Collier's

15c

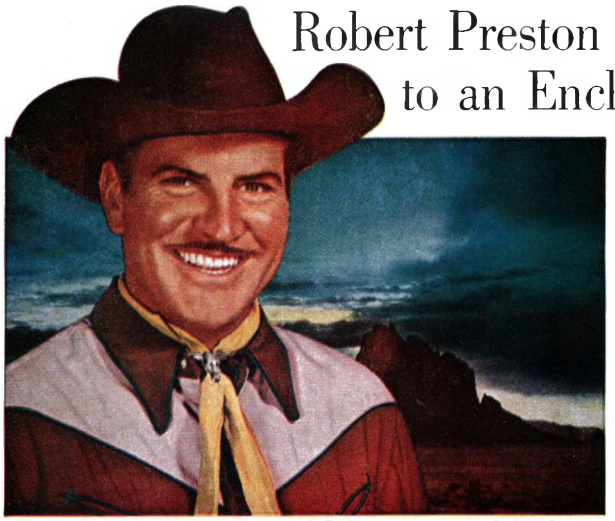
September 23, 1950

War Adventure in Burma

BY LOWELL THOMAS

The Woman behind

Robert Preston follows the trail... to an Enchanted Evening with Schenley



SUNRISE ON THE NEW MEXICO DESERT finds screen star Robert Preston bright and ready to start the day's shooting. "There's a long, hot day of riding and acting ahead of me," says Bob. "Westerns are fun to make, but hard work."

"WHEN DAY IS DONE I feel I've earned a refreshing Schenley highball," says Bob. The trail leads to an "Old West" bar in town where Bob relaxes with friends. Like so many other stars, his choice is smooth, sociable Schenley.

FOR AN ENCHANTED EVENING Robert Preston says there's nothing to compare with a Western barbecue supper, and smooth, sociable Schenley. "Fine friends... fine food... fine Schenley belong together," declares Bob.

You, too, will enjoy smooth, sociable

SCHENLEY

SCHENLEY

A Mark of Merit Whiskey
from Schenley
The House of Aged Whiskies

NEW "THRIFT-PAK"

Saves you $3.00 a year...

. . . buy yourself 30 CANS OF SOUP!

HOW YOU SPEND THAT $3.00 you save on Listerine Tooth Paste is up to you. Use it for clothes, food, the movies. Or just have *fun* with it. It's yours to do what you want with, when you change to Listerine Tooth Paste.

Every time you buy one of the new Listerine Tooth Paste "Thrift-Paks" (*two* regular 45¢ tubes for 59¢!) you save 30¢. Within a year the average family's bound to pick up as much as $3.00 or more.

The makers of Listerine Antiseptic do not put their name on *any* product that isn't "tops." No dentifrice on the market beats Listerine Tooth Paste:

for reducing decay,
for thorough polishing,
for sparkling flavor,
for cleaning teeth and breath
(we're the *original*
breath experts!).

You get the "Thrift-Pak" at that rock-bottom price thanks to modern machinery, mass production, and more than 60 years of "know-how." Take advantage of it. Change to Listerine Tooth Paste in the new "Thrift-Pak" today . . . and save yourself $3.00 a year!

LAMBERT PHARMACAL CO., *St. Louis, Mo.*

TOOTH DECAY cut down as much as 60%

How much can a dentifrice like Listerine Tooth Paste actually do to cut down tooth decay? Read this new, impartial evidence. Immediate cleaning after meals was the important factor in getting these reductions. When it comes to cleaning, no tooth paste . . . not a single one . . . beats Listerine Tooth Paste.

Research just completed at a famous university definitely showed that this type of dentifrice, used regularly immediately after eating, can reduce cavities as much as 60%.

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September 23, 1950

ARTICLES

FICTION

Editorial and Executive Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

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CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

The Cover

Although there's a kindergarten in the Philadelphia suburb where Stanley and Janice Berenstain live, they had to draw on personal experience (they once taught a kindergarten-age drawing class) for most of the material on this week's cover. They called on the local school all right, but instead of the bedlam they hoped to find, all was startlingly quiet. Turned out the teacher, anticipating their visit, had gone to great lengths to keep the room from looking as you see it in the Berenstain version.

Week's Mail

Maybe Something Will Be Done About It

EDITOR: I have read Hiroshima, U.S.A. (Aug. 5th) with a tremendous amount of interest. It is well that your magazine took the lead in advising the American people of what the British have done and what we have failed to do. I shall certainly stress this in the meetings with the chief executive in the future.

SCOTT W. LUCAS, U.S. Senator from Illinois

. . . I read with very great interest Hiroshima, U.S.A., by John Lear. What I like about it is that it tells the dangers. You and he evidently were not aware of the constant iteration and reiteration I have made of the need for civilian defense, which must be part of an over-all mobilization.

Most people think of mobilization only in terms of industry, whereas it means men, money, materials, maintenance (food) and morals, which is the greatest of all.

BERNARD M. BARUCH, New York, N. Y.

Collier's is well aware of Mr. Baruch's wise insistence on preparedness for mobilization. The Hiroshima article was intended to re-emphasize that insistence.

. . . John Lear's article on atomic warfare is a clear, thought-provoking description of a very real and awesome problem that confronts us all. It is certainly to be hoped that forward reporting such as this will overcome lethargy and inspire direct action on the part of the many persons concerned.

GENERAL C. B. CATES, Commandant,
U.S. Marine Corps, Washington, D. C.

. . . I am in complete agreement with you that the American people must be prepared to meet the consequences of an atomic explosion if it should come.

I assure you that when a suitable and practical plan has been advanced for protection of the American home front, the Congress will support it with all its strength.

HENDERSON LANHAM,
U.S. Congressman from Georgia

. . . I want to commend you and your staff on helping awaken Congress and the citizens of this country to the need of having an affirmative program of defense against atomic bombing.

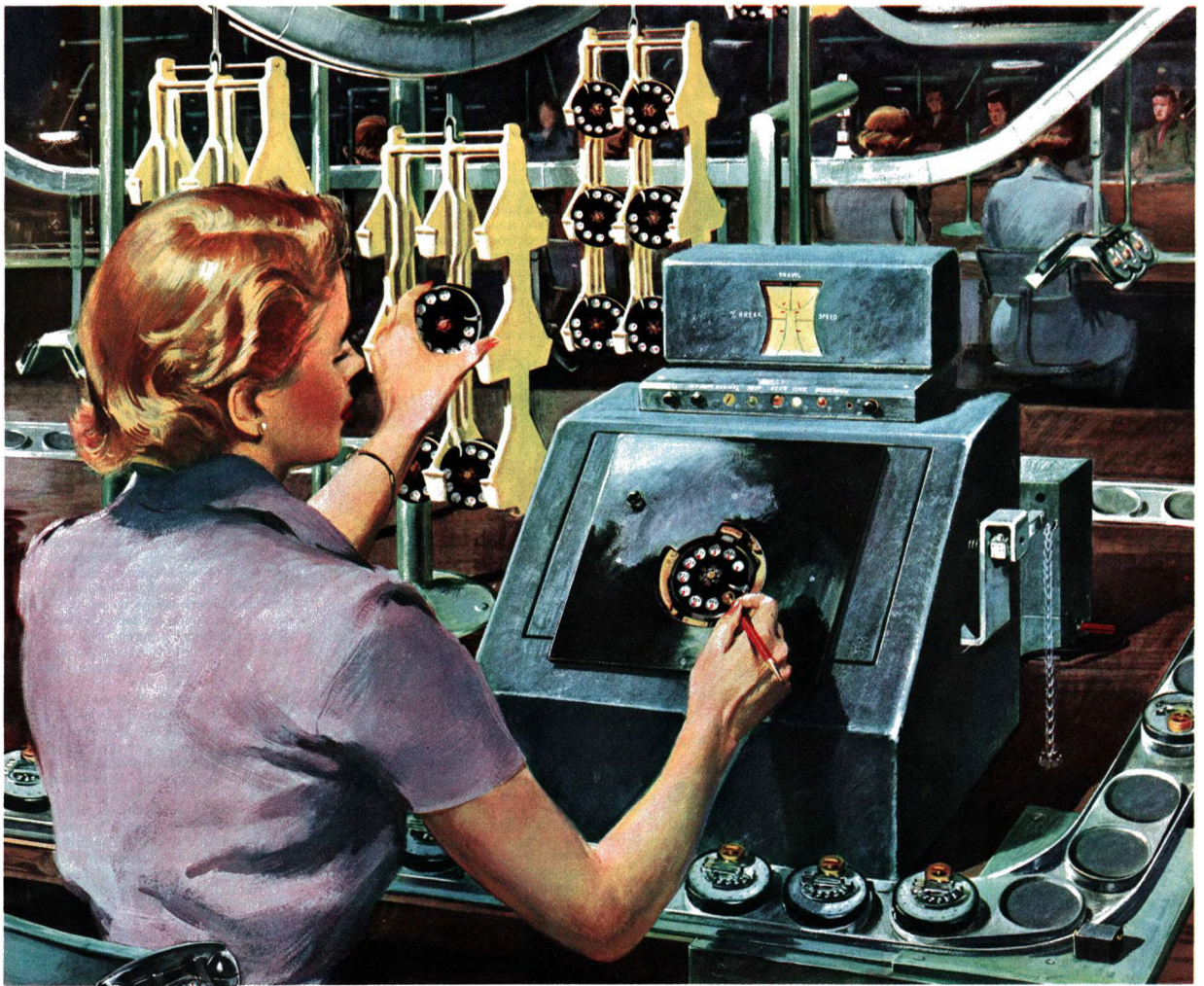
LLOYD M. BENTSEN, JR.,
U.S. Congressman from Texas

. . . I have read Hiroshima, U.S.A. with great interest in view of my membership on the committee which hopes to combat the effects of an A-bomb if dropped upon New York City. Lear's article is an exceptionally graphic one. Especially valuable is the description of what England is doing to meet the A-bomb threat.

CHARLES S. HAND, Commissioner of
Borough Works, New York, N. Y.

. . . The article certainly brings home the fact that we are a long way from perfecting defense plans against an atom-bomb attack.

Here in Utah, we have observed the



FAMILIAR MIRACLE... *in the making!*

GETTING the telephone number you want simply by twirling a dial is such a familiar miracle that you take it for granted. But we don't!

For example, this girl on a Western Electric assembly line is giving the final test that makes every dial prove it is fit to help get right numbers year after year. So, too, with telephones, central office equipment, cables—all must pass equally tough final exams. For good equipment is the keystone of good telephone service.

● Western Electric is a part of the Bell System—has been for 68 years. So, naturally, our people who *make* telephone equipment have the same goal as Bell Laboratories people who *design* it and telephone people who *operate* it. That goal is clear, fast, dependable service for you—at low cost.

Western Electric

A UNIT OF THE BELL SYSTEM SINCE 1882

. . . In my opinion you have done a public service in pointing up for your readers the well-nigh criminal lack of a comprehensive civilian defense program in this country. This is a matter which has disturbed me for some time and to which I have made reference on the floor in a recent speech pointing out that it is unthinkable that we should have no civilian defense program worthy of the name five years after entering the atomic era.

STYLES BRIDGES,
U.S. Senator from New Hampshire

"Hiroshima, U.S.A."

. . . You have performed another distinguished service by calling attention to one of the serious inadequacies in our national life. The cities, towns and villages of America today stand almost defenseless in the face of the threat of atomic bombing. Civilian defense has been sorely neglected. The matter of legislation to accomplish the orderly and rapid organization of the civilian defense system is of the most urgent necessity.

Immediate steps should be taken by the Congress to encourage and assist vulnerable and strategic areas of the nation, to organize and place in a constant state of readiness such civilian defense components as are considered essential to the safety and security of life and property.

KENNETH B. KEATING,
U.S. Congressman from New York

. . . I have read Hiroshima, U.S.A. with far more interest than can be expressed in these brief lines.

You may be interested to know that I am referring this copy of Collier's immediately to Colonel Spaulding Bisbee, our State Director of Civil Defense.

GOVERNOR FREDERICK G. PAYNE,
Augusta, Me.

. . . Thanks very much for the article, Hiroshima, U.S.A. It was very excellent.

I also want you to know that your articles on the criminal situation in some of our cities and states by Lester Velie have been very helpful to our Senate Committee to Study Organized Crime.

ESTES KEFAUVER,
U.S. Senator from Tennessee

. . . I thoroughly agree that the questions raised are deserving in all respects of immediate attention by appropriate authorities. This has been my own personal opinion for several years.

You may be assured of my own continued efforts in doing whatever I possibly can to help stimulate and promote further activity along these lines.

EDWARD H. KRUSE, JR.,
U.S. Congressman from Indiana

. . . Your presentation of the problems of civil defense will prove to be of great public service. This office is more than pleased to thank and to congratulate you on the painstaking job that the author, Mr. John Lear, and you have done to help the American people understand the many problems involved in this type of defense.

WILLIAM E. WARNER, Executive Director
for Civil Defense, State of Ohio,
Columbus, Ohio

. . . Collier's has been doing a great job of public service for the past year and is certainly in a position to say, "I told you so" —if that would do any good.

REAR ADMIRAL DANIEL V. GALLERY,
Norfolk, Va.

. . . The Hiroshima article is impressive and should perform a tremendous service in educating the public, in assisting the efforts of states and communities to organize soundly for emergency and in possibly stimulating lagging federal action along those lines.

Congratulations to Collier's on a gripping presentation and a great public service.

REAR ADMIRAL MILES R. BROWNING (Ret.),
Director of Civil Defense, State of
New Hampshire, Concord, N. H.

. . . It is too bad that more writers are not telling the American public the same general story. It would seem to me that the duty of those who help to mold public opinion has long been clearly indicated, and I have great admiration for the press, periodicals and commentators who print and tell stories based upon the facts involved in the Russian ideology program without pulling punches.

HARRY R. SHEPPARD,
U.S. Congressman from California

. . . Your August 5th issue was, to use your own phrase, cataclysmic. Your article, while educational, was also terrifying, and is certainly something to think about.

D. W. RENTZEL, Administrator of Civil
Aeronautics, Washington, D. C.

. . . I wish to congratulate your splendid group upon this issue and to inform you that I have referred it to the Commissioner on Civilian Defense in Delaware with the request that he promptly read the contents.

Editorial statesmanship of this kind is extremely important in these dark and uncertain days. Collier's Magazine has, to my way of thinking, adopted a policy during recent years of enlightenment and leadership of important advances in thinking as they take shape.

GOVERNOR ELBERT N. CARVEL, Dover, Del.

. . . After reading Hiroshima, U.S.A., I wondered if you had seen the comments on the article by two of our eminent Boston scientists, Dr. Karl T. Compton, chairman of the board of Massachusetts Institute of Technology, and Dean John W. M. Bunker of the M.I.T. graduate school, which appeared in the Boston Herald.

Dr. Compton said, in part: "I think this story renders a useful service. If the world were going smoothly internationally, if the U.N. were functioning as we hoped it would, and all the nations playing ball, I don't think such an article would do any good.

"But when we are under the shadow of partial mobilization, the story is quite different. We should be told the facts."

Dean Bunker said the article was "a picture, not a photograph." He said: "It is painted in bold colors which may well breed fear in the reader, and I think it ought to. But at the same time it ought to dispel unreasoning terror, which is different from fear."

You also might be interested to know that the Keene, New Hampshire, Evening Sentinel wrote an editorial on the same subject which began: "Occasionally a magazine or newspaper renders a major public service. Collier's Magazine has just published two articles that are head and shoulders above the crowd."

H. D. RICHARDS, Boston, Mass.

The fog lifts . . . the strain vanishes . . . you *see* a different world! One simple stroke sweeps away the frowns, wrinkles, headaches . . . the fumbling and fretting . . . the snubbing of friends you just couldn't *see*.

How many of us stumble through life taking our seeing for granted! We simply do not *know the difference* between the way we see *now*, and the way we *could* see, if we gave our eyes a chance to see with all the sharpness and brilliance of which they are capable.

That is why an eyesight examination is of such *immense* value.

It is a golden key to a new world of vibrant beauty, health and achievement . . . a shining pathway to the knowledge, culture and enjoyment in books, movies, television.

All eyes change with age . . . weaken with time. Keep an eye on *your* eyes. See your ophthalmologist, optometrist, ophthalmic dispenser (optician) regularly. It pays.

The effort is small, the reward immeasurable... *Better Living through Better Vision.*

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EYE CARE

Nothing you buy gives you so much, yet costs you so little

Nothing is too good for the only eyes you will ever have... From 2000 lbs. of "glass cook," emerge only 45lbs. of finished first quality lenses... Employing 363 technical and professional skills plus over 200 painstaking operations to make a flawless mounting... rigid quality control that means... insurance for your precious vision!

Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER

He died penniless when he might have made hundreds of millions

Nikola Tesla, a twenty-seven-year-old electrician from Austria-Hungary, arrived in New York in 1883 with less than a dollar in his pocket. Within three years, however, he had sold his new system of alternating current to Westinghouse for $1,000,000 in cash. From then until his death in 1943, Tesla produced at least 200 other important electrical inventions. Being a true scientist with little interest in financial affairs, he not only spent this money on laboratory experiments, but relinquished royalties and failed to take out patents, and thus did not make a profit on many of his ideas. Consequently, Tesla, one of America's greatest inventors, died penniless, whereas he might have left an estate of more than $150,000,000.

* * * * * * * * *

In the summer of 1883, a Boston newspaperman named Soames was looking for a good story and chanced to hear that earthquake tremors had recently been felt in the Indian Ocean. So he decided to concoct a fantastic tale about "a great volcanic eruption that had just occurred on the island of Krakatao." In writing the story, which he claimed had come from a secret source, Soames stated the explosion had blown away most of the island, hurled lava and rocks miles in the air and caused tidal waves which destroyed numerous coastal villages of Java and Sumatra, killing the inhabitants. The story was printed on the morning of August 28th in many U.S. and British newspapers which soon suspected the report was a hoax, as no confirmation of it had been received. But a week later, it was learned that a terrific eruption had taken place on Krakatao 24 hours before the publication of Soames's yarn and that his description of the catastrophe was substantially correct.

* * * * * * * * *

Two unique and weird sounds were featured on a radio program broadcast from the Museum of Antiquities in Cairo, Egypt, on the night of April 16, 1939. They were resounding blasts produced by the pair of bronze and silver trumpets which had belonged to Tutankhamen and had been found in his tomb when it was opened in 1922. As this Egyptian king died in the fourteenth century B.C., these trumpets are approximately 3,300 years old.

* * * * * * * * *

In many busy bazaars and market places in Asia and the Near East, the seller and prospective buyer of an expensive article "argue" and reach their agreement on the price by squeezing each other's fingers under a cloth. This keeps the amount of each sale a secret, a method which is imperative to a merchant who sells his goods by bargaining.

* * * * * * * * *

The three tiny bones in the middle ear, auditory ossicles, are the only bones in the human body that are fully grown at birth. On the other hand, the nose and ears are the only parts that normally continue to grow throughout life.

* * * * * * * * *

One of the strangest case histories of an American genius is that of William James Sidis, who spent most of his life in and around Boston and died at forty-six of an intracranial hemorrhage in 1944. While he was still an infant, his father, who was a psychopathologist, started out to make the boy a child prodigy. William developed so rapidly that, upon entering grammar school, he was able to finish the work of eight years in six months. At the age of eight, he had mastered mathematics and devised a new logarithmic table based on the number 12 instead of 10. When he was eleven, William entered Harvard where he astounded the faculty with a lecture on four-dimensional bodies and later graduated *summa cum laude*. In 1919, Sidis disappeared, having grown tired of thinking and of being publicized as a mental wizard. Five years later, he was discovered working as an adding machine operator; and from then until his death he would take only petty office jobs that, so far as known, paid less than $25 a week.

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ONLY RCA VICTOR has the experience gained by producing over a million television receivers. You get Million Proof quality when you buy any of the 18 brand-new RCA Victor television sets.

All have new, extra-powerful RCA Victor TV circuits for the best possible reception, wherever you live.

This 16-inch Kent-Ensemble shows you the clearest, steadiest pictures RCA Victor has ever achieved—in one of RCA Victor's most ingenious cabinet styles. There's a hinged panel to cover the controls. The specially designed, solid-front base gives the appearance, the convenience of a fine console—with "table model economy" in price. Built-in antenna in base.

Only when you buy RCA Victor television can you buy the RCA Victor Factory-Service Contract.

Check these "high spots" of Million Proof quality!

New Eye Witness System with extra-powerful circuits for the best possible television reception, *anywhere*.

Built-in antenna.

Effortless, automatic station selection.

Automatic gain control for *steady* brilliance.

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Phono-jack for attaching an automatic record changer like the RCA Victor "45."

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16" television in a complete furniture setting. Model 6T54. Ingenious, convenient and very moderately priced.

WORLD LEADER IN RADIO . . . FIRST IN RECORDED MUSIC . . . FIRST IN TELEVISION . . .

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DIVISION OF RADIO CORPORATION OF AMERICA

MY DUNCE CAP

and how it grew

By KEN KRAFT

Culture is a matter of course—it says here

CHARLES E. MARTIN

"Hurry, dear. We just have time to enroll in a class"

I HEAR there was once a man whose wife never took it into her busy little head to take a course in something. I got the story fourthhand, however, and I don't believe a word of it.

Women are incurable schoolgirls. They adore attending classes and lapping up learning. You wouldn't be hearing one cross word out of me about all this if I didn't have to go along. But this has been happening for some years now, and if you have any questions, just ask me.

Q. How did it start?

As I carried my bride across the threshold, she said, "Hurry, dear. We just have time to enroll for the class in making hammered-aluminum *objets d'art*, meeting Wednesday evenings at eight o'clock in the high-school basement."

Q. What came of that?

Surely you've seen such examples of this folk art as ash trays, nut bowls, salvers. Not in our home, perhaps. But you should see the lovely hammered-aluminum patches on our garage roof, and the effective hammered-aluminum swatches nailed over mouse holes around the house. Few of the courses we've taken had such good salvage value.

Q. Well, what else?

I recall, as it were yesterday, the time my wife decided that neither of us could speak our mother tongue properly. Up to then she had been a cheery, bustling little thing, singing as she dangled her participles and squinted her modifiers. Then a course, Better English, was announced by the Adult Education Department of our high school, and we were at it again.

Obedient to our instructor's suggestion, we kept score at home on each other's grammar. How our welkin rang that winter, with shrill cries of "Split infinitive!" "Wrong tense!" "I did not!" "You did so!"

This syntax espionage finally reached a point where we were both afraid to open our mouths, and this saved our marriage. After we stopped speaking to each other, we began to get along fine again.

Another time, my wife said, "I'm tired of being a fuddy-duddy on a dance floor. Will you come along and learn the rumba with me, or shall I hire a gigolo?"

Always unable to resist veiled hints, I went, and for $1.50 an evening we were privileged to shuffle around a loft with twenty other couples, eyes on a cummerbunded instructor, ears cocked for the strains from a phonograph.

We learned what we loosely call the rumba, though we haven't used it much. By the time we caught on, the samba was generally being featured wherever we limbered up to dance. Meanwhile, my fox trot had picked up a South American accent and wasn't much use any more. My wife is now prattling about square-dancing, and has me measured for a checkered shirt, just waiting for the right feed-sack pattern to show up.

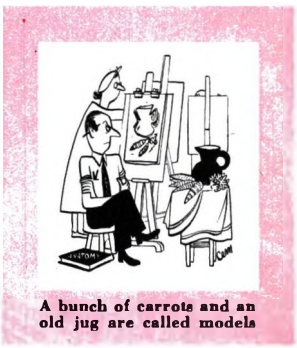
Of all the courses we have taken, I favor the one on current history (Fridays, 7:30, Town Hall). The lecturer was forceful, the material was meaty, and the seats had cushions. Most of all, I liked the choice of textbooks, which were the daily newspapers.

As the man said, "History is being made today, and it is our duty to know it! Read your newspapers!"

We did. It was what we had always done anyway, but never with such a rich sense of accomplishment. It is truly surprising how things like batting averages and Tracy's perils take on significance when viewed as part of the contemporary historical pattern. My wife felt this gave new zest to the recipe pages, too, and that it made the popular psychology and the weight-reducing columns shrewd commentaries on our civilization.

Our latest venture is art, an evening class in sketching. Or it was our latest, until something happened last week.

My wife had urged this course upon me as a matter of health. Sketching, she read from a pamphlet, soothed the nerves.



A bunch of carrots and an old jug are called models

Everything was quiet for the first couple of sessions, as we drew soothing circles and slanting lines. Then the instructor promised us models next time.

"Models!" I said, rubbing my hands as we walked home. "Now it gets interesting."

My wife sniffed.

"I'm glad my seat is near the front," I said. "I feel that you get out of a course only as much as you are willing to—"

"Personally," my wife said, "my nerves are not being soothed one bit by this darn' course. They are practically in a gallop, and I am getting out. You too."

"Well . . . okay," I said.

That's one thing you do learn in these courses. To be philosophical. And it is much easier if you really take an intelligent interest, talk to your teacher privately and find things out. For example, that in art class a bunch of carrots and an old jug are called models. THE END

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So light! So downy! You'll delight in the luxurious softness of the new G-E Automatic Blanket. And you'll be so snug under a mere 5 pounds!

Count your savings! New G-E Automatic Blanket costs only a few pennies a night. Takes the place of *three* ordinary blankets. Cuts laundry bills . . . saves storage . . . washes beautifully. Simplifies bedmaking, too. Comes in warm shades of rose, cedar, green, blue. One- and Two-control models for twin and double beds. See your G-E retailer today!

New G-E Automatic Blanket costs more than some makes —*and worth it!*

Over 1,000,000 G-E Automatic Blankets now in use!

Read what delighted owners say:

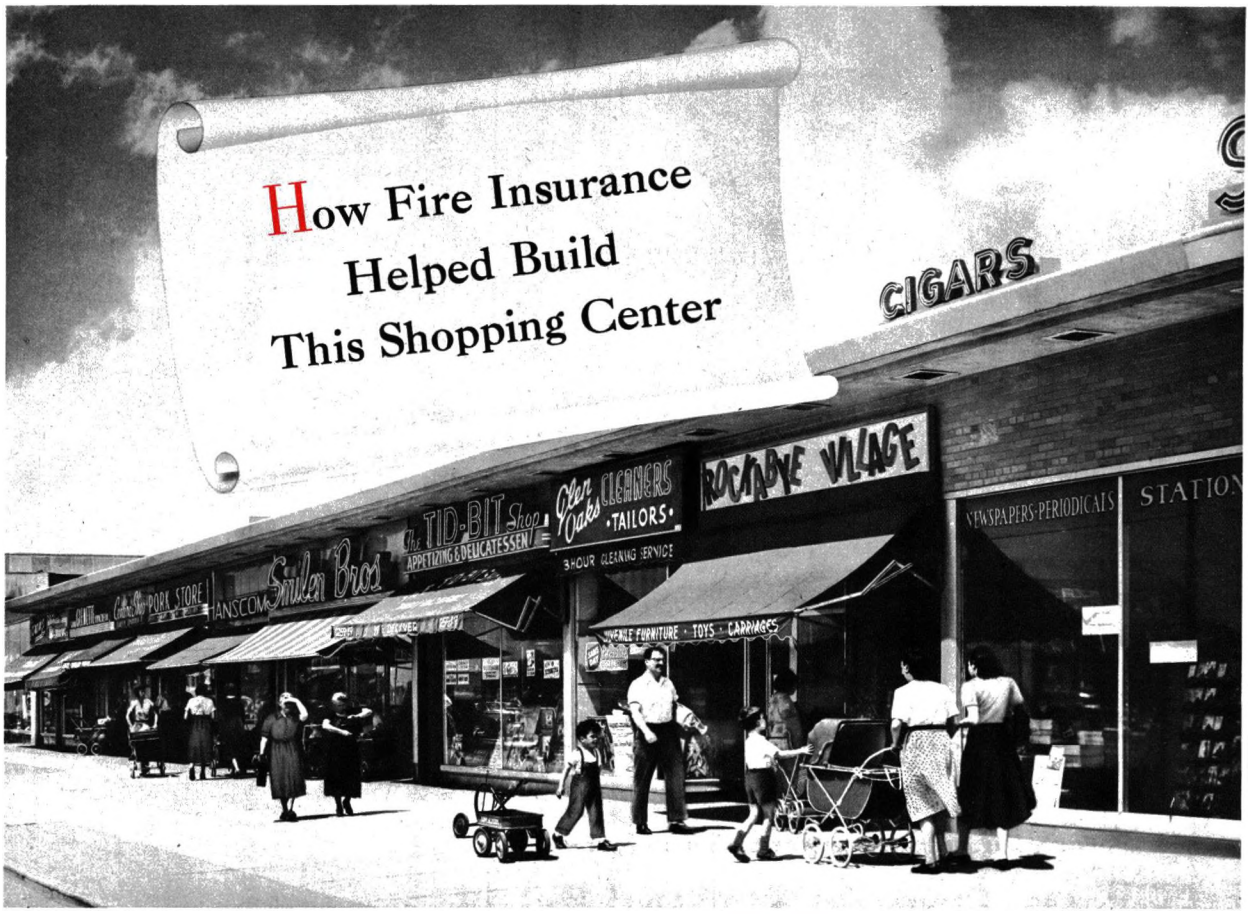
- "It's wonderful to keep deliciously warm with only one blanket." Mrs. Alfred Buell, Winnetka, Ill.
- "It's swell! Cozy, restful sleep all night!" Clifford Smith, Roslyn, N. Y.
- "It's wonderful to slip into a *pre-warmed* bed!" Mrs. Jack Titus, Los Angeles, Cal.

G.E.'s new kind of Automatic Blanket costs more because it's the *best!* You get more for your money! The new G-E circuit is designed to outlast the fabric!

AUTOMATIC BLANKETS

FIRST IN SLEEPING COMFORT—

GENERAL ELECTRIC



The butcher . . . the baker . . . the grocer . . . the tailor . . . the druggist . . .

Small businesses, large businesses, *all* business—in new communities, in old ones . . . fire insurance helps build every one of them.

Fire insurance also helps build the community that supports them.

Without the protection of fire insurance, no store owner could have borrowed the money to start and maintain his business.

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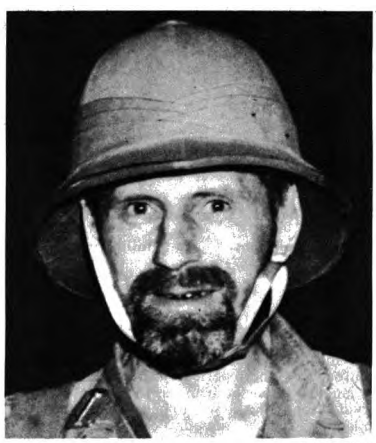
WAR ADVENTURE IN BURMA

They Called It
JUNGLE BROADWAY

By LOWELL THOMAS • PART I

A True Tale of the Air Commandos

THE first all-airborne invasion behind enemy lines began March 5, 1944, from the Lalaghat air base in India. Gliders of the 1st Air Commandos, led by Colonels Philip Cochran (Milton Caniff's Flip Corkin of comic-strip fame) and John Alison, transported heavily armed British, Scottish, Gurkha, Burmese and African troops of General Orde Charles Wingate's command to a jungle clearing in central Burma for slashing forays against the Japanese. Men and equipment, landed by glider in wild terrain similar to the battleground in Korea, built an airstrip for transport planes and carried the mission to brilliant success in less than three weeks—a magnificent demonstration of the quality of American fighting power which currently should interest the men in the Kremlin as they direct the Red fight in Korea.



U.S.A.F. PHOTO

General Orde Charles Wingate

Wingate, the moody, mystic genius of unorthodox battle, whose exploits in Palestine and Ethiopia already had earned him legendary status, was given the assignment during the Roosevelt-Churchill conference at Quebec in August, 1943. His strategic task was to throw columns behind the Japanese lines, disrupting communications and preventing reinforcement and supply for the Japanese facing General "Vinegar Joe" Stilwell's Chinese-American army in northern Burma. He called his men Chindits after Chinthey, the traditional winged lion, statues of which guard Burmese pagodas to ward off evil spirits.

Wingate asked for light planes from America to transport his wounded. He sought to avoid the tragedy of his 1943 spring campaign, when helpless men were abandoned to the Burma jungle or the mercies of Japs and natives. General Henry H. (Hap) Arnold, commanding the Army Air Force, gave him, instead, 500 energetic airmen, with light, transport, bomber and fighter aircraft and 150 CG4-A gliders. This "air task force" carried the Chindits over mountains, swamps and rivers, covering in two hours the tropical terrain they had hoped to conquer in a month. The combination of General Wingate's great gift for unorthodox fighting and young American flying talent fused to produce a new and perhaps a prophetic method of waging warfare.

Start this thriller on following page

Loading gliders at Lalaghat, on the India-Burma border, where the Air Commandos carved flying strips from

A WORK horse C-47 roared down the runway in deepening dusk and was airborne, sweeping in its wake a pair of squat, heavy gliders on twin nylon towropes. The plane and its silent trailers circled broadly to gain altitude for the 8,000-foot peaks of the Chin Hills. Five minutes later a second train roared away, then two more, completing a Pathfinder Team for an all-air invasion. In 30 minutes, the main wave of transports tugging CG-4A gliders began to pour in under the moonlight from the runways of Lalaghat. Their dim bulks rose to swell the steady roar of circling, climbing glider trains.

Loaded with Chindits—hard-fighting Scotsmen of the Black Watch, Lancastershire Fusiliers, West Africans, Burmese and Gurkhas—the Air Commando gliders were to swoop into a grassy glade in the Burma jungle 165 miles behind the Japanese lines. The clearing already had been named by the American fliers. They called it Broadway.

At field headquarters, Colonel Philip Cochran, the battle-seasoned, cocky Irish fighter pilot from Erie, Pennsylvania, watched the take-offs go according to his plans—and prayed that a last-minute decision to go ahead against warning of disaster had not doomed both pilots and Chindits.

The tow plane piloted by Captain Dick Cole, from El Paso, Texas, General Jimmy Doolittle's copilot in the first bombing of Tokyo, came back an hour ahead of schedule. "I lost my gliders halfway to Broadway," he reported. "They went down in the jungle." In one of them was Lieutenant Colonel Arvid Olson, Jr., who was to have taken command on landing. Three more pilots came back to report their towropes snapped over the Chindwin River. The bad news piled up as aircraft and men went down into the jungle at night. Thick haze, then unexplained difficulty in controlling the gliders and the high-altitude hop were causing unexpected trouble.

"By eight o'clock we were shocked," Cochran told me afterward, reminiscing about the daring operation. "I knew we had lost eight gliders. I didn't know how many, if any, had got into that jungle clearing. My decision was to keep pouring them in, to support any that may have made it."

He waited tensely for a radio message from Broadway, where his co-commander, Colonel John Alison, would be in charge instead of "Oley" Olson. At last a one-word message crackled through: "Soyalink." Cochran says he "collapsed internally." Soyalink meant the worst. That code word had been adopted as an expression of everything disagreeable. Soyalink was a sausage of soybeans hated by the British troops. It was the signal of last resort—halt the operation, send no more gliders.

There was no response to frantic queries for information. Cochran imagined the invaders had been ambushed and were being shot up. "I wanted to put a bunch of assault troops into gliders and rush them to the rescue," he recalls. But he didn't.

The bearded Chindit commander, British Major General Orde Charles Wingate, stood beside Cochran, watching his own toil and dreams of a year threatened with disaster. He was icily rational. "No, Phil," he told the American, "we must not attempt to snatch victory from defeat."

The flights were stopped and base operations reduced to nerve-shattering suspense. Cochran imagined the worst—the invasion force wiped out. Wingate combed his beard and advised patience until an aerial survey could be made at daylight.

Early in the morning there was a shout: "They're on the radio!" Cochran ran to the wireless shack and heard from Alison the first fragmentary report on a night of wild adventure.

* * *

It had all begun in stately circumstance of history. The Jungle Broadway exploit was launched

PAINTING BY BIRNEY LETTICK

the jungle. They never could get enough native labor to save themselves, officers and men, from overwork

by Franklin D. Roosevelt and Winston Churchill when they met at Quebec in 1943. They decided to create a Southeast Asia Command headed by Lord Louis Mountbatten, debonair cousin of King George VI.

The new command was to defend India from Japanese invasion and, at the same time, strike at Burma, which had been lost by the Allies in 1942. Supplies for China were being flown over the Himalayan Mountains—"the Hump"—at enormous cost. If Burma could be retaken, an overland supply route could be opened to China.

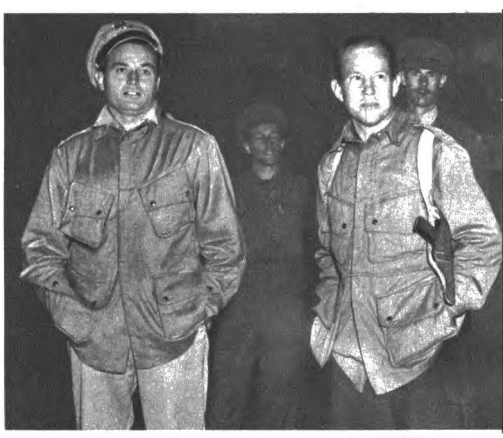
Churchill had a proposal. During the previous spring, four columns of Chindits had penetrated the jungle on foot and muleback and succeeded in cutting the main enemy rail and road facilities in central Burma. Wingate's trained tropical raiders had demonstrated what he called "long-range penetration," ripping communications, destroying supplies and blowing up transport, then silently disappearing into the jungle.

Churchill wanted to expand these raids into a full-fledged campaign after monsoon rains stopped the next spring.

He had brought Wingate to Quebec—a figure to arrest attention. A forty-year-old Englishman, of stocky medium stature, his expression was dour rather than smiling, his eyes piercing, his nose Roman, his thick dark hair showing gray. He wore jungle dress, scarcely appropriate in the pomp of a grand meeting of state chieftains.

Wingate was of a family of soldiers and preachers. His father had been a distinguished officer of the British Indian army. His ancestors were Puritan pastors and he had been reared in the deeply religious sect of the Plymouth Brethren. He attended Charterhouse, a public school, and was trained as a gunner at Woolwich Military Academy. Soon after being posted to Palestine in 1937 as a junior officer he began to show his quality as an eccentric, powerful leader, a "sword and Bible" commander with a love for the desert and jungle and the power to win the loyalty of various races. He was at the same time a profound believer in prayer, a mystic favoring yoga, and a tough professional soldier who loved fighting for its own sake.

Arabs were conducting almost uncontrolled night raids on Jewish settlements until Wingate won permission from his superiors to organize settlers into their own defense force. He trained the Jews to carry battles to the enemy, to strike fast and hard. Out of his ideas and tactics grew what is now the Palmach, whose units have been incorporated in Israel's official defense *(Continued on page 65)*



U.S.A.F. PHOTO

Cochran (left) and Alison headed glider operation

Partner's Choice

By MARY POORE

Selina wanted to go to the dance. What girl wouldn't?
Her brother didn't want to take her. What brother would?

MRS. PARKS often wished that she could wake, completely armed from head to foot, against the alarums and excursions of the early morning. In order to meet the new day with fortitude she got up ahead of her family and had coffee alone with the cat, a congenial companion who also savored quiet when she could get it.

One Friday in November, Mrs. Parks was two cups to the good when she heard her daughter's advance guard, a shepherd pup, bounding down the stairs. The cat took up battle station and a moment later the dog, Ben, skidding on the linoleum, greeted Mrs. Parks with boisterous joy and the cat with a nasty right to the jaw.

Next, her daughter glided into the kitchen deep in thought. Her dark hair was enthusiastically brushed and she wore her best sweater but not her own best skirt. At fourteen, Selina was tall enough to think she could wear her mother's clothes and Mrs. Parks quivered at the knowledge of the safety pins that took in the necessary reef points at the waist of her new tweed. She refrained from comment, however, not caring to tangle with Selina at this point. Warily, she said good morning.

"Mommy," Selina said gloomily, "what if he forgets?"

"What if who forgets?"

"Mac."

Mac was to be Selina's escort to the dance at school tonight and indeed, her first escort to any dance. Mrs. Parks hoped that in the future Selina would take such occasions more in her stride.

"Why should he forget?" Mrs. Parks asked. "He sees you in class every day."

Selina sipped her orange juice, her soft blue eyes apparently veiled in dreams. Then she said, "I wish I were Sally. She's had so much experience."

Mrs. Parks felt vaguely jolted.

"I mean, I think it's awful that I've never been kissed."

Mrs. Parks was wide awake now. "I don't think it's awful," she said firmly. "At your age I hadn't been either."

"That was in the old-fashioned days," Selina said with classic contempt.

Her mother brooded over the poaching eggs.

But Selina was by no means finished. "Mommy, what if Mac's sick?" she asked.

Mrs. Parks was in no mood to explore that possibility and said nothing.

"You're not listening," Selina said.

"Yes, I am."

"Why don't you say something?"

Mrs. Parks was glad to hear her husband's step in the hall. *He* woke full-fledged in the morning and would divert the flow of Selina's problems.

Mr. Parks flung open the swinging door to the kitchen and the dog flung himself on Mr. Parks. "Down, Ben," he said, and smiled at his womenfolk over the tumult. Standing there in the sunlight, with his big bones and his high color, he looked much more like his wife's idea of a baseball player than a writer.

Mr. Parks drank his orange juice in one gulp, filled a watering can from the sink and left to attend to his plants. Only after he had seen to them would he think of eating.

Selina, problems in abeyance, finished her breakfast and got up to leave. At the door she almost collided with her father.

"That damned dog of yours lunched off my Gloriosa Rothschildiana again," he said. "Why don't you tie a washbasket over his head?"

Ben, aware that he was being discussed, thumped his tail, upsetting the cat's milk, which he then licked up.

"Yes, you—you vacuum cleaner," Mr. Parks said affectionately. He was unable to stay angry for long—a disadvantage in combat with his family, who, he maintained, counted on it. But Selina, taking no chances, continued upstairs.

Mr. Parks looked over the extraordinary assortment of second-class mail by his place. "No word from Sam," he said in disgust. "Now when I was in college I wrote my mother and father once in a while."

"Selina says he has a new girl. I don't know how she knows."

"She always does," said Mr. Parks.

A MOMENT later there were cries from above—piercing cries that could mean anything from a lost barrette to a sprained ankle. As the volume for either category was the same, Mrs. Parks had to investigate. She found Selina standing in the center of her bedroom and wailing tearfully, "I can't find my algebra."

The mounting excitement was bound to break over something, Mrs. Parks thought. Now Selina would feel much better. Mrs. Parks found her daughter's textbook between Beauty Hints and The Care and Feeding of Dogs, and gave it to her.

There were minor flurries over the disappearance of Selina's favorite scarf and over her allowance. There was a pause to look at the red dress she was going to wear to the dance. Then, properly bolstered with the confidence the sight of it gave her, Selina was under way.

But school did not swallow up Selina to the extent her mother had anticipated. At ten o'clock Selina managed to telephone her.

"Mac isn't at school," *(Continued on page 54)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN NORTHCROSS

The phone rang, precipitating a four-way race. The cat came in first but Sam managed to beat his sister by a head

The Women Behind MacARTHUR

Mother. **She never let him forget his father was a great soldier, and she insisted he become a better one**

By CORNELIUS RYAN and FRANK KELLEY

THE two well-dressed and dignified ladies met in the hall of Craney's Hotel at West Point. They greeted each other effusively—too effusively. There was just the slightest note of wary respect in their pleasantries. They swept out of the hotel together and went their separate ways. Both glanced back appraising the other's gown, then, caught in the act, smiled in embarrassment. Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant II and Mrs. Arthur MacArthur were fighting a ladylike but one of the most bitter campaigns West Point had ever seen.

It was the year 1899. Ulysses S. Grant III and young Douglas A. MacArthur were fighting tooth and nail for top honors of their class. It was the first year at West Point for both, and their respective mothers were proving far more demanding than any instructor at the Point. Much was expected from both youths, and their mothers were on hand to see that the great expectations materialized.

There was another aspect of the fierce competitive spirit of the two ladies. Mary Pinkney Hardy MacArthur came from the South, though she had "crossed the border" when she married the dashing young soldier, Captain Arthur MacArthur, 24 years before. Still she was, at heart, a proud Southerner and the name Grant did not set too well with her. It would be a great triumph if her son "Dougie" (as she called him) won the scholastic battle.

Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant II was "conscious" of Mrs. MacArthur and of the fact that General Arthur MacArthur "had made quite a name for himself" in the Philippines, where, incidentally, he was at this period, but it appears that Mrs. Grant would have liked to believe that the MacArthurs were not quite members of the Army's four hundred. Yet she and Mrs. MacArthur were "devoted" to each other.

It is doubtful if the two boys were aware of the velvet-glove campaign waged for their benefit. They were good friends, studied hard and lived the rigid life expected of them. But they were both conscious of their proud family heritage; they were both out to win top honors. Young Grant, however, never quite topped MacArthur. That first year MacArthur was head of his class and Grant was second. That was the nearest Grant ever came. MacArthur swept the board of all honors and in their final year Grant came in seventh.

MacArthur's triumph was fully expected by his mother. For whatever else appears about Mary Pinkney Hardy MacArthur, one thing is clear: She was sweet, meek and pretty, but she had a remarkable habit of getting what she went after. There seems to have been absolutely no doubt in her mind that her son was going to come out on top.

Whatever the character of MacArthur, the molder of much of it was his mother. From his father he seems to have inherited courage, stamina and a love of books; from his mother he acquired not only brilliance and determination, but also a shyness which few people are aware that he possesses.

Mary Pinkney Hardy came from an old aristocratic Virginia family, steeped in the traditions of the old South. Stanch supporters of the Confederacy, all of the male Hardys fought under Lee. Thus it was something of a shock when she fell in love with a young soldier from the North, dashing young Captain Arthur MacArthur. That the family tried to dissuade her from the marriage seems obvious, for on the day of the wedding, May 19, 1875, her brothers, still loyal to their Southern heritage, refused to attend the ceremony. If this hurt the young bride of twenty-two she never revealed it. She had decided on Arthur MacArthur and she married him.

Douglas was born five years after the marriage. "My first recollection," he is fond of telling, "is that of a bugle call." Everything around him had to do with a military way of life. Indeed, the first time he ever experienced an attack from an enemy came when he was only four years old. During an Indian raid on a fort in New Mexico, an arrow came perilously close to hitting him. His mother ran with

INTERNATIONAL

First Wife. **Mrs. Louise Cromwell Brooks with the future general. They were married in 1922 and divorced in 1929 after he rejected her pleas that he resign from the Army. She wanted a gay social life, while he preferred the military one**

Three women have influenced the general's life, his mother who raised him to be a soldier, and two wives with different ideas about Army life

him in her arms as the first shower of feathered missiles came whistling into the compound. But Douglas, according to various accounts, enjoyed every minute of the raid.

His first books had to do with soldiering; his playmates were the children of other soldiers on the post and, like young Douglas, their first playground was an Army square. Soldiering was born in MacArthur and the love and determination of his mother brought it to full flower within him.

There were two other boys in the family; one died as a child; the other, Arthur MacArthur III, went on to become a lieutenant commander in the Navy and died in 1923. Douglas became the only son and was much favored. There was an intenseness about him from the very start. He was absolutely devoted to his mother and she, in turn, to him. They were inseparable; up to the day she died, at eighty-two, in 1935, she was undoubtedly the most powerful influence in MacArthur's whole life. Indeed those who knew her say that but for her brilliant management of the boy when he was in his teens, MacArthur would not be the military statesman he is today.

There was something of the Scarlett O'Hara in Mary MacArthur. She was petite, charming and tough. She could be petulant, sentimental and emotional all at the same time, yet always remaining cool and practical beneath. She passed these traits on in one complex bundle to Douglas MacArthur.

No estimate of MacArthur's character can be made without a complete study of Mary MacArthur. For with her lay the seed of leadership which was finally implanted in her son. With her, too, was the pride of family which MacArthur was never allowed to forget. He was told again and again that his father was one of America's greatest soldiers; that he was going to exceed even his father's record. The youth must have been awed by what was expected of him. Some of the family's closest friends, without any intention of being derogatory, have expressed the opinion that the egoism so often criticized in MacArthur's make-up is nothing more than a barrier he has erected to hide his own natural shyness.

Mary MacArthur tutored her son as a child to make West Point and the Army his goal. His years of study, first at Texas Military Academy and later at the Point, were entirely supervised by Mrs. MacArthur. No obstacle was insurmountable to her. When young Douglas failed to pass the West Point medical examination because of a spinal defect and was rejected by the academy, his mother promptly took him to the best doctors in Milwaukee—nominally the family seat—and had him treated until he was fully recovered. During this period his studies were not neglected. Part of the time he went to West Division High School and the remainder of his pre-West Point coaching was done by Mary MacArthur. The following year he entered the academy.

There, too, his mother supervised his studies. Indeed he spent most of his off hours with her, but not all of them. Somehow during the three years he found time to become engaged to eight girls all at the same time. Once when asked about it he wryly admitted: "I have never been so hotly engaged by the enemy."

MacArthur did not become officially engaged until 1922, when he was back at West Point, this time as the academy's youngest *(Continued on page 76)*

Present Wife. **The former Jean Faircloth, whom MacArthur married in 1937, photographed in Tokyo. She remained with him on Corregidor**

DIXIE'S No. 1

Wildcat Coach "Bear" Bryant never

GRIDNAPER

By BILL FAY

dogs it when he's hunting football talent for Kentucky

AN ELUSIVE youngster named J. P. Moore, who played halfback for Benton, Arkansas, High School, was scrutinized by talent scouts from 19 Southern universities during the 1939 football season. The scouts must have been impressed by J.P.'s style because they all came back for his graduation. Beaming like so many proud fathers, they sat well down front and applauded briskly when J.P. stepped forward to accept his diploma.

That is, 18 of the scouts joined in the applause. The nineteenth, a tall, dark, handsome and extremely transient young fellow named Paul Bryant, was backstage, crouched in the wings. When J.P. filed off stage with his classmates, Bryant grasped him firmly by the hand and led him out through the back door of the auditorium to a waiting automobile. (The charge that Bryant left the motor running in the getaway car has never been substantiated.)

Being a native of Arkansas himself, born and raised in Moro Bottom, and a graduate of the University of Alabama, Bryant was peculiarly qualified to talk to J. P. Moore about the multiple advantages of attending Vanderbilt University in Nashville, Tennessee, where, it so happened, Bryant was then an assistant football coach. In 10 eloquent minutes, Bryant indoctrinated J.P., pledged him to Vanderbilt, and released him into the custody of his parents on the front steps of the auditorium.

This swift selling job contributed mightily to Bryant's growing reputation as Dixie's No. 1 Gridnaper. It also marked him as a young man (he was then twenty-six) destined for higher things in an intensely competitive profession. One of the South's sharpest football operators remarked, prophetically, "Bryant's going to be hard to beat when he settles down somewhere as a head coach and starts lining 'em up for himself."

That time seems to have arrived. Bryant has been head coach at the University of Kentucky for the last four years. Although ostensibly engaged in a long-range rebuilding program, he's managed to turn out four straight winners; and this year, according to reports, he's loaded with muscular material. At least, the coaches of the Southeastern Conference think so. In their preseason poll, they rated Kentucky the team to beat down South, and they added they wouldn't be at all surprised if Bryant's Wildcats put in a forceful bid for national championship honors.

Naturally, Bryant dismisses this championship consensus as propaganda inspired by his unscrupulous colleagues to distract public attention from their own infinitely more powerful squads. Kentucky, he insists, simply doesn't have enough man power to contend with such gridiron colossi as Tennessee and Louisiana State.

Maybe not, but you can hardly blame the other coaches for fearing the worst. They point to quarterback Vito Parilli, an exceptionally talented young man who was in the running for All-America honors in 1949 and almost certainly will be again at the end of this season. And up front there's tackle Bob Gain, already touted as 1950's Lineman of the Year. Besides, Gridnaper Bryant has been here and there stockpiling youthful material. His 1949 line-up (from which he loses nine regulars from his two first-string platoons) listed recruits from such widely separated football centers as Rochester, Pennsylvania; East Chicago, Indiana; Ambridge, Pennsylvania; New Village, New Jersey; Weirton, West Virginia; Luverne, Alabama; Cleveland, Ohio; Aliquippa, Pennsylvania; Youngstown, Ohio; and Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Somehow, a home-town halfback named Dopey Phelps, who lives in Lexington only a few blocks from the Kentucky campus, also got into the act.

Then too, the Gene Donaldson incident has aroused understandable apprehension. Donaldson, a sophomore this fall, is a guard from East Chicago, Indiana, who once was fondly regarded by Frank Leahy, the Notre Dame coach. After observing Donaldson's offensive charge in a high-school scrimmage, Leahy commented euphemistically: "That lad moves people around."

Midwest talent scouts, who were familiar with Leahy's benign interest in Donaldson's future, did not waste time soliciting the youngster's services. After all, they reasoned, Donaldson lived only 60 miles from Notre Dame. Strike one. He was a Catholic and wanted to attend a Catholic school. Strike two. Leahy wanted him. Strike three.

But Bryant never willingly concedes a two-foot putt or a 220-pound guard. On a March afternoon, two winters ago, he paid a friendly call on the Donaldsons in East Chicago. He pointed out to the Donaldsons that in addition to Kentucky's obvious curricular merits, ample religious facilities were available for young Gene in Lexington within two minutes' walking distance of the campus. Donaldson went to Kentucky.

He Did Even Better at Maryland

In future years, the Donaldson snatch may be regarded as Bryant's most spectacular individual gridnaping, but from the viewpoint of quality *and* quantity, it does not compare with his accomplishments at the University of Maryland. Bryant made his head coaching debut at Maryland in 1945 after completing a four-year hitch in the wartime Navy. More precisely, he signed on at Maryland while still sweating out his discharge papers at North Carolina Preflight Training School. Then came complications.

One week before Maryland's opening game, Bryant was still sweating it out at Preflight when a long-distance call came through from a distressed official in the Maryland athletic department.

"Coach Bryant," the unhappy official said, "it looks like we'll have to cancel the opener."

"Why?" Bryant asked. "I'm leaving tomorrow. I'll be on the campus Monday morning."

"You'll have only five days of practice—you can't hope to assemble a team by next Saturday."

"Don't worry about next Saturday," Bryant soothed. "We won't have to assemble a team. I'm bringing one with me."

Early Monday morning, a bus deposited ex-Lieutenant Commander Bryant and 14 stalwart young men in wrinkled Navy whites on the Maryland campus. Surprisingly frisky after their all-night ride, the young men double-timed to the registrar's office, enrolled as GI scholars, ate an early lunch, and reported to Coach Bryant for two hours of dummy scrimmage. Saturday afternoon, they donned the gold and black spangles of their alma mater for the first time and edged out Guilford College, 60 to 6.

Although Guilford was not a major football power, the finesse of the Maryland attack impressed observers tremendously. There were comments that Coach Bryant's young men played as though they had been practicing for five months instead of five days. This was an exaggeration. Actually, they had been exercising together at Preflight (where Bryant pulled double duty as athletic officer and football coach) only four or five afternoons a week since the first of August.

Bryant's naval auxiliaries, thinly reinforced by raw campus recruits, experienced an eminently satisfactory season highlighted by victories over Virginia, South Carolina, VMI and a tie with West Virginia. All this hastily improvised success did not pass unnoticed at the University of Kentucky, whose football teams had been trying to emerge from a slump since 1912. Kentucky made an offer, and Bryant accepted it—with immediate riotous results.

Stirred by the news, Maryland students staged a protest parade and demanded the resignation of the president of the university, who had failed to pick up Bryant's option. When the parade reached Bryant's office, he quelled the rebellion with two blunt sentences: "I'm leaving because I've got two kids of my own just like you to think about. I'm taking a bigger job at a better salary."

Bryant was equally blunt in apprising Kentuckians of his intentions. At his first press conference in Lexington, which also is home to Warren Wright's fabulously successful Calumet Farm stables, he spoke in terms which his horse-conscious constituents could appreciate. "I'm not interested in place or show," he declared. "I came down here to win."

In three seasons before Bryant arrived, Kentucky won eight games and lost 20. Sizing up prospects for the '46 campaign, Bryant discovered that he had the nucleus of a consistent loser, plus a nondescript group of prewar players who had returned to the campus from the armed services. The situation was desperate, but not hopeless. Fortunately, relaxed wartime eligibility rules were still in effect. Freshmen could still play varsity football, and Bryant immediately acquired a helpful handful of talented freshmen in a lightning raid on the small steel towns in western Pennsylvania. One of these, Harry Ulinski of Ambridge, eventually developed into an All-South center.

When the squad assembled for fall practice, Bryant made a short speech. "Some of you kids have seen a lot of combat," he said. "Maybe you'll have a hard time getting excited over a football game. I'm not going to ask you to go out and win for Dear Old Kentucky. If you win any games this fall, win them for yourself."

That was the only speech Bryant made all season. Spurning psychological *(Continued on page 74)*

An in-person demonstration by the coach for the benefit of squad members (l. to r.) Vito Parilli (qb), Bill Wannamaker (g), Bob Gain (t), Bill Schaffnit (c), Bob Pope (t); kneeling: Wilbur Jamerson (hb), Ben Zaranka (e). As a player ('Bama '35), Bryant was a star end

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MACK HUGHES


The

Secret PREMIÈRE

By HANNIBAL COONS

Ten days that shook Dear George, the Hollywood press agent, who found himself in the middle of a cold war between his boss and some very important Army brass

FEDERAL PICTURES
Hollywood, California

From RICHARD L. REED
Director of Publicity

September 4, 1950
Air Mail

Mr. George Seibert
Special Representative, Federal Pictures
Hotel Statler
New York, New York

Dear George:

George, I am happy to announce that I have finally worked out the perfect assignment for you. On this one there is absolutely nothing for you to do, and I am therefore mildly confident that you will be able to carry it out without messing it up.

You are perhaps aware that we are about to lay another nine-reel egg out here, called Atom Love. Since we couldn't get any co-operation from the government on the thing, it contains about as much genuine atomic power as the average tin whistle, but in order to lure the citizens in to see it we must of course convince them that it is full of all manner of secret explosiveness.

The thing concerns, vaguely, a general who is in charge of one of our big atomic plants, but who spends most of his time chasing his beautiful Wac secretary back and forth among the cyclotrons. In addition to which, the general's wife is a lady clubwoman who can't get into the general's supersecret reservation even to see what is going out, and so she spends half her time at the bomb factory circling the gates, and the other half making bitter speeches against the whole atomic energy program, in the hope of getting it stopped long enough for her to retrieve her husband.

The whole thing is so ridiculous that naturally no one is going to believe a word of it, and innocent passers-by may even be trampled by the outraged ticket holders stampeding out of the theaters. However, ours not to question why; ours but to figure out new and wonderful ways to sell this flow of pickled herring.

And last night, as I lay abed trying to decide between suicide and a sleeping tablet I suddenly got the gimmick for this one. I will unveil this mighty atomic fizzle at a secret premiere—not one infernal soul will know a thing about it until it is over.

Before you rush into the streets yelling for the police, let me explain. None of the big atomic brass will hold still for any publicity nonsense, and it is a little difficult to get a picture made official if none of the officials concerned will approach within a country mile of it.

So, for the first time in the history of Hollywood, I am going to hold a secret premiere. People are getting so conditioned to all this secrecy business that all you have to say is that nothing happened, and everybody immediately thinks that all sorts of things happened that you just won't talk about.

So we will proceed on that basis. At every military base in the country, atomic or otherwise, motion pictures of some sort are still shown to the inmates practically every night in the week.

And now, to work. I have decided to hold our secret premiere of Atom Love at the big atomic plant at Oak Knoll, Arkansas. It's the biggest and best-known, so I have decided to give them our business.

We will proceed thusly. I have air-expressed a special print of this soul-stirring film to you at nearby Pine Knot, Arkansas, care of General Delivery. All you have to do is hop down there, find out which local distributor supplies Federal films to the Oak Knoll base, and just when the next Federal picture is to go in through the barbed wire. No matter what it is, you will then merely switch the film cans, and when the nightly drama comes on that night at the base what will it be but good old Atom Love?

We will then hasten to release the picture generally, with large flaming ads announcing that it is of such official and earth-shaking importance that it was premiered at the Oak Knoll atomic base under conditions of such dire secrecy that we can't even say who was there. The fact that we don't know will make no difference; everybody will immediately be sure that every big atomic official in the country was on hand, with President Truman and his Cabinet sneaking in at the last moment to take seats quietly in the rear. And by the time anybody finds out what really happened, our cash register will be positively sway-backed with money.

Isn't that a dandy? One of the nicest things about the whole plan is your extremely simple part in it. All in the world you have to do is get the right film in the right can, and hand it to the man when he comes for it.

And think how proud you'll be when your grandchildren ask you to tell them just once more the important role you played in the atomic energy program. Love,

Dick.

(Continued on page 58)

June Lester is so beautiful that she takes your breath away—blue eyes that go round and round you like some sort of heavenly lasso

ILLUSTRATED BY FRITZ WILLIS

KOREA—Tougher to

Our Red foe scorns all rules of civilized warfare, hides behind women's skirts and has

Tokyo

THE young pilot drained his cup of coffee and said, "Hell's fire, you can't shoot people when they stand there waving at you."

"Shoot 'em," he was told firmly. "They're troops."

"But, hell, they've all got on these white pajama things and they're straggling down the road in little bunches of five and six pushing little handcarts full of bedding and stuff."

"Heading which way?"

"South, mainly."

"See any women or children?"

"Women? I wouldn't know. The women wear pants, too, don't they? But no kids, no, sir."

"They're troops. Shoot 'em."

"But when you come over they stand there and wave . . ."

"Shoot 'em."

The Marine pilot was learning his first and distasteful lesson in the unorthodox tactics of the Korean campaign, a lesson his seniors themselves learned only after they had been driven into the southeast corner of the Land of Morning Calm by a phantom enemy who was rarely visible until he materialized in force—behind the American lines. Not since the days of Indian warfare 80 years ago, of which there are no survivors to coach our troops, have American fighting men come up against an adversary so cunningly adept at concealment, mobility and surprise; and so insouciantly contemptuous of every rule of civilized warfare.

From the onset of the so-called police action in Korea the United Nations' forces, which is to say the United States' forces until mid-July, had complete control of the air and of the sea. By all precepts, air and sea domination should have given us all but complete control of the situation. According to some zealots of the Douhet theory of warfare, domination of the airways alone should have enabled us to make the Communist invasion a brief and suicidal adventure. But all such precepts are based on the assumption that warfare would be a progression from the Battles of the Marne, of Anzio and Saint Lô, not a retrogression to the forgotten tactics of the frontiers. And so our forces were forced backward in space, as the tactics were in time.

While this discourse is not intended to be a military critique, but, rather, a description, it is necessary to emphasize briefly three advantages the invading forces possessed and which they exploited to the ultimate.

The terrain was in their favor, and will be on the long, hard road back. Korea is a rugged, mountainous country. Its highways are rarely as good as our own back-country roads. The people of agricultural South Korea are little given to travel, even of shopping-excursion proportions. The few railroads, where double-tracked, run into the bottlenecks of tunnels every few miles. The flatlands are largely converted to rice paddies. There are few towns, but literally thousands of villages of from a dozen to a hundred thatched adobe cottages. It is bad country for troop deployment and worse for military aviation.

Secondly, the invaders were penetrating familiar

Communist jeep burns near bend in road after attack by jets of U.S. Fifth Air Force. Enemy tank in foreground was missed on first pass.

DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE PHOTO

Crack than Okinawa

children play near bombing targets

By CAPTAIN WALTER KARIG, U.S.N.R.

country, peopled with their own kind in custom, speech and diet, but a peasant people uncomprehending the issues at stake. The average South Korean's major interest was and is in the contents of his rice bowl, not in politics except as it affects taxation. If he has ever heard of the United Nations, he probably confuses it with the United States, a misconception the Communists further, and accentuate, and which the Americans helplessly aggravate by being compelled to bomb South Korean villages and industries taken over by the Reds.

A third advantage to the North Korean forces, of course, was the military poverty of the republic and of the American forces sent there from Japan, which, important as it is to the debacle, is outside the scope of this discussion. Although increasingly outnumbered, our troops were no greener than the enemy's, and certainly better officered, but they were in about the same fix as were General Braddock's redcoats at Fort Duquesne. They fought by the book, whether or not it was a well-studied book, against an enemy who had learned our rules of warfare only to circumvent them.

And here's how they did it.

They traveled light, they traveled swiftly; they cut across fields with no semblance of order, to coalesce in well-disciplined units behind our lines in a continuous process of infiltration and outflanking. They traveled by night and hid by day, and when they had to move by daylight they went disguised as refugees, and forced villagers to transport light ordnance, disassembled, and ammunition in matting-covered back-packs and handcarts.

They stripped our dead and captives and clad themselves in American uniforms. They painted their tank tops and truck cabs with American insignia to ward off our aviators. What uniforms they had they covered with the baggy white garb of the Korean peasant.

Well schooled by some master of American psychology—probably not Korean—in the traditional sportsmanship of the United States military man, the disguised invaders never took cover when American airplanes zoomed overhead. They waved and cheered at the pilots like lost men welcoming rescuers. Even when our aviators reluctantly strafed such groups, a combination of iron discipline and Oriental fatalism prevailed; they did not run for cover, as any civilians, sensible or not, would do. They squatted where they stood, heads bowed, until the spitting plane had passed, and then, kicking their dead into the bordering rice paddy, trudged southward again.

Such discipline was even more purposefully demonstrated when our aviators probed at military targets of a more obvious nature—factories, warehouses, suspicious-looking strawstacks which we learned were more apt to contain tanks than mattress stuffing. The aviators, firing a few bursts at the possible targets to smoke out the defenders, rarely aroused any sign of life. Not unless the attack was pressed was the camouflage stripped from the 20-mm. and 40-mm. antiaircraft guns whose crews came out of hiding to return the firing from the sky. Otherwise they sat low and took it, hoping (and often successfully) that the American flier would conclude the target worthless or abandoned.

Before the arrival of the low-flying Navy and Marine fighters, whose comparatively short hop from the carriers spared them the handicap of distance the Japan-based Air Force fliers had to endure, American planes had only bare minutes over the combat area and had to place their shots where they obviously and instantly did tangible good. *(Continued on page 69)*

The opinions in this article are the author's and do not necessarily reflect any policies or opinions of the United States Navy Department

Reds use rice straw to camouflage vehicles. If strafed, they refuse to return fire hoping our fliers will be tricked into not returning for another run over the target

Red soldiers, wearing civilian garb and carrying concealed weapons, mix with fleeing South Koreans and thus get behind our lines. Photo was made near a front-line town

WIDE WORLD

'Loved, Feared and Followed'

By GENEVIEVE FORBES HERRICK

Despite her 75 years, Mary McLeod Bethune wages an unceasing fight for her people. Both opponents and friends pay respectful attention

SOME time ago in the lobby of Washington's Mayflower Hotel I came upon a friend, bound as I was for a dinner honoring a distinguished woman government official. I suggested we sit together. I always enjoy a visit with her, for she is a woman of attainment, head of a powerful organization of 800,000 women, founder-president of one college and possessor of honorary degrees from half a dozen others.

We were early. I led the way to a table up front and asked the two gentle-faced women already there if we might join them. They gave us a friendly nod and we sat down.

Presently, after some conversation with her companion, one of the women whispered softly to me that her friend had asthma; she feared that the vibrations of the loud-speaker, directly above us, might bring on an attack. I said I'd never heard that theory and urged them to remain. A few moments later she repeated her worries, this time in a louder voice. Still I didn't tumble.

The third time she was more urgent. She was sorry, but they'd simply have to find seats farther from the amplifier. They bowed, rather elaborately, and left.

Suddenly I saw through the asthma alibi. For my companion was a black woman, probably the most influential black woman, and certainly one of the blackest, in the country.

I fumbled for the right words to relieve her embarrassment. She found them, to relieve mine.

"I feel sorry for them." Mary McLeod Bethune, friend of the high and the humble of both races, spoke with compassion. Then, thoughtfully, and with some satisfaction:

"Twenty years ago they wouldn't have bothered to think up that ridiculous story. They'd have jumped up the minute I sat down. We've made progress—some progress."

Mrs. Mary McLeod Bethune—nearly everybody uses the full, rhythmic name—has not only witnessed progress, she has helped make it. Today, at seventy-five, this woman—born in a cabin on a South Carolina plantation to parents not long out of slavery—is loved, and feared, and followed.

She is loved and revered by hundreds of graduates of Bethune-Cookman College in Daytona Beach, Florida, which she founded 46 years ago. She is frequently feared by public officials and private employers the nation over who realize her power and recognize her persistence in her fight for her race. She is followed, almost to a woman, by the 800,000 members of the National Council of Negro Women, which she founded in 1935, and from whose continuous presidency she retired last November.

Mary McLeod Bethune may not make the headlines, like a Marian Anderson, a Joe Louis, or a Ralph Bunche—who overcame their hazard of color to achieve outstanding personal success

The noted Negro leader at her desk. The cane once belonged to Franklin D. Roosevelt. Mrs. Roosevelt gave it to Mrs. Bethune after his death

With no capital but $1.50 and a firm faith in God, Mrs. Bethune founded Bethune-Cookman College in Florida in 1904

against white competition. But she will find a place in history, not so much on account of what she has accomplished for herself, which is plenty, but because of what she, as a Negro, has done for America's 13,000,000 Negroes, and for what she has inspired them to do for themselves.

Mrs. Bethune can whip up a regular Old Testament wrath when the rights of Negroes are challenged. When she herself is treated shabbily, she keeps her temper, striving always to "meet personal humiliation with grace and dignity." And sometimes with a dash of shrewd humor.

For instance, that time she was in the parlor car of a train up North. The conductor came up the aisle, calling out, "Tickets, please."

At her chair, he commanded: "Gimme your ticket, Auntie."

She continued to read. "Hey, gimme your ticket, Auntie." She turned a page of her book. He shouted, "Auntie, hand over your ticket!" She looked up, in feigned surprise and said calmly, but so others could hear:

"And which of my sister's sons are you, John or Joe?"

She recalls with relish that "the passengers roared with laughter, the conductor got pretty red, and said, oh, so politely, 'May I have your ticket?' "

As she acts out the incident, she adds ringingly, "I have no inferiority complex." Far from it. Her organlike voice rises to a proud crescendo: "My mother was a descendant of African tribal rulers. She held her head high."

The daughter, too, holds her head high. It is a massive, majestic head, framed in white hair. As she sits in the great chair in her office, a blue silk robe flung over her broad shoulders like a ceremonial mantle, aides grouped deferentially around her, Mary McLeod Bethune might, herself, be an African queen.

Mrs. Bethune employs no "ghost" to write her talks and articles and the column which she conducts in the Chicago Defender, a Negro newspaper. Others, with more time, may furnish the facts and figures. She alone weaves them into the fabric of words. Her prose is frequently picturesque and poetic, as when she urges her people: "Be a Daniel. Take the vow of courage. Be militant. But let the weapons of determination be coupled with the armor of justice and forgiveness."

She tells the story of her life with self-revelation and self-respect. Mary Jane McLeod, fifteenth child in a family of 17, was born on a plantation near Mayesville, South Carolina, July 10, 1875. By the time she came along, her parents, who had continued to work "for the master" after freedom, had earned five acres of land, and what her mother called their own "vine and fig tree." The fig tree was really a cotton patch; the vine covered a rude cabin built by her father and the boys.

Mary was eleven before the community had a school for colored children—a one-room affair established by the Presbyterian Board of Missions. She walked the five miles each way every day. At night she taught her older brothers and sisters to read and write.

Finishing the school's limited course, she had no place to go but back to the cotton fields. But one sunny morning as the family worked in the field, her former teacher appeared. Another rural schoolteacher had written the Board of Missions that, by doing dressmaking on the side, she had saved enough money to give an education to a colored girl, "providing you can find one you know will make good."

Mrs. Bethune's voice lingers over that prophetic phrase—"one you know will make good."

She pauses, and we are back in that cotton field, hearing the teacher say, "Aunt Patsy, we have chosen your Mary."

We see "Aunt Patsy" McLeod extend her arms to heaven. We hear her reverent, joyous cry: "Thank you, Master." (We know it is not the "master" for whom she had worked to earn the five acres.)

A few weeks later, Mary, who had never seen a train, boarded one to ride 150 bewildering miles to Concord, North Carolina, where, for eight years, she studied at Scotia Seminary. She then went to Chicago to spend two years at the Moody Bible Institute. For the first time in her life she found hers the only black face in the group. It was, and still is, a challenge, and sometimes a painful experience. "White men's eyes piercing me, piercing. Some of them are kind eyes; others would like to be but are still afraid."

At Moody Institute, her mezzo-soprano voice (at seventy-five it still has the vibrancy of a cello) won her a place on the Gospel Choir Team that toured the Northwest. One day she was billeted at a farmhouse in a remote part of Minnesota, among the first of her race to come that way. As the farmer's wife bustled about the kitchen, her small daughter sat in the parlor, fascinated by the strange lady. When the *(Continued on page 38)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE TAMES AND SANDY GANDY

Lean Shadows in the Valley

By JESSE STUART

I'd been a failure at everything I tried. Raising cattle was a last gamble—and my wife wanted no part of it

WHEN Penny Hilton stopped his big cattle truck just about a hundred yards from our house, Deanems, my wife, was not on the front porch to see the cattle coming in to our farm. When I got out of the truck to open the gate, I looked at the door and it was shut tight. I looked at each of the four front windows and I didn't see her face against a windowpane. Always before when I'd brought something to the farm, she'd come down the flagstone walk with a smile and she'd greet me and ask questions. But not now. She had said she wouldn't when I went after the cattle. I thought maybe she'd change her mind and would run down the walk and look at the cattle. I'd hoped she would and that she would say that I knew best about what to buy and not to buy to make our farm pay. But she was as good as her word. I thought deeply as I opened the gate and let Penny, my cousin, drive the truck through.

Penny had twenty-one head of cattle on his truck. Behind Penny, Ted Allen was coming with another truckload of twenty-two head of cattle, and behind Ted Allen, Bill Wheeler and Uncle Jeff Hilton were coming with another twenty head. Three truckloads. Sixty-three head of cattle. And Penny went through the open gate and Ted and Bill followed with the big truckloads of lowing cattle. I knew Deanems should have heard the noise. She just wasn't there. That was all. She said she wouldn't be there and she hadn't changed her mind. I felt my heart beat faster as I closed the gate behind Bill and ran to get in the front truck with Penny to direct him to the big empty cattle barn on my farm.

"What's the matter, Shan?" Penny said as we drove up the narrow-gauged valley over the frozen snow-patched January earth. "You've been so full of life today. Now you're sad. What's come over you?"

"Oh, nothing," I said. "I'm just thinking."

I was thinking, too. I was thinking about the wife I loved. She was the only girl I'd ever loved. And I didn't tell Penny about what had happened before I'd bought the cattle. I didn't tell him that for four years my farm had lost money—that many a night, Deanems and I had sat up until midnight trying to figure a way to make our farm pay. On the seven hundred acres of hill and valley land, with only little creek bottoms that we had built into productive meadows, we had only a three-acre tobacco base.

We had tried to increase our tobacco base, because three acres were not enough. We couldn't do that, not when tobacco bases were being reduced. We couldn't raise hogs, for we didn't have enough productive level land to raise corn to feed them. We had tried sheep and had failed because the dogs attacked our ewes one night before lambing season and had caused them to lose three hundred lambs prematurely. I had lost approximately three thousand dollars on sheep.

We had pastureland and we had timber on our farm. I didn't want to sell my timber on the stump. I couldn't get too much for it that way. I didn't want to try cutting it and milling it myself for I didn't know anything about the timber business. Once Deanems even suggested that we sell part of the farm and pay our debts. I couldn't do that, not on the wasteland where the timber had once been cut and I had taught school on a small salary before I married her and had bought it piece by piece. I loved this land. I couldn't bear the thought of selling it. I'd kept the fires out and let the young timber grow until I had nice young timber all over my rugged hills now.

The only conclusion we could come together on to make the farm pay was to buy cattle. I had plenty of hay to feed them until the grass greened in late March or early April on my hills. I had three hundred and fifty acres of little-used pasture and plenty of hay in the cattle-barn loft and in nine stacks on my meadows. We reasoned together that we could buy cattle in the middle of the winter, feed them until spring, put them on grass and sell them in the autumn.

But I had failed on so many things on the farm, Deanems wouldn't completely agree to this idea until we consulted Charles Claxton, a prosperous attorney who invested other people's money, who had risen from a shoeshine boy to a high place in the business world. His property holdings were in excess of a half million dollars. He owned two city blocks, farms, stores, lumberyards and milk plants. His judgment in investment matters was sought by many people. Deanems and I knew Mr. Claxton; we had gone to a rural school to him when he was teaching for forty dollars a month. He'd never forgotten us. We'd never forgotten him over the years. He was still our friend. That was the reason we went to him with our dream about cattle as the means to make our farm pay.

"Never, never borrow money and buy cattle now," was the advice he gave us. "Cattle are on the way down. Don't you watch the market? Look," he said as he dug into a file and pulled out an article. "Read this," he said. And I did read it and passed it on to Deanems. The article, written by a marketing expert, said cattle had dropped twenty-five per cent in less than a year and would drop more and more in price. It was a warning to anyone interested in buying cattle to make money.

When Mr. Claxton gave us this advice it was enough for Deanems. I was stunned. I didn't know what to do. When I told him my plight on my farm he didn't know exactly what to tell me to do to pull myself out of a financial hole so I could pay my taxes and keep my wife and baby in the average comforts of living.

WHEN Deanems and I left his office in the highest city building in Dartmouth we were very sad and silent. The dream was shattered.

"Would you rather believe Mr. Claxton or your husband?" I asked Deanems, to break the silence that had engulfed us.

"I would rather believe Mr. Claxton," Deanems said. "Why not? After all, isn't he the most successful businessman in this part of the country?"

"Would you stand by me if I bought the cattle anyway?"

"What's the matter with you, Shan?" she asked, as she stopped on the street and looked strangely at me. "You don't mean you're going against Mr. Claxton's advice and buying the cattle anyway?"

"After all, he's got a head of his own and I got a head of my own," I said.

"That's just it, Shan," Deanems replied tartly. "One more failure and we'll lose our farm. Did you ever think of that, Shan?"

"I sure have," I said. "We're losing anyway. We don't need the farm if it won't pay."

"But we'd better sell the farm and get the money out of it, instead of losing on bad investments."

"But we won't sell that farm," I almost shouted. "And we'll make it pay."

"How will you buy cattle?" Deanems asked.

"Borrow money and buy them," I said. "My credit is still good at the bank.". . .

And that is just what I did. Only I didn't tell Deanems how much I borrowed. Les Toore, a friend of mine at the bank, let me have all the money I wanted. I borrowed so much it scared me. I borrowed so much that I knew it would take most of my farm if I didn't win. I was afraid it

We came onto my herd of steers, standing under the oak shades near a stream of clean, cool, clear mountain water

would take my wife too. But I had made up my mind to buy cattle, and I was going all the way. It wasn't big to a lot of farmers but it was big to me. I borrowed forty-eight hundred dollars.

Then I hired three men with trucks to go with me to haul my cattle home. When I went to the Canton Livestock Market, to bid in cattle for the first time in my life, I took Mom's brother, Uncle Jeff Hilton, who had made a fortune and lost a fortune buying cattle. I wanted him to help me bid them in. And in that crowded market, where men sat on benches one seat above the other like a football stadium where they could look down on the cattle, I wondered if I were taking too big a risk or not.

Uncle Jeff and I got choice spots on the bottom seats where we could get a good look at the cattle. But when the first cattle were put on the floor for bids and the auctioneer started singsonging bids through a little microphone, I couldn't understand him at first. When the first long, lean, hungry cattle came on the floor, Uncle Jeff nudged me in the ribs with his big thumb. "Them's the kind to buy, Shan. Bid 'em in or make the other feller pay for 'em."

When the bids went up, I went just a little higher. I got the cattle. I got the long, lean, hungry cattle with the good markings. I passed up all the fat cattle, the "top stuff" and the little calves. I bid on the yearlings, the long yearlings and some two-year-old steers and heifers. Uncle Jeff had soon showed me what to bid in. Well, a few of the old cattle buyers, who made a living by buying and trading in cattle, looked over across the cattle pen at me. I was taking some of the cattle they wanted.

"Who's that fellow over there?" I heard one ask.

"He's the fellow from Greenwood County," said the big man standing near him with a crook in his hand, "that can't make his farm pay. He was a schoolteacher until he failed at that."

"He's a-goin' to fail on cattle if he don't watch out," said the man with the whip in his hand. Uncle Jeff heard what they said. Nearly everybody heard what they said.

I was glad Deanems didn't hear. I knew she was right at home this minute, thinking about what I was doing.

"Pay 'em no minds, Shan," Uncle Jeff said. "They're peeved because you took the bid away from 'em. Old cattle buyers are like that."

Uncle Jeff figured the amount I was spending for cattle as we went along so I wouldn't go above the amount of money I'd borrowed. And when the long, lean, hungry cattle with the good markings came through, I bid them in as the other buyers looked on. Some of them thought I was a wealthy cattle buyer; but others from my county knew I wasn't and whispered the word around to men crowded on the tiers of seats that I was a failure in everything I'd *(Continued on page 84)*

ILLUSTRATED BY WARREN BAUMGARTNER

Eva Tanguay

Joe Cook

Edgar Bergen

Bert Lahr

Marilyn Miller

Frank Tinney

Daddy of the

Fondly recalling his 61 years in the theater, Gus Sun is proud of

GUS SUN, the old-time juggler, medicine show doctor, circus proprietor, Uncle Tom show impresario, minstrel man, theater owner and vaudeville booker, now a rough and ready eighty-one, last summer celebrated his 60th year in show business by swinging the biggest deal of his career. He picked up the telephone in his Springfield, Ohio, office and called Bob Hope, who was then on a golf course near Los Angeles, and got the comedian's consent to play the Michigan State Fair, in Detroit, for three—count 'em—three days at $27,000.

Even Hope was rather startled by the sum. "Twenty-five years ago," he told a reporter, "I played my first date for Gus Sun in Palestine, Ohio. He paid me $40 a week. Now he's getting me $9,000 a day. Come to think of it, I'll probably only have about $40 left after taxes—but I'd do anything for old Gus Sun."

In his heyday Mr. Sun was known as "The Daddy of the Small Time." His 10 booking offices fed acts into 275 theaters. Troupers waiting for bookings used to greet Western Union boys with "Here comes Gus Sun." Offstage sneezes were blessed not with "*Gesundheit*" but "GusSunTime."

Mr. Sun originated the custom of giving two shows a day, and started three-a-day vaudeville; he was perhaps the first to draw women to his theater by giving away free dishes and silverware. He did so much in his day, in fact, that he is now a sort of legend. Many people think of him as a folklore figure who never existed, a Paul Bunyan of the bright lights; others believe he died long ago.

Mr. Sun is delighted by the legendary place he now occupies. "Wherever I go, they know of me or remember my name," he often says. This is literally true. A few years ago, as he was visiting his old pal Charlie Grapewin, the character actor, on a Hollywood lot, he learned that 12 of the 17 people on the set had worked for him.

Last year in Miami Beach, as Mr. Sun was buying a suit, the clerk said, "Mr. Sun, I used to sing in a quartet in your theaters." Later, in Poplar Bluff, Missouri, he spoke to a gas-station attendant who had been an acrobat in a Gus Sun show; and once in Athens, Greece, while checking into a hotel, he met a man who had done a soft-shoe routine in the old Gus Sun American Minstrels.

Old Mr. Sun does so much traveling that he tires out most of the members of his family. A tall, well-built man with gray hair and sharp, youthful eyes, he darts from his home in Springfield to Miami Beach to Louisville to Hot Springs to Texas to Canada and to Kelleys Island in Lake Erie—swimming, fishing, hunting, camping out, cooking enormous steak dinners for cronies, playing golf and making side trips to fairs and carnivals. Mr. Sun takes pride in the fact that he still carries on his booking business. One day last summer as he and a friend were sitting in Martin's, a pleasant establishment on Kelleys Island, he remarked with satisfaction that to his knowledge he is the oldest living circus and minstrel man still active in the entertainment world.

Gus Sun was born Gustave Ferdinand Klotz, on October 7, 1868, in Toledo, Ohio. He was the third son and fifth child of John Klotz, a German immigrant who operated a team of drays and a small hotel. When John Klotz died in 1872, his wife, Louise, a handsome and strong-willed lady, was left only with the hotel, an impoverished establishment catering mainly to laid-off drummers and at-liberty entertainers. Among the latter tribe was a juggler named Professor Otto. He practiced in the back yard to the considerable fascination of the Klotz kids, who wheedled him into teaching them a few simple tricks. Mama Klotz, a strict Lutheran who regarded show business as vaguely sinful, tried to discourage her sons. But when the Professor packed up his balls and plates and departed, he left behind some dirty laundry, an unpaid bill, and three stage-struck boys.

Little Gus was in the Nebraska Avenue school in Toledo, feigning interest in his studies. He lasted until the fourth reader, when he quit for good and worked in a candy factory, a tobacco warehouse and a grocery store. At fifteen he ran off to New York and landed a

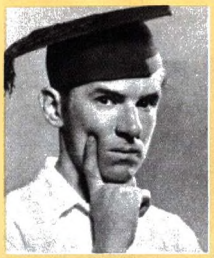
Raymond Hitchcock

Lou Tellegen

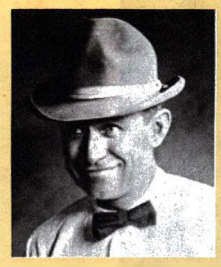
Paul Whiteman

The Four

Eddie Cantor



Ted Healy



Will Rogers

Joe Penner

Fanny Brice

Small Time

the many he helped to stardom

By RICHARD B. GEHMAN

job in a poolroom, where he set up the balls in the daytime and juggled them at night.

In the fall he returned to Toledo and his brothers, George and John. George had twisted his back in vaulting over three circus elephants, and was paralyzed from the waist down.

John, embittered by his own failure to make a living performing on the road, smashed Gus's juggling equipment and decreed that the boy must learn a useful trade.

Reluctantly, Gus entered a sewing-machine company as an apprentice mechanic. But during his lunch hours, and in the evenings when John wasn't around, he continued to work on tricks he had seen on the stage in New York. One involved balancing a champagne bottle and glass on his forehead, and working them with a gently nodding motion back to the base of his skull, then forward again.

Sun first booked Bob Hope 25 years ago

Gus's first public appearance—in an amateur-night contest in a Toledo theater known as The Blood Tub—won him the first prize—$3. Thereafter he billed himself as Herr Gus of Klotz, and came to the attention of T. F. Daly, who was booking a small minstrel show into nearby hamlets.

For $1 a show, Gus juggled for Daly in various Ohio towns, drawing rotten eggs and tomatoes at every stand. This diet palled before long, and he joined the Amaranth Minstrels as Herr Gustav Gun at $3 a performance. The new name apparently gave him confidence, for he soon quit his job at the sewing-machine company to join the Somerville and Fry Circus in Chicago.

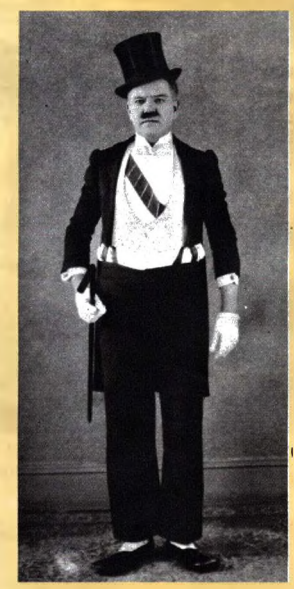
Gus opened under the big tent with his newest trick, in which he twirled four cigar boxes and a lighted oil lamp on a spinning parasol. All he needed to make it a wow was an audience. It was a lack which pursued him from the circus lot through various theaters, including McGinley's Museum on Vine Street in St. Louis, the Central in Louisville, and the old Cole and Middleton Museum in Cincinnati.

There weren't many places showing vaudeville in those days, and performers during the winter naturally gravitated toward the medicine shows, which played outdoors while the weather held and then retreated into the town halls. Healey and Bigelow, a New Haven company that manufactured Indian remedies, then had more than 100 companies on the road. Gus applied to their Chicago office, and was sent to join a unit in Hillsdale, Michigan.

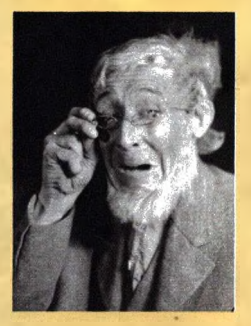
The doctor, whose name was Harry Lake, advised Gus to split his act into four parts, so the audience would seem to be getting more for the admission charge of ten cents. Entertainment, however, was secondary. The high point of each show came when "Dr." Lake led out four unhappy Sioux, whose combined salary of $25 a month kept them looking strikingly solemn, if not well-fed.

"Friends," the doctor would say, "I have here four of Nature's own children, straight from the reservation. Look how healthy they are! Friends, they owe all their health to Sagiwa, the old Indian remedy compounded of roots, leaves, gums, barks and berries. Regardless of the doctor you have now, friends, *(Continued on page 72)*

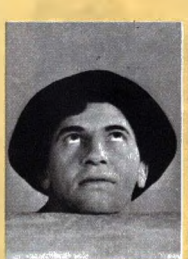
CULVER PHOTOS

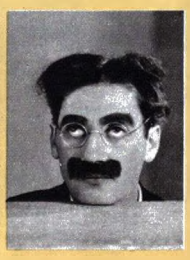


W. C. Fields



Chic Sale





Marx Brothers

Walter Huston

Burns and Allen

Ted Lewis

"Palladian Bridge," one of Churchill's earliest efforts, was done around 1920. It had its first public showing in London last year

"Green Trees and Poppies," which is unsigned, like all Churchill's canvases, was painted in 1927 on Sir Philip Sassoon's Kent estate

The artist himself doesn't recall where he painted "Mill Pond and Cottage." He did it just before touring America in the early '30s

This "Hunting Scene" is an unusual Churchill subject. No hunter, he most often paints flower arrangements and peaceful landscapes

This is "Red Flowers in Blue Vase," painted in 1925 at Chartwell, the Churchill country home in Kent

Greetings by CHURCHILL

This year you can buy Christmas cards by the world's best-known amateur painter. Most of these canvases have never been shown in this country—few have been seen elsewhere

THE paintings shown here, which will be available this year on Christmas cards, are a happy consequence of one of the major Allied defeats of World War I. They owe their existence to the reluctant retirement in 1915 of forty-year-old Winston Churchill, First Lord of the Admiralty, who was held responsible for the bloody and humiliating defeat suffered by British troops at the Dardanelles. Forced out of public life under a barrage of criticism, Churchill fretted, seeking a release for his vast energy. "Like a sea-beast fished up from the depths, or a diver too suddenly hoisted," he wrote later, "my veins threatened to burst from the fall in pressure." Painting gave him the outlet he was looking for.

Churchill attacked his new hobby with characteristic enthusiasm. He completed some 300 canvases in the next 35 years, painting whenever he could find time—during two world wars, in the lulls between political campaigns, and during vacations and official business trips all over the world. Like his attitude toward painting, Churchill's approach to the canvas is in keeping with his character. He described it well in his book, Painting as a Pastime, when he wrote admiringly of another artist's technique: "Splash into the turpentine, wallop into the blue and the white, frantic flourish on the pallette—clean no longer—and then several large, fierce strokes and slashes of blue on the absolutely cowering canvas."

While Churchill's colorful results (few critics call them masterpieces, but many find charm and craftsmanship in them) have been exhibited in Britain, they have seldom been available for public scrutiny in this country or elsewhere. The five shown on these pages are among 18 which will be published as Christmas cards over the next three years by the Hallmark Greeting Card Co.

The former Prime Minister at his easel. Shown the prints reproduced here, he commented: "Better than the originals"

To Live Again

By A. J. CRONIN

Paul thought he knew the identity of the real murderer. But who would believe him, when the men to whom he must apply for justice were the same men who were conspiring to prevent him from discovering the truth?

The Story: Young PAUL ENGEL, living with his mother in Belfast, Ireland, was horrified to discover that his father, LEON ENGEL, was not dead, but had spent the past fifteen years in Stoneheath Prison, serving a life sentence for murder. He heard the story from PASTOR EMMANUEL FLEMING, whose selfish daughter ELLA wanted to marry Paul.

Leon Engel had been arrested as he was about to sail for America with his family, for the murder of MONA SPURLING, in Winton, Scotland. "Positive" identification by JANET CROMBIE, the victim's maid, and LOUISA BURT, a passer-by, formed the basis for the verdict of guilty obtained by INSPECTOR JAMES SWANN and CHIEF CONSTABLE ADAM URIE—the use of this questionable evidence having been sanctioned by SIR MATTHEW SPROTT, prosecuting his first case for the crown.

Unable to believe his father guilty, Paul set out to track down the truth. ALBERT PRUSTY, the dead woman's neighbor, who still lived at the old flat and was the only witness who had refused to swear to Engel's identity, told him of an unknown man at the scene of the crime; he also revealed that Inspector Swann had not believed the verdict to be just, and had searched for further evidence. Paul found Swann in a hospital. The dying man confirmed Paul's growing feeling that his father had been framed, and gave him the address of Louisa Burt. Paul looked her up, and was just persuading her to talk about the case when the police picked him up on a trifling excuse and brought him before Chief Constable Urie, who warned him not to try to reopen the case. Undeterred, Paul persuaded MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT GEORGE BIRLEY to file a plea for reinvestigation.

Paul was meanwhile growing attracted to lovely LENA ANDERSEN. Two pieces of bad news struck him at once: the rejection of his plea in official quarters, and a piece of gossip about Lena's having an illegitimate child. At the same time, he lost his job for being on the police list. All that buoyed him in his determination was the note he received, apparently from his father, advising him to look for a man called MONK, in a slum district called the Vennel.

Paul, without a job, became a derelict in the Vennel, living in flophouses and doing menial work. When he met Monk, he was depressed by his bitterness and cynicism. Monk had spent his life in fruitless hatred of Sprott. Paul was enraged when he saw Sprott in action at a murder trial, and Monk thought he had found his long-sought opportunity for revenge. He plied Paul with liquor, worked on his feelings against Sprott, and finally gave him a gun and sent him off to confront the prosecutor.

Meanwhile, Sprott, who had been feeling uneasy about the raking up of the Engel case, was at his club, where he was snubbed, as always, by NIGEL GRAHAME, a lawyer famous for his integrity. Sprott went home angry, and found Paul waiting for him; he refused unconditionally to re-examine the evidence or recommend a pardon for Leon Engel. Paul almost followed a terrible impulse to murder him, but left, shaken by the emotional ordeal, without harming him.

VI

THE night was cold and clear, with a biting wind. As Paul moved off from the prosecutor's house, making his way blindly through the silent streets, a great weakness almost overcame him. Yet one idea was uppermost in his mind. And when at last he reached the river he drew the gun from his pocket and, with a sense of relief, hurled it into the oily water. He heard the dull splash it made, and he watched the dark circles spread. Only when the last ripple had gone did he turn away.

At that moment the clock on the Tron steeple struck eleven.

The heavy strokes brought him back more fully to himself. Through the turmoil of his thoughts and his overpowering fatigue, he realized that he was penniless. He drew up short, wondering where he could spend the night. Gradually he saw that only one course was open to him. He would have to do what Jerry and the others at the lodginghouse dreaded beyond all else. He had to sleep out. There was a place known as the Arches, the only corner of the city, short of the graveyard, where the homeless might spend the night undisturbed. As he went toward this wretched spot he felt that the last bulwark of his respectability was gone.

The Arches lay near the river—two dark cuttings under the span of the Mungo Railway Bridge—and by the time he arrived other unfortunates had already settled themselves for the night. Pulling up his coat collar, he sat down in the chilly shadows with his hands in his pockets and his back against a round iron pillar. It was bitterly cold. With his jaw set to suppress his shivers, Paul drowsed in snatches.

Morning came in a gray and sullen haze, with the heavy thunder of an early train upon the bridge above. So cold and cramped that he could scarcely rise, Paul got to his feet and stumbled off. His stomach ached for food, but he did not have even the price of a roll. He wondered dizzily if it were possible to starve in this thriving city. Of course there was charity—he was too hungry to be proud—and at the back of his mind, as from another existence, he remembered the organization of the Silver King that Louisa Burt had told him about.

Somehow he managed to get through the day, and as dusk approached he dragged himself to the east corner of the Saltmarket. Here, in a small triangular space between the tramway tracks, a wagon stood, with a tin chimney and a flap board, already surrounded by a waiting, destitute throng. At five o'clock exactly, the flap board was let down, forming a counter and disclosing in the interior of the wagon a modern kitchen unit. An attendant in a white apron stood behind the counter and as each man came up he handed him a bowl of soup and a hunk of bread and dripping. The only indication of the donor's identity was seen in the sign painted on the flap board, almost erased by frequent scrubbings: THE OSWALD FREE CANTEEN. The hot soup revived Paul, and he ate the bread and dripping hungrily.

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. MONROE, JR.

And now the free canteen became the one fixed point of Paul's existence. Every night he silently joined the waiting figures. The men never talked much; they simply waited. And when they had been fed they slipped away, back into the shadows.

Once a week, on Thursday night, the white-aproned attendant was joined by a man of about fifty, tall and erect, dressed always in black, with dark eyes and a faint, remote smile. Paul recognized him at once. It was Enoch Oswald himself. When he removed his black, wide-brimmed soft hat his hair under the lights gleamed silver-white, a feature so striking it had earned him the name by which he was familiarly known to the outcasts who received his bounty.

Bareheaded, he came slowly down the bread line, stopping a moment before each man, not looking at him, never speaking, but pressing into his palm a newly minted shilling. As Oswald stood beside him, Paul, though his head remained bent, was throbbingly conscious of his presence. This was the man who had befriended Louisa Burt, who was now befriending him. An overmastering desire took hold of Paul to reveal himself and his predicament to this man.

Here was a chance, he thought, to enlist the aid of one who could not fail to help him, who would at least wish to help him. More and more, through hours of painful brooding, he had come to realize that only through Louisa Burt could he pierce the mystery of the murder. She knew—of that he was certain. She was at hand, alive and real—the rest was shadowy, lost in the obscurity of the years. And here, at his side, was the single person who might compel the wretched woman to speak. Surely, in the circumstances of his destitution, which had brought them face to face like this, there was something providential.

A kind of vertigo took hold of Paul. In his weak and nervous state, the suddenness of the opportunity was too much for him. He was taken by a spasm of the larynx, words died in his dry throat, he failed to open his lips. When he came to himself, Oswald was gone. But through his disappointment Paul was aware that, the following week, the chance would come again.

Now, in his manner of living, Paul had reached such a pitch of suffering that for brief periods his memory would fail him. In this nightmare state in which he moved he forgot who he was, and when he remembered, he had an irrational desire to go up to strangers and explain his identity to them. For hours he would wander about in a state of stupor. His clothes were shabby, his boots leaking; he had not shaved for days. His hair, uncut, fell across his collar; his eyes had become dull.

TOWARD the end of the week the weather turned colder. Recurrent fogs swept up the river and settled like a blight upon the city. In this grimy twilight the smoky air was charged with sulphur fumes. Paul developed a hacking cough. In his lucid intervals, it seemed to him that he could not go on much longer.

Then Thursday came again, and hope revived in him. He went early to the Saltmarket and took his place among the first arrivals at the canteen. Night fell swiftly. The flares were lighted, the hatch thrown down. Suddenly, as he waited in the bread line, he became conscious of someone standing beside him. He felt it was not the Silver King. After a moment, he raised his head and looked into the eyes of Lena Andersen. . . .

Three weeks earlier, when Paul was dismissed by the Bonanza manager, Lena had witnessed the incident with a queer feeling of dismay. As the days passed and she did not see him again, this deepened into a definite sense of loss. At the end of the week Harris engaged another pianist, a young woman. The music she played and the recollections it evoked intensified the ache in Lena's breast. She felt herself slipping back into the same sort of depression that she had suffered when she left Kippen.

About a year before, she had been quite happy in her position at the County Arms Hotel. Kippen was a pretty town, at the *(Continued on page 42)*

The crowd milled around them. "Friends," Paul shouted, "I'm only asking for justice!" And then the two policemen dragged him away

LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

KATY

By MARY JANE WALDO

THEY took the baby, thought Katy, and I couldn't help it because she was too little and I couldn't take care of her But they won't get Mike. She hurried and got Mike all ready before Miss Ewing got there, and she took him downstairs where the people were waiting. She had hoped that the people would look mean, but they looked very kind.

"This is Mike," she said rapidly. "He limps a little bit and he's not very smart."

The first part was true, today; but the last was such a lie that it scalded her teeth.

"I'm his sister," she went on. "I'm Katy." Let them look at her and see how homely she was; she didn't care. Maybe they would think that Mike would look just like her when *he* was ten years old, and they wouldn't want him then. People never thought about the babies growing up, Katy guessed, because everyone wanted little tiny kids; it was understood all over the Home that nobody would take you after you were five or so.

"I'm glad to meet you, Katy," the lady said, offering her hand. "You know, of course, that we're hoping—"

"Yes," said Katy between her teeth. She ignored the hand; she was not going to be charmed. She turned and ran back up the stairs as fast as she could.

There was a place at the top where you could look down without being seen from below. She stood there, looking down and willing Mike to do the things she had told him to do. "Don't smile, Mike," she begged silently, "please, please don't smile." He was only three and a half. He minded her very well, but when she wasn't there he sometimes forgot.

Mike was not smiling. He stood sticking out his lower lip, watching the people. His hair, though, which Katy had plastered down with water so that he would not be so beautiful, was already blossoming up into curls again; he was looking much too cute.

The lady bent down in front of him and you could see that her hair was nearly the same shade of red that Mike's was. This was bad. She would like him all the more.

"What's the matter with your foot, Mike?" the lady said warmly.

"I stung it on a bee," Mike told her. Katy groaned. She had always taught him to tell the truth and here he kept on doing it when she wished he wouldn't. If the people had thought something was really wrong with his foot, it might have made a difference.

Katy felt Miss Ewing's hand on her shoulder. She liked Miss Ewing; everyone at the Home was nice. It was not a mean place at all. Mike could be happy here with Katy. He didn't need to be adopted, when he had Katy. Nobody else could bring him up so well, since he had been Katy's child nearly all his life.

"Those are the Gallaghers," Miss Ewing said quietly to Katy now. "They have wanted a little boy ever so long." Her hand lingered on Katy's shoulder as if she were about to say something else, but she didn't. She went downstairs to talk to the people.

The man was holding out a hand to Mike. Mike was wary. He was not smiling yet and he looked with some caution at Mr. Gallagher's eager face. Presently he took the hand, and the Gallaghers walked out of the Home with Mike. Probably they would buy him things; people most always did when they came to "look over" one of the kids. Probably he would eat too much ice cream and get sick. Katy hoped he would. No little boys looked cute while they were throwing up all over everything.

Mike was back in time for his nap. "I went for a long ride," he announced importantly. "I saw cows." Katy held him on her lap while she untied his shoes but he did not relax against her. "I'm going to sleep for *one hour*," he said solemnly. "And when the one hour is sleeped, wake me up so I can play with my new truck."

After he was asleep Katy sat there on his cot, watching the shadows his eyelashes made on his cheeks. She was helpless with love for him, and he was partly gone from her already. It had been so important to their mother that they should all stay together. "Don't let them separate you, Katy. Don't let them do it," she had entreated over and over. It was the only thing she had cared about. And Katy had not been able to keep the baby even for a week.

They would not take Mike. . . .

The worst part was that Mike liked the Gallaghers. How could he help it? Katy could hardly keep from liking them herself. Every time she came downstairs with Mike, they tried to talk to her; once they even brought her a present. It was a doll. She decided with scorn that they were trying to make it easy for her. She would not talk to them. She ducked her head and looked at her feet, or she ran upstairs. She looked at them furtively, seeing how gentle Mrs. Gallagher was, like Mama had been; how friendly Mr. Gallagher was trying to be. She hated them. She didn't know what she was going to do.

The Gallaghers had come from upstate, and they had only ten days in which to decide about taking Mike. The time was nearly up when Katy thought of what she must do.

There was a thing which had kept one of the prettiest of the little girls in the Home; it could keep Mike there too, maybe. The next time the Gallaghers came Katy had made herself very neat and pinned her hair in the way that made it look a little better. When she brought Mike down she tried to look pleasant and she stayed to wave a wistful good-by from the door. Mrs. Gallagher looked back at her.

"Would you like to come, too, Katy?" she asked uncertainly.

Katy's heart beat fast. The plan was working. She ran to ask permission. Miss Ewing gladly granted it. Then she sighed a deep sigh. "Sometimes things are very hard, Katy. But I know you would never do anything to—to endanger your little brother's future."

"No, Miss Ewing," said Katy gladly, grateful that the warning had been so phrased. "No, I would never do that."

KATY had been once to the circus, and there were occasional parties for the Home children; but it was different to be away from the Home with a family. It was wonderful to be in the back seat of a car with Mike, and to have a lady and a man in front; you could almost pretend . . .

And the Gallaghers seemed so happy. All day they kept smiling at each other. It was too bad to spoil it, but it had to be done.

She waited until they were nearly back to the Home. She didn't know how she was going to say it, but Mrs. Gallagher made it easy. "Mike never talks about anyone but you, Katy," she said. "You must have taken care of him since he was quite small."

Katy nodded. "I had to," she said firmly. "Mama had to go to visit Daddy so often, in the—in the asylum, you know." It was Katy's last bolt; if this didn't work, nothing would.

Nobody said a word and the car sped along the avenue.

Suddenly Mr. Gallagher pulled up to the curb and stopped the car. He looked at his wife. "We're a fine pair," he said.

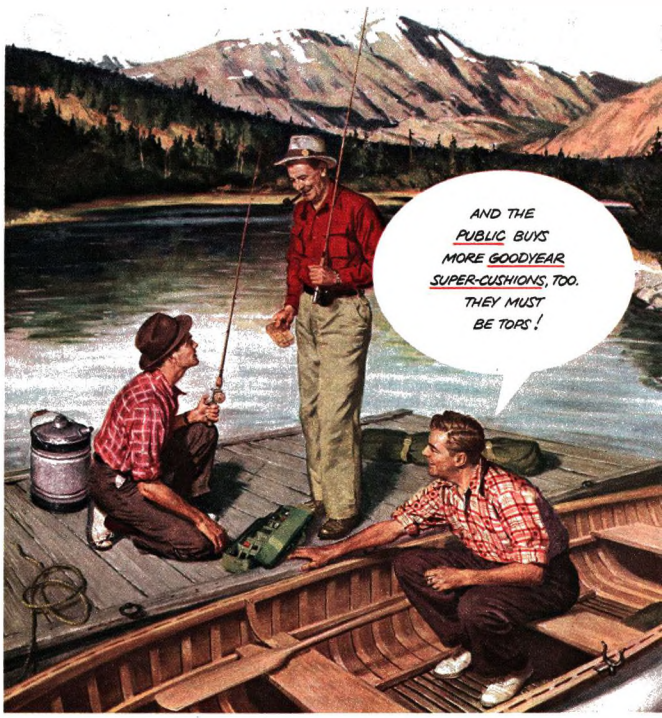
Mrs. Gallagher got out and opened the door to the back seat and got in beside Katy where she sat holding the sleeping Mike on her lap.

"Katy," she began, "Katy, we know how you lost your father. And your mother, too. You needn't make up stories. We aren't— We won't take Mike away from you. We're kind of stupid about children; it takes us a long time to catch on. We need *two* children to teach us. Do you think you would like to live with us, Katy?"

Katy was glad that Mrs. Gallagher did not reach out and touch her. She didn't think she could have gone on being grown-up

"Mike's pretty heavy, isn't he?" Mrs. Gallagher asked anxiously. "Would you mind if I held him for a while?"

And Katy knew that he *was* heavy, and that she could use a little help. Gently she shifted Mike into Mrs. Gallagher's outstretched arms. THE END



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'Loved, Feared and Followed'

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

mother called, "Dinner's ready, Miss McLeod," the little girl burst out, "Mama, the lady's got to wash her face and hands. They're awful dirty."

"I didn't blame that little tot. She'd never seen a black face before." Mrs. Bethune doesn't wince at the word "black." She regards bitterness as a worthless weapon.

When she left Moody Institute, she turned to teaching. In 1897 she met and married a fellow teacher, Albertus Bethune. He died in 1919, leaving her one son, Albert, now on the faculty of his mother's school.

At mention of the school, she closes her eyes and, in the rhythm of a spiritual, chants:

"I'd been dreaming, all my life, down yonder in the cotton fields, in the classroom, singing in the Chicago slums, dreaming, dreaming, of big buildings and little children—my own institution." She opens her eyes and asks, "But where to put it?"

In the South—there the need was greatest. And in an inexpensive community—she had no money. These were the two firm lines in her blueprint. The rest she left to chance, which she prefers to call God.

In Florida on a mission, she found some "friendly folks" who directed her to a piece of land and a miserable house she could rent for almost nothing. She had a "hunch" it was the right place. So one October day in 1904 found her in this shack at Daytona Beach. She had a dollar and a half; a few soapboxes for furniture; five little colored girls for pupils. She also had faith and gumption.

With a flourish she founded the Daytona Educational and Industrial Training School, and became its president. She started a one-woman campaign for funds, going from door to door. To help out, she often sold fried fish and sweet-potato pies. No cook herself, she had friends provide the food, while she furnished one of her best commodities—salesmanship.

At the end of a toilsome day vending fish and education, she would wash out her one shirtwaist, cut new cardboard soles for her shoes, count her money, say her prayers, and go to sleep, ready for a new day.

A Bad First Impression

Money came in, but slowly. Mrs. Bethune invited the industrialist and philanthropist James N. Gamble, son of the founder of Procter & Gamble, to visit her project. Gamble had a winter home in Daytona Beach, and had been attracted to Mrs. Bethune's struggling experiment because it was "a Christian effort on behalf of Negro children." When he entered her office, furnished with a wooden crate and a wobbly chair, he demanded sternly, "And where is this school of which you wish me to be a trustee?"

She fired back: "In my mind, Mr. Gamble. And my soul."

He gave her financial assistance and advice, becoming chairman of the school board and so remaining for 20 years until his death. To him she gives great credit for the school's development. In 1923 the former grade school for girls was merged with the Cookman Institute to become the Bethune-Cookman College. At the same time, it began to receive aid from the Board of Education for Negroes of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Today the college is fully accredited by the Southern Association of Colleges and Secondary Schools. It has a faculty of 100. Its 27 buildings are dominated, appropriately, by Faith Hall. Its 1,000-odd regular students include three boys from Nigeria who are sons of tribal chiefs. Sixty-five per cent of its graduates are teachers. Five per cent are in professions. Most of the others are skilled laborers, secretaries and in domestic service.

Life at Bethune-Cookman hasn't always been placid. One Election eve, Ku-Klux Klansmen marched across the campus as a warning to Negro teachers and older students not to vote. Mrs. Bethune ordered every light in all the buildings turned on and kept them burning until dawn. The next morning she led her flock to the polls, unmolested.

In reviewing the school's growth, its founder puts first its most intangible asset—her partnership with God.

She says simply:

"I believe in God, and so I believe in Mary Bethune."

When she says that, she is stating what is to her a plain fact; she's been facing facts all her life. As a child she faced her first racial fact when she realized, with a shock, that "we Negroes are regarded as different."

She didn't like that classification then; she doesn't like it now. She points out that she doesn't want to be "Jim Crowed" into a back seat just because she's black; nor does she want to be ushered into a front one simply because she's not white, and "they want to palaver over me."

COLLIER'S "I'll watch and you dry" J. S. MACDONALD

She does want, for herself and her people, what most of her people want: equality of opportunity in learning and earning, and in living. In the middle thirties she felt that this opportunity, never very great, was slipping away—particularly the chance for the Negro to obtain employment. Other Negro women all over the country were also troubled, but they did nothing about it. They had their clubs and societies, but there was no unity among the groups.

By 1935, Mary Bethune had made her place as an educator. She was sixty years old and she suffered greatly from asthma. But she felt there was still a job for her to do.

On the fifth of December of that year, she summoned representatives of leading Negro women's organizations and outlined to them her plans, big plans, for a federation. Almost singlehanded she founded the National Council of Negro Women, then went to work to put flesh on its paper frame.

Every night a handful of women volunteers, their own day's work done, came to her small flat in Washington and did all the clerical jobs which they couldn't afford to hire done. Mrs. Bethune did the talking and the walking, in an effort to sell the council to Negro women's organizations.

With very little money and limited personnel, the council decided to concentrate on one problem, the problem it considered the most pressing at the time—the growing unemployment of Negroes. Mrs. Bethune recalls how she "bothered" government officials and testified at Congressional hearings, speaking now as the leader of organized Negro women. She laid a considerable piece of the groundwork on which, several years later, was to be established the Fair Employment Practice Committee—a federal group set up to work for the elimination of discrimination in employment. This success made the council popular, and clubs all over the country began to sign up.

Having done something for her people, she quickly followed through with a demand that they do something for themselves, and launched a "Hold Your Job" campaign designed to impress on Negroes the need for good relations with their employers and fellow workers; and this attracted the attention of businessmen. White "angels" came forward; notably millionaire Marshall Field III, who helped the council get its headquarters in a mansion in one of the best Negro residential districts in the capital.

During World War II, the council worked for the admission of Negro women into all branches of the service on the same basis as other women. When Oveta Culp Hobby was appointed director of the Women's Army Auxiliary Corps, many Negroes were disturbed by the selection of a woman from Texas. Many were ready to protest vigorously.

Mrs. Hobby, aware of the problem, turned to Mrs. Bethune. After a series of conferences between the two women, Mrs. Bethune, satisfied that Mrs. Hobby's place of birth did not condition her idea of justice, reported her conclusion so convincingly that most council members withdrew their objections to the Hobby appointment.

Subsequently, Mrs. Bethune became the only Negro member of the women's committee selected to choose candidates for the first officers' training school for the corps. Mrs. Bethune's recommendations for the selection of Negro candidates were so strict that she was criticized by some of her people. She insisted:

"I won't vote for an unqualified girl just because her face is black."

Since the war the council has worked for such legislation as the anti-poll tax and the antilynching bills; a broadened Social Security program, and a bill for the establishment of a permanent Fair Employment Practices Commission.

Congressmen and businessmen, labor leaders and Cabinet members know that when Mrs. Bethune walks into the office, she not only speaks for 800,000 Negro women, but that most of those 800,000 speak for Mrs. Bethune—the words she wants them to speak.

Among Her Severest Critics

Like every leader, she has her critics. Ironically, some of her most severe are the young Negro women whom she most wants to help. They think she belongs to what they call the "Uncle Tom" school—in other words, that she is not militant enough. Mrs. Bethune, however, believes that a series of little wins can add up to a great victory.

Here's an example of her step-by-step strategy. She goes before Southern legislators and asks, with assumed innocence: "Don't you want to let the Negroes learn to read?" They can make but one answer —"Yes." What she means, and of course they know it, is that she's going to fight to get Southern Negroes enough education so that some of them can step out of the cotton fields and into a business office.

In spite of Northern critics and Southern foes, Mary McLeod Bethune has gone far in the South. She was perhaps the first Negro to receive an honorary degree from any white college in the South—Rollins College at Winter Park, Florida, made the award last year.

"First" and "only Negro" are familiar phrases in her biography. As director of the Division of Negro Affairs of the National Youth Administration, she was the only member of her race operating in that organization at a top level. In 1939, typical of the seven years she spent with the administration, she traveled 35,000 miles to address 41 meetings in 21 states; dedicated six Youth Centers, and made three commencement addresses—all this at the age of sixty-four. At the United Nations Conference in San Francisco, she was associate consultant to the American delegation. After working hours she addressed 52 California meetings.

Honors, awards, medals—she has them by the score. Some are mere token payments on a debt to a member of a minority group. Others are real tributes to a real leader—sex, color or race aside.

She rejoices, too, in her collection of personal mementos of the famous. She has a trunkful of autographed photographs of international celebrities. She has known five Presidents.

She has a boxful of Rockefeller dimes that she's going to have made into a bracelet someday. During his winter sojourns in Florida the financier got to be a friend. After John D. Rockefeller's death his cousin gave her one of his favorite woolen scarves. She loves to wear it. She is also never seen without a cane, one of Franklin D. Roosevelt's, which she asked for and received from Mrs. Roosevelt after his death.

She first met the late President, through friendship with his wife, when he was governor of New York. She is fond of relating that when he was at the White House he would often ask her to consult with him on race problems and that his customary greeting was:

"I'm always glad to see you, Mrs. Bethune, for you always come asking help for others—never for yourself." THE END

"Amateur Magician," by John Gannam. Number 47 in the series "Home Life in America."

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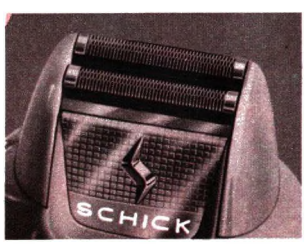

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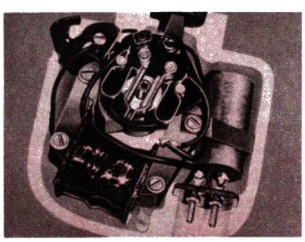

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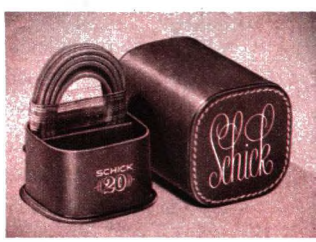

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STYLED BY CARL OTTO

To Live Again

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

head of Loch Allan, something of a resort during the spring and summer months. And the hotel was of a superior class, managed by a retired army major named Prentice and his wife, patronized mainly by fishermen and tourists. The place and the work suited Lena—her prospects were good. Then a family misfortune had changed the pleasant current of her life.

Her only sister, Laura, married to a young surveyor employed by an engineering firm in the North of England, and who had one child, a three-year-old boy named Angus, suddenly lost her husband in a shipyard accident. The shock was severe; Laura had never been strong, and she fell ill. Presently her condition was diagnosed as tuberculosis of the lungs—sanatorium treatment was imperative.

Since Laura, before her marriage, had been a nurse, she was able to get hospitalized without difficulty or delay. But what was to be done with her child? She had very little money, her parents were dead, her two brothers far away in Canada, and Lena, her sister, was obliged to work hard for her living—how could she ask her to take over such an exacting burden?

But almost before the thought was formed, Lena came forward of her own accord, conducted Laura to the sanatorium, and in her quiet, practical way, took Angus home with her. As she had foreseen, it was difficult—indeed, she was unable to keep her job at the hotel. The Prentices informed her quite bluntly that they had no use for a receptionist with a three-year-old clinging to her skirts. At the end of the month Lena had to look for another job.

AT THIS time one of the guests at the hotel was a certain Mr. L. A. Dunn, a laconic and ill-favored person who came regularly to Kippen for the trout fishing. He had noted with approval her unselfish behavior. He thought, as he dreamed by the lake and exposed his ugly, half-bald head to the sun, that here was a person who deserved any help he might give her.

Dunn was not a rich man and he had a wife and family to support. But he had connections in Winton. He found Lena a job at the Bonanza, arranged for her to get away to Winton, to an old friend of his, Mrs. Hastie, who would look after the child while she was at work. And often, on his way to the office, he would stop in for coffee, to note, with apparent indifference, the progress of his protegée.

Things were not easy for Lena. Her sister's recovery was for a long time in doubt, and this caused her continual anxiety. Moreover, in this strange unfriendly city her relationship to Angus was often misinterpreted and, since she soon tired of explanations, she suffered, in proud silence, many unkind conclusions. It interested Dunn to find that her remedy for the moods of sadness which sometimes weighed upon her was hard work.

This, indeed, was the antidote which she had at first applied to her longing for Paul. But all her resolution could not beat down the feeling which swelled within her. Paul was in trouble—serious, dangerous trouble—and she must do something to help him. The impulse was stronger than she, and at last she yielded to it. The following night she went to Paul's lodging in Poole Street and asked if she might see him.

Mrs. Coppin inspected her with compressed lips. "He's gone," she answered shortly. "He couldn't pay his rent."

"Where did he go?"

"I've no idea. I had to keep his suitcase for the rent."

There was a pause. "If I pay you, can I take away his things?" Lena asked timidly.

Mrs. Coppin reflected. In a case like this one did not ask questions—the opportunity was too good to miss.

Still flushed, and with a secret air, Lena took home Paul's battered brown suitcase. It contained only a few worn articles of clothing. She washed and ironed the shirts, darned the socks, sponged the shapeless flannel trousers and pressed them with her hot iron to a fine edge. But when everything was neatly folded and restored to the suitcase, she was no better off than before. More and more, she became convinced that some misfortune had overtaken Paul.

Then, at the Bonanza, she had word of him. Next morning, as she went in, Nancy Wilson was relating some incident with great gusto to the others.

"I tell you," Nancy spoke dramatically. "You could have knocked me down with a feather. There I was, going to the movies, when I saw him, carrying a sandwich board. At first I hardly recognized him, he was that changed. Thin and shabby, without an overcoat. I stood and watched him while he tramped past. It was Paul, all right. He suddenly caught sight of me and he turned his face away."

A chorus went up from the little audience. Lena felt herself turn sick.

"You ought to have seen him," Nancy said. "He's regular down-and-out."

"I knew he was no good." Harris concluded the session, with an air of superior knowledge. "I got the tip from the police. Come on now—back to your counters."

It was then that Lena began frankly to search for Paul. In all her eager efforts she knew only failure. Then she remembered that last resort of the forgotten men—the Oswald Free Canteen. . . .

Yes, he was there, she was actually beside him, but the change in him was so great it pierced her to the heart.

"Why, Paul—it's you." She tried to pretend that the meeting was accidental.

Deathly pale, he averted his eyes and did not answer. Everything swam before him. How often, in the times of his dark conflicts, had he thought of her, longed in his solitude for the comfort of her companionship, yearned, even, for a glimpse of her passing in the street.

"It's quite a surprise," she stumbled on. "Why don't we walk down the street together?"

After a pause he said, "I have to wait here."

"But why?"

He knew she would not understand if he said he was waiting for Enoch Oswald. He answered simply, "As a matter of fact, this is where I have supper. If I lose my place I shall be out of luck."

His manner, as he made this admission, stabbed her anew.

She said, "I'm just going home. Come and have supper with me."

He turned toward her. There was a solicitude in her gaze, a sweetness of expression which brought a lump to his throat. "You mustn't get mixed up with me," he told her.

Her gaze remained steadily upon him. "Come, Paul—please come."

TORN between his inclination and his pride, he hesitated. At last he muttered, glancing downward at his frayed trousers and soiled boots, "Lena, I—how good you are—I'd like to very much—but I can't walk through the streets with you like this. Leave me now—I want to stay here for an hour. I'll be at your place at seven."

"You promise?" she said eagerly.

He nodded. For a moment she studied him anxiously; then, giving him a firm pressure of her hand, she swung round and hurried away.

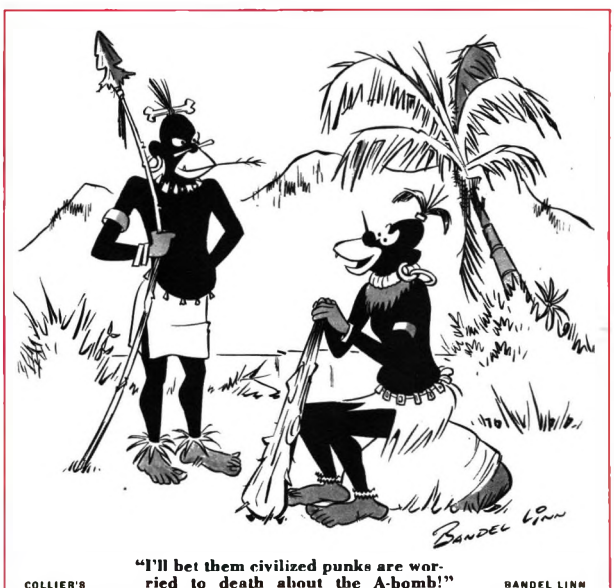
It began to rain. He turned up the collar of his jacket and, as the distribution of bread and coffee had begun, moved slowly forward in the line, alert for the appearance of Enoch Oswald. When Paul reached the hatch, Oswald had not yet arrived. Paul scanned the approaches to the market, then, turning to the attendant, he said, "The boss is late tonight."

"Not coming till nine," the attendant answered, slapping down a tray of fresh cups. "Next!"

A quick disappointment struck Paul. He was counting so much on this meeting, that now, even its postponement by a brief two hours was enough to unsettle him. The pressure of the line behind forced him forward. He did not take either his coffee or his bread. He remained motionless for a moment. Then, thinking of Lena, he glanced at the Tron clock and moved off.

Suddenly, as he started to cross the Saltmarket, he encountered a man at the corner of the street who stared at him curiously as he passed, then stopped, turned, and came back. It was Jack, the waiter at the Bodega.

"*It's you!*" Jack exclaimed in some sur-



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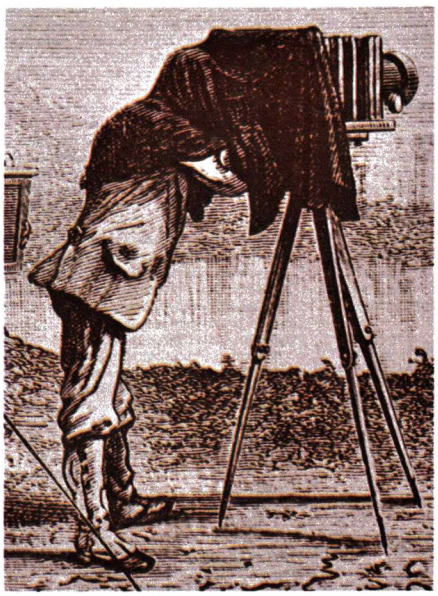

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prise. "I have something for you. I've been carrying it around for weeks."

The words hardly penetrated Paul's apathy. He stood passive, as the other pulled out a battered wallet and began to search through it.

"Ah, here we are," Jack said. "I've had it on me for the last two weeks. Louisa Burt told me to give it to you."

Paul looked at the dirty envelope which the waiter extended toward him. He stretched out his hand and accepted it. Jack was looking at him with a sharper curiosity.

"We don't see you around much lately."

"No," Paul answered. "Not much."

"Down on your luck, eh?"

"I'm all right." Paul spoke automatically, his eyes still resting on the envelope, a queer premonition growing within him.

There was a silence. The waiter shifted his feet. "Well," he said at last. "I have a date. Got to be going. All the best."

He shot a final inquisitive glance at Paul; then he shrugged his shoulders, turned, and made off down the street.

AS THE waiter disappeared from sight, Paul hurried toward the nearest lamp-post and tore open the envelope. Holding up the letter to the dim light, he read:

Dear Mr. Smarty,

Seeing as how you thought you'd make a monkey out of me, as I've since been tipped off, I'd like for you to know for your own information that I am going to be married, proper, in church, and don't need your attentions no more, fine sir. Arrangements has been made by Mr. Oswald for me and my husband to sail to Australia next month just like he done for my friend Miss Crombie what was here before me, who I expect to renew my acquaintance with when I arrive. So you can think on me in comfort and lucksury in a new land and I wish it makes you choke.

Yours,
Louisa Burt.

P.S. You didn't never kid me. I pity you.

In this letter, so spiteful and stupid, so reeking with a cheap, offended vanity, that one phrase—vital, significant and terrible—stood out. *My friend Miss Crombie . . . here before me.*

Still holding the letter Paul clung to the lamp standard dizzily. Why had he never dreamed of this before?

Louisa Burt had been in service with the Oswalds for twelve years—that, in itself, though remarkable, was an innocuous fact. But this fact became exceptional when coupled with the fact that Louisa Burt's predecessor had been Janet Crombie.

How had it come about that these two young women, the vital witnesses in the Engel case, had both found positions with the Oswald family? Philanthropy might explain it. Yet it was a peculiar goodheartedness which sought to marry off each of the two servants and to ship them away to the farthest corner of the globe.

Paul had a sudden vision of Enoch Oswald—tall and craggy, his massive head sunk into those high, angular shoulders, the dark eyes glowing benevolently beneath their silvery brows. Could it be that this good man was involved in the case in some way? Why it should be so he could not tell, but, at this precise moment, his whole consciousness seemed directed toward one extraordinary recollection—the sound of the voice of the man who had spoken with Albert Prusty on the dark stair landing that afternoon of the snowstorm—the landlord of Glenhill Terrace.

Like a beam from the darkness, fresh suspicion struck at Paul. He straightened in growing excitement. Since this was Thursday, the tobacconist's early closing day, Prusty would almost certainly be at home. It was not yet five o'clock. Impulsively he set off through the rain.

Twenty minutes later he was rattling upon the second-floor door of 52 Glenhill Terrace. At first there was no response, but then the letter slot swung back and Prusty's voice came through.

"Who is it? I can't see anyone."

Paul bent down and revealed himself.

"I have asthma," Prusty complained. "Come back tomorrow."

"No, no—I must see you now—I must."

Paul was not to be denied and finally, after much grumbling, the tobacconist opened the door and admitted him to the hall, which was very hot and filled with the pungent aroma of burning stramonium powder. Wearing only shirt and trousers, Prusty wheezed spasmodically as he gazed at Paul, his face slightly congested, his expression justifiably annoyed.

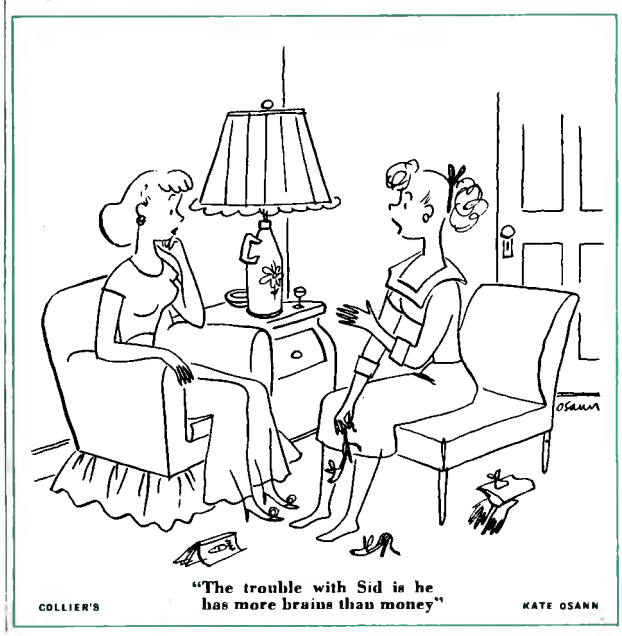
"What the devil do you want?"

"I won't keep you a minute." Paul spoke hurriedly. "I only wanted to ask you—Who is the landlord of this house?"

Prusty peered at his visitor. "Why, you heard me talking to him that afternoon. It's Mr. Enoch Oswald."

"I didn't realize it was Mr. Oswald."

"Well, it was—and it is. He owns all the



Terrace. He's one of the biggest property owners in Winton, and one of the best. He hasn't raised the rent on me once in ten years. And he's kept my flat in nice repair."

"And the flat upstairs," Paul said in a tense voice. "He's kept that nice, too?"

"Of course he has," Prusty answered. "The man has a sense of decency and respect. What the devil has got into you?"

"Have you still got the key?"

"Yes, I have. And I have the asthma too. You'll have to go."

He began to press Paul toward the door.

"Just a minute. You remember you promised I could look at the flat upstairs? Well, would you give me the key now?"

Prusty seemed about to refuse. Yet he did not wish to go back on his word, and he wanted to be rid of Paul. Abruptly he went into the kitchen and returned with the key.

"Here!" he said. "Now leave me in peace." He banged the door shut.

Paul stood on the landing in the half-darkness, hearing Prusty draw the bolt behind the oak panels. His eyes were raised toward the flight of stairs which led to the flat above. He took a step upward; then a better thought came to him. He checked himself, reflected further, then slipped the key into his pocket. Not yet, he thought. He swung round sharply and went down.

Outside, he turned up the collar of his coat against the bitter wind and, with his hands in his pockets, hurried off.

Enoch Oswald—it was he who owned the flat which Mona Spurling had occupied. Since he conducted his business personally he must have seen her at least every month when he collected his rents. And if he had called upon her oftener, who would question his comings and goings? He was the landlord, free of the common entry, a person no more noticeable than the postman, or the grocer who delivered her daily stores. If Mona Spurling had been this man's mistress, who would have suspected it? If he had murdered her—

A shudder swept over Paul. This was lunacy, perhaps, yet his mind would not let it go, but kept piecing together, like links in a preposterous chain, the singular actions of this man of property. Even his public benefactions now seemed a hollow sham, or at best, a form of atonement exacted by an unconquerable sense of guilt.

In the midst of this dark reflection, Paul became conscious of what he must do next. With this tremendous objective looming before him there was no time for hesitation or compunction. He went at once to Tron Place, and ran up the steps to the door of Mrs. Hastie's house. Lena herself answered his knock. Then, even as she welcomed him, he said in a tone which startled her:

"Lena—I want your help—I need it—now, at once."

Standing in the hallway, heedless of her questions and of the solicitous glances which she cast upon him, he explained carefully what he wanted. Despite her anxiety and the apparent absurdity of his requests, there was in his manner some deep and terrible urgency which caused her to obey. She went into the kitchen and found a cardboard box, brown paper, string, a stick of sealing wax. From her bedroom she brought an old notebook with some pages still unused. She watched him as, methodically, he wrapped the box in the sheet of brown paper, then tied it up, sealing the string with the red wax.

NEXT he turned his attention to the notebook, selected a clean page, and filled in the first six lines with names and addresses. "What on earth are you doing?" Lena asked.

He hesitated, his burning eyes lingering upon her face. At first she thought he would not answer, then he said, "I'll explain later—now we have to go out."

She stood beside him, torn by feeling, scarcely knowing whether to obey.

"Don't worry, Lena." Through the pain that masked his face, he almost smiled. "It's quite simple."

"Simple or difficult, I'll do it."

He looked across at her. This quiet acquiescence, her acceptance of the situation, touched him deeply. Hurriedly, he told her what she was to do.

"You understand?"

"I think so. But, Paul—there's nothing in the package."

A queer look came into his eyes.

"Nothing." He glanced at the hallway clock, which indicated a few minutes to nine. "We may as well go now. The whole thing won't take half an hour."

They went out together. They walked in silence until they came to the Saltmarket. The canteen was open, and Oswald had arrived. He stood at the tailboard, plainly visible under the hanging electric light, his silver hair gleaming palely, like a halo.

Instinctively, Paul retreated a step into shadow, then, with a motion of his arm, he directed Lena toward the canteen.

Steadily, she crossed the street and approached the figure of the Silver King. Paul's hands, in the pockets of his overcoat, were tightly clenched. He saw Lena address the Silver King—he could almost follow the movements of her lips as she spoke. "Mr. Oswald?"

The tall figure gave Lena his attention, then made a dignified nod of assent.

"I was asked to deliver this to you, sir."

How good, how steady and composed were Lena's gestures! Paul held his breath as she handed over the package, held the receipt book open, and offered the pencil stub to Oswald. "Sign here, sir, please."

The pencil was now in Oswald's hand. The moment was prolonged beyond endurance; Paul felt he would crack with tension. Then Oswald signed the book. A long sigh escaped Paul. Lena was on her way back, still walking steadily, unhurried and composed. When she had joined him, they hurried away.

PAUL never knew how he got back to Tron Place. On the way there he did not utter a word but walked blindly, with lowered head. As they reached No. 61 he hesitated and would have turned away, but Lena, now thoroughly alarmed, took his arm firmly and led him into the little living room. After a glance at his face, she did not speak but pulled out a chair for him at the fire. He sat down, dominated by a single thought. A hard pain kept beating behind his forehead, and shivering waves swept over him. Oswald was left-handed. Enoch Oswald was the man. The revelation suffocated him.

"Lena," he muttered. "There's something I must tell you."

"Not yet, Paul." She was very pale, but her expression was steady. "You must have a change first, and some food."

She showed him the bathroom, turned on the hot tap, brought him soap, towels, his own shaving things, and a change of clothing. He considered the pile of clean garments with a strange fixity.

"Whose are these?"

"They're yours," she said quickly. "Now don't ask questions. Just get ready."

While he was in the bathroom she lighted the fire in the living room, went into the cupboard kitchenette, placed two saucepans on the stove, hurriedly set the table. When he came out, her preparations were almost complete. In silence she placed a chair at the table, motioned him to sit down, and set a bowl of soup before him.

He dipped the spoon in the thick broth and raised it shakily to his lips. When the bowl was empty, she gave him a plate of meat stew. He ate in silence and in such abstraction that he did not see her watching him. He was painfully thin, she thought. But worse than that was the fixity, the stiff deadness of his face in repose. When at last he had finished he raised his head. He gazed at her steadily.

"You're a wonderful girl, Lena," he said, "and you're very good to me. I haven't had a meal like that for weeks."

"Do you feel better?" she asked, getting to her feet to hide the tears that rushed to her eyes.

"Much better."

While she cleared the table he sat with

THERE is no way of knowing when this trusting young innocent will take her first ride in Body by Fisher; perhaps she has already had it.

But we are well aware that many like her do travel in the bodies we build — and that knowledge acts as a sober charge and admonition to us.

So we build Body by Fisher of stout steel welded to steel. We form each part of it — door panels, door posts, frame members, floors — for protective strength as great as skilled engineering and fine materials can provide.

We strive for utmost comfort, through generous dimensions and cushions built deep and restful. We seek protection of all passengers, young and old, through visibility that provides a wonderfully wide view of the road. We go a step further and insist that all windows have safety *plate* glass, which gives not only the clearest visibility, but the finest protection against shattering and splintering that can be provided.

In short, we seek to "handle with care" each detail of engineering and manufacture so that you may be sure your passengers of all ages are both comfortable and well guarded in their travels.

To enjoy all this — all the protection, comfort, beauty and roominess the Body by Fisher emblem stands for — make your next car a General Motors car, the only cars in the world that offer the plus values of Body by Fisher.

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Only on General Motors cars :

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COLLIER'S **"Guess he didn't like my novel"** JOEY OAKES

his hands pressed together, his eyes bent upon the leaping flames. When she had finished she sat down opposite him.

"Now, Paul," she said quietly.

There was a pause. Then, raising his head, he began and, while she listened intently, he told her everything. Although he spoke in a quiet voice, his manner held a seething bitterness as he concluded.

"So now I know. I know it all. And what can I do? Nothing. Whom can I go to? Nobody. When they wouldn't listen to me before, what do you think they'd do—Sprott, or Urie, or even Birley—if I went to them with this? Do you think they'd give a damn about it?"

THERE was a rigid silence. Deeply moved, she shook her head slowly. "If people only knew about this—they wouldn't allow it. Most people are honest—and kind."

He looked at her with disbelief. "Does your experience prove that?"

She colored slightly, started to speak, then, as though unsure of his meaning, was silent. But in a moment she regained her poise. She took a deep breath.

"Paul, I'm not clever. But I think I know what you should do. I know someone you can go to."

He stared at her. "Who?"

"Well—" she hesitated, her face flushed and confused. "It is a friend of mine."

"A friend of yours. A friend of—"

She seemed to guess what was in his mind. But she only said, soothingly, "We'll talk it over tomorrow, Paul."

"Lots of things will happen tomorrow." He spoke in a strange, savage tone. "And now I'd better clear out."

Lena did not answer but rose and left the room. In a few minutes she came back with Mrs. Hastie.

"Well, Paul," said the older woman, "It's nice to see you again."

He turned his head stiffly toward her.

"Surely you remember me?" She smiled.

"It's you, Mrs. Hastie," he said in a dazed, lost way.

There was a pause. The sudden precipitation of this situation upon Mrs. Hastie had left her somewhat at a loss. But her goodheartedness was boundless. She had meant to reprove Paul lightly for his failure to realize that they would help him. But the extremity of his physical condition, the strangeness in his manner, silenced her. Both women watched him with concern as he sat there, staring at the flames.

Perhaps he became aware of their inspection for, with a start, he got to his feet.

"Well—I'm much obliged for your hospitality—but it's about time I went."

"And where do you think you are going?" Mrs. Hastie said.

"Back to my hotel."

"And where is that?"

He tried to carry it off, but something went wrong with the muscles of his face. His shoulders drooped, he hung his head.

"Under the Arches, if you want to know. If you're not there on time you don't get under cover."

"Oh, no!" Lena cried. "You're not going there!"

"But I must." He spoke with sudden agitation. "Don't you understand? I can't keep walking all night. If I don't get my place there, where am I to sleep?"

"Here," said Mrs. Hastie. "This is where you'll sleep. You can have the spare room. And the sooner you're in bed the better."

She led the way to the landing, where she threw open the door of the room she had already prepared for him. The red curtains were already drawn, the lamp was lighted, the gas fire glowed, the covers of the comfortable bed had been turned down.

"There you are," she said.

His hand went to his cheek in a weary, helpless gesture. "I don't know what to say—how to thank you—"

"Oh, Paul," Lena murmured. "Don't try to say any more—just go to bed and rest."

"Yes," he agreed. "That's what I need, I guess—rest."

As they stood there, a sudden gust outside blew a spatter of rain against the windowpanes. Paul shivered at the sound, and, at the thought of that cold wet outer darkness, a kind of sob rose in his throat.

Holding his face averted so that they should not see the twitching of his cheek, he entered the room and closed the door behind him.

PAUL sat down on the edge of the bed. His head felt hot and his feet were cold. He sensed, vaguely, that he had caught a chill coming home in the rain, but this seemed to him of no importance whatsoever. Indeed, the more his physical discomfort grew, the more acute his mind became. He saw that he might continue in futility unless once and for all he could force the

matter to a crisis. The need for open and decisive action swelled within him. In this dark urgency of his mood, his natural balance and good sense were gone, supplanted by a frantic recklessness. He wanted to shout of this iniquity in the market place.

At that thought, a gleam lighted up his eye. Presently he rose and, first reassuring himself that the door was locked, went over to the wooden writing desk which stood in the corner. Here, he took out the few sheets of white shelf paper which had been used to line the drawers. He laid the paper on the floor, then, taking pen and ink, he knelt down and began to block out some words. In about an hour, although his hand shook slightly and his vision was not quite clear, he had finished. He left the paper on the floor to dry, and lay down, fully dressed, upon the bed.

Despite the burning project that filled his mind, he slept, but restively, and always with that same sense of fever gathering within him.

ABOUT seven o'clock he awoke with a start. His headache was much worse, but this merely strengthened his intention. He picked up the paper sheets from the floor, rolled them into a long cylinder and, treading warily as he passed Lena's door, went out.

The rain had quite gone as he hurried down Tron Street; the morning was clear and fresh with the softness of dawn. Realizing the hazards of the day before him, he stopped and had a mug of coffee and a thick slice of margarined bread, for which he paid the last of his sandwich-board money. The food made him feel less ill, but he had not gone halfway up an alley before a wave of sickness came over him. He leaned over the gutter in a fit of nausea.

At the end of the alley, the premises of the Tron Billboard Company, at this early hour, were still deserted. He squeezed through a gap in the rotting wooden fence; inside, the double poster-boards, scores of them, were packed in a long open shed. Paul selected one and grimly pasted on his printed sheets. He was about to sling on the boards when his eye was caught by a rusty heap in the corner of the shed. He recognized some iron chains which had been used in an advertising stunt during the recent visit to the Palace Theatre of a famous magician. After some searching, he found a sound thin chain and a serviceable padlock as well.

Five minutes later, with the chain round his body and wearing the sandwich boards, he left the yard.

The cathedral clock was striking eight as he came back into Tron Street and started his parade toward the center of the city. Already the bustle of the day had begun. People were swarming from the busses. Only a few directed curious glances toward the young man bearing on his back the notice:

MURDER: THE INNOCENT CONVICTED

And on his chest:

MURDER: THE GUILTY FREE

If any of them gave the matter a second thought it was to class it as part of an advertising campaign—one of these eye-catching slogans which intrigued the public for weeks before the date of disclosure.

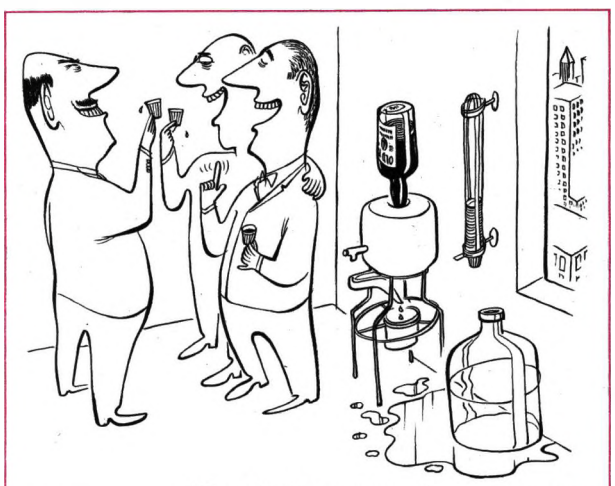
Nine o'clock came and Paul still plodded along the gutters, gazing straight ahead, with an expressionless face, clutching the heavy boards with rigid hands. Since he wished as long as possible to avoid the attentions of the police, he kept away from the main intersections, at each of which an officer was on duty. Once or twice he was conscious of a sharp scrutiny, but no one stopped him.

As the forenoon advanced, Paul began to feel faint, but with the real part of his purpose still unaccomplished—this parade was merely the prelude to his main intention—he would not give up. Deafened by the noise of the traffic, splashed with mud from the grinding wheels, he gritted his teeth and kept on. Yet he could not altogether master his increasing weakness; several times he swayed uncertainly.

Toward noon a curious crowd had begun to follow Paul. For the most part it was made up of loafers and out-of-works, augmented by a few errand boys and a mangy, barking dog. At first Paul had been a target for some vulgar jeers, but as he gave no answer, the crowd attended him in silence, mystified perhaps, yet now, by a kind of intuition, more than ever certain of reward.

SHORTLY after one o'clock the procession reached George Square and here, at last, under the statue of Robert Bruce, Paul halted. He took off his boards and stood them on the pavement; then, first twisting the chain tightly round his wrist, he padlocked himself to the iron railings at the statue's base. A gasp of astonishment and anticipation went up from the onlookers, and immediately, since it was now lunch hour, the press of people round about increased. When Paul turned and faced the assembly he had an audience of several hundred people.

With his free hand he loosened his necktie—it seemed to be strangling him. He was conscious of no fear, no excitement, only of a desperate urgency to put his case before these citizens of Winton. Now was his chance; they were waiting for him to speak. Lena had said that ordinary people were kind: he could never have a better, a fairer



COLLIER'S "Happy birthday to you . . ." VIRGIL PARTCH

THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING ON WHEELS

DOLLAR FOR DOLLAR

you can't beat a

PONTIAC

THE MINUTE YOU GET BEHIND THIS WHEEL YOU KNOW YOU'RE DRIVING
AN OUTSTANDING PERFORMER, AN OUTSTANDING BEAUTY, AN OUTSTANDING VALUE!

opportunity to convince them. If only his head were not aching so frightfully. Worse than that was the sickness, and the sense of unreality he felt, as though he were mounted on balloons which floated dizzily through the air. He moistened his lips.

"Friends," he began, "I've come here because I have something to tell you—something you should know. My name is Engel and my father is in prison—"

"You'll be there yourself, chum, if you don't watch out!"

The interruption from the back produced a laugh. Paul waited till it died out.

"He's been in prison fifteen years for a crime he didn't commit."

"Ah! Tell that to the marines!" Another voice from the back, again the general laugh, followed this time by shouts of "Shut up!", "Fair play," "Give the poor b—— a chance!"

"I have proof that my father is innocent but no one will hear me—"

"We can't hear you either, chum, unless you speak up."

"That's right. Speak up! Speak up!" cried several others in the crowd.

Paul swallowed dryly. He realized dimly that although he was straining his throat to the utmost, his voice was emerging faint and cracked. He tried to speak louder.

"Fifteen years ago, on circumstantial evidence, my father was convicted of murder. But he did not commit the crime—"

The mongrel dog, which had followed Paul persistently, suddenly began to bark.

"I repeat—he did not commit the crime—in proof of which—"

But the dog was now barking so loudly, snarling and snapping at his feet, that he could not make himself heard. Then, while he paused, the hound, encouraged no doubt by the approbation of the onlookers, unexpectedly jumped up on him. Paul staggered and almost fell. As he stood, clutching dazedly at the sandwich boards, a murmur grew among the mob.

AT THAT moment two policemen pushed their way through the closely packed crowd. One was a young constable, the other was Sergeant Jupp.

"What's all this? Move on there. D'you know you're creating a disturbance?"

Paul gazed at the two blurred figures in blue, dimly recognized Jupp. He had reached the end of his resources. He opened his mouth to speak, but no words came out. The crush around him increased.

"He's tight, Sergeant," a voice suggested from the front rank. "Been talkin' a lot of rot."

"You've done it this time. Come along with us." The sergeant took Paul and tried to pull him through the crowd. Meeting with resistance he pulled violently, almost dislocating Paul's wrist, before he noticed the presence of the chain. His muscular neck turned dark red, and he muttered to his companion, "He's padlocked himself. We'll need the wagon."

The two policemen struggled angrily to free the chain tugging Paul this way and that, while the crowd pressed and milled around them. Another policeman arrived, then hurried off, blowing his whistle. Everyone seemed to push and shout at once; the traffic was held up; there was a general commotion. This was the moment which Paul had foreseen as the climax of his resistance, the crisis when he would deliver his most impassioned address.

"Friends," he tried to shout. "I'm only asking for justice. An innocent man—"

BUT the younger policeman had managed to force the padlock. Paul was bundled into the waiting police wagon, and whirled off to the station. Half insensible, he scarcely knew what was happening to him until he was flung forward into a cell. His brow hit the cement floor with stunning force. The splitting pain in his head seemed to shock him out of the stupor into which he had fallen. At least, he groaned. This groan had a bad effect on the three policemen who stood watching him, and who were already considerably annoyed by the trouble he had caused them.

"The young swine," remarked the first. "He's coming out of his drunk."

"No," said Sergeant Jupp. "It's not drink."

The third officer, a stout man, was still red and fuming—in the struggle he had been kicked in the stomach.

"Whatever it is, he's not going to shove me about and get away with it."

He bent forward, caught Paul by the scruff of the neck and dragged him upright, like a sack of flour. Then, clenching his fist, he struck him between the eyes. Blood spurted from Paul's nose. He dropped in a heap and lay still.

"You shouldn't have done that," Jupp said coldly.

As the cell door clanged on the silent huddled form the youngest of the policemen laughed uncomfortably.

"Anyway," he said, as though salving his conscience, "he asked for it." . . .

It was late afternoon when Paul, rather uncertainly, again became conscious of his surroundings. He lay for a long time staring up at the single fenced-in light in

"Well—have you thought of *earning* beyond our means?"

COLLIER'S — STANLEY STAMATY

Stories of Famous Values

Arthur Betts knew a value when he found it!

For $5 He Bought A $20,000 Stradivarius!

The stranger who brought the violin to Betts' shop on London's Royal Exchange asked only a modest guinea ($5) for it. Betts, an accomplished musician and violin maker himself, immediately recognized the instrument . . . snapped up the bargain. *That was 1820* . . . and the violin was then valued at $20,000. Today, this same "Strad" has been appraised at $75,000 by the famous house of Wurlitzer!

If you know value, you'll agree . . .

at today's popular price, **HUNTER**, long famous as America's luxury blend, is an exceptional value in whiskey . . . with a superior flavor no one has been able to copy in ninety years!

Hunter-Wilson Distilling Co., Inc., Louisville, Ky. Blended Whiskey 86.8 Proof. 65% grain neutral spirits.

the ceiling of his cell. Then he got on his hands and knees and crawled to the pitcher standing at one end of the wooden-plank bed. He poured himself a drink, then dabbed his swollen features. The water was cool and refreshing, but almost at once his face began to burn.

Carefully, he pulled himself up and sat down on the plank. His head did not ache so much now. But, to his surprise, he was finding it difficult to breathe—at every breath he felt a cutting pain in his left side. Presently he discovered that he could lessen the pain by taking shallower breaths.

SUDDENLY, as he sat there, accommodating himself to this new symptom, the cell door opened and a man came in. Paul peered up through his swollen eyes, then he started, recognizing the chief constable of Winton.

Urie stood staring down at him silently for a long time, as though examining every detail of his condition. In contrast with their previous meeting, his demeanor was aloof, his expression strangely somber. When he spoke, his voice was quiet and restrained.

"So you didn't take my advice after all. If I remember right, I told you to go home. But you preferred to stay and stir up trouble. So here you are, just as I told you, only worse, far worse."

There was another pause. Urie continued with a pretense of concern.

"You're in a pretty poor state, by the looks of you. Maybe my chaps used you a bit rough. But that's what happens when you resist an officer in the execution of his duty. Nobody to blame but yourself."

Again a silence. It seemed as though the chief constable were inviting Paul to speak, even hoping that he might do so, might commit himself through some ill-chosen word. But from the moment Urie had entered his cell, Paul had resolved to say nothing. His chance would come later, in court. He listened, with a queer sense of detachment, as Urie went on.

"And what do you think will happen to you now? Maybe you imagine you'll be let off with a warning and some more good advice. Somehow I don't think so. Somehow I think the day for advice is past. You had your chance and you didn't take it. And now you've been worming your way into things that don't concern you, working against the community, annoying decent citizens, pestering law officials, yes, even annoying Members of Parliament. Besides that"—the voice became low—"you've been annoying me. Not that it makes any difference—I'm sure of my ground—it's solid rock. Nevertheless I resent it, I resent your persistence, your imputation that I've done wrong.

"And now I've a curious feeling that you're going to suffer for it. Now it's you that's done wrong. You'll be up before the magistrate first thing tomorrow. It wouldn't surprise me if he took a serious view of the case and fixed bail pretty high—say fifty pounds. Now you'd have no means of raising a sum like fifty pounds, would you? No, I was afraid not." He shook his head in assumed compassion. "That means you'll be remanded, back here to us. Well, it's a nice cozy cell you have. I hope you like it, for it looks as though you might be in it for some time to come."

For a moment longer, his scrutiny bore down on Paul, then he went out.

But the moment he was out of the cell his expression altered. He frowned heavily. He had not been himself in there. He was like an actor who had given a bad performance and was now disgusted with himself. Yet what else, in the devil's name, could he have done? He had received an urgent message asking him to telephone Sir Matthew at the law courts. Before he did so he must be in a position to state that he had seen the prisoner.

He entered his private office and sat down at his desk. Hardened though he was to all sorts of messes, the sordid tangling of human affairs which resulted from lives of crime, he did not like this affair that was back again upon his hands; it gave him a hollow sensation in his stomach. And again that tormenting thought flickered out from the back of his mind, less a thought than a whisper, but a whisper of certainty: "There is something in it."

He jerked his head back angrily, like a goaded bull. No, by God, so far as he was concerned, there was nothing in it. He could produce a record of downright honesty, of unblemished integrity that would stand the closest scrutiny.

Yet he stared at the telephone a long time before he could bring himself to lift the receiver. And he dialed the number slowly, as though in doubt. It was Barr, the clerk, who answered, but almost at once Sprott came on the line.

Immediately, Urie heard the click signifying that Sprott had pulled the switch which cut all extensions and made the wire private. Then the prosecutor's voice came over, not this time suave and friendly, but hot with anger.

"What's the excuse for this new blunder?"

"Blunder, Sir Matthew?" repeated Urie.

"You know perfectly well what I mean. This thing, today, in the square. Didn't I give you specific instructions on this business?"

"Your instructions were carried out, Sir Matthew."

"Then why has this happened—this public performance—the very thing I wanted most to avoid? You ought to be able to use a little intelligent anticipation once in a while."

The chief constable ground his teeth together. He could not afford to lose his temper.

"It wasn't easy for us, Sir Matthew," he said. "Who was to know what this young idiot would be up to? We watched him as best we could. I detailed some of my best men. But we didn't lay hands on him, since you told us not to be harsh. But he's gone pretty far this time. He'll get six months easily for this."

"Don't be a fool."

There was an odd silence. When Sir Matthew resumed, his tone was milder, full of reason.

"Look here, Urie. You were nearer the mark when you used the word idiot. There seems no doubt now but that this young man is mentally unbalanced."

The chief constable, to control himself, had been drawing patterns on his blotter. But he stopped now, suddenly, and fixed his eyes on the blank wall before him.

"If this is so," Sprott went on, reasoning softly, "he becomes immediately a subject, not for judicial examination and punishment, but for medical treatment in one of our mental institutions."

"An asylum?" Urie said.

Sprott gave a pained exclamation.

"My dear Urie, don't you realize that such objectionable terms as 'asylum' and 'lunatic' have passed out of civilized speech? Places like the hospital at Dreem are set up to help these poor people."

"Ah!" Urie murmured. "Dreem!"

SIR MATTHEW went on, "Naturally, to certify him, one would require some data. Tell me something about him, Adam. Is he behaving wildly?"

"Yes," Urie admitted, his lips tight. "You could call it wild."

"And his friends? Has he anyone to take care of him?"

"He has a mother—and a girl in Belfast, but they seem more or less to have given him up. Lately he's been living on the streets—quite alone."

"Poor young man." Sprott spoke with a note of pity. "Everything points to the need for institutional care. I suppose he'll come up before the police magistrate tomorrow morning?"

"Yes," Urie answered in a hard voice. "There's no way out of that."

This time the prosecutor's tone was not pained. The mellow unctuousness dropped from him and his answer went through the chief constable like a knife.

"I am not looking for a way out. *Unless it be for both of us.*"

A pause. Now there was no doubt as to which was the stronger personality. The prosecutor went on more quietly.

"I think Mr. Battersby, the magistrate, is a very sound man."

"He is," Urie said, in a slightly unnatural tone. "If he fixes bail high enough we're sure of a remand."

"I do not ask you to press the matter in any venal or questionable sense," Sprott said directly. "But it might be well for you to have a word with him, explaining the psychopathic aspects of the case, indicating that a remand would give us time to arrange a competent medical examination which, after all, would be in the young man's best interests."

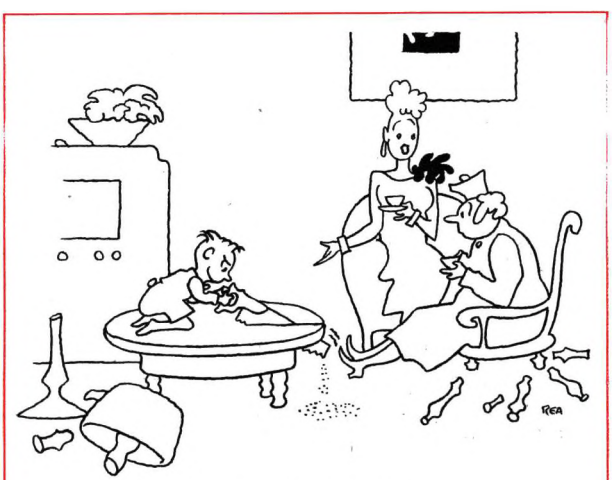
"Yes," the chief constable said. "I understand."

"Very well, then," Sprott said. There was a pause; then he added with great distinctness, "Make no mistake this time."

He rang off.

The chief constable very slowly hung up the receiver.

(To be continued next week)



"We don't dare punish him until we find out whether it's something they taught him in his progressive school, or something he thought up himself"

COLLIER'S — GARDNER REA

Partner's Choice

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

she groaned. "What shall I do? I can't find out if he's sick. Nobody seems to know."

"Wait and see."

"But I can't wait. I've got to know."

"He'll turn up. Maybe he had to go to the dentist." Mrs. Parks remembered how Selina had talked Dr. Murray into removing her bite plate for the dance and chuckled. This was a mistake.

"Oh, Mommy, you don't *care*," Selina cried, and slammed down the receiver.

Mrs. Parks sighed and went out to market. On her return, Mr. Parks stuck his head out of his smoke-filled workroom and said, "Now hear this . . ."

His wife stood at attention.

"Selina telephoned—"

"What? Again?"

"—and asked if you had eye pads and night gloves. I said no, thank God."

Mrs. Parks gathered that Mac must be at school and in good health or Selina would not be worrying over nonessentials.

"And some girl telephoned Sam. I said he was in New Haven. Your mother called and asked for you. I told her you broke your leg and had to be destroyed. The plumber wants you to call back. That's all."

Mr. Parks drew his head back in like an offended turtle and closed the door. Then he opened it again. "P.S. I love you," he said; in case she thought he had spoken sharply. Thus encouraged, she asked who the girl was and what she wanted.

"She said her name was Nancy—no last name—as if she were Guinevere leaving a message for Lancelot, and she wants to know if Sam is taking her to something or other tonight. It appears he wrote her a letter—isn't it nice to know he can write a letter?—but she said it was 'kinda vague and involved, don't you know.' "

Mrs. Parks wrote on the pad by the telephone, *Sam, one Nancy called.* Then she decided to order extra food for the week end, since girls telephoning were likely signs of Sam's imminence.

PROMPTLY at half past three, Ben, who had been holding vigil on the landing, rushed down the hall and jumped against the front door. Selina was home.

Mrs. Parks joined her daughter in the dining room, where they invariably had tea at this hour or, as Mr. Parks put it, made beasts of themselves. But Selina's mind was on other things. "Look," she said, pointing to her chin. "A bump. Today. Wouldn't you know it?"

Mrs. Parks squinted and said she couldn't see it.

"I can," Selina said tragically.

Mrs. Parks produced a cake. Selina's eyes gleamed. So did Ben's.

"Couldn't we give Ben a dog biscuit?" Mrs. Parks asked.

"You know he mustn't eat between meals, Mommy. I hope you haven't been feeding him."

Of course Mrs. Parks had, and Selina knew it. But there is honor among thieves and the subject was dropped. Selina took six eggs from the icebox and said she was going to take a bath. Somewhat startled, her mother asked what the eggs were for.

"My Beauty Hints face treatment," said Selina. "Come, Ben."

"Aren't you going to walk him?"

"Not today. Mac's coming for me at half past six. I won't have time."

Mrs. Parks wondered what Selina was planning to do to herself that would take three hours and went to her bedroom—to be on call in case of emergencies, she told herself. Actually, she did not want to miss anything.

Amphibious sounds came from the bathroom and Selina could be heard addressing Ben, who guarded her from drowning when she was in the tub. Then there was a bustling about in Selina's room, followed by a silence so prolonged that Mrs. Parks went in to see what had happened.

Selina was resting, her face in a whitish mask, hair in rag curlers, eyes under eye pads, hands in night gloves. Ben was on the bed too, licking egg yolk from his muzzle.

Mrs. Parks thought of just lying down herself.

SHE was shortly aroused by the doorbell. Ben burst out of Selina's room and rushed deliriously down the stairs ahead of Mrs. Parks.

Through the glass curtain of the door, she saw Sam's bulky outline. Somehow she got through Ben's greeting to kiss her son.

Then she observed that his brown hair had recently been cut and that there was a moony look to his blue eyes that indicated a new girl in his life. But his costume was informal for one on courtship bent. His tie, after some months of favoritism, had the patina of many menus. All buttons, save one souvenir, were missing from his jacket. His faded blue sneakers were laced alternately in brown and black.

He was carrying a torn brown paper bag from which protruded a dusty lapel. She took the bag from him and emptied it. There was his tuxedo, badly wrinkled, and nothing more.

"What will you do for shoes?" she asked.

"Shoes?"

"Shoes."

Sam looked up at the ceiling in the direction of his father's workroom. "Shoes," he said again.

"Shoes," said his mother, thinking the dialogue had a certain monotony.

"Couldn't I wear Dad's?"

"You know what he said last time—larcenous, freebooting, piracy—"

"Dad never is at a loss for words, is he?" Sam said with wonder and affection.

The owner of the vocabulary and the coveted shoes, not to mention shirt, tie, socks and underwear—none of which were in the bag—came out of his room.

"Why, Skipper—"

"Hi, Dad."

Mr. Parks swept his wife and son into the living room. They sat down and beamed at one another.

"I didn't know you were coming," Mr. Parks said.

"Neither did I till the last minute. Some people—"

Sam never did know and his opaque explanations never explained what set him homeward. It was just as well that Selina's entrance deflected his words.

"Hi, Sam," Selina said, going directly to the point, "is she blond or brunet?"

"She's— What have you done to your hair?"

"I'm curling it."

"What for?"

"I'm going to a dance. I've been *asked*."

"Of course you've been asked, or you couldn't go."

"I mean a *boy* is taking me."

"What kind of a boy?" Sam asked. Mr. Parks clutched his wife's hand. "I mean, who is he? What does he look like?"

"He looks like—like a good-looking monkey and he's as tall as me."

"Do you like him very much?"

"Him? *Mac?*" Selina asked scornfully.

"You mean you do those things to your hair and you aren't interested in him?"

"Sam," said his father, "if I had known when I was your age what I have learned in the last two weeks about women, my career would have been different."

"In just what way, may I ask?" said Mrs. Parks.

Mr. Parks pointedly ignored her. "I'll brief you, Sam. Two weeks ago your sister announced that her class was having a dance but that this year boys had to ask you. For several days we awaited her reports like bulletins posted on the gates of Buckingham Palace. High policy was the main concern in the kitchen, so that the meat was burnt and the—"

"What meat?" asked Sam, who believed in a high protein diet.

"What policy?" asked Selina.

"Like—and I quote—'if there is a boy you'd like to have ask you and another boy asks you first, what do you do?' Your sainted mother replies: 'Say yes or no, but don't keep him waiting for an answer. My brothers always knew when a girl was shopping around and they never asked her twice.' Mind you, the realistic, not the ethical approach one would be led to expect from that quarter. Finally, Selina returned with the flush of triumph, heretofore associated with getting an A plus from Mr. Wilcox."

"Is he the teacher who had his appendix in the museum?" Sam, with his genius for the irrelevant, wanted to know.

"No, you dope. Math. Go on, Daddy, go on, go on, *gwan*."

"After considerable jumping up and down and guess whats, she divulged that someone named Mac had asked her, not a tall, dark, mysterious cavalier—"

"Of course not," Selina said. "They're all babies in our grade."

"As you see, definitely not. Just a boy, any boy. One would have supposed that this would be all. But there was the question of something called a formal, your sister's first. Your mother remembers with loathing a pink ruffled garment foisted on her by her mama, and Selina, dreaming of herself as a *femme fatale*, was equally determined it would not be pale blue, so—"

The telephone rang. Sam and Selina rushed to answer it, Sam beating his sister by a head. It was a wrong number but Sam caught sight of the message from Nancy.

"Why doesn't anybody perhaps once deign to condescend to tell me anything?" Sam said, dialing furiously. "Now she's probably got a date with somebody else."

The rest of the family listened, chanting the number of rings in turn.

"Seven," Mrs. Parks said at last. "Maybe you dialed the wrong number. Why don't you try again?"

But Sam wasn't going through that again. "I'll just run up there," he said. "I'm sure she's home."

"Like that?" Selina wrinkled her nose. "What do you mean?"

"Your sister," Mr. Parks said, "your little sister, suggests you are a mite travel-stained to go calling."

Sam's answer was to bang the front door. The head of one of his father's amaryllises fell off.

"But, Daddy, he looked like a—"

"I don't see," Mr. Parks said sadly, "how Sam has the courage to come home to you two she-bears."

Mrs. Parks announced her intention of taking Sam's suit over to the tailor's.

"But aren't you going to help me dress?" Selina asked her anxiously.

"Can't you robe yourself?" said her father.

"Of course I can," she said, rumpling his hair with fine bravado. "But don't you know an adolescent needs to feel secure?"

"Good God, where do you get such phrases?"

"From the articles Mommy reads. Sometimes I read them before she does and wait for the new treatment."

Father and daughter roared and looked at Mrs. Parks, to see how she was taking their ancient game of Mommy-baiting. Identical expressions of delight glowed in their faces. She laughed. "I'll be back by the time you've taken out all those curlers."

SELINA walked into the living room at twenty-eight minutes past six, as if she were carrying a vase full of water on her head. She was followed by the cat, who was fascinated by the swish of tulle; by the dog, looking like a hairy handmaiden, and by her mother, who had the air of one who has recently grappled with a windmill.

Mr. Parks looked up from the evening papers and whistled. Selina smiled economically and sat down in view of the clock. Then she altered a curl's position.

"Never tamper with a masterpiece," Mr. Parks said.

"Oh, Daddy, do you think I look nice?"

"Wonderful."

Selina jumped to another worry. "What do I say when he comes in?"

"Hello, Hi, or whatever you usually say. Just be casual. He's as scared as you are."

"He couldn't be," Selina said with conviction. "Daddy?"

"Yes?"

"Couldn't you be upstairs when he comes?"

SISTER

COLLIER'S STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

CUSTOM-MADE

to give you
Best performance
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Custom-made for the job, the new Havoline actually *cuts engine-wear in half.* Tested against many of the best Premium oils, Havoline proved twice as tough!

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This means more power, smoother performance and more gasoline- and oil-miles, as well as longer engine life. That's why Custom-Made Havoline is the best motor oil your money can buy.

Get Custom-Made Havoline from your Texaco Dealer, *the best friend your car ever had.*

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TUNE IN...TEXACO STAR THEATER starring MILTON BERLE on television every Tuesday night. See newspaper for time and station.

Custom-made **for Ned Day**

Five times World Individual Match Game Champion, Ned Day is rated one of the greatest bowlers of all time. He has champion poise, ease of action and style. His Brunswick Mineralite bowling ball is custom-made and fitted to his grip.

Mrs. Parks remembered the times when she also would have preferred the absence of a parent's eye and smiled at her husband. Mr. Parks grinned back. "That's begun," he said and went to his workroom. . . .

At five minutes past seven, Mr. Parks came downstairs with the air of a man who justly expects his dinner but does not smell it. When he saw Selina pacing up and down and his wife sitting stiffly on the edge of her chair he said nothing. Mrs. Parks was very grateful.

"Mac's half an hour late," Selina said in tones worthy of Mrs. Siddons.

"What's wrong with that?" said her father. "Until I met your mother and she reformed me, I thought nothing of keeping the wenches waiting an hour."

But this did not go down with Selina. "I can't go to the dance without a boy," she said.

"So I understand."

Mrs. Parks shook her head at him. The light touch was not welcome.

"Why not call him up?" Mr. Parks asked.

"Because I don't know his number, I don't know where he lives, I don't know his father's first name—"

"But you do know he exists," said Mr. Parks, and his wife shook her head again. "Do stop that waggling. I know this is serious. Selina, does Mac know *your* address?"

"Of course. I wrote it down for him."

"He may have lost it. He may be at school waiting for you."

"I can't go"— Selina's voice rose like the wail of a siren— "without a—"

The bell rang and Selina ran to the door.

ANTICLIMAX filled the air. It was Sam's voice commenting on his sister's appearance. "Is this the face that launched a thousand ships?" he said and then lapsed into the vernacular. "Say, you really look like something, no kidding." Then he swaggered into the living room, followed slowly by Selina.

"Mission successful?" his father asked.

Generally Sam preferred to keep his affairs shrouded in noncommittal grunts but this evening he was expansive. "I persuaded her to ditch the competition," he began and then caught Selina staring at him with a wild surmise. He froze.

In the fraught silence, Selina said, "You're a boy."

Mr. Parks shuddered.

"A very big boy," Mrs. Parks said. She was not entirely in sympathy with her daughter's design. She knew Selina was suffering; she didn't want Sam to suffer too.

"Say, what is this?" Sam asked.

"Mac's a whole hour late," Selina said, bursting into tears but placing her gulps so that they did not interfere with clear diction. "He's forgotten—and I can't go without a boy."

"You mean you've been stood up?"

Selina winced and Sam put his arm around her. "The rat," he said indignantly. "Why, anybody would be set up to be taking a beautiful girl like you."

Both parents held their breaths while they waited to see what their desperate daughter would do with an opening like this. Selina took her time. "Would you, Sam?" she said softly.

"I'd be proud to. I mean—"

"Will you?"

"Me?" Too late Sam saw whither he had drifted. Mr. and Mrs. Parks exhaled.

"You're so handsome nobody would notice about Mac."

"That's the stuff to feed the troops," said Mr. Parks.

"But I've got a date," Sam said.

"I know, but your dances don't begin till eleven. Ours are over at ten thirty."

"But this is a dinner dance."

"Couldn't you call her up and explain?"

"What?"

Mrs. Parks thought it was high time to intervene. "But, Selina," she said, "you wouldn't want Sam to do to Nancy what Mac is doing to you, would you?"

Selina opened her eyes wide in innocence. "You mean Nancy couldn't go if Sam didn't take her? I thought Sam said—"

"Well, there was some guy from Williams and another from—"

"You see, Mommy?"

"But she wants to go with Sam."

"And Sam wants to go with her," said Mr. Parks.

Selina, undaunted, turned on the waterworks again. "I'll never be able to go back to school. The disgrace. I couldn't stand it."

"Please don't cry," said Sam miserably.

Selina wept on.

Sam clenched and unclenched his fists. Mrs. Parks saw that there was a battle going on between his idea of himself as a noble character and his inclinations.

Selina saw it too. "I wish I was dead," she wailed.

"'Were dead,'" said Mr. Parks. "Contrary to fact."

"A kid's dance," Sam muttered in open mutiny.

"Nobody loves me," Selina went on. "When your own brother—"

SAM'S inclinations knew when they were beaten and he gave up. With an it-is-a-far-far-better-thing-that-I-do expression, Sam announced that he would take Selina to her dance.

"You will?" gasped Selina.

"Yes." Sam's eyes shone with a holy light.

His sister jumped up and kissed him.

"But what about Nancy?" asked Mrs. Parks.

"Oh, she'll understand. She's a very understanding girl," he said fondly.

His mother was not so sure. "Why I never knew a girl who—"

"Sam—?" Selina prodded him.

"Sure thing. I'll hurry. First I got to phone her."

"Get dressed first," said his father, "just in case Mac—"

"In case?" Sam's tone proclaimed that there are no exits from scaffolds. "Mom, what did you do with my suit?"

"Your suit? Heavens, I forgot all about it. I took it to the tailor's and he closed long ago." Mrs. Parks eyed her husband.

"Okay," said Mr. Parks. "Under the circumstances, I am glad to contribute."

Mrs. Parks went into action again. In record time, Sam was dressed in his father's clothes from head to foot. He and Selina were just about to leave when he remembered he had not called Nancy.

"Please don't count the rings this time," he said as he went to the telephone. "Cramps my style."

Mrs. Parks tried to pretend she wasn't listening but her ears were radar.

"Nancy?" Sam said. "This is, uh, me. Have you called Tommy yet? . . . I bet, I bet he was fit to be tied. What about Hank? . . . You haven't told him yet . . . That's good. You see it's like this. You know my kid sister. Tonight's her first dance and the boy who was supposed to take her hasn't showed up. She's awfully upset . . . Yes, isn't it? I knew you'd understand. So I said I'd take her—"

A loud crackling noise came from the telephone.

"But I've *got* to. She's crying and I thought if you'd tell Hank you'd go with him, I could get away by ten and—"

More crackle.

"But I thought you'd understand—"

There was a click and Sam put the receiver down slowly. "She said either I called for her in fifteen minutes or she would never speak to me again."

"Sam," Selina pulled him by the arm. "Please hurry."

"I can't take you. Didn't you hear me?"

"You can't go back on your word of honor."

"Which one?" Mr. Parks asked.

Sam and Selina stared at each other. Treason and tragedy, betrayal and despair hung over them like gnats above a frog pond.

Suddenly Ben barked and the bell rang.

"Saved by the Marines," Mr. Parks said.

Selina, nearest the door, opened it and a boy behind a box of flowers walked in. He wore the bland expression of someone who believed himself welcome at any time, which made Mrs. Parks want to wring his neck. As he surveyed the whole Parks family, complete with livestock, formidably lined up in the hall, his expression changed to one of dismay. He did not advance farther. The cat, seeing the open door, streaked past him and he shied violently.

"This is Mac," Selina said in magnificent understatement.

"Are you sure?" asked Sam, but he did not wait for an answer. THE END

"She's been a regular little demon all day! Spilled my cosmetics on the rug, got in the wastebasket, threw her soup at me . . . John! Are you listening?"

COLLIER'S — DON TOBIN

The Secret Première

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF
THANKS FOR THINKING OF ME BUT HAVE NO WISH TO HAVE ANYTHING FURTHER TO DO WITH THE ATOMIC BOMB. TOJO.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL STATLER NEW YORK NY
YOU'LL WISH YOU WERE TOJO IF YOU DON'T CATCH THE NEXT PUBLIC CONVEYANCE TO OAK KNOLL.
DICK.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF
DICK, EVERY FIBER OF MY BEING SAYS LET'S NOT TRY THIS. I SHUDDER TO THINK WHAT I MIGHT ACCOMPLISH IN THAT PLACE. GEORGE.

GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL STATLER NEW YORK NY
FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE YOU DON'T HAVE TO GET NEAR THE PLACE JUST HAND THE MAN THE CAN OF CORN AND STAND BACK. EIGHT-YEAR-OLD IDIOT COULD DO IT. DICK.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF
I KNOW, BUT CAN I? I'M FORTY-THREE. HOWEVER, IT'S YOUR FUNERAL. LEAVING FOR OAK KNOLL ON MIDNIGHT ROCKET. LOOK OUT, DUCKS. GEORGE.

HOTEL PARADISE
Pine Knot, Arkansas
September 6, 1950
Air Mail

Mr. Richard L. Reed,
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, Richard, after a busy morning casing this situation, I can only report that once again your brilliant mind has overmatched itself. Just as I feared, this thing won't work.

Let me inform you of what you're up against.

Two phone calls this morning disclosed the fact that our films that go to the base are supplied, just as I thought, by Abe Riley here at Pine Knot. So I went over to call on Abe. I told him that I was down for a few days to take the mineral baths, and how were things? Fine, he said, fine; and while we were talking in came the Marine guard from the atomic base to pick up the film they are going to show over there tonight. Abe introduced me, and we had an informative chat. All this guard does is take the film to the Security Office, located just inside the main gate. There, like everything else, it is thoroughly checked before it is sent on in to the projection department.

Do they really check them? I asked. I'll bet you could stick a ham sandwich, or—ha-ha-ha—even the wrong film in any of those film cans, and it would go right on through without question.

Mister, he said, nothing goes into that place without question. Every single thing that goes in or comes out is checked, rechecked, weighed, X-rayed and boiled. You couldn't smuggle a bent pin into that place with a slingshot.

Thank you very much, I said. It is nice to know that our atoms are in such good hands.

Anyway, Dick, that's that. Your substitution of films would undoubtedly be exposed during this frisking at the Security Office, and your whole plan would collapse. And if the thing did get through, the government would probably send both of us to Leavenworth.

So suppose I just take one good mineral bath, using plenty of soap, and then get back to New York. Huh?

Regards,
George.

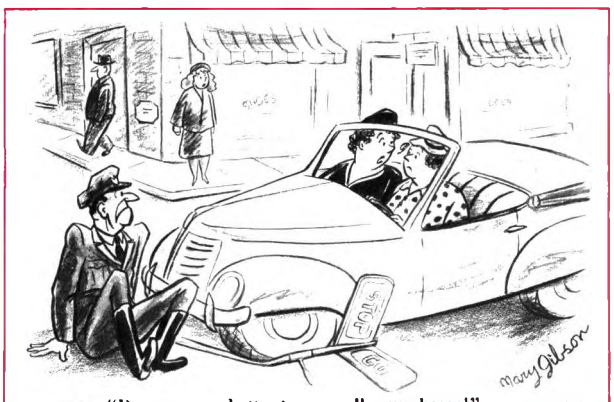
GEORGE SEIBERT
HOTEL PARADISE PINE KNOT ARK
WHY DO I KEEP SENDING YOU TO DO A MAN'S JOB? OR EVEN A BOY'S JOB? WILL YOU PLEASE JUST PERFORM THE SIMPLE LITTLE TASK I ASKED OF YOU, AND LET ME DO THE WORRYING? NO MATTER HOW MUCH THEY CHECK, HOW CAN THEY POSSIBLY KNOW ONE PICTURE FROM ANOTHER? THEY ALL SMELL THE SAME. YOU'D THINK THIS FOOL STUDIO COULD HIRE ME JUST ONE CAPABLE ASSISTANT. DICK.

GUARDHOUSE
Oak Knoll Atomic Project
Oak Knoll, Arkansas
September 7, 1950
Air Mail

Miss Dickie Reed,
Publicity Dept., Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dickie:

Please pardon the affectionate form of the salutation. In order to get this letter smuggled out of here I had to tell one of the guards that we were engaged. Prison guards are always suckers for romance, particularly if the letter you wished mailed to your loved one is neatly wrapped in a twenty-dollar bill.



COLLIER'S "Dear me, you better turn on all your charm!" MARY GIBSON

But perhaps you would like to know how I happen to be in here. Well, all I can say is that it's one of the luckiest things that ever happened to us. Once again I have barely managed to save you from the consequences of your own folly.

When I got your expected telegram this noon, full of your customary warmth and understanding, I realized that if you were bound to go ahead with this scheme, the only thing for me to do was to try to get into this place somehow and find out what actually went on in the film department—how carefully they checked the films on the way in, whether they were given any preliminary showing by a censorship board, etc. It was foolhardy to proceed without personally checking these things.

But how?

Then I remembered my foolproof approach to such problems. I hastened to a local printer and had some business cards printed. The cards established my identity as Mr. Walter E. "Walt" Snodgrass, Special Service Representative of the Simplex Projector Company. I will forever wonder why people place such simple faith in a business card. You can have a barrel of them printed anywhere in the country in ten minutes for a dollar, with the privilege of writing your own copy. And still, all you have to do is hand anybody your card, and they accept you without question as whatever it says you are. I will never understand these things.

But I am grateful for the fact that it always works. With the ink hardly dry on my new cards, I hurried to the nearest drugstore and purchased a screw driver, a pair of pliers and a small roll of friction tape. I took a cab out to the atomic base to check their projectors. If they could check these things, so could I.

At the gate I handed over my card and stated my business; the guard called the projection department and told them who I was—reading it off the card—and I was admitted without question. Just take that blue bus over there, Mr. Snodgrass, said the guard, and tell the driver you want the auditorium. And off we tottled across the reservation toward the group of buildings on the horizon.

My plan was simple. While I checked the projectors, I would find out everything I needed to know from the operator. I would then say that everything was fine, put my screw driver back in my pocket, and tootle back out the gate. Nothing to it.

Unfortunately, it didn't work out that way. If anybody had told me that after hanging around movie studios and theaters for twenty years I couldn't do a legitimate-looking job of checking a Simplex projector, I'd have told him he was nuts. The fact is that in not over five minutes I was surrounded by a growing pile of miscellaneous parts, none of which seemed to go back on the thing anywhere. Dick, if you ever need to pretend to check a piece of machinery when you don't know what you're doing, let me give you one piece of advice—don't take out that first screw. When I took the first screw out of this thing, little springs and parts began flying out in all directions; when I tried to stuff them back in, other parts flew off, and pretty soon I was in what I can only call a mess.

At this point the young operator, who had been looking more and more puzzled, excused himself for a moment, and when next I looked up three Marine guards were looking over his shoulder with great interest, and looking over their shoulders was a Marine captain. "Okay, Mac," said the captain, "how about coming over to the guardhouse for a little talk? We've got some sticky locks over there we just can't do a thing with."

And here I am. Cell 17. I have at least confused them to the point where I am not charged with anything definite. I am being held under what they call protective custody until Monday, when General Steele, the head of the place, gets back from Washington.

And what is so lucky about all this?

Well, as soon as I was incarcerated, I naturally set about making friends through the bars with anyone who would listen, in an effort to find out as much as possible about this General Steele, whose acquaintance I am to make Monday. And what do you suppose? The general's secretary, now on the trip to Washington with him, is nothing but the most beautiful Wac in the entire service, and his wife is a lady clubwoman, who spends half her time circling the gates here trying to get in to retrieve her husband, and the other half making bitter speeches against the atomic energy program.

Did you say that that picture of yours was improbable? It's so improbable that everybody in this place has been laughing themselves to death over exactly the same situation for months.

The only thing that saved us was my getting in here and finding it out. If you had thrown that picture in here cold, General Steele—who from what I hear has no sense of humor whatever—would have taken it as the insult of the ages, and he would most probably have got the whole picture banned for all time. If I were you, I would never show this film anywhere within the state of Arkansas.

The only trouble is, now that I have saved you from a fate worse than death, I'm not exactly sure how I'm going to save myself from same.

Also, to tell you the whole horrible truth, while I was waiting for my cards to be printed, I called Abe, found out that the next Federal film was to be shown over here Monday night, and told him that if he didn't hear any more from me, to go get the Atom Love print, switch the cans, and send her over.

But don't worry; I'll work it out. Only for Heaven's sake wire Abe immediately, and cancel the Monday-night deal. Then, if I can talk my way out of here alive, we'll figure out a new approach, preferably at someplace quite distant. The best idea might be just to make a new picture.

Regards,
George.

P.S. Actually, my only ray of sunshine at the moment is that you can't reach me with any of your frantic telegrams. If I go to the gallows, I will at least be spared that.

WALTER E. SNODGRASS
GUARDHOUSE
OAK KNOLL ATOMIC PROJECT ARK

FOR YOUR INFORMATION, WALT, TELEGRAMS CAN BE DELIVERED ANYWHERE. EXCEPT WHERE, SO FAR AS I AM CONCERNED, YOU CAN GO. HAVE WIRED ABE TO PROCEED WITH TONIGHT'S SHOWING ON SCHEDULE. WE ARE RUNNING A BUSINESS HERE, NOT A COLUMN OF ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN. DOUBT THAT COLONEL SCRAPIRON WILL EVEN ATTEND. FORTUNATELY, HE'LL BE TOO BUSY WITH YOUR HANGING. BEST REGARDS.

DICKIE.

GUARDHOUSE
OAK KNOLL ATOMIC PROJECT
Oak Knoll, Arkansas
September 11, 1950
Air Mail Special

Miss Dickie Reed,
Publicity Dept.,
Federal Pictures
Hollywood, California

Dear Dickie:

Well, all I can say is that you pick fine times for jokes. It is evident that you don't realize the seriousness of this situation. If you were here in this concrete bastille, I can assure you that you wouldn't chuckle so.

However, as always, I am continuing to do everything in my power to save you from making a fool of yourself. But so far I must admit that I haven't quite got the thing under control. In fact, it is less under control now than it was. But in a situation like this all you can do is keep trying everything you can think of.

Which I have been doing. This after-

noon, while the four Marine guards were marching me over to General Steele's office, I was thinking rapidly. And by the time we reached his door I had arrived at a plan. My defense would consist of a stirring offense.

As we marched through the outer office, however, I nearly forgot the whole plan. That's where I first encountered General Steele's Wac secretary, June Lester, and I must say that she is so beautiful that she takes your breath away. Chestnut-brown hair, a complexion like a spring morning, and blue eyes that go round and round you like some sort of heavenly lasso.

Then I came to with a start, with the two Marines behind me prodding me toward General Steele. He looked like General Pershing—tall, lean, gray-haired, everything clipped and trimmed to the most efficient minimum. And he looked unusually tired, drawn, and grim. Gulp, went my heart.

The formalities of announcement over, General Steele turned his plank-puncturing gaze on me and said, "Well, what have you to say?"

"What I have to say, General," I said, with what briskness I could summon, "is of such a nature that I must request you to have the guard wait outside."

Without hesitation General Steele said, "Captain, you and your men will wait in the outer office. And now," he said, when they had closed the door behind them, "proceed."

Which I did. I informed him that I was not Walter Snodgrass, projector repairman, at all, but Mr. George Seibert, Director of Publicity for Federal Pictures, and I handed him my card attesting to same. I have never told you, but I have a few cards to this effect which I use when I need to impress somebody. No offense.) And I went on to tell him that we had made this picture, Atom Love—of which I had a print available at Pine Knot—in which the head of an atomic plant was in love with his beautiful Wac secretary, much to his wife's discomfort. And now that we had got it made, we had discovered that the plot, according to rumors we had heard, closely paralleled his own private life. I had therefore come prepared to make him a small deal. If he would sign a release saying that he wouldn't sue, we would agree to pay the expenses of an extended foreign vacation for him and Mrs. Steele, or—and here I decently lowered my voice—him and his secretary.

My reasoning up to this point was, I think, foolproof. The only possible result, I felt, was that he would arise in great indignation, as most guilty people do, roar that any such plot in no way concerned his private life, and then throw me clear through the outer office, and possibly even clear out through the outer gate. We would then have him. After such an indignant statement of his position, he could hardly cause us any trouble when the picture came out.

It didn't, however, work out quite that way. As I talked, he blanched visibly. And when I had finished he sat quite silent for a moment, and then, to my surprise, flipped a lever on his desk squawk-box and told the guard to come in. And as they filed back in he said crisply, "Captain, you will send a suitable guard with this man over to Pine Knot, where he will pick up a film. See that he gets it. You will then have him and the film returned to the guardhouse, and have him prepared to fly to Washington with me within the hour. That is all."

And it was all. With the guards prodding me, I got the film from Abe—saying you had wired me a further change of plan—and I am now awaiting the buzzer which will mean we're off to Washington. What will happen there I don't know. But, unfortunately, it seems that your secret premiere is not going to be quite as secret as you planned.

But don't you worry. I'll work it out. Somehow.

As Ever,
George.

ATOMIC ENERGY COMMISSION
WASHINGTON DC

IF THERE IS A MAN AROUND THERE USING THE NAME OF EITHER WALTER SNODGRASS OR GEORGE SEIBERT OR, FOR THAT MATTER, ANY OTHER NAME AND CLAIMING TO BE A REPRESENTATIVE OF THIS COMPANY, PLEASE SEIZE HIM AND HAVE HIM RETURNED HERE AT OUR EXPENSE UNDER PROPER RESTRAINT. HE IS A FORMER EMPLOYEE WHOM WE HAVE BEEN TRYING TO KEEP ON THE PAYROLL FOR REASONS OF SENTIMENT. BUT IF YOU HAVE ALREADY MADE HIS ACQUAINTANCE I THINK YOU WILL AGREE THAT SENTIMENT CAN GO ONLY SO FAR JUST GET HIM NEAR ENOUGH THAT I CAN LAY MY HANDS ON HIM, AND I ASSURE YOU THAT HE WILL CAUSE NEITHER OF US ANY FURTHER TROUBLE.

RICHARD L. REED
DIRECTOR OF PUBLICITY
FEDERAL PICTURES

GUEST QUARTERS A
OAK KNOLL ATOMIC PROJECT
Oak Knoll, Arkansas
September 13, 1950
Air Mail Special

Mr. Richard L. Reed,
Director of Publicity, Federal Pictures,
Hollywood, California

Dear Dick:

Well, we are back from Washington, Steele and I. In fact, we never even got there. Due to a slight change of plan, we turned around somewhere over Virginia, I believe it was, and here we are. I can't leave just yet, but it is certainly more comfortable in my present quarters than it was in that damp guardhouse. Dick, I don't know why they always build jails out of concrete; there's nothing in this world more unhealthful.

But perhaps you are anxious to know what I've been doing. Well, let me tell you I've had a busy night and morning.

Yesterday afternoon as the general and I took off, we passed over the main gate, and standing under us was a nice-looking woman waving frantically.

"Who could she be?" I asked the general. "Could anything be wrong?"

"That is my wife," said the general, miserably, "and there is certainly something wrong, but nothing that you can do anything about. Neither, alas, can I."

And as we sat there alone in the passenger compartment of the big plane, gathering altitude for the flight to Washington, he leaned back with a sigh, and proceeded to tell me a most harrowing tale.

The truth is that he is deeply and completely in love with his own dear wife, and always has been. His only possible interest in his beautiful Wac secretary has been somehow to get rid of her. But this, as it turns out, he can't do. She is the daughter of General Winthrop Lester, who is even a bigger general than General Steele, and also connected with the Army's promotion board. And in the Army, even if you're a general, it seems that you don't go around giving members of the promotion board any needless affronts. General Lester has sent his beautiful daughter to act as General Steele's secretary as a great personal favor, and he will take it most unkindly if General Steele sends her back.

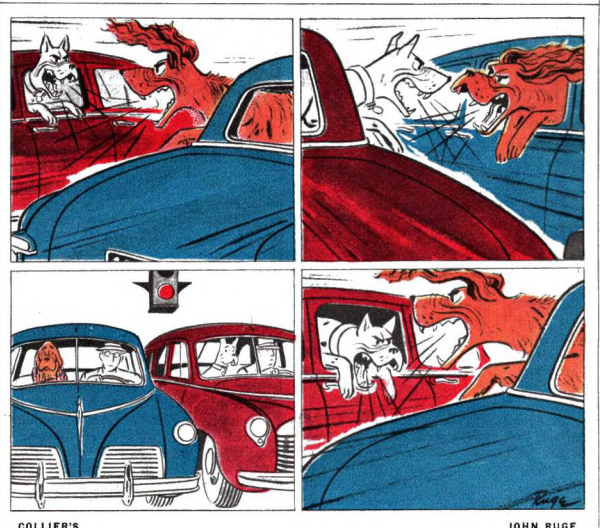
So General Steele's only possibility is to have some more important general than he is request her. That is how he happened to take Miss Lester along on that first ill-advised trip to Washington. He took her around town and introduced her to all the big generals and even all the admirals he knew, but they, being family men themselves, took one look at Miss Lester and said Oops, they had just remembered a very important appointment.

And so late in a very discouraging day General Steele steered beautiful Miss Lester into a small Washington *bistro* for a cup of coffee, while he tried to figure out the next move; and of course at that moment his own dear wife, who hadn't yet moved down to Oak Knoll, walked in and saw them, and Ha, and when the general introduced Miss Lester as his new secretary down at Oak Knoll, Mrs. Steele said Ha again, only louder, and to this day the general hasn't been able to get things straightened out.

He has finally just barricaded himself inside his secret project, and every time he has thought of some other general he might possibly unload Miss Lester on, he has flown her to Washington for an interview. By now he was working his way through even the ordinary, or one-star generals, but even they all took one look at Miss Lester and said Oops, they had just thought of an appointment.

"So you will understand, Mr. Seibert," concluded the general, "why I can't allow this picture to appear until I can somehow get this terrible situation straightened out. I hate to cause any inconvenience to you or

CLANCY



COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

Refresh . . . Add Zest to the Hour

In town, ice-cold Coca-Cola is around the corner from anywhere.

But out where there are no corners, the hero of the party

is the one who brings the Coke along—ice cold in the handy picnic cooler.

Coca-Cola
TRADE-MARK ®
"Coke"
TRADE-MARK ®

Ask for it either way . . . both trade-marks mean the same thing.

your firm, but my beloved wife is more important to me than any moving picture ever made. So I will have to show this picture to the Atomic Energy Commission and to other officials in Washington, and convince them that there is something secret in it which will make it necessary to ban its showing. I hate to do this, Mr. Seibert, but I trust that you will see my position in the matter."

"Yes," I said, "I certainly do, and I can only say that I didn't realize that Army life held such unusual difficulties."

And we fell silent as the big plane roared on toward Washington. The general took advantage of the opportunity for a short nap, and I sat there, in the gathering twilight, staring out the window of my flying tumbrel.

Then suddenly I got it. Wow.

Shaking the general awake, I said with some excitement, "General, suppose I could solve your problem for you? Suppose I could find a new post for Miss Lester—one she would be happy to take, and one to which her father couldn't possibly object?"

"Oh, Mr. Seibert," he said, wringing my hand, "do you suppose you could?"

"I am sure that I can," I said, "if you will turn this thing around, and get us back to Oak Knoll and give me a free hand for not over one hour."

"Turn," he called to the pilot. "Turn!"

And here we are. Like the invention of the hairpin, working it out, once I got the idea, was simple. I merely had a short talk with Miss Lester this morning, handed her one of my cards—the ones establishing my identity as Mr. George Seibert, Talent Scout for Federal Pictures; these have occasionally come in *very* handy— and told her that I had been sent down from New York to look her over, and she was the most beautiful girl I had ever seen, and how would she like to rush out to Hollywood immediately for a screen test?

Well, I have never seen a woman yet who wouldn't. Her eyes lighting up like the Paul Revere lantern in the church tower, she said, "Oh, do you think General Steele would mind?"

"I am sure," I said, "that General Steele would not stand in the way of this glorious opportunity. I can assure you that he will see to the necessary papers."

"I will try to make the ten-o'clock plane," she said. "Oh, goody, goody, goody." And she rushed in, played a wonderful farewell scene with General Steele, and left to pack her things.

And it is now nearly eleven, and we haven't heard from her, so evidently she made the ten-o'clock plane. Out to see you for her screen test. Test her fore and aft, and pro and con, long enough to make it convincing, and then tell her you're sorry but her left eye squints a little or something, and thanks very much. She will then return East in a heartbroken manner, but at least she won't bother General Steele any more. Any girl who has taken off for Hollywood in a blaze of glory for a screen test tends to find new friends, and a new job, when she returns.

And whatever time and film you waste on Miss Lester, be assured that it is in a good cause. General Steele is having lunch with Mrs. Steele, to declare peace, and he is so happy that I am sure that he would give me a sample atomic bomb if I wanted one, which I don't. The important thing is that tonight we are going to show the picture. He has promised to be there in person and glare the audience down if there is any unseemly laughter, and he says that if any of the atomic brass complains about the later advertising, leave it to him; he will testify that it was most kindly of us to give the Oak Knoll boys the first look at this splendid picture, and he in no way sees that we did anything wrong.

So shoot the works. And I still say that I don't see why you worry about these things.

As Ever,
George.

GEORGE SEIBERT
GUEST QUARTERS A
OAK KNOLL ATOMIC PROJECT
OAK KNOLL ARK

PLEASE ACCEPT MY APOLOGIES AND THE ENCLOSED BONUS. BUT FOR HEAVEN'S SAKE TEAR UP THOSE TALENT SCOUT CARDS. YOU DON'T KNOW A GOOD THING WHEN YOU SEE IT. WE HAVE JUST SIGNED MISS LESTER TO A SEVEN-YEAR CONTRACT. SHE IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING WE HAVE SEEN IN YEARS. DICK.

RICHARD L. REED
FEDERAL PICTURES HOLLYWOOD
CALIF

I KNOW IT. BUT IF I'D TRIED TO TELL YOU SO YOU WOULDN'T EVEN HAVE GIVEN HER THE TEST AND YOU KNOW IT. YOU FIDDLE-BRAINS OUT THERE LIKE YOU THINK THAT YOU DO IT ALL. INCIDENTALLY, PREMIERE LAST NIGHT WAS GREAT SUCCESS. IT'S ONE OF THE WORST PICTURES I'VE EVER SEEN, BUT WITH THE START WE'VE GIVEN IT I HAVE EVERY CONFIDENCE THAT IT WILL MAKE A BUNDLE. AND NOW, IF YOU WILL PARDON ME, I MUST HASTE AWAY, AS GENERAL AND MRS. STEELE ARE EXPECTING ME FOR DINNER. REGARDS.

GEORGE.

THE END

"Let's see, now, John, don't you think the bureau would look much better in *that* corner?"

COLLIER'S HERB WILLIAMS

You start right when you're dressed RIGHT!

and you're dressed right when your clothes are UNION MADE!

19-to-1 your favorite suit is UNION MADE!

No matter what's ahead for you at the start of a day — you *know* the going is easier when you're dressed right. So you choose your clothes with care. And chances are 19 to 1 that your *favorite* suit bears the Amalgamated union label inside the inside pocket. That's no accident. To produce men's clothing that looks right, feels right, and wears right, takes skill and know-how in *every seam, every stitch.* It takes the expert workmanship that is guaranteed by the Amalgamated union label . . . symbol of the world's most highly skilled clothing workers.

For smoother sailing through work days and social doings — make *sure* that your next suit, top coat and overcoat are union-made!

FREE: *"INSIDE STORY — What Every Man Should Know About the Clothes he Wears and the Men Who Make Them."* Write ACWA, 15 Union Square, New York 3.

Look for the **AMALGAMATED** label

...for best buys in any price range

AMALGAMATED CLOTHING WORKERS OF AMERICA A UNION OF MASTER CRAFTSMEN — IN SUITS • OVERCOATS • UNIFORMS WORK CLOTHES • SPORTSWEAR • SHIRTS • PAJAMAS • GLOVES • TIES

IF YOU WANT A REAL BLUE CHIP
THAT PAYS GOOD DIVIDENDS—

IN GOOD, OLD-FASHIONED FLAVOR
WHEN YOU'RE ENTERTAINING FRIENDS—

HERE'S A TIP AN OLD-TIME JUDGE
OF MELLOW TASTE EXTENDS—

JUST TELL THE MAN
YOU WANT IMPERIAL!

IMPERIAL is made by Hiram Walker.

And Hiram Walker's 92 years at fine whiskey-making makes Imperial good!

Blended whiskey. 86 Proof. 70% Grain Neutral Spirits. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.

They Called It Jungle Broadway

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

army. Captain Wingate was a much-loved figure in Palestinian settlements. Speaking Hebrew and passing his leave in outlying settlements, he became a hero revered by all Israel.

Wingate was an incurable zealot. He clashed repeatedly with the official British hierarchy in Palestine, when they looked with disfavor on his outspoken advocacy of Zionism, his support of the literal return of the Jews to the Holy Land. But, inevitably, he became known as "Lawrence of Judea." That British hero's title followed him to Ethiopia and Burma.

Daring Raids in Ethiopia

When Italy entered the war, Wingate was ordered to Khartoum to plan a projected Ethiopian revolt. He made contact with Brigadier Daniel Sandford, chief of a secret British military mission operating inside Ethiopia, planned a joint campaign and crossed the border on January 20, 1941, with Emperor Haile Selassie. Leading 1,800 Sudanese and Ethiopians, plus a few British officers, Wingate began a series of daring raids on the Italians. He rallied the Ethiopians to battle, insisting they be called "Patriots."

With only 400 regulars and 3,000 Patriots he forced an Italian garrison of 14,000 to evacuate Debra Marcos, chased them steadily and finally terrorized the Italian commander into surrendering. He then refused his foes' request for a guard of honor—he didn't want to humiliate them by disclosing he had too few regulars for a proper guard. On May 5th, he entered Addis Ababa beside Haile Selassie.

He then became involved in new quarrels with high officialdom. Some ambitious British Empire builders wanted to keep the Ethiopian king as a puppet ruler. Wingate resisted with all the force of his dramatic personality. He became so emotionally involved he addressed a drastic note to his chief, Sir Archibald Wavell, and even attempted suicide by slashing his throat with a razor. He was found in time, but after hospitalization was left with a scarred throat, a constricted, glottal tone of voice and rigidity of neck. On his recovery, Wavell ordered him to Burma to plan a greater campaign.

Churchill admired novel military adventures. At Quebec he presented Wingate as a present-day successor to Clive of India, Chinese Gordon, Lawrence of Arabia, all legendary heroes of British Empire conquest. This novel general, still in his jungle battle dress, looked out of place at the formal meeting, but his exploits were impressive. It was agreed there should be a Wingate campaign and Roosevelt promised American participation.

Wingate wanted one thing above all from his American allies. During his Burma campaign in the spring dry season of 1943 losses had been tragic because he had been forced to abandon wounded men in the jungle, lacking means to transport them. It had been terrible for morale. The Royal Air Force had supplied his fast-marching columns by parachute delivery, until the last stages of the campaign, when his raiders were forced to destroy their radios. When they attempted to walk back to India unsupplied and unaided, hundreds of them fell beside jungle trails, to die alone or be captured. Wingate himself managed to swim the Chindwin River to friendly territory, but many of his men were not so lucky.

For this 1944 campaign he wanted light planes to evacuate wounded and give him reliable supply behind the enemy lines. The U.S. Air Force chief, General Henry H. (Hap) Arnold, a pioneer himself, was impressed. Asked how many planes he could supply he replied laughingly, "How about 200? Or, no, let's make it 300." Mountbatten beamed his surprise and Wingate smiled with more reserve. They thought the Americans were talking big—"as usual."

Back in Washington, Arnold began to think in terms of an "aerial task force" for Wingate. He asked his staff to find a young American airman with the gift of unorthodox experiment to toss in with the British superman.

Two officers were named, both fighter pilots with great war records. When they met outside Arnold's office it was a reunion of old roommates. They were Air Force "twins," who had trained together, then gone separate ways to fight around the world.

Philip Cochran came from a prominent family of Erie, Pennsylvania. His father was a lawyer and onetime mayor. Phil was an alter boy and church-choir soprano. At Ohio State University he sang in night clubs to pay expenses and was graduated with a degree in business administration. Hating any kind of business and administration, he joined the Army Air Forces, just under the

"What would you like to eat tonight—out?"

COLLIER'S JOHN DEMPSEY

wire, the age limit of 26. He cut quite a figure in his uniform. His thick, dark hair was streaked with gray, his small nose had a touch of the beak, his jaw was muscular. He had an air of vivid intelligence, hard resolution and a turn of mirthful gaiety.

John Alison, of Gainesville, Florida, had a fair complexion, blue eyes and light brown hair, tending to baldness. He spoke with a soft slowness and seemed a man of smiling modesty, intelligence and simplicity.

When the United States went to war, Cochran was given a squadron to train and lead to sky battles overseas. Alison was sent to England with the first squadron of P-45s for the Royal Air Force. Cochran trained a P-40 fighter outfit, which went to Egypt when Marshal Erwin Rommel's Afrika Korps stood at the gateway to the Nile, but Cochran remained behind in a hospital bed. He was exhausted.

Out of the hospital, he wangled an assignment to deliver 30 P-40s to Africa as replacements. They landed off Casablanca from a British catapult carrier. Lacking direct orders, Cochran took his gang off into the desert, where they teamed up with an infantry outfit.

Chance had put Cochran in a hot spot, where Rommel was coming through and the Allies were fighting to close his corridor. Phil developed a guerrilla air campaign, strafing and bombing against artillery, troop concentrations and tank squadrons.

He led his planes into wild action everywhere he could. Believing he was having his first and last chance in war, Phil saw to it that he had enough nerve-chilling adventure to last one man for the duration. Finally, with combat decorations, he returned home to a training assignment at New York's Mitchel Field.

John Alison, meanwhile, was getting around the world another way. Sent first to England, he was transferred to Soviet Russia as an air attaché at the American embassy. He flew to Moscow with Harry Hopkins and worked with the Russians on lend-lease, first at Archangel in the Arctic, then in Persia. He moved on to China where, after much wire-pulling, he wangled a transfer to American units and served under General Claire Chennault. Then he was ordered home to train a squadron.

General Arnold talked to Alison and Cochran separately and then got them together. When he revealed it was a light plane evacuation job they instantly protested they were fighter pilots who wanted action. The general talked them into it, saw how close they were, and ended by giving them a joint command, making Cochran titular head because he had been in flying school a few months before Alison.

Arnold had been mulling over the Wingate idea and had developed the picture of air support far beyond anything dreamed by the British commander.

Cochran went to London and talked the campaign over with Wingate and Mountbatten. The British superman told Flip Corkin of the comic strips his theory of "long-range penetration," which he regarded as his contribution to the history of war. This involved throwing guerrilla columns behind enemy lines and directing them by radio. He said his columns would so disrupt the Japs that northern Burma could be occupied easily by invasion. And he got around to a theme about which Cochran was to hear much to his unending amusement—a theme of mules.

"I never could get over Wingate's belief in mules," Cochran told me. "To him, transport meant mules. He had used them in Palestine, in Ethiopia, in Burma—mostly American mules. He was always saying that the only way you could get stuff through the jungle was on muleback. He delivered discourses on mules. Long-range penetration went clumping along with long ears and a heehaw. It seemed cockeyed to me, the combination of mule transport and the ultramodern radio elaboration of Wingate's scientific guerrilla war."

Assured of Aerial Support

The campaign would begin, said Wingate, early in February, less than five months hence. Operations would last through the dry season, about three months. Cochran responded, okay, he'd be there with an aerial task force of light planes to evacuate the wounded and bring in supplies. Also some fighter planes for protection.

Flying home, Cochran mulled over Wingate's ideas. He considered the obvious weak spot in the long-range penetration theory, the factor symbolized by the mules—only light equipment could be carried. Cochran knew the might of major armament and wondered how Wingate could be provided with it. Light planes could not do the job. Suddenly it hit him: gliders!

Recently developed gliders could transport artillery, large mortars, armored cars and light tanks. They could land—crash-land if necessary—almost anywhere. With a unit of gliders, the aerial task force could take heavy equipment into the jungle for the Chindits.

Back in Washington he hurried to Alison, burning to tell his news. He blurted, "You know what Wingate really needs?"

"Yes," Alison responded quietly. "He needs gliders."

While Cochran was in London, Alison

had started to assemble a staff. He recruited Captain Charles Englehardt, of New Jersey, for administrative officer. Master Sergeant Irving Berkowitz, whom they called "the Brain," a boy from Manhattan's West Side, was made paperwork chief. As executive officer they picked Lieutenant Colonel Arvid Olson, Jr., from Chicago, known as Oley. He had fought in Burma with U.S. planes early in the war.

They marked down as needed 150 gliders, the large Cargo Glider 4A the Air Force Troop Carrier Command had developed. These could accommodate even artillery and light tanks. Gliders needed transport tow planes. They decided on a squadron. Also 30 fighters for a protection and striking force, with the latest weapons. And a swarm of 100 light planes for evacuating wounded and shuttling supplies. The list was the tip-off: They were planning a small but complete tactical air force—the first air-ground task force on record.

They took the document to the commander of the Air Forces with some trepidation. General Arnold saw what they were up to. Signing and handing back the now formal order, the general told them: "Think up a name for this unit. Something like Air Commandos. Think of something better."

They never did. It became the Air Commandos, in apt partnership with the British commando chief, Mountbatten.

Two Eager Glider Experts

Alison and Cochran went to the glider division in the Pentagon and asked for a glider expert. They were referred to Major William H. Taylor, Jr., from St. Louis, who had worked glider tests in Florida and experimented with powerless aircraft in Panama. "When we asked him if he wanted a tough and exciting job," Cochran recalls, "he jumped at the chance. So did his assistant, Captain Vincent J. Rose, from Kenosha, Wisconsin."

All preparations were shrouded in military secrecy. The Air Commandos were called, at first, Project 9. Wingate they referred to affectionately as "the Man." Only the top leaders knew what the ultimate objective was. Others merely realized it must be a big-time show. The entire personnel was flown to India.

Cochran went ahead of his 500-man task force to meet Wingate in New Delhi. He was shocked to find the Man in a hospital, recovering from a dangerous attack of typhus. Worse than the disease was his mental depression. Wingate told his American partner that the whole project had been called off. It had, he explained, been ruined by the very high policy in which it was born. At their Cairo conference, Roosevelt and Churchill had promised more aid to China. With transportation equipment limited in this theater of war, the Wingate drive into Burma had been crossed off as too costly.

When Wingate got down on the floor with a huge map and explained his strategy fully to Cochran they decided that gliders could be used for troop transport into the jungle and that they could thus dispense with aid from regular air units. After a feverish planning session on the floor of Wingate's sickroom, Cochran burst into a meeting of high brass for the Southeast Asia Command and got the whole program reinstated—on condition that it carry its own weight.

But they still had another point to prove. Wingate was great for maneuvers, realistic war games, pitting his men against each other to train them for the ordeal of jungle war. He ordered test glider troop landings. He was not completely convinced these motorless machines were practical. Mountbatten had his doubts and most of the high brass in India were openly scornful of the air invasion idea.

The Man still retained his predilection for mules as transport. Shipping them by glider would, he insisted, have to be demonstrated in the maneuvers. "We consulted the British mule people and they reacted in typical army fashion," Cochran recalls. They said we'd have to build stalls in the gliders for mules. We thought that was too much weight and finally just discarded their bright ideas. We put a mule in a glider and let him stand there, tied so he wouldn't bounce up and down. It worked."

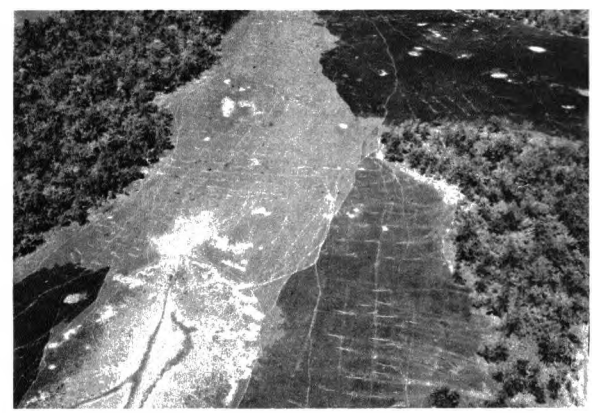
The maneuver was held in the Indian state of Gwalior, where jungle conditions of Burma were approximated. A telegraph mix-up delayed the gliders, which arrived late in a drizzling rain. Wingate ordered the maneuver immediately; Cochran and Bill Taylor demurred, but he insisted and drove off by car to watch the projected landings.

When Wingate saw even his beloved mules landed safely he was completely convinced and insisted on being flown out in a glider, "snatched" off the ground by a tow plane overhead. Night maneuvers followed, witnessed by Mountbatten and other high officers. All their doubts vanished.

"They were now willing to believe anything we said," Cochran recalls. "If we had told them we could shoot airplanes into the sky with rubber bands, they'd have believed it."

In January the Air Commandos moved to two bases, Lalaghat and Hailikand, in the Imphal Valley, the Assam hill country along the India-Burma border. Most of their equipment dragged up slowly from Calcutta over railroads and river routes. Some they flew in. The flying fields were primitive and trees were cut for dispersal shelters. When they found the ground too soft, an elephant was hired to stamp around on it—at $6 per day.

They built 24 airstrips on each field, 6,000 feet long and 300 feet wide. The Commandos never could get enough native



U.S.A.F. PHOTO

This photo of Jap-blocked Piccadilly changed Wingate's plans

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Lighten the pull on your purse strings . . . switch to finer, fresher A&P Coffee!

You'll enjoy the rich, full flavor of this superb coffee. You'll get the most from every pound because A&P Coffee is Custom Ground to your order exactly right for the way *you* make coffee. And because the profit on A&P Coffee *is only 1¢ a pound*, you'll find these superb coffees offer you real savings. Visit your A&P Store . . . change to A&P Coffee. It'll brighten your days.

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labor to save themselves, officers and men alike, from brutal overwork. Everybody pitched in and worked like coolies.

His young American partners often were amused by Wingate's eccentricities, but they developed an enormous respect for him. His own men called him "the Beard" because he grew one before each campaign. He walked around combing his beard, slowly down, then whipping it upward.

"He'd make a speech about everything if you'd let him," Cochran remembers. "He loved to talk at length about literature, philosophy, religion, work—anything under the sun. He was determined to be one of the great figures of the war, to earn a place in military history. He was sure he was destined to be 'Wingate of Burma.' He dramatized himself to the Burmese and adopted the Chinthey name for his troops. He called the flag the Chintha Emblem."

Strategic Use of Clearings

The jungle clearings had been selected by Wingate to fit grand strategy. In the extreme north Burma, General Stilwell's Chinese-American Army was advancing southward; Stilwell had annexed Merrill's Marauders, an American Ranger outfit originally intended for Wingate. He also had one Wingate Chindit brigade, led by Brigadier Bernard Fergusson, pushing south in advance of his right flank. Their operation was to strike behind the Japanese forces opposing Stilwell, disrupt communications and cut off supply and reinforcement. The Jap supply line was along the Irrawaddy River, which was paralleled by a railroad and truck route. At Katha, on the Irrawaddy, a rail spur ran westward and above Indaw connected with railroad and highway—a bottleneck ripe for attack. The two clearings were 40 miles apart, in the Indaw-Katha area. From them, the Chindit columns could operate against the river, rail and highway supply routes.

Wingate flew with Cochran and Alison to inspect the landing clearings. Names were given, appropriate to the British-American character of the air invasion. The principal base they called Piccadilly, the other Broadway. After photographic studies were completed, Wingate ordered all aircraft to shun the area, to avoid a tip-off on his plans.

As a prelude to the air invasion they put on an offensive with fighters and a newly acquired squadron of B-25 bombers which had replaced promised but not delivered R.A.F. bombers. Lieutenant Colonel Grant Mahoney, from Vallejo, California, leading the fighter planes, began the offensive with strafing, bombing and rocket fire ag inst enemy air bases south of the invasion area. Mahoney was killed in action later in the Philippines. The strategy was to convince the Japanese that the Air Commandos were in operation to prevent the invasion of India, not to carry out their own wild invasion eastward. The attacks blasted airdromes, smashed gasoline supplies, burned warehouses, shot up concentrations of troops and blew out bridges.

They were running an offensive that was actually a defense. During it, Cochran was erroneously reported missing and his obituary was published in Erie, Pennsylvania. After that, Wingate put a stop to Cochran's fun, ordering that neither he, Alison nor Oley Olson was to fly over Burma on fighter missions. They were too valuable.

Burma D day was set for March 5th, during the first full moon after the monsoon rains. They had expected to launch the invasion from Tamu, a secondary advance base over a range of mountains 8,000 feet high east of Hailikandi and Lalaghat. But the Japanese were infiltrating across the Chindwin in their own invasion toward Imphal Valley to threaten the supply line for Stilwell's advance. As a result, the glider invasion was forced to take a long haul over the Chin Hills.

Cochran and Alison planned to fly in the invasion as glider pilots but Wingate refused to risk both of them. Alison talked him into permission to go, but Cochran was ordered to stay on the ground. Bill Taylor and Vincent Rose were to lead the gliders in. The first tow job went to the leader of the transport squadron, Major William T. Cherry, Jr., from Quail, Texas, who had been Eddie Rickenbacker's pilot on the ill-fated flight over the Pacific which ended with the ordeal of forced landing and weeks of drifting at sea on rafts.

As Burma D day approached, the air assaults against the Japs to the south of Piccadilly and Broadway rose to a crescendo. The night before the invasion the Japanese airfields were bombed. That night, ammunition was issued and knives sharpened. Beards were shaved off to make it easier for doctors to treat wounds. Gliders and two planes were marshaled on the field. Wingate's troops were assembled with equipment and supplies.

Then came a warning.

The Air Commandos' cameraman, Major Charles J. Russhon, a former Hollywood sound man who had talked his way into the outfit, wanted to make a final reconnaissance trip over the targets despite Wingate's express prohibition. With Cochran's reluctant agreement, he made a quick trip with Lieutenant Colonel R. T. Smith, of Los Angeles, the bomber leader as well as pilot. He found everything normal at Broadway—and Piccadilly booby-trapped with teak logs placed across the clearing to smash any landings, plus earthworks which indicated mines. "I had a life-and-death warning," he told me.

"Back at Lalaghat," said Russhon, "I blurted out my story and we hurried to General Wingate with the pictures. He asked first who had violated his orders to make the flight. When Cochran spoke up admitting disobedience, a huge smile came to his stern, bearded face."

There was only one inference to be drawn from the photographs of Piccadilly, vivid with parallel lines across the clearing. The Japs had prepared it against landings. They had guessed something or perhaps knew everything. Wingate said that the worst contingency was that the Japs had blocked one clearing to lure the glider force to destruction in the other. But he didn't think they were that smart.

The Man made the decision on his own responsibility—to throw the entire glider operation into Broadway. Glider trains would all go crowding into one field instead of two.

John Alison, who was to have commanded Piccadilly, now had no command. Oley Olson had been assigned to command at Broadway. Alison insisted on going along as a glider pilot to serve at Broadway under Olson. Bill Taylor, who was to have landed the first glider at Piccadilly, took over the glider that was to be first at Broadway.

Wingate had issued an order of the day to his Chindits, a proclamation that had been posted on the side of a glider. It had blown away and been pasted again. It began in sonorous fashion: "Today we stand on the threshold of battle." It ended in accordance with Wingate's deeply religious nature: "Knowing the vanity of man's effort and the confusion of his purpose, let us pray that God may accept our services and direct our endeavors, so that, when we have done all, we shall see the fruit of our labors and be satisfied."

Cochran made a last-minute address to the invading Air Commandos, a zero-hour pep talk that rang as it ended: "Nothing you've ever done, nothing you're ever going to do counts now. Only the next few hours. Tonight you are going to find your souls."

Wingate's airborne invasion of Burma was threatened with disaster when the first gliders trying to land at Jungle Broadway cracked up, strewing the field with wreckage. In next week's Collier's, Lowell Thomas tells the exciting account of how the day was saved and the invasion launched. Order a copy at your newsstand now

KOREA—
Tougher to Crack than Okinawa

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

The art of deception was refined in the Communists' employment of camouflage. Two or three belated tanks clanking toward the American lines would hear our airplanes approaching. Their crews would wheel the vehicles into the roadside ditch, cart them over to give every appearance of having been knocked off the highway, thrust a few handfuls of lighted oil-soaked waste under the treads, and then hide themselves in the marsh. To the aviators, the scene meant but one thing: some lucky colleague had machine-gunned and rocketed a tank train to destruction; and they flew on in hopes of finding game as good, while the tanks were backed onto the road and proceeded on their lethal way to the American positions.

Mostly, however, the tanks traveled by night. Come the dawn, and they took effective cover by the simple expedient of ramming into the adobe house of some villager and lying doggo under the thatched roof until nightfall. With mud settlements every mile or two on every road, the Communist forces were never far from effective shelter for their heavy vehicles of war. Their jeeps and light trucks were hidden under tree branches.

Whoever designed the standard Korean schoolhouse, as precisely stylized and conspicuous as the village churches of New England, also did the invaders a tremendous service until our fliers learned to smother their instinctive abhorrence to bombing playgrounds.

School Shrubbery Hides Tanks

The Korean school is always built in the shape of an attenuated H, flanked by a tree-bordered playground and with ornamental (or maybe symbolical) shrubbery planted at its base. The shrubbery was high and dense enough to conceal an armored jeep; tanks and trucks were parked in the rows of trees, which were stripped of branches to cover the vehicles—and the crews slept as well as ever they did in their lives on the schoolhouse floor. The next unit to utilize the school would replenish the wilted tree-branch camouflage from the nearest copse, and snooze the day away undisturbed by the beagle packs of airplanes overhead.

It was rather more effective camouflage than the Americans' elaborate—and bulky—system of nets and painted tarpaulins.

But the camouflage does more than conceal troops and tanks. It conceals the Communists' treachery toward civilization as we define it, for by pictures, pamphlets and radio they are spreading the propaganda throughout Asia that the "imperialistic American invaders" are slaughtering civilians and making schools their special targets. Seoul City Sue, the Tokyo Rose of this war, nightly screams the accusations in English on 970 kilocycles. It is a safe bet that when the United Nations' peace commissioners come to Korea, bombed-out schools (with all vestiges of what they actually contained removed) will be Exhibit A in the Reds' countercharges against the United States.

The North Koreans could, however, go to elaborate lengths of artificial concealment. In the combination surface-ship and aviation bombardment of Inchon on August 5th, a Marine flier, Major Kenneth L. Reusser, flying at 50 feet to escape the ack-ack, saw that what had appeared from higher altitude to be the extension of a pier was actually an 8,000-ton oil tanker cunningly camouflaged. Having expended his rockets in blowing up a tank assembly plant a few minutes earlier, Reusser had only his machine guns to fire at the concealed hull, and this he did with wholly unexpected results: the whole ship blew up, and almost blew the major's airplane out from under him.

Most Korean roads follow the sinuous curves of the deep valleys, which makes shooting at anything on the highway from the air as hazardous—if it is to be successful—as flying into the face of ack-ack. More so, in fact, for flying into the face of a mountain is usually fatal. To circumvent the daredevils who would annoy them by taking their planes below mountaintop heights to strafe the roads, the Koreans stretched thin wire cables across the narrow valleys, with unhappy results for the aviators who unwittingly discovered the trap.

However, almost all the North Korean techniques of evading attack until battle is joined are of the passive character previously described. Evidently they did not seek to kill defensively, and held their fire until it could be delivered at short range once they reached the front—if the gap-toothed line that prevailed until the August defense of Pusan can so be described.

To shoot anywhere else would, so their reasoning seemed to run, betray the identity of refugees as troops, of strawstacks

The Busy and Versatile Captain Karig

Walter Karig's writing is familiar to Collier's readers, but probably some details of his unusual career are not. A soldier in World War I, fighting with the French and Polish armies, he became a naval officer in World War II. He has worked on many newspapers, edited a magazine, been a professional cartoonist and written voluminously—short stories, history, articles, novels and even whodunits, under the name of Keats Patrick. He was coauthor and editor of Battle Report, the five-volume U.S. Navy history. Karig's better-known novels include Lower than Angels and Jones to Zotz. Born in New York, he has a home in Virginia

U. S. NAVY PHOTO

as tanks, of warehouses as machine shops.

But it was at infiltration, once the battle area was reached, that the invaders were most cunning. Aerial searches, day after day, produced no evidence of troop movements, yet the next morning a horde of disciplined fanatics would materialize behind our lines as if a Korean Jason had been at work overnight with the dental equipment of a whole gackle of dragons.

Like American Indian Tactics

The entire North Korean army seems to have made its way southward in apparently disorganized — or unorganized — driblets. Moving by night in trucks, or by day in disguise, the battalions filtered Indian fashion through the American lines while their tanks crawled up the mountain cart tracks and so another American unit would be cut off in the morning, to the disgust of home-side newspaper readers who assured their wives over the breakfast coffee that the American soldier had degenerated since the not-so-distant days of the A.E.F.

Well, maybe so, but likely not, by the evidence of the success of the cutoff troops in fighting their way back through the necessarily thin lines of the invaders to rejoin their main body with relatively small losses. However, they did have to fight their way back—and back meant the opposite of forward in Korea, the same as anywhere else in the more normal world. To draw another antique parallel, they were as brave as the indomitable British troops who marched in parade formation to fall in windrows before the bullets of the New England sharpshooters who didn't fire till they could see "the whites of their eyes." But bravery isn't enough, even if present in abundance. And who can be wholly brave, when, instead of breakfast coming up from the rear, there arrive instead volleys of musketry and artillery?

In like wise the Navy, much earlier an international force than the ground troops, was handicapped by geography's alliance with the Communists. Except on the east coast of Korea, where the mountains come down to the sea and compress the north-south lines of communication to a single, beach-bound artery, the fleet had almost insurmountable difficulties with broad shallows, a reef-studded coastline laced with myriad small islands, and thirty-foot tides.

Invasion forces on the east coast were nailed on their point of farthest advance by the American and British cruiser-destroyer fleet, which often pummeled night-crawling invasion forces by searchlight and hampered their movements by creating road-burying landslides with gunfire into the coastal cliffs. But on the west and south, where geography and oceanography were all on the side of the enemy, water-borne infiltration tactics resembling the terrestrial counterpart helped tremendously in the Communists' end run to the portal of Pusan.

Like Japan, Korea draws the bulk of its protein diet from the sea. Fishing boats are as thick along the shore, and for 50 miles to sea, as Japanese beetles on a New Jersey rosebush. As the invasion crept down the coast, the sampans were commandeered—but, one hears, at a fair rental paid in cash—to carry troops and equipment southward on a night's sail. Each boat could carry only a dozen or so soldiers, a few hundred pounds of ammunition or equipment.

Yet a hundred such craft, drawing only a foot or two of water, can carry a regiment farther and faster than the troops can march in a night, and do so beyond fear of detection or interruption.

The American forces in Korea were not fighting a war—pardon, a police action—during the big retreat. They were fighting an anachronism. That is a course not taught at West Point and, by and large, the Navy leaves it for its reserve skippers of PT boats to pursue in wartime. There are no PTs in Korea.

Maybe such courses should be instituted in our military schools at once, now, this semester, for very much as Spain was the proving ground for World War II, so Korea may be the test tube in which the tactics of World War III are being tried.

If this be so, if this is the beginning of the Armageddon between Communism and democracy, then we can anticipate like hostilities flaring all around the perimeter of Communism's citadel—in Indo-China, Malaya, the Near East, the Balkans. Professional military thinking so surmises. The best-informed guesses are that Russia will let her captive states, the so-called satellites, do the incendiarism, forcing Uncle Sam and his impoverished helpers to dash from one corner of the map to another putting out fires, and exhausting his strength, dissipating his resources, in the act.

Anywhere that such hostilities are likely to occur will present the U.N. police force (or fire brigade) with problems and conditions in freehand parallel to Korea's. It may be desert fighting in Iran or jungle fighting in Annam, but infiltration, guerrilla warfare and utter disregard for the niceties of war-by-the-rulebook will very likely be the pattern until the ultimate showdown with atomic bombs. By all the portents, that's still a long way off. Meanwhile it wouldn't be too silly for the Army to teach a few battalions how to ride camels, against the day we are called upon to make good our U.N. commitments to defend a friendly Arab nation against Red attack—and to defend our petroleum interests in the Middle East against oil-hungry Soviets.

A prelude to the Korean fracas, by which we could have profited in our role as bystander, was the Communist conquest of China in its latter stages. Maybe this sounds like a prelude ten thousand times larger than the first act itself, but there had to be a China before there was a Korea with the latter's almost inevitable entanglement with the United States. Not many comprehending persons out here think that Uncle Joe was dismayed when President Truman "called Communism's bluff" by intervening in Korea. This dismal land off our starboard bow (as this is being written) is too close to Japan and the Philippines for the directors of Red military strategy not to have anticipated Washington's military reaction.

It is more credible that they even planned it that way.

In China, the Red troops did as little killing and looting as the officers could hold them to. Peking and Shanghai fell to the invaders with a minimum of bloodshed; an election might well have cost more. Wherever they go, whatever language they speak, whatever lands they occupy, the Red soldiers come as the People's Liberation Army, and as a result their road is smoother and wider.

As in China, the Korean Reds have tanks equipped with public address installations, and they entered the villages not with shooting but oratory. Behind the tanks, before the lines became too extended, came trucks loaded with sacks of rice and millet. True, the army lives off the country as it travels. Logistics to the Reds is not the problem it is to the United States, forgetting for a moment our almost desperate quandary in maintaining a 7,000-mile supply line. But the peasants remember the catty of rice with which the invaders introduced themselves, and who can begrudge a few bowlfuls to the footsore Liberator—even though he is followed day after day by hungry comrades? The initial gift of rice was only a token, anyhow, of the good things permanently to come.

All this is going to complicate the long march back to the 38th parallel, or wherever we propose to stop.

The day this is being written an aviator returned from a mission over the most recently lost territory, where he had been sent to bomb a village close to the fluid front line that was suspected of harboring a strong detachment of North Korean shock troops. The American flier was in despair.

"When I got to the target, all the women were doing their washing and hanging it up, and the streets were full of kids playing," he groaned. "How in hell could I drop napalm on a target like that?"

Napalm is at all odds the most effective and most terrible of incendiaries. It is a jellylike substance which spatters when its bomb-casing breaks, flaring into instant flame at 2,000 degrees. So terrific is its consumption of oxygen that victims not close enough to be burned to death are smothered. Not an antipersonnel missile, the napalm bomb is mainly designed to destroy big tanks, large factories, and towns where more precise destruction is wanted than can be obtained by scattering the clustered fire bombs that burned out the heart of London. A couple such bombs would have destroyed the village and all in it.

Why Women Prevented Bombing

By all rules of reason and warfare both, that village should have been abandoned by its inhabitants. Instead, they were all out in the streets, and almost certainly because their homes were filled to the doorjambs with Communist troops. Very likely, too, that the housewives' industry in the laundering and waving to the airplane was stimulated by rifle muzzles pointed their way, but the fact remains: There were the women and children, and Americans don't bomb them—except from altitudes that make the age and sex of the victims unrecognizable. And neither are Americans accustomed to fighting an enemy who hides behind women's skirts and babies' diapers.

But this is that kind of war, and all further installments of it presently anticipated, in southeast Asia, the Middle East or the Balkans, are likely to follow the pattern here set.

Even should none of the other trouble spots erupt, winning back Korea will be a nastier and more tedious task than was digging the Japanese out of Okinawa. The task and the cost of rehabilitating Korea must also be contemplated. After all, the devastation in the republic we were defending was wrought largely by us, not the invader.

The taxpayer, wincing at the price that he must pay to keep Communism from thrusting its armed fist eastward into the Pacific areas vital to our safety, is confronting only the first installment of—pardon the cliché—making Korea safe for democracy. THE END

Next Week

I FLEW A JET STRIKE OVER KOREA

By Charlotte Knight

Millions of bottles are bought by men who like that

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No one has ever been able to put into words the taste of a slice of prime roast beef or of a cantaloupe or a drink of fine whiskey . . . but we think this picture of Bill Honeybee at his morning sip of nectar comes mighty close to explaining what we mean by PM's "clear, clean taste". Order PM this p.m. and you'll know why millions of men insist on PM day after day.

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Daddy of the Small Time

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

this old Indian medicine will cure any disease of the stomach, blood, heart, kidney or liver. We've also got Kickapoo liniment, for aches and pains, and reliable old Kickapoo Worm Lozenges, absolutely guaranteed to kill any known worm in a couple of days' time."

Gus continued to play medicine shows in the fall and winter and vaudeville the rest of the year for a number of seasons. During this period he changed his name, for the final time, to Sun. He shifted to circuses in summer and medicine shows in winter. Ultimately he took out a medicine show of his own, and it prospered so well that he began to ache for bigger things.

By then his brother George had recovered sufficiently from his paralysis to juggle while sitting on the edge of a table. He was touring the Midwest with a company known as Sun's Phantasma. In the spring of 1892 the two brothers took all their capital, bought a mildewed tent for $150, built some seats, and opened their first circus, the Sun Brothers Great United Shows, in Toledo. They flopped immediately and the brothers took the show to the road, playing small stops in Ohio.

At the end of the season, Gus and George packed up their show in a tiny barn in Fostoria, Ohio, borrowed enough to pay off their performers (those that were left), and vowed to leave circus business to suckers like P. T. Barnum. But the next spring they were out again, with a side show operated by a Zignor Zara, whose wife, a snake charmer, took her pets to bed on cold nights. Again the show closed without making a nickel. The following season Gus formed the Gus Sun Rising Minstrels.

Minstrel business was so bad that Gus, to make ends meet, had to take out an Uncle Tom show in the off season. He had been married a few years before, and his wife, Nellie, and little daughter, Louise, went along with him and played Topsy and Little Eva. And it was not until 1904 that Gus Sun entered his golden age.

While playing around Sacramento and San Jose, California, that year, Gus learned from a friend that a man named Sid Grauman (the late owner of the famous Chinese Theatre in Los Angeles) was doing well with a string of small theaters. Butchers and bakers with no show business experience whatever were making piles of money by catering to the family trade with low-priced shows. The man who was then Gus's partner, Fred Fowler, went back to Springfield, Ohio, to imitate the idea.

Fowler rented a small storeroom at Main and Limestone Streets. There Gus began running one-reel movies and three acts of vaudeville—very small-time vaudeville. He put Nellie in the front window to sell the 10- and 15-cent tickets and, to attract the family trade, stationed little Louise and his second daughter, Nina, in baby carriages near the front door.

The first day's gate was $4.70. Business got no better in the following weeks. Finally, in desperation, Gus gave away free dishes to ladies at matinees. Soon the eager women were packing the street outside so thickly that the horsecars couldn't get by.

After his first season, Gus moved the theater into a bigger storeroom. In 1905 he formed a partnership with O. G. Murray of Richmond, Indiana. Within three years, they acquired 10 theaters. In order to fill these houses with the best available talent, Gus advertised in trade papers that he would guarantee three weeks' work to any big-time acts in the vicinity.

Performers on the well-known Keith circuit, temporarily at liberty, changed their names for the time and flocked to the Sun time in droves.

Inevitably, this led Gus into the booking business. At first he hired acts only to fill his own places. But soon he began getting requests from other theater owners. By 1908 he was supplying talent to a group of 50 houses. Many of the people he booked became big names.

One day in 1908, Gus got a letter from a young photographer's assistant who enclosed some pictures of himself in rube costumes. He said he could do funny monologues. When the boy arrived for an audition, Gus wasn't too impressed, but gave him a job in Bellefontaine, Ohio, at $25 a week. Years later, he booked the same boy for $750 a week—as Chic Sale.

The following year a Mrs. Minnie Palmer, of New York, showed up with her four sons, who sang songs and told jokes. Gus put them into a Springfield theater, where they were something less than sensational. He gave Mrs. Palmer some suggestions for cutting and changing the act, and the boys drew a little more applause. They continued to make a hit later, on Broadway and in the movies—as the Marx Brothers.

"Good grief! Don't you women ever think of anything but burlap coats?"

COLLIER'S — BOB CAMPBELL

During the next 15 years, the list of performers who played their first dates or got early breaks on the Gus Sun time grew to such proportions that today it would fill more space than this article. There was, for example, a family act called the Five Columbians, from which Marilyn Miller came; Whipple and Huston, in a comedy sketch called "Shoes," a far cry from Walter Huston's dramatic roles of subsequent years; and the Friedman brothers, one of whom was ultimately known as Ted Lewis.

Walter Winchell played the Gus Sun time as a hoofer. Jack Dempsey played it soon after he won the heavyweight championship. Among others who trod the Gus Sun boards in their younger days were—and the audience will now hold its breath—Eddie Cantor, Lou Tellegen, Burns and Allen, Edgar Bergen, Clark and McCullough, Ted Healy, Rae Samuels, Paul Whiteman, Fibber McGee and Molly, Fanny Brice, W. C. Fields, Will Rogers, Bert Lahr, Joe Cook, Eva Tanguay, Joe Penner, the Ritz Brothers, Raymond Hitchcock, Frank Tinney, Lum and Abner and Al Jolson. Rae Samuels, whom Jack Lait later nicknamed The Blue Streak, recalled recently that she was earning $2,500 a week in the Palace in Chicago when Gus Sun approached her to play his circuit.

"He wasn't paying salaries anything like that," she said, "but he would make an exception for people he knew his audiences would like. He would pay the full salary and book big-time acts into 10- and 15-cent theaters—the way a department store offers loss-leaders to its customers."

This was one of the stunts that made the Gus Sun time pay off so handsomely. As it grew, in those early years after the turn of the century, it quite naturally came to the attention of E. F. Albee, who was running the Keith circuit in the East. In those days, the Keith time was nirvana in the universe of vaudeville; acts that played the big time weren't allowed to play other circuits. Keith-blacklisted acts were always able to find work with Gus Sun—and the small-time theaters began to loom as a serious threat to Keith's supremacy.

The story goes that Albee sent out road men to try to lure performers and theaters away. Gus retaliated by forming a vaudeville managers' protective association. His acts and houses held fast.

By 1914, Albee was ready to negotiate a contract for the two circuits to operate together. Peace was maintained until 1920, when Gus began building a million-dollar theater in Toledo. The Keith time also had a big house there, and, fearing competition, Albee demanded that Gus abandon his project. His stockholders forced him to continue, and Albee voided the partnership contract.

That was a bad year. Nina, the Suns' second daughter, died suddenly after an operation; and the postwar recession and his theater-building had put Gus in critical financial condition. But he formed alliances with the Frank Keeney time in the East, Ackerman and Harris on the West Coast, and Finkelstein and Ruhin in the Mid-Central States. Soon his circuit grew to 275 theaters, the largest in show business. Then, overnight, the whole thing fell apart. The talkies came in and vaudeville gave up. Gus closed several of his ten offices and began booking vaudeville acts into fairs and carnivals.

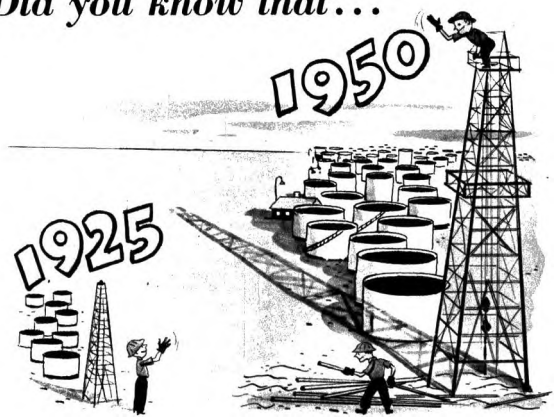
Once it became clear that the theater days were over, Gus and Nellie decided to have some fun. He began to leave his affairs more and more in the hands of Bob Shaw, his general manager, and young Gus Sun, Jr. The elder Suns took a trip to Europe and Africa in 1926, and since then Gus has been working when he feels like it and generally having a good time. He's well fixed to do just that. He won't say exactly what he's worth, but close friends estimate his fortune at several millions.

Gus sometimes states that he feels no particular nostalgia for the old days, but usually, a few minutes later, he will recite a poem that was written for him by Arthur Longbrake. Part of it goes:

I'd like to begin all over again,
And go back to when
I was juggling, and then
March out in front of the minstrel parade,
To the tempo of music the minstrel band played.
Under the big top, directing the show,
Watching the crowds as they'd come and go.
And now I say, if I had my way,
I'd like to begin all over again.

When he finishes this, Mr. Sun's eyes are glistening, and he is staring back over his listener's shoulder, as though he can see it all again. "That's the way I feel," he says, quietly. "I wouldn't have missed a minute of it." THE END

Did you know that...



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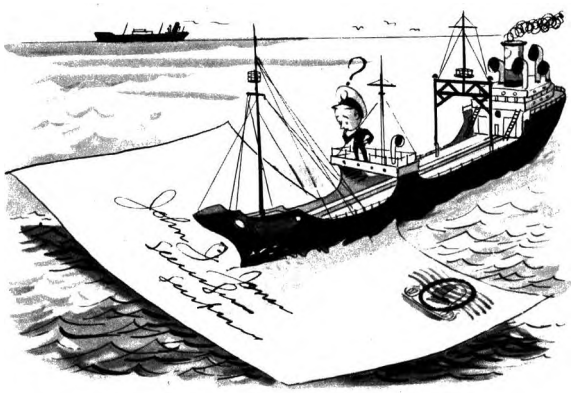

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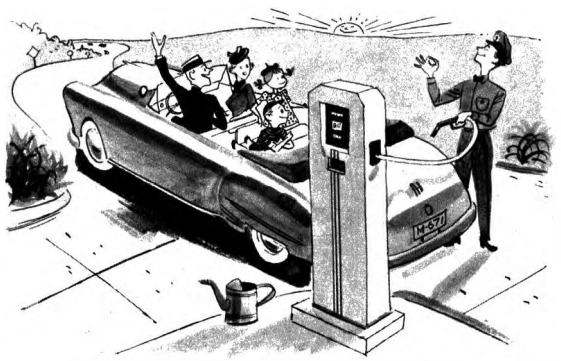

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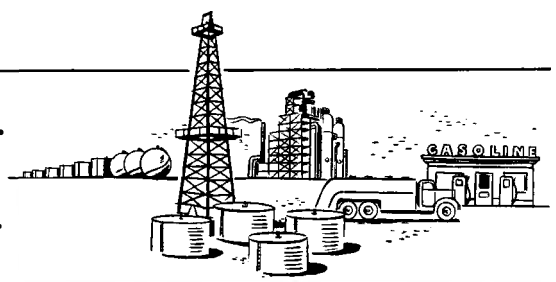

Oil Industry Information Committee, 50 West 50th Street, New York 20, N. Y.

Dixie's No. 1 Gridnaper

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

build-ups and crying-towel tantrums, he concentrated on toughening the players physically. He taught them elementary, hard-blocking plays run off the Notre Dame box offense he'd learned at Alabama, and he worked them incessantly to minimize the three major errors that lose football games—intercepted passes, blocked kicks and fumbles.

This preoccupation with fundamentals could have been sheer drudgery, except for two happy developments: The Wildcats started to win, and Bryant occasionally eased the tension with his own unpredictable brand of humor. For example, the Wildcats were being handled rather roughly by Georgia when Bryant advised substitute halfback Ralph Genito to warm up.

After the Sixth Fumble

Genito hopped off the bench and began to snatch snapbacks from a substitute center. Meanwhile, Kentucky ran for two first downs and then—just when it appeared the Wildcats' spluttering attack had finally started to click—halfback Phil Cutchin executed the sixth Kentucky fumble of the afternoon.

Georgia recovered and a roar went up from the Georgia stands. This sudden burst of sound distracted Genito from his warming-up exercises. As he turned to see what had happened, the substitute center snapped another pass and—*plunk*—the practice ball bounced off Genito's head onto the field.

"Okay, Genito," Bryant ordered. "Go in for Cutchin. You're ready."

The 1946 Wildcats experienced Kentucky's most prosperous gridiron campaign since 1912—seven victories and three defeats—but Bryant wasn't satisfied. At the outset of the '47 spring training sessions, he made another speech.

"I've been playing and teaching the single-wing offense all my life," he declared, "but after watching what Bobby Dodd's done with the T-formation at Georgia Tech, I'm convinced we can get more offense out of the T. So we're switching. I don't know too much about it myself. I guess we'll have to buckle down and learn it together."

Bryant and his Wildcats changed over to the T without breaking winning stride. In 1947, they again captured seven victories against three defeats, and thumped Villanova in the Great Lakes Bowl. Kentucky officials demonstrated their satisfaction by signing Bryant to a 10-year contract at a reported $15,000 per year, a document which gave their thirty-four-year-old coach greater job security than any other mentor in the country, with the possible exception of Notre Dame's Leahy.

With no contract renewals to worry about until 1958, Bryant might have slackened his labors somewhat. Instead, he sought ways and means to lengthen his working schedule. Last year, in August, he hit upon the ingenious device of inviting his varsity squad to partake of a fishing expedition on the Kentucky River for a week prior to the formal opening of fall practice. Inasmuch as fishing on the Kentucky River is at its best only at dawn and dusk, Bryant thoughtfully took along athletic equipment to help condition his charges and provide them with wholesome recreation during the daylight hours.

Now, Bryant likes to fish, but he also admires precisely timed schedules. In order to accommodate both predilections, he held 5:00 A.M. staff meetings with his assistant coaches. After planning their day's agenda, they went fishing at 6:30, breakfasted at 8:00 and began the morning workout at 9:30.

The boys knocked off for lunch at 11:30, frisked through an afternoon workout, and enjoyed an early supper before returning to their favorite fishing holes. However, Bryant and his aides abstained from the twilight angling to plan grid strategy against future opponents. Usually, around eleven o'clock, Bryant would get sleepy and suggest turning in for the night.

Like most coaches, Bryant is a great natural worrier with pronounced insomnia symptoms during the football season, but he slept soundly throughout the fortnight of fishing. This phenomenon puzzled him until he figured out the simple solution. "It was getting up early," he recalls. "If you get up at five you're just naturally sleepy around midnight."

This discovery has not proved to be a particularly happy one for Bryant's wife, his assistant coaches or his assistant coaches' wives. Since that fishing trip, Bryant has been holding daily 7:00 A.M. staff meetings in his office during football season, which means that Kentucky coaches leave home around six-thirty every morning and do not return to their families until nine o'clock at night, or later.

So far as Bryant is concerned, the early-to-rise routine is a tremendous success. He says he's sleeping better at night and thinking better in the morning. His wife, Mary, is resigned to the situation, even though it involves preparing two breakfasts; first call for Paul and Doc, the dachshund, at six-fifteen; second call for the children, Mae Martin, thirteen, and Paul, Jr., five, at seven-thirty.

Mary, who was the prettiest brunette on the Alabama campus when she met Paul, learned long ago to expect the unexpected during the football season. They were married a few weeks before the opening of Paul's senior year (1935) at Alabama, and bridegroom Bryant promptly broke his left leg tackling a Mississippi State ball carrier.

The injury was diagnosed as a cracked fibula. Next week, Alabama played Tennessee at Knoxville. Bryant made the train trip with the team on crutches, but when the whistle blew he was in the starting line-up. He hobbled and hopped for 30 minutes, grabbed five passes, and set up three touchdowns in Alabama's 25 to 0 triumph. However, he insists there was nothing heroic about his performance.

"The doctors strapped up the leg in such a way there was no possibility of making the injury worse," he explains. "It hurt some, of course. I'd frown a little when I put my weight down on it, but I could move around without much trouble."

Bryant played portions of five games on that cracked fibula. After graduation, he joined the Alabama staff as a line coach and gridnaper in chief. During the next four years, he covered Dixie like the dew, leaving no high-school halfback unturned in his quest for talent. His frequent road trips finally moved a professor's wife to observe at a faculty tea: "Those Bryants are the handsomest couple in Alabama. Isn't it too bad you never see them together?"

Paul Bryant was born in Moro Bottom, which is a creek, not a town, seven miles from Fordyce, Arkansas. There were 12 Bryant children and 250 acres of land. "The place was just big enough to eat off," Bryant remembers. "We'd run a little mule around it and plant corn and cotton. Nobody worked very hard, except the mule."

When Paul was thirteen, a small circus with a large bear made a one-night stand in Fordyce. As a publicity stunt, the circus offered a prize of five complete dollars to any citizen who could throw the bear in a wrestling encounter. This looked like a golden opportunity to Bryant, who already was six feet tall and weighed 167 pounds. But the bear won. All Bryant got out of the match was his nickname. Since then he's been plain Bear Bryant.

While playing tackle for Fordyce High, Bryant became acquainted with Don Hutson, who was then the star right end of the Pine Bluff Zebras. Pine Bluff was on the Fordyce five-yard line when Hutson (who subsequently broke every pro pass-catching record at end for the Green Bay Packers) tried to sneak past Bryant into the end zone for a touchdown toss.

"I hipped him as he went past," Bryant recalls. "Then, as he was spinning, I banged him on top of the head and knocked his headguard down over his eyes. He stumbled into the end zone and the passer hit him right in the stomach with the ball. Hutson never saw that ball—he didn't even know where he was—but his hands instinctively smothered it against his stomach for a touchdown. That's one of the things that made Hutson great—his amazingly sensitive reflexes."

Bryant was graduated from Fordyce with All-State tackle honors. Several months later, Hank Crisp, the Alabama line coach, drove into town.

"Get my letter?" Crisp asked Bryant, who had matured to six feet three inches and 190 pounds.

"Yes, sir."

"Still want to go to Alabama?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, get in."

The way Bryant recalls the incident, there wasn't much packing. "I just tossed my extra shoes and my other pair of pants into a satchel and off we went."

The End Who Got the Bruises

Frank Thomas, the Alabama coach, converted Bryant into an end and stationed him on the opposite flank from Hutson, who also had succumbed to Crisp's salesmanship. In the Thomas single-wing offense, Hutson caught passes and collected All-America headlines, while Bryant blocked and collected big, purple bruises on his shoulders and thighs.

This distribution of duties might have palled on some athletes, but not Bryant. He loved to block, and he has nothing but fond memories of his exertions with the 1934 Alabama outfit which walloped Stanford in the Rose Bowl. "That year," he says, "we had three of the greatest players you ever saw on one football team—Hutson at end, Bill Lee at tackle and Dixie Howell at halfback. I was lucky they took me along for the ride."

The secret of Bryant's gridnaping success is constant application and hard work. He travels farther and talks longer to more promising players than most coaches. Also, he is a very likable fellow, which makes it inevitable that a satisfactory percentage of his high-school prospects find their way to the Kentucky registrar.

When Bryant took charge at Kentucky in

Next Week

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By LESTER VELIE

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FISHING is the all-family hobby of the Lester Munsons of Glen Ellyn, Illinois. "We flew to Colorado for our vacation last year," says Mr. Munson, "and the children enjoyed every minute of the flight. For cleanliness, speed and low cost, you can't choose a better means of transportation."

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30TH ANNIVERSARY YEAR

'46, he was in a position to offer liberal terms to desirable prep players. According to the Southeastern Conference athletic code, the legal stipend for football workers was free room, board and tuition—plus $10 a month for laundry and incidentals.

This attractive package deal (Southern athletic leaders contended) represented an honest, aboveboard payment, roughly equivalent to the remuneration which athletes were receiving in other gridiron sectors via under-the-table financial arrangements. Admittedly, there was considerable merit in this argument, but the Southeastern leaders were outmaneuvered and out-voted by an East-Midwest reform coalition at the National Collegiate Athletic Association meeting in January, 1948, when the so-called "purity code" became the football law of the land.

The "purity code" eliminated the SEC's laundry lagniappe, and decreed that football players must qualify for scholarship assistance through routine academic channels, just like students. "Before the new code came in," a Midwestern coach recalls in fond reminiscence, "I had 25 full football scholarships to pass out every year. I could tell a boy, 'Come in and I'll take care of you.' Nowadays, all I can say to a boy is, 'Your academic grades are high enough to qualify for such-and-such a scholarship. If you will apply in writing to the faculty committee on scholarship, there is an excellent chance that your application will receive favorable consideration.'"

The coach sighed. "Unfortunately," he went on, "the best football prospects do not always have the best academic grades, and some boys do not like to write letters. But we haven't suffered too much. The new code doesn't repeal the alumni. They're always ready to step in and take up the financial slack when scholarships won't meet a boy's expenses."

There is no evidence that the purified N.C.A.A. code has impeded the flow of football material to Kentucky, or any other major football power. Despite the elimination of the controversial laundry allowance, a survey of the Kentucky campus will reveal that Coach Bryant's boys wear shirts as neatly starched and ironed as their varsity contemporaries at Notre Dame, Michigan, Penn, Oklahoma, Texas, Southern California and many other places.

Some of his best friends are coaches from whom he has occasionally swindled a player, and vice versa. At the last coaches' convention in New York, an old acquaintance gave Bryant a roaring welcome. "Mother," the rival coach boomed across the hotel lobby, "lock up your halfback son. Bear Bryant's come to town."

Oddly enough, some of Bryant's sternest competition in the field of player procurement comes from a colleague in the Kentucky athletic department, affable Adolph Rupp, the basketball coach.

Throughout the state of Kentucky, Rupp is as universally admired as bluegrass and bourbon whisky. Over 20 years he has coached a procession of conquering basketball teams which have dominated the South and acquired three national titles. Much of Rupp's material is home-grown, originating in small backwoods high schools which annually produce platoons of basketball sharpshooters.

Rupp once paid tribute to the rich, native source of Kentucky's basketball power during a speech at a convention of Kentucky high-school coaches. Opening on an appropriate Biblical note, Adolph intoned, "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my strength.'"

Occasionally, it must be admitted, Rupp looks beyond the hills. Alex Groza, huge center on Kentucky's 1948 national championship quintet, was uncovered in Martins Ferry, Ohio, a town generally conceded to be within the Big Ten promised land.

Inasmuch as Rupp and Bryant conduct independent operations, they sometimes open fire on the same target. Two springs ago, Bryant was disagreeably surprised to learn that one of his hottest tackle prospects, a big Louisville youngster named Tsioropoulos, had agreed to attend Kentucky under Rupp's auspices. That meant Tsioropoulos' gridiron career was over. Rupp is a loyal Kentucky football fan, but he does not encourage valuable basketball chattels to subject themselves to gridiron wear and tear.

"You know, Adolph," Bryant remarked, "I was counting on that boy."

"You were?" Rupp exclaimed, seemingly amazed. "Why, I didn't know that, Paul. They told me the boy was a fine football prospect, but I heard he was headed for Tennessee. Naturally, I thought you'd rather have the boy playing center *for* me than playing tackle *against* you, so I brought him in. Honest, Paul," Rupp concluded, his voice throbbing with sincerity, "I thought I was doing you a favor." THE END

The Women Behind MacArthur

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

superintendent. He was then, at forty, a brigadier general, having won his spurs on the battlefields of Europe. His mother was not with him when he met Mrs. Walter B. Brooks, Jr., of Baltimore, the former Louise Cromwell, who had just obtained a Paris divorce.

Mrs. Louise Cromwell Brooks was then about thirty. She had been born to society and had attended costly finishing schools. Her coming-out party was one of the most elaborate in society, and became a talked-about event in Washington. The restaurant where it was held was converted into a garden with cedar trees, palms and roses.

Her marriage to Walter B. Brooks, Jr., lasted eight years during which they had two children. In 1919 she left for France where she got a divorce. There in the company of her brother, James Cromwell (later to be the husband of Doris Duke and U.S. minister to Canada), she mixed with the international set and met, among other people, General "Black Jack" Pershing, who found her attractive and entertaining. When she returned to America she became Pershing's official hostess in Washington and for a time society circles thought that the divorcee, then about twenty-five, and the sixty-year-old general would announce their engagement. Then she met MacArthur. He proposed the first night he met her.

Years later the former Mrs. Douglas MacArthur said, "If he hadn't proposed the first time we met, I believe I would have done it myself."

They were married on Saint Valentine's Day, 1922, in Palm Beach. They also had their first public quarrel that day. The wedding was scheduled for 4:00 P.M. and when General MacArthur arrived he found his wife-to-be perched on a step ladder putting finishing touches to the decorations. He gave her a hearty lecture on preparedness. Nobody had ever spoken to her like that before. It did not go down very well.

Two months after the wedding General Pershing ordered MacArthur into the Philippines. Washington had it that Pershing was deliberately sending MacArthur into "exile," because he was so irked by the marriage. Pershing's answer was, "Ridiculous." However, the ebullient, beautiful Mrs. Douglas MacArthur, who loved parties and the gay life to which she was accustomed, was not expected to fit happily into Army life. Washington expected her to stand Manila about six months. They sailed for the Philippines with the two Brooks children, as the newspapers hailed their marriage in headlines which read: Marriage of Mars & Millions.

From the very onset it would appear that the first Mrs. Douglas MacArthur hated

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Manila. It certainly was not "exile" for her husband. He was enthused about his return to the Philippines; he intended to carry on where his father left off. What was exciting to her husband was extremely dull to Louise MacArthur. She hated the heat and the everyday life of Manila. And she found Army life quite unbearable. General MacArthur disliked formal parties; she loved them. They rarely attended such functions.

Under Pressure to Leave Army

Louise MacArthur was deeply in love with the general but, unable to understand his constant absorption in military matters, she began a campaign to persuade him to resign from the Army. This must have been an extremely difficult time for MacArthur, for it was quite apparent to his friends that he returned the love of his wife with equal fervor. Yet resignation from the Army was out of the question for him. He did the next best thing: He asked for a transfer from his beloved Philippines. This must have been a difficult decision. In 1925 he was transferred to Atlanta, and the same year he was promoted to major general. Here, for a time, Louise MacArthur was happy in the gay whirl of society she had once been accustomed to.

The new promotion gave MacArthur another first, for he was then, at forty-five, the youngest major general in the Army. The same year he was transferred to Baltimore as commander of the 3rd Corps Army Area. The MacArthurs remained in Baltimore three years, maintaining an apartment in the city and a country estate in the Greenspring Valley. Louise continued to press the general to resign, but he refused. In September, 1928, MacArthur was ordered back to the Philippines. Mrs. MacArthur also left . . . for Reno.

They were divorced on June 17, 1929. The complaint charged "failure to provide" and Mrs. MacArthur told reporters as she left the courtroom: "General MacArthur and I were divorced because we were wholly incompatible to each other. I have the greatest respect and admiration for him and we part as friends."

This episode had been a trying one in the general's career. There had been no children of the marriage and MacArthur was left with nothing but a rather bitter memory. He had made many concessions, whether through love or duty, and so had Louise. Those who knew Mrs. MacArthur well during that period say that she was deeply in love with her soldier-husband, but she just was not "Army" and could not adapt herself to MacArthur's studious way of life, his constant and consuming love for anything dealing with military matters. The general's mother, those who knew her have said, at no time during the marriage passed an opinion on her daughter-in-law. Indeed, Mary MacArthur remained in the background during those seven years.

In 1930 the former Mrs. MacArthur became the wife of Lionel Atwill, the actor. He had been married twice before and was at that time one of the most sought-after character actors in Hollywood. This marriage lasted 13 years.

It was during her marriage to Atwill that Louise became active in politics. Drew Pearson, in 1940, called her "one of the most popular women in Washington" when he reported that a "powerful one-lady lobby is being staged by Mrs. Lionel Atwill." This activity was to press for the appointment of a woman as a judge. After the Senate debate, Vice-President Alben Barkley (then a senator) said to her, "Listen, Mickey Mouse, I thought I saw two bright eyes back in the Senate gallery when Vandenberg objected." Washington saw a lot of Mrs. Atwill during that period but her lobbying was of no avail.

She was to come into the limelight again with the opening of the Pacific struggle. As MacArthur made his gallant stand in the Philippines, hundreds of hysterical people wrote her letters condemning her for having divorced the general. They had been 15 years divorced at this time, and General MacArthur had married again.

"Some of the letters were rather irritating," she said. "I was berated for having divorced such a wonderful hero. One letter, in particular, was downright threatening. It said that I had better do something about myself, because MacArthur was coming home and was going to run for the Presidency. And that no man with two living wives could become President, so one wife would have to be bumped off. I guess that meant me."

Newspapers and syndicates telephoned from all over the country offering her large sums for stories about her former husband.

"One of them even wanted to purchase the general's love letters for a large amount," she said. "I had all those letters locked up, because they were so beautiful. Of course I didn't sell them."

She married again for the fourth time in 1944 to Captain Alfred Heiberg, an Air Force officer about six years her junior.

Jean Faircloth MacArthur, the general's second wife, loves the Army, feels and acts part of it and is completely devoted to her husband and their twelve-year-old son, Arthur. Through cold and hot wars she has been by her husband's side and today she is once again right in the thick of things. At the opening of World War II she was in Manila when the first bombs dropped; this time she was with her famous husband in their home in Tokyo when the first shots were fired in Korea only a few hundred miles away. Jean MacArthur likes it that way; like General MacArthur, who adores the ground she walks on, she has always had a penchant for anything military.

The accompanying article is a chapter from a book, MacArthur: Man of Action, to be published soon by Doubleday. The authors, Cornelius Ryan and Frank Kelley, spent three years researching and writing it. Ryan was born in Dublin, Ireland, coming from a family which has produced soldiers and writers for three centuries. He was a war correspondent for the London Telegraph; now is on the staff of Newsweek. Kelley, born in Brooklyn, is national editor of the New York Herald Tribune

They were married on May 1, 1937, in the chapel of the New York City Municipal Building. It was a very quiet affair—so quiet in fact that her family knew nothing about it. Remembering the embarrassing publicity of his first ultrafashionable wedding, MacArthur went to great pains to keep his second marriage a quiet affair. Few reporters were present. The general abandoned his magnificent dress uniform, wearing instead a quiet brown civilian suit; Jean wore brown, too. There was no fanfare. MacArthur would not give an interview, but did remark that "This is going to last a long time." Then directly after the ceremony they left for a hotel and had a wedding breakfast of ham and eggs. The next day they left for Manila. Neither of them has been back to America since.

Jean Faircloth MacArthur's family was astonished at the news. Although she had talked about MacArthur and referred to him as "the general," she had not given a hint of the romance. But the news was not a surprise to ailing Mary MacArthur, the general's mother—she had arranged the match. It was the last gesture she was to perform for her son. She had stood by his side throughout his whole career. She had heard him acclaimed for his courage and leadership in World War I; she had also heard him castigated as an "alarmist" and a "warmonger" when he was Chief of Staff. She was not to live to see her son's greatest triumphs. She died in Manila in 1935.

Whether because of temperament or eccentricity, MacArthur has always needed an anchor. His mother provided it while she lived; she left Jean Faircloth that responsibility when she died. "He is going to love you very much," she told the future Mrs. MacArthur. She was right.

The tiny brunette—she weighs only 100 pounds—with the flashing smile whom MacArthur had taken as his bride was born in Murfreesboro, Tennessee. Her parents were divorced when she was quite young. Her mother, Miss Sally, remarried. Jean had two brothers, and a brother and sister born from the second marriage. From all accounts it was a gay, happy family. And the children's greatest pleasure was to gather in the parlor—a typical Victorian room with a glass-enclosed clock on the mantel, a cello in the corner—and play the piano and sing.

The family lived in a large two-story white house, with an imposing white pillared portico. It was for the most part spacious and old-fashioned with large rooms filled with paintings—from full-length portraits to miniatures—of military scenes, battles and military heroes. The house was run by a "mammy" who had a hand of iron and a heart of gold. "About the only thing we ever saw of Miss Jean," Mammy Dromgoole once complained, "was her coattails." Her early beaux complained that "only a fellow in uniform will marry Jean."

Jean seemed to have prepared all her life to be a soldier's wife. She was immensely proud of her grandfather, Richard Beard, who had been a Confederate captain. She was a Daughter of the Confederacy and a Daughter of the American Revolution. She was known as the "flag-wavingest girl in Murfreesboro." And it was said that "every time Jean Marie heard a Fourth of July firecracker go off, she jumped to attention."

Murfreesboro (population 10,000) loved Jean and she loved Murfreesboro. The town used to be the capital of Tennessee. There is a courthouse with a red brick tower, a Confederate monument in the square where the farmers meet each week when they come to town, and a red cedar bucket factory making churns and wine coolers. Add to this Jean's father's flour mill and a chain of bakeries (he later added banking to his activities) and one has a picture of the town Jean grew up in. She was always loyal to Murfreesboro. Until Pearl Harbor she ordered all her cosmetics and magazines from her favorite drugstore in town and had them shipped to Manila. Her clothes she had sent from a department store in Nashville.

An Indulgent Stepfather

She was never particularly fond of her stepfather, but he seemed to look upon her with deep affection. He liked to spend money on her and she never lacked anything she wanted. She enjoyed traveling more than anything else and went on several cruises with her stepfather. And while he was not a particularly rich man, at his death he left Jean an inheritance of over $200,000. Almost immediately she began traveling and in October, 1935, she left for a long vacation in Shanghai. On board the S.S. Hoover en route to the Far East she met her future husband.

General MacArthur was then on his way to organize the Philippine army and to put into force his 10-year plan for the defense of the islands. His mother met Jean on board and introduced her to the general. At first MacArthur seemed to take little interest. He was too deeply involved in making plans for the army he was about to set up and spent most of the trip consulting with his officers. He was seen only at mealtime. Furthermore he was extremely worried about the health of his mother, who had been ailing for some time. His mother didn't seem to be worrying much about that; she was busily and happily matchmaking. The more she grew to know Jean, the more she hoped that her son would one day marry her.

There were many things in Jean's favor. She was from the South; so was Mrs. MacArthur. She had a lively and appealing

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personality, a quick smile and was an easy conversationalist; she was chic and pretty and above everything else—so far as Mary Pinkney Hardy MacArthur was concerned—she loved the Army.

Mrs. MacArthur prevailed upon Jean to continue on to Manila with her and see the inauguration of Manuel Quezon, the Philippine President-elect who was also on the liner. Jean agreed and, instead of the long visit she had planned, spent only a night or two in Shanghai and then went on to Manila where she stayed for a year and a half. It was during this period that the romance between Jean Faircloth and Douglas MacArthur blossomed.

She returned to Murfreesboro in the spring of 1937. But while she mentioned MacArthur, she gave no hint of her plans. She spent only a few weeks there and then told her friends she was going away to visit an aunt in Louisville, Kentucky. She stayed a night in Louisville and then continued on to New York. MacArthur left Manila and quietly arrived in New York. Shortly thereafter they were married.

In Manila they lived in the beautiful air-conditioned penthouse apartment atop the new six-story Manila Hotel. Unlike the first Mrs. MacArthur, Jean became a success overnight with the small group of Army wives. Her naturalness, her lack of superficiality endeared her to everybody. To most Army wives it is politic to "like" the general's wife. But with Jean MacArthur it was different; she was genuinely loved by all ranks. Her aloof husband began to lose some of his austerity, and she is credited with "humanizing" him. In a sense she gave him confidence in himself; this is difficult to understand, perhaps, but MacArthur has always had an inherent shyness, was afraid, in fact, to unbend. He once said that "a general's life is loneliness." It wasn't with the new Mrs. MacArthur.

Both Are Horse-Opera Fans

Always a studious man, who spent hours in his 7,000-volume library, MacArthur found that his wife was just as much at home in the military life as he was. In those happier days they entertained quite a lot. They preferred intimate dinner parties, disliking, as they do now, large social gatherings. They found they both had one great weakness—movies. To this day they both have that failing, and the proud, dignified, aloof general who has so often been accused of "being above everybody else" has a real passion for cowboy movies—good or bad.

In 1938 their only son, Arthur MacArthur, was born. The arrival of the new MacArthur to carry on the heritage of a great military family may have been the greatest single event in MacArthur's life. He had unbent a great deal when he remarried but those close to him say that he became a "softie" with the arrival of Arthur.

The myth of MacArthur rarely takes into the picture the fact that the general is just as natural as anybody else. The legend hardly includes this story, which began before Corregidor.

At about seven-thirty each morning the door of the general's room would be thrown open and in would march "Sergeant" Arthur MacArthur, aged three. The general immediately snapped to attention. Then followed a series of snappy salutes. The general then marched around the room with the sergeant following to the sounding off of "Boom! Boom! Boomity Boom!" The game always ended with Arthur receiving a small gift such as a crayon, a funny paper or a piece of candy. Then, as the general shaved, the sergeant formed the junior member of a singing duet.

MacArthur once told a group of friends, "The fact of the matter is that the only person who appreciates my singing in the bathroom is Arthur." Recently when the boy, now twelve, gave his father a water color which he had especially painted for the general's birthday, MacArthur told everyone that "this is better than a Rembrandt." For Arthur MacArthur, called after his famous grandfather, is the apple of his father's eye.

Mrs. MacArthur has always remained in the background. Some people feel that her husband deliberately keeps her there. The consensus in Tokyo is that Jean MacArthur avoids the limelight for no other reason but a desire for privacy. She remained by her husband's side throughout the Pacific war. This included Corregidor when with her husband she refused to take refuge in the huge subterranean tunnels. In a little house perched on the side of the fortress they lived through one air raid after another. The nurses and soldiers on the "Rock" loved little Arthur. "Hello, little general," one of the soldiers called one day. Arthur replied, "I am not a general; I am a sergeant." After Corregidor, MacArthur gave his wife a watch with the words "to my bravest" inscribed on the back.

When she returned to the Philippines after World War II a storm of criticism arose. Why, asked the wives of other Army men, should Mrs. MacArthur be allowed to join her husband—why was she different from anybody else? The Washington view was: "If feminine companionship serves in any way to help MacArthur, let her stay there. MacArthur is not a young man. Maybe he needs his wife." Those close to them say the general certainly does need her. He seems at times completely lost without her.

When they were in Australia, Mrs. MacArthur cooked all of his meals. They were as inseparable then as they are today. He never forgets her. At the end of the war she returned to Manila and there heard her husband speaking over the radio from the broad deck of the battleship Missouri, commanding the Japanese emissaries to sign away 15 years of aggression. MacArthur signed for the Allied nations with five different pens, one of them a small, cheap red pen he returned to its owner—Mrs. MacArthur.

Today they live in the fifteen-year-old granite embassy building in Tokyo atop the rolling Renanzaka hillside overlooking the rubble of the city. Jean MacArthur still calls him "the General" or occasionally, humorously, "Sir Boss," just as she did when they first married. He still calls her "Ma'am" and Arthur is still the "Sergeant." They live elegantly and quietly. Few people have been allowed to see the inside of the embassy other than the living room and dining room. The MacArthurs have tried—especially for the sake of their son—to keep their home life as private as possible.

Jean MacArthur has injected a gay atmosphere into the rather gloomy embassy building. It is a magnificent building which cost nearly a million dollars to make earthquake-proof. Mrs. MacArthur redecorated the interior and the principal room—the living room—is a blaze of color. Japanese kimonos and obis—a bustle arrangement Japanese women use to keep their kimonos in position—cover the walls. The floors are deeply carpeted and every nook and cranny holds jeweled cigarette boxes, lacquered fans and handbeaten silver which Mrs. MacArthur collects. There are delicately painted screens, huge paintings and enormous quantities of flowers in every room.

Unusual Boyhood Environment

Young Arthur MacArthur is the real focal point of their lives. He is a serious boy who speaks with a slight British accent, probably picked up from his British governess. He has never seen his homeland but he has been closer to the making of its history than many another child his age. He is an avid reader—the first book he read was a child's history of Robert E. Lee—and a student of music. Already he has composed two pieces for the piano.

MacArthur admits to pampering the boy, but has sheltered him from all publicity, insisting that "the boy must be given a chance to grow up normally." Perhaps one of the reasons the MacArthurs would like to return to the United States is the matter of Arthur's education. Just before the Korean crisis an exchange of letters took place between General MacArthur and the board of Remington Rand; they offered the general a salary of $100,000 per year. MacArthur is rumored to have accepted the position "if and when" he can return. As it is, the possibility of his return is now very remote. "If I returned," he has since said, "for only a few weeks, word would spread through the Pacific that the United States is abandoning the Orient."

One day they may return for as Mrs. MacArthur puts it, "Well, we are Americans, you know." The MacArthurs today find themselves once more serving their country in another crisis; it is doubtful if they will even think of returning until that crisis is over. "As long as I have the strength to continue and my government wants me to continue, so long shall I stay on the job," he said recently. However, Mrs. MacArthur will probably make the final decision, for on the matter of decisions her husband has said, "Any husband will tell you that the wife absolutely rules the family."

THE END

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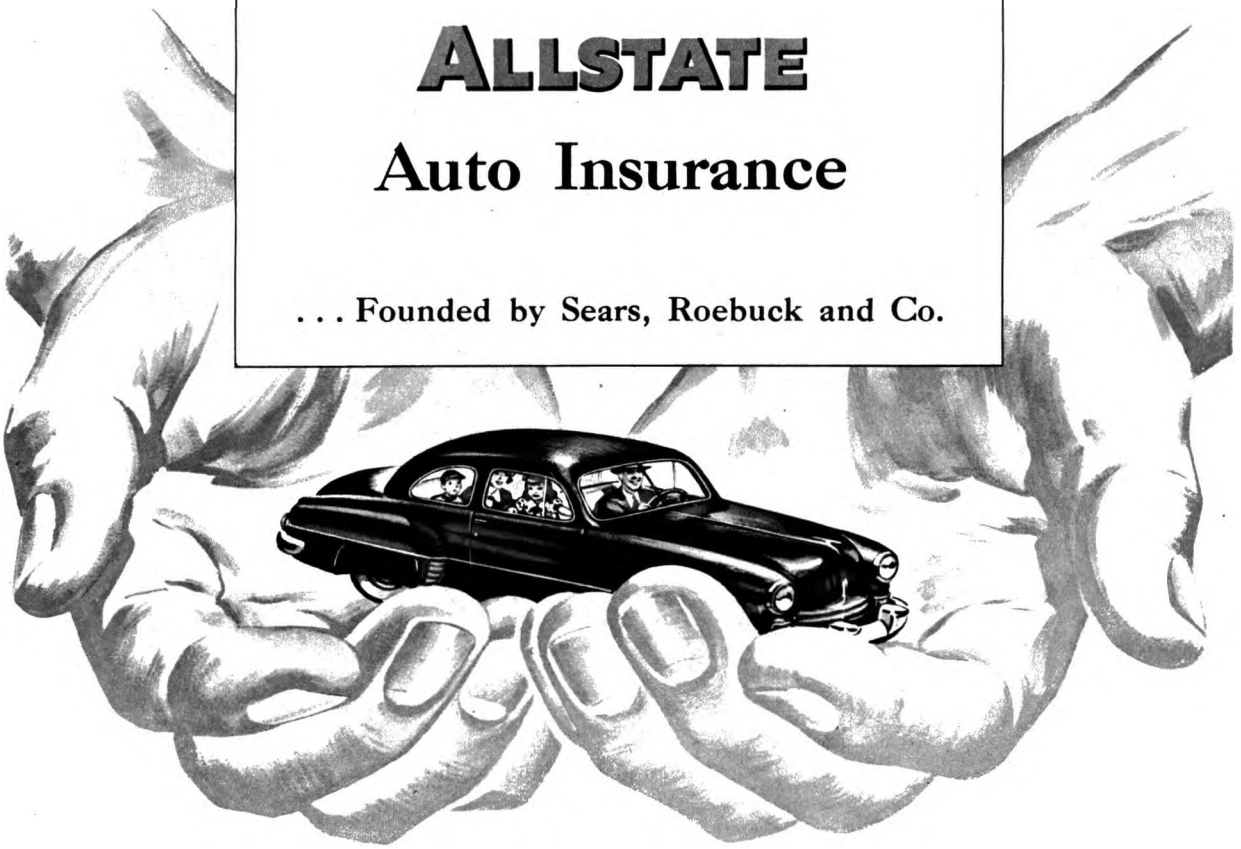

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Plaid patterns and colorings go especially well in sportswear, including such items as jackets, caps, scarfs, shirts and waistcoats

Designers, concentrating on the tartan motif, have reproduced it in jewelry, braces, belts, ties, dress accessories, many other articles

Pajamas, robes, shorts and smoking jackets are among the apparel available in a wide variety of plaids at prices to suit any purse

Singer Johnny Johnston, radio and film star, wears an authentic tartan clan jacket

Make Mine Scotch

By BERT BACHARACH

Tartan plaids highlight the fashion picture this autumn

YOU can probably see more tartan plaids in this country nowadays than in all of Scotland. They're being made up in practically every article of male apparel that you can think of—and, if rash enough, you could attire yourself in plaids from head to toe and from the skin out! (The only missing item is kilts.)

Tartan plaids make a lot of sense in men's fashions. They're multihued and thus fit in with the growing trend toward more colorful men's wear. Yet, because of their muted tones and the blending of different shades, they're not garish. Unlike other patterns that combine a lot of colors, tartans are ruggedly masculine in appearance. And there's a wide enough variety to suit every man's taste, no matter how conventional or how daring he may be.

There's an equally wide variety of fabrics to choose from. This means that tartans, formerly available only in the higher-priced woolens, can now suit every man's pocketbook.

The authentic plaids have been reproduced in cottons, rayons, blends, silks and in domestic woolens—and in knit goods, elastic fabrics, jewelry and the like.

As with any growing trend, certain articles of apparel lend themselves better to tartan plaids than others. Sport jackets are excellent, particularly in the deeper colorings. Regular jackets of wool or corduroy are given a lift when lined with tartans. Authentic plaid ties have always been popular. Many other interesting articles are shown in the adjoining pictures.

There is less certainty of the acceptability of the widely publicized plaid dinner jacket and the trousers called "trews." The former has been designated as a "host coat," or the modern version of the old smoking jacket, and many feel that its wear should be confined to the home. The "trews" differ so greatly in appearance and style from other trousers and slacks that any general popularity is considered remote.

In conclusion, a small word of warning to those who like tartans. A little bit of plaid goes a long way. Do not combine a lot of plaid articles in one ensemble. Let tartans provide a touch—rather than a riot—of color.

The same general rule of color contrasts which applies to other apparel goes for tartans as well. With a bold jacket, wear a plain-colored shirt and tie. You can wear high-colored accessories with plain clothing.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HOWARD S. REDELL

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Lean Shadows in the Valley

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

undertaken. Often when I bid in a group of steers or heifers, a big roar of laughter would rise from the men. That's how I knew the word had spread around that I was a failure as a farmer and was going into the cattle business on a big scale.

"He'll lose his shirt," said a little red-headed man, third on my left in the same row. Then he pulled a bottle from his pocket and took a swig. I may lose my shirt, I thought, as the fellow licked his lips and laughed loudly, but I'll never lose my head. For Uncle Jeff kept on punching me as the right cattle came through the gate into the pen for me to buy. And after a while, when this type of cattle came through, the auctioneer looked directly across the cattle pen at me. And this might have been the reason why so many cattle buyers were peeved and said uncomplimentary things about me when I bid in these cattle. Because the last five head of cattle I bid in were Shorthorn heifers, well past yearlings.

"Stop, for Heaven's sake," Uncle Jeff shouted so everybody could hear. "You're over forty-eight hundred dollars. You're forty-nine hundred and eleven dollars."

EVERYBODY roared with laughter. Uncle Jeff's face turned red and mine did too. Uncle Jeff looked silently at me and told me without words that he hadn't meant to shout out my financial standing so loud everybody could hear him.

"Don't worry, Uncle Jeff," I said. "There's more money where that came from."

We stopped buying cattle and I went to a telephone booth at the stockyard and called Les Toore and asked to borrow another hundred and seventy-four dollars. One hundred and eleven to make up for overbidding the amount I'd borrowed and sixty-three dollars for hauling the cattle home. The truckers hauled them for a dollar per head. This made forty-nine hundred and seventy-four dollars I had in cattle. Uncle Jeff did some figuring while Penny, Ted, Bill and I, with the help of the stock-market helpers, got my cattle from the different stock pens and loaded them.

"Your cattle cost you seventy-eight dollars and ninety-five cents apiece," Uncle Jeff explained. "And you got twenty-seven heifers, thirty-five steers, and a bull. I told you this would be the right day to buy cattle. Allus buy 'em when there's a big snow on the ground or when there's patches of snow on the hills. That's the time the whole world looks hungry and feed looks skeerce and people are ready to sell. You got some whoopin' good steers and heifers on them trucks."

"Do you reckon I'll come out on top?" I said.

I couldn't keep from thinking about what Mr. Claxton had said to me about buying cattle.

"I wish I's in yer shoes," Uncle Jeff said as he climbed in the truck with Bill Wheeler. "You can't lose, Shan! I know a little about cattle too. I know about as much about cattle as some lawyers."

We went through the second gate and up to a little hill below the big cattle barn that had been empty since I had had sheep there. Penny backed his truck up against a steep bank, the place where in former years cattle had been loaded and unloaded. He took down the tail gate and let the crowded cattle have some freedom. A fence came down to this loading place. The cattle raced up the hill and under the tough-butted white oaks near the barn. A few of them stopped long enough to smell the white-oak leaves on the ground and two lean ones picked up the top dry leaves and munched them.

"They won't be munching leaves very long, Penny," I said. "I've got a barn loft of hay and oats up there. I've got a crib of small corn that would be just the right size to feed cattle."

Then Ted came in with his truckload and backed up against the hill. We let the tail gate down and let the cattle out. Cattle are wonderful to see on this farm, I thought. Then, I thought as I watched more of them munching leaves, I'll put some weight on you this winter. And at the end of next summer the people who have owned you and who have not fed many of you very well will never know you. Bill drove up with his truck and backed in. Uncle Jeff got out and watched them leave the truck for the barn lot. These were the largest and best cattle.

"Feed 'em up, Shan," Uncle Jeff said. "Then grass 'em, boy! You got feed enough for the winter. You got the good grass on these hills! You've got lean cattle. You'll get good growth. And it's better to put your feed into the growth of cattle than to sell it."

I was glad to hear these words coming from Uncle Jeff. I had thought the same

COLLIER'S "Stop mumbling under your breath. If you have anything to say, shut up!" ALBERT KINZER

thing. But Charles Claxton had advised me to sell my hay and corn and not to buy cattle. Deanems constantly warned me that when Mr. Claxton heard about what I had done, he would be angry with me for ignoring his advice. Uncle Jeff, the old fortune maker and fortune loser, was on my side.

FOR weeks Deanems was upset. Once she went to her mother's without telling me, and I thought she was leaving me. She spent the night and came back the next day. If she had left me, I don't know what I would have done about the cattle I wanted to keep her and the cattle too. If I made good on my cattle, I was going to get her a new coat and a new hat, two new pairs of shoes and some new dresses. When I thought about the way she had worn the same old clothes, I knew the girls she had grown up with must have talked about her like the cattle buyers talked about me when I was bidding in the cattle.

I had in mind to buy these things for her if I made good on the cattle, but I wouldn't tell her my plans. Not now. Not when she read the market news in the paper each day and listened to it over the radio and reminded me what Mr. Claxton had told us was coming to pass. Cattle were going down, and down, and down.

I didn't look at the market news in the paper. I was almost afraid to. When the news came on the radio I turned the dial or cut off the radio. I was worried. Here was all this money I had borrowed. Here were the affections of my beautiful (I thought she was beautiful) wife estranged over my buying these cattle. True, we stayed in the same house and life went on for us. But it was not the same after I bought the cattle.

The cattle were some comfort, though. I liked to set the alarm clock for four in the morning, get up and build the fires and then take the lantern and go to my cattle barn which was a quarter of a mile up the hollow from the house, walk under the morning stars and breathe the winter wind of morning. I loved to see the cattle rise from their dry stall beds of leaves and see the white breath coming from their nostrils. I loved to throw down hay from the barn loft into the barn entry, then fork it over into their stalls. I kept my heifers and the bull on one side of the barn and my steers on the other. I had different lots around the barn for these groups of cattle.

I had an idea about what I could do if the price of cattle dropped too much—an idea about how to keep from losing my shirt. I kept this idea to myself. I didn't even tell Uncle Jeff.

After I forked hay down for my cattle, I went to the corncrib and filled baskets of corn nubbins. I walked along and fed each steer and heifer corn nubbins from my hand. I liked to watch them eat and see the white slobbers on these cool winter mornings drop from their mouths onto the dry bedding. It wasn't work—it was play to feed them. It certainly was a lot more fun than raising tobacco.

My cattle, who were at first afraid of me, learned to know me. They would try to follow me from the barn. Each morning when they heard my footsteps over the frozen ground or crunching the snow, they would bawl to me. Deanems figured this as labor but I figured it as play and didn't mark down the time spent working with my cattle in the value of dollars and cents. It was great to walk under the stars and to feed them and to go to them in the afternoons, when the skies were cloudy or when a weak winter sun made the few clinging leaves on the tough-butted white oaks in the barn lot look like the last flames of autumn.

Through January, February and into March I went to my cattle barn twice a day. I had my borrowed investment staked in these cattle. I had to make good. I was determined to make good. I had too much at stake. I went through rain, snow, mud, sunshine and wind; I walked over the frozen earth and through any and all kinds of wintry blasts. It didn't matter; they were my cattle and I loved to walk by day or by night to that barn until the winter broke and the robins came back and green leaves appeared on the greenbriers and the percoons rose from beneath the crusted last-year's leaves to blossom in the coves.

I fed all the hay in my barn loft and had hauled seven of the ten large stacks to my barn. I had fed all that too. How much this hay would have sold for I didn't know. But I must have fed thirty-five tons of hay. It was the hay I had stacked in my fields and hauled to my barn during the last two summers. I had enjoyed hauling it to my cattle. I had enjoyed feeding it. This had been one thing on my farm that had been the labor of love.

But Deanems was more practical. She figured the hay at twenty dollars a ton. That would have been seven hundred dollars. I fed approximately one hundred bushels of nubbin corn Deanems figured at a dollar a bushel. This would have made, not considering my labor, approximately fifty-eight hundred dollars I had in my cattle when grass came to my pastures enough to turn my cattle out to graze. This would allow twenty-six dollars for salt I had to buy for my cattle. . . .

On the very day I turned my cattle on grass, a cattle truck pulled up in front of our house, and a big man, wearing boots, a big black umbrella hat, riding pants and a leather jacket, got out of the car with a crook in his hand. I knew he was a cattle buyer. I knew I'd seen him someplace. After the second look at this man, I knew he was the man who told the man with the mustache at the Canton Livestock Market that I couldn't make my farm pay. He was the man that had laughed at me.

"I understand you've got some cattle here you'd like to sell," he said. "My name is Enoch Wampler."

"My name is Powderjay," I said. "Shan Powderjay. Who told you I had cattle to sell?"

"Picked it up in Greenwood," he said.

"Somebody told you wrong."

"Heard you had sixty-three head you bought up at the Canton Livestock Market last January," he said. "I was there and saw you bid them in."

"Yes, I remember you." I said. "I haven't any cattle to sell."

"I'll make it straight hundred dollars a head," Enoch Wampler said. "That will be a nice profit."

"Yes, three hundred dollars," I said. "My wife does the figuring."

"How about sixty-five hundred? Cattle are coming down, you know."

"Why do you want them if they are coming down?" I asked.

"How about sixty-six hundred?"

"No."

"How about sixty-six hundred and fifty?"

"No."

"Sixty-seven hundred?"

"Not from you," I said.

"I won't go any higher."

"Not to you at any price," I said. "Your money's not good."

ENOCH WAMPLER never said another word. He got in his cattle truck, turned and drove away. But I hurried to the house. It did me good to think he would offer me this much and I wanted to tell Deanems.

"Guess what I was offered for my cattle, honey," I said.

Deanems stood and looked at me. She didn't say a word.

"Sixty-seven hundred dollars," I said. "What do you think of that? What will Mr. Claxton think of that? Somebody is going to have to eat his words!"

"Why didn't you take it?"

"But, honey," I said, "my cattle will really do some growing now. They're on grass. You won't know 'em by the middle of summer!"

"But I've just listened to the market and cattle are still going down," Deanems said.

"I never listen to that market," I said disgustedly. "Market may be going down but my cattle are growing and catching up

and going beyond the market. And you'll see!"

The fresh enthusiasm that I'd had was dead now.

In my two-hundred-acre pasture I turned thirty-five steers. In my hundred-and-fifty-acre pasture, I put my twenty-seven heifers and my bull. I didn't tell Deanems what I was doing. And I certainly didn't tell Mr. Claxton. I didn't go back to see him and tell him my business. He didn't have time to come and see me for he was a very busy man in the financial empire that he had built for himself by using common sense and good judgment in his affairs. I was running my own affairs too. I was building myself a cattle empire on a small scale. And if this worked out, I planned to expand.

The last days of March passed. I prepared land for my tobacco, corn and soybean crops. But I didn't neglect my cattle. Each day I took time to visit the two pastures, carried loose salt in a sack on my back and filled up the salt boxes. I inspected the fences and the water holes. Sometimes I'd stand for more than an hour and look at my cattle. The March sun would be shining and they'd make long lean shadows on the grass. Often at night I'd go to bed and dream of long lean shadows on the steep grassy slopes that walled in my valley farm.

Then April came and the grass grew taller. My cattle started shedding their winter hair. They started looking sleeker and prettier. Their eyes looked bright as stars. I had a healthy herd of cattle. I'd never had, among the sixty-three long lean hungry cattle, a sick one yet. They were always greedy. I remembered what Uncle Jed had told me. "You can't take nothing from these cattle. You got to put everything on them." He meant more beef on their bones. He meant more growth on their rangy frames. And that's what the green grass on my hill slopes was doing.

In May one of my heifers calved. I never dreamed when I had fed them in the barn I would have one to calve this early. It was a pretty little bull Hereford calf that followed her over the pasture slope. Before the month of May passed, two more heifers had calved. They had been sold to me as heifers that were not ready to calve. That's what the auctioneer had said. The man who had brought the heifers to market told him that they would not calve. But this was a pleasant surprise. This is good luck for me, I thought.

In June three more of my heifers calved. I had four Hereford bull calves, one Hereford heifer calf, and one calf whose breed I didn't know. Now my herd was expanding. I could see their growth, or at least I thought I could, as the weeks passed. I had a pretty herd of cattle when I compared them to what I bought last January. And the cattle market was now at a new low. But prices at this new low were steady.

IN LATE June a car drove up in front of our house and Mr. Claxton got out. "Are blackberries ripe?" he shouted with a smile.

"Yes, they are," I said. "Come in!"

I knew Mr. Claxton hadn't come just to get blackberries. When he gave advice, he always wanted to see how it worked out, even if the advice he gave wasn't followed. He had prided himself on being right in most of his decisions in the late years of his business activities. If he was wrong, he wanted to know that too so he could profit by a mistake the second time.

"I guess you heard that Shan bought the cattle last winter," Deanems said after Mr. Claxton had been in our house a few minutes.

"Knew it the next day," he said.

"How did you know it?" I asked.

"John Roe, one of the cattle buyers there that day, lives on one of my farms," he said. "He told me how Shan bid the lean, hungry cattle in!"

Charles Claxton laughed as if it were a joke. But Deanems and I didn't laugh. He didn't know how Deanems had held to his advice and how I'd gone against both of them on my own judgment. He didn't know that my buying these cattle had put a valley between Deanems and me, a valley that didn't have any right to be there. I didn't think it had.

"By the way, the blackberries are back in the pastures," I said. "Want to go back there? Might see my cattle."

"Yes, I'd like to," he said. "Come on!"

"How about you goin' along too, Deanems?" I said. "You've never seen my cattle."

"Never seen them?" Mr. Claxton said.

"No, I was against his buying them," she said.

"So was I," Mr. Claxton said. "But let's go back and see them and get some berries. I always liked blackberries. I'll give myself two hours. I don't have much time. I wish

"A Miss LaRue wants to know if the celebration party is still on"

COLLIER'S — FRANK BEAVEN

48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

STARTING next week, Collier's own Walter Davenport, one of America's best-informed and most widely quoted writers, begins a new, lively weekly column. In his own distinctive style, "Davvie" will do an enlightening and entertaining national roundup under the title "48 States of Mind"

Don't Miss It

there were more hours in the day so I could do all I want to do."

I didn't wish for any more hours in the day. Not when I worked in the tobacco and corn. If there were more hours working in tobacco and corn it would tire me more. But for working with cattle, I wouldn't have cared if there were more hours in the day. I had these thoughts as Deanems and Mr. Claxton and I walked up the valley back of the house to the big pasture. Before we reached the blackberry vines that grew around the cliffs, we came onto my herd of steers, standing under the oak shades near a stream of clean, cool, clear mountain water.

"I'm surprised at your cattle, Shan," Mr. Claxton said. "How much did you pay for these cattle last winter?"

"Nearly seventy-nine dollars apiece," I said.

"That was steep," he said. "But you may come out on 'em. Where's the rest of your cattle?"

"In the far pasture on the other side of the farm," I said.

"Are they as pretty as these?"

"About the same."

Deanems looked silently at the cattle. We walked up to the blackberry vines that fringed the big rock cliffs. The cattle had stood under this cliff when a few cool rains had fallen in late March. Here Mr. Claxton found all of the wild blackberries he wanted. He pulled them from the vines, ate his fill, talked about cattle. He talked about my cattle. He didn't tell me that I would make a profit. He said he hoped that I would break even and I had a chance of doing that. Deanems' face brightened. Mr. Claxton had told me last January if I bought cattle I was bound to lose. Now he had changed his mind.

As we went back down the valley, Mr. Claxton stopped again and looked at my cattle. Deanems told him I had been offered in late March a profit of nine hundred dollars.

"I would have taken that, Shan," he said.

"But I wouldn't," I told him.

"Why not?" he said. "It was quick money."

"I didn't like the man that offered it to me," I said. "I didn't want to sell anyway. I want to risk my judgment once."

"The true American spirit," Mr. Claxton laughed. "I like your determination."

SIX more of my heifers calved in July. Then I knew you couldn't believe what you heard at the Canton Livestock Market. However, I was pleased. My heifers had borne excellent calves and if I let them run with their mothers on this grass, held them until late autumn, I would have something more to sell. My herd had jumped from sixty-three to seventy-five now.

In late July the market went off just a little. In early August, it made a quick comeback. And my cattle looked so good —at least they did to me—I had an idea. I wanted to take a load of steers to the market, back to the market where I had bought them, for a test. I didn't tell Uncle Jeff of my plan. I asked Penny Hilton to bring his truck. We took twelve steers to the market. They were the average steers of the herd. I stayed at the market and I heard them sell. If I had had the money, I would have bid them back myself and kept them, but I couldn't borrow any more.

I was sick at heart. Despite the reports, the market was as weak as it had been all season. Old buyers and sellers complained it was the worst market day in nine years. Penny knew that I had lost heavily and he didn't want to take anything for hauling my cattle to market. For the first time I thought that Mr. Claxton had been right after all. And I wondered how I would keep Deanems from seeing the check when it came the following Monday. This was Friday. When I went home, I was sick. Deanems didn't ask me but I think she understood. She'd been listening to new market reports over the radio.

WHEN the check arrived the next Monday morning, my steers had averaged sixty-one dollars. I paid Penny a dollar each for hauling them to the market. That left sixty dollars each. I'd lost, on these twelve steers, two hundred and twenty-seven dollars and forty cents. I showed Deanems the check.

"You haven't anybody to blame but yourself, Shan," she said. "You wouldn't take good advice when you got it free. You'd better taken that profit last March. What will Mr. Claxton think now? He'll feel sorry for you, Shan."

When Uncle Jeff heard what I'd done he hurried down to see me.

"Don't you sell any more of your cattle," he said. "Not now. What did you do that for? Didn't you know cattle don't put on much weight in the early spring? Keep 'em until late October, boy. Keep 'em long as your grass holds out! Don't be a fool. I've worked too long with cattle. You still won't lose. Listen to me."

Uncle Jeff's words, even if he did speak them in an unpleasant tone, sounded sweet and sympathetic to me. They were the kindest words I'd heard in a long time. I intended to take his advice.

In August two more heifers calved. I now had sixty-five head of cattle. And the market was climbing. This made me feel better. I decided to listen to the consoling words Uncle Jeff had spoken to me. August came and went and my cattle grew as I had never seen cattle grow before. September came and the grass was good. We had considerable rain and much hot sun. In late September, six more heifers calved. My herd stood at seventy-one.

Everywhere farmers were taking their cattle to market. Bill Thompson told me that the trucks lined up with loads of grass-fed cattle were three miles long before the stock pens. It was three o'clock in the afternoon before the last truck was unloaded. Then the market dropped. It rose but very little before the end of September. My pasture grass was good and I didn't worry. I had plenty of range for my cattle. Even

after the first frosts had fallen, I would still have grass under the trees where the frost couldn't hit. I would have enough pasture under the trees for my cattle until the freezes came. Then I would have plenty of dead grass. We had kept cattle on this pasture until January when the first heavy snows came. This year I planned to keep my cattle long as I could.

Lucky for me, it was the middle of October before the first light frost nipped the grass in spots. And in October six more of my heifers calved. All had calved but one. And she would calve in late November or early December. In late October another thing happened that was lucky for me. The market started climbing. Then my neighbors, who had sold their cattle, complained that they had sold them at the wrong time. But before I planned to send another truckload to market, I asked Uncle Jeff to go back to the pasture and look at my cattle now.

"Just like I told you," Uncle Jeff said "These steers have put on two to four hundred pounds in weight since you bought them. Some have doubled in size. I don't care if the market is down from the time you bought 'em. You'll see that you'll make money on these cattle."

"Suppose there'll be a good market for young milk cows now?" I said to Uncle Jeff.

"If you've got calves with 'em you can always sell 'em and for a good price," Uncle Jeff explained. "By all means get all these steers to market now. Get all the young cows with their calves to market. Then wait until January or February and buy yourself some more long lean hungry well-marked yearling and long yearling, heifers and steers."

I took Uncle Jeff at his word. I kept the heifer that didn't calve and I kept my bull. Uncle Jeff and I drove the big steers to the barn. We drove twenty-six young cows with as pretty a herd of young calves tagging along with their mamas as you would want to see. Grass-fed and milk-fed. They had grown up on grassy slopes out in the cool mountain winds at night beneath the stars and under the hot summer and autumn suns of day. These young and frisky calves raced ahead of their mothers and kicked up their heels. Their eyes were bright as stars on a moonless night.

"I've never seen prettier cattle on this farm," Uncle Jeff said. "See now if you lose money!"

BUT I didn't think I was going to lose on the twelve steers I'd taken to market in early August. I was afraid to think that I would make money. I was scared. I was still scared the next morning when Penny Hilton, Ted Allen, and Bill Wheeler drove their trucks up the hollow before the stars had left the sky. By good daylight we had loaded our cattle and were on our way to the Canton Livestock Market. We wanted to be there early so we wouldn't have to wait in line. We didn't have to wait. There were not many cattle on the market. They'd been sold on earlier markets. When we arrived at the market, we were met by swarms of pin-hookers who wanted me to price my cattle before I put them on the market. I didn't put any price on my cattle. Not to them. I let them make their offers.

"Don't you sell to a pin-hooker," Uncle Jeff said. "Put 'em over the market. Let the highest bidder take 'em. That's the way you bought 'em in the beginning."

The pin-hookers, farmers, cattle buyers were swarming around trucks that had the young cows and their calves. They were pointing to this calf, what a dandy he was, and what a good cow this one or that one would be. I let them talk.

One secret I had kept in the back of my mind from the time I got the cattle, and that was to breed my heifers. Whenever I was afraid I was going to lose money on my cattle, I thought of the heifers. They would pull me out of my financial difficulties. I never told Mr. Claxton. I never told Deanems either. I thought she would think it was another newfangled idea I had that would drag me deeper in debt.

When my steers went onto the floor, a farmer from Ohio, who had feed to fatten cattle he'd raised on his big level farm, bought the entire herd at the highest price that was paid on this last market day in October. I sold my steers by the pound and they averaged almost nine hundred and twenty-five pounds. I got twenty cents a pound. I was paid four thousand two hundred and fifty-four dollars and forty cents for these twenty-three steers.

Then my young cows and their calves were put over the floor, a cow and her calf at the time. I never saw such bidding as these hungry cattle buyers did. They surely didn't pay any attention to the market. The least price I got for a young cow and her calf was one hundred and thirty-nine dollars. The highest price I got was for the first heifer that calved in May. Her calf was barely six months old but he was as large as some yearlings. The young cow and calf fetched one hundred and ninety-eight dollars. The prices of all the other young cows and their calves ranged between.

I couldn't believe this had happened to me. I wanted to go home and shout to Deanems. I wanted to send Mr. Claxton a telegram. I was walking on the wind. I wanted to get Uncle Jeff a present. I wanted to pay my long-overdue debts. I wanted to pay the bank the money I'd borrowed. I wanted to get new clothes, hat, shoes and coat for Deanems, even if she had been wrong. A valley had stood between us, wide at first, but it had narrowed down as time passed; and now it would disappear entirely. But as I rode back with Penny in the truck, I thought of something else. I didn't feel like I had felt before when I'd taken the twelve steers to Canton and they had fetched me, clear of expenses, sixty dollars each.

When I reached home, Deanems met me. She wanted me to tell her how the cattle had sold. I didn't tell her anything. I pretended to be blue. I lay down on the divan and put my hat over my face. I knew that she felt sorry for me because I'd tried so hard to make a go of my farm. I'd tried everything, so she must have thought, and everything, even to the cattle, had failed. I let her think her own thoughts. I was going to let her mention the cattle this time. But she was a long time about doing it.

"Shan, how did your cattle go today?" she asked reluctantly.

"We won't know until Monday when we get the check," I said. "But my tobacco crop is good this year. My corn crop is good and my hay is better than it's been in years. No matter what happens we won't starve."

ON MONDAY, I brought the check from the post office. It was the largest check either of us had ever seen—eight thousand six hundred and seventy dollars and ninety-one cents after the marketing expenses had been deducted. Deanems couldn't believe her eyes.

"Now add seven hundred and twenty dollars to this," I said. "That's what I received for the twelve steers I gave away at the wrong time. That makes nine thousand three hundred and ninety dollars and ninety-one cents. Then subtract my expenses from this. Don't count my work with the cattle anything. Just count the hay. And remember I still got a bull and a heifer left.

"That would be a profit of three thousand five hundred ninety dollars and ninety-one cents," Deanems said, looking as I'd never seen her look before. The valley had been removed between us now. She put her arms around my neck and the warm tears from her eyes touched one side of my face.

"It means the farm pays," I said as we stood there embraced for the first time since I'd bought the cattle. "We won't sell any of our land. We'll pay the bank note this afternoon. Twenty-five hundred will pay all the other debts we owe. It means a new hat for you, honey—new slippers, a new winter coat, new dresses."

"But I don't deserve—"

"You deserve everything," I said. "I'm tired of seeing you in these old clothes."

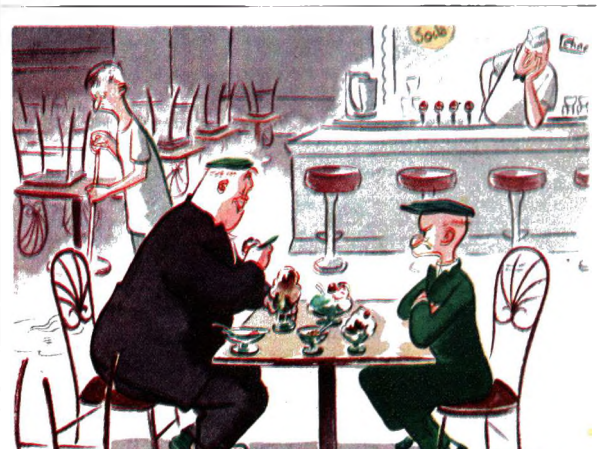
I pulled her so close there wasn't room for a valley between us now.

"Wonder what Mr. Claxton will think now, Shan," Deanems said. "Wonder if he will feel like I feel."

"Not like you will feel," I said. "You'll be happier over the cattle than you are now. You'll get more than I've promised you."

"And we'll buy more cattle in January, won't we, Shan?" she said. THE END

BUTCH



"You said we'd pretend we're customers, Butch, then at th' right moment, stick th' place up. When *is* th' right moment?" COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

Bigger than ever! 2nd nation-wide contest sponsored by America's War Orphans Scholarships, Inc.

New contest! New puzzle! Bigger prizes! More of them!

$100,000.00 in CASH PRIZES

YOU may win as much as $60,000.
345 prizes MUST BE WON!

345 PRIZES TOTALING $100,000 — 3 PRIZE GROUPS Win a Prize in each group...

	GROUP 1 ($2 Donation Required)	GROUP 2 ($5 Donation Required)	GROUP 3 ($10 Donation Required)
1st Prize	$7,000.00	$18,000.00	$35,000.00
2nd Prize	2,000.00	5,000.00	10,000.00
3rd Prize	400.00	1,000.00	2,000.00
4th Prize	250.00	600.00	1,200.00
5th, 6th, 7th	Each 150.00	Each 500.00	Each 1,000.00
8th, 9th, 10th	Each 100.00	Each 200.00	Each 400.00
11th to 115th Prizes	105 more Prizes, Each $10.00 $1,050.00	105 more Prizes, Each $30.00 $3,150.00	105 more Prizes, Each $60.00 $6,300.00
TOTALS	$11,450.00	$29,850.00	$58,700.00

Someone MUST win a FORTUNE in this Contest! Why shouldn't that $60,000 be yours? Here's the golden opportunity that may make YOU *rich!* The simple new FORTUNE puzzle is *fun* to do... yet solving it can win you a cash fortune. And your only cost to enter is a small donation to War Orphans Scholarships, Inc., the organization that provides needed educational opportunities to deserving young Americans whose fathers gave their lives in the service of our country.

Every year more of the orphaned sons and daughters of our fallen heroes *need your help* to enter colleges, universities, trade schools, etc. Your contribution enables them to get the training their fathers might have made possible if they had lived. You'd gladly contribute anyway to such a cause.... And now, in this contest, your tax-deductible contribution may win a fortune for you. Imagine what you could do with that $60,000.00!

The prize money is already in the bank. Every penny of net proceeds (after payment of advertising and necessary contest expenses) goes to War Orphans Scholarships, Inc. You owe it to yourself and your children to try for your share of this $100,000.00.

Plus!

This big EXTRA PRIZE if you ACT FAST!

Another big chance to win. Send your entry at once and qualify for a brand new 1951 MERCURY Convertible *in addition to* the big cash prizes. This big extra prize awarded to the best score among contestants whose entries are postmarked before midnight, October 10, 1950. (In case of ties, Official Contest Rules apply.) You still have free right to send a substitute solution later; your best score, original or substitute, will count. SEND YOUR ENTRY TODAY!

IT'S FUN... IT'S FAST... JUST FOLLOW THESE SIMPLE INSTRUCTIONS

1. Identify the four pictures. Each is a five-letter word, and must total 50 by the Table of Letter Values. You score 5 points for each picture correctly identified.

2. Complete the lines beginning with the initials F-O-R-T-U-N-E with letters of your own choosing. Each line must spell a word; or you may spell two words in the same line if you leave an empty square between them. Each line must begin with the initial letter already printed on it. If two words are used in a line, however, the second word may begin with any letter. Words must have exactly the number of letters as there are squares on that line, except that a line containing two words or a hyphen will have one letter less because of the open square. Words need not be related; no word may be used more than once.

3. Each letter has the point value shown in the Table of Letter Values. Try to get a high score by choosing words that count the most. But there is another way to increase your score – an exciting new BONUS feature.

4. The last square in each line is a BONUS square. Choose the correct name of any one of the pictures as your KEY word. Whenever a letter from your KEY word appears in a BONUS square it adds 15 points to your score. Each of the five letters of your KEY word can earn this bonus only once. BONUS points are in addition to the regular point value of the letter. You do not have to use all five letters ur KEY word; one of them will add 15 points, or two will add 30 points, etc.

5. Enter your three scores – Picture Score; Word Score, including the values of the initial letters; and Bonus Score. Add them carefully and enter your TOTAL SCORE.

Solve this Sample with Us

Suppose we have correctly identified the occupations of the persons pictured in the sample puzzle as *boxer, mason, actor* and *nurse.* (These samples need not total 50 letter-points, as do the Picture Words in the Official Puzzle.)

Now we fill in letters that will make words on each line and we begin by putting down those you see filled in on the sample. Adding up the point values of all the letters, we have a Word Score of 329.

Now let's see how that score can be improved. Take your pencil and begin. Let's change that first word FOR to FAR, because A counts 2 more than O. We can add another 2 points on the next line just by changing the word ON to OH. It's really fascinating to see how rapidly your score can be built up.

FOR
OH
ROUGE
TRIO
UMPIRE
NUT
EVER PRESS

Notice how we filled in the last line with two words. We could have put down a single 10-letter word beginning with E and used all the squares. But by selecting two words, perhaps we can make a higher-scoring combination even though the blank square we must leave between our two words will not count at all. We put the blank square after the word *ever;* now our second word on the line could begin with any letter but it must be exactly five letters long. If we had made our first word *every* our second word could be only four letters long.

WATCH THOSE BONUS SQUARES: While we fill in our words, let's not forget the bonuses we can earn by using letters from our KEY word in the last squares of the lines. Remember, we can choose any one of the four pictures as our KEY word. In the BONUS squares we already have three of the five letters in *boxer* – O, E and R. (We cannot count the E twice because it appears only once in *boxer.*) However, if we make *boxer* our KEY word we have already earned 45 BONUS points. We can increase our score if we can use a B or an X in a BONUS square. Or perhaps other changes will make another KEY word even better. (In the Official Puzzle, of course, the KEY words are different.)

You'll find it's easy and real fun to improve your score, to play this fascinating puzzle like a game. Be sure to send your entry in time to qualify for that 1951 Mercury Convertible.

NEATNESS DOESN'T COUNT... NO LETTERS OR SLOGANS TO WRITE... ENTER TODAY

OFFICIAL RULES OF THE CONTEST

1. $100,000 in cash has been deposited in the Chase National Bank and will be awarded according to Official Rules, Instructions and Prize List to the contestants achieving the highest scores in the Official Puzzle solutions.

2. A contestant may enter any one, two or all three Prize Groups by sending the appropriate contribution with his solution form. ($2 for the first Group, $5 for the second, and $10 for the third.) Having entered the Contest, any contestant may enter another Group or Groups by sending in, before the closing date, the additional sum or sums necessary.

3. Each Prize Group will be judged separately. The highest valid score in Group 1 wins the First Prize, the second highest valid score achieves the Second Prize and so on until all the prizes in the Group have been awarded. The solutions in Groups 2 and 3 will be similarly judged and the prizes awarded. A contestant may win prizes in more than one Group with the same solution.

4. This contest being nationwide, there are likely to be ties. If there are ties, then before any prizes are awarded for lower scores in a Group there will be reserved as many prizes as there are tied contestants in that Group. To break the ties a set of 5 tie-breaking puzzles will be sent to each tied contestant. The Judges will first judge the solutions submitted on Puzzle No. 1 of such set. If the ties are not thereby all broken, the Judges will judge the solutions of Puzzle No. 2 of the remaining tied contestants and so on to Puzzle No. 5, if necessary. If the ties are not all broken by the first set of tie-breaking puzzles, a second, third and, if necessary, a fourth set of 5 tie-breaking puzzles each, may be used. Each contestant will be required to have his solutions to the tie-breaking puzzles postmarked within a limited time to be established by the Committee on Awards, which shall be not less than 14 days nor more than 18 days from the date of mailing, in the case of the first set of tie-breaking puzzles, and not less than 5 days nor more than 7 days for each additional set of tie-breaking puzzles required.

The tie-breaking puzzles will be similar to but more difficult than the original puzzle. Pictures or subjects for identification may be more numerous and less common; more and longer words may be required; the letters may be supplied with only some of the initial letters of the words; and alternative tables of letter values and bonuses may be included. If final ties remain after the fourth set of tie-breaking puzzles, each tied contestant will receive the full amount of the prize for which tied.

5. The contest is open to residents of the continental United States except employees of War Orphans Scholarships, Inc. and its contest associates, including its advertising agency, or members of their families. Anyone who has won $500 or more in cash or kind in any other puzzle contest prior to entering this contest, and any member of his or her family, is also excluded. We shall make every effort to enforce this rule. Each entry must bear a permanent home address in the continental United States to which all contest mail will be sent. We regret that this contest is not open to members of The Armed Forces on active duty, because of uncertain mail delivery. War Orphans Scholarships, Inc. should be notified immediately of any change in address, but in no case can it assume responsibility for delivery of mail. Only one member of an immediate family living at the same address may compete.

6. All solutions must be submitted on an Official Entry Form. One Substitute Solution may be submitted without additional contribution, but only on the Official Substitute Form which will be sent with an official entry number, to each contestant. Where more than one entry is submitted each contestant may submit more than one entry if appropriate contribution is sent) the contestant's highest valid score will be considered in that Prize Group or Groups only in which that solution is entered. A contestant may win only one prize in each Prize Group. A contestant will not receive a higher score than claimed nor more than earned. Neatness does not count, but unsigned, illegible or unclear entries will not be accepted and all contributions accompanying such entries will be returned upon request after judging is completed.

7. Any word that fits may be used to fill in the squares (and to identify the pictures correctly) provided the word used appears in bold-face type as a complete vocabulary entry in the Merriam-Webster New International Dictionary, Unabridged, Second Edition (a 1947 or subsequent printing), on any page (Upper or Lower Section) within the Main Alphabetical Section of said dictionary. Abbreviations, contractions, word elements such as a prefix, suffix, or combining form, single letters of the alphabet, and parts of phrases such as suey in chop suey, are inadmissible unless they are also separately listed elsewhere in such section as independent words.

A hyphenated word that fits may be used but each hyphen must occupy a square and such square will be without value. Two words may be used in any line of squares but the two words must be separated by a blank square which will be without value, and each word must separately comply with this rule.

8. All entries must be sent by mail to: AMERICAN WAR ORPHANS CONTEST, Washington 13, D. C., and must be postmarked before midnight, November 30, 1950, and received before 5 p.m., December 15, 1950, to be eligible for consideration. However, sixty extra days are allowed for mailing and receiving of substitute solutions and of additional contributions to qualify for or transfer to another Group or Groups. War Orphans Scholarships, Inc. will not be responsible for lost or delayed communications or for clerical or mechanical errors. By sending in the entry each contestant agrees to be bound by the Official Rules and Instructions and, in any event, by the decision of the Committee on Awards on any and all matters affecting the contest.

9. Any contestant who accepts help of any kind from anyone (same family or household excepted) will be disqualified. Sworn statements to this effect may be required from all winners and every reasonable effort will be made to enforce this rule.

OFFICIAL PUZZLE AND ENTRY FORM

NAME THEIR OCCUPATIONS

THEN COMPLETE THESE LINES

F
O
R
T
U
N
E

Table of Letter Values

A	8	J	19	S	17
B	22	K	25	T	18
C	20	L	3	U	4
D	12	M	14	V	15
E	5	N	13	W	27
F	21	O	6	X	24
G	10	P	16	Y	9
H	23	Q	28	Z	26
I	7	R	11		

THE PICTURES REPRESENT:

1._____
2._____
3._____
4._____

My KEY WORD is_____
Select any one of above.

PICTURE SCORE_____ (5 for each identified)

WORD SCORE_____ (Total of letter values)

BONUS SCORE_____ (15 for each letter of Key Word used in a Bonus Square)

TOTAL SCORE ➡

All of above blanks MUST be filled in.

To AMERICAN WAR ORPHANS CONTEST, Dept. D-40 Washington 13, D. C.

I enclose herewith $.....contribution to the War Orphans Scholarships, Inc. Enter me in your contest. I have filled in the Official puzzle diagram above and have filled in the score I have achieved. My contribution is to enter me in the following prize groups: (Check which)

( ) Enter me in Prize Group Number 1. First Prize $7,000.00. I enclose contribution of $2.
( ) Enter me in Prize Group Number 2. First Prize $18,000.00. I enclose contribution of $5.
( ) Enter me in Prize Group Number 3. First Prize $35,000.00. I enclose contribution of $10.

To Be Eligible For Mercury Convertible Enter On or Before October 10, 1950.

NOTE: *You may enter any one, two or all three prize groups depending on the amount donated. The following shows how a contestant can qualify for the various prize groups:*

Group No. 1 ($7,000.00 First Prize) $2 contributed.
Group No. 2 ($18,000.00 First Prize) $5 contributed.
Groups No. 1 and 2 ($25,000.00 combined First Prizes) $7 contributed.
Group No. 3 ($35,000.00 First Prize) $10 contributed.
Groups No. 1 and 3 ($42,000.00 combined First Prizes) $12 contributed.
Groups No. 2 and 3 ($53,000.00 combined First Prizes) $15 contributed.
Groups No. 1, 2 and 3 ($60,000.00 combined First Prizes) $17 contributed.

NOTE: Donations should be made payable to War Orphans Scholarships, Inc. Please send check, money order or postal note only. Do NOT send cash.

SIGNED .....

Name .....
(PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY)

Address .....

City ..... State .....
(ZONE NO. IF YOU KNOW IT)

Additional copies of this official puzzle and entry form will be sent free on request when accompanied by self-addressed, stamped envelope

Thank You, Sergeant Huntoon

THERE'S NOTHING like regular and thorough doses of baseball news to make you realize that age is a relative thing. An uninitiated reader of the sports pages might be surprised to run across stories about the great Joe DiMaggio tottering around on his ancient legs, and the almost equally great Tommy Henrich succumbing to the ravages of advancing age and a trick knee, and then to discover that both these dotards are in their mid-thirties. The devotee understands, of course, that baseball is a young man's game. He understands that 10 or more big-league seasons of it add up to a pretty rugged deal, and that the average player of thirty-five and up is in a state of athletic senility.

We got to thinking about this not long ago when, after digesting the front page, baseball dope and box scores in the morning paper, we saw a picture of Sfc. Orland Enos Huntoon on one of the inside pages. That's Sergeant Huntoon at the top of this page.

We got to thinking that fighting a war is a young man's business too, and that it's also a pretty rugged deal, even if it doesn't always inspire as breathless a style of newspaper writing as the annual pennant race. Even one war is rugged. But the picture caption said that for Sergeant Huntoon, who was with the Army in Korea, this was his third war.

He's sixty-one, and he comes from Vermont. We would guess that some of Ethan Allen's "boys" from Vermont in the Revolution probably looked somewhat like Sergeant Huntoon, and some of them probably were as old. That thin-soiled, rocky country up there has a way of producing lean and durable men.

We'd also guess that Sergeant Huntoon is an able and adaptable soldier. He has seen almost as much military evolution in his three wars as took place between 1775 and 1914. In his first war they were still using horse cavalry. Rifles shot bullets one at a time. The French, in the early days of his first war, marched into battle wearing handsome but bullet-inviting blue blouses and red trousers.

Of course there were innovations, nasty ones like poison gas, submarines, great, slow-crawling tanks that could span the trenches of the Western Front, and airplanes that could fly a mile a minute, spray you with machine-gun bullets or deliver a small bomb. There was the Germans' Big Bertha, a massive gun mounted on a railroad car that shelled Paris from 70 miles away. But all those lethal horrors of 30-odd years ago must have seemed rather remote to Sergeant Huntoon, in a third war that has such weapons as supersonic planes and the threat of a more frightful version of the big bomb.

Yet there are common factors which Sergeant Huntoon surely has found in all three conflicts. There is danger. There is mud and dust, rain and sweating heat, discomfort and aching fatigue. That's the life of the foot soldier.

Back in 1939, in the autumn of the so-called phony war, Winston Churchill wrote an article for Collier's which contained a passage that might have been written today: "The brave, intelligent foot soldier with his rifle and bayonet is still the master of his country's fate. When mechanical devices have spoken their last word, a sufficiency of fierce men, eager for hand-to-hand fighting in small parties by night or day, if wisely led and conscious of their cause, will still be capable of preserving human freedom and of sustaining the honor of mankind and keeping open the portals of progress and survival."

Looking at Sergeant Huntoon's picture, it seemed to us that he is the sort of man that Mr. Churchill had in mind. He is a foot soldier who has twice done his share of trying to preserve human freedom. Now, at sixty-one, he has been in there again, helping the kids fight another war while we younger "old men" sit on the side lines.

Thank you, Sergeant Huntoon.

The Men Behind the Magic

WE HEARD A STORY recently about a man who didn't get his picture in the paper. He isn't interested in publicity, so let's call him Dr. Doe.

Dr. Doe was offered a salary of $75,000 to head the research department of a large pharmaceutical house. If he had accepted, the business pages of big-city dailies would have carried the story and his photograph. And, much more important, he probably would have been financially set for life. But the doctor already had a job which he felt was so important that he couldn't leave it. It pays him $7,200 a year.

Dr. Doe is one of the 650 scientists who make up the staff of the University of Chicago Medical Center, and he is typical of all of them. They are among the country's top men and women in their various fields. Many of them, like Dr. Doe, could command 10 times their present salaries elsewhere. But they devote their full time and energy to research and investigation. They have no outside practice and no outside fees. Their compensation lies in the conquest of disease.

All of us read of "wonder drugs." Few of us give any thought to the magicians of science, like those at the University of Chicago, who make these wonders possible. From them have come insulin, penicillin, the sulfa drugs, cortisone, ACTH and other miracles of medicine which, in a generation, have saved millions of lives. From them and their patient, persistent, day-to-day battle against human ills will someday come the cures for cancer, hypertension, various heart ailments and other currently incurable diseases.

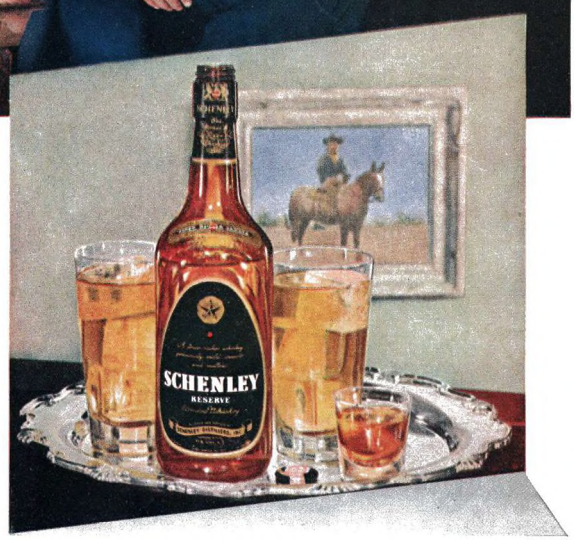
Dr. Doe and his colleagues don't want cheers and notoriety. It isn't the real purpose of this piece to give them any. We simply thought that perhaps others, like ourselves, might like to reflect that in a world so full of striving and hatred and destruction, there are still people with a dedicated sense of responsibility that is above avarice, people who think that the health and happiness of their unknown fellow man is worth more than wealth and comfort for themselves.

Robert Preston follows the trail... to an Enchanted Evening with Schenley

SUNRISE ON THE NEW MEXICO DESERT finds screen star Robert Preston bright and ready to start the day's shooting. "There's a long, hot day of riding and acting ahead of me," says Bob. "Westerns are fun to make, but hard work."

"WHEN DAY IS DONE I feel I've earned a refreshing Schenley highball," says Bob. The trail leads to an "Old West" bar in town where Bob relaxes with friends. Like so many other stars, his choice is smooth, sociable Schenley.

FOR AN ENCHANTED EVENING Robert Preston says there's nothing to compare with a Western barbecue supper, and smooth, sociable Schenley. "Fine friends... fine food... fine Schenley belong together," declares Bob.



You, too, will enjoy smooth, sociable

SCHENLEY

SCHENLEY

A Mark of Merit Whiskey
from Schenley
The House of Aged Whiskies

MUSICAL COMEDY STAR, *Nanette Fabray:* "As a singer, I welcome Camel mildness. And Camel flavor suits me to a 'T'."

"FOR REAL smoking pleasure – it's Camels for me! A mild, great-tasting cigarette!" *Tod Crone,* air travel agent.

"CAMEL MILDNESS agreed with my throat from the start–and I enjoyed the test!", reports housewife

EZIO PINZA, former star of "South Pacific": "I smoke the cigarette

"THE DOCTOR'S REPORT was no surprise

"IT'S MY

OUTBOARD RACER *Eleanor Shakeshaft:* "Camels are my choice for steady smoking. They suit me to a 'T'."

BOSTON RED SOX pit
Mel Parnell: "I'd wa
mile for a Camel,
time. A great-tast
smoke!"

HOW MILD CAN A CIGARETTE BE?

Smoke Camels and See!

"I SMOKE about a pack of Camels a day. Every puff tastes so good! Camels for me!" *Robert Jamkie,* personnel dir.

"I'M GLAD I made my own mildness test. I found the right cigarette for me–CAMEL!" *Margie Fletcher,* aqua skier.

Camel's cool mildness. They taste great, too!

ever since I made my own 30-day test, Camels are my favorite! They're so mild!"

TELEPHONE OPERATOR *Ethel James:* "In my job, cigarette mildness is important. That's why Camels are my smoke!"

Millions Prove Camel Mildness in their "T-Zones" (T for Throat and T for Taste)

YOU, as a smoker, know perfectly well that there is only one sensible way to test a cigarette. There are no short cuts – no tricks. The reliable test – the one that gives you the proper answer – is to smoke pack after pack, day after day. That's why so many critical smokers have made their own Camel 30-Day Mildness Tests. They've judged Camel as a steady smoke – not as an occasional cigarette.

And noted throat specialists confirmed Camel mildness in a coast-to-coast test of Camel smokers. In this test of hundreds of people who smoked only Camels for 30 days, the throat of every smoker was examined each week – a total of 2,470 examinations. The doctors' findings: – *Not one single case of throat irritation due to smoking Camels!*

But make your own 30-Day Test and be your own judge of Camel's choice tobaccos. You'll discover why . . .

MORE PEOPLE SMOKE CAMELS THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

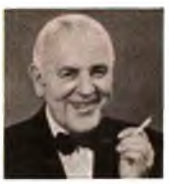
STEELWORKER *Cyril Byrne:* "I changed to Camels just to try them. Now I'm a Camel smoker for keeps!"

"MY 30-DAY TEST certainly convinced me! Camels are a mild, grand-tasting cigarette!" *Elaine Bassett,* stylist.

"I CHANGED to Camels for 30 days during the test. They've been my brand ever since!" *Allan Nemroe,* manufacturer.

"THROAT IRRITATION doesn't go in my job. I smoke Camels. They're right for my throat." *G. Ansbro,* announcer.

"I ANSWER questions all day. I have to think of my throat. I smoke Camels!" Information clerk, *Jean Gammon.*



WILLIE HOPPE, wizard of the billiard table. "I'm a Camel smoker from way back. Camels suit me to a 'T'."

RIFLE CHAMPION *Audrey Bockmann:* "Camels certainly score a hit with my taste. And they're so mild! Cool and mild!"

TELEVISION STAR *Marguerite Piazza* agrees: "As a singer, I enjoy Camel mildness – and Camels taste grand!"

DISC JOCKEY *Bob Maxwell:* "My voice gets a steady workout. My throat sure welcomes Camel mildness."

RADIO SONGSTRESS *Fran Warren:* "Camels are so mild! My own 30-Day Test proved they agree with my throat!"

RALPH BELLAMY, noted actor: "There's no room for throat irritation in show business. Camels agree with my throat!"

"I'VE JOINED the millions of smokers who'd walk a mile for a mild, mild Camel!" *Ann O'Rourke,* secretary.

"I'VE SMOKED mild, cool Camels for 20 years. That rich, Camel flavor suits me to a 'T'." *G. Campbell,* sportsman.

PATRICIA MORISON, musical comedy star: "Yes, I made my own 30-day mildness test. It was fun! It's Camels for me!"

PETER LIND HAYES, comedian: "I found what cigarette mildness means when I made my own Camel 30-Day Test!"