangerous these days, trying to sow his wild oats just before his wedding, and everyone was going to be relieved once he settled down. Now he was having his last fling, and that could be dangerous, and Maxine was in this wild mood.

Also, she was naive. She had married young and had been protected by her family and then by Jack. Bobby Hendricks was no longer a high-school boy. I knew, too, that Mother was trying every way she knew to make Maxine go back to Jack.

"Doesn't Jack write to her?" Charlie asked me on the way home from the movie.

"Sure, but she won't read them," I said. "He writes to Mother. It's hard on all of us. I ought to go home so I'll be there when she comes in. You can never tell."

Charlie understood everything about women and took me home at once. I went upstairs to my room remembering how often I had lain awake to hear Maxine tell about the parties. She was home. I could hear her in her bedroom. I opened the door, and there she was sitting on the bed, still wearing her blue silk and the blue veil of sequins over her eyes. She was holding that big slob John J., crooning over him with tears running down her cheeks. John J. grunted like a pig and tried to cram his entire fist into his mouth.

"What happened? What's the matter? Is he sick?" I asked, frantic.

She shook her head slowly in wonder. John J. opened one glassy eye and stared at me and asked very plainly for a banana.

"It's too late—go to sleep," I said.

Maxine muttered something about giving him his own way this one time, the dear, blessed little lamb, and I followed them down to the kitchen, where he sat in his high chair, wide awake, very handsome and pink and solemn, messing up the banana.

"You're mad, Maxine," I said.

"That Bobby Hendricks," Maxine moaned, halfway between tears and laughter. Her face was flushed. She sat at the kitchen table, her palms to her cheeks to cool them. "He's certainly changed. I mean, he seems awfully childish, don't you think?"

"He acts like a very old college boy," I said. "But he hasn't changed. That's the point."

She frowned. "He always seemed so wonderful. I used to think he was for me, until I met Jack, and then up there at the ranch, I thought of what fun we used to have and how grand it might be to go out with him again. He's always been fond of me, though that seems silly now. But he did give me my first orchid—remember?"

"That was ages ago."

SHE nodded. "Yes. It was so funny tonight, Jo. I thought it would be perfect to do all the old things, but do you know—I can't remember what I ever saw in him!" Her eyes were full of amazement. She knew she had changed, and she found this change pleasant, at last. To me, she seemed even dearer than when she had been a girl teaching me to dance. This time, she had taught me the difference between a girl and a woman, a lesson it was just as well to learn early in life.

"Didn't you have a good time?" I asked.

"Not really. Everything's dull here without Jack. Do you know he'll often come in off the range in the middle of the day just to see me? And I never would have thought Bobby would—Why, I'm Jack's wife, and we've got John J., and you'd think Bobby being engaged and all would have some manners." She laughed. "I guess I asked for it. But, honestly, Jo, I was bored. Really bored! And with Bobby Hendricks, the gayest blade in town."

Whatever her grievances against Jack, real or imagined, they were now forgotten. She had assumed a proper, matronly attitude. The honeymoon was over. For my own part, having seen her dilemma, I hoped when my time came I would be wiser.

I was sleepy, hardly hearing a word of her running account of the dangers threatening a good marriage. I picked up John J., who was groggy with sleep. Maxine followed me, murmuring about train schedules and packing, the talk of a well-married woman, and there was nothing of the little bride about her now. Love, until now a childish and vaguely pink dream, had suddenly become a practical reality to both of us in that moment.

COPTER COMMUTING

You'll Be Doing It Soon

By FRANK TINSLEY

Limited passenger service will begin this year. And helicopter makers are working right now on plans for big sky busses to speed the farmer to market, the salesman to customers, and the housewife to shops

HERE COME THE COMMUTERS: RUSH HOUR IN THE SKY

A copter commuter's view of New York City from the East River near Williamsburg Bridge (facing north, with Manhattan on the left): (1) Bell 32-passenger copter-bus from an outlying airport. (2) midtown rooftop heliport. (3, 4, 5) heliports on East River pier roofs. (6 and 8) Sikorsky taxi copters. (7) combined seaplane depot and heliport. (9) a 40-passenger Hiller bus arriving from Connecticut. (10) Piasecki commuter copter, bringing 85 to 90 passengers from Long Island; the passenger pod under main fuselage may be detached at landing place and towed away on own wheels like trailer

I HAVE just had a preview of tomorrow's air travel. Not the world-girdling jet flights of the major aviation prophets, but the kind of local everyday trips you and I will be making within the next 10 years—shopping, business, going-to-see-mother hops in big bus-type helicopters.

I traveled on three helicopter airlines—in Los Angeles, Chicago and New York—which already fly regular schedules. At present these scheduled flights carry only mail, but sometime this year all three airlines plan to begin copter passenger service. And helicopter makers already are working on huge military transports—some of them designed to carry ultimately 40 or more passengers. These giant aircraft are the prototypes of the copter-busses of the future. They are going to revolutionize your life, just as the automobile and the railroad transformed your father's and grandfather's lives. The copter-bus, with its higher speeds and beeline flights, will bring the farmer another step closer to his market, the salesman to his customer, and the housewife to the big-city shops. At least two thirds of the time most of us now spend in travel will be handed back to us in added hours for production or leisure.

Suppose you are a farmwife, living outside a small Indiana town. You now spend half an hour or more going by bus or car to the county seat to shop. In the same time, a copter-bus could take you to Fort Wayne, Indianapolis or Louisville, where the selection is wider and bargains more plentiful. You would just drive to the town heliport—a small, fenced-in enclosure with an automatic beacon and possibly a passenger shelter. The copter-bus would take you right to the center of the big city's shopping district, landing on a midtown roof—the post office, depot or a smart hotel. You lunch in a restaurant, shop to your heart's content, and return home in plenty of time to get dinner.

If you live farther west, where distances are greater or mountains and rivers now force long, surface detours, the time saved would be multiplied. Flying over, instead of around, the hills and streams, the copter-bus would reduce tedious day-long jaunts to an easy hour or two. A simple signal, like a railroad stop flag, could make every ranch house an air-bus station, forever ending the loneliness and isolation. The severest winters would lose their terrors. In an emergency, copters even now can hover above newly drifted snowbanks and lower supplies to your porch roof or upstairs window—or evacuate sick or injured members of your family without touching the ground. Hydraulic winches, strap-on harnesses and attachable litters long have been in use. In Korea, the fast, comfortable movement of the wounded by helicopter has saved thousands of soldiers who otherwise might have died before doctors could reach them.

With proper landing gear, a helicopter can set down on almost any kind of surface. Land or water, roads or rooftops, snow, mud, deep grass or growing crops: they are all alike to the rotary-wing pilot. The copter can fly fast or slow, high or low. As Lawrence Bell, pioneer helicopter producer, once remarked, "It is the only aircraft in existence that can make a flight six inches high and twelve inches long—then retrace its course backward and land like a feather!"

I can testify personally to the time saved by copter travel. In Los Angeles I flew in an S-51 mail carrier from airport to downtown rooftop in less than 10 minutes; by automobile, it is a traffic-bucking, 50-minute drive. I made a similar trip in Chicago, in about the same time. In New York, I

ILLUSTRATED BY THE AUTHOR

Helicopter airlines already have flown millions of miles on

flew from an East River pier to a Bridgeport, Connecticut, aircraft plant in 40 minutes; the return trip by standard transportation took two hours. The time gained on the copter hop permitted me to lunch, interview several additional people and still get back to the city before dark. Had I made the return trip by copter, the saving would have been that much greater.

Over Same Routes as Air Mail

Were these flights just stunts? Not at all. The flights in Los Angeles and Chicago were made on existing copter airlines flying regularly scheduled mail trips. The other hop could have been; one of New York Airways' postal runs parallels the course I flew. These three helicopter airlines fly over federally assigned routes hundreds of miles long, and they pick up and deliver air mail at scores of scattered heliports several times daily. In England, British European Airways' copters have flown passengers and mail between London and Birmingham, and Cardiff and Liverpool since early 1950. Across the English Channel, Sabena Airlines carries the mail on whirling wings throughout Belgium.

The granddaddy of them all, Los Angeles Airways, has more than five years of successful service behind it and has been called the laboratory of helicopter operations. Don't let that label fool you, however. LAA is no test-tube experiment. Serving about 5,000,000 persons in an area the size of Rhode Island, it delivers mail daily to dozens of suburban cities just as promptly as to the downtown Los Angeles business districts. It has carried more than a billion letters since it started in 1947, speeding up their delivery by 24 hours or more.

Treading closely on LAA's heels, Helicopter Air Service of Chicago is starting its fourth year of air-mail operation. It is about the same size as the older line and, allowing for differences in climate and geography, functions in about the same way. Despite the Windy City's severe winters, its little Bell-47 copter postmen boast a 97 per cent completion of their appointed rounds.

The junior member of the big three, New York Airways, commenced operations last October in what is undoubtedly destined to become the lushest helicopter transport field in the world. Starting with a triangular mail shuttle among the big city's scattered airports —La Guardia and Idlewild on Long Island and Newark at Newark, New Jersey—it is rapidly extending its routes to cover the entire industrial and residential area of Greater New York.

All three airlines soon will move from the all-mail phase of development to that of combined mail-and-passenger service. As fast as new ships become available, the Los Angeles and Chicago airlines are replacing the early S-51s and Bell-47s with the larger Sikorsky S-55s; New York Airways has used S-55s from the start. These intermediate-sized machines have a much greater carrying capacity and can seat up to eight passengers. Although this aircraft's Korean service has proved it a safe, rugged helicopter, it still carries too few persons to make its commercial operation very profitable; but all hands realize that a beginning must be made, and limited S-55 passenger service will be started sometime this year.

New York Airways will probably start the ball rolling with a 20-minute shuttle between New York International (Idlewild) and Newark airports, costing about $6. Compare this with the present three-hour, $3.50 bus trip, with its midtown transfer and four baggage handlings! Or the through trip by taxi, which cuts the time to a little over an hour, but ups the tariff to $18!

In Los Angeles, the initial phase will consist of several round trips daily between International Airport and the cities of Long Beach, Riverside, Santa Ana and San Bernardino. Passengers will be landed alongside their planes in a third of the present road time.

Chicago's Helicopter Air Service hopes that larger and more economic machines will come along soon enough to permit skipping the S-55 phase entirely. "In this area," president T. Hamil Reidy explains, "intercity runs are the logical introduction to passenger service." He points out that his present northernmost stop, Waukegan, is almost halfway from Chicago to Milwaukee. In the other direction, Detroit, Cleveland and Toledo—all important traffic centers—are within a 300-mile run. With these facts in mind, Reidy is eying 12- to 24-seat military types to link the cities by helicopter.

At least three copter models in the 12- to 24-seat class are now being built. The Piasecki Work Horse has been test-flying for the Air Force since last April. A Bell submarine hunter and a Sikorsky assault transport will make their official bows this year. A fourth copter transport, Piasecki's monster XH-16, big as an airliner and with a civil potential of 52 passengers, will be ready about the same time. Under speeded-up military testing, the bugs should be worked out of all four models within two years. Commercial versions should be ready in four.

In addition, several entirely new types of helicopters are in the design stage. Bell and Sikorsky are considering gas-turbine-driven models, and Piasecki is reported already building one. This even larger version of the XH-16 will carry a separate freight or passenger pod, hung beneath the main cabin and increasing the passenger-carrying potential to 85 or 90. Equipped with built-in wheels, the pod can be detached and towed away like a trailer truck. Western helicopter producers like Hiller, Hughes and McDonnell are trying to by-pass today's heavy mechanical transmissions mounted in the fuselage. Instead they hope to build simpler, more powerful copters driven by jet engines mounted at the tips of the rotor blades.

The prototype of one of these weight-lifting monsters, Howard Hughes's XH-17, is already flying. The big copters are designed primarily to ferry heavy military cargoes and have been dubbed flying cranes. Civil versions also are contemplated, however. A projected twin jet—Hughes-205, a civil version of the XH-17—is a double-deck 70-passenger job. Stanley Hiller's 40-passenger Skybus is based on a similar flying-crane design; it has a two-bladed rotor, powered by twin ram-jets at each blade tip.

Several other copter makers are expected to enter the civil air transport field, but for the moment they are too preoccupied with military orders to plan for civil production. For example, Doman Helicopters, Incorporated, of Danbury, Connecticut, is building copter ambulances for the armed forces; converted to civilian use, they would carry seven or eight passengers, plus cargo and mail. McCulloch Motors Corporation of Los Angeles, California, is building a two-passenger helicopter for the Navy. Cessna Aircraft Company, Incorporated, of Wichita, Kansas, and Kaman Aircraft Corporation of Windsor Locks, Connecticut, also are building small helicopters for the Navy.

Even with the early models now available, the helicopter airlines have proved the safety and dependability of this type of transport. They have flown millions of miles on tight schedules and have made innumerable take-offs and landings on tiny heliports—including more than 100,000 on rooftops alone. Los Angeles Airways has carried more than 3,000 passengers as guests on regular postal runs. And nearly 2,000 paying passengers have ridden British European Airways' routes. Count in the unnumbered thousands of military personnel toted in service copters and you have quite a volume of passenger traffic to date, almost all without injury.

The reason for this remarkable safety record lies in the basic design of the helicopter. Even with power off, a helicopter's rotor blades continue to whirl, driven by a natural effect of weight and air resistance called autorotation. This will not keep the copter in the air indefinitely, but it slows the rate of descent and permits complete control right up to the moment of touchdown. In effect, its autorotating wings provide the copter with a built-in parachute. Unlike the conventional airplane, which can glide only forward, the helicopter can descend in any direction—forward, sideways or backward. I have made autorotational touchdowns on roofs and heliports in fair weather, heavy rain and wind squalls without detecting any appreciable difference from normal, power-on landings.

An Important Safety Factor

The helicopter has other unique safety characteristics. As the last few feet of its descent are vertical, it settles down in its own tracks. Thus any space big enough to contain a copter—with a small margin all around—permits a perfectly safe landing, from which the machine can take off again as soon as its engine has been repaired.

Like many conventional airplanes, two independent power plants double the safety factor in flight. One may conk out, but you still have the other to get down on. A twin-engined military assault copter-transport is now being built by Sikorsky, a division of United Aircraft Corporation, and will be ready for flight testing early this year. It is reported to carry up to 24 passengers and cruise at 125 miles an hour. Converted to civil use, this ship would make an ideal medium-sized bus or intercity copter.

Probably the most intensive use of the big transport helicopters will be made in the commuter areas surrounding great metropolitan centers. Twice a day the average suburbanite dribbles away 30 to 60 minutes of his life getting to and from his city job. Traveling by copter will give him more time to spray his rosebushes or just plain relax

regular mail trips—and made 100,000 safe rooftop landings

—a prospect that should interest any country dweller.

What will commuting by copter be like? Take a typical suburb like Tarrytown, 25 miles up the Hudson River from New York City. It could, of course, just as easily be San Fernando, outside Los Angeles, Lake Forest, outside Chicago, or Falls Church, Virginia, outside Washington. The running time from Tarrytown to mid-Manhattan by train is about 40 to 50 minutes; that means getting up pretty early and racing through breakfast. But if you traveled by copter, you could get at least a quarter hour's extra sleep, eat more leisurely and still have plenty of time to get to the Tarrytown heliport. It might be down on the river front—a large, single-story structure, surmounted by a concrete landing deck.

With a glance at your watch, you would file into the lobby and up the stairs with the rest of the eight-thirty regulars. The previous flight has taken off and your copter is just coming in. It is a big 72-seater, especially designed for commuter traffic. The body is divided into compartments, each with individual side doors in the European railway style. You swing into one, settle knee to knee with your neighbors, and run through the morning's headlines. A scant quarter hour later, the towers of Manhattan stream past the windows and the copter settles down on a piertop, one of a number of heliports spotted like express subway stations along both the Hudson and East rivers.

Thus your office may be just a few blocks away from the nearest heliport, and a brisk walk would get you there by nine. The trip has been short, comfortable and convenient. Later flights will bring in the big executives from their estates 100 miles or more away. Around eleven, a still more leisurely wave will descend, this time women shoppers and matinee-goers. Throughout the day, lesser copter currents will ebb and flow until the great five-o'clock migration turns the flood tide backward to the suburbs.

The advent of the helicopter age will not mean the end of present surface transportation. Far from it. The copter is expensive to build and operate. It cannot possibly handle more than a fraction of the vast daily traffic that pours in and out of our great cities. What it can do, however, is stretch out practical commuting distances from the present 30 or 40 miles to 150 or so. It will appeal principally to people who enjoy country living and can afford its higher fares. It will have an emergency value to the man who has missed his usual train, or has to get home or to town quickly. For businessmen or travelers, it will cut down the time wasted in short intercity runs.

Calculations show that the helicopter is the fastest form of present-day medium-distance transportation—city center to city center. At distances up to 200 miles, it can beat the 300-mile-an-hour conventional airplane because of the need to take a bus or taxi at either end of the airplane's run. When faster copters go into service, this marginal distance will increase to a possible 500 miles. Since some 60 per cent of all airline passenger travel is 400 miles or under, the potential usefulness of tomorrow's helicopters becomes evident. Again, however, helicopters will not put fast regional airlines out of business. Instead small taxi copters will cut the airport travel time as well as the overall time spent on airplane travel.

Clarence Belinn, president of Los Angeles Airways, insists that the helicopter's function is to complement, not compete with, the automobile, railroad and fixed-wing airline. "I can see future transcontinental travel," he says, "as a joint copter-airplane service. Present municipal fields are being located farther and farther away from centers of population; there, land values are low and the nuisance element nil. These focal fields will serve a whole group of cities within a four- or five-hundred-mile arc. The traveler someday will leave Los Angeles or San Francisco via a rooftop heliport, be carried by a feeder copter to the central airport, and transferred to his jet liner. He will speed across the country at 500 miles an hour, land at another focal field and be whisked by copter to his hotel in midtown Washington, Philadelphia or New York. It will be a straight-through process in which passengers are drawn in from dozens of cities and towns, sped across continents or oceans and scattered to their individual destinations." This concept will take at least 10 years to get under way.

"However," Belinn goes on, "it takes more than a good copter to make a helicopter airline. Better radio must be devised, all-weather flying made safer, and satisfactory passenger-handling techniques evolved. Above all, proper heliports must be established—rooftop depots capable of handling mass traffic rapidly and efficiently. If the helicopter cannot pick up and drop passengers at their ultimate midtown destinations, it loses some of its natural advantages over the fixed-wing airplane."

Copter operators, civic officials and businessmen are all aware of this fact. In New York, the commissioner of marine and aviation, Edward F. Cavanagh, Jr., has worked out far-reaching plans adapted to the city's geography. "The waters surrounding the various boroughs are natural helicopter flyways," he says, "and an extensive program of piertop heliports is under way." A commercial heliport on Pier 41, East River, has been operating for nearly four years and is the oldest in the world. A concrete landing deck will crown Pier 57, now under construction in the North River. Other shore-line installations, designed exclusively for helicopter and seaplane use, are in the design stage and will be spotted around Manhattan and the other boroughs. Architects' drawings show handsome waiting rooms, restaurants and other modern depot facilities.

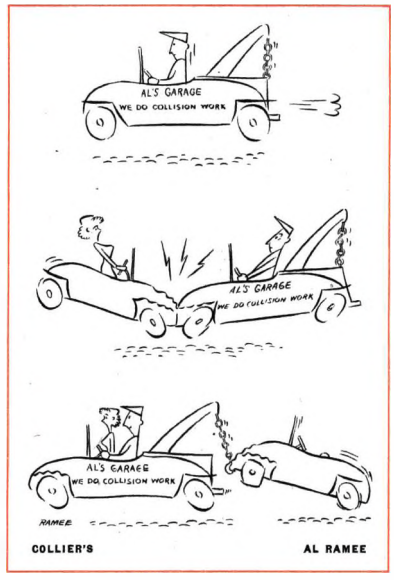
The Port of New York Authority recently paid a group of experts $70,000 to study the probable volume and pattern of future helicopter service in the New York area. The group forecast a three-stage helicopter development program. It predicted that helicopter passenger service among New York's three airports will start this year or next; that intercity flights will be inaugurated between 1955 and 1957, and that suburban service will begin between 1963 and 1965. By 1975, the study group predicted, helicopters will be flying more than 6,000,000 passengers, 40,500,000 pounds of mail, and 6,500,000 pounds of cargo in New York and the surrounding area.

In Chicago, the lake front also provides sites for copter landings. In the built-up business sections of most big cities, however, rooftops offer the only safe, convenient locations for heliports. Unless incorporated in new buildings or developments, these may prove quite expensive, although hotel and other concessions could cut operating costs. In downtown Los Angeles, a heliport atop the Pacific Mutual Life building already has been leased to L.A. Airways. Connected by bridge to an adjoining hotel, it brings the heart of the business district within half an hour or so of any of Los Angeles' satellite cities.

The copter's effect upon rural land values will be tremendous. Villages well beyond present commuting limits will become expensive estate areas as the circles of 60-minute air travel spread out and overlap. Many lovely but secluded wilderness areas will be opened to settlement. Imagine, after a hot day in the city, being able to fly home to a mountain lake or seashore hamlet in plenty of time for a cool swim before dinner!

The city dweller will find the helicopter of equal benefit. Special runs will take sportsmen to their favorite haunts in the morning and bring them back at nightfall. Surf casters and trout fishermen, hunters and hikers will spend week ends at spots now reached only on long vacations. Skiers will be able to follow the snow to distant slopes.

Indeed, an amazing new era of local air travel is closer than we even dreamed a few years ago. ▲▲▲



JOHN FISCHETTI

Now's the Time to Clean Up

EVERY NOW AND THEN somebody comes along with a device or scheme which is so simple and wonderfully useful that the inevitable reaction is: Why didn't somebody think of it before? This remark was probably made about the invention of the wheel, and repeated periodically down through the ages to the introduction of the beer-can opener and the pay-as-you-go tax plan. Now we are going to say it once again about a system for increasing government efficiency, suggested by a man named John Cramer.

For the last dozen years Mr. Cramer has been covering a rather unglamorous beat for the Washington Daily News. He doesn't interview congressmen, or second-guess the President. He writes for and about the capital's anonymous thousands of government clerks, stenographers and other civil-service employees.

In the course of his daily rounds Mr. Cramer has had plenty of chances to observe the everyday functioning of the federal machinery, from the bureau level down to the lowest echelons. And somewhere along the line he hit upon a likely solution to the extravagance, irresponsibility and general boondoggling which he kept running into. It is simply this: run the government, which is the country's biggest business, the way any sensible and orderly business of any size is run.

The present tradition and practice in government is to give a department or bureau head a sum of money for the year's operation, after which he is on his own. Except in rare instances, there is no attempt at systematic budgeting. Bureaus are divided into divisions, branches, sections and units. Each of these subdivisions has a supervisor. There are about 100,000 supervisors in all. But, according to the estimate of Mr. Cramer and his newspaper, only 5,000 of those 100,000 supervisors ever get to see a working budget for the outfit that they manage.

So what do the 95,000 do? They spend, most of them, because there is no curb on spending and because, according to the current bureaucratic rulebook, the more people a supervisor has under him the more important he becomes and the better his chances are for promotion.

If such practices prevailed in the Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, for instance, we can assure you that we wouldn't be around for long. Any other sizable private enterprise would surely tell you the same thing.

Those practices are just as wasteful in government as they are anywhere else. But, of course, the government isn't in competition with private interests in very many fields. In fact, it doesn't have to compete. If it loses money it still stays in business.

Mr. Cramer's plan is to reverse the present operation completely. He would give each supervisor a budget and have him understand that he has to function within that budget. He would be responsible to his immediate superior. Economy and efficiency, rather than numerical superiority, would be the basis for promotion—with a premium on budgetary saving. In short, Mr. Cramer would have the administrative side of government adopt the practices of a well-run private business.

How this solution has escaped the notice of Presidents and ex-Presidents, congressmen and former congressmen, business leaders, top-drawer economists and others who have sought to overcome government inefficiency is something of a mystery. But we don't see how the solution could miss. It has worked too often and too well in the business world to be a doubtful quantity.

We don't think that the plan would require any legislation. It could be put into effect by the administrative branch of government. The same can be said for Senator Douglas' plan for not refilling every vacancy on the federal payroll, which we have already endorsed on this page. Together they could save the American taxpayers an impressive sum of money. We trust that both will receive serious consideration and be put into practice.

As for Mr. Cramer, if he doesn't win a Pulitzer prize for his efforts, he deserves a vote of thanks from his fellow citizens for even making the suggestion.

Good Example Always Helps

THIS EDITORIAL is a sort of background memorandum with, we hope, a moral. But it isn't to be read until you have finished John Gerrity's article in this issue called Racial Prejudice —How San Francisco Squelched It.

In preparing the article for publication, the author and Collier's research staff talked to a good many people who are actively concerned with San Francisco's efforts against discrimination. And they were surprised to find some opposition to publication of the article where they least expected it. These reactions, which ranged from fearful to hostile, came from members of business firms who have helped to break down the racial barriers, from representatives of state government groups, and from organizations that seek to stamp out prejudice and segregation and promote equality of opportunity.

None of us here at Collier's questioned their good will and good intentions. We were all on the same side. But we found it hard to understand some of their objections. The article, they said, told only one side of the story: prejudice still exists. There was fear that our piece might be sensational or irresponsible. We were warned that we might thwart the passage of an FEPC law in San Francisco.

Well, here's how we feel about those objections: We think that San Franciscans have made impressive strides toward breaking down racial prejudice, and we think the country should be told. Of course the picture isn't perfect. But must all news of progress be stifled until perfection is reached? We don't follow that practice in the campaigns against still-incurable diseases, or poverty, or illiteracy, or crime, or dishonesty in public life. We don't see why it should hold in the case of the social illness called racial prejudice.

Much has been said about the enormous problem which this social illness has created, and about the shame and injustice which accompany it. But we believe that it is legitimate journalism to write not only about how much there is to do, but also about how much has been done. And we further believe that legislation is always less desirable than voluntary action where voluntary action gives indication of doing the job.

As a reader of the article we would like to ask you: Do you think that it will cause San Francisco to return to the segregated *status quo* of 1946? Do you think the example of San Francisco's progress will have an opposite and harmful effect in other cities? Do you think that Collier's has set back the cause of antidiscrimination?

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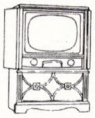

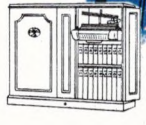

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