

Collier's

SEPTEMBER 27, 1952 • FIFTEEN CENTS

Science May
Give You a
**SECOND
HEART**

A New Chafik Mystery

COLLEGE HATS
(See Page 14)



Join the cheer

FOOTBALL FASHIONS...

WEMBLEY! WEMBLEY!

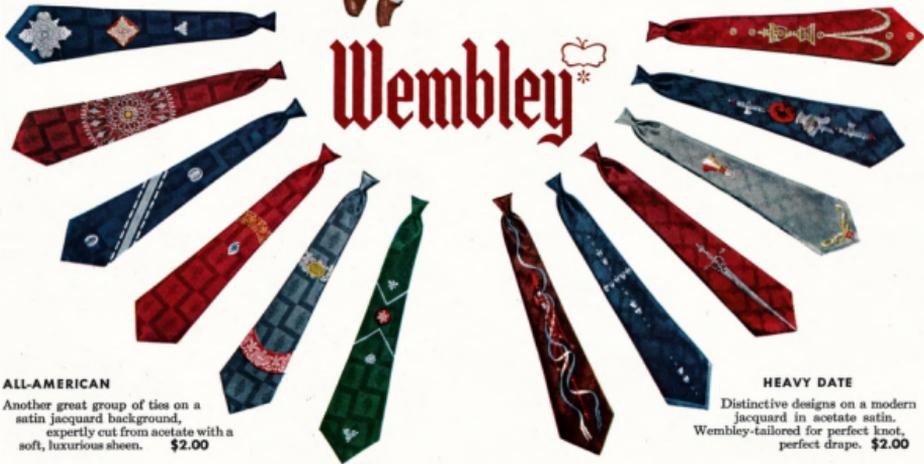


HOMECOMING New, narrow shape in a textured rayon fabric with a woven-in design highlighted with metallic thread. A striking new fashion! **\$2.00**



VARSITY Neat single stripe effect woven into a luxurious rayon and silk fabric in the new, fashionable narrow shape. All Wembleys are 100% wool lined. **\$2.00**

Wembley



ALL-AMERICAN

Another great group of ties on a satin jacquard background, expertly cut from acetate with soft, luxurious sheen. **\$2.00**

HEAVY DATE

Distinctive designs on a modern jacquard in acetate satin. Wembley-tailored for perfect knot, perfect drape. **\$2.00**

For free illustrated folder, "How to Tie Perfect Knots," or for name of nearest store, write Dept. B, Wembley, Inc., New Orleans • New York Office: Empire State Bldg. • Chicago Office: Merchandise Mart.

Copyright 1952, Wembley, Inc. • Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

HERE'S WHERE YOUR MONEY GOES...

WITH SO MUCH MONEY NEEDED FOR DEFENSE, IT'S IMPORTANT THAT NONE OF YOUR TAX MONEY GOES FOR WASTEFUL, SOCIALISTIC PROJECTS. HERE ARE A FEW EXAMPLES OF GOVERNMENT SPENDING THAT IS UNNECESSARY...

BARRELS OF TAX MONEY--

OVER \$350 MILLION-- WOULD BE NEEDED FOR THE POWER PLANT IT IS PROPOSED THE GOVERNMENT BUILD AT NIAGARA FALLS. FIVE LOCAL ELECTRIC COMPANIES HAVE OFFERED TO DO THE JOB WITHOUT SPENDING ONE CENT OF TAX MONEY.

PAYING THE BILL TWICE!

TWO COMPETING DEPARTMENTS OF THE GOVERNMENT EACH MADE COSTLY SURVEYS FOR THE SAME DAM IN HELL'S CANYON, IDAHO. IN THE RECORDS OF FEDERAL BUREAUCRACIES, THERE ARE SCORES OF SUCH WASTEFUL DUPLICATIONS-- AT YOUR EXPENSE

DIG DEEPER! WHEN THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT UNDERTAKES AN ELECTRIC POWER PROJECT THAT ELECTRIC COMPANIES COULD DO, YOU PAY TWICE -- NOT ONLY FOR THE COST OF THE PROJECT, BUT TO MAKE UP FOR LOCAL, STATE AND FEDERAL TAXES THAT ARE LOST.

\$ MILLIONS

YOU'LL PAY MILLIONS IN TAXES IF GOVERNMENT PLANS GO THROUGH TO BUILD POWER LINES IN THE SOUTHWEST THAT WOULD DUPLICATE EXISTING LINES OF LOCAL ELECTRIC COMPANIES, WHICH CAN EASILY HANDLE THE ADDED POWER!

WHY BUILD TWO WHEN ONE WILL DO ?

YOUR TAXES ARE HIGH ENOUGH ALREADY.

THEY WILL GO HIGHER IF THE GOVERNMENT TREND TOWARD SOCIALIZED ELECTRICITY CONTINUES. WE WANT YOU TO BE AWARE OF THIS DANGER. THAT'S WHY THIS MESSAGE IS BROUGHT TO YOU BY AMERICA'S ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES*

*Always on request from this magazine.

LETTER TO OUR/SEE ANSWER--see 512 (March 1944) 52--52449, 5 50 P. W. E. S. T. --ABC NEWS



VOTE!

In recent national elections in some free countries,
the following percentage of eligible persons voted:

Australia	96% voted (1951)
Great Britain	83% voted (1951)
Sweden	80% voted (1950)
Western Germany	75% voted (1949)
Canada	74% voted (1949)
Israel	72% voted (1951)
United States	51% voted (1948)

Only about one-half of our voters went to the polls in the last presidential election. The right to vote is a privilege and a responsibility. Let us make this year's vote the largest ever recorded in our history! Get out and vote November 4th! Urge all your friends to do likewise.

COPYRIGHT 1948—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

1 MADISON AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.



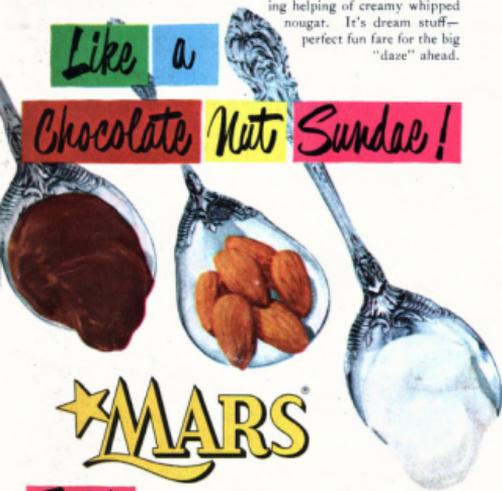


Fun fare
for the big "daze" ahead

School days are here again, and to help you over the rough spots, get together with a big, luscious Mars candy bar. These plump golden almonds are simply smothered in loads of double thick, pure milk chocolate... then, to make it more luscious than ever, both are combined with a helping of creamy whipped nougat. It's dream stuff—perfect fun fare for the big "daze" ahead.

Like a

Chocolate Nut Sundae!



Toasted
Almond
BAR 10¢

The Cover

The hats worn by Collier's pretty cover girls have been designed for college students in their official school colors.

Like the modern collegiate, they are gay, smart and informal. These and other school chapeaux are on page 14.

Week's Mail

For and Against Ike

EDITOR: I have read and reread your editorial Man for Leaders (Aug. 9th) and consider it one of the best of all your excellent articles. In my opinion, Mr. Eisenhower is the one American who can restore our country to one governed by politicians, not Politicians. I hope all those Americans who have not decided how to vote in November will read this remarkable tribute and help elect such an honorable man.
Congratulations for telling us in plain words why Eisenhower should be our next President. **JOYCE ANNE SMITH, San Francisco, Cal.**

... We of the South regret that you have come out for Mr. Eisenhower in your editorial Man for Leadership. Our own paper has done likewise, and the editor of this paper, The Montgomery Advertiser, constantly lambastes even our great Senator John Sparkman, who has achieved the great honor of being nominated as Vice-President.

I cannot believe, though, that many Democrats will turn Republican under present circumstances, and with two great men at the head of our party. But as a rule the South insists upon cutting its nose off to spite its face.
MAE C. WALTERS, Montgomery, Ala.

... I read with great enjoyment your editorial endorsing Dwight Eisenhower for President.

The opponents of Eisenhower—the average American voter, not the die-hard Democrat who sees evil in any other party candidate—give one or two (or both) reasons for their opposition to Eisenhower. One, that Eisenhower would be a military President; two, as a civilian and president of Columbia University his record is poor.

In answer to the first argument, the antimilitary viewpoint, one has a great background of records, facts and data to present, but to the second argument, Eisenhower's record as president of Columbia, I find the information sadly lacking. I appeal to you either for an article on the subject or information if it has already been published.
GEORGE BREWER, Nesqueopek, Pa.

... We're all for him! Thank God for him and your editorial.
Mrs. BETTY ZIMMERMAN, Long Beach, Cal.

Beer in Korea

EDITOR: Your magazine is very popular here in Korea. I recently came across an April 26th copy and was pleased with the article by Bill Mauldin, Hostiles Ahead. Believe me, the story he tells is so true it sounds unreal. No matter what you paid him you have not lost a cent, for reporting that accurate is rare. There is only one thing I would like to add to his article. He mentions the fact that we are only allowed a small ration of beer. Yet I think most men would be satisfied if they could only receive real beer. This 3.2 stuff we get is a sorry substitute. Since in most units beer is never allowed up front, I can't see any reason why we should have to put up with substitutes when in reserve.
Frederic Roy D. BLAIR, c/o Postmaster, San Francisco, Cal.

Safety-First Suggestion

EDITOR: You advocate safer highways through a system of car inspections and law enforcement that completely ignores the physical fitness of the driver (Safer Highways—The Massachusetts Way, Aug. 23rd). Of what value are the finest laws, best-engineered cars and highways if back of the wheel sits a physical wreck who is psychologically warped and so maladjusted that all social contacts are a trial and tribulation for both driver and other drivers and pedestrians? Of what value are laws when the driver is a physical wreck from ulcers, family quarrels and frustration?

Looks like you have ignored completely the real point of trouble—the driver.
E. W. CUMMINGS, Winston-Salem, N.C.

Whose Back Porch?



EDITOR: I have read E. C. K. Read's Last Night on Whar Back Porch? (Aug. 16th) and I can answer the question—our back porch! How did the artist manage to make such a lifelike sketch of it? The only thing he left out is the sill around the screened windows with its collection of milk and soft-drink bottles.

Really, our replica belongs to our son who lives in a GI home with a back-porch collection second to none. When he moves, he will probably take one of those new horrors with no handy catch-all at the back, and his daughters will have to let the boys do their courting in the darkened television room.
Mrs. JOHN M. MARTIN, Jackson, Ohio

Correction

In Herbert Hoover's article The 1932 Campaign, published in the issue of Collier's dated May 24, 1952, it was stated that Walter W. Liggett was "murdered by fellow gangsters in Minneapolis." The implication that Mr. Liggett was a gangster is not correct. Collier's regrets the error.

Mr. Liggett, then editor of the Midwest American, in Minneapolis, Minnesota, was machine-gunned to death in front of his home, on December 9, 1935, the evening before a planned appearance in the Minnesota state legislature to press his previous printed charges of alleged connections between the underworld and officers of the state administration.

CHARGED WITH POWER



...for quick starts!



There's plenty of power for quick starts in every Atlas Heavy Duty Battery. These rugged, long-lasting batteries have up to 90% more life cycles and 20% more reserve power than the standards set by the Society of Automotive Engineers!



Even in zero weather Atlas H-D Batteries start instantly. Their starting punch exceeds the S.A.E. standard by as much as 40%.



The broad Warranty on Atlas Batteries is honored by 38,000 dealers coast-to-coast. See your local Atlas dealer — today.



38,000 ATLAS DEALERS SERVING MOTORISTS EVERYWHERE

© 1954 Atlas Battery Co. All rights reserved.

"A fast
buck...

A fast
bronc...

A fast
thrill!"

Put them
all together
and you get a
sensational
slice of life from
the Wildest Show
on Earth...
Big-Time Rodeo!



WALD-KRASNA Productions present

SUSAN HAYWARD-ROBERT MITCHEM
ARTHUR KENNEDY-ARTHUR HUNNICUTT

"THE
LUSTY
MEN"



with FRANK FAYLEN • Produced by JERRY WALD • Directed by NICHOLAS FAT
Writers for the screen by BURAGE MCCOY and DAVID GORTERT

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Old sis has not expressed due opinion for ignoring the flying-saucer episode. Haven't mentioned the subject. Just for that we tell you that there was a flying-saucer party near Salem, Oregon, in which a prize was offered the winner for seeing the greatest number of these that evening. Prize: a bottle of sweet-potato bread. Winner was taken home without the prize. Forget it. In fact, doubt whether he needed it.

The Anti-Picnic League of America, having had a somewhat less than so-so success during the past summer, has received a much-needed shot in the arm from Mr. Ross Young of Marion, Iowa. As the name indicates, the APL's aim is to discourage picnics. It was organized



in 1901 by the late Dr. Allan Y. Holtzappel of Chestertown, Maryland, after the doctor dislocated his shoulder while scratching his back during a Sunday-school picnic. Ants, Mr. Young, associate editor of the *Marion Sentinel*, is a strong candidate for president of the Anti-Picnic League of America and will doubtless be elected at the organization's convention to be held in a small smoke-filled tavern in Des Moines in December. Mr. Young is not only unalterably opposed to picnics but thinks that "discomfort, like charity, should be confined to the home." If a picnic is unavoidable, he adds, it should be held on the back porch or, at the outside, in the back yard. His campaign slogan is brisk: "Arise, ye picnic hams. Strike off your shackles."

Among the somewhat unlikely but widely advertised evils which has not so far robbed Mr. T. Pedrick Huttum, of Mexico, Missouri, of slumber is the doom that's supposed to be menacing the two-party system. Mr. Huttum would be pleased to hear no more about it. "I understand it has spread to France where the howlers are warning that their 22-party system is in a bad way. Even in Russia there's talk. The one-party system is said to be dickering with a firm of termite exterminators."

Things are really getting tough all over. In Ada, Ohio, the Reverend D. E. Parvett, pastor of the Wiley Creek Baptist Church, has expressed a bachelorship in his paragonage. Also the superintendent of schools at Virginia City, Nevada, worked for a while in the Delta saloon as a roulette croupier in his spare time. In the same town the sheriff of a nearby county labored as a "houseman" while not engaged in serving up law and order. There's not talking where this

word will lead to. We've heard that a Washington night spot has ordered a nice piece of change to a singing Congressman—if he's re-elected.

Little did this Milwaukee gentleman know, but there were a few moments after his arrival home during which his chowder of living five minutes longer were slim. It had been raining—hard. The basement was awash. Ants in vast numbers fleeing the flood had invaded the kitchen. Battling them, this gentleman's wife had moved the stove. The gas pipe connection snapped. Although all three children were sick, she hustled them out into the storm and to a neighbor's. Above their walls she managed to telephone the gas company. Gas company said they'd have a man around as soon as possible, but was rather vague. Back home again, dragging the wailing and ailing kids with her. And just then her husband came home from work, as cheerful as a polished apple. "Hello, darling," cried he. "I'm home. Anything unusual happen today?"

Well, if you want to run for Congress, hurry up and get it out of your system. Be glad you're not running in 1975 when, according to the Bureau of Labor Statistics, our population will be 40,000,000 greater—a total of about 190,000,000. Moreover, in 1975 the number of voters sixty-five years old and more may be double what it is today, or 24,000,000. As a congressman in 1975, you'd be asked to find pensions for them. And don't think 24,000,000 voters will take no for an answer.

According to the McLean County News, Calhoun, Kentucky, a Mr. Bill Jenkins says it's a shame the government wastes all that money splitting atoms. Mr. Jenkins says it would be



quicker, too, if the government just wrapped them up, marked the package FRAGILE and mailed it to Calhoun. He says that the post office there would take care of everything.

When the sheriff appeared at this fellow's house in Carson, Wyoming, he said the fellow's wife that he was sorry but he'd worse to serve papers on her husband for ignoring a call to jury duty. She said it was okay, and did they pay money to go to the court? The fellow's wife said, "That's fine," said she, "because he's in Korea."



BUILT FOR TOP QUALITY PERFORMANCE: YANKEE STADIUM . . . KELLY TIRES!

Wherever you go . . . GO WORRY-FREE ON KELLYS!

You're *always* sure of big-league performance when you've got Kellys on your car! For Kelly Tires are more carefully built to give you the very utmost in safety, mileage and comfort. Their tough, slow-wearing Armorubber tread is good for *extra* thousands of safe miles . . . *bonus* miles that make Kelly quality your best buy for the money today! For a better buy in tires, see your Kelly Dealer *now!* He'll give you full credit for all the unused mileage remaining in your present tires—so it's actually *more* economical to trade them in *before* they're worn smooth and risky! You'll be miles ahead, money ahead—and set for *worry-free* driving for a long, long time!



Proved and Improved for 58 years



THE BEARWOOD 2617-8



THE BROOKS 2338-1



THE TWEED 2623



THE MACRAE 2151-1



THE ZEPHYR 2616-5



THE ADBSLEY 2224



PORTO-PED

Air Cushion Shoes

There's a wealth of smart styling in Porto-Ped's wide choice of patterns. More important, through the years their patented resilient air cushion and flexible Arch Lift have been *comfort-proved* by millions of men. No other shoes have so long a record of style-and-comfort leadership.

PORTAGE SHOE MFG. CO., Division of Weissenberg Shoe Mfg. Co., Milwaukee 1, Wis.
See your Portage dealer or write us for his name.



HANK KETCHAM

When it comes to making election bets, I wonder . . .

Am I Overextended?

By PARKE CUMMINGS

I THOUGHT I'd made some mighty shrewd election bets, but after a recent chat with Al Connors I'm not so sure.

Al is an ex-bookie and a general all-around genius when it comes to figuring odds, having handicapped horses for years and devoted considerable thought and energy to the probabilities in dice, roulette and poker.

When I happened to encounter him, Al asked me what I was chuckling about.

"I just made a bet with Charlie Harrington on how Vermont will go," I told him. "If it's in the Republican column, I have to go without shaving for a month. But if it goes Democratic, Charlie has to ride a cow down Main Street from Maple Avenue to Riverview Drive."

Al looked at me sharply. "You feeling all right?" he inquired.

"Sure," I said. "Why?"

"That's a sucker bet if I ever saw one," he said. "The chances are prohibitive against Vermont going Democratic, and you've given Charlie all the best of it." He produced a pencil and paper and did some figuring. "You should have got him to agree to ride that cow at least a half mile more—and in his underwear. At the very least, that is. I wouldn't call the odds really attractive unless you stipulated that he had to play a violin at the same time."

"Maybe you're right," I admitted, crestfallen, "but how about this bet on the Montana senatorial contest? If Bill Lucas—that's the guy I bet with—is wrong, he has to stand on the town hall steps and recite Gunga Din backwards. If I'm wrong, I have to take his dog to the best restaurant in town and buy it a steak dinner."

Al shook his head. "You've gone overboard again," he said firmly. "I've studied the Montana situation pretty thoroughly, and what you've done is roughly equivalent to betting three to one you can throw a 10 the hard way. The very most you should

have agreed to do was give his dog a bath under a fire hydrant."

"Now, how are you fixed on bets with dolls? I mean how many kisses do you stand to collect if the people vote the way you expect them to?"

"Being married and the father of two children—"

"I suppose so," Al cut in. "Too bad, though. As a matter of fact I was thinking of getting engaged, but I've postponed it until after the election. I stand to collect kisses from at least a dozen gorgeous creatures. Even if a couple of them waltz, I'll still be way ahead."

"But if you should guess wrong?" I pointed out.

"Don't worry," he said. "I can pay off easily. The worst I have to do is give one of them a wheelbarrow ride for three blocks."

"That reminds me," I said. "I've got quite a few wheelbarrow-ride bets down myself."

"Receiving or giving?"

"Giving," I said. "Let's have that paper and pencil." I did some figuring and finally announced: "It comes to just under a total of 27 miles."

Al shook his head. "That's all very well for younger men, but at your age it's ridiculous. I know at least two guys who ruined their backs for life after that upset Truman pulled back in '48. When a man gets past forty, he shouldn't commit himself beyond wearing crazy costumes or walking around with sandwich boards saying I BET ON WHOSIS. I'd say that, all in all, you'll get the worst of it practically every time. The plain and simple truth of the matter is, you stand to lose your shirt."

I'm afraid Al doesn't know the half of it. I stand to lose *three* shirts. The one I've bet on the Congressional elections, the one I've agreed to eat with French dressing if I dope the New York upstate vote wrong, and the one in which I've promised to jump into a vat of croonette if California doesn't go the way I think it will.

*These are the television receivers
you knew would come some day*



The Tudor, 17-inch Screen \$199.95*



The Buckingham, 21-inch Screen \$429.95*

1953 Zenith Quality TV

Probably you have never seen a television receiver that completely satisfied you, but you have known it would come some day.

Some day is here now.

The new Zenith television receivers with the million dollar K-53 long distance chassis give you performance that can't be matched by any set you have seen before.

For example, you can tune a new Zenith blindfolded. Turn a single dial. "Click," you receive picture and sound perfectly. (With Zenith's exclusive Lazy Bones Remote Control—optional at slight extra cost—you can even select your station without leaving your easy chair.)

You enjoy a big, fine-grained picture—with the richest blacks, the purest whites you've ever seen. It's easy on your eyes, even in a small room.

Depend on a new Zenith for remarkably clear long-distance reception, too. Tests in 17 fringe areas show that the new Zenith pulls in the picture at 25% greater distance. And you can set this magnificent instrument to lock out most interference.

If you're wondering about reception of the UHF stations, relax. Addition of inexpensive UHF channel strips to the exclusive Zenith turret tuner

(takes no more than 15 minutes) and any Zenith TV ever sold is ready for Ultra High Frequency telecasts.

The new Zenith cabinets are beautifully styled fine furniture. There is one to match the good taste you have shown in furnishing your home.

These things you can see. Something you can't see contributes even more to the enduring worth of every Zenith. It is Zenith's consistent refusal to compromise with quality in the countless little parts of the receiver that you never see.

When you own a Zenith, you know the satisfaction that comes from owning something of superb quality. (Ask any Zenith owner!)

The new Zenith television receivers are at your dealer's now. When you have seen them, nothing less will satisfy you. ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, Chicago 39, Illinois. Backed by 33 Years of "Know-How" in Radionics* Exclusively.

 Also Makers of Zenith "Royal," "Super Royal" and "Regent" Hearing Aids. Small, compact, beautifully designed. Money back guarantee. Sold only through authorized dealers at \$75.

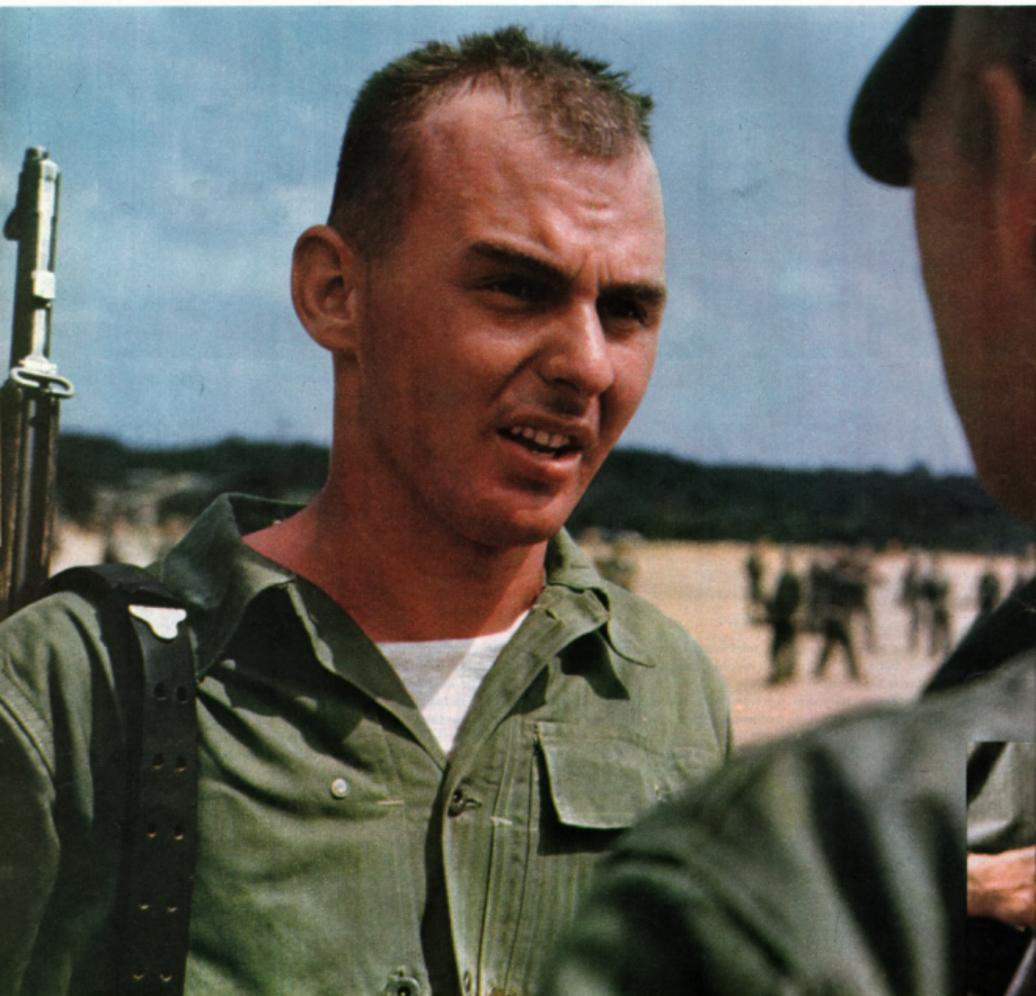
*Manufacturer's suggested retail prices shown include Federal Excise Tax as well as Parts and Tube Warranty. Slightly higher on West Coast and in Far South.

ZENITH
RADIO
AND TELEVISION

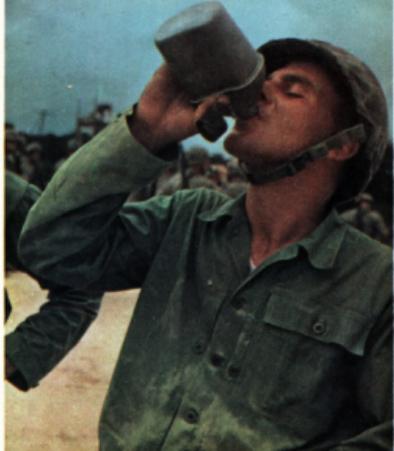


Collier's **COLOR CAMERA**

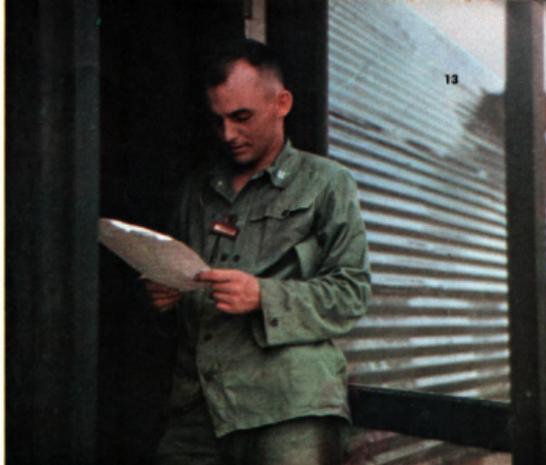
LEATHERNECK STEVENSON



Adlai Stevenson III, Democratic Presidential candidate's oldest son, chews over field problem with buddy in Officer Candidate class



Young Adlai joined Marine Corps immediately after graduating from Harvard. When he's served hitch, he hopes to study law



Like all servicemen, candidate's boy finds his best reward is mail. He hears from family regularly, but there's no "best girl" in his life yet

ADLAI EWING STEVENSON III is twenty-one years old, shy, soft-voiced and polite as a schoolmaster on parents' day. Nevertheless, when he was graduated from Harvard last spring, he enlisted in the U.S. Marine Corps's tough, no-holds-barred Officer Candidate class at Quantico, Virginia. After 10 driving weeks at boot camp, he hoped to be commissioned on September 20th as a second lieutenant and to go quietly on to five months of intensive officer training. But spang in the middle of the 10-week primer in military brawn, brains and guts, leatherneck Stevenson became the Son of a Presidential Candidate. Scores of reporters, suddenly interested in everything about the family of the governor of Illinois, descended upon him and, while the youngster worried that he was losing precious study time, vigorously pumped him for the few details of his young life: born on October 10, 1930; went to prep school at Milton Academy, near Boston; worked a summer on the Springfield (Illinois) Register; stamped envelopes during his father's 1948 gubernatorial campaign and majored in government at Harvard. In addition, young Adlai conscientiously reported that he's a football fan, and likes to go fishing and hunting ("mostly rabbits") with his brothers Borden (twenty) and John Fell (sixteen). His major ambition: to enter politics. What did he think of his father's sudden, surprising rise to the political zenith? The youngster consistently flashed his boyish grin and told everybody the same thing: "Let's wait until November." If the candidate's shy offspring had anything else to say, he was, as Cotlier's photographs indicate, telling it only to the Marines. ▲▲▲



Looking tough as a Marine recruiting poster, Stevenson charges during bayonet practice. As a Harvard freshman he served with Naval ROTC



◀ In line-up with his classmates, young Adlai is just another man serving his country. Buddies who ribbed "glamor boy" now take him for granted

College Hats

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HAROLD LOW



Radcliffe's cherry red and white is modeled by junior Linette Peter on dormitory steps

Senior K.A. Burger wears hat done in Smith College colors at Babson's, a popular student date spot. Maral depicts Smith graduation



On spacious Wellesley campus Pat Hunt, 20, models hat designed in school colors



O WENSHABLY, the American college girl doesn't eschew cotton to chapeaux. Head hard to the wind, she is a pleasant sight to most people—but another to hat designers, who thereby see thousands of good heads going to waste.

An uninspiring New York designer recently undertook to crash the student market by appealing to the girls' college spirit. Arizona of Park Avenue designed a series of hats in the school colors of five top

women's colleges. She kept the styles small and snug, attempting to fashion them in the nonchalant spirit of the modern collegiate.

The students Collier's chose to model these party numbers were won over by their colors, which struck a sentimental custom chord, and their simplicity. With something interesting about its accessories, they managed to look as much at home in city college girl cut-over look—in a hat.

In Mount Holyoke blue, Jan Kravson, 19, checks homework with a roommate



Student Jewel Carmen wears hat in green, white of Sarah Lawrence College



Rugged



Dodge Long Life Records Prove Its Value!

When you settle down behind the wheel of a gleaming '52 Dodge, you know you've got your hands on something *solid* and *substantial* and *good*.

For this new Dodge is the greatest of all the Dodge cars that have written their long life records on the roads and highways of America.

You'll find the measure of its greatness in such engineering features as the extra-rugged double-channel frame, staunch Safety-Steel body cushioned against road shock

and balanced suspension with road-taming Oriflow ride.

You'll find it in the solid and satisfying sound of the doors when you swing them closed... in the sure response of big Safeguard hydraulic brakes to a touch of the pedal... in the lasting ease and smoothness of Gyro-Matic transmission—lowest-priced no-shift drive in the entire field.

Here, you'll agree, is no mere "showroom glamour-boy," but a car in the Dodge tradition—ready to write its own record on the road. And you'll enjoy every mile more because of it!

Options and equipment subject to change without notice.

Dodge

DEMONSTRATED DEPENDABILITY



More Remington shavers sold than any other make!



A MASTER BARBER — IN THE PALM OF YOUR HAND

Remington's leadership in sales means millions of men from coast to coast have learned the secret of fast, economical shaving. They're enjoying the comfort of Master Barber shaves without using soap, blades, or styptic pencils. These Remington Electric Shaver users never monopolize the bathroom. They shave in the office or immediately without removing coats or ties and without the mess of old fashioned methods. Best of all, they shave as close as they like, without nicks or cuts. So treat your face to a shave as gentle as a Master Barber. Try the Remington 60 — at your dealer's or at any of our 112 nationwide shaving headquarters.



132 extra-long *Diamond-Hood* cutting blades perform over 16,000,000 cutting operations per minute!



Trim sideburns neatly and accurately, mustaches too. Stray hairs, long curly hairs... the 60 handles them all!

THE *All* NEW
REMINGTON 60

ELECTRIC SHAVER
A PRODUCT OF

Remington-Rand
CORP.

The Republican South

By SAMUEL GRAFTON

The G.O.P. has stirred a tempest in usually Democratic Dixie. In an area where Republicanism has meant possible social and political exile, thousands are joining to make it a two-party South

WHAT are the Southern Republicans? What are they like? What does it mean, in personal and social terms, to be a Republican in the deep and deeply Democratic South?

I asked 10 Southern leaders to answer those questions; not to make a detailed political analysis, or predict who would carry what, but to set the new movement on its home ground, to get the "feel" of it, to talk with men and women who had made a profound political change in their lives in an area where that's not easy.

I have put down what I saw of the face of the Republican South as it showed itself to me, city by city, in scores of talks in dozens of places. I can say, in general, that the movement spread especially strong in Texas, Louisiana and Georgia, but is growing everywhere. I can say it meant other than not to be a somewhat naive, somewhat awkward but attractive unaffiliated character, hanging up from the people that the majority of other adherents of the party. But for the particulars come along and see for yourself.

Amesville, Texas

Amesville's wide streets have somehow kept a Western look, in spite of modern steel buildings turning blind walls to the sidewalks. Oil-drilling equipment agencies and cattle company offices are common on eight streets elsewhere. The town is friendly; an Amesville's idea is to how to dress you to the bank is to walk you five blocks down the street, take you inside, and introduce you to the cashier.

Here on the Western fringe of the Democratic party's Solid South I spoke with Anna Barbara Boun, local Republican leader. She was one of the delegates elected a seat at the Chicago convention, though she was Republican chairman of the 19th Texas Congressional district. The bitter stages of the Chicago fight will crystallize in her office.

"The Democrats stole it," she declared flatly. "They invaded our precinct. They won and put over an Eisenhower state. I've been in Republican politics here 32 years. I know Republicans. These new Democrats. They had no right to declare our nomination."

Jay Taylor is a leading Texas oil man and cattle rancher. I don't know how many head he runs, because in Texas you never ask a man that; the question, it turns out, is as rude as it would be to ask a New England man how many he has in the tank. Mr. Taylor is an avowed Democrat for Eisenhower. I asked him if it were true that Democrats had invaded the

Republican precinct conventions. He shrugged. "It's more complicated than that," he said. "There's a real shift to the two-party setup. Republicans are moving down from the North, and young people here are thinking that way."

In their living room Mrs. Taylor, sitting beside her husband, quietly remarked that for this situation, at any rate, she had considered herself a Republican. All the furniture remained upright.

Two years ago, Ben Givitt of the district became the first Republican to go to Congress from Texas in 22 years, but soon a special election against an Democrat, in the regular election (when his term expired) against one Democrat, he lost, but he did so by less than 47 per cent of the vote. "You ought to talk to the young people," said Taylor.

Last May they went to Amesville to Amesville as the "new Republicans" rejected the G.O.P. precinct conventions on a hot, fabled afternoon. In one precinct convention, held in a back room, more than 40 "new Republicans" joined the four or five regulars who usually held these exercises off by themselves. One of the regulars filibustered by reading aloud from the Bible; a newcomer filibustered back by standing beside him and reading from Robert's Rules of Order.

After nearly an hour of this, in the hearing ear, a handful of regulars remained into the house and conducted a convention in a bedroom upstairs, naming Tall delegates. The newcomers held their own convention in the back yard, naming all Eisenhower delegates. It was the shadow of these bitter precinct fights that the nation saw when rival sons of Texas and Louisiana delegates fought for seats at the Republican convention in Chicago.

I looked up one of the young "new Republi-

cans," M. T. Johnson, Jr., twenty-one-year-old Amesville graduate, veteran of five years with the Atlantic Fleet, now manager of the Amesville Livestock Auction Company, one of the largest cattle-auction houses in the world. A lot of young people had joined in the fight to make Texas a two-party state, he said.

"Why?" I asked.

"He is a quiet Texas, and he took his time about answering."

"They don't know exactly what they want," he said finally, "but they don't like what they're got. They want clean government, and they want to be on their own. They're unhappy about taking handouts, and they don't like machine politics. They're about as mad as the local Republican machine as they are as the Democrats. Why a number of them were for Tall, but when they saw the tricking around the regulars, they got mad from the local Tall people, they swung over to Eisenhower."

He began to talk about the difficulties of becoming a Republican in the territory. Few of you have ever seen the local offices. In the Solid South, where the Democrats always win, the only meaningful election for local officials is the Democratic primary. A declared Republican is barred from that, and loses all voice on city, county and state affairs.

And in the North, where everybody knows everybody, one is lost in the Democratic cauldron, or to his kind of or their friends, in a hundred different ways. To go Republican often is to step out of the whole local complex, as by an act of self-exile. Northerners, who consider Southerners merely outsiders for clinging to the Democratic party, do not understand how, in a one-party system, the dominant party weaves itself into the very fabric of life, so that at some continuation to step out of it is almost like turning out of town.

"But we have a nucleus," Johnson insisted smiling. "We'll stick. We're phoning around keeping things going, having a high old time, enjoying our member."

He and his friends have formed a new group, the "Majority Rule Republicans," whose purpose is to gain control of the party for the rank and file.

Another Majority Rule Republican is Mrs. Katherine Snowball, the attractive young wife of a natural gas executive. Her apprehensions, every known, northwestern of Amesville, is an 100 acre area, which in this part of Texas is virtually a suburban lot. With the League of Women Voters calling for increased political parties.



ILLUSTRATED BY SEYMOUR CHWAST

patron, young Mrs. Seewald looked around for signs of Republican activity in her sparse, rural precinct. She could find very little, so, this year, she held the precinct convention in her own house, carefully posting notices and complying with all legal requirements. Four people came, and a formal convention was held. She found herself in conflict with the regular state Republican organization and, before she knew it, was a witness at the credentials-committee hearings of the Chicago convention.

Starting in this isolated house in the middle of an empty plain, she found herself in the center of national events. "For me," she said, "the issue wasn't Taft or Eisenhower, but the two-party system." The regular Republicans have recognized her now, and named her chairman of her precinct. Four or five years ago, she said, a young attorney or businessman who turned Republican might have suffered, but that has changed in the last year. "It's always easier for cattle and oil people," she smiled. "They sell to customers far away. But even they haven't been conspicuously Republican. It's never been fashionable."

Fort Worth, Texas

When a new political movement comes along, people arise who can command it. If there is a miracle to democracy, that's probably it. In trim, clean-swept Fort Worth, it was a woman who turned out to be adequate to the moment when the moment arrived. She is Mrs. Jack Brownfield, wife of a physician. Young, pretty enough to be in the movies, she is now famous among Texas Republicans as the lady who "took the organization to the cleaners in Fort Worth." She put over an Eisenhower delegation against the wishes of the old Henry Zweifel state apparatus, and since Fort Worth is Zweifel's home town, it took some doing. "My Democratic grandfather would turn over in his grave if he knew what I was doing," she told me.

Dallas, Texas

I caught attorney Alvin Lane, one of the top Texas For-Eisenhower-Before-Chicago Republicans, in his office in the Republic Bank Building. "Are you going to run Republican candidates for state and local office?" I asked. "Are you that close to the two-party system?"

That's the big question, of course. All over



Fort Worth—Mrs. Jack Brownfield, a doctor's wife, fought for Ike before the G.O.P. convention. "My Democratic grandfather," she confesses, "would turn over in his grave"

Texas I'd found Republican hesitancy on the point. To run local states it is to make the final break with the one-party setup. But it isn't as easy as it looks. Where do you get the candidates? In a one-party state, the people who have been climbing the ladder of public office, making reputations for themselves, are all in the dominant party.

For a new party to contend with them means bringing out private citizens to run against public figures. It takes years to develop a stable of candidates.

Lane had a formula: "Our main objective is to win the Republic. Where a local candidate will strengthen Eisenhower's hand, we'll run him. Otherwise, not."

If Texas isn't a two-party state as yet, Attorney Lane's office is a two-party office.

Lane's law partner, Wallace Savage, former mayor of Dallas, is county chairman of the Democratic party. It seemed strange, and a sign of how new the two-party setup is in Texas, that a top Republican and a top Democrat should be law partners.

Neither man saw it that way. Agreeing fundamentally on economic views, they held the basic question to be one of means. I walked 15 feet from the office of the leading Republican to talk with the leading Democrat.

"I don't think so," said Savage. "Alvin's on the board of stewards of the First Methodist Church, and I'm on the vestry of an Episcopal church. We don't quarrel about that, either."

Not Savage. I heard of an outright defense of the South's one-party system.

"It's popular to knowtow to the two-party idea," he said, "but it has its disadvantages. We Democrats all think that. We have some agreements, and we campaign in our primaries from March to July. If we had a two-party system we'd have to go on and campaign from July to November, too. Why, a man running for a two-year term would spend almost half his term campaigning. We avoid that. And Dallas has the city-manager system and as honest officials as you'll find anywhere."

Houston, Texas

Houston's attachment to Eisenhower is so deep it deserves special recognition as a political phenomenon. Call it the Houston Affinity for Eisenhower. It spreads through all classes. When Eisenhower spoke at the annual chamber of commerce dinner here in 1949, it was found necessary to move the event, usually a quiet affair at the Rice Hotel, to larger space. Requests for reservations poured in to such an extent that the evening ended up as a speech before a capacity audience of 15,000 persons at the Sam Houston Coliseum. The dinner was forgotten.

The Republican precinct convention rumpuses, which were standard in Texas this year, reached extraordinary heights in Houston at the precinct convention, to which five voters came in 1948, 648 showed up screaming for Ike.

Houston, as everybody knows, is a boom city. The boom in oil, chemicals, shipping and farm products, plays a part in the political picture. Top leaders in all these fields are on fire for Eisenhower. They feel that Houston has grown big enough to deserve a seat at the national council table. They don't feel Houston will get it unless the Republicans win nationally, with a candidate who also carries Texas. Eisenhower, in addition to his other qualities, seems to meet these requirements. For one thing, he was born in Texas, and Texas' desire to see a native son in the White House amounts almost to lust.

"Texas must have a voice in national affairs," said Houston's Jack Porter, independent oil producer, who is Texas' new national Republican committeeman. "You've got groups all over the country calling the national tune. Texas has 8,000,000 people, it's becoming highly industrialized, and as a two-party state its voice will really be heard. Up to now the Democrats have taken us for granted and the Republicans have ignored us."

So I put the big question: "Are the Republicans going to run candidates on the local level?"

He had his own formula. Texas has recently instituted cross filing, which allows a candidate to run on more than one ticket.

"We'll support good Democrats under the Republican banner," said Porter, "and we'll run our own men, too. It takes time to grow. But things have started moving now, at the precinct level."

New Orleans, Louisiana

The mood seems to change as you cross the Texas border. There is plenty of Eisenhower sentiment in Louisiana. But there isn't quite the same feeling that the two-party system is imminently on the way.

The party went through the same turmoil in precinct conventions (here they are called mass meetings) as in Texas, and an impressive leader has emerged, John Minor Wisdom, New Orleans lawyer. But the party had dropped to so low an ebb in recent years—there are fewer than 3,000 registered Republicans in the state, as against 14,000 Democrats—that there is a shortage of personnel with which to work.

There is a certain softening toward the G.O.P. Harold B. Judell, a municipal bond attorney who does much of his work with completely Democratic towns, finds no disadvantage in the fact that he is a Republican and was a delegate at Chicago. He feels the national administration to be so unpopular here that a leading Democratic official could come out for Eisenhower and not lose face in the party. "He might even gain strength."

New Orleans is booming, like Houston, and the shock of industrial growth is producing inevitable changes. "New Orleans isn't really a Southern city any more," said one gentleman of the town. "It's an industrial city and a sophisticated international seaport, like San Francisco or New York. Political change is inevitable."

I stood on the veranda of a fine house in Harvey, Louisiana, across the river from New Orleans. The house is owned by Cornelius Rathborne, a Democrat; his wife, Nancy, is a Republican. Behind the house there might normally have flourished magnolias or oleanders; there was, instead, a great many concrete structures of oil and natural-gas equipment warehouses, steel company buildings, barrel mills, all of which have, within the last two years, crowded up almost to the walls of this fine Southern house itself. Here one could physically see the new South becoming



Dallas—Law partners Wallace Savage (14) and Alvin Lane hold ornaments showing growing strength of two-party system. Lane is a Republican; Savage a top Democrat

gaining everywhere, it runs west of the Mississippi and only walks on the other side

the aid. "Political changes are coming," said Mrs. Barthelemy. In that setting, it didn't seem unlikely.

Montgomery, Alabama—A state employee stood on the sidewalk with a note attached to his chest. It was the Alabama night, he wanted with a moral problem. "I may not vote at all," he said suddenly. "I just may not vote!" he said. "I can't stand these Northern Democrats and I'll just stay home Election Day." He drew a deep breath. "I may even vote for Eisenhower!" He wasn't speaking lightly. Every glance and frown on his face showed him to be in the grip of a problem that was tearing at him, harping him, as he felt the rippling of lifelong allegiances.

These aren't fair-weather Democrats, such as one finds in Texas and parts of Louisiana; these are angry Democrats. They talk about the two-party system, but one feels they look upon it as a threat to one against Northern Democrats, rather than as a thing ardently desired in itself.

The Eisenhower movement in central and southern Alabama is big, with many newspapers speaking up for him. "I've never seen anything like it in Alabama," said one newspaperman. When I asked where I could find a pro-Eisenhower merchant to speak with, I was told, with a laugh, "Just go into any store."

But there is no question that the Eisenhower-Sparkman ticket has hit hard. Senator Sparkman has managed to keep himself in office here, in spite of his administrative tin. Anti-administration figures accuse him lately of winning with the votes of "the blue-black people" (the local vote for those on relief) and of federal officials. But he does stay in. Like all states which hope wisely that they will achieve the two-party system by some miracle at the top, during a Presidential election, Alabama would seem destined to disappointment this year. The only road to the two-party system is by organization at the precinct level. It may be Texas' essential function to prove that to the South.

Atlanta, Georgia

In Atlanta, I was presented with a new approach to the building of a two-party South. A man who calls out our Peachtree Road provided me with a half-hour talk with Dr. Philip Wetzler, president of Oglethorpe University.



Houston—Jack Porter, the new national Republican committeeman from state, says Texas' adopting method to let candidates run as more than one ticket will help party

Guller's for September 27, 1952

"It's inevitable," he said, "that the Negro will eventually be accorded his full political rights. This will help bring about a two-party system." In Dr. Wetzler's view, you get the two-party system when you've earned it, when you deserve it, not because you kind of want it.

"It's a state righter," he said, "but I want my state to do the right thing. The South will never get its full weight in national councils until we find ways and means of divorcing the Southern politicians and critics. The FEPC is something of a sham—a shakedown. It's the business of our schools and colleges to prepare young people to treat their fellow human beings on a level with themselves. It's a moral and a political issue." He smiled. "The people are ahead of the politicians on this issue. The politicians represent the past-thinking element. When the Negro is free, we'll have two parties. The historic function of the Southern Democracy was to keep him unfree."

When Texas, Louisiana and Georgia make their great gifts to aid Eisenhower delegations at Chicago, the South wince and fester. The result was a strange kind of political head-back effect. The South began to feel there was a prettily involved, and became interested in its own Republican party and rather proud of the show they were putting on. E. Hoff Felt, chairman of the Republican State Central Committee in Georgia, said one in his office high in an Atlanta building that the TV convention speeches made Southerners realize there is an earnest effort under way to get the Republican party established in the South.

Turtie feels that the party is a great deal more acceptable in Atlanta than it was, and is growing rapidly if not spectacularly, in some industrial areas, partly because of a Northern influx. "People are beginning to see that the future means more than the traditions of the past." He was thinking in terms of a long pull, rather than sudden miracles.

Charlotte, North Carolina

In Charlotte, I picked up another reason why portions of the South may be heading Republicanward.

"We've had the University of North Carolina, oldest state university in the country, working away for many years at Chapel Hill," said a Charlotte executive. "It's a liberal-minded, open-minded kind of place, and it's been sending its doctors, lawyers, newspapermen, merchants and preachers into every corner of the world. It makes a difference. Maybe you can't quote me your figures on it, but in North Carolina it's unarguably on campaign on the Negro question, and we have a more independent feeling about voting."

North Carolina may elect a Republican congressman this year, Charles Roper Inhofe of Lincoln. Even his break with tradition is somewhat traditional, since his own father, Charles A., was a distinguished Republican congressman a number of years ago, and his district, the 10th, includes traditionally Republican areas in the northwest, mountain part of the state. But if Inhofe beats the incumbent, Hamilton C. Jones, in some possible, he will be the first Republican member of Congress from the state since his father.

The Republican party here is an open affair, not a private club as in some parts of the South. Its organization is weak, but its vote in Presidential elections is large. It doesn't take much of a battle with one's old to vote Republican in North Carolina, at least nationally. Newspapers throughout the state are strong for Eisenhower. But the Eisenhower-Sparkman ticket has been well received. Stevenson has KINSTOK always an important point in the South—and his forehead came from the western part of the Piedmont. Most state officials have accepted the ticket. They will be fair-weather Democrats, who will vote Republican, but there will not be as many angry Democrats as was expected.

Richmond, Virginia

The first Republican city councilman since 1922 was elected recently in Roanoke. But one factor which perhaps makes life hard for Virginia Re-

publicans is that the ruling Democratic party is so conservative. During Senator Byrd's recent primary campaign the team was flung at him that he had a more ardent Republican voting record than Tall. Byrd was angry. Some Virginia conservatives feel that Byrd is an ambiguous and able a spokesman for their cause on the national scene that no party shift against him, certainly, is indicated.

However, the Republicans feel optimistic. They make much of the important fact that they score above one third the vote in Presidential elections. "The Republican effort in Virginia," said Ted Dalton, national Republican committeeman and state senator, in Roanoke, "will be comparable to the Democratic effort." Radlow, like Galax, the town at which the new Republican state chairman, S. Floyd Lantieri, lives, is in the traditionally Republican southwestern portion of the state. It adjoins the mountain Republican nonwestern part of North Carolina. The Republicans intend to run Congressional candidates in about five of the state's 10 districts.

Further east, here in Richmond, there is hot newspaper support for Eisenhower and considerable interest in building the two-party system.

But on voting nationally these isn't the same hotbed. There is considerable Eisenhower sentiment. Some of this may be expected to stick as permanent Republican growth.

One has a feeling in Virginia—as all through the South—that Eisenhower's lack of formal connection with the Republican party before this year has helped make it possible for the South to take him up as an big a way. This is a delicate standing word means much in a region straining against old party alignments.

By one of those ironic coincidences, Republican Vice-Presidential candidate Richard Nixon sat down beside me at the plant here. Quite naturally, he wanted to know what I'd seen. I started up: there is a real two-party movement on, west of the Mississippi. It is more Southwestern than Southern. East of the river the Republicans may pick up cities, states, even states, but the change is taking place more on the national than the local level. The two-party idea is gaining everywhere, but it runs on one side of the river and walks on the other.



Atlanta—President Philip Wetzler of Oglethorpe University thinks that the South will have to run two-party systems; to do so must give the Negro his full political rights

DEATH *in the* *Fourth Dimension*

There had been a murder, and the victim had been buried in a grave, and there was a witness to the crime—the Inspector's own son. But the murdered man still lived.

By CHARLES B. CHILD

ON a day that had ended prematurely for the city of Baghdad in the bloody twilight of a dust storm, a boy burst into a neat house on the Street of the Scatterer of Blessings and announced, "Father, my father, I have seen a murdered corpse!"

"You have doubtless seen many corpses," Chafik J. Chafik said. "Your good mother unwisely permits you to go to the cinema."

Then the little man squared his thin shoulders, remembering the parental duty which had brought him home from the homicide bureau, and commenced, "Faisal, I am told you take to school imaginary tales of my exploits as a policeman."

"The innocence of the boy's wide-set eyes made him look like a fawn, and Inspector Chafik had to resist an impulse to take him in his arms. My son, he thought. Not flesh of my flesh, nor my wife's, a waif found in the bazaars of Baghdad, but still our son.

Chafik went on, "I never fought and subdued three armed men of alarming proportions. Nor did I encounter a society of assassins whose main activity was to gather at midnight and swear oaths on a bloody dagger. Yet these things you have related. Both are untrue."

"Father! Listen!" the boy said urgently. "The murder was at the Bury Kamil Hadi, and I saw them bury the man and—"

"Eh? What?" exclaimed Chafik.

"Father, you know the house. There is a garden behind a big wall and I heard a woman scream and I followed a wire and looked and she was there, the lady of the house, El Sitt Rejina, and one of her brothers held her—the bearded one, Jusuf—and the drunk one, Ibrahim, had a spear and there was the dead one on the ground. I know he was dead because his head was twisted—"

Faisal put his head on one side.

"And the Merciful!" exclaimed Inspector Chafik's wife, who had just come into the room. "A boy—to see such horrors—"

She was a woman whose sweetness leavened her husband's grim profession.

"The Inspector had to force himself to his duty. He yawned. Laila. Let the witness complete his lies."

"Stories, yes, not necessarily lies. Have interesting, my man! Children live in a world of make-believe."

"Yes, of truth and jest. But he sees streets and corpses!" the inspector said indignantly.

"Years gathered in Faisal's eyes and he cried. "I did so see what I said I saw! And I know the dead one—Zaki Atalla!"

Chafik really had to consult a citizen's dossier. He referred to the filing cabinet of his memory and opened, "Atalla, Zaki. Related to Rejina and her brothers. A third cousin. Age, twenty-six. Mar-

ried. Recently here from Basra. Suspected of irregularities—"

Faisal interrupted eagerly, "The old woman, his cousin, is rich, and all Baghdad knows Zaki was going to get a divorce and marry her."

"Enough!" shouted Chafik.

He, too, had heard the scandal, for the gossip of Baghdad never tired of discussing Rejina and her brothers. They were the children of a rich merchant who had expressed his displeasure with the sons by willing his estate to the daughter. And so, for twenty years, this matriarch had ruled with her father's rod. She had never married, nor permitted her brothers to marry.

"They did kill him! And they saw me and if you don't put them in prison they will come and kill me, too, and you'll be sorry!"

The mother silenced the boy and turned to her husband. "He doesn't mean to be naughty," she pleaded.

Chafik pronounced judgment: "The seat of our son's naughtiness is the mind. It would be unjust to apply the rod to his other seat, which is innocent. Therefore, I have decided to use psychology and confront him with his nebulous evidence. Wife, get me my shoes."

Laila hid a smile as she hurried to obey. The little man took Faisal in a policeman's grip and went out into the storm.

AT THE DOOR OF THE BURY KAMIL HADI, CHAFIK rang again and again. Finally the gray-bearded Jamil Hadi came and asked indignantly, "Do you think to all dead?"

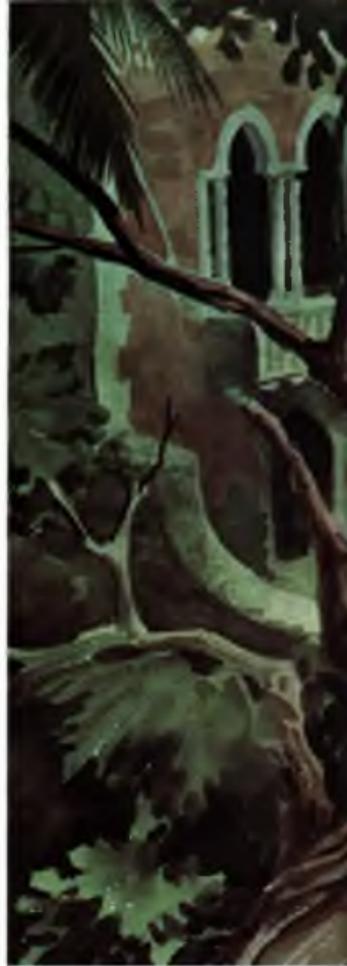
Chafik remembered he had a delicate mission, and his subject was professed as he introduced himself. "I came out as a policeman, but as a father."

He was not sure, but thought Jamil Hadi was relieved. Chafik went on to relate Faisal's tale of a nightmare and was greeted not so warmly.

The other brother had come to the door. The one, Ibrahim, had the face of an alcoholic. At first he was attentive; then he pressed the palms of his hands together and exclaimed, "The boy said it happened here? Oh, Compassionate One! Is our sister should hear?"

He drew close to Jamil, and the two middle-aged men stood in a conspiracy of fear, peering back from the courtyard of the old house.

The Bury Kamil Hadi had two stories, and the rooms were built around a central courtyard. On the water side was a broad terrace, and on the land side the wall of the house was extended to enclose



"Father," Faisal said urgently, "you know the

a garden of shade trees and neglected flower beds.

Inspector Chafik lightened an arm around his son and gained the conspiracy of the brothers. "She says?" he asked.

Jamil put a finger to his lips. "It would be a luxurious one to disturb our sister. But if you must—"

"I am not here as a policeman," Chafik reminded them. "Where is Zaki Atalla? He was my son's victim of a corpse."

It shocked him that Ibrahim should laugh. The man clapped a hand to his mouth, then said, "Paradox—luck matters—"

Jamil said, "Now this is ridiculous!"

He left his brother to guard the door and went away. Baghdad gossip said Rejina did not tolerate servants, and it seemed to be true. Presently he came back with a young man, at whose appear-



house. There is a garden behind a wall. I heard a woman scream and I climbed a tree and looked and she was there, and there was the dead one on the ground"

ance Faisal cried out and buried his face in his father's coat.

"The same man," Faisal said in a muffled voice. "He was dead. They were burying him."

"Enough!" commanded Chafik. The gentleness of his hands as they caressed the trembling boy atoned for the harsh voice.

He turned to Zaki. The man was very handsome, very conceited. Reckless, too, thought the Inspector, noting the swagger.

Zaki said mockingly, "Take a dead man's word for it, it's all true about paradise. Black-eyed hours, flowing wine—"

Chafik remembered his position and checked a retort. Humbly he asked permission to take Faisal into the garden. "I must convince him there is no grave," he explained.

They went through a cloister, then turned into

the garden path. Faisal snatched his hand from his father's and ran ahead. "Here! Here they buried him!" He stamped on a spot beneath a fig tree crucified against the garden wall.

The sandy ground had been long unspaded.

"He has visions," Ibrahim said. "I, too, sometimes have them." He put a hand to his mouth to stop a giggle.

The Inspector struggled with his pride, and, at the house door again, he humbled himself. "Be merciful and forgive," he begged. "My son does not really tell lies. It is his imagination. He—"

Zaki was amused and Ibrahim laughed nervously, but Jamil said unpleasantly, "I advise you take a stick to that boy."

He slammed the door. Chafik stared at it, his face choleric. Then he vented his anger on the violence of the dust storm.

He wrapped his coat around his son and they started along the riverbank. But after a few paces, the Inspector whipped around, assailed by fear. In the brief life of a brilliant lightning flash, he saw a man sheltering in a grove of date palms opposite the doorway of the Bayt Kamil Hadi.

The image was fixed as on a photographic plate: portrait of an ordinary, middle-aged man, with a fringe of beard. Yet not ordinary; the fury of the storm was in his face.

Chafik commanded Faisal, "Stay!" and went running.

He found nobody, and, returning to his son, he shook his head and said, "Imagination. Yet I'd swear I saw—"

They went on and at last reached the house on the Street of the Scatterer of Blessings.

"Well," Chafik said (Continued on page 66)

SCIENCE May Give You

A mechanical substitute heart already has been used to pump blood while the human heart was being operated on. Now, medical men believe an extra organ someday can be grafted into your abdomen so your old heart can take it a little easier. There are exciting developments in this field of surgery. Here is where we stand today

By JOHN LEAR

ONCE people believed that when a person's heart stopped beating, the person was dead. That idea is rapidly growing old-fashioned. Eugene Pustean, sixty-five, was brought back to life after his heart had been still for eight minutes during a lung operation in a Chicago hospital. Melvin Hewitt, twenty-eight, of El Monte, California, died when he struck his head in a fall; but 10 minutes later his heart was pumping as steadily as ever. And a sixty-three-year-old patient of Dr. Max G. Carter at Boston City Hospital survived a heart stoppage that lasted 25 minutes.

Freaks? Not at all. A statistician who looked only into published medical records—most doctors don't bother to publish their cases—found that in recent years practicing physicians have described 322 patients whose hearts are encouraged to go back to work after they had quit. Of that group one hundred and ten patients returned to life and vigor. Of 47 whose resuscitation was begun within five minutes after the pulse disappeared, all but seven renewed their briefly interrupted existence.

The number of these revivals has increased proportionately with growth of scientific knowledge of the heart's mechanism. But they are not everyday occurrences. Yet they happen so often that one New York heart specialist, Dr. Albert S. Hyman, has suggested that every doctor will carry in his little black emergency bag (1) a hyperric needle loaded with a drug to stop the spasmodic twitches that sometimes follow cessation of the regular heartbeat and (2) a small electrical instrument, called a pacemaker, which shocks the heart muscle into resumption of its normal rhythmic contractions.

Dr. Hyman believes it is practical to restart even those hearts that have stopped under the stress of heart attacks. He bases his opinion on the knowledge that such attacks are due to blockage of arteries through which the heart feeds itself, and that nature automatically detours blood from these closed passages over alternate routes when it has enough time to act.

Other surgeons are not yet convinced of the prospects of successfully restarting life when the heartbeat ceases because of heart disease. But in other causes of death—electrocution, drowning, violent collision, loss of blood and kindred shock—doctors generally recognize that any heart that has stopped can be put back into action if life is still worth that particular individual's living.

"There is no emergency about getting the heart beating again," Dr. Claude S. Beck of Western Reserve University emphasized in a 1950 symposium on resuscitation at the National Institutes of Health in Washington, D.C. "Under proper conditions it is readily and easily accomplished." The problem is not the heart, he explained, but the brain.

If the brain is deprived of oxygen for more than five minutes—in many people the safe limit is three minutes—it suffers permanent breakdown. Oxygen reaches the brain through the blood, and a steady flow of blood to the brain can be maintained by means of a stalled heart if the heart is squeezed repeatedly by hand. Since surgery must

precede this manual pumping, it is practiced most often in operating rooms but is possible elsewhere. And as long as it is done, restoration of the regular heartbeat "can be accomplished anytime," according to Dr. Beck. (The italics are his.) "There is no hurry."

An erroneous popular impression that the human heart is a fragile organ has risen from recent reiteration of the long neglected fact that half of all deaths in the United States today are caused by heart ailments of one type or another (there are at least 22 different types). Perhaps the time has come to correct the record by calling these ailments by some other name. For 9 out of 10 of the deaths we are talking about are not due essentially to the heart but to the arteries. To put it simply, the trouble isn't in the heart, it's in the pipes.

The heart itself, although only as big as a blimp's ratchet, pumps 10 to 20 hearts a minute through every hour of every day and night of its owner's life. It drives about five quarts of blood in an endless stream, through 62,000 miles of blood vessels: enough to go around the earth two and a half times. If the energy it spends in a normal lifetime could be concentrated into one burst of power at a fixed spot, it would lift the battleship Missouri 14 feet straight up out of the water.

Nature designed this marvel of hydraulic engineering as simply as a lady's knitted handbag, with an outer lining and four inner pockets. Smeer muscle, the heart is woven of millions of microscopic strands of rubberlike thread—all sheer muscle. At every interstice of these minuscule fibers is a deposit of ATP, the will-o'-the-wisp-like substance which biochemists have come to regard as the ultimate spark of life. Phosphorus in the ATP strikes invisible fire, and the energy thus released contracts the rubberish threads in unison, pushing oxygen-enriched blood from the lungs out through the body to feed the cells and to bring back wastes for the kidneys and lungs to expel.

The sturdiness of a pump that pounds away, day and night, without rest, for as long as 100 years and more, must be obvious to anyone who thinks about it. Most of us just don't think about it. But even those whose job is to ponder this everyday wonder have only recently begun to realize the full extent of the heart's ruggedness.

At the 1951 Clinical Congress of the American College of Surgeons in San Francisco, for instance, three scientific researchers from the Chicago Medical School confessed themselves "stalled" by the behavior of the heart of a dead dog. They had removed the organ from the animal, had washed it under an ordinary water faucet, and had let it lie in a pan of salt water on a laboratory table for 45 minutes before grafting it onto the blood vessels of a living anesthetized dog. As soon as blood began to flow into it, the heart resumed beating as though it had never left the first body in which it had been.

Nothing quite so remarkable as that has happened in human medicine. However, manipulations that are practiced on human hearts without removing them or even interrupting their beat can still be classified as breath-taking.

Twenty years ago, any invasion of the interior of a living heart was considered an invitation to tragedy. Today diagnosticians of heart ills think nothing of poking a rubber tube into a patient's arm vein and onward into any or all of the four heart chambers, to withdraw blood samples. The heart may flutter momentarily when the tube touches one of the walls, but that's all.

There is a "talcum powder operation," in which the sac enclosing the heart muscle is opened and fine grains of silica are stirred into it to stimulate the flow of blood and thus relieve angina pain. Bedridden patients have left their wheel chairs after this operation and later telephoned the surgeon to complain: "I've been walking all day and my feet are killing me."

Even treating the aftermath of rheumatic fever, it is not unusual for a surgeon to cut an incision in the heart, lace it like a shoe and push the index finger of his scalpel hand through the opening with a razor blade to clear clogged valves.

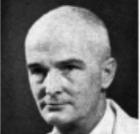
Early last May, the chief cardiac surgeon of St. Vincent's Hospital in Cleveland, Dr. Earle B. Kay, sewed up a hole the size of a half dollar inside the heart of a forty-seven-year-old housewife, Mrs. Angela Valore. His hand was actually in the heart for three quarters of an hour. Ten days later, his patient was able to attend a clinic and hear a description of her operation.

Success of such repair jobs, coupled with growing experience in restarting hearts that have stopped, has encouraged experimenters to consider stopping the heart deliberately, if necessary, to make extensive overhauls. Before this can be attempted safely, a substitute pump must be ready to take over the heart's work. And, because of the elaborate blood hookup between the heart and the lungs, the substitute must not only pump but breathe, too.

The first man who dared to suggest that such a machine might sustain life was Dr. John H. Gibbon, Jr. As a fellow of the Massachusetts General Hospital in Boston, he repeatedly witnessed the suffering of patients whose failing hearts had doomed them to inner drowning from water in the lungs. In 1931, he undertook his first experiments with a simple breathing tank to substitute for the lungs of animals. For 10 years he labored with a degree of concentration that made him known in the medical profession as "that fellow who thinks he's making a mechanical lung."

The first man who interrupted Gibbon's work. And when his share of the fighting was finished, he found that his brain child had been adopted by experimenters in France, Holland, Italy and Sweden as well as in the United States.

While he was still painstakingly perfecting what



Dr. J. H. Gibbon, Jr.

a SECOND HEART

by that time had grown to be an automatic lung and heart combined, another American, Dr. Clarence Dennis—then at the University of Minnesota, now at New York State University Medical School—in May of 1951 announced the first use of a man-made heart-lung on a human being. The patient was a six-year-old girl with a hole in the wall separating her right and left heart chambers.

Opening the girl's chest, Dr. Dennis blocked off circulation of blood to her heart and lungs and directed it instead through a plastic bubble pump into a steel chamber where rotating disks ex-

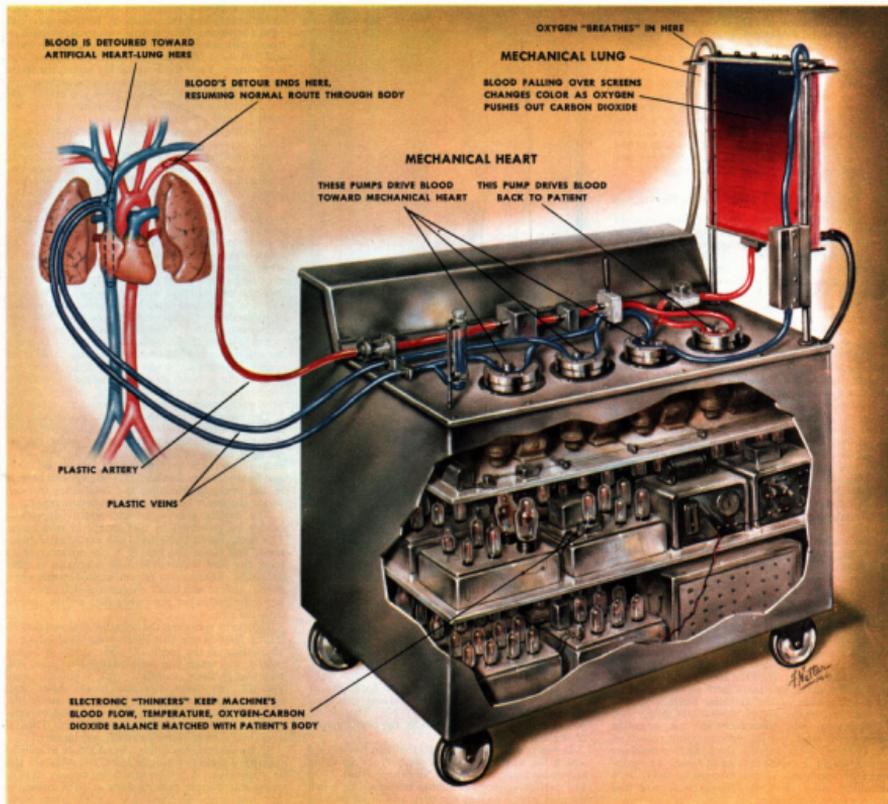
changed its carbon dioxide for oxygen. The substitution was maintained for 40 minutes, during which time the hole in the girl's heart wall was closed successfully. But the patient's waning strength was not enough to withstand the weakening effect of citrate (mixed with the blood in the machine to prevent clotting) on her heartbeat, and she died.

Dr. Gibbon went right on with his animal experiments, steadily improving his original device. And in May, 1952, a second rival heart-lung maker reported a human case, to the American

Association for Thoracic Surgery in Dallas, Texas.

There was no hope of saving this patient's life. The best that could be expected was to ease his pain. He was a professional fireman, and his lungs were scarred, apparently by fumes. The lesions drastically limited the amount of oxygen he could inhale, and his heart was wearing itself out rushing blood through his body faster than usual to make up the shortage.

The machine that was moved in as a substitute for the fireman's wasted organs was put together by Dr. Leland C. Clark, Jr., of the Fels Research



Blood is detoured around the human heart and lung through this mechanical substitute, which pumps and breathes while they rest
 Collier's for September 27, 1952

A machine big as a piano is needed to do the work nature performs in your chest

Institute of Anatomic Cardiology in Yellow Springs, Ohio. It looked like a cross of a medical delivery rigging piggyback. Made entirely of glass, at a cost of \$60, it mixed blood and oxygen as simply as whisky and soda.

The blood entered the glass cups through a tube inserted in a vein at one of the patient's legs. After it was mixed with the oxygen, it returned to the body through a tube that led into an artery of one of the patient's arms.

In the hour and a quarter that the glass gadget pumped and breathed, the man's color changed from an ashen blue to a blooming pink. After the machine was disconnected, he slept soundly for the first time in many weeks. The lung condition was incurable, however, and the freeman later died when his own exhausted heart stopped.

No longer looked upon as a screwball, Dr. Gibbon stuck to his animal experiments. Around the globe, makers of half a hundred modifications of his original gadget waited for his cautious animal progressions. A steadily deepening reputation brought him the professorship of surgery at Jefferson Hospital in Philadelphia, and there he worked the first limited application of his lifework to human treatment.

For his first patient, Dr. Gibbon employed only the pump that revolved the heart. Through a plastic artery, in the manner a tooth-paste tube might be squeezed between the ribs of a laundry wringer, this pump drove the blood slowly out of the patient's body. The artery by-passed one side of the heart only, following the other heart chamber and the lungs to continue their normal work.

Operating for Tumor Inside Heart

The patient was Peter Durning, forty-one, of Bethlehem, Pennsylvania. He was dying. There was one small chance of saving him if the doctors were correct in assuming that a tumor inside his heart was the cause of his illness. To make the most of that chance, it was necessary to open Durning's chest and remove the blood around the right side of the heart, where the tumor was believed to be.

During his stay through the four-and-20-minute period while the rollers and the plastic tube were pulsing for him—and for two hours after his own heart was entirely reconnected with its blood stream. But the tumor the doctors expected to find was not there. A lesion of the heart wall was the real difficulty. And there was no known way to repair it.

All three of the heart-lung experiments mentioned here are rated as medical milestones in spite of the deaths of the patients. For the effects of heart and lung action were achieved over periods of time sufficient to allow surgery to be performed. And the Journal of the American Medical Association has published a report of a fourth case in which, as far as is known, the patient still lives.

Responsible for this last experiment was Dr. A. M. Dogliani, professor of surgery at the University of Texas, Italy. He told the International Society of Surgeons that in August, 1931, he employed a heart-lung machine on a fifty-year-old patient whose heart action was being impeded by a tumor. The tumor was removed and the patient was alive and well last June from Texas.

Because of differing standards of surgery at home and abroad, foreign case reports seldom command the confidence that similar accidents would be accorded here. But when the Italian case is considered in the light of its close American parallels, ultimate acceptance of the artificial heart-lung as a surgical instrument seems inevitable.

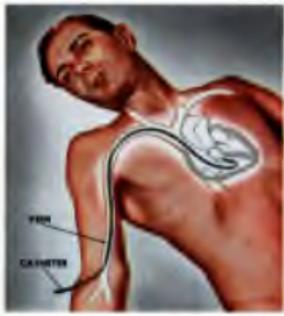
Predictions are hazardous in this scientific new-terrain land, but the accumulating record of Dr. Gibbon's work suggests that the machine he has sought to create may be at hand. The price piece of apparatus in his laboratory today is a shimmery metal box the approximate size and shape of a spinet piano.

This intricate machine has functioned as both heart and lungs for a long series of animals whose

chests have been opened and whose hearts have been operated upon—and 90 per cent of these animals have survived. Heart specialists will be surprised if news of human experiments with this electrically powered life force is very far away.

The cavernous innards of the instrument—hundreds of human hearts and lungs could be stored in it—are literally filled with Doctor Gibbon's precautions. Five-foot strings of vacuum tubes are stacked yard-high to do the electronic thinking that must substitute for natural processes of the human body. They automatically maintain constant temperature at the individual patient's level, balance the flow of oxygen and carbon dioxide, and regulate the blood itself so that the body always holds exactly the same supply.

The actual mechanical workings of the heart-lung occupy relatively little space and are all in plain sight of the surgeons who mastermind the job. On top of the metal ledge that corresponds to the keyboard of the spinet piano shape are four cir-



Once thought dangerous, exploring the heart chamber by inserting tube is now common.

cular devices closely resembling burners on a modern electric stove. Each of these has a single coil of plastic tubing, strung in an arc around a movable metal roller. Together, they simulate the heart.

Blood from the patient's veins passes through these four coils, in succession, squeezed along by the revolving rollers. Then it falls into a thin plastic sandwich about the size of a man's chest. Within the sandwich, which rests on a bed, six finely crisscross stainless-steel wire screens hang close together, spreading out into a fine film as it falls, the blood flows down these screens, rippled by the crinkles just enough to absorb oxygen that bubbles gently across the film from a narrow tube in one corner. The oxygen drives out carbon dioxide, and as the blood descends on the screens it changes color, from purple to red. Thus the plastic sandwich does the work of the human lung, putting the purified blood out into the fourth plastic coil, where the last revolving roller of the "heart" squeezes the precious liquid back into the patient's arteries.

Isn't there some doubt about the feasibility of human blood carrying on its natural functions properly while outside the body? No. That doubt was resolved beyond question by the performance of the artificial kidney.

It was not a very long ago that this device—in which the blood is directed away from an ailing kidney and routed through anywhere from 23 to 115 feet of cellophane tubing immersed in a salt solution which swells out urea and other poisons through osmosis, and then returned to the body—was a risky experiment. Today it is commonplace.

But only you may similarly live for a time with a man-made heart, but if experiments described in the American College of Surgeons last year are carried to their logical conclusion, you may have an extra heart grafted into your chest as that that old heart can take it a little easier.

There is every likelihood, however, that your body ever will be fitted with a new set of arteries when the old ones get clogged. You will be able to get spare patches here and there. Indeed, there is every chance of an artery graft in the future in New York Hospital, New York City. But hidden defects are possible in some instances, as was demonstrated in Philadelphia last July.

Segment of Aorta Transplanted

That case reached the newspapers in July, when a segment of the aorta—the inch-thick pipe that leads out of the heart to carry blood to the body—was removed from the corpse of a nineteen-year-old boy, kept in a refrigerator for 101 days and then transplanted into the heart of forty-six-year-old John Chasman. The purpose was to restore Chasman's own aorta, which was threatening to burst and kill him. The next month, as Chasman was preparing to leave the hospital for home, the spare aorta sprang a fatal split.

Marvel: take care of the arteries you've got. Or it won't make any difference how long it may be to keep your heart going.

The deeper science digs into the causes of high blood pressure, the bettering of the arteries—working together account for 90 per cent of all deaths due to so-called heart disease—the more evidence it uncovers that these two afflictions are by-products of our hurried modern living.

Animals don't have high blood pressure. It is exceedingly difficult to induce it in them experimentally. The role of nervous tension in creating it is obvious from the fact that (1) severance of trunk nerves in the rat kills it, and (2) one-third of all patients, (2) stress which gives temporary relief to other patients are invariably most effective when they are administered with evagalinol, fester and (3) it often occurs in the form of a common manifestation of emotional hunger. The best prescription against it is the old one: relax.

Exactly how high blood pressure helps to harden the arteries is not yet understood. But there is no longer any serious doubt that it is somehow related to the nervous strain of keeping up with the business, socially or professionally, or even simply Mr. Jones keeping up with Mrs. Jones or vice-versa.

The reactions are linked to the hormones, the hormones affect metabolism, and it is a metabolic abnormality that deposits cholesterol under the innermost lining of the arteries. There this waxy yellow substance protrudes and breaks all clean lines of the artery walls, causing a local control center in the brain or blocking the lead lines through which the heart keeps itself in constant repair.

The steady process of cholesterol depositing causes the arteries to narrow, and the narrowing of the body sends cholesterol for many vital functions; and when the supply is not maintained in food, the stuff is manufactured internally to meet demands. There is no reason to stop using eggs, butter, cheese and other cholesterol-rich foods unless your physician prescribes that course specifically for you.

Generally speaking, the only diet that will do you lasting good is one that limits your food intake as all courses on the menu. If your weight is higher than it was when you were twenty-five years old, lose two or three pounds a week if you can until you hit the twenty-five-year-old mark. After that, take as much as you eat as you can to enjoy life, don't on any excessive myrtils around on your shoulder, and stop racing to get anywhere. Then, if ever, you'll be in shape to reach one hundred.

However, you may offer a heart attack in the line of following these low simple rules, the odds are still in your favor. A first seizure is not usually fatal or crippling. Insure your work at once setting regular hours, and offer a heart attack in the line of where it's most required. In a few weeks, you're practically good as new. ▲▲▲

Top of the light-duty truck class!

It saves a lot of looking to start your hunt for a light-duty truck at your local International Dealer or Branch.

International light-duty trucks match every competitive feature, *and then some!* There's a complete line of $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{3}{4}$, and 1-ton models with a wide range of body types. You can be sure of finding the one that's exactly right for your job.

Every International packs plenty of real truck muscle. You can count on peak performance for years. The powerful valve-in-head engine is stingy on gas and oil. You get the roomiest cab on the road in a truck that's a pleasure to handle.

See your local dealer or branch for proof and you'll never be satisfied with less than an International.

INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY • CHICAGO

Look for these International exclusives:

- Silver Diamond valve-in-head truck engines are rugged, packed with extra power. Engineered to save you plenty on operating and maintenance costs.
- Confo-Vision Cab—the "roomiest, most comfortable cab on the road," designed by drivers for drivers. One-piece, full-vision windshield. New tinted, non-glare safety glass available.
- Super-steering system—more positive control, takes the work out of truck driving. Wider front axles make possible full 37° turning angle for easier handling and greater maneuverability.
- Wide variety of light-duty models— $\frac{1}{2}$, $\frac{3}{4}$, and 1-ton sizes—with GVW ratings from 4,200 to 8,600 lbs. 115, 127 and 134-in. wheelbases. Pickup, panel, stake and many other types of bodies to meet all requirements.



International Harvester Builds McCormick Farm Equipment and Farmall Tractors... Motor Trucks... Industrial Power... Refrigerators and Freezers

Better roads mean a better America



INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS

"Standard of the Highway"





1947... 0-55



1948... 7-13



1949... 3-7



1950... 14-7



1951... 25-0

King of the Football Forest

By BILL FAY

Biggie Munn, coach of Michigan State's powerhouse eleven, learned early: A tree that bends with the wind snaps back later. Gales were blowing when Biggie took over at East Lansing. But now look

THE debut of Clarence L. (Biggie) Munn as head coach of the Michigan State College football team—raced this year among the nation's best—could scarcely be described as auspicious. In the opening game of the 1947 season, Biggie's Spartans played the University of Michigan Wolverines; the final score was Michigan, 55, Michigan State, 0.

In Biggie, there were circumstances even more disconcerting than the score. The first of these was that he had worked as line coach at Michigan for eight years before going to Michigan State via Syracuse University. Thus, the latent Italian in Michigan's devastating forward wall had learned the finer points of penetrating the opposition from Biggie himself. Naturally, these muscular and aggressive young men were anxious to show Biggie how well they had absorbed his premises doctrines.

Shortly after the third touchdown, a large Michigan guard named Joe Sobolewski executed a block with such vigor that a Michigan State line-backer was propelled through the air and deposited, limply, at Munn's feet. Cupping his hands, Sobolewski called out to Munn, "How'm I doin', Coach?"

After the fifth touchdown, another large Michigan lineman, passing the Michigan State bench, looked to the ex-Syracuse member: "Anybody know when the next bus leaves for Syracuse?"

Finally, as Munn led his lacerated Spartans off the field, the Michigan band burst forth with a spiffed rendition of Old MacDonald Had a Farm—an indelicate allusion to the fact that Michigan State was founded as Michigan Agricultural College and is widely known in *An Arbor* as "that cock college in East Lansing."

During the Spartans' bleak 65-mile bus ride home, George Alderson, sports editor of the Lansing State Journal, offered Munn his sympathy.

"George," responded Biggie, "there's one thing I found out when I was a farm kid in Massachusetts. After every big storm we found plenty of broken oak limbs lying around but never any branches from the fir trees. One day my mother said, 'Son, oak trees are big and strong but they stand up stiff and straight. When the wind blows, they crack. But fir trees sway with the storm—and snap back afterward. Jam remember: if you want to be the king of the forest, you can't be too proud to bend with the wind.'"

Bending with the wind, Biggie weathered the rest of that season. It took a straight month years for the storm to abate, and then means coming back—hard. During the last two seasons, the Spartans have won 17 games and lost only 1. Undeclared in 9 games last year, by the season's end they were rated the nation's top team by most critics. Just how much change there has wrought can be judged by the progressive scores of the Michigan

series since that awful 55-0 loss in 1947. In 1948, Michigan State was defeated again, but by the more respectable score of 13-7. In 1949, the Spartans lost once more, but by an even narrower margin, 7-3. In 1950, they won, 14-7. And last year they crushed the Wolverines by a score of 25-0.

This year, the Spartans are expected to make another strong bid for the national championship. Munn, one of football's most expert talent hunters, has assembled another powerhouse eleven to send against such formidable foes as Michigan, Oregon State, Texas A&M, Syracuse, Penn State, Purdue, Indiana, Notre Dame and Marquette.

It is doubtful that any other college team can match Munn's collection of ball carriers, including Captain Don McAuliffe, Vince Pisano, Dick Patis, LeRoy Bolden, Wayne Benson, Eva Slonek and Billy Walls. Biggie also has two fine passers, Tom Yewick and the appropriately named Willie Thresher, as well as three excellent end runners, Paul Dekker, Doug Babe and Ellis Chacker.

Replacements for Graduation Losses

Although Munn restores the loss through graduation of half a dozen valuable linemen, including Collier's All-America tackle Don Coleman, he has such unexpected replacements as Frank Kuch, Gordon Serr, Bob Brossif, Jack Morgan and Joe Klein. Recently, a rival scout commented:

"Mr. Munn is an extremely thorough fellow. I would be quite surprised if while he was rounding up pile-driving runners, whipper-tut-tut ends and ham-handed passers, he failed to provide himself with a supply of linemen. Thus, the more fully considered, it was the way such a thorough fellow as Mr. Munn would operate."

The way Munn operates sometimes surprises even his own players. For example, the work schedule prescribed for the week before the climactic Notre Dame game last year did not list one minute of scrimmaging. Instead, Biggie restricted his players' exertions to light calisthenics, chalk talks and play-polling signal drills.

Two days before the game, guard Frank Kapral stopped by Munn's office. "Coach," Kapral complained, "I'm worried about my timing. Could we have a short scrimmage today, or at least work up against the linemen?"

"Now, Frank," Munn replied soothingly, "just take it easy. You can scrimmage Saturday."

On the first scrimmage play against Notre Dame, Kapral and his thoroughly rested associates in the Michigan State line exploded their pent-up energy by opening a vast hole through which fullback Dick Patis burst for an 80-yard touchdown pass. This maneuver, which insisted and demonstrated Notre Dame, vividly demonstrated Munn's cardinal coaching tenet: *Exercite everything in its season.*

"Football," says Munn, "should be fun, not drudgery. Practice sessions should be short—never more than 90 minutes—and contact work should be limited to one brief scrimmage a week."

Gallie's for September 27, 1952



"FIESTA TIME IN THE SOUTHWEST," by John Gannan. Number 73 in the series "Home Life in America."

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



*Beer and ale—
mainline favorites*

AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION
Sponsored by the United States Brewers Foundation...Chartered 1862





"Football should be fun," says Biggie. He limits practice sessions to an hour and a half a day, scrimmages to one a week—and dispenses with scrimmage entirely if team's keyed up

Michigan State coaching staff looks over some pregame films in Munn's home. Left to right, end-coach Earle Edwards, backfield-coach Steve Sebo, Biggie, line-coach Duffy Daugherty



This year Munn's seeking the top national ranking

and when your players are really keyed up, you can even omit the scrimmage."

Under the most tense game conditions, Munn will sacrifice even the services of veteran first-team players for freshness. Last October, with Ohio State leading 20-10 early in the fourth quarter, Munn replaced three experienced but tiring ball carriers—juniors McAuliffe, Panin and Pisano—with a trio of untested, frisky youngsters, sophomores Evan Slonac and Billy Wells and freshman LeRoy Bolden. Senior quarterback Al Dorow promptly hit Bolden with two passes totaling 41 yards, to start a touchdown drive covering 74 yards.

Strategy of the Winning Touchdown

Then, with only three minutes left and Michigan State still trailing, 17-20, the Spartans had fourth down and five yards to go on the Ohio State 28. With the outcome of the game riding on the next play, Munn replaced Bolden with another sophomore, Tom Yewic. The Spartans therefore executed a complicated back-lateral-forward, built around Yewic, for the winning touchdown. The play went like this:

Fullback Slonac, faking a plunge at center, slipped the ball to quarterback Dorow, who tossed a pitchout to halfback Yewic. Yewic raced wide toward the right side line, braked abruptly, and arched a long pass diagonally across field to Dorow—who caught the ball along the left side line and ran into the end zone. "Yewic," Munn recalls, "was just about the freshest man we had on the bench. That was the first time he'd gotten into a game on offense and, of course, it was the first pass he ever threw in a college game."

Besides making a fetish of freshness, Munn emphasizes two other gridiron doctrines which would be considered rank heresy by many coaches. First, instead of teaching his players one offensive system, Biggie favors a bewildering variety of plays run from all sorts of formations, including the single wing, double wing, split T, wing T, straight T, and the deep double wing.

Munn denies that his variegated offensive patterns are complicated. "During one game," he argues, "we may run from 5 or 6 different formations, but they add up to a total of only 66 basic plays. Why, so far as I know, we're the only major college team which doesn't require—or permit—its players to record their assignments in a notebook for study purposes. Our boys learn their 66 basic plays by walking through them on the practice field. Anybody who can't remember 66 plays is too dumb to play football."

The strategy behind Munn's multiple formations is simple. "If we can attack six different ways," he says, "the opposition must prepare six different defenses. If they spend that much time working on defense, they won't have too much time left over to work out offensive wrinkles against us."

Biggie's other coaching unorthodoxy is that, in selecting line-blockers for these varied formations, he looks for speed and mobility rather than bulk. "Your linemen," he explains, "must be able to move fast enough to stay out in front of the ball carrier. That means your best blockers won't weigh much more than 200, and they can be even lighter."

Last year, the playing weights of Munn's four key line-blockers were: Don Coleman, 180; Frank Kapral, 195; Marv McFadden, 205; and Dean Garner, 190. This fall, the men being groomed to replace these departed blockers weigh: Kush, 180; Serr, 195; Breniff, 195; and Klein, 205.

Any thorough analysis of Munn's coaching techniques eventually boils down to the fact that Biggie has the knack of teaching the football fundamentals which he mastered as a player. There have been few more versatile gridiron performers than Biggie Munn, whose work at guard for the University of Minnesota in 1931 earned first-team rating on Collier's All-America.

Munn was listed as a guard. But—against Northwestern in his senior year, he stood nine yards behind the goal line and booted a 66-yard

Collier's for September 27, 1952



A genius at figures...

this '52 Ford! It offers **2** power plants (not **1**) and both stepped up in high-compression horsepower! Choose either the **110** hp Strato-Strat **V-8**  - the only **V-8** in the low-price field - or the new **101** hp Mileage Maker **SIX**  with free-turning overhead valves (Class 'A' winner in the Mobilgas Economy Run). Both engines have the Automatic Power Pilot for high-compression performance on 'regular'  gas!

3 drives (not **1** or **2**) and the best of each type! There's Fordomatic  - the newest, finest, most versatile of the automatics. Also Automatic Overdrive that can cut gas consumption

 up to **15%**. Also Ford's famous easy-shifting Conventional  Drive.

3 great series - Mainline, Customline and Crestline offer you a choice of **18** models with the widest choice of body style, color  and upholstery combinations in the low-price field!

The only **1**-piece curved windshield in the low-price field, plus a car-wide **1**-piece curved rear window! With 'Picture-Window' side windows the '52 Ford gives you Full-Circle visibility!

 **1-2-3-4-5-6** big people, yes, **6** travel **1st** class in the '52 Ford.  and without Extra Fare! Its new and modern BODIES not only are longer  and wider  but also have foam rubber  cushioned, sofa-wide seats, front and rear!

Over **25** cubic feet of luggage space in the easy loading trunk that opens  automatically at the turn of a key! And, because of Ford's new Center-Fill Fueling  there's no pipe in the way, leaving room for an extra suitcase .

The **1** car in the low-price field with Power-Floot Pedals . Suspended from above they eliminate floor holes, leave extra room for his number **10**'s, work easier with hex opera pumps.

Figures and facts show you that the '52 Ford will do more things for more people and at a lower cost than any other car! A **10**-minute 'Test Drive' will prove the '52 Ford is the Ablest Car on the American Road!

Fordomatic, Overdrive, white sidewall tires, and two-tone colors optional at extra cost. Equipment, accessories and color subject to change without notice.



The '52 Ford
The Ablest Car on the American Road!



"M-M-M- looks like you're in for it"

This individual contends that he can see your future by looking into a crystal ball.

Your insurance man cannot foretell the future but he does know that losses and disasters happen to lots of people every day and the CAN tell you how to guard against loss should you be one of them.

Call the America Fore insurance man and let him check your protection! He will be glad to do this . . . and with no obligation on your part.

For the name of a nearby America Fore insurance man or claims office, call Western Union by number, and ask for Operator 25.

The America Fore Insurance Group comprises the

- CONTINENTAL
- FIDELITY-PHENIX
- NIAGARA
- AMERICAN EAGLE
- FIDELITY AND CASUALTY

INSURANCE COMPANIES OF NEW YORK

America Fore
INSURANCE GROUP

Unorthodoxy and versatility are the keys to Biggie's success

spiral which rolled out of bounds on the Wildcats' 44.

Against Wisconsin, he punted 11 times for a 35-yard average, upended Badger ball carriers for a total loss of 27 yards on nine behind-the-line tackles, intercepted two passes, recovered a Minnesota fumble, and carried a lateral 18 yards for a touchdown.

And against Ohio State (his final game), Biggie moved into the Minnesota backfield and carried the ball 13 times for an average gain of 4½ yards.

Munn's phenomenal performance as a Minnesota senior topped off a fabulous athletic career which began when he was in North High School in Minneapolis. At the age of fifteen, although he was holding down three jobs and had practically no time for practice, he joined the school track team. He went to his first track meet after having worked until three o'clock the previous morning. He slept en route, curled up in the back of his coach's car, and on awakening, found himself entered in six events.

Drowsy but unperturbed, Biggie threw a javelin 174 feet 8 inches, tossed a 12-pound shot 47 feet 2 inches, ran 100 yards in 10 seconds, broad-jumped 20 feet 6 inches, whirled a discus 128 feet 4 inches, and ran anchor leg in the mile relay. These exertions netted three firsts (in the javelin, shot and relay), six medals, one gold watch and his first headline in the Minneapolis sports pages. While he was at North, Biggie scored 104½ points in five meets for a Minneapolis high-school record which still stands. In college, Biggie continued to put the shot prodigious distances. In 1931, he won first place at the Penn Relays with a

heave of 48 feet 7½ inches. This achievement, like Biggie's other athletic accomplishments, combined remarkable muscular co-ordination and intelligent, long-range planning. For several years before those Penn Relays, during each practice period Biggie had put his shot exactly 25 times and carefully recorded the length of each effort in a notebook. Then, plotting these results on a graph, he determined that he consistently registered his longest throws on his 13th, 14th and 15th attempts. "After that," Biggie says, "I always took 12 practice throws before a meet. Then I'd step up and really let go. I usually hit my peak on the first throw, and that put the pressure on the other guys."

Today, at forty-four, Biggie is a handsome 220-pounder who still enjoys the active life. He can reputedly outfish, outcanoe, outportage (with a 100-pound canoe) and outcamp any of the approximately 800 members of the American Football Coaches Association.

He also is a camera fanatic, possessing what his wife, Vera, has described as "two mink coats' worth" of photographic equipment. In the course of 14 trips into the Canadian north woods and two protracted visits in Hawaii, Biggie has accumulated an amazing quantity of 16-millimeter color films which run the gamut from a 38-pound lake trout to a 105-pound Waikiki hula artist.

Naturally, all these films of nature at its finest make for entertaining winter evenings when Biggie Munn hits the fried-chicken-mashed-potatoes-and-peas circuit. There is no more popular alter-dinner speaker in all Michigan.

Aside from aesthetic considerations,

Munn's investments in outdoor expeditions and film equipment have paid handsome football dividends. During Biggie's extensive lecture tours, considerable valuable football talent has followed after him, in Pied Piper fashion, and finally settled in East Lansing. Two thirds of the 72 men on Biggie's 1951 squad were Michigan residents.

Despite Munn's success in improving both the quality and quantity of Michigan State's football personnel, he seems distressed at what may happen when the Spartans join the Western Conference in '53. "Honestly," Biggie declared recently, "we can't expect to compete on even terms with Big Ten powers like Michigan, Illinois and Ohio State, or big independents like Notre Dame.

"What really worries me is that Frank Leahy or Bennie Oosterbaan might get the erroneous idea that we think we can beat them consistently. If Notre Dame or Michigan ever starts concentrating on us . . ." The prospect was so terrifying that Biggie could not describe it.

The fact is, Munn is such a naturally enthusiastic fellow that he forgets he really hasn't got a chance to win. What's more, his enthusiasm is apt to spread to his players, who then lack out another victory, like beating Notre Dame, 35-0 last year. "In that contest," Leahy remembers, "Mr. Munn's lads trapped us, blocked us in, blocked us out, tackled devastatingly, passed with pinpoint accuracy and ran like so many bulldozers.

"In addition," Leahy adds, paying tribute to Munn's celebrated thoroughness, "Biggie had us outnumbered in trainers, two to one, and his team physician was much heavier than ours." ▲▲▲



Biggie and Spartan hacks. L. to r., Tom Yeweic, Billy Wells, Evan Slonac, Munn, Capt. Don McAuliffe. Along with speedy backs, Biggie likes linemen who can "move fast enough to stay out in front of the ball carrier."



How to get **Sure** out of the bottle

You have to have a special bottle, a very special bottle, to do this trick—a bottle of Seagram's 7 Crown. Then pour. Suddenly the Sure in the bottle is transformed into a drink of Sure perfection in your glass. Works every single time! Nice trick if you can do it...and you can!

Say Seagram's and be Sure





The LEER HUNTER

33

By DOROTHY M. JOHNSON

It was hard learning to be parents, for they'd had no time to plan and couldn't start from scratch, as most parents do

HANK and Millie were in their early forties and seventeen years married when they became parents. They were a settled, contented, established couple, with their own accepted place in Whitefish, a town of five thousand inhabitants in northwestern Montana.

Hank worked on the Great Northern Railroad; he belonged to the Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen, the Odd Fellows, and the Moose. Millie belonged to the B.R.T. auxiliary, the Rebekahs, and the lady Moose, as well as a small bridge club and a church organization.

They were pretty well set in their ways. For instance, Millie never went to any doings if Hank was in from a run, because it was her conviction that she ought to be around to make his home comfortable for him when he was anywhere near it. She had dropped out of one bridge club because some of the girls disagreed with this thesis and were annoyed when they had to get a substitute for her.

Hank did not boast about Millie, because he knew boasting would be tactless. He took her for granted, and she took it for granted that she was no better than he was—if the call boy came at two in the morning, Millie figured there was no reason why she shouldn't get up to give Hank a good breakfast.

They became parents unexpectedly. The boy they got was fourteen years old, and he was given to them casually, the way cats and dogs are given. They accepted him on a temporary basis, until his real home could be found, as they had, during the years, taken in three or four cats and a couple of puppies. It was hard for them to learn how to be parents, because they hadn't been warned so they could make plans, and they didn't have a chance to start from scratch, as parents usually do.

Hank was a freight brakeman for Great Northern. He found the boy huddled up asleep in an empty boxcar on an east-bound freight.

One of his duties was to put tramps off the train, but railroading isn't all done by the book—which may be the reason railroad men are a group apart from other workmen.

The boxcar door was partly open; that was how Hank happened to shine his electric lantern into it when they stopped at a siding. The light didn't wake the sleeper, and Hank saw that he was only a youngster, all alone.

Some problems, if you let them alone, will go away so you don't have to worry. Hank went on inspecting, looking for hotboxes, and when they pulled out he swung up to the caboose where he belonged. Sitting high in the cupola, he went on watching through the night, as the train wheeled around mountain curves; and he didn't mention the boy in the boxcar.

Officially, he didn't find the boy at all. A special agent—railroad dick, that is—found him when the freight pulled into the yards early the next morning, and Hank happened to be walking along beside the track at the time.

The special agent, whose name was Holmes, was

a man who preferred to go by the book. But he couldn't recall anything in it that specifically covered the case of a scared, cold, pinch-faced boy of fourteen who blinked at him in the lantern light and looked as if he expected to be shot. Hank and Holmes stood shoulder to shoulder, scowling at the boy with the air of men who know their duty and intend to do it. The air is even more impressive when it is assumed by men who are not sure what their duty is and suspect they wouldn't care to do it anyway.

Holmes shot one question after another at the boy. Holmes was an experienced questioner, used to dealing with hobos. The boy didn't answer. He cowered inside the boxcar until Holmes yanked him out. Then he stood straight, blinking, and it was hard to tell whether he was shivering with cold or trembling with fear like a caught bird.

Finally Holmes looked sideway at Hank and said, sighing, "I've got five kids."

Hank gave the answer that was wanted: "Well, I'll take him, and you can figure out something later. Listen, boy, we'd kind of like to know where you came from." He spoke with discouragement, not expecting an answer.

So the boy gave him one: "Seattle."

"Bum all the way, did you?"

The boy said, "Yes," with a hint of pride in his voice.

Hank sighed, "Well, let's go."

They walked the half mile home without saying anything.

MILLIE acted like a broody hen that has hatched one chick ahead of time. She clucked, but she asked no foolish questions, not wanting to embarrass the boy. "You'll want to wash up. Hank, hon, you get him a towel. Open the spare-room door and turn the stove up so it'll warm up in there. And use the pink soap, both of you."

Hank herded the kid to the bathroom, being very jovial in an effort to put him at ease. "I get to use the company soap on your account," he said, grinning.

But it didn't loosen the boy up any. He washed furiously, even behind his ears, and hung the towel up so neat you'd never know it had been used—which was something Millie never could persuade Hank to do.

By the time breakfast was ready, they were acting as if the kid had been invited and was thrice welcome because they had been afraid he wouldn't get there. Both of them felt they should be extra nice to him because they didn't expect him to stay.

Millie went on clucking. "His feet are soaked, Hank. Get him my felt slippers, and see he takes those shoes and wet socks off."

When she had them both to bed, she phoned some of her friends, because unusual things were rare in her life and Hank's. Then she began to worry about what Hank would do with him.

Three of the neighbor women came in later, when their calculations told them Hank and the boy would probably be up. One brought back a quart of milk, and one returned some magazines, and the third had a plate of warm cookies. They were all on legitimate errands. But after the first one, Hank grumbled about snappers and took the boy upstairs to show him

He couldn't recall anything in the book that covered the case of a scared boy who blinked at him and looked as if he expected to be shot

his fishing tackle and duck gun and deer rifles.

That was how Hank and Millie got their names. Learning how to live with him was harder. Of course they kept him. He had no place to go where anybody wanted him.

His name was Rodney Burnside. His father had died two years ago and his mother two weeks ago, and then he'd lit out for St. Paul, where he had some relatives. All the relatives had given him the tearful advice not to bother anybody any more than he could help.

Hank and Millie spent two hours figuring out a telegram to the relatives in St. Paul, with each pencil-cha-ching as he crossed out. They were not used to having anything to say that couldn't wait for the fast mail. Hank sent the telegram, but nobody answered it.

Hank and Millie couldn't come right out and say, "Stay with us, Roddy. We want you," for that would have been the same as saying, "Nobody else wants you; we have no place else to go.

THE special agent came over a couple of times, and once Hank got summoned to the division superintendent's office, because the railroad was involved. The Old Man growled and asked a lot of questions, and ended up by saying that there wasn't much to be done with the boy except to get the state authorities to take him if Hank and Millie wanted to put him out. The Old Man kept the wires hot to St. Paul for several days, but nobody found any trace of Roddy's relatives.

So Roddy Burnside stayed, like the stray dog and cat they had, but he was able to slip into the household the way they did. The cat, an insolent orange tom, had not expressed affection since the first time Millie had fed him. The dog, a white cur with black spots, was everappreciative of every thing. Both of them felt they had a perfect right to be there. But Roddy knew he didn't. He tried to make himself invisible.

Just about everything he did was disconcerting. At first he would fidget and gulp before he asked permission to do something perfectly ordinary, like going to bed. (Millie was afraid to tell him it was bedtime, because he might think she was trying to get him out of the way.) She chuckled and said, "Land, boy, you do whatever you've a mind to." So when he did go to bed without asking permission—sliding into the spare room when her back was turned—she thought he had run off and was worried sick until she found him.

The first Sunday Roddy was with them, Millie took him to Sunday school, introducing him to the teacher as "Roddy Burnside—he's visiting us for a while." Then she went to the adult Bible class, but she didn't get much out of the lesson, because she was wondering how long was enough for Roddy to put in the collection and fretting about his clothes. He had lost his extra ones somewhere in his lone journeying.

"There was a late snow that Sunday—the last of the season, it turned out—that provided a ready-made excuse to get the boy out of the house when Hank got in from his run so they could have a private talk.

She longed to say, with the serene sternness of experienced mothers, "Now, I want you to go to the driveway, and don't let me hear a lot of poor excuses." But she didn't dare, of course. She said, "If you'd want to shovel the driveway, I'll appreciate it. No, not now, or alone you finish your dinner. My goodness."

After Roddy was safely outside, she looked pitiously at Hank and asked, "Hon, what are we going to do? Oh, dear, now I've sent him out to get his feet wet!"

"Take him to Penney's and get him some duds, I guess," Hank advised.

Millie sighed. "I never bought clothes for a boy in my life. I wish you would."

Hank took the boy shopping and had a wonderful time. He seldom did any shopping, except for Millie's Christmas present, and that was an annual agony he would never have got through except that Millie always took pains to tell the neighbors what she wanted. Even Roddy's refusal to make a choice about his clothes when he was asked, didn't spoil the expedition for Hank. The boy kept saying, "Gee, I don't need all that."

Hank was offended after several repetitions. He finally growled, "Listen, I may be bent but I ain't broke. You got to go to school, you know."

The boy didn't argue about that. Hank had thought he would; Hank had never cared for school himself.

Before they went home, Hank took the

to do, like he had to earn the right to be here!"

Hank laughed at her. "You worry too much, girl."

"It's not funny," she insisted. "He don't even complain about peeling potatoes. And when I holler for him, he comes right away."

"Where from? Where's he after that you have to holler?"

"The Haines boys got to get him. He goes there when they ask him."

"Well, that's good, ain't it? He's made friends already. Why don't they come over here?"

Millie sighed. "I don't know, I told him, but they only came once."

She really did know, but she couldn't tell Hank. It was too humiliating a thing to confess.

She had seen the boys sprawled on the

when Millie found out that a skinkint woman down the street was imposing on him, she stopped that in a hurry.

"You mean you, Roddy? Hank told the boy to get his grinning. What you going to do with all your money?"

"Thought I'd buy a twenty-two if it's okay with you, Roddy answered. They got one at Knott's."

"Sure it's okay," Hank agreed. "Take a lot of saving, I guess."

"That's all right with the other kids' guns," Roddy said, not complaining.

Hank and Millie fretted about his having to wait to get his own gun, and Millie said why not lend him the rest of the money, but Hank said no. It wouldn't be right to make the boy feel indebted. They'd better just wait until he'd earned it all himself.

Hank bought three boxes of cartridges and then said he'd found them in the basement, so Roddy at least had his own ammunition to use in other boys' rifles when they hunted gophers out by Cow Creek.

That was a good summer. Snow comes early and stays late in the northern Rockies; there isn't much summer, and people miss the most of it. Hank took the boy fishing several times. The three of them drove up through Glacier National Park with a big picnic lunch to eat in the cool forest. They went on some shorter trips to nearby places.

The boy was a good listener, especially when Hank talked about hunting. The hide of a black bear Hank had once shot was on the spare-room floor, and Hank told the boy twenty times, if he told him once, exactly how he shot it.

"I see him looking at me over a log," Hank would say, "and then he'd stop out of sight, and I says, 'Now where's Mr. Bear gone?'"

Roddy never wearied of the bear story. He was like a child ten years younger hearing about Chicken Little or Red Riding Hood.

HANK didn't lay off for a real vacation; they'd had heavy expenses that winter, and he felt he couldn't afford it. They faced the fact that having a growing boy around did cost something. Without really planning so far ahead, Millie and Hank had an idea that Roddy might want to go to college. When they drove a hundred and fifty miles down to Missoula, so Hank could get fitted for bifocals, they took a good look at the State University from the outside.

By fall, they were pretty well settled as a family. Hank and Millie had made up the idea that Roddy wasn't much of a talker, and once in a while he'd seem to be lying around, so it didn't belong—so the swimming trunk on the porch, or the lawn mower in the front yard. Millie clucked happily at these signs of human frailty and, when Roddy came safely out of the yard, picked up after him.

"Some day," she told Hank happily, "I'll even get up courage to tell him to do himself. I just don't want to scare him."

"It's as if we were all kind of balancing," Hank said. "One of these days we'll roll over on place like marbles in a pinball machine."

But they hadn't got there yet when Hank had his accident. What made it so bad was that he was at work when he had it, so he couldn't get compensation. He broke his arm, and it was his own fault, he admitted; he should have had Millie or the boy steady the table while he got down from patching the roof.

While he was loafing around the house with his right arm in a sling, and he'd roll over on place like marbles to commiserate with him—and to kid him a little, suggesting that Millie had finally taken after him with a rolling pin.

Hank told about his accident so often

SISTER



COLLIER'S "I think they're inching around"

boy to the Hobby Spot and said, "Ice cream, kid! Anything up to two bits." But all Roddy would have was a nickel Coke. He wouldn't even pick out a comic book.

Millie was fixing up about school while they were shopping. To protect Roddy from humiliating questions, she went alone to see the school authorities, feeling very conspicuous. She worked herself up to an awful pitch by having imaginary arguments with the principal before she even got there. To her surprise, he was not overwhelmed at the idea of letting a pupil enter near the end of a term.

WHEN Millie took the boy up there next morning, she felt as if she had thrown him to the wolves. She told a neighbor so when she got home, and the neighbor laughed. "I've seen three off to school and always felt the same way," she said.

"But they were little," Millie reminded her, "and kind of trusting. They expect it to be nice. Roddy is a big boy, and all I hope is he isn't as scared as I am."

When he came home for noon dinner and said he was in second year high school, he wasn't puffed up about it, but Millie was.

So everything was fine, but Millie didn't feel easy with the boy, and neither did Hank. Roddy was too biddable. "He does what I tell him the very first time," Millie complained. "That's not the way a child ought to be. My goodness, hon, he hangs around asking for something

grass in the yard, with the dog wagging around them, and had hurried to make lemonade and put cookies on a plate. She worried about whether to take the stuff out herself or let Roddy do it, and finally she called him in and said, "I thought you might want to take a little treat out to your friends."

He started at the tray and glanced up at her, startled. He said, "Well, gosh, thanks a lot." But he carried the tray out very slowly.

After the boys had licked up every crumb, Roddy washed the glasses and plate and put them away.

But Millie knew she had done wrong. She had made too much fuss and had embarrassed him and scared off the other boys besides. She had proved she lacked the sure, maternal touch. I should have hollered at them to come in if they wanted cookies, she grieved, and had scolded them for tracking up the floor.

The weeks went by, but Roddy didn't change enough for comfort. He always made his bed and did his homework. He went on errands and, as summer came on, mowed the lawn faithfully.

Millie and Hank got used to his not talking much. He just wasn't much of a talker, even with friends his own age. He was attentive and co-operative, but he never did have much to say.

During summer vacation, Roddy earned four bits now and then by mowing a lawn for somebody who was able-bodied and could afford to pay. For people who were neither, Millie told him, he should do it free. He didn't argue, and

One sure way to relax!



NATURALLY, you want to be sure your car provides your family with every possible comfort.

That suggests you give real thought to the kind of body that is on the car you buy.

Chances are, whenever you do think about it, the name of one car body keeps coming to mind. That's Body by Fisher, the car body so many motorists call "the best body built."

Here you can relax secure in the knowledge your family has every advantage of car comfort and stamina that the world-famed craftsmanship of 44 years can create.

But remember, there are only five cars built with Body by Fisher. These five are Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick and Cadillac—the favored five that alone give you the many plus advantages of Body by Fisher.



Body by Fisher

Exclusively Yours on the five General Motors cars

ALEMITE

"Friction Fighters" Work Here!



To Help Build a Better Automobile
for a Nation on Wheels!

The Alemite "Oil-Mist" Lubricator supplies clean, fresh oil for bearings continuously, uniformly, automatically.



The "Oil-Mist" System delivers lubricant to bearings these 3 ways: as oil-mist, in spray form, or as a liquid.



Are You in Industry? Alemite "Friction-Fighting" lubrication methods can help trim your costs, boost production. Write: Alemite, 1850 Diversy Place, Chicago 14, Ill.

Envy of the world—this fabulous U.S. automotive industry. Birthplace of mass production and the assembly line—and the highest known levels of production efficiency.

No wonder then, that here, as throughout all industry, you'll find Alemite Lubricating Equipment—manual or automatic—winning the never ending fight against friction.

It was Alemite's invention in 1918 that marked the end of the crude grease-cup and hit-or-miss methods of lubrication—and brought forth the tiny Fittings that gave industry its first high-pressure lubrication method.

Today, in industry, on farms, in the air and on the sea—Alemite "Friction-Fighters" work unceasingly. From tractors to tricycles—bombers to baby buggies—wherever metal moves against metal, you find these vital Fittings—and the vital high-pressure lubrication know-how of 34 years of Alemite progress from invention to perfection.

Today—for a world in motion—Alemite produces over a million Fittings every 24 hours.

that he practiced it into a kind of recitation. Roddy heard it, too, many times. There was talk about money, of course, because in a railroad town everybody knows how well everybody else is doing and how much is lost when a man takes an involuntary layoff. Hank and Millie, with no kids and living economically, had been putting money away for several years, as was well known to everybody except Roddy. So there was no real need to worry, and Hank's friends were only kidding, and letting him know they understood his problems, when they told him, "Well, you won't starve for a while yet, anyhow." And he was giving the expected answer when he said, "Not till next week. If you hear anybody robbing your hen house, don't shoot."

RODDY was not accustomed to the untalked-about security that Hank and Millie had. To him, money was something you worried yourself sick not having, not something you put quietly away, little by little, in good times to use later for something you wanted or suddenly had to have. His real folks had thrown it around when they had it.

Millie cut down expenses in ways that she knew well. She turned off lights to save on the electric bill, stopped buying coffee cream, covered honest patches on elbows and knees with other honest patches, and got out her most economical recipes.

Hank, with nothing to do but loaf and think, sighed, "What gets me is I won't be able to go deer hunting. Having a locker full of venison is always pretty nice."

"You get tired of venison," Millie said for comfort.

The railroad has trouble in deer season. Men who can't lay off legitimately sometimes start needing sick. Getting a deer not only cuts down the meat bills but is a pleasant adventure—something to talk about all winter.

Millie and Hank were pleased and started when Roddy asked, for the first time, if he could stay overnight with a

friend. They didn't know his friend Sam well—he lived on the other side of town—but they were delighted that Roddy felt easy enough with them to speak up.

"This kid's father mald his own bullets, see," Roddy explained, "and he's got a .32-caliber mold you can make alingshot bee bees with.

"Hank nodded, "I might get an outfit like that," he said. "Load my own cartridges."

"For pity's sake don't burn yourself," Millie cautioned Roddy, making a mental note about looking into whatever you used to mold bullets with; it might be good for a Christmas present for Hank.

She sent Roddy off with his toothbrush in his pocket and a dollar for spending money.

He seemed upset about the dollar. He said, "Gosh, I won't have any place to spend it," but Millie said he might want to treat his friend Sam.

That was Friday night. Saturday morning they got a phone call.

Hank happened to answer the phone, and Millie knew from the tone of his voice that something awful had happened. "I'll be right there," he barked as he hung up. He turned to Millie, looking sick.

"They got the kid at the police station. Jack-lighting deer, the game warden says."

"I don't believe it," Millie declared stoutly. "Listen, they haven't got him in jail, have they?" She had an idea that getting into jail, even if you were innocent, felt a visible and indelible stain.

"I'll soon find out," Hank promised grimly. "You drive me down. I'm going to see about this!"

He wouldn't let her wait in front of the City Hall; he made her drive back home and said he'd call if he needed her to come with the car.

The game warden was all by himself in the police office. Hank marched in and barked, "Where's my kid?"

The game warden motioned toward a closed door. "In there, but not locked



"If the government ever actually does anything about flood control then we'll finish off the first floor"

COLLIER'S

CHARLES PEARSON

ALEMITE **SW**
A PRODUCT OF STEWART WARNER
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.



"This is one time I got just as good marks as anybody else, huh, Pop?"

COLLIER'S

HERB WILLIAMS

up. Just to impress him. He sure as hell was hunting with a jack light, and there was another kid, but that one got away.

"What rifle did he have?" Hank demanded. "None of mine. I looked."

"There on the table," the game warden said. "Must have stole it."

"Roddy never stole a gun or anything else," Hank told him, furious and sick with fear. "Could belong to the kid that got away, couldn't it? What do you have to give my kid the worst of it for?"

The game warden sighed. "Because he's the one we caught, I guess. Listen, a kid that big knows better than to hunt without a license—and illegally, with a light, besides. If he's brought up right, he knows better."

"I don't know what all Roddy knows," Hank said flatly. "But if he knewed it was illegal, he wouldn't have done it. As for bringing him up right, we ain't had him long enough to do much in that line. We only got him in April."

The game warden frowned. "You keep calling him your kid?"

"Damn it, be it," Hank snapped, getting madder. "That is, he ain't got anybody but us." Then, losing control, he thumped on the table with his good fist and warned, "If you figure you're going to railroad a kid that don't have no way of defending himself, you got another think coming, because I'll take it to the highest court in the land, that's what I'll do!"

THAT sounded pretty fancy, he realized as soon as he'd said it. He must have read it somewhere. It impressed the game warden, or else he had never intended to make an example of Roddy. "Listen, I'm going to let you have your kid. Take him home and give him a licking, that's all I ask. It would help if I knew who the kid who owned the gun was," he added.

"If my kid wouldn't tell you, damned if I will," Hank said, feeling a whole lot better. "Figure it out the hard way, tracking the man stood up."

The door's not locked. But do me a favor—while the tar out of him as soon as you get home."

"Nobody tells me how to handle that kid," Hank informed him grandly, as he opened the door to the jail. "Come on," he said. "We're going home."

They went in a taxi, because he was in a hurry.

There was an old strap hanging in the garage. Hank held it in his good hand as he talked to Roddy, and for the first time he was sorry to be a man. The penalty was almost too heavy. "You

knowed you was doing wrong, didn't you?"

Roddy nodded, not looking up from the floor.

"You never heard me talk about jack-lighting, did you? Because I never done it. I was going to take you deer hunting if I hadn't broke my arm. You knew that."

The boy nodded again.

"A man just can't sit down and tell a kid all the things he musn't do. There's too many of 'em. But this Sam must have let on that jack-lighting was something to keep quiet about."

Roddy admitted he had.

Hank heaved a big sigh. "Well, then, this is to remind you to tell me and Millie what you're planning after this. And it's because you got her all upset."

THE left-handed licking hurt Hank more than it did Roddy, because Hank had a broken arm and he felt the whole affair was somehow his own fault.

When they went in the house, Millie tried to pretend nothing had happened. "So you're back, are you? Go wash up and I'll get something on the table."

Roddy had no sooner sat down than he suddenly shoved his plate away and put his head down and cried.

Hank was too upset to say a word, though Millie gave him an imploring look. She put her arm around the boy and said, "Everybody gets a licking sometimes. Hank wouldn't ever do anything just to be mean."

Roddy said, between sobs, "I got arrested. Now you won't want me any more."

Hank bellowed, "You did not get arrested! Nobody said anything about getting arrested!"

Then he remembered a question he had not asked, because he had taken the answer for granted: "Listen, boy, tell us what you did for."

"I got deer meat, because it costs to keep me."

Millie gasped, "You're worrying about that? But we've got savings. Oh, my goodness!"

To Hank's horror, she began to cry too, and ran into the living room.

Hank said sternly, "You made her cry, son. Now go in and tell her you're sorry." He put his palms over his eyes and felt like crying himself.

That was how Millie became a mother and Hank became a father, in worry and bewilderment and pain, with mistakes and punishment, and love that wiped out the wrong. After that, they were able to stop worrying about anything except the normal concerns that all parents have.

ALEMITE

"Friction Fighters" Work Here, Too!



To Save You Money... To Make Sure Your Car Gives You Better Transportation

Developed especially to meet the exacting demands of the "new" automobiles of 1918, Alemite high-pressure lubrication found rapid acceptance among car manufacturers. Today, most cars are equipped with Alemite Lubrication Fittings.

Thus, as a car owner, you can take full advantage of the most efficient lubrication system in the world. The same safe, sure method that protects billions of dollars worth of industrial, farm, marine and aviation equipment against friction.

In your neighborhood there is a service dealer with an investment of thousands of dollars in genuine Alemite Lubrication Equipment especially designed to best service your car. Look for the sign of "Authorized Alemite Lubrication." The dealer displaying this sign employs Alemite-trained experts familiar with the Alemite Fittings on your car. He assures you getting genuine Alemite lubrication. There is no finer!

Behind the Man

Behind the Gun...

A BILLION DOLLAR INVESTMENT
IN LUBRICATION PROGRESS



ALEMITE

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

Alemite "Triple-Safe" Motor Oil is a premium quality oil—containing CD-2. Seals... Cleans... Cooks. Lasts Longer!



This Alemite Metering Gun was developed to deliver measured amounts of fluid to cars with automatic transmissions.

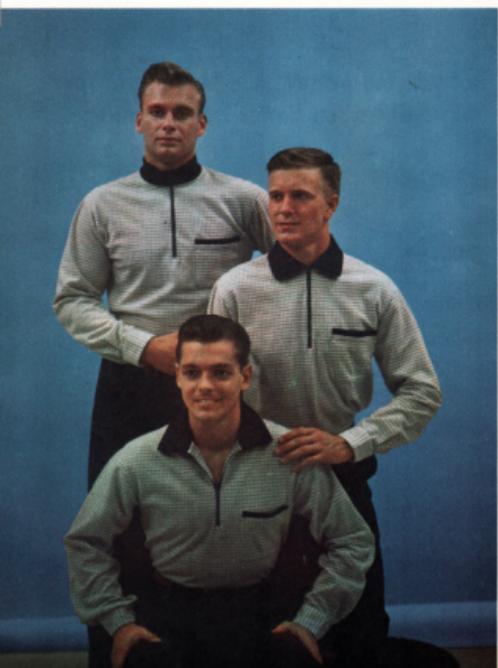




Heller worsted jersey, long a favorite material for women's suits, like the Talmack version shown, now is being used for men's sport jackets that are soft and comfortable, yet hold their shape well



Here we have three brand-new ideas—the shorter, neater shirt collar; next, the fancy colorful waistcoats in an endless variety of patterns, and the squared-off pocket handkerchiefs with properly positioned initial



Height of slide fastener makes this into a three-way sport shirt, with open-neck (bottom), Gancho collar (center), turlo-neck (top)

“It’s Brand New”

By **BERT BACHARACH**

Clever styling, with the emphasis on adaptability, highlights the latest ideas in fashions for men



Many men have made hobby of seeking out unique cuff links or unusual buttons that can be made into links. Large-size ones are most popular



Regardless of the size of a man's foot, this nylon sock will fit it. In addition, it wears for a long time, washes easily and dries quickly

Smoke for Pleasure
today —

No Cigarette Hangover
tomorrow!

Remember:

PHILIP MORRIS is made differently from any other leading brand. And that difference is your guarantee of everything you've ever wanted in a cigarette . . . tasty mildness, rich flavor, pleasant aroma . . . a clean, refreshing smoke . . . and **NO CIGARETTE HANGOVER!**

Try PHILIP MORRIS yourself.
Your throat will note the difference!

"I LOVE LUCY" starring Lucille Ball and Desi Arnaz is America's most popular TV show. Tune in CBS.

Call for **PHILIP MORRIS**

You'll be glad tomorrow . . . you smoked PHILIP MORRIS today!



IT'S HERE! AND IT'S A BEAUTY.

New General Electric



New Beater-release
for easy removal

Greater power for
heavy mixing jobs

New all-white baked
enamel finish

Only **\$39⁹⁵** Complete with juicer.

Price subject to change without notice.

.. FOR LIGHT OR HEAVY DUTY!

Triple-Whip Mixer

Beats everything!

YOU'VE GOT YOUR KITCHEN? Then add the last word in convenience, the final touch of smartness, with this honey of a mixer!

It's so easy for you to use . . . a smooth, quick, powerful worker that whips through your heaviest mixing jobs like magic.

Day after day—without fuss or delay—the new G-E Triple-Whip Mixer will help you

start so many dishes right! Year in, year out—whatever you mix—you'll always know its happy hum won't fail you!

See this new mixer at your G-E dealer's store. General Electric Company, Small Appliance Division, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.



Look at these 6 advantages:



1. New Beater-release! It lets you remove the beaters effortlessly, instantly. Just reverse the Speed Selector knob . . . and they slide out in your hand.



2. Power to spare! The heaviest cookie dough yields to the extra power of this mixer as readily and easily as the lightest whip-dessert or soufflé.



3. New color design! With its all-white baked enamel finish—so easy to clean and almost indestructible—this mixer is a sparkling kitchen beauty.



4. Beat-in light! It shines down into the bowl—opens lighted three-tricky jobs that demand close timing and attention. You'll also love this G-E convenience!



5. Speed Selector! With twelve varied mixing speeds, it's right at your finger tip—in deliver exactly the power you need for the mixing job you're doing.



6. Instantly portable! Simply press release catch, and lift mixer all stirred. Then you can take it anywhere . . . still at the range while you cook.

You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL  ELECTRIC

EXTRA! EXTRA!

You get a low-and-four-speed beat with every mixer—also a handy joint. And, if you need, there's a metal food chopper available, at nominal cost.



HOWELL HALLER

He read aloud, softly, quickly. "Subject: Recall to active duty. Reporting date—"

Save Something for Tomorrow

By D. S. HALACY, JR.

HELEN guided the Dutch door open with her knees, balancing the tray carefully as she went out into the patio-to-be. Paul, on his hands and knees in front of the growing brick wall, turned to look over his shoulder. Breath of sweat dripped from his turned face, and he grinned.

"Pull up a fugitive and sit down," he said, nodding at the pile of stones that would be the patio floor.

"You have a seat, too," Helen said. "Didn't you hear the news tonight?"

Paul reached to his left and reached for another brick. Scooping mortar, he said, "Can't quit yet; another dozen or so. Time, rule and mortar wait for no man." He set the brick in place firmly, eyed it critically, and tapped one end with the butt of the trowel.

Helen smiled fondly at her husband. Paul was so proud of their house. She was proud too—of the house and of Paul. She set the tray down on the wall and laughed.

"All right, but your pay stopped at twelve o'clock. I'll go get the mail while you finish up these."

She went around the house, passing to look at the roadhouse for the third time that morning. She and Paul were two of a kind. Like kids with a new toy, almost. And yet, why not, she thought cheerily. They had worked so long for their house, there had been times when they were afraid they would never do the things they had planned, afraid even that she would lose Paul.

In the front yard she waved to the girl working in her flower beds, two houses down. This was a nice neighborhood; they had been lucky to get the house here.

The top of the mailbox was propped open to accommodate a large folded Manila envelope that was wedged in with the smaller pieces. How do we get on so many mailing lists? she wondered.

She pulled the letters out, and the large en-

velope unfolded. Her knees nearly buckled when she saw the government frank. The letter was addressed to Capt. Paul L. Nichols, and gave the serial number. With a sick feeling, she stood holding the Air Force envelope.

"No!" She said the word, but no sound came. Turning slowly, she retraced her steps toward the back of the house, moving automatically now. Her mind was paralyzed by the thought of what was inside the envelope. This wasn't like the others, the forgotten routine letters Paul had got before and duly filed away with his papers in the desk drawer.

She realized suddenly that they had known this was coming. They'd known it, and had been racing against it to finish the work around the house.

"Paul!" She said his name loudly, weakly and he turned, frowning up at her.

"What is it, honey? You're white as—" He broke off, seeing the envelope she held out. Staring in his hands, he laid the cover down.

WITHOUT saying anything, he took the envelope, his eyes flicking over the name and address before he turned it over and tore it in the flap. She knelt beside him, and he read aloud, softly, quickly. "Subject: Recall to active duty. Reporting date—"

Helen shut her eyes and said it again: "No, no, no," until she could hear the words. And then she was holding out to him, her face buried against his chest, and the words tormented out—words she had been hiding back for fear this would happen.

"You can't go back," she whined. "Not again, Paul. This time, just—!" She stopped. She looked up at him. "You're too old; you've done enough. Paul, there must be some way! Paul!" Her fingers hit into his arm.

He rose and knelt back lightly on the foreknee. Pushing her back to arm's length, he shook his head slowly. "I wouldn't bet on it," he said. "I wouldn't

bet on it." Very carefully, he put the orders back into the envelope.

"Don't be so awfully, honey," he said so lightly. Looking over her head, his eyes were seeing what was behind them, trying to see what lay ahead. "We were kidding ourselves, Helen. You ain't make plans any more. Paul!" He swore. "The hell with it all!"

He watched him, her eyes wet. He had known, too. And now it was finished, the fool's paradise blasted by a blast of unphotographed papers.

"She'll tell the boss," Paul said, laughing softly. "Tell it at a good point. We'll have ourselves a time while we can." He caught her by the shoulders. "Crisp up, honey; it's all for the best. We were getting in an awful rut, and you know it. Face the fact you'll be wearing one of those silly chef's hats and grilling steaks to eatable." He smiled. "We've got a month; let's make the most of it. When's the last time we really did the house?" He led her to the house, kicking the gravel aside. Helen looked back at the unattached bus and sandwiches, and the mortar in the whitewash. She started to remain but chose climbing it before the cement hardened. It was a suddenly revealed sky, and she cried aloud.

IT DIDN'T seem silly the next day. Nothing appeared silly, especially not the busidery traffic through which she fought her way home. The train of an afternoon's shopping had carefully brushed the car beside her. The dress was, beyond that, a lovely one. But it had cost her much money, money that had been allotted her weeks ago and was gone. And you—Paul had been right, of course. At the little table in the night club, almost shouting over the noise of the band, he had said, "We're only got one month, so'll make it the grandest, most lavish month anybody ever had." Who plan for the future, when the future rushed toward them like a black ball, so what there was not occupying it?

How long had it been since she'd had more than one lightbulb in an evening, since they had done anything more exciting than cross the street for candles with the neighbors? They'd acted and planned and done. But eating and building were for always, when "always" was only a month, you began to think in terms of night clubs and expensive dresses.

She put the car in the garage and let herself into the house. "Paul," she called. "You back. You should see the dress!" There was no answer, and she remembered. He would be at the agent's office selling the house.

Taking the dress into the bathroom, she couldn't resist the temptation to put it on. She would be wearing it when Paul came in.

Standing before the mirror, holding the dress up across her shoulders, she found it curiously hard to see the dress she had bought and the clever little plants as clearly as she had in the shop. Perhaps it was the mist in her eyes that made her see instead the crisp new bills she had handed the agent—the money that would have bought bricks enough to finish the patio, mortar to lay the bricks together for always. The mixer was close to bursting open when she heard the banging door shut back. With the door open, she ran, she hurried on the back door, half frightened at the sound.

"She stopped there at the door. It was Paul, with his chestnut-patterned blue jeans on, hammering away at the overhead window.

"Paul," her heart's outcry, as she dropped the hammer and looked up.

"Hi," he said sheepishly. "Didn't get to the agent's yet. This damned cement has set up. The way the stone sticks, that will last forever. Maybe—maybe we ought to think it over, about selling the house."

Her eyes widened away, but she was laughing. "There was something that would set, in spite of it all." They weren't running away any more. Because Paul would be back.

"Could—could I lay bricks, too?" she asked. His smile was his answer, as he rose to take her in his arms. She set the dress down, careful to drag the new dress across the dry, but would believe he caught her. It would go back to the shop—unworn, and unopened, and the money would buy the bricks she had set the day away. She would lay her imagination first on the day when Paul, at last and forever, would come home again. ▲▲▲



Lowest priced in its field—this beautiful new Chevrolet Bel Air lists for less than any comparable model in its field. (Continuation of standard equipment and trim illustrated is dependent on availability of model.)

Why you'll prefer Chevrolet's Body by Fisher for styling, comfort and safety!

For years, Body by Fisher has been recognized as the *standard of styling* wherever motor cars are known.

We believe the reasons will be clear to anyone who examines Chevrolet's Body by Fisher.

You'll notice it has long, sweeping, *gracefully rounded lines* . . . front, side and rear . . . for Fisher designers take inspiration from the fact that "the curve is the line of beauty."



Styling that sets the standard



Spacious and splendid color-matched interiors

Colors are bright, lovely and long lasting . . . 26 single-tone and two-tone combinations in all.

Interiors are *color-matched* (featuring two-tone blues, greens or grays in De Luxe models) and fabrics, fixtures and appointments are of custom quality.

Safety Plate Glass in windshield and all windows gives you a clearer, sharper view of road and scenery . . . and E-Z-Eye Plate Glass with the shaded

windshield, optional at extra cost, cuts down glare and heat.

Moreover, Chevrolet's famous Body by Fisher *stays* beautiful and provides the maximum in comfort and in safety, mile after mile, year after year.

You'll find this same solid worth in every part of the Chevrolet car, from its velvet-smooth Centerpoise Power



Steel-welded-to-steel Unistrut Construction

to its luxurious Kneecap Action Ride, and from its Powerglide* automatic transmission to its extra-safe Jumbo-Drum Brakes, largest in its field.

Yes, you'll know that Chevrolet with *Body by Fisher* sets the standard of quality at low cost, once you have experienced the lasting satisfaction of Chevrolet ownership. Decide to talk it over with your Chevrolet dealer soon! Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.



E-Z-Eye Plate Glass protects you from glare and heat

*Combination of Powerglide Automatic Transmission and extra-powerful Valve-in-Head Engine optional on De Luxe models at extra cost.

The Only Fine Cars **PRICED SO LOW!**



SEE THE
BIBAC SHOW
ON TELEVISION

Every Tuesday and
Thursday Evenings,
NBC-TV Network

MORE PEOPLE BUY CHEVROLETS THAN ANY OTHER CAR!

COME AS YOU ARE

By **ABNER DEAN**

Ever wonder what you're missing when you pass up a party invitation? Well, you're missing plenty, as the artist shows in these cartoons from his new book. Simon & Schuster will publish it October 10th



THE ROOMFUL OF STRANGERS

Lesson for amateurs: Close your eyes (sometimes you'll have to hold your nose too) and take the plunge. It's not cold



SO GLAD YOU COULD COME

"Were your ears burning? We've just been talking about you wonderful people." (They came to the party in self-defense)



THE MYSTERIOUS MAGNETIC PULL

Some parties never start moving and it takes a hostess with a talent for traffic control to distribute a roomful of people



AN EVENING OF EGOMANIA

Everyone's on, and the night air is full of the scent of ham



THE ROOMFUL OF IMPORTANT PEOPLE

No one knows it yet, but those pedestals are collapsible

Collier's for September 27, 1952



THE FASCINATING NEW COUPLE

Their act is very special until their final wears off. It usually takes three parties before they take a bad tumble.



ACCIDENTAL REUNION

They draw a blank on long-forgotten school days. Lunch or something ... call you ... in the book.



THE ABUNDANCE THAT IS DEDUCTIBLE

Eat, eat, eat ... or they'll be living on appetizers for the next three days. You'll be living on bleach.



KID "PARTY-KILLER"

Noir for humor: A little man with a big opinion can ruin a party. His remedy: 200 parties KO'd. He's always out of his weight class.



PRELUDE TO A HANG-OVER

Couples should agree on signals. "Let's get out of here, darling"



AFTER THE OTHERS HAVE LEFT

Late, intimate and cozy. How did we get so wonderful?



The two women had some kind of a grudge against Mexico, and they were taking it out on poor Juan Garza

Born to Pick Cotton

By DILLON ANDERSON

The minute I laid eyes on that handsome lady in the shiny sedan and heard her say she had to get to Mexico City in a hurry, I knew it was time for I and Claudie to be bundled Mexican guides

IN THE Bible, from the way it speaks of an ox in the ditch, the big deal is to get him out—even on a Sunday, and it wouldn't be any sin. But Claudie is like an ox in the ditch that would just as soon stay there, and I can prove it.

Take that time in Laredo, Texas, when, betwixt the two of us, I and Claudie had made forty dollars in one day. Election Day, it was, and we'd made the money driving a truck for Pancho Fox, a sort of political *jefe* down in the Texas border country. All we had to do was round up stray Mexican wet-backs and deliver them for two bits a head at the courthouse to be voted by Pancho Fox. And after the voters were turned loose, we'd take them back to where we'd found them for a nickel or a dime apiece—or for nothing at all if they were broke, since chances were they'd be ready then to make another trip to the courthouse to be voted again by Pancho Fox.

That night, across the Rio Grande in Nuevo Laredo, I and Claudie had dinners and plenty of cold Mexican beer to wash them down with. Enough, all told, to lift a tired man's eyes above the world of strict rules and hard work and up toward some of the finer things in life. But not Claudie; he hadn't even wanted to cross the Mexican border in the first place. He'd just wanted to get our old car fixed in Laredo and drive on down the Rio Grande to Brownsville, Texas, where the cotton-picking season was going full blast.

"It ain't over two hundred miles, Clint," he said.

"Let's us go to Brownsville while we've got enough money to make it. I expect I must have been born to pick cotton."

"Listen, Claudie," I said, "how would you like to have twenty-five thousand pesos?"

"How much is that in money?" he wanted to know.

"Several thousand dollars, anyhow. For fifteen dollars," I explained, "I can buy a lottery ticket that we could win twenty-five thousand pesos with, and—"

"If you don't lose," Claudie butted in, always seeing the black side of things.

"And if I win," I went on, "I'll figure exactly how much it's worth in cash. If I don't win, it don't matter."

Instead of waiting for this to soak in on Claudie, I went on over to the bartender, paid my money, and got myself a lottery ticket for the next drawing. Then I found that the shriveled little Mexican at the table next to ours spoke pretty fair English, so I contacted him. He turned out to be Juan Garza, the customs man at Nuevo Laredo, and I bought him some beer, figuring a little pull with the Mexican government wouldn't do any harm to a careful American investor down there. When I make a move like that, you can see I don't leave anything undone.

Early in the morning a couple of days later, I and Claudie were standing by the butcher-shop billboard there in Nuevo Laredo when they posted

up the winning lottery numbers, and Claudie seemed almost glad, I thought, when my number missed winning by several thousand.

"You really lost big," was what he said as he sniggered and shooed a green horsefly away from one ear.

"Claudie," I told him, "we've had two hopeful days. That beats picking cotton."

"Uh-huh," was all Claudie could think to say. "You can have the losing lottery ticket to remember Mexico by," I told him.

He stuck it down in his jeans and said, "But now let's us go to Brownsville. I've still got enough money left for gas and oil."

"Later on, maybe," I answered. "But, first, I'm going by the customhouse and tell my friend Juan Garza good-by."

That turned out to be the best idea I'd had in days, since we found Juan had himself a problem on his hands he couldn't begin to handle without help.

I sized things up, the way I always do before I make a move. There on the street in front of the customhouse was a big yellow sedan with a New York license, and in the back seat two big, ugly bulldozers were barking and showing their teeth at Juan. In the front seat were two women that had some kind of a grudge against Mexico, and they were taking it out on poor Juan Garza in stout, blunt English—but one of them had a broken accent, at that. She was a young blonde with a high



Give a party touch to your everyday sandwiches with

Borden's Cheese Spreads!



Do you have a week-end lunch problem? Or do you pack a lunch-box every day? Or want good ideas for parties?

Get acquainted with Borden's Cheese Spreads! Eight of the most satisfying sandwich fillings you could know! They taste so good! Your favorite varieties of cheese are already blended (to save you crumbs) with good things like crisp bacon ... juicy bits of pineapple ... old-fashioned pickle relish! So soft and creamy, they spread as smoothly as a smile!

For all sorts of sandwiches under the sun ... mini-sized or bite-sized; double-deckers, toasted, open-faced or plain ... choose Borden's Cheese Spreads in the family's favorite flavors at your food store today!

Vera-Sarp • Cheese 'n Bacon
Pimento • Smoky • Olive Pimento
Relish • Blue • Pineapple



What a beautiful party glass! After you've enjoyed Borden's Cheese Spreads, you'll enjoy using the glasses on your table!

They're instantly stylish! Crystal clear! Hearty, well-balanced, with a heavy base! Glasses that look right with any table setting.

Me-ow-m-guad!
Fresher-tasting
Borden's Cream Cheese!

No matter how you eat cream cheese - in sandwiches, soups, on crackers, or for fun, fun fillings for cakes - you'll like Borden's Cream Cheese better! That's because Borden's Cream Cheese is fresher - and the tightly sealed wrapper protects this flawless blend.

Get Borden's Cream Cheese in five or thirty five packages from the dairy case at your store.



Elmer's Corner for MEN—

A suggestion about Landerberg

Some women are inclined to over-look the one cheese that brings the brightest light to a man's eye ... the most successful light from his lips.

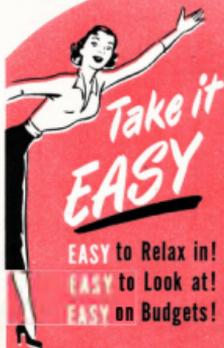
We speak of Landerberg Brand Cheese of course. That golden-yellow cheese with a creamy yellow heart. The cheese with the rich, deep, luscious flavor that's such a good companion for a man's favorite beverage.

So may we suggest, sir, that you consider him ... good for ... try him to get Landerberg on her shopping list? If all else fails, that you make a special trip to the food store yourself! For this makes cheese! It's worth it!

Borden's Fine Cheeses

FOLKS WHO KNOW CHEESE SAY "BORDEN'S, PLEASE!"





BERK-LOCK

3 in 1 CHAIR



Here's luxury and carefree comfort. Sit back in any position... your nerves quiet down... you feel better. Your entire family will enjoy the anti static cleaning and craftsmanship of this chair covered in fabric or plastic.

IT LOUNGES



IT ROCKS



IT RECLINES

FOR SOOTHING RELIEF

BERK-LINER



When you slip into a BERK-LINER you sink into heart full, blissful relaxation. Lean back and the fastest automatically lifts your feet from the floor... this is rich luxurious comfort. Expertly upholstered in colorful fabrics or plastics, the BERK-LINER is budget priced. Write for literature or name of dealer nearest to you.

THE BERKLINE CORPORATION
MORISTOWN, TENNESSEE

forehead, and her hair, the color of gold-enrods, grew into a pretty pointed V in front. She was wearing a little bittry red hat held on by a felt ribbon that went down under her chin, and she was so daddummed mad that a lot of fiery pink color bloomed up in her cheeks and set off her bright blue eyes. Her temper up that way made her take deep breaths too, and every time she did I could see that the buttons down the front of her white silk jacket were hanging off for dear life. The other woman, a busy, square-faced brunette was older; and from the talk I could tell she was the blonde-that-was-so-mad's mother. Maddier than a sea hen, too, she was "Mrs. Señora Glasscock—" Juan would say; then the women and the dogs would let him have it again.

"Imagine!" Mrs. Glasscock was saying out loud as I eased up to the driver's seat where she sat. "Just imagine!" Poor Juan just stood there, swallowing.

"Somebody will hear about this in Washington," she went on, her black eyes blazing. "I know a gentleman who is very high up in the Bureau of Reclamation, and—"

"Hold it, lady," I cut in on her as I took off my hat. "Hold it, please. What's the trouble?"

"I'll tell you what!" the old brunette answered. She spoke smooth and hard like a fellow I'd known once from somewhere in New Jersey. "Gersten is due to open tomorrow night at the Reforma in Mexico City."

"Open what?" I asked.

"Gersten sings. She's the Norwegian Thrush; you must have heard of her. But we'll never make it this way."

"Why not, ma'am?" I asked.

"It's nearly nine o'clock already," Mrs. Glasscock went on, "and we can't make it unless we leave right away. It's a long two days' drive. We've got our passports, our driver's certificate, and everything else in order. They told us in New York—they told us positively—there'd be bonded Mexican guides to drive us from here to Mexico City. But when I saw this newspaper says there are no guides today." She snorted and glared at Juan Garza, who seemed to shrivel.

"Ladies," I said, "kindly do not speak unkindly to my friends here, Juan Garza any more. I and my associate here will have you in Mexico City in plenty of time to sing." I pointed to Claudie, who looked like he might break and run.

"You don't sound like any Mexican to me," Mrs. Glasscock stated, and she was blunt.

"Are you holding it against me that I speak such good English?" I asked. "Do you want us or not, ma'am?"

"I guess we've got to," she answered; so I turned and said, "Come along, Claudie. We have some business with Juan Garza."

"INSIDE the customhouse I spoke to Juan. 'I guess you noticed, Juan, how I took up for you. Personally...'"

"Si, señor," Juan's grin showed wrinkles and relief all over his leathery face. "¡Muchas gracias."

"Now, Juan," I said, "we might need a little help from you. In the first place, we need a good Mexican guidebook."

"Next door," Juan pointed, and I sent Claudie to buy it. "Get a good one, Claudie; we're going to be bonded guides and we've got an awful lot to learn."

"Now, Juan—" I turned to him and said; then I noticed that Claudie had not left to buy the guidebook. "Go ahead, Claudie," I told him. "Don't just stand there like a fence post. We've got no time for you to piddle around."

"We can't speak no Mexican. How do we get to be bonded guides?" said old ironhead.

"That's why I sent you to get us a guidebook, damn it. All we need to know will be right there in the book."

"Then how do we get bonded?"



Claudia asked without moving a peg, and I couldn't tell when I'd been more disgusted with the big curly goof in my whole life. About this time the car horn started honking, and this set the dogs to barking out in front. Juan Garza turned the color of an old Chinaman that is about to be sick.

"Just a minute, Mrs. Glasscock," I hollered from the customhouse door. "There is some official business we haven't quite tended to yet." Then I turned back to Juan and asked him how long it took to get bonded.

"Dos semanas, o tres," he said. "Two weeks—sometimes longer. Costs one thousand pesos, but first guides have to fill out forms and send to government. Like these." While Juan was showing me the long folded sheets with a lot of Spanish in fine print, I saw that the blanks were already filled in. Also I saw clipped to them little square papers all covered with signatures, seals and ribbons.

"What are these, Juan?" I asked him as I unclipped one of the squares.

"Bonds for guides; my friends Erasmo Rodriguez, Guillermo Guitierrez and Ricardo Lopez."

"What are you doing with them here?"

"I keep bonds until guides come back from cotton-picking season in Brownsville," Juan explained.

"We don't want to borrow but two of these nice bonds, Juan," I told him.

"We'll hand them to you just as soon as we get back."

"But, señor—" Juan sounded pretty stubborn, but I noticed that Claudie was leaving to go for the guidebook.

"Juan," I said, as the bulldogs kept barking outside, "are you ready to tell those ladies they can't have bonded guides?"

"Juan wasn't, but he wasn't quite ready to lend me the bonds either. Safe inside the customhouse he wasn't ready to do anything until I left him all the money I had on me—three dollars and a quarter—as security for two of the bonds I borrowed."

WHEN Claudie came back, I handed him one of the bonds while I took a fast look at the guidebook he'd bought. I saw it was a very cheap, paper-backed job, but there was no time to send him back for another one. On the folding map in the back I found the highway we'd follow straight to Ciudad Victoria, then to Mexico City.

At first Claudie was a little balky about getting into the back seat with Mrs. Glasscock and the bulldogs, but I took over and explained to the ladies that I was the one that did the driving while Claudie was a sort of mechanic that fixed flat tires and fought off bandits.

Then I climbed into the driver's seat and kept talking. "I think you'd better let Gersten sit up in the front with me, Mrs. Glasscock. I will tell her how the Mexicans like their singing done. Claudie don't speak as good English as I do."

It worked, and as I drove off, Gersten looked at her watch and said it was after nine thirty already; how far to the next town?

"Two hundred and forty miles to Monterey. Right down the Pan-American Highway," I yelled loud enough for Mrs. Glasscock to hear. It was fresh in my mind from the road map.

"Very good, driver," Mrs. Glasscock said.

"A bonded guide is never called 'driver,'" I stated. "You ladies might not be able to pronounce my whole name, but you can call me Clint for short."

"What's that? Clint? That's not a Mexican name!" the old brunette's voice sprang at me from the back seat; then she said, "Driver, let me see your bond," and she said it the way they say, "Hi, who goes there?"

"Under the rules, lady, guides are not

VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S "Oh, the bandage job is fine, Norton, but..." VIRGIL PARTON

FIRST to meet demands of today's high powered engines

Gives you

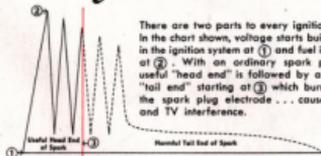
QUICK STARTS

GAS SAVINGS

DOUBLE LIFE

SMOOTHER PERFORMANCE

Here's why:



There are two parts to every ignition spark. In the chart shown, voltage starts building up in the ignition system at ① and fuel is ignited at ②. With an ordinary spark plug this useful "head end" is followed by a harmful "tail end" starting at ③ which burns away the spark plug electrode... causes radio and TV interference.

With the ignition engineered Auto-Lite Resistor Spark Plug there's this difference. The built-in resistor controls the spark. Voltage starts building up in the ignition system at ①, delivers a super-spark to ignite the fuel at ② for quick starts, smoother performance and gas savings. But it filters out the harmful "tail end" spark from ③ on to eliminate radio and TV interference... protects electrodes to double spark plug life.

**First Resistor-Type Spark Plug Approved as
Original Equipment by leading car manufacturers.**

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS—PATENTED U.S.A.



Tune in "Suspense!"
CBS RADIO MONDAY
CBS TELEVISION TUESDAY

Auto-Lite RESISTOR Spark Plugs are one of a complete line of spark plugs made by Auto-Lite for every use



Recipe for Pleasure

Take the cheese of your choice...and for a refreshment combination that's unmatched for pure pleasure...add the companionable goodness of golden, gleaming MILLER HIGH LIFE...the Champagne of Bottle Beer. Most versatile of all foods, cheese is equally appropriate...for snacks and sandwiches, for sauces and salads, and as the final touch to the evening meal.

Enjoy these amiable companions often...
your favorite cheeses and MILLER HIGH LIFE!

Brewed and bottled by the Miller Brewing Company ONLY
and ONLY in Milwaukee, Wisconsin.

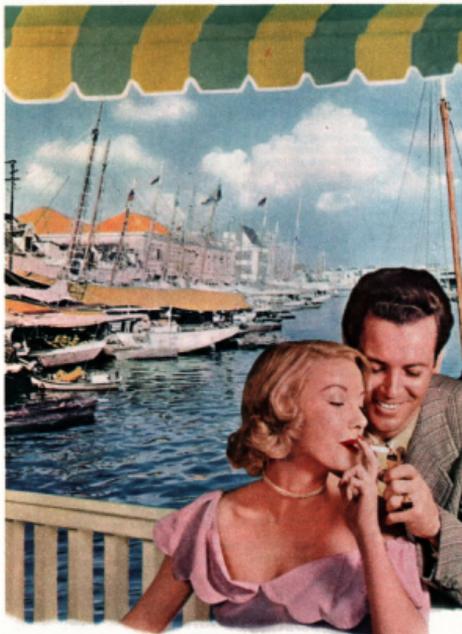
Miller's
HIGH LIFE

The Champagne of Bottle Beer



Patronize the Fall
Cheese Festival at Your Favorite
Food Sters, Delicatessens
and Restaurants!

Escape from the commonplace



Boat harbor, Willemstad, Curacao.

Enjoy something different

...try **MARLBORO**
CIGARETTES

Finer taste, superior mildness—a
luxury in smoking unmatched
by any other cigarette!

When smoking has stopped being a
pleasure and becomes only a habit, it's
time to freshen up your taste. So if you
need a change, remember . . .



IVORY TIPS
PLAIN ENDS
BEAUTY TIPS (RED)

Marlboros are better in every way
for those who smoke throughout the day!

picked out this winning ticket, Claudio?"

"You did," he admitted, "but—"

"And here we are, about to cash in on it in Victoria, Mexico, Right?"

"That's right," Claudio admitted, but—"

"All right. Where'd we be right now if you'd had your way, Claudio? I'll tell you where; in Brownsville, Texas, picking cotton."

This got him, and so we settled on half his and half mine just before the big whey-bellied umbray came and opened the banco doors. He admitted we had the winning number, but he wouldn't pay off right away. He said it would take an hour or so to prove it wasn't counterfeit. I told him the bell with this; we didn't have any hour or so; we had to be off to Mexico City. In that case, he said, we should go ahead; the tickets were printed in Mexico City, and we could get our pesos quick there.

By this time the word had got around some way, and umbrays hurried up all around us—and little Mexican kids, too, jabbering like a bunch of hawk-scared hens. They wanted tips; and I told Claudio to hurry and turn all the money he had into pesos before the crowd got any bigger. So we bought our way out of the banco crowd, got into the yellow car and headed for the Sierra Gorda Hotel. "Claudio," I said as we drove off, "We've got the same as twenty-five thousand pesos on you, and in an hour everybody in Victoria will know it's on its way to Mexico City in this car. We can't afford to get robbed."

"Nobody could miss this here yellow car if he wanted to rob us," was the way Claudio cheered me up; then he added, "I believe a robber could see a car this color in the dark."

IN FRONT of the hotel we found Mrs. Glasscock and Gersten sitting on their baggage. Gersten was crying, so I jumped right out of the car and went over to her, since I cannot stand it to see any blonde cry—much less one as pretty as Gersten. Claudio listened up everything Mrs. Glasscock had to say, while I spoke to Gersten.

"We're a little late, Gersten," I told her, patting her hands between mine and watching her tears dry up. "I and Claudio had to go by the banco, but you'll still sing tonight at the Reforma. You can count on that."

It was the plan that Gersten was glad to see me; and Mrs. Glasscock, from what she said, was getting satisfied to see the bulldogs and the car not run off somewhere with. I was about to get back into the driver's seat when Mrs. Glasscock

spoke out. "I didn't like the way you drove yesterday. You didn't keep your eyes on the road. I believe I'd like for Claudio to drive."

"But, Mrs. Glasscock—" I said. "Claudio will drive," she stated.

"But Claudio hardly knows the roads like I do," I told her.

"I'm not sure either one of you can find the right way out of Victoria," Mrs. Glasscock stated in a way that stung my pride some. But I was on solid ground here, as I knew the road map by heart, so I said, "Listen, madam, two highways come into Victoria from the north—the one we traveled and the one from Brownsville—but only one goes out, and that's the one to Mexico City."

"Very well," she said. "Driving is your department, but where we sit is not. Claudio and Gersten will sit in the rear seat, and I will sit in front with you."

NOW here is where something happened that I will not blame you if you do not believe, for I hardly believed it myself until we were on the road several miles out of Victoria. Gersten said, "No, Mother. You know you are always more comfortable in the rear seat. Besides"—and at this Gersten gave me a sweet little sideways look out of her eyes—"besides, I want to ride in front with Clint." I watched the old lady bristle and then give in as she saw that Gersten—the one, after all, that was going to sing that night—had meant every word of what she'd said.

We stopped twice that morning in the pouring rain to get gasoline. I tried to find the names of both towns on our map, but they weren't even shown—or if they were, they weren't spelled right. I was pretty busy, anyhow, since each time we stopped I really put out the talk I'd picked up in the guidebook. I knew it wouldn't do for the ladies to hear either one of us try to order gasoline.

I could tell I had Gersten in a very admiring frame of mind with the way I'd pronounce the mountain called Ixtacihuatl, the state of Tlaxcala and some other hard ones. Meanwhile, Claudio would take the gas cap off and tell the Mexican filling-station people by sign language and every other way he could that we wanted the car filled up. "Are we serviced, Claudio?" I'd ask him; he'd nod his head and answer, "Si"; then we'd be off. Did I mention that in Victoria I'd taught Claudio to say "si!" when he meant "yes"?

Along about noon we crossed a wide, muddy river on a ferryboat. The rain was still coming down so hard that we couldn't see the far bank when we



COLLIER'S

"Mrs. Risley, if you don't stop interrupting, I'll put you on a committee!"

BOB PAPLOW

KENNESAW



"Bessie says dirt floors is old-fashioned.
So she's puttin' in wall-to-wall gravel!"

COLLIER'S

BEAVER KELLER

started, and Gersten seemed a little scared as we pulled out of the slip into the current. Scared that way, she was even prettier than when she'd been mad. Her hand was there on the seat between us, so I reached over to pat it and make her feel better. This was when she took my hand and squeezed it and said, "I feel ever so safe with you, Clint." Just like that. Right then I could have sworn the river with any sort of an excuse at all.

WHEN we reached the far side of the river, I got out the guidebook map to see if there wasn't another river or so before we got to Mexico City. I could have used several like the one we were crossing, I figured. But the map didn't show rivers. I was about fed up with that cheap guidebook map, anyway, so I turned back to Claudie and said: "Claudie, when you bought this map I hope you got back all the change you had coming to you."

"I do too," Claudie answered. Then he went on, the way he sometimes will when he's brought in on things by being spoken to. He said he was pretty hungry.

"I'm sure we have no time to waste with eating," Mrs. Glasscock put in. "Let's that right, driver?"

"In Mexico," I had to tell her again, "a bonded guide is not called 'driver.' But I'm afraid you're right. We'd better keep driving." I didn't know how many miles—or kilometers—the river was from Mexico City; the guidebook was no help on that. Also I did not wish to waste any time in getting Gersten to Mexico City to sing and that lottery ticket there to be cashed.

No food made the bulldozers pretty fractious, though, and the old brunette got downright grouchy herself on an empty stomach and the rain pouring down and all. She kept harping on something that wasn't bothering me a bit. She felt the mountains should be higher and the roads steeper.

"Mrs. Glasscock," I finally said, "the Lord made Mexico the way it is. A bonded guide cannot do much about it."

Claudie tried to unruffle her feelings. "The map does show big mountains between Victoria and Mexico City," he blurted out, just as I was fighting my way over a muddy detour.

"Listen, son," I said, "don't bother me any more. Can't you see I'm a busy man?"

I'd been expecting the mountains the road map showed, but either it was wrong again or I was getting used to mountain driving; I couldn't tell, and I didn't care much. I was Mexico City-bound, hungry but happy with Gersten edging over toward me a little closer the farther along we went in the pouring rain.

Once, she gave me such a nice long look that I had to look at her too, and when I glanced back at the road, it was not the road I saw exactly. We had edged down into the ditch on one side of the road, into the red rocks and rank weeds, that is; and the noise of the rocks against the bottom of the car was like hail on a tin roof, only a lot louder; that started the dogs to barking; and by the time I managed to get the car stopped, Mrs. Glasscock herself was saying some things I knew she'd be sorry for later. It turned out that she had been dozing a little when we left the road, and she couldn't get it out of her head at first that we hadn't had an awful wreck of some kind.

"Nothing of the sort, Mrs. Glasscock," I said. "All Claudie has to do is move a few of these rocks in front of the car and we'll be on the road and traveling again in a jiffy." But what I was really thinking about was that twenty-five-thousand-peso lottery ticket. I knew we'd be a pretty easy mark for robbers, stuck there in the ditch with a lot of big rocks out in front of the yellow car.

BEFORE Claudie could get himself together and go to work on the rocks, the Mexicans came. I saw their car parked on the road above us, then I saw them coming down into the ditch where we were—three very hard, bristly looking Mexicans, and I knew there was no future for us with them. Even if they wanted to help, there wasn't one chance in forty they'd have said it in English, and I was not ready for Gersten and her mother to hear us try to talk Spanish. But as the Mexicans got closer to the car, they looked less and less like Mexicans that wanted to help.

"Robbers," I turned and said to the back seat. "Bandits. Hide your purses and things—and things." I looked hard at Claudie, sitting there stiff as a poker with a lottery ticket in his pocket that was good for twenty-five thousand pesos. Then I turned back to the Mexicans. They weren't five feet from the car, and

LOOK! The cover does the cutting!



1. Pull out adhesive tape, close cover.



2. Grasp tape near cutting edge.



3. Rip upward. The cover does the cutting!

RED CROSS* ADHESIVE TAPE

IN THE NEW

"CUT-QUICK" PACKAGE

TRADE MARK

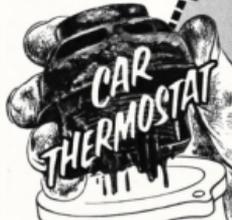
Red Cross Adhesive Tape is now easier to use than ever! Just a twist of the wrist, and you cut off the exact length you need with Johnson & Johnson's handy new

"Cut-Quick" Package. No more hunting for scissors. The cover does the cutting. Convenience plus! Buy a "Cut-Quick" Package for your medicine chest today!

Johnson & Johnson

*No connection whatsoever with American National Red Cross.

A Leaky



Spoils winter driving

A heater that fails to keep your car comfortably warm is often the result of a dirty, damaged or over-age thermostat that prevents the engine from warming up properly. A faulty thermostat can also cause the engine to over-heat and boil away anti-freeze. In either case, the result is a costly waste of gas and oil.

You can easily remedy this wasteful condition. Get your service man to check the motor thermostat. And if a new one is needed—

Replace with Autostat®

motor thermostat by Fulton Siphon



You get faster starts and faster warm-ups with Autostat... more miles per gallon, more comfort per mile. You save oil and reduce maintenance costs. Types and sizes available to fit every make and model; quality-made by the pioneer builder of car thermostats.

In home, industry and transportation, EVERYTHING'S UNDER CONTROL.

Robertshaw-Fulton

CONTROLS COMPANY
FULTON SIPHON

15141 W. WASHINGTON
ENOKVILLE, TENN.

BRIDGEPORT
THERMOSTAT DIVISION
BRIDGEPORT, CONN.



the closer they came the rougher they looked. Something had to give somewhere.

All of a sudden, several things happened. Gersten put her arms—soft arms and strong—around my neck and said, "Oh, Clint," in a sweet, scared voice. I turned the switch, gunned the motor and let the clutch out. The yellow car shot forward like a mule colt that's been hit with a bull whip, and we bounded ahead in the rain and over the rocks toward the road. It was rougher than a bucking horse. The bulldogs barked, and the ladies screamed, but Gersten never took her arms away from me. She held me by the bank and onto the smooth road, and we went roaring down the road in the rain.

Gersten didn't say much, but it was enough. "You're wonderful, Clint," she said, and held onto the part of my arm above the elbow where the most muscles are. I couldn't tell when I'd felt so all-fired prosperous or brave in my whole life. I mean I was ready to take over, so I yelled so loud it surprised me. "Everything that's hid, let's leave hid. There might be some other handouts."

It was late in the afternoon when we came on to a stretch where the road was smooth and straight for a long ways, and I knew we were bound to be on the central tableland that Mexico City was in the middle of. "The homestretch, Clint," I said to myself, as I figured we couldn't be more than an hour or two's drive from Mexico City—allowing even for that screwy guidebook map to be wrong again about the distance.

"Claudio," I yelled back at him, "kindly tell me the straight-out on the central tableland. We're on it, if you've been noticing." But Claudio didn't say a word, and I was about to speak to him again when he leaped forward and whistled. "Theren bulldogs has done et up my part of the guidebook, Clint."

"Here you are, my good man," I said, handing it to him. "The ladies were in a hurry. Now kindly give me it back, since we're in your ourselves."

"The sky ahead brightened and the rain let up a little as I drove on. And then I saw the outline of a tall steepie ahead of us. Mount Ararat couldn't have looked any prettier to Noah after the flood than that Mexican steepie looked to me after all the rain we'd been through that day.

"Look," I yelled, as electric tingles traveled up and down my spine, "I can see one of the Mexican cathedrals already. Mexico City next stop!"

"It's about time," was all Mrs. Glasscock allowed.

Gersten said again, "Clint, you're wonderful." Then she hummed a little tune, and in the late afternoon light she looked as fresh and soft as a new powder puff.

As we got closer, other buildings and spires showed up through the clearing dusk, and I found the excitement I'd felt was catching, even in the back seat. The bulldogs growled and barked some, and Mrs. Glasscock spoke of how she'd enjoy a warm bath and a bite of Mexican food as soon as they got settled at the Hotel Reforma. For the first time I noticed the old brunette had sort of a nice personality after all, and I said, "I and Claudio do not go to the Reforma often; it's very expensive, but we made some good lottery deals lately, ladies. Tonight we'll go to hear Gersten open at the Reforma." Then I spoke to Gersten too low for it to be heard from the back seat. "And after the show, Gersten, let's us go take in a nice Mexican night club."

"Oh, Clint," she said, edging over my way in the seat and saying, "I love it, it."

Now, according to Claudio's crummy guidebook there was a lot of altitude around Mexico City that bucks you up and lifts your spirits, and I allowed some for all that in studying the way I felt; but anyway, sitting there beside the beautiful Norwegian Thrush, I knew I'd never been so high or happy in my whole life,

or felt so sorry, either, for poor old Claudio—rich too, as he was that day—riding back there with Mrs. Glasscock and the bulldogs.

Pretty soon, as dusk gathered, we could see a wide spread of lights ahead, and in the middle a heap of bright ones flickered and glowed on the tall buildings. One big neon sign said *Carla Blanca, Cerveza Esquisita*; one said *El Jardin*; and others said other things in Spanish, but I didn't see any sign right away that said Reforma. I told Gersten that *Carla Blanca* was Mexican for beer something I'd learned from Juan Garza in Nuevo Laredo.

In no time at all we were on the edge of town on a main street with shops and crowds of people all along. I followed this street a mile or more looking for a Reforma sign of some kind until we rolled up in front of a big building with a sign out front that said *Alto* and several Mexican soldiers alongside the sign. They seemed to want us to stop, so I did.

"This may take a little time, Gersten," I said, not knowing what the soldiers wanted but feeling up to it anyhow. Then I got out of the car and spoke to Claudio: "Come, Claudio, let's and you go inside and deal with these soldiers."

"Very well. This is your department," Mrs. Glasscock stated. "Gersten and I will find our way to the Reforma from here. You can come on later and get your pay." She was out of the car by the time she'd said it. She climbed into the driver's seat quicker than a flicker; she rattled the gears and drove off while all the Mexican soldiers yelled "Alto." Then the Mexicans turned to me and Claudio, and he was so rattled he gave them the only Spanish he'd learned by heart, Claudio said, "Si."

"The automobile certificate," the biggest soldier said. "I must see the automobile certificate."

"Here you are, my good man," I said, handing it to him. "The ladies were in a hurry. Now kindly give me it back, since we're in your ourselves."

"Oh, no; you must turn in the certificate before you leave Matamoros," he argued.

"But—" I said, and I was ready to outtalk him so we could go on to the Reforma where the singing was to be done.

"THEN, as my eyes got used to the night, I saw the bridge ahead, the river below, and another big sign beyond; also, from the dopey look on the face of my burly cotton-picking friend Claudio, I could tell he'd seen the sign too. It read: *Brownsville, Texas*.

"You must've took the wrong road outa Victoria," Claudio's great brain served up for him to say, and he said it.

"You don't say?" Oh, I can be sarcastic when I want to. "And what other great announcement do you wish to make, Dr. Einstein?"

"Well, it's about them robbers, Clint. When they came, Mrs. Glasscock put her purse down in front between her—"

"Between what, Claudio. Speak up."

"Between her dress and herself, sort of. You know—her bust; and I figured there'd be room for the lottery ticket too. So I asked her to hide it for me."

"Good, Claudio. Very good."

"But," he went on, "I never got it back. I didn't want to tell her what it was, and I hadn't figured out any other way to bring it up. Let's go find Mrs. Glasscock and get it back."

"I wouldn't have the heart, I'm afraid, with Gersten right there and all," I said. "Gersten that will not sing at the Reforma tonight."

"But, Clint—" Claudio started.

"We've had another hopeful day," I went on. "You've got to admit that, Claudio. If we found those women, they'd only spoil it."

"But how about that twenty-five thousand pesos, Clint?"

"No, Claudio," I told him. "It's only money, and it wouldn't be worth it. You've come to your cotton-picking place."



"It's not fair... you're cheating more on your score than I am on mine!"

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

Vital new health discovery!

Fresh oranges give you *the Protopectins*

THE PROTOPECTINS help you get *more nourishment... more vitamins, minerals and other essentials...* from the meals you regularly serve.



All of us try to plan good, well-balanced meals so that we will get our vitamins, minerals and other food essentials. But in the high-speed, high-pressure way we live today, few of us give our digestive systems a fair chance. The result is that while we eat well, *our food could often do as much more good than it does.*



This is the reason why nutritionists are putting important emphasis on the *protopectins*. This vital new health factor—found mainly in the "meaty solids" of the orange (in the walls of the segments and juice sacs)—helps your digestive-system in some remarkable ways.



The protopectins improve your "digestive climate." They make your digestive tract *more efficient*. Thus they help you absorb more of the non-caloric essentials—such as the *vitamins and minerals*—from all your food. You get *more good* from the same meals... yet the protopectins do *not* lead to weight gain!



In other words, the protopectins help you and your family to better nourishment which, in turn, can result in many benefits... *greater work output, a keener mind, increased resistance to disease, sound growth for children*... often you may gain a better complexion. Let *whole fresh oranges* help make your carefully planned meals do your family the greatest possible good.



What to do: Eat an orange a day

You know the value of orange juice at breakfast. But remember that the protopectins are found mostly in the *meaty solids* of oranges... so be sure you *peel and eat* at least one orange a day. When you *eat* oranges you get *all* the health nature put there.

Set a regular time to eat them... with meals, between meals or at bedtime. Include a Sunkist Orange in the lunch box.

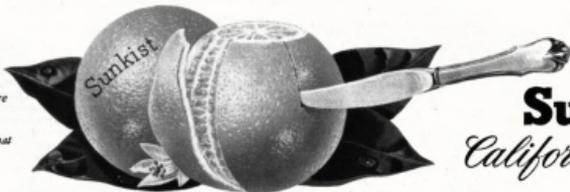
Give your family a maximum amount of the protopectins by serving Sunkist California Oranges. Sunkist Oranges, carefully chosen for quality, are the finest of the California crop.



Sunkist is the only national brand that brings you all three... fresh oranges, canned orange juice and frozen orange juice... each the finest of its kind.

Be sure to get your protopectins—***Eat*** Sunkist Oranges every day

To peel an orange quickly: cut off top, score skin in sixths and strip off as shown, leaving the valuable white material that clings naturally.



Sunkist
California Oranges



ANGELIC ANNIE

By RICHARD G. HUBLER

Despite a steady succession of seductive roles, Ann Blyth is known as one of the sweetest stars in Hollywood. Even filmdom's biggest wolves say she brings out the Boy Scout in them

ANN BLYTH, who probably has portrayed as many sexy roles on film as any other Hollywood actress of her relatively tender years, is a press agent's headache. Nothing her studio publicity department might write about her real-life sweetness and light could possibly approach the real thing; from the publicity man's viewpoint she is, almost literally, too good to be true.

Ann has starred in a picture for every one of her twenty-four years, and has played the seductress in a large percentage of them. Yet the

people who work with her know her as a soft-spoken, gentle woman who, if she does not wear a visible halo, probably comes closer than any other living movie actress to deserving at least a merit badge for angelic behavior.

In a town where prima donnas have sometimes been known to hit high C in a tantrum, Ann is always surrounded by an almost unnatural hush. She never raises her voice. Instead she speaks in tones so dulcet that several acquaintances swear they understand her only by lip-reading.

Because Ann Blyth behaves as if she were playing the good fairy, Hollywood treats her in kind. Even the hard-bitten crews treat Ann as if she were something fragile. Recently an actor rapped out a resounding oath after fluffing a line. Immediately, a wrench dropped near him from the catwalk above—a warning that profanity is forbidden in Miss Blyth's presence. Hollywood's roistering men about town who take her out invariably return as full-fledged members of the Ann Blyth Protective Association. "She brings out the Boy Scout

in you," recently remarked one admirer.

That's more than can be said by the male characters in her films. As a roving Russian countess in her latest picture—a \$2,000,000 Universal-International exotic about early Alaska, called *The World in His Arms*—Ann is bussed unmercifully by Gregory Peck, and is, at other times, tossed back and forth among a coterie of rival suitors like a hoop-skirted medicine ball.

In *Mildred Pierce*, Ann played one of James M. Cain's unmitigated trol-



In her latest film, Universal-International's *The World in His Arms*, Ann (above with Gregory Peck) portrays a countess with a roving eye



In *Mildred Pierce*, Warners film that made her big star, Ann was frat who lared on her stepfather (Zachary Scott, above), then killed him

logs, who betrays her mother, seduces her stepfather, and then puts five shots into the miserable cat. With William Powell in Mr. Peabody and the Mermaid she enacted an amoral lady of the deep (with a \$20,000, 40-pound golden tail). In *Another Part of the Forest*, she saahayed through the role of a decadent Southern wench. As a passionate Mongol princess in *The Golden Horde* and as an uninhibited *ingénue* in *Our Very Own*, she did a pair of radiant-beated jobs that upset theater air-conditioning systems all over the country. In her current RKO picture, *One Minute to Zero*, she gives co-star Robert Mitchum, by his own word, one of the most fervent kisses he has ever received on the screen.

Despite the nature of her roles, a talent for soulful projection makes Ann's true character shine through in her films. A recent letter from a tank commander in Korea—one of the 4,000 she receives every month—said: "You are much more than our sweetheart, you are our lucky charm as well. Before every mission the men

come into platoon headquarters and say a silent prayer before your picture; and the men know this is the reason for our success (no casualty rating)."

Ann is one of the two actresses whose pictures are most in demand overseas. It is worth noting that the soldiers don't want pin-ups showing her in Bikini bathing suits or lingerie. They merely want portraits.

This soldierly restraint is just as well; Ann has never allowed distribution of photos showing her in leg-art poses. Modesty isn't her only reason. "I don't think I look good in a bathing suit," she says. "I could have better legs." Various Hollywood photographers take a different view. "I've got a hush-hush shot of her coming out of a swimming pool," one of them says, "and in a swim suit she has more sex appeal to the bare inch than the whole cast of the *Folies Bergère*."

Even low-neckline poses become tugs of war, with the studio publicity people pulling down and Ann pulling up. At one dance, Ann, who weeps easily, was worried almost to tears

GO EASY ON THE WOOD WORK!

If you've trees or timber to cut, let McCulloch power saws take the hardest share of the work. In tall timber and small woodland—in parks and groves—thousands of hours of hard work are saved every day with these light-weight, engine-driven McCulloch tools.



SAWING MADE EASY!

This powerful 1-man McCulloch saw weighs only 25 pounds, cuts rapidly through branches, trees, and logs up to 4 feet thick. It saves full power in any position, on the ground or in a tree.

BIGGER THEY ARE!

Two-man 7-horsepower McCulloch chain saws cut trees or logs of any size in short order. They're light, for easy carrying over any terrain.

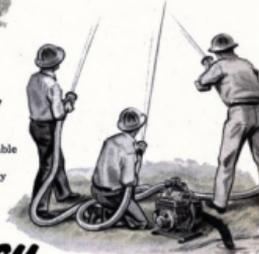


IT DIGS HOLES, TOO!

Any two-man McCulloch saw can be converted in less than a minute into a hole-a-minute Earth Drill—the newest tool for post-hole digging.

NEW McCULLOCH FIRE PUMP

This new, gasoline-powered portable fire pump delivers 15,000 gallons of water per hour, weighs only 57 pounds complete.



McCULLOCH

World's Largest Builders of Power Chain Saws



"How To Make Money From Small Woodlands"
McCULLOCH MOTORS CORPORATION
 Los Angeles 45, California

Send literature on items checked and name of nearest dealer...

- 3-1/2 hp chain saw
 7 hp chain saw
 Fire Pump
 Earth Drill
 Small Woodland Manual

McCULLOCH MOTORS CORP.
 8081-D W. Century Blvd., Los Angeles 45, Calif.

Name _____
 Address _____
 City _____ Zone _____ State _____

8-1952

Ann averages 125 benefit shows a year. More than half are for religious causes

about the onset of final her giving-up period. "Don't you think something is wrong?" she asked her mother. At 10 months, Marie Wilson burst in. Not a minute more of her could have been open to public view without ruin to the husband. She greeted Ann gaily and went on.

"What?" asked Ann's date.
 "Never mind," said Ann. "I guess I have nothing to be worried about."

Just a Few Personal Details

On the record, Ann's appearance is nothing any girl would worry about. She has long brown hair and large, blue, compelling eyes. Her mouth is a little large and—it must be said—lusciously full. Her delicate face, but her smile is warm and pleasing. Ann has an excellent figure; she weighs 101 pounds and stands five feet one and three-quarters inches tall. She blanches like a ripening tomato. It is reported that in one picture her mistress while in the soft-focus of her supposed love one over 1,000 feet of Technicolor film on the cinematograph floor.

A 1,000 feet of British film footage can be used and plenty would be left. In eight years, she has had many times as much as in picture making (she is now portraying Kathie in M-G-M's "The Short Second of Spring") and she's just hitting her peak. Her present salary is \$3,000 a week, in the next year and a half it will reach \$5,000.

Ann's seven-year contract with U-I will be up at the end of 1933. Since the contract was signed, the studio has loaned her to RKO's Paramount, to Columbia, to Warner Brothers, to Fox, to Century-Fox, and three times to M-G-M—a record for an actress of her age and experience.

In the midst of this busy career, Ann has found time for an average of 125 benefit performances a year, in the course of which she covers some 25,000 miles. More than half of these appearances are for religious causes, including one of the two great cathedrals on her list: the Roman Catholic Church (the other was her late mother).

Ann goes to Mass regularly. Her best friends are priests. In her home, a \$21,000 San Francisco Valley house filled with Irish and Victorian furniture, the two most eye-catching items are a gilt gilt-plate Portuguese Baroque chandelier and the Holy Family, lighted night and day, and a personal blessing which she received in 1930 from Pope Pius XI.

From her mother, Ann got a strong sense of respectability, courtesy, thrift and regularity in her personal habits. She drinks milk like a baby, gets eight hours of sleep each night, studies her scripts as if they were important documents which she might be called upon to chew and swallow at any moment, and deposits \$1,500 a week with a firm of investment counselor-investors named for stability.

Ann's mother was Nan Lynch, a lovely girl from Cotuit Mass outside Dublin. She came to New York in 1912 at the age of nineteen, and five years later married a nice, personable English boy named Harry Blyth. In 1919 they had a daughter named Dorothy Blyth. Ann Marie Kathleen Blyth, as she was known, was born on August 10, 1924, at Mount Kisco, New York. There the family stayed with Nan Blyth's sister and her husband, Patrick and a minor theatrical starlet of a local note.

Ann's parents gradually became estranged and after 1929 her father was banished from the life of his family. Nan Blyth settled in New York in a four-foot walk-up and earned her living at



COLLIER'S

JOHN RUGE

laundering, sewing and beauty-parlor work. The family income never averaged more than \$35 a week, but out of this narrow cornucopia came wonders. Ann and Dorothy both attended parochial school; upon graduation, Dorothy took up secretarial training, and Ann was enrolled in a series of dancing, singing and dramatic schools.

Ann performed on radio at the age of five. By 1937, when she was nine, her voice was good enough to give her a place in the New York Children's Opera Company, first in the chorus, then in the lead of *The Chimes of Normandy*.

Three years later, Herman Shumlin, a Broadway producer, saw Ann eating

lunch at the Professional Children's School. She did a reading for him that afternoon and was given the part of the child Babette in *Watch on the Rhine*. The play ran for 11 months on Broadway and toured for a year; Ann got \$75 a week and mild reviews.

When the show hit Los Angeles in 1943, a director named Henry Koster caught it. He and producer-director Joe Pasternak had elevated Deanna Durbin to stardom as a child actress; they wanted to do it again with someone else. Ann was tested and given a contract with U-I at \$175 a week for seven years (renegotiated in 1946 for about 10 times that sum). But no sooner

was Ann on the lot than her sponsors transferred to M-G-M; stardom was forgotten, and because of her clinging nature, she was plucked into a set of musical sketches.

After four of these, her agent managed to sell Michael Curtiz, a director of Warner Brothers, on the idea that she could play the part of the miss Gek in *Midnight Parade*. She did—and got an Academy Award nomination.

Her start-up as a dramatic actress was modest, and the future was bright. Early in 1943, Ann started work on another picture at Warner's. There her mother was featured in the suffering from an incurable disease. It was a gripping story, but worse was to come. That April, Ann tried to get a short vacation in the mountains, she broke her back in a wild toboggan slide.

The months that followed were the most excruciating of her life: 20 days of stretching the fracture, four months in a metal frame chair to help, nine more months in steel braces. Back on her feet, she went into Sweet Girl, for U-I, while it was showing, her mother died. Shortly after, Mark Hollings, one of Ann's closest associates, died of heart failure. Except for her married sister, Ann was truly alone. Even her beloved Mack Pennington, with which she had gone on again and again while she was in the hospital,

she tried for help by her Uncle Pat and her practical Aunt Cassie, with whom she had lived as a child. They took off for Hollywood without hesitation when they heard her plea—and they are still with her.

Announcing Grief by Hard Work

Ann buried herself in work. Pictures such as *Killer McCoy*; *Brute Force*; *Red Canyon*; *Top Gun*; *Up the River*; *Green Moore*; *My Darling*; and *The Great Caruso* kept her emitting 12 to 18 hours a day. Her too-puppy eagerness to please and her necessity for names and fame—she has never been without a name—plus her U-I roster of more than 2,000—won her a clique. Hard-earned from agents shipped in to buy her a cake at her sixteenth birthday, a party then finished his sickle racing to get her a costume to take home; a helicopter pilot broke in summer-plaid studio robe and gave her a toy rifle.

Today, although the loss of her mother has left an terrible pain, she has recovered well from the disaster of the past. Her back hurts five "I never had any pain except when I'm dreadfully tired"; her hair is in its high gear, but personal life is pleasant.

Ann is not eager for romance. "If I fall in love," she explains a little defensively, "I'll get married. I've got no more. I'll have a lot of babies. If I have a lot of babies, I'll never sit again. Maybe I'm walking a tightrope, but what else can I do?"

Certainly her attitude does not result from a lack of masculine attention. Proposals are not infrequent. They even came by mail, at a rate of about 80 a week. The nearest one approximately, arrived a few weeks ago. It was from a Louisville, Kentucky, lawyer who said that even if she would's love him as a woman he would be pleased to offer her legal services, free.

Ann is not likely to be hit up on the offer. Few workers in Hollywood have so good an attorney's services. As the movie columnist said disparagingly, "She never does anything that's improper!"

Says Ann: "If I wanted to, I probably would. But I don't haven't wanted to."



COLLIER'S

IRWIN CAPLAN



GETAWAY TIMED BY ELECTRIC EYE. This Chrysler breaks light beams at start and finish of getaway test, while electronic machines measure time to a split second.

You will find that quickly responsive engine power makes for sure, safe driving in every Plymouth, Dodge, DeSoto and Chrysler car.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION'S

NEW DEEP-BREATHING ENGINES GIVE YOU MORE POWER FROM FUEL

An athlete takes deeper breaths to get top performance. And new car engines from Chrysler Corporation do the same thing. They actually breathe deeper to give you more in power and brilliant response.

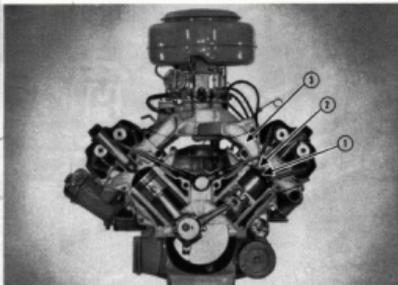
These compact, low-friction engines inhale and utilize air and fuel more efficiently because of dome-shaped combustion chambers . . . larger valves that open wider . . . straighter channels for the fuel mixture to flow through . . . spark plugs that fire directly above the pistons.

It is an exciting experience to drive the new Chrysler FirePower and DeSoto Fire Dome cars powered by the newest of the family of Chrysler-pioneered, high-compression engines.

Whether you choose one of these cars — or any car Chrysler Corporation builds — you will enjoy the benefits of superior engines that add so much value to every Plymouth, Dodge, DeSoto and Chrysler.

CHRYSLER CORPORATION engineers and builds PLYMOUTH, DODGE, DE SOTO, CHRYSLER CARS & DODGE TRUCKS

Chrysler Marine & Industrial Engines • Oilite Powdered Metal Products • Motor Parts & Accessories • Airtemp Heating, Air Conditioning, Refrigeration • Gypweld Cement Products



POWER-FILLED HEART of new DeSoto engine. Arrow No. 1 points to dome-shaped combustion chamber. This design permits bigger, high-lift valves (shown by No. 2). No. 3 is wide channel for fuel passage. Note absence of sharp bends that could slow down "breathing." Like the Chrysler FirePower, the De Soto Fire Dome loafs at normal speeds but gives you a power reserve and flexibility that owners really like!

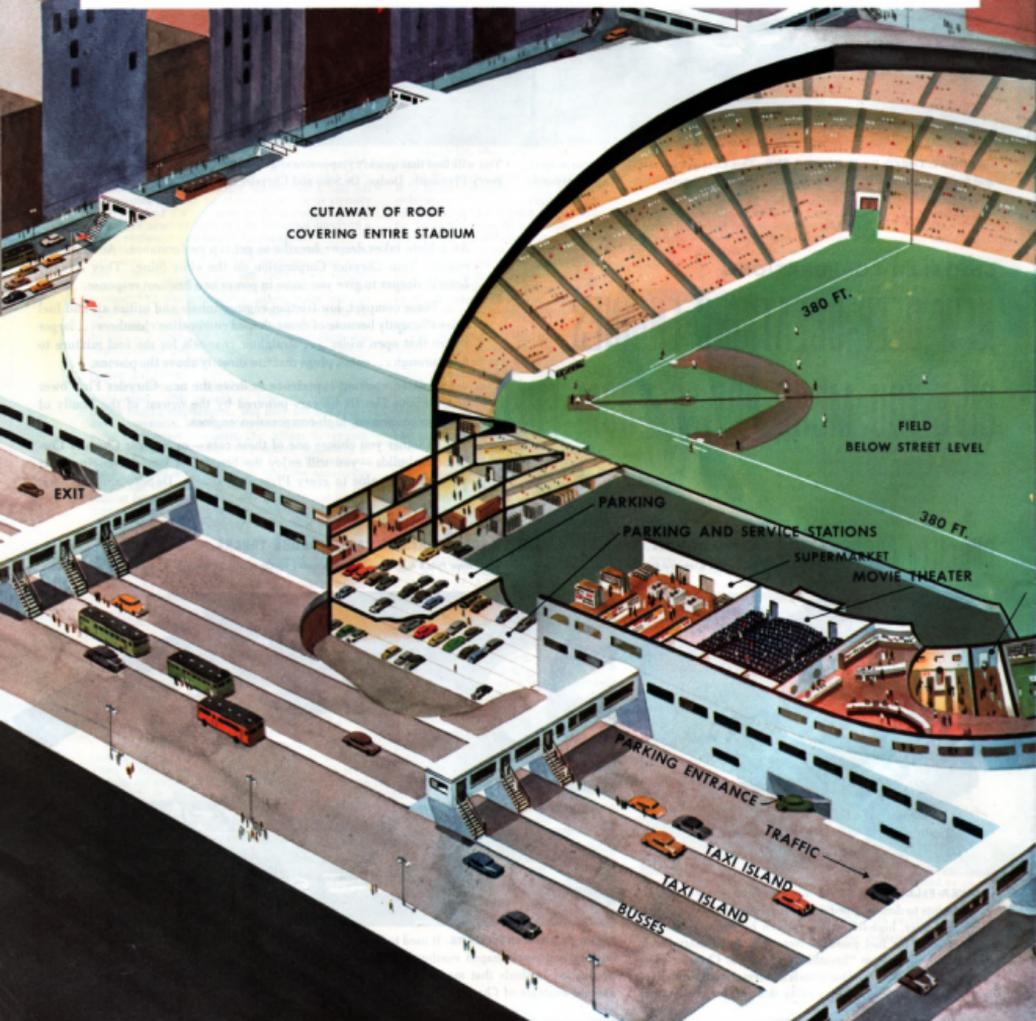


FROM PLANES INTO CARS. It used to be that only some airplanes and expensive, "custom-built" car engines had dome-shaped combustion chambers. Then Chrysler engineers worked out design and production methods that made it possible for the first time in quantity automobile production — another example of Chrysler's creative imagination at work for you.

Baseball's Answer to TV

By TOM MEANY

How to woo fans back into the ball park? By building a new one, say the Brooklyn Dodgers. Here's a preview of the amazing stadium, which soon may become a reality



THERE are signs that that most durable of creatures, the baseball fan, has taken about all the beating he can absorb. Too many baseball fans have been in one too many traffic jams, climbed one too many tiers and sat behind one too many pillars. With a regretful, nostalgic sigh, the baseball fan is ducking the traffic jams, shutting the climb, avoiding the view-obstructing pillar and turning on his television set.

For the true fan, of course, television never will be an adequate substitute for viewing the game in person. But there is no denying that it is a heap more comfortable.

As the fan in the ball park threatens to become as extinct as the bison, it seems high time somebody did something to preserve the species. And somebody is—the persons involved being Walter F. O'Malley, president of the Brooklyn Dodgers; Norman Bel Geddes, noted designer and architect; and Emil H. Praeger, industrial engineer.

For four years this trio has been proceeding on the rather novel theory that baseball fans are people. They have been planning a baseball park in which the customers will be comfortable. The drawing-board phase of the project is now past. The illustration of the stadium of the future, drawn for these pages by artist Rolf Klep, was painstakingly worked out from blueprints by Geddes. It may be built quite soon.

"It is no dream," says the architect. "It has been carefully planned during the last four years. The only question mark is world conditions; the only secret is its exact location."

While the new stadium wasn't designed specifically to combat the inroads TV has made on attendance, it is intended to woo video fans back into the ball park. The motivating interest of both Geddes and Praeger is the creation of a stadium in Brooklyn embodying the refinements of modern engineering. There hasn't been a major-league park built since Yankee Stadium was opened in 1923. Since then, nearly all ball parks have become outmoded and two have been abandoned. The Philadelphia Phillies moved out of Baker Bowl to share Shibe Park with their American League neighbors, the Athletics, and the Cleveland Indians left League Park to move into Municipal Stadium, an arena originally designed for football.

Geddes, an energetic, round little ball of a man, practically emits sparks when he talks of actually building the new stadium. "All my life I have been able to make a reality of the things I've believed in. This stadium is going to be no exception if I can help it," he says.

There Won't Be Any More Rain Checks

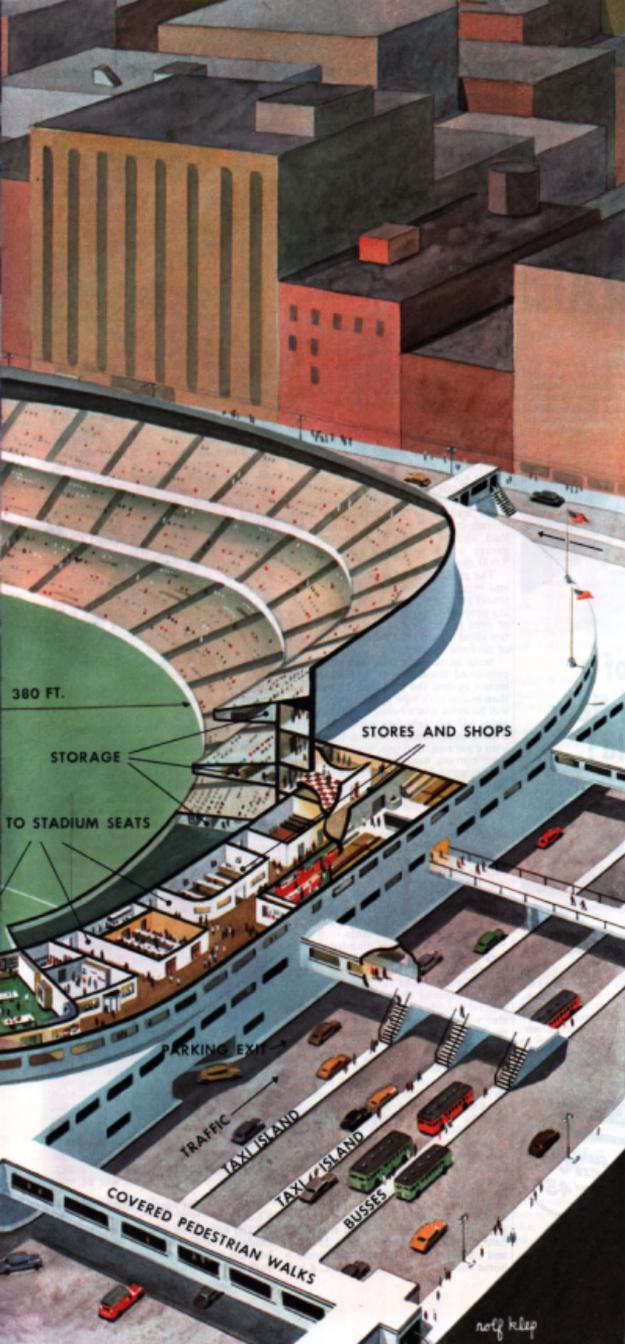
The most revolutionary feature of the new park is that it will be roofed and will be an all-year-round, all-purpose stadium-auditorium, suitable for many events, with baseball as its prime planning consideration. "Other sports will be secondary, but better taken care of than in any stadium now standing," promises Geddes.

He believes that it is only a question now of deciding which type of roof will be best. "Spanning the distance of 600 feet is perfectly practical," insists the designer. "Whether the roof is solid, transparent or slides aside permitting the playing field to be flooded with sunlight is a matter for study. With the building oriented properly, the field can be sunlit by opening only half the roof." Roofing, providing protection against the vagaries of the weather, will mark the end of the postponed game—one of baseball's most costly headaches.

The seating capacity for baseball will be 55,000 in the new stadium, compared with Ebbets Field's 32,111. For fights, conventions or other events which require an auditorium, the capacity could be expanded to 90,000.

"One of the most important points in designing a baseball stadium," says Geddes, "is a very simple requirement: the ball must never be lost sight of by any spectator. A baseball is a very small speck in comparison to the space in which it is thrown and batted during a game. Spectators have as much interest in the flight of the ball and seeing it caught or muffed as they have in seeing the batter, base runner or fielder."

The angle of the seats in the new stadium will be so regulated that all will face the pitcher's box regardless of the line-up of the rows in which they are located. There will be no corner seats, no



DRAWING BY ROLF KLEP

New! COLGATE

Chlorophyll Toothpaste

BEST KILLS BAD BREATH

Originating in the Mouth.

Here is the magic power of chlorophyll to destroy bad breath originating in the mouth! Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste in most cases acts quickly... acts thoroughly... and the purifying action lasts for hours! Keeps your breath sweet and fresh longer!



Now! The Full Benefits of a Chlorophyll*Toothpaste in a New, Exclusive Colgate Formula!

Now Colgate brings you wonder-working chlorophyll in the finest chlorophyll toothpaste that 146 years of experience can create... Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste!

Now Colgate Makes Chlorophyll Work For You!

Nature herself makes chlorophyll and puts it in all green plants to enable them to live and grow. But science must break down this natural chlorophyll into a usable, effective form (water-soluble chlorophyllins)—before it can help you against bad breath, tooth decay, common gum disorders.

That's why Colgate's experience and skill in creating an exclusive formula is important to you. In new Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste you get the benefits of these water-soluble chlorophyllins in a safe, pleasant form!

For real help against bad breath originating in the mouth... common gum disorders... tooth decay... use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste after eating. It's the finest chlorophyll toothpaste the world's largest maker of quality dentifrices can produce!

COLGATE'S GUARANTEE:

Try Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste for one week. If you're not satisfied that it's the most effective, pleasant-chlorophyll toothpaste you've ever used, mail back the tube and Colgate will give you double your money back, plus postage! Colgate (Patented) Paste Company, 105 Hudson Street, Jersey City 2, N. J.

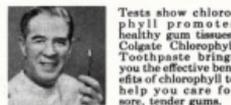
Tested And Guaranteed by **COLGATE!**

Fights Tooth Decay!

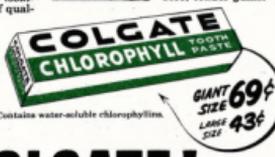
Every time you use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste—especially right after eating—you act against the destructive acids that are a cause of tooth decay... actually help retard their formation!



Checks Common Gum Disorders!



Tests show chlorophyll promotes healthy gum tissues. Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste brings you the effective benefits of chlorophyll to help you care for sore, tender gums.



*Contains water-soluble chlorophyllins.

Games may be played on synthetic grass

columns to interrupt vision. The upper tiers will be lower and less steep. By dropping the playing field and lowering seats considerably below street level and having the customer enter the park well up into the stands, the walking distance to the farthest seat in the tier will be less than one quarter of what it is in any existing stadium. With 21 gates around the perimeter of the park, a ticket holder will be able to enter directly above or below his seat.

How Traffic Will Be Handled

There will be no traffic jams outside the new park. Segregated lanes for the different types of vehicles will permit easy loading or unloading of 3,000 taxis, 400 busses, 1,500 private cars and the uninterrupted flow of 6,000 pedestrians in 15 minutes, allowing 30,000 people to arrive or depart in a quarter of an hour.

Pedestrians will be separated from automotive traffic and will enter the stadium on elevated walks 10 feet above street level, which will bridge the four streets around the perimeter of the stadium. Taxis will unload at islands on one of the four sides of the building, at stairs leading to the pedestrian level. Private cars will enter the stadium, unload, and be parked by attendants in a garage which will have a capacity of 5,000 cars.

The garage will offer complete service and repair facilities and will be a year-round proposition. In view of the parking problems currently besetting any city of even moderate size, the garage facilities alone would be a tremendous source of revenue to the club.

Seats in the new stadium will be of cushioned foam rubber, 21 to 28 inches against the standard 22 inches—in any park now in existence. There will be more space between rows and the aisles will be eight feet wide. The seats will be constructed of strong, light metal with a permanent finish, which will minimize current maintenance costs due to repainting and breakage. To reorient the seats for the best viewing of sports other than baseball, there will be three positions.

Coin-operated, insulated vending machines will be on the back of every third seat, offering hot-and-cold food and drink items. The dispensers will be fitted only in those sections which reasonably can be assumed to be well populated during each game. Larger mechanical vendors will be installed throughout the rest of the park, thus further reducing congestion-maintenance costs.

A shopping center is planned for the area under the stands, utilizing what is now waste space in most ball parks. This feature would function in an important capacity the year round for the general neighborhood. Under the stands also will be playgrounds for children so mothers can place their youngsters in the hands of trained young men and women when they shop, or visit the doctor or dentist.

Even admission into the ball park will be facilitated. It is planned to eliminate gatekeepers, except in supervisory capacities, with a new type of automatic ticket control.

Geddes believes, as many fans before him have believed, that home-run distances should be standardized. He develops the pop fly which becomes a four-bagger merely through the architectural fluke of the proximity of the stands at the foul line. At the Polo Grounds, for instance, a ball hit down the right field foul line need travel only 258 feet and clear a 10½-foot wall to become a home run. In the same ball park, a ball

hit 450 feet toward right- or left-center can be caught for an out.

In the new Dodger Stadium there will be a constant home-run range of 380 feet over a 10-foot wall anywhere in the outfield between the foul lines. Ballplayers I have talked to—both batters and pitchers—speak enthusiastically of this feature. Currently, the fairest home-run test in the major leagues is at the new key Park in Chicago, where the 12-foot fence is 352 feet from the plate at the foul lines.

The cost of erecting this new stadium-auditorium is estimated at \$6,000,000. The structure will consist of concrete decks supported on a steel frame. One of its great advantages will be that maintenance costs should be reduced enormously with the introduction of new materials possessing permanent color and finish.

It is more than possible that synthetic materials will replace the grass and the base paths. Turf is the most difficult—and most expensive—feature of keeping a field in condition and its most variable factor for the player. The new material will have equal, unvarying characteristics and will require no seeding or mowing, no watering or rolling.

The only major-league park which does not have night baseball now is Wrigley Field, home of the Chicago Cubs. President Philip K. Wrigley told me many years ago that he was opposed to lights on aesthetic grounds. He was proud of the beauty and symmetry of his ball park and objected to the towers that would have to be erected if lights were installed. "I don't think even the best look like a railway freight yard," he declared. Wrigley would be interested in Geddes' plan for the new Dodger stadium. It is the only stadium lighting of the entire playing field from concealed sources, without steel towers.

Revenue from Many Sources

Although baseball is the main concern of the designers of the new stadium, the possibility of revenue from other sources is being carefully considered. In parking for the public's cars, has not been overlooked. Winter sports, with tobogganing, skiing and skating on artificial snow and ice; the rental of enormous unassigned space below each tier in fireproof storage for valuable papers and records; a football field in which all seats face the 30-yard line and which does not obstruct the baseball infield; conversion of a large section of the arena into an artificial lake for motorboat and sailboat shows (with the boats affixed in eight feet of water)—these are some of the envisioned side lines of Dodger Stadium.

Brooklyn President O'Malley, himself a man of foresight and imagination, finds himself startled from time to time by Geddes' enthusiasm for the new project.

Each time O'Malley cries out, "No, no, Norman!" he gets the same answer from Geddes, and says O'Malley's not take the strikingly novel features out of it until we know they are wrong." And, so far, they have been able to stand him off, a feat of no mean proportions, as O'Malley's baseball competitors will tell you.

"I'm not saying, of course, that we're going out and break ground for the new stadium, but I'm sure that O'Malley's 'I'm merely saying that it will be built someday.'"

"Wait till next year, Waller!" prodded a listener.

"I'm not saying that, either," said the Dodger president hastily. "We've already had too much of that wait-till-next-year stuff in Brooklyn."

HOW FIRE INSURANCE

teaches Sally a lesson!

In schools all over the country children are being taught the dangers of fire. Free pamphlets, talks and movies are provided by the fire insurance business for their instruction. One of the aims of this public service is to keep down the tragic human loss by fire—10,000 lives, including 2,000 children, every year.

In many other ways capital stock fire insurance service benefits us. When you're building or buying a home, fire insurance protects you and helps make your investment secure. It keeps stores open, plants humming. Because of it, business men can plan ahead with confidence, relying upon insurance to protect them against unexpected fire losses.



YOUR fire insurance agent looks forward to his week-ends, too. In business for himself, he's an example of what makes America click. Every business he insures, large or small, competes in an open market—as he does. Both must give full value—or they won't stay in business. And it's from such private enterprise that every local community prospers.

IN NOVEMBER, 1950, eleven eastern states suffered from the devastating force of a 105-mile-an-hour wind. Over a million insurance claims were filed under the "extended coverage" provision. More than \$150,000,000 have been paid to policyholders. Your agent or broker will be glad to tell you how "extended coverage" can be added to your fire and lightning policy—in how many ways it protects you—and how little it costs.



AN ADVERTISEMENT SPONSORED BY THE CAPITAL STOCK FIRE INSURANCE COMPANIES, THEIR AGENTS AND BROKERS, THROUGH THE NATIONAL BOARD OF FIRE UNDERWRITERS, 85 JOHN STREET, NEW YORK 38, N. Y.





Ruins of third-century bastions may obstruct traffic as shown here but Romans and tourists prize them as links of memory with the past

The gates in the defense walls served as tariff collection posts for 17 centuries. Today they offer a striking contrast to modern surroundings



Grave of poet Keats, who died and was buried in Rome, can be seen through slot in old wall



Devout Romans have used city walls for centuries as shrines. Tiles thank God for prayers answered

Hollow, 12-foot-thick walls make fine apartments. Here Andrea Bini, 6, models clay in a wall studio

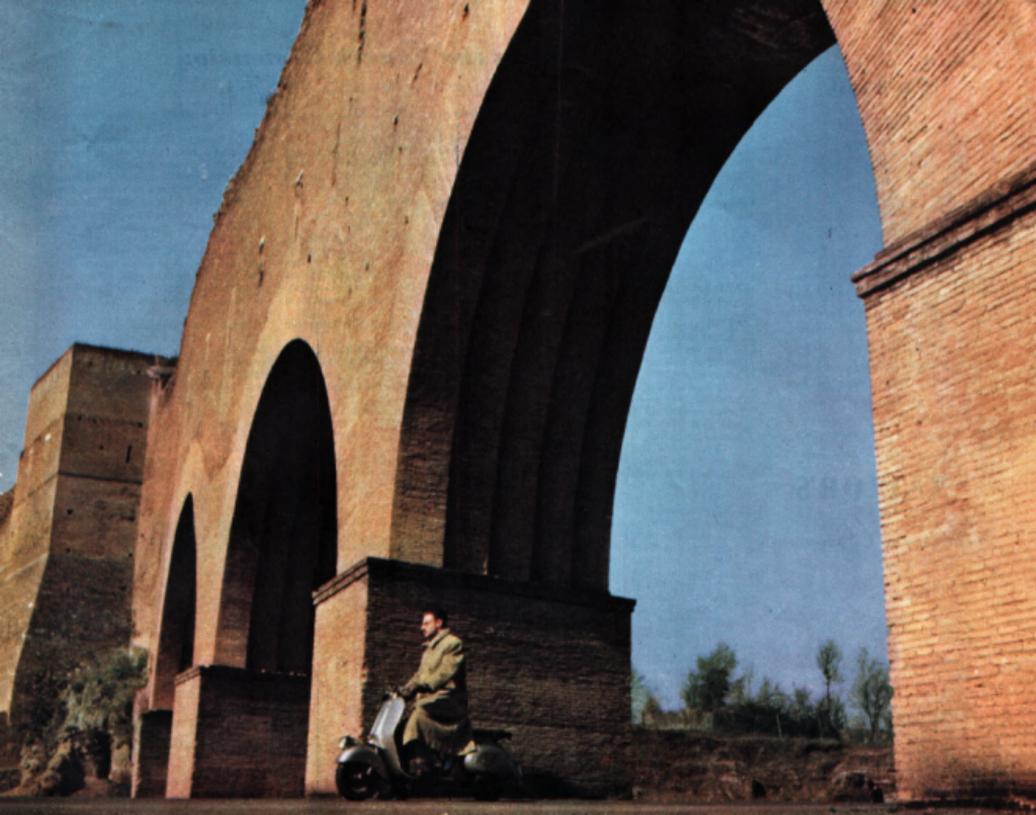


The Walls of Rome

EVER since the days of the Caesars all tourist roads have led to Rome. Today the Eternal City rivals Paris as the most visited capital in Europe. With a record 400,000 Americans traveling abroad this year, the number of visitors to Italy's ancient hub of empire should be greater than ever. Most of them will trek from the catacombs to Vatican City tracing the glories of Rome, past and present. But few landmarks hold more romance than the sun-baked, age-worn ruins of walls and archways which thread a broken, serpentine path 8 miles through the city. They are all that remain of the historic ramparts of ancient Rome.

Emperor Aurelian ordered the present walls built in A.D. 272. Their original 12-mile circumference defined the limits of the Imperial City and

kept Romans safe from invading barbarians. Their massive gates served as custom-collection posts until the turn of the twentieth century. Today the walls are moss-covered ruins. Their graceful Roman arches are passages for trucks and cars. Their sturdy 12-foot-thick walls and towers, upon which Roman legions once stood guard, are coveted apartments leased by the city. And abutting the fragments of walls here and there are dark, primitive huts where live 1,500 bombed-out victims of the last war. But the walls of Rome are more than ruins put to makeshift modern use. They are a bridge of brick, and memories between the past and the future, intimately connected with the lives of an ancient people who have learned to live with time.



Symbolic of ancient glories, remnants of 30-foot-high defenses, built 1,680 years ago by Emperor Aurelian, are still a vital part of modern Rome



Gypsies use rude shacks along the city walls as camping sites when they visit the Eternal City

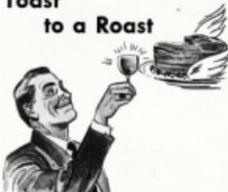


Tenant in lean-to along walls washes clothes primitive way



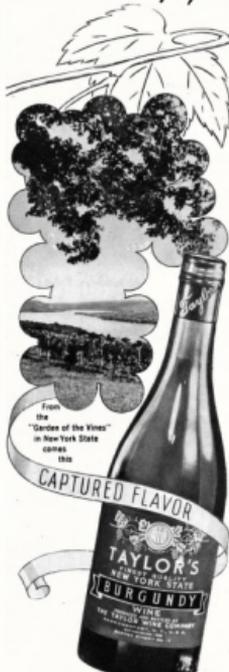
Many tenants renting wall apartments from the city are artists seeking picturesque studios

Toast to a Roast



And a toast to the host who companions steaks, chops and game with Taylor's New York State Burgundy. Dry and crisp, the mellow maturity, the clear tang of autumn is in every ruby, regal drop! Take nothing less than Taylor's Burgundy (or Claret) wherever fine wines are served or sold. The Taylor Wine Co., Vineyardists and Producers.

TAYLOR'S
NEW YORK STATE
Wines and Champagnes



From the famous cellars at Hammondsport, New York

to Leila, "the corpse was walking, and furthermore, it mocked me." However, Faisal has learned a lesson." He looked at his son.

"The boy said, 'The man was alive and there was no grave.' Then he burst out, 'I saw him dead. They were burying him! I did so see! I did!'"

Chafik found his slippers; he picked up one of them.

"Oh, no, my man! Leila cried. "No!" "If it were willed," shouted Chafik, "that a delinquent boy should not receive corporal punishment, the All-Merciful would not have designed him with a bottom."

THE storm and Chafik's anger passed; but whereas Baghdad forgot its ordeal in the sparkle of a perfect day, the Inspector had no such dawn to win forgiveness.

It was a silent breakfast table. The subdued boy avoided him, and Leila never looked up from her plate. He was glad when the car arrived to take him to his office.

"You would think I was the trespasser!" the Inspector said to his assistant, Sergeant Abdullah, who was at the wheel.

"The sergeant was a big man, an image carved in mahogany, but there was warmth in the dark eyes he fixed on his superior. Chafik said, as they drove away, "Abdullah, inform me how you discipline your three young daughters."

"They discipline me." "You never raise an angry hand!"

"Retaliation would be triple-pronged." The Inspector told his assistant of Faisal's story and then turned his attention to the street scene. In and out of the crowd strolled small, ragged boys who begged pennies and skipped and laughed in the sunlight.

Chafik was reminded that Faisal had once lived on his wits as did these waifs. "Such lies these boys tell," he said sadly.

"Ah, how blessed I am with daughters!" exclaimed the sergeant. "They do not climb trees and suffer hallucinations!"

Chafik said defensively, "Imagination, not hallucination. Furthermore, from the top of a date palm, at that height—"

He stopped. "That's it!" he exclaimed. "To understand his illusion I must view the scene from Faisal's perch. Turn the car, Abdullah."

The sergeant made a turn, and they drove back down Mansoor Avenue. Another turn brought the Bayt Kamil Hadi into sight at the end of a dirt road. On the fringe of the grove was a tree overlooking the garden. Chafik took a bearing and decided his son had climbed it to look into the garden. He took off his jacket, folded it and gave it to Abdullah.

The slant of the tree helped climbing, but halfway up Chafik paused for breath; he was sticky with sweat and told himself a man past forty should not climb trees.

He went on and at last reached the feathery crown. In the foreground he saw the spot in the garden where he had stood with Faisal. He rubbed his eyes and looked again. All at once he was cold in the sun.

Death in the Fourth Dimension

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

Where there had been nothing yesterday there was now a long narrow road.

In haste he got down and went running toward the house. The door was ajar, and Chafik did not wait to ring. He stumbled through flower beds and bushes, followed by Abdullah, and prayed that what he had seen would prove a mirage. The prayer was not answered.

He fell to his knees and began to dig feverishly. The soil was light and sandy, and caved back in as he dug. Lower down, where moisture had not yet evaporated and the soil had more consistency, his task was easier, and a cold face was exposed.

Zaki Attala mocked him from the grave.

He pushed the sand back quickly. A pleasant voice asked anxiously, "Zaki is there?"

"Yes," Chafik answered absently. "I am relieved."

Awareness came, and the Inspector got up hastily; a woman stood at the graveside. She was tall and angular and old, and dressed for youth. Her hair was brightly hennaed under a black silk scarf, worn as concession to custom, although it was not drawn to veil her face in the presence of the stranger.

Chafik had never met the matriarch of the House of Hadi, but Rejina had been aptly described by Baghdad gossip. He was fascinated. Beneath her rouge

were many wrinkles, but the woman was still handsome. The features were strongly boned. The large brown eyes, which had a life of their own in the decay of the face, shone softly.

The Inspector remembered that Baghdad said this woman was haunted by strange spirits. "Madame," he said, "why are you relieved that Zaki should be in his grave?" He added sharply, "I am the policeman."

Rejina answered, "Of course. I sent Jamil for you. And surely it is natural to be relieved that the poor young man has not left his grave. The dead should stay dead." Her voice was quiet and her eyes were calm.

Chafik sent Sergeant Abdullah to telephone and inform returned to Rejina. She had picked some arum lilies. The flowers were nursed in the crook of her arm and she caressed them with her rouged cheek, like a mother a child.

"The boy was charming," she said. "You must bring him to me."

He asked, "What boy, Madame?" She said, obviously surprised by his stupidity, "I brought him here yesterday. I saw from my window. Such a pretty boy! I would have given him honey cakes—"

A flame flickered in the mirrors of her eyes, and when it passed they were warm with tenderness.

Chafik felt compassion and looked away. "You mean my son?"

"Bring him to me," Rejina pleaded.

Her smile was sweet, and the Inspector resisted an impulse to bow over her hand. He was a policeman, so he asked, "Why does my son interest you? Did you overhear my conversation with your brothers? Did you know—"

"I do not eavesdrop," Rejina said coldly. And then she went on, "The boy came twice. The first time he climbed a tree to look into my garden. That was naughty. Suppose he—" Suddenly she let the flowers fall and cried out: "Oh, he says 'What horror! His innocent mind!'"

The Inspector shuddered. "He saw what?" he demanded.

"That they were burying our cousin."

"They? Who?" He took Rejina by the shoulders.

SHE freed herself with dignity. "My brothers," she said; and then added with faint surprise, "Surely you knew they killed Zaki?"

He tried to reassure himself: I deal in facts, he told himself. I will not let a boy and a moon-mad woman confound the evidence of my eyes. I saw Zaki alive.

He lighted a cigarette and asked casually, "Why did they kill him?"

"Like so many others, he fell in love with me." The woman's destroyed face lighted with pleasure and childish creativity. "He wanted to marry me."

A delusion, Chafik thought, and asked, "You refused him?" "What else? I was flattered, but he has a wife, Naomi. A child, very simple and desperately in love with this deceiver."

Rejina added with a frank laugh, "Besides, whatever the charms, I was a little old for him. Perhaps he deceived me, too," she added, with unexpected shrewdness. Suddenly the rouged face

Next Week



**A
NEW BIBLE
for the
20th
CENTURY**

HERBERT TAREYTON

was beautiful. The woman said, "This Naomi, Zaki's wife, has greater riches than I. She has a child in her womb." And then she added briskly, "I will love her live with me—the least. I can do, considering her man was killed because of me."

Chalk was lost. It was difficult to deal with a mind that rose moment after moment in the clouds and the next was well-founded. He said brusquely, "I am a policeman. I want facts."

"A policeman, yes, but gracious and new!" Rejina said, repeating him. "As for facts, it was simple enough. Then I stared with Zaki about me. Then forced me to my room and killed him—I heard the shot—and I broke out and found them about to bury him. Jamil took me back to my room and locked me in. I do not know which one killed Zaki, but surely it was Jamil. Ibrahim is not a violent man."

"Where is Ibrahim?"

"Four fadhah out! He has taken refuge in the harem."

Rejina led Chalk into the house and along a corridor to a bedroom.

Ibrahim lay on a rumpled bed. He was fully dressed, and his clothes were damp and there was yellow mud on his shoes. His breathing was heavy and he could not be wakened; he needed strength of oak. Chalk opened a window and went out.

"Madame," he said to Rejina. "You said Jamil had gone to the police. To arrest?"

"That you will consider to nothing! He is the treaty, this morning to deny he had killed Zaki or buried him. He was so convincing that I—I—" She stopped, her luminous eyes wide.

Chalk was moved by pity, for he knew she was afraid, and why. "And so you were relieved when I found Zaki?" he asked gently.

"It proved that what I see, I see. Otherwise . . ." The woman left her thoughts unspoken.

Finally Chalk led her to safer ground. "When was Zaki killed?"

"When I buried the dog, my clock had just chimed five."

Now it was the Inspector's turn to doubt his sanity, for nearly an hour later he had come to the Baya Kamel Hall with Faisal and seen Zaki alive. He shouted, "Impossible!"

"You will remember your place," Rejina said in the voice of a great lady. "I have been very patient with you. The hour was five."

She smiled herself and went away. At the top of the stairs she stopped, and Chalk saw she had another mental change of mood.

"Do not forget to bring the pretty boy," she said.

The Inspector bowed with relief the stream of police cars in the distance. . . .

They dug up the body, and later, Sergeant Abdoah came and said in his business tone, "See the corpse is identified as Zaki Ataha. He has a bullet between the eyes. The gun was of small caliber and is missing. It rained when he was buried, his clothes are wet, and it seemed to rain at midnight. Therefore, he was buried."

"Yesterday," Chalk said. "Always I am haunted by yesterday. Until now, murders have been three-dimensional. This one appears to have been activated on a fourth plane." He shrugged. "Did they bury Jamil Hall?"

"Yes, in the case of headquarters."

"They brought Jamil to the waken which Chalk had requisitioned for the inquiry. The man looked as though he had slept in his clothes."

"Tell me what happened after I left last night," Chalk said.

Jamil used his sleeve to wipe his forehead. "After you left, Zaki said he had to go home."

"What was the time?"

"Nearly seven."

"And why did Zaki risk the storm?" Jamil hesitated. "And yet he was concerned about his wife."

"Correct?" And yet he was prepared to discuss her? "The Inspector's smile was unpleasant. "Continue please, Mr. Hall."

Jamil fingered his beard. "The story is a delicate. Ibrahim was drunk, lying here in the salon, and my sister was in her room. Storms disturb her. I had gone to the kitchen and I found a short-faced Zaki in the cloister near the house door. We was dead. The door was open, and outside I saw—"

"A man," Chalk said, "with the fury of the storm in his face."

Jamil turned up the palms of his hands. "All things are known to you," he said.

"That should be said only of God." The Inspector was nevertheless glad to have confirmation he had actually seen a man.

"Who was he?" he said gruffly.

"Aziz Chahbi of Barea, Zaki's father-in-law. He is a small merchant. Zaki married beneath himself."

"Scarcely an excuse to divorce a pregnant wife," Chalk said. "A father, however humble, would have justification for anger."

"A suspicious anger?" Zaki told me Aziz threatened him—"

"A threat is not a deed. Let us return to the facts. What did the man do when you saw him?"

"He cried out—I think it was, 'No, no!' and he ran."

"And?"

"I followed and lost him. Then I went to find a witness and report to you, but our line was down. Then I was worried about my sister perhaps finding the body, so I came back." Jamil's round eyes reflected horror. "There was no body," he whispered.

Chalk was incredulous. "Did Zaki bury himself?"

"I told you Ibrahim was very drunk. He must have found Zaki and somehow acted on your son's fantastic story. I found my brother in the garden—and a grave nearby where—"

Chalk remembered the mud on Ibrahim's shoes and clothes. "I suppose your brother will remember nothing."

"That is always so the next day," Jamil hesitated and then said, "I regret my delay in coming to you after the storm. I—I was afraid—of the storm, of the boy's tale, of you."

THE little man recalled yesterday's indignity and grew taller. He said, "Your sister appears to hold together, but your sister says you killed Zaki."

Jamil said, "Now it has happened, and a brother must talk. Surely, Inspector, you observed my sister has a strange mind?"

"She is strange, certainly," Chalk said. "But I have never met a woman so serious."

And then he remembered something long forgotten. The will, which had given Rejina everything, had been intentionally committed on grounds of her mental incapacity. The case had happened many years ago, and the Inspector looked curiously at the man who had contested the will. Jamil was embarrassed.

"Can you explain," the Inspector asked plaintively, "how it is that she contradicted the fantasy of my son?"

Jamil had moved in his chair. He answered, "I cannot. You met Zaki alone. You know—"

"Yes," Chalk said. "I am your witness."

The Inspector continued his investigation. Near the house door, he detected a stain where Jamil claimed Zaki Ataha had died.

Then he walked down the cloister to



MR. WARWICK FAY NEVILLE, popular among New York smokers. Discerning in his choice of cigarettes, Mr. Neville says "There's much more smoking pleasure in Herbert Tareyton's mild taste, extra tough and solid tobacco."

HERBERT TAREYTON
CIGARETTES



Cork Tip
MODERN SIZE

TAREYTON



Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton. They appreciate the kind of smoking that only fine tobacco and a genuine cork tip can give. The cork tip doesn't stick to the lips . . . it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size me only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE

See '74 America's Tareyton Company

All Right... Let's TEST CATHOLIC LOYALTY!

The majority of non-Catholics do not question the patriotism of their Catholic fellow-citizens.

They have seen too many Catholic sons die beside their own on countless battlefields. They have stood too often with Catholics in defense of common ideals and a common heritage.

Yet the ugly voice of bigotry is leered again—warning that Catholics "owe allegiance to a foreign power" ... that "Popery" is a "menace to democracy" ... even that Catholicism is an "intolerantism as Communism."

Informed non-Catholics will learn these unworthy accusations. But in the interest of truth and goodwill among people of all faiths, this miserable deflection of insinuation should be exposed for the benefit of the many who otherwise may become unwitting victims of false and misleading books, tracts and other anti-Catholic propaganda.

One critic in the United States suggests that the Catholic Church is "undemocratic" because it opposes such things as birth control, divorce and questionable zoning laws. By this unreasonable standard, a religious denomination which opposes scientific things would also be called "undemocratic" because it holds principles contrary to the law of the land. Catholics, certainly, make no such criticism.

Catholics are called "undemocratic" because they have their own schools. By the same reasoning, all other denominations with church-sponsored schools and colleges could be likewise condemned, despite the fact that religious schools preceded tax-supported schools in the United States and Canada, and that most of our private colleges and universities were founded by religious bodies.



The Catholic Church is called an "alien" religion because the Vatican is based in Italy.

All of the major religious faiths of the United States and Canada had their origin in foreign lands. And the fact is that the religions professed by these peoples are at this very time the state religions in certain other lands. But does anyone call them "undemocratic"?

For nearly 2,000 years, the Catholic Church has existed under any and all forms of government. Its people comply with the political system of the land they live in... refusing to comply only if a political state should command them to violate God's law. An example is the Catholic resistance to Communism wherever it appears—because Catholicism and Communism are incompatible.



Free

In the interest of harmony and goodwill... and as a matter of Christian and intellectual honesty... you should learn the truth about Catholics before seeking to judge them. We will be happy to send you free and without obligation an explanatory pamphlet which gives a fair picture of the Catholic Church in its relation to government and the social order. Write today... ask for Pamphlet No. C-35.

the river wall and there he found a ship in the masonry. Something, he decided, had struck with the authority of a bullet and made its mark very recently. But where he stood was at least twenty yards from the house door and stained pavement. He looked up and saw that Rejina's rooms were above.

Chafik said to Sergeant Abdullah, "Possibly of no importance, but note it. And now express your opinion on the case. I do confess to bewilderment."

"The inspector looked at his assistant. Then he said, 'Listen to me, Abdullah. Here is the situation. On the one hand, we have the evidence of an afflicted woman and no imaginative boy. They saw a man being buried just after five o'clock. On the other, we have Jamil's evidence. Although his evidence is not confirmed, let us admit Zaki was alive when I met him—and at that time he should have been dead."

"The little sergeant exclaimed, 'God and by God!'

"The little man sighed. 'But why should the stories coincide? Did Faisal's strategy wing its way into the clouded mind of Telespach? Is such a thing possible?'

THE inspector was interrupted by an officer who said, "Sir, there is a band of boys at the door. One says he is your son."

Faisal came in, dragging a reluctant boy. Other children, a uniformed scribe in ragged gowns and strips of turban, waited outside the door.

Faisal said, "There is Malik and he has something to tell you about the murder done here and—"

"Well!" Chafik said loudly. "Tell me first how you knew a murderer had been committed here."

"All Baghdad knows," Faisal replied. "I am a detective in a fish bowl!"

He claimed the inspector. The hands of ragged boys still hovered cautiously in the background.

"Bazaar wails, sir," Sergeant Abdullah said to the inspector's ear. "Scavengers, thieves."

Chafik was starting to defend. "My son was one of them," he whispered fiercely. "These are his men. The wild boys of Baghdad recognize Faisal as paramount and call him 'sheik.' He realized he was talking too much. 'Well?' he demanded. "What has Malik got to tell me?"

"Malik will not talk to policemen," Faisal said. "What he has to tell is that last night he took shelter from the storm outside there among the date palms." He pointed through the doorway. "He heard a shot and then the gun came, thrown by somebody, and he looked and saw a woman and—"

"A man, not a woman," Chafik said absentmindedly. "But a Thrown!"

"This one," said his son. He reached into his blouse and gave his father a pistol of old pattern. The butt was chased with silver, and there was engraving on the guard and along the barrel. The weapon had been fired.

"The fingerprints have got all rubbed off," Faisal said. "And, my father, Malik was honest to bring it to me because he could have got perhaps two dinars for a gun and he should be rewarded."

"Truly you are Sheik of the Wails!" Chafik said dryly.

"Yes, my father. And so when Malik told me his story, and I heard you found the body here—just where I said it was—"

The inspector said hastily, "At what time did the incidents you have described happen in the witness?"

Faisal shook his head. "Malik does not know time. But his belly said it needed filling, and it is always empty at five o'clock here and—"

"Ah, hearsay!" exclaimed Chafik.

"My father, I'll be come to help you—I and my men. If there is somebody you wish to find, I'll come to find from those who know all Baghdad. You said there was a man—"

"And Chafik, the father-in-law of Zaki," Chafik said absently.

Instantly Faisal said, "My men will find you Amir."

"Enough!" commanded the inspector. "What manner of thing is this? I have a press focus, and you offer me your ragged Baker Street suspects? Go home and stay home!" He slipped the seat of the boy's shirt.

Faisal went away crying.

Chafik became aware that somebody stood behind him, and turned quickly. It was Jamil then.

"That is not a pleasant boy," Jamil said, his eyes fixed on Faisal's departing back.

Chafik said warningly, "You speak of my son!"

And then he remembered the gun Faisal had given him. "Can you identify this?" he asked.



COLLIER'S

"That was an excellent meal, dear"

BILL KING

Collier's for September 27, 1932

SUPREME COUNCIL KNIGHTS OF COLUMBUS RELIGIOUS INFORMATION BUREAU

4422 LINDELL BLVD.

ST. LOUIS 8, MISSOURI

HELP YOURSELF TO EASY PROFITS

Here is an easy, pleasant way to earn additional income while inflation is squeezing your family budget. Give neighbors and friends a service they will appreciate by handling all their subscriptions (new and renewal) for all popular magazines.

Your prospects are everywhere, no matter where you live. Churches, public and school libraries, clubs, stores and factories.

To get started, write today for free supplies and details to:

HANSON-BENNETT MAGAZINE AGENCY
180 N. Wabash Avenue, Desk 105, Chicago 1, Ill.

BUTCH



COLLIER'S

"Yeah, I plan to visit a couple other houses tonight. Why?"

LARRY REYNOLDS

Jamil stared at it. He turned it over and over. Finally he said, "No, I cannot identify it." He gave the gun back and averted his face.

"Did it kill Zaki?" Jamil asked after a long pause.

"That is for ballistics to prove—but a small-caliber gun was used—"

The Inspector stopped. The lady of the Bayt Kamil Hadi came into the room, and her face reddened with anger as she cried, "Beast! You struck the boy! You—"

He tried to placate her and said, "Madame, my son is inquisitive. If the murderer thought Faisal knew—"

"But you struck him! A child!" "I disciplined him," Chafik protested, as she turned from him.

"Oh, no, not!" she cried. "Let the dead stay dead!"

He watched her run through the splashes of sunlight and shadow. He was shocked that one so habitually calm should sob so wildly. Then he remembered the gun in his hand.

Poor woman! he reproached himself. How clumsy of me, I should have concealed it! Even if Zaki is only her lover in her dreams . . .

He called after her, "Lady, I—"

But she had gone into the house. Only Jamil remained. "You see how it is with her," he said.

CHAFIK went to call on Zaki Aitala's widow, Naomi, the daughter of Azz Chelabi. He found her in two cluttered rooms in the Nassah Quarter. She was heavy with Zaki's child.

The woman was veiled, for she was old-fashioned, although she was young. He said, "The commission of God embraces you."

Naomi said, "My man is dead. I loved him."

Chafik wondered how a good woman could love one like Zaki, who would have deserted her, but it often happened that a woman's emotions were wasted on an engaging rascal.

The Inspector had not come to deliver a homily. "Where is your father?"

"Naomi's hands, worn by service for her man, clasped tightly. "I do not know where my father is."

"Do not hide things from me. He came from Basra yesterday, at your insistence. He went to many cafes looking for Zaki; he made many threats."

Chafik added, "And in the end he traced Zaki to the House of Hadi and went there. I saw him."

The woman said in a surprisingly firm voice, "I know. I followed him. I was afraid for Zaki. My father's temper—"

Chafik got up and paced the room and noted the many absurd gadgets Zaki had bought to please his wife. And to ease his conscience, thought the Inspector.

He turned and asked, "What made you send for your father if you feared his violence toward your husband?"

"I was overwrought. I did not think. When one is with child—"

"All the world knows," Chafik said. "When you heard that Zaki might divorce you to marry his cousin, what did you—"

"I hated him! I hated them both!"

"Do not hate Rejina," Chafik begged. "She refused him. But what of her brothers?" he asked.

"Jamil was friendly; he came here often. Jamil and my husband talked a great deal together. I do not know what they talked about, because they whispered as people do when they plot something." Naomi added, "Zaki had many ideas about becoming rich."

Somebody knocked, and the Inspector went to the door and found an old man who carried a giant basket of fruits.

In an ancient voice, the messenger said, "Bless the sender! A gift from the Lady Rejina to the Lady Naomi!" Chafik tipped him and sent him away.

The woman and the police inspector stared at the basket.

Then Naomi said, "That woman sent it? That woman?"

Chafik said, "The human mind cannot probe the depths of Rejina's heart." He remembered that the matriarch of the House of Hadi had spoken of taking Naomi into her home.

"People say she is mad."

"People are unkind. She is very gracious but eccentric."

Zaki's wife hesitated and then took an apple from the basket. The Inspector went to find a plate and knife.

He found a knife in a rack above the kitchen sink. It was a novel rack; instead of slots, a bar magnet held the implements, and Chafik thought: Another of Zaki's gadgets . . . He returned to the widow.

Carefully he peeled the apple and

Put pleasure before business...
when you travel take it easy!



When you go Pullman, you trade your world of business for a world of pleasure. You relax in the Club Car over pre-dinner refreshments. The

dining car is just a few steps away, where you dine on deliciously prepared, perfectly served dishes of your choosing, in finest restaurant style.



The weather is hot. But you're not. Your Pullman accommodation fills with fresh breezes at the drop of a

switch. You feel so cool and comfortable, it's no trick at all to drop off to dreamland in a wink or two!



Another "happy ending by Pullman" proves that it pays to put pleasure before business, when you

travel. Matter of fact, you get there so relaxed—so refreshed—so rested—doing business is a pleasure in itself.

You please your family when you Go Pullman. They know you're as safe in a Pullman as you are in your own home.

IT'S GOOD BUSINESS TO **GO PULLMAN**
COMFORTABLE, CONVENIENT AND SAFE

Copyright 1932, The Pullman Company

FOR SIMPLE

HEADACHE

TAKE

BAYER
ASPIRIN
FEEL BETTER
FAST!best for
ALL
lighters!more lights
per penny!longer-lasting
RONSONOL
lighter fuel

- Ronsonol lasts longer — costs less per light.
- Ronsonol lights instantly.
- Ronsonol burns with clean, full flame.
- Ronsonol is pleasingly scented.
- Buy Ronsonol, world's finest lighter fuel, today!
- Also get extra-long Ronson Red-skin Flints.

Foz. 4.11

25¢



offered it, then he became the policeman again. "Do you recognize that?" He brought out the gun that Malek, his son's man, had injected into the case.

Naomi let her head be covering fall, and for the first time he saw her. Briefly she was beautiful, and then she was hysterical.

"No, no, no!" she screamed. And she seized the basket of fruits and threw it with shocking violence on the floor. "I will take nothing! Nothing from that woman! She enticed my man. She—"

The Inspector backed to the door, hands raised pleadingly.

"For God's sake!" he said to the policeman who was in attendance. "Calm her! She is with child!"

LATER, in his office, Inspector Chafik read the laboratory reports. Ballistics proved that the bullet taken out of Zaki matched the gun; both the gun and the ammunition were old-fashioned. Furthermore, the gun belonged to an era when registration was not required.

Then there were the surgeon's findings; the suggested time of Zaki's death covered a period of two hours either side of five o'clock.

"A crystal-gazer would have been accurate," Chafik announced.

He looked at other reports. The police still had not found Aziz Chelebi, the father of Naomi. He wondered how a man like AZIZ, who had no criminal cunning, could elude the dragnet.

And then the small voice of Faisal boasted in his ear. "My men will find you Aziz." He reached for the telephone and called the doctor.

"With reference to my just chastisement of our son—"

"Faisal has refused dinner," were Leila's first words to him in this difficult day. "He tells me you raved, I insist you keep Faisal at home. He must see no more of those boys; he must keep his nose out of this case— Leila? You are there?"

She answered, "I am here, but my husband is not there. Not the man I know. But we obey your edict." She hung up, too late to cut off a sob.

The Inspector wanted to rush home, but pride held him back and he became angry. He swept the papers from his desk, set his hat on his head at a reckless angle and went out saying, "Well, there's only one way to forget!"

Inspector Chafik marched an assertive track to his favorite café and went to a table on the sofa at the back of the room. He said to the waiter, "A honey cake!" and as the man turned away, added recklessly, "Make that two!"

A day passed and nothing was changed. There was still no trace of Aziz Chelebi, and Chafik again sat at the table in the café. It was late, and he was satiated with honey cake, but reluctant to go home. He had slept the night on the sofa because he felt unwelcome in the communal bed.

Chafik hid behind a copy of Al-Hawadith and only put the newspaper down when his assistant arrived.

One look at Abdullah's face, and Chafik paid his bill and went out.

"We have found the suspect, Aziz Chelebi," Abdullah said.

"You speak of him as if he were an inanimate object."

"Yes, sir. He is. Stabbed, sir. . . ."

The father of Naomi lay in an alleyway not far from his daughter's house.

Your Vote Won't Register
If You Don't

There were many knife wounds in his back, and he had not been dead long. The patrolman who had found the body had seen nobody suspicious and had nothing to add to the meager facts.

Abdullah said, "A curious item, sir. He has not been robbed. May I venture to suggest he was killed in anger?"

"The suggestion deserves consideration, but I think it was panic, not anger," said Inspector Chafik.

He turned the corpse over and looked at the face, and it was the one he had seen in the storm. Now it had no expression.

Chafik said, "Poor father!" Then he added, "Poor daughter, twice bereaved in three days!"

While he talked, he went through Aziz' pockets. Suddenly he exclaimed, then held up for Abdullah's inspection a few rounds of revolver ammunition. "Caliber .32. You'd need an old-fashioned gun to fire it. It's dated ammunition. And it would fit the gun that killed Zaki. But why was Aziz killed?"

Chafik came home to the Street of the Scatterer of Blessings as the stars were going out. He walked wearily up the garden path, wondering why there were lights on in the house.

Leila was in the hallway. She was wearing a wrap over her nightdress, and her dark hair was unbraided. He went to her eagerly, then noticed her pallor, then saw with alarm she was trying to conceal a pistol.

"What happened?" he asked sharply. "Faisal saw something. He cried out. He shouted that somebody was at the window, and I ran to look. I saw—"

"I saw a shadow. Leila shivered and drew her wrap around her. 'I took your spare pistol,' she said. 'I went out—'

He beat his hands. "Courageous but foolish!"

"Faisal's nightmare dropped this," Leila said. She showed him a knife which she had wrapped in newspaper.

"I thought to preserve fingerprints," she explained.

It was too overcautious to commend her police methods, and his hands shook as he took the knife. It had a good steel blade set in a wooden handle; there were thousands of knives like it in the kitchens of Baghdad. Somebody had used electrician's tape to make a better grip, and the Inspector's hope of fingerprints faded. He slanted the blade to the light and saw particles embedded in the imprint of the manufacturer's name. His face said what he thought.

"Blood?" Leila asked, looking control.

"He nodded. 'I will send it to the laboratory for analysis,' he said tiredly.

Then he heard his son's voice calling, and he ran to the boy's room.

Faisal was sitting up in bed, and his enormous eyes seemed to fill his face. He had learned the meaning of fear this night. He asked his mother, who had followed Chafik, "You told him?"

"I told him," Leila said.

THEY talked as if Chafik were not there, and the little man wondered if ever again he would have their confidence. Finally he went and sat timidly on the edge of the bed. "Now you've got a real advantage to tell your friends," Chafik said with false cheerfulness.

"But, my father, it was real the other time."

The Inspector listened with half an ear. He remembered the Koran, for the prayer call now sounded from all the mosques in Baghdad, and he sought in it, as always, guidance for the day. He found it in the seventeenth sura, the thirty-eighth verse: *And follow not that which thou hast no knowledge; because the hearing and the sight and the heart, each shall be enquired of.*

He clasped his hands and cried to his son. "This is truly a revelation! I have no knowledge, so must inquire! Exactly what did you hear and see when you climbed the tree to look into the garden?"

Faisal answered, "I heard nothing after the lady screamed."

"You didn't hear the spade digging?"

"The trees sighed, and the river throbbed in my throat, and I could not hear the spade because Ibrahim had not started to dig. It was like the cinema when the sound goes off. You know what I mean?" He finished, anxiously.



COLLIER'S

LOWELL HOPPER

Chafik grasped the small shoulders, and, as he looked into his son's puzzled eyes, his own began to glow. "Bastard and grease paint make a piquant sauce, but—yes! I know what you mean!"

The boy had put his finger on it, he decided. All that had happened in the Bayt Kami Hadi had been a three-act play. The second act, staged when he called with Faisal, had been impromptu, but the first had been carefully rehearsed and would have gone off smoothly if Faisal had not unexpectedly joined the audience.

"A play intended for an audience of one," Chafik told his son.

Faisal was bewildered. "But, my father—"

"Where is your intelligence?" shouted the little man, and he harangued the boy as he would have an assistant: "Consider that chip in the masonry under Rejina's window. That was obviously made by a bullet—the bullet she heard fired at five o'clock. But it did not kill Zaki."

"No, my father," agreed Faisal, diplomatically.

"Zaki was killed in the third act. I don't know how, for certain, although the evidence points to Aziz. But was there a fourth act? Could Aziz have been innocent, and was he killed because he saw something he shouldn't?"

"Like I did?" the boy asked.

Chafik remembered he was talking to a child, and the bewilderment in his son's eyes matched his own. "Well, I talk to you like a man, and you like that, don't you?" he said gruffly to cover his embarrassment.

"Yes, my father." Faisal snuggled down, and the bright eyes warned Chafik he had said too much. "So what I saw I should not have seen," the boy went on. "And if this Aziz also saw what he should not have seen, and got killed, then—"

"Nonsense!" the Inspector said vehemently, but he was sure the intruder who had come that night was fearful of Faisal's knowledge. "The boy knew no more he had told, and panic was too often the reason for murder.

Chafik commanded himself to be calm. He asked the question: If my theory is correct, how did this individual trace Aziz? He thought a moment and then had the answer, and went to sit on the bed again.

"My son, with reference to the edict I issued against seeing your men, it is rescinded. I mean you may see them," he clarified hastily. "And, Faisal, when a sheik has been in exile he may return, that his wise laws have been disobeyed. This is particularly so when a sheik has had a bountiful moment—my father, then you think—" Faisal began.

Chafik nodded and went and told his wife to go to the boy; then he stealthily telephoned Sergeant Abdullah and routed the big man out of bed. The sergeant expressed neither annoyance nor droiveness.

Chafik said, "Abdullah, my friend. Clothe yourself and come and watch my son. Duty has compelled me to put an idea in his head, and I fear his rashness. But with your discreet protection—All at once he broke down. "I put Faisal in your care," he announced tearfully.

IT WAS a very hot day, and the Inspector dressed in a crisp white linen suit. He was no longer tired, his brain had rarely been so active, and as he rode toward his office, he concentrated on the obscurity of the knife dropped by the intruder. The laboratory had already checked it and reported it could have been the wounds in Aziz's body, and, as Chafik had suspected, there was human blood congealed on the blade.

"And they tell me the knife's magnetized," he grumbled. "Now why should that fact needle me?"

The car stopped for traffic opposite Collin's for September 27, 1952

Hasso's Department Store, and the Inspector noticed a display of hardware in his window. It was he who held the key to memory, and he startled his driver by striking his hands together. He cursed his profession and the malignancy of his thoughts, and finally told the driver to take him to the house of Zaki Attala's wife.

The widow was sitting at the window. Despite the heat, she was wearing a heavy robe. The eyes that peered at the Inspector through the head folds were without lust; her hands lay motionless in her lap.

He glanced at the policeman, whose nod informed him her charge was out of shock. "Again," Chafik told Naomi in a heavy voice, "you are with God."

"Is there a God?"

The blasphemy distressed him, and so did her voice; it was dead, like her eyes. He made a hasty excuse and went to the kitchen to draw a glass of water.

THE malignant thought that had brought him here made him examine the knife rack on the wall. There was a space where a knife was missing. He detached another and touched it to an iron spot, and, as he felt, feared, there was weak but definite magnetism in the blade, created by the novelty rack.

"There are few like it in Baghdad," Chafik said. "May I be forgiven for what I think, but—"

He went back to Naomi and said abruptly, "Have you considered the possibility that your father, in his anger, might—"

Naomi cried, "That lie is a dagger in your heart!"

"By custom," continued Chafik, "a father arranges a daughter's marriage. If the marriage is a mistake, and he is a fond father, then—"

"It was not his will I married Zaki. I asked for Zaki! My father was too proud to refuse, but he warned me; he said Zaki was mixed in strange affairs with Jamal."

"So you knew more of that than you told me when I questioned you," he said sternly. "Open your mouth, woman! Confess. He detested himself for his police methods.

She protested, "But I am not sure what they talked about. I think it was about Rejina. Jamal said she was insane. If it could be proved—"

"He could take the estate!" Chafik interrupted.

And he went on, forgetful of his audience. "Now we have the theme of the play. They put on an act, those precious brothers and your man. They staged a quarrel and pretended to kill Zaki—that was the shot Rejina heard—and then they pretended to bury him. If Faisal had not seen it, all would have gone according to plan. The woman would have told her tale, and then Zaki would have been produced alive. What better proof of her insanity, and her unfitness to handle her father's estate?"

He pulled himself together and asked Naomi, "If you knew all this, why did you believe Zaki was going to divorce you?"

"I was in despair. I feared he would desert me. And I hated Rejina. I did not know her, or her kindness. I had not met her. When she came here yesterday with her brothers, it was as if my mother lived again."

"What?" Chafik shouted. "Rejina came here? And Jamal and Ibrahim? Why was I not informed?"

Naomi said, "Yes, they came. Rejina is strange, but God gave her her heart." He decided to put all that was blasphemous just now. I denied God—but surely God made Rejina ask me to live with her."

Inspector Chafik thought of the knife and how another person could have taken it from the magnetic rack. He took the young woman's hands and

It happens each time you play—



Hammond Organ illustrated above is the Home Model—price on request.

You press the keys of the Hammond Organ. The song of skylarks—the brilliance of brasses, the whisper of willows come alive as you play. This is music that relaxes you . . . refreshes you . . . renews you. And it happens each time you play.

Your family joins the fun when there's a Hammond Organ in your home. For even your youngsters can swiftly capture the beauty of music, the feeling of kinship that comes with playing such an instrument. What's more, on the Hammond Organ even beginners play surprisingly fine music the first month. And your friends like to visit a home where they may share the fun of music-making, too.



Your home is big enough. There is a Hammond Organ that will fit comfortably in your home regardless of size. A variety of payment plans are available. Hammond Organ prices

start at \$1285 including tone equipment and bench, E. o. b. Chicago (for the Spinnet Model, not shown). See your Hammond Organ dealer now for a complete demonstration.



HAMMOND ORGAN

MUSIC'S MOST GLORIOUS VOICE

MAIL COUPON FOR FULL INFORMATION

Hammond Instrument Company
2027 W. Diversy Ave., Chicago 26, Illinois

Without obligation, please send information on the following Hammond Organ models:

Spinnet Model Church Model

Home Model Concert Model

Name _____
Street _____
City _____

Consent Model has 32 tone
AGD pedal level and
additional Pedal Solo Unit,
tunable to preference by
the organist.

P. O. Zone _____ State _____
© 1952 HAMMOND INSTRUMENT COMPANY

and, ironically, it could not be used; the evidence would inevitably bring the conspiracy to light, and involve the brothers as accomplices. Now, they were certain Aziz had witnessed the killing and would talk when the police found him.

"So he became a menace to be removed," Chafik announced. "Panik! And the one who panicked was—"

Instinctively, he swung around. He saw Ibrahim, who still stood helpless in the doorway. He saw him thrust violently aside. He saw Jamil, the beard and hair wild, gun in hand.

"That hell-brat!" the man shouted. Chafik said carefully, "I am your nemesis, not Faisal."

He braced his feet. The distance was too great, and he had to wait until Jamil came nearer.

Jamil said, "You made her talk! You used the boy and made her talk! Always the boy! If he hadn't come swinging around, if one of his guttersnipes hadn't found the gun, if—"

"You and I," Chafik said, "have the real quarrel. I traced the knife that will hang you."

The man's round eyes switched to Chafik, but the gun was still on Faisal. Give me time, Chafik prayed.

"And I do not admire your cunning," he went on. "You hoped when you took the knife from Naomi's house that she would appear guilty of patricide."

He willed Jamil to come nearer, and said, "You put cartridges in Aziz' pocket to make it look as if he had killed Zaki with that gun. And you used your brother as go-between with the bazaar boys, so that if one plan failed, the other might succeed. You knew Ibrahim would be too drunk to know if he'd killed or not!"

Jamil forgot Faisal and turned the gun on the little man who goaded him. Chafik hurled himself forward as the wildly fired shot resounded in the room.

Falling short, he scrambled to hands and knees. He saw Jamil level the gun again. He saw Ibrahim throw himself at his brother, and heard him shout, "No more killing! No more—"

There was a second shot and Ibrahim fell away.

The impact of Chafik's body carried Jamil to the floor. He put his knee into him and used his forearms like clubs. He thought of Aziz Chelebi, of the widowed Naomi, of Rejina's fragile mind; he struck Jamil again and again for each of them. He was still striking when

strong hands dragged him from the helpless man.

"Leave him for the hangman, sir!" said a familiar voice.

The fog lifted, and Chafik recognized Abdullah; the police had rushed in with the first shot.

He looked first for Faisal. The boy was sitting on the sofa, staring. His mouth and his hands were sticky with honey cake. Chafik said to one of his men, "Take him out," and went quickly to where Ibrahim lay, his head pillowed on his sister's lap.

Rejina said, "poor brother!" She rocked him like a child.

Ibrahim whispered, "Sister, little sister whom I wronged! I beg you—forget—never remember that night—"

"What night?" Rejina asked in surprise, bending to hear the answer. But he did not answer. He had gone into the shadows.

INSPECTOR CHAFIK sat in his office. He was alone with his son. Presently he looked up from the report he was writing.

"Faisal, you are a man, are you not?"

"Yes, my father, I am nine years—"

"Then you will understand it is sometimes merciful to make a little twist in the truth. It would, for example, be nice to forget something a lady said, particularly since that lady has herself forgotten."

"Yes, my father," Faisal said blankly. Chafik took his pen and wrote: *With reference to the death of Zaki Attala, I submit the evidence is clear that he was killed in a quarrel with Jamil Hadi. I respectfully suggest that as Jamil Hadi already stands accused of the murder of Aziz Chelebi, and the death of Ibrahim Hadi, a full investigation of the case is unnecessary. However, I append the names of two witnesses who observed Zaki Attala's burial, by the two Hadi brothers, at, or about, the evening hour of five on the day in question . . .*

The Inspector hesitated and then wrote firmly: *Rejina of the House of Hadi, and Faisal, my son. He signed the report, looked at the solemn boy, and winked. "So what you saw that day you really saw," he announced.*

"Yes, my father. Truly I saw it."

"Ah, you are truly a man, Faisal!"

Inspector Chafik took his son by the hand, and they went out together into a carnival Baghdad, lighted by the lanterns of the stars. ▲▲▲



COLLIER'S

"Harold! It's gorgeous! If my Prince Charming thinks I'm going to wait longer for him to come along, he's crazy!"

TOM HUDSON

make your drinks **BEAM!**

make your bourbon **BEAM!**

Your Friends Know...**BEAM**...
World's Finest Bourbon Since 1795

JIM BEAM
KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKEY

James B. Beam Distilling Co., Clermont, Ky.

Here's NOTHING FUNNY

You can't touch a man on his pocketbook and his funnybone at the same time. If profit is involved, nothing's too outrageous to be taken seriously. You don't believe it? Read on

HOW'S your sense of humor? Can you take a joke on yourself? Sure you can. We're all proud of not being stuffed shirts. We can laugh at ourselves as well as the next man.

The catch is that the next man can't—at least, not when the joke concerns the way he makes his living. When money comes in, humor goes out; then the average fellow becomes blind to the funny and the phony. There's nothing funny about money.

I had never noticed the phenomenon of money blindness until I got into the candid-microphone and candid-camera business. But when I started making hidden-mike recordings of candid interviews for radio (and, later, hidden-camera films for television) I got a surprise. Nothing, it seemed, was too outlandish to be taken seriously if it promised profit.

One day I was working at my desk while a husky, pleasant-faced electrician repaired a power cable in the corner of the room. I struck up a conversation, and was impressed by his wealth of information about technical matters. Suddenly I wondered how this solid citizen would react to a fantastic request for electrical work—like, say, the building of an electric chair for home use. Would he think I was crazy? Would he try to get away and rush to the police?

I pushed a button on my desk. In the next room, where a crew was working on the next set of tape recordings, a light flashed on, indicating that I wanted to start recording through the mike hidden in a dummy telephone on my desk.

"Tell me," I said to the electrician, "you're a general electrician—does that mean you can do all different kinds of electrical work?"

He gave me a confident smile. "Only had twenty-three years' experience in the electrical and construction field," he said. "I can do whatever you need done."

"Even complicated stuff?"

He raised his eyebrows. "There was nothing electrical, he said calmly, that he could not build.

"Well," I said earnestly, "I've got a job I've been wanting to get done for a long while. Could you build an electric chair for me, my own home?" I fought down an impulse to laugh; it seemed to me like a pretty funny idea.

The electrician scarcely hesitated. "Well, it's possible," he said, "if you want to pay the cost of a thing like that."

It was my turn to raise my eyebrows. I figured I'd have to hit it a little harder. "But can you get enough current into it, building it yourself?" I asked. "I mean enough to really do the job?"

"Why, sure," he said. "It's just a case of getting the right equipment. I can give it 2,000 volts, the same as they do at Sing Sing." However, he added, the job would require a lot of different permits; the city had certain rules about high-voltage equipment.

I was astonished. How far could I go, I wondered, before this solidly built, sane-looking citizen's sense of perspective hoisted a warning flag in his brain? Could a man be so concerned about his job that *nothing* seemed odd to him?

"Well, look," I said, desperately. "You leave the responsibility for the permits to me—you just do the building. But tell me, will I be able to work this thing myself? What is there—just a switch or something for me to pull?"

"Sure, sure. It'll be an exact replica of the one up at Sing Sing. Regular control board; you sit on one side, the same as the electrocutor up there, and watch the whole operation. You'll have complete safety, the way I'll make it. It'll take me about

three or four weeks. So I'll go ahead and start getting those permits—"

"No, no," I said hastily. "Don't do that. Leave that to me. I'll get in touch with you—and thank a lot."

"All right," he said, gathering up his tools. At the door, a thought struck him and he turned back. Aha, I thought, the light dawned!

"You understand," he said, "I can't start now on work on the job until we get those permits." With that, he nodded good-bye and left.

The electrician wasn't unusual. He was exhibiting what I later found to be a normal response to a situation involving money. Even when I explained that it was all a gag, people often wouldn't believe me.

Mrs. S., who arranges parties and dinners, is a good example. She came to my office at my invitation. She was young, nice-looking and pleasantly businesslike, and when I told her I wanted to give a testimonial banquet, she was alert and positive for action. But I said, this affair would not be easy to handle. She practically strained at the leash.

"Well, you see," I dead-panned, "I want to give this testimonial for myself." I paused to observe her reaction.

"Uh-huh," she said. "What's the occasion?" Obviously, if I was to get a reaction I'd have to try a little harder. So I did. I told her there was no occasion for the nobility to donate to the testimonial. But a big affair with important people paying homage to me would be—well, nice. It would help my prestige.

"We could just say," I suggested, "that 'the industry' is giving this testimonial to me on general principles." I peered at her for signs of outrage. She merely nodded.

"All right," she said. "Now who do you know who can say any really wonderful things about you in a speech?"

I thought a moment. "Nobody," I said firmly. "Nobody could say anything good about me."

The Lady Had No Sense of Foolishness

She rolled with the punch—we could hire a paid speaker, she said. He wouldn't have to know me; he wouldn't even have to meet me until the night of the dinner. To her, it seemed reasonable and practical; by refusing to recognize the foolishness of the whole affair, she was able to keep order in her own little world.

Then she popped up with another suggestion: I could also get recordings made during the dinner as a permanent memento. By that time, I was tired of the joke. Her reference to recordings gave me a perfect opportunity for the denouement.

"We do some of that work ourselves," I started. "We have a lot of secret recordings. Have you ever heard of Candid Microphone, the radio program?" She hadn't; so I explained about secret microphones, people talking without knowing they were being recorded, and so on. Finally I told her we had just recorded everything she had said.

"Oh, you did?" she giggled. "Oh, that's nice. Well, thank you! Now, what do you want me to do about the dinner? Why not let me give you an estimate?"

I was licked. She stood up and offered me her hand. I felt like holding it aloft and proclaiming her the victor.

Some time later, I tried a somewhat similar project—only this time I was determined to make my proposal so outlandish that *anyone* would get the wrong idea.

I called in a man who caters private dinners.

Unlike Mrs. S., he specialized in good food and fine service, rather than hoopla and orations. He was a mild, pleasant man; when I told him I wanted to give a special dinner, he beamed. He had, he replied, given many special dinners for the very best people. Then I threw him the curve.

My guests were not to be people, I said; I was an advertising consultant for a cat-food manufacturer; we had held a national cat contest, and selected four regional winners to be feted at a banquet.

The caterer showed neither amusement nor astonishment. Instead, he immediately began speaking of a centerpiece that might be made of cetera, or some other stringy foodstuff which could provide the guests with something to do in their spare time.

Courses to Please Feline Palates

Next we discussed the courses. For soup, he suggested a lobster bisque. The entree, of course, would be fish. Cream would be the beverage. I asked about place settings and the seating arrangements; he advised me to alternate lady cats with man cats. I prodded him about after-dinner mints, but he brushed that aside.

At this point, I felt that the interview had been amusing and long enough, so I explained about my television show, and the hidden camera that had been trained on him. He hadn't heard of the show, but said the engineers came in from the next room and play back the tape recording. He was pleased, mildly surprised and entirely good-natured.

Then, as is necessary when I take up a man's business, I asked him to pay attention to a toast. He accepted readily, and read and signed a release form giving me permission to use the material we had recorded and filmed.

Then we shook hands and said good-bye. It looked, at last, as if I had found a man who knew when he was being kidded.

At the door, he turned.

"Remember, Mr. Funt," he said, "I will need at least two weeks' notice to get everything ready. You'll let me know in time?" He waved cheerily, and left.

Perhaps, I thought, people like the electrician, the caterer and Mrs. S. were blind to unexpected humor because their businesses are essentially serious. Maybe a man in a fundamentally silly business might be more alert to the ridiculous.

So I interviewed a noisemaker-maker. Now, certainly there is nothing basically solemn about making kazoots, tin trumpets and wooden rattles for New Year's Eve and birthday parties. Surely a man in that line must be a jolly, twinkling Santa Claus type, conscious of the humorous possibilities in a fantastic request.

In the dingy downtown office of a noisemaker manufacturer, I noted my problem to a stately, middle-aged gentleman whose figure resembled Saint Nick's, but whose face showed only gravity and solicitude.

He was, I said, was crazy about noise. I couldn't stand it. "I like quiet parties, but she likes to carry on. So I want to order a batch of nice quiet noisemakers."

Santa Claus looked at me, wagging his head slowly.

"Very difficult," he said, thoughtfully. "In order to make a quiet noisemaker, you need a vibrator."

Funt ponders his experiences. He tried to buy a home electric chair, jeweled dog-choker, lopsided map, incentive award for avoiding water cooler, cat-sounding quiet noisemaker. He's laughing, all right—but no one else did

about *MONEY*

By ALLEN FUNT



It's the flavour ... always right!



86 Proof

TEACHER'S HIGHLAND CREAM

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY

Schleffelin & Co., New York, N. Y. • Importers Since 1794

AMAZING PAZO ACTS TO RELIEVE PAIN OF SIMPLE PAIN INSTANTLY

Speed amazing relief from minutes of simple pain, with soothing Pazo! Acts to relieve pain and itching instantly—soothes inflamed tissues—helps prevent sores—reduces swelling. You get real comforting help. So don't suffer one moment of needless torture from simple pain. Get Pazo for fast, wonderful relief. Ask your doctor about it. Suggestory form—also tubes with perforated pipe for easy, thorough application.

*Pazo Ointment and Suppositories

DEALERS WANTED

The Elliott Addressette is the lowest priced tray-loaded card index addressing machine in the world.

Elliott ADDRESSING MACHINE CO.

149-T Albany Street, Cambridge 39, Mass.



GET RID OF 3 o'clock COBWEBS



Be Alert in MINUTES

Keep NoDox Awakeners handy for those times you feel drowsy... "below par." NoDox Awakeners give you a lift without a lesson. Quickly help you become your normal, alert self again! At your drugstore.

USED AND APPROVED BY MILLIONS SINCE 1932

ON THE JOB
ON THE HIGHWAY
AFTER HOURS
NODOX AWAKENERS

HARMLESS AS COFFEE

twenty years of making noisemakers. I've never had a request for noisemakers that don't make noise." The dignified gentleman took one sample after another from the shelves around the room and tried delicately to manipulate them so as to make a nice quiet racket.

Unfortunately, he had done his work too well over the years; all his gadgets produced noisy noises. After a while, he admitted that the problem was too much for him. He shook his head dolefully and wished me better luck elsewhere.

Would a Dog's Tailor Bite?

Well, so much for the maker of noisemakers, a humorless man in a humorous business. But was he typical? Perhaps in other outlandish enterprises there were men who saw themselves in perspective. How about a man making special, costly equipment for spoiled house pets? Who wouldn't see humor in creating booties and fur coats for the pedigreed, pedicured, pampered poodles of Park Avenue?

I'll tell you who wouldn't: the man who does it.

With a special tape recorder concealed in my brief case, I went into the shop of a dog's haberdasher. A well-dressed little man with a Continental accent greeted me.

"I have to give a present to a Boston bull," I said. "It must be really impressive. Money is no object." That must have been like throwing sand in the poor man's eyes; he was hopelessly blinded by the magic of that sentence.

"I make everything for them," he said proudly. Everything you could think of. Coats, shoes, collars, jewelry—"Couture," said, catching at the word. "How expensive a coat can you make? Can you make a dog a—well—say, a *mink* coat?"

He took it in stride. "Why, certainly," he said. "I could make you a very nice coat, beautifully tailored, good skins. You could be proud of it." He thought a moment. "Actually," he said, leaning toward me, "I wouldn't advise it, if you want something really nice. It isn't so attractive. You know—fur on fur."

I pondered. "Well, how about a nice watch?"

He shook his head. "No, no," he cautioned, "that might look ridiculous."

The little man thought for a moment. Then his face lit up. "Tentative," he asked: "How about a choker—a jeweled choker?"

"Now you're talking!" I said. "That sounds like something I might like." I sketched a design; each new flight of his fancy struck me as excellent, and as the project grew in size and cost, his voice took on firmness and strength. Finally we agreed on a diamond-studded choker in a platinum setting, which would cost around \$5,000. He laid his pencil down with an air of accomplishment.

"You'll have a real knockout there, a real knockout! This could only happen in America!" He was transfixed.

I made one last try. "But do you think I can't get 'that dog who really appreciates this'?"

He smiled benevolently. "To tell you the truth," he said, "the gift is more for the owner. The dog might like a Frankfurter better." We were making progress, at last. But then his business sense rushed in to protect him from the light of common sense. "But believe me," he added hastily, "it will be a wonderful gift, a real knockout!"

That was the note he closed on, and his sense of humor was definitely out of action when I explained what it was about what the interview had really been for.

But then, he had lost (he raised) \$5,000 worth of business, a catastrophe which might tax anyone's sense of humor.

If you think my discussion with the purveyor of dog finery had overtones of unreality, listen in on the one I had another time with a salesman of incentive awards. He was an outfit that specializes in building employee morale and increasing efficiency. He was a good advertisement for his firm—hard-working, serious about his business and anxious to please. He thumped my desk, rapped his brief case, waved exhibits at me and had a pat answer for every question I raised some heads.

My firm had a number of personnel problems, I explained, and I wanted to know how to solve them. For instance, we wanted to do something to stop employees from making personal phone calls from the office.

That was easy, he said instantly: give an emblem. "But the employees make the fewest calls. It would be of solid gold, with a genuine ruby in it. Wasn't that expensive?" I asked. "No," he said, "it'll run you—roughly figuring—only around \$5.00 the pin, in gross lots."

I asked about an award for the most punctual workers. Again he had a pre-

This is a chapter from *Allen Funt's Book, Eavesdropper at Large*, which is to be published by Vanguard Press next month.

scription: a nice plaque, set up near the time clock. "Everybody likes to see their name," he said. "Everybody comes in by the time clock and sees that name up there. You know, a fellow doesn't like to have his name say to him, 'What's the matter with you, Jim, you been here five years, your name's not up there yet? It creates something for you.'"

I decided to broaden the satire, and see whether he'd get it. How about an award for the person who works for a raise the fewest times? I asked. He didn't turn a hair. As though it were an everyday problem, he cautioned that pins and plaques were wrong for that situation; you could give only a personal gift.

The Water-Fountain Problem

I tried again. We wanted, I said, to cut down on trips to the water fountain. What would be done about that?

His answer was magnificent. He would set up an interdepartmental competition for not going to the water fountain; the prize would be another plaque, awarded monthly to that department which restrained itself best. The for- lady of each department would keep a record of who went to the fountain, and how often. At the end of the month, the plaques would be totaled up and the plaque awarded to the deserving. At the end of the year, the plaque, complete with an attached Victory figurine, would become the permanent property of that department. "You get a real spirit that way," he said, earnestly. "The way they got to feel is, 'Oh, boy, at the end of the year I'll be getting this really great something nice to shoot for.'"

"And that will really help morale?" I asked, unable to repress a broad grin. "No question about it. It'll go over with a bang." And he handed my desk to show what a bang was like. I concluded the interview shortly thereafter.

I had told the officers of the salesman's firm beforehand what I planned to do, and they had sent him to me without

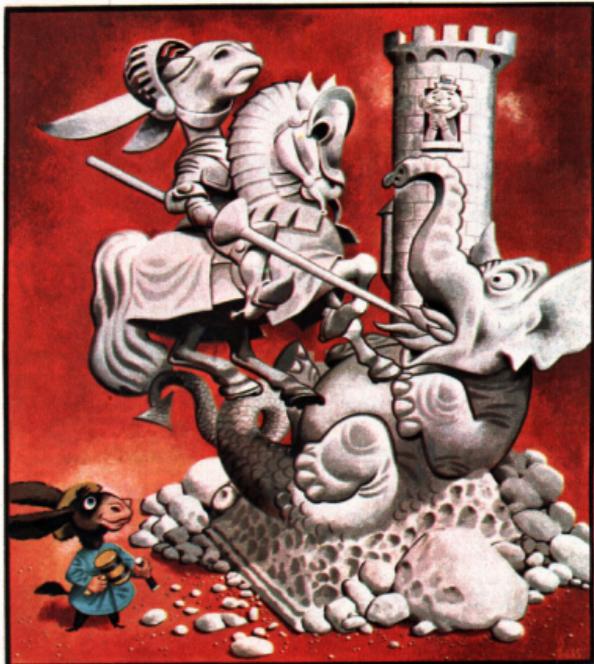


BETTER LIVING at new low cost!

Join thousands of happy, worry-free and rent-free New Moon owners. Move to top paying jobs, enjoy travel and vacation fun—a home completely furnished and ready to live-in, including kitchen, bath and automatic heating system. Own a New Moon on our rent-like payment plan and enjoy all the comfort and advantages of genuine home ownership at once.

FREE! Write today for literature describing the complete line of New Moon apartment homes.

Manufactured by
REDMAN TRAILER CO.
55 BRIDGE ST. ALMA, MICH.



LOWELL HESS

That's Not the Way We See It

WE HOPE THAT THE MAN from Moultrie, Georgia, who wrote to us the other day won't mind if we use part of his letter as a text for this week's piece. The man from Moultrie took courteous but sharp exception to the political tone of some of our editorials. Said they reminded him of the oratory at the recent Republican convention, "in that they never offer any sound solution to any government problem, but just whoop and raise hell and talk about Abraham Lincoln and Herbert Hoover."

Since he is a rapid subject-changer, he also asked us if we had ever been hungry. "Well, I haven't either," he confessed, "and can't imagine what a gnawing feeling it could be." But he thought that anyway, even if we hadn't suffered the pangs, we ought to remember the bread lines of the depressed thirties, and ease up on our criticism of what he called "the Democratic or Fair Deal or New Deal party."

Now, before we go any further, we're going to plead innocent to running either Mr. Hoover or Mr. Lincoln for President. Then we're not going to plead innocent to doing some occasional

whooping and hell-raising when conditions seem to warrant. And finally we'll explain that we are quoting from this gentleman's letter because we suspect that a good many people share his views, and because we think the views are a little cockeyed.

It's no new trick to ride either the donkey or the elephant backward. Evoking the political past is a standard election-year expedient among the campaigners and professionals. But it is also, we think, a political superstition with a lot of people. So it has come to be the fashion, in recent years, to think of the Republican party as the party of depression and hard times. This appears to be particularly true among the younger voters who can scarcely remember that their country ever had a Republican administration. Conversely, the Democrats are thought to hold the magic key to prosperity. To vote for any other party, according to this superstition, would be akin to walking under a ladder or raising an umbrella in the living room.

It is quite true, of course, that there was a depression during the last Republican adminis-

tration. But it is equally true that there was a depression—or "panic," as they used to call it—during the second term of a Democrat named Grover Cleveland. And it is also true that around the turn of the century it was the G.O.P. which had the reputation, carefully self-exploited, of being the party of prosperity and the full dinner pail.

We don't say that the earlier label was any truer than the present one. Nor do we think that it is any more accurate to call the Democratic party the party of peace and plenty than it is to hold it responsible for America's involvement in two world wars in the last 35 years. Political administrations and the philosophies behind them are vital matters in a country's history, of course. But we contend that economic ups and downs, and military conflicts also, for that matter, are far too complex phenomena to be oversimplified by ascribing them to one person or one party group.

This isn't to say that a President and his party should not be judged on their record. But it does seem to us that the present administration should be judged by the policies of Mr. Truman, his appointees and the members of his party who control Congress, and not by what Mr. Roosevelt did for or to the country—depending on how you choose to look at it. We also believe that the Republicans ought to stand or fall on the record of their major candidates and their Congressional leadership, rather than on their leadership of 20 and more years ago.

Both parties are inclined to exploit political superstition. But it seems to us that the Democrats are, through their present position of power, the chief offenders. We feel that there is something unfair and undemocratic in the idea, which our friend from Moultrie apparently shares, that one should reward a political party for past accomplishments by keeping it in office indefinitely, no matter what its current record may be. It reminds us too much of the Russian school children who are taught to thank Comrade Stalin for bestowing all the blessings that surround them—including, presumably, sunshine and green grass.

And while we're on the subject of political superstitions, we'd like to register a beef against the notion, so carefully fostered by Mr. Truman, that the Democratic party is "the party of the people," that it is the only party that has the welfare of the ordinary citizen at heart, and that its opposition represents the "special interests" and the "privileged few."

Let it be forgotten in a cloud of the President's whistle-stop oratory, there were 24,105,812 of "the people" who voted for Mr. Truman in 1948, but there were 24,730,767 Americans who voted for Messrs. Dewey, Thurmond, Wallace, Thomas and a scattering of other candidates. Thus a majority of the electorate cast their ballots against the self-anointed champion of the people and in favor of the representatives of the "special interests."

It strikes us that the "special interests" must be mighty numerous or else that "the people" aren't quite as gullible as advertised. And we hope that they won't relapse into gullibility as the fall's campaign progresses.

We also hope that voters like our friend from Moultrie will remember that "the people" are all of us—Republicans and Democrats—and that, further, they will keep in mind that the 1952 candidates' names are Eisenhower and Stevenson, not Hoover and Roosevelt.

The best things in life
very seldom are free,
But some cost much less
than you'd think,
Try smoother Paul Jones,
and we're sure you'll agree.
You can't buy
a mellower drink.

Paul Jones

SINCE 1865...
Now 5 generations finer



*You just can't buy
a better drink
at any price!*

You **GET OUT** of a Cigarette
just what **GOES INTO** it!

That's why you should smoke Chesterfields—

THEY'RE *MUCH MILDER* WITH

*NO UNPLEASANT AFTER-TASTE

because— A. CHESTERFIELD uses the world's best, mild, ripe tobaccos, pre-tested for the most desirable smoking qualities.

B. CHESTERFIELD keeps these tobaccos tasty and fresh with tried and tested moistening agents—pure natural sugars, costly glycerol . . . nothing else.

C. CHESTERFIELDS are wrapped in cigarette paper of the highest purity.

BRAND THE ONLY OF A WELL-KNOWN RESEARCH ORGANIZATION

CHESTERFIELD

CONTAINS ONLY INGREDIENTS THAT GIVE YOU

the Best Possible Smoke—

AS TESTED AND APPROVED BY SCIENTISTS
FROM LEADING UNIVERSITIES

