

Collier's

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December 31, 1949



BEGINNING—

Rescue Below Zero

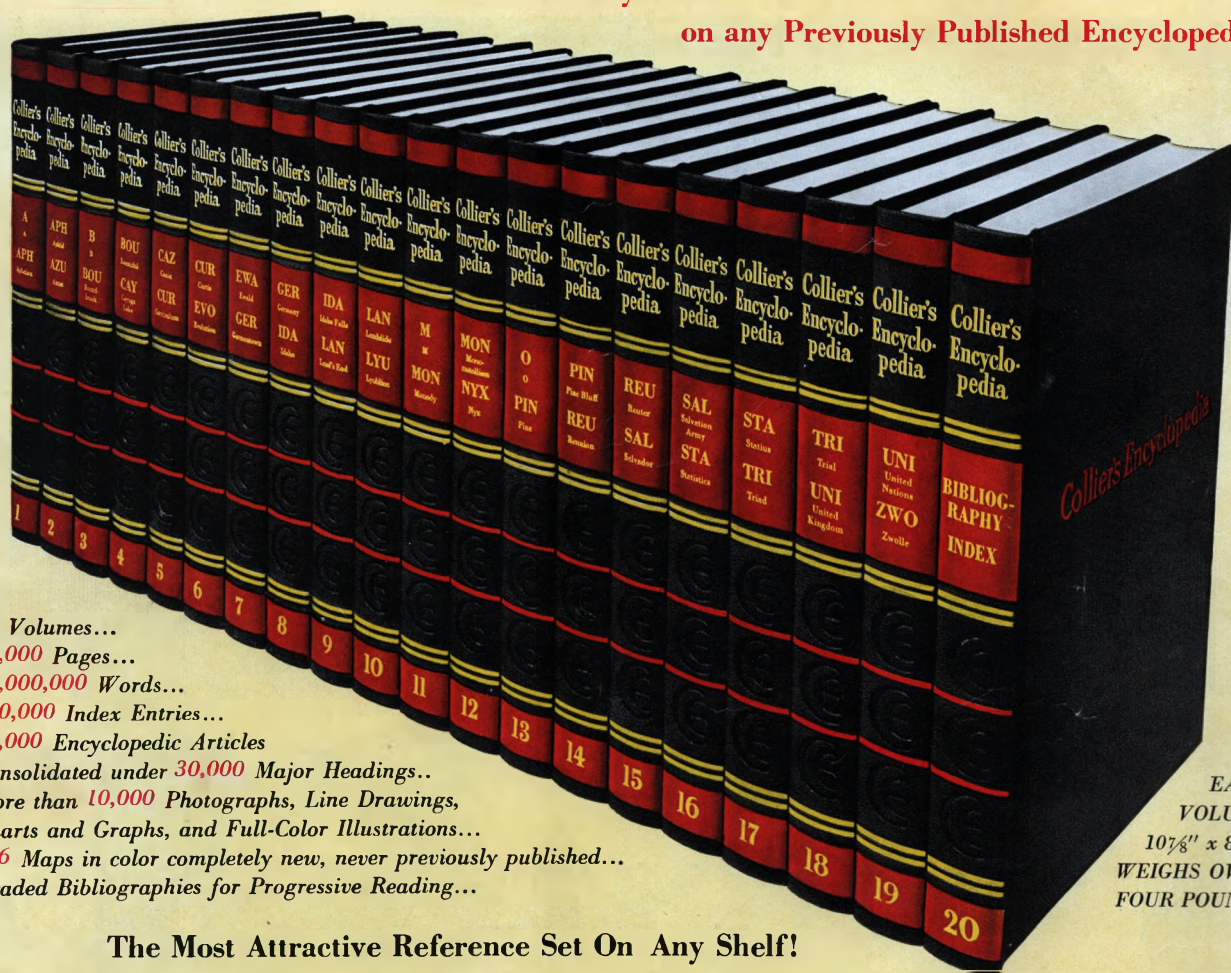
BERNT BALCHEN'S DARING ARCTIC AIRMEN



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The Cover

At Waits River (pop. 76) in Vermont, part of the town of Topsham, 17 miles south-east of Barre, Photographer Art d'Araziel snapped Isabelle Hyland (red jacket) and Beulah Collins returning after noon recess to a typical rural one-room school with 28 students. Waits River has one bobbin mill, two stores, a post office and church (Methodist).

Week's Mail

More Comment on Cops

EDITOR: Congrats! Howard Whitman's article, *Terror in Our Cities* (Nov. 19th), is the best thing that has ever happened in a magazine.

Please do not stop publishing articles such as this. Force the cities and towns to give the people adequate protection. Make authorities wake up and realize that a city should be a place where people can be safe.

AL GRACE, Philadelphia, Pa.

... The cop on the beat is, I suppose, the ideal way of stopping crime before it begins. However, there is another excellent way of protecting our homes and our children from tragedy without waiting for officials to get around to doing something that might cost a few dollars. Dogs! Dogs!

A man, regardless of how degenerate he is, will very rarely enter a house in which there is a dog, be he large, small, mutt or thoroughbred.

INEZ B. HAYS, Pittsburgh, Pa.

... Howard Whitman seems to have missed one important point: The Detroit police department tries to write more traffic violation tickets than New York or Chicago. The bulk of the department is so busy patrolling meters and watching for \$2 parking violations that murders, rapes and holdups are practically ignored.

PETER T. FORBES, Detroit, Mich.

... As for a shortage of Detroit policemen—there are always plenty at Briggs Stadium for the baseball games and they infest high-school football games. Are these the cops that are needed on the beat?

JOHN R. POVLITZ, Detroit, Mich.

... I doubt that putting the cop on the beat is the real answer to the crime wave that exists in Detroit and many other large cities. How about capital punishment?

In 1938 the United States had 20 times as many murders as did England, where capital punishment is strictly enforced.

CHARLES M. WALTERS, Everett, Wash.

... *Terror in Our Cities*, which pointed up the need for preventive psychiatry, mentioned the work of the Quaker Emergency Service Readjustment Center at 153 East Fifty-seventh Street. We thought you personally might like to know how this operates.

The center, under Dr. Frederic Wertham, has a panel of psychiatrists, all volunteers, to whom the magistrates courts refer as many sex offenders as the center can handle. This is about one tenth of the assistance needed, although the center is now carrying a case load of about 600.

LANCASTER M. GREENE,
Quaker Emergency Service, New York

Howard Whitman told the story of the Quaker Emergency Service in *The Biggest Taboo* (Feb. 15, 1947).

Insidious Influence

EDITOR: Congratulations on John Ruge's cartoon (Nov. 5th), the boy at the opera. It's more than a cartoon. It's a vivid commentary on the despicable plight of boyhood which is daily being shorn of all those

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December 31, 1949

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elements which ultimately lead it to real manhood. It's a good clue to the number of nappy-pambies in the world today.

JOHN H. CONGIN, Evanston, Ill.

Welcome Back

EDITOR: Thanks for bringing back Dick Pearce (Valley of the Tyrant, Nov. 12th). I have read his previous stories and have neglected writing you how much I've enjoyed them.

His adventure stories are superb and well written. Let's have more!

ERVIN MARSH, Roswell, N. M.

Or Maybe It's Hereditary

EDITOR: You selling hats?

George Weller's Ingrid's Rossellini (Nov. 12th) baldly states "... black hair thinning on top from much unprotected exposure to the Mediterranean sun."

Since you discovered the cause, can we expect a cure soon?

Sham!—poo on you.

JOHN L. GRAYSON, Huntington Park, Cal.



Italy's sun and Rossellini's locks... Cause and effect?

Situation Wanted: Male

EDITOR: I would like to find one small fault with *What Gives in Rassin'* (Oct. 29th).

At the first of the article Steve McPherson intimates that anyone who is over 200 pounds, healthy and under fifty can get in the business. I disagree.

I am thirty-four, 235 pounds and extremely healthy. Also I know the business and have quite a flair for the dramatic. However, at the present time I am getting only a very few matches and at practically no pay.

If Mr. McPherson can tell me how to get a chance to earn a decent living in the wrestling profession, I wish he would let me know.

If there is, as he says, "an incredible demand," I am available, and can practically guarantee complete satisfaction.

ALLAN BOVELLE, Dwight, Ill.

Junior Viewpoint

EDITOR: Thank God, at last someone has told our side of the story. (A Good Clean-Cut American Boy, Nov. 19th). Now if I can only get my parents to read it.

BOB HUSTON, Lawrence, Kans.

The Sage of Baltimore

EDITOR: Your editorial, "Who WAS Mencken?" (Nov. 19th), at least proves that the "booboisie" has triumphed in one field of endeavor, i.e., that of popular magazine editorial writing. There is no time here to go into such stupidities as that "Mr. Mencken has lost his audience." Mr. Mencken has merely ceased writing and the tragedy is not that he has lost his audience but that the only completely literate and

(Continued on page 49)

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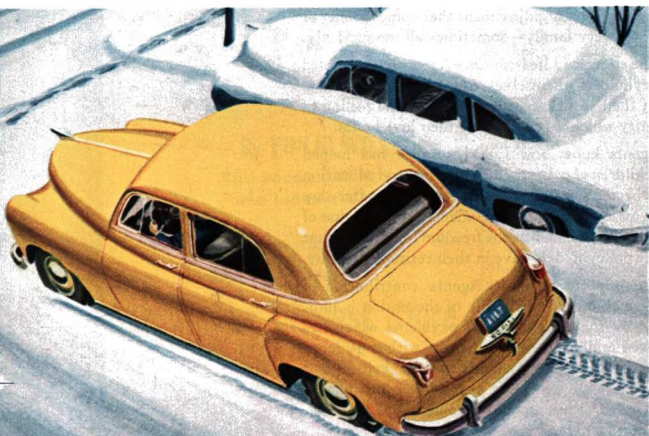
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Rescue Below ZERO

By BILL DAVIDSON



Colonel Balchen, famed explorer and adventurer, commands the U.S. Air Force's remarkable Tenth Rescue Squadron

Beginning THE STORY OF BERNT BALCHEN'S ARCTIC AIRMEN

ON DECEMBER 24, 1947, an American B-29 bomber prophetically named *The Clobbered Turkey* wandered off its course and made a crash landing in the bleak arctic wastes near Nome, Alaska, thus precipitating one of the great snafus of aviation history. A local Air Force general took charge of the rescue operation, and before long the following had occurred: A doctor and two paratroopers were dropped into a bleak, wind-torn area where the temperature later was estimated to be approximately 50 degrees below zero; all three perished before they had struggled 150 yards. While improperly equipped Air Force planes hovered helplessly overhead, two members of the crashed plane's crew got disgusted and decided to walk out overland. They, too, froze to death.

Back at Nome, one rescue plane crashed on a take-off because it had been overloaded by inexperienced pilots; and both a C-47 transport plane and a glider were lost on ice-locked Inuruk Basin because the unskilled C-47 crew had allowed the plane's fuel lines to become frozen. Finally, while Air Force ground crews worked their way overland to the scene of the disaster, a group of small civilian planes casually landed on skis on the frozen tundra

beside the wrecked B-29, loaded the survivors on board and whisked them away to safety. The Air Force's face never was redder.

One year later, on December 15, 1948, another U.S. Air Force plane faced the same fate as *The Clobbered Turkey*. A C-47 transport got lost on its way from Point Barrow to Fairbanks, Alaska, and when the plane's gas ran out, the pilot crash-landed it on the frozen Stewart River in the uncharted wilderness across the border in Canada's Yukon Territory.

Again, the temperature hovered around the 50-degrees-below-zero mark, and the six airmen could not expect to survive beyond nightfall.

But in the 12 months since *The Clobbered Turkey* disaster, a minor miracle had come to pass.

Within two hours after the C-47 went down, a huge, beautifully equipped Air Force C-54 Skymaster, with yellow-painted wings, came into sight, homing in unerringly on the downed plane's radio. Towed behind the C-54 was a glider, equipped for ice landings and also sporting yellow wings. The C-54 flew over the wreck, and cut loose from the glider which proceeded to land just 75 yards away.

The glider crew loaded the crash survivors into their motorless aircraft, and erected two poles on

the river ice, marked with flares to point them out in the dusk. Stretched across the top of these two poles was a line attached to the glider's tow cable. The lumbering C-54 made four passes over the poles, flying just 10 feet above the river, and finally its hook snatched the glider into the air. The crash survivors were on their way to a hospital.

In the meantime members of the glider's crew, who remained behind on the frozen river, built temporary shelters to help them survive the man-killing cold. They repaired the crashed C-47, mounted the big plane on skis, and one month later flew it off the desolate ice and back to its base.

The miracle that occurred in the year between these two disasters was the emergence of the outfit that performed the second rescue so efficiently—a remarkable organization known officially as the Tenth Rescue Squadron, U.S. Air Force. Its yellow-winged planes are known unofficially to the populace of Alaska as Balchen's Busy Bees, because they are commanded by Colonel Bernt Balchen, America's veteran arctic explorer; and because they have enough unusual duties in the arctic to keep them hopping.

Here, for instance, are some accomplishments of Balchen and Company in the past few months:



The freighter was caught in the grinding ice floes. But just as it was about to be crushed, two Tenth Rescue Squadron Flying Fortresses showed up and, shuttling

1. They took up scientific exploration of the North Pole, where Byrd and Amundsen left off 20 years ago.

2. They proved the feasibility of a new commercial air-line route from Europe to Asia over the region of the North Pole.

3. They helped set up and supply a cosmic-ray station on 20,300-foot Mount McKinley, thus keeping us abreast of Russia in this vital aspect of atomic energy research.

4. They helped scientists to measure glaciers and chart areas previously unknown on our maps.

5. They kept abreast of the Russians in the frantic race to learn what planes and equipment we must use if we ever have to fight a war across the polar ice pack.

6. They became the only active instrument of the United Nations in the Arctic Basin.

7. Their mess sergeant, one Belton Firman, developed a method of baking and wrapping apple pies so that they could be dropped from 6,000 feet—without cracking the crust—to members of the Harvard Mountaineering Club climbing Mount Saint Elias.

And (8) they flew in helicopters and every conceivable type of plane; they rode in trucks, weasels and dog sleds; they climbed mountains on foot and mushed cross-country on snowshoes and skis; they lived in sod huts, tents and igloos—all in order to rescue human beings who needed rescuing in the remote and desolate stretches of the arctic and sub-arctic.

These rescue missions, particularly, are the reasons why Alaskans think of the personnel of the

Tenth Rescue Squadron as men who are combinations of Admiral Byrd, Dick Tracy and Doctor Kildare. Nearly 75 per cent of their rescues are civilian rather than military, and scarcely a day goes by that a Tenth Rescue mission of one kind or another isn't chronicled on the front pages of Alaska's newspapers.

Last October, for example, a Seattle-Nome freighter named the Square Knot found itself caught in the rapid freeze-up of Bristol Bay in the Bering Sea. Just as the ship was about to be crushed by the massive, grinding ice floes, two Tenth Rescue Squadron Flying Fortresses showed up from their base on Adak Island in the Aleutians; and working on a shuttle basis for forty hours, they guided the Square Knot by radio to open water some 10 miles away.

A Hard Journey to Deliver a Baby

The same day, a Tenth Rescue pilot named Lieutenant Clarence H. Hagins landed a small, four-passenger plane directly on the long and lonely Alcan. Highway to pick up two women who had been severely injured when their automobile skidded over an embankment; and, on another mission, Tenth Rescue Squadron physician Captain Donald Brown was successively transported through a blizzard in a helicopter, a twin-engined ski plane, a small single-engined ski plane, a highway patrol car, and a twin-engined plane with wheels, in order to deliver a baby to a woman at remote Sheep Mountain Lodge.

This single day's activity affords some idea of the

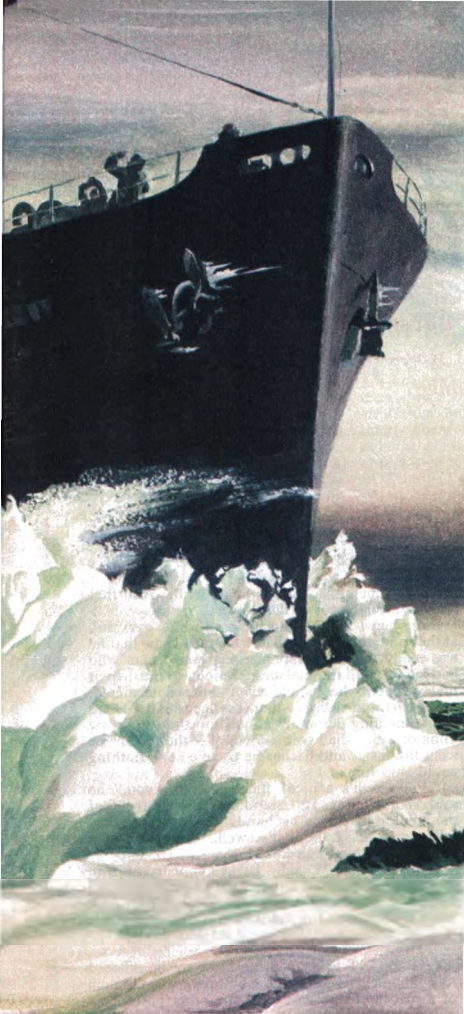
infinite variety of the work performed by Colonel Balchen's young men. They never know what is going to come up next.

For instance, on April 21, 1948, Lieutenant William A. Weed, a handsome ex-combat pilot from Greeley, Colorado, was blissfully riding along with one passenger on a routine flight in his Tenth Rescue helicopter, when suddenly he heard an anguished voice on his radio yelling, "One of my chickens is down!"

Weed knew that the code word "chicken" meant "fighter plane," so he zoomed his helicopter up to have a look around. Sure enough, he spotted a covey of F-51 Mustangs in the distance. The fighters had been practicing gunnery at an isolated waste called Susitna Flats, but now they were hovering around a smoke plume rising from the ground.

The pilot whipped his grotesque little ship into high speed and headed for Susitna Flats at 90 miles an hour. Minutes later he was there. The first thing he saw was the crashed F-51, its .50-caliber ammunition exploding like a Fourth of July display. The second thing he saw was the fighter pilot beating his way out of the Plexiglas bubble canopy and crawling painfully away from the salvos around the wreck. The third thing Weed noticed was that the beach was strewn with huge cakes of ice washed up by the tide.

"We can't land a plane here," said Weed to Lt. Orser, his passenger, "so I guess we'll have to do the job ourselves." He thereupon put the helicopter down between two junior icebergs 100 yards from the wreck. Two shells pierced the fuselage before



for forty hours, guided the ship to open water

the gathering of grass, flowers and fungi, when one-man expedition, wife and eggs vanished into thin air.

This is the way the mission developed from that point on:

At 11:34 P.M. on July 3d, the owner of the missing plane, a noted Alaska bush pilot named Sig Wein, phoned the Civil Aeronautics Administration station at Anchorage. "This plane of mine," he said, "was due at Circle Hot Springs at 5:02 P.M. It now is six and a half hours late. I think Professor Cook may be in trouble."

"We'll inform Tenth Rescue," said the CAA operator. Whereupon she picked up a direct line specifically installed for such purposes and gave the information to Captain Harry Savio, operations officer for Tenth Rescue headquarters at Elmendorf Field in Anchorage. Seconds later, Savio had put in another call on a direct line to Tenth Rescue's Detachment B at Fairbanks; and at 11:42 P.M.—exactly eight minutes after Wein first had reported the plane missing—four small Tenth Rescue planes, and two C-54s and one C-47 were ready to take to the air to begin the search.

Search for Missing Plane Begins

That first day, July 4th, the search concentrated on the route followed by the missing plane. The four tiny, single-engined ships flew at a few hundred feet above the ground, looking for signs of wreckage or survivors among the canyons and underbrush; the larger C-47 and C-54s worked at 6,000 to 10,000 feet, to scan a much wider area. But not a single trace of the professor's plane did they see.

On the second day, July 5th, Detachment B's commanding officer, wartime pilot Lieutenant Colonel Eugene O. Strouse, personally took charge of the operation. Planning his moves like a master chess strategist, he sat before a huge map, dividing it up into squares. To each square he assigned a team of low-flying and high-flying Tenth Rescue planes. By nightfall Strouse had thrown four C-54s, six C-47s, four smaller twin-engined and two single-engined planes into the search. In the larger planes he stationed, as scanners, rugged Tenth Rescue Squadron trail crewmen who knew the area because they had covered it on foot on previous missions. Still, the professor, the eggs and the plane remained as invisible as if they had flown off the planet.

On the third day, July 6th, Strouse called in more planes from Tenth Rescue's Detachment A at Anchorage, 300 miles away, and from Detachment C at Adak, more than 1,700 miles out on the Aleutian Chain. He also requested an extra helicopter pilot from Detachment A. That day, 19 military planes were committed to the search, plus every civilian bush pilot in the area.

All afternoon Strouse had Alaska's radio stations broadcast a request for information from anyone who had seen the missing plane before it disappeared, and trappers walked in 20 miles from the wilderness to report. That afternoon, too, Strouse committed his ground forces, the trail crewmen—strange Air Force appendages who function more like paratroopers and infantrymen. The trail crews were flown to the Steese Highway between Fairbanks and Circle Hot Springs, where they stopped every car to ask if the occupants had seen or heard the missing plane. They also hiked overland to question isolated trappers and homesteaders.

The maximum effort came on the fourth day, July 7th, when Strouse called in 12 extra C-47s; and four Flying Fortresses equipped with special search devices arrived from the Tenth Rescue Detachments at Cold Bay, Adak and Anchorage. On this day, too, Strouse had every one of Tenth Rescue's light planes in the air, and landing on roads, rivers and lakes, to try to get clues from inhabitants of remote villages and trappers' cabins.

False alarms kept pouring in. One trapper, for instance, reported a downed plane on a river. It turned out to be a log. Also, there were constant reports of actual plane wreckage spotted from the air. In each such case a quick glance at the map told Strouse that the debris was that of an old crash, which had occurred in an area too inaccessible for the trail crews to go in and cover up the remains.

On July 8th the frantic search for information began to pay off. A half-dozen trappers and Indian villagers reported that they had seen a low-flying

plane on July 3d; and unlike the rest of the welter of rumor and misinformation, all six descriptions coincided! Also, all six reports emanated from around one place—the Fort Yukon area.

Working feverishly, Strouse flew two of his helicopters to the village of Fort Yukon. Since the Fort Yukon airstrip was too small for transport planes to land with gasoline and supplies for the helicopters, Strouse had to set up a glider supply mission. A C-54 made two glider tows to Fort Yukon, cutting loose the gliders with food for the pilots and gasoline for the empty helicopters.

The trail was getting hot. The helicopters were in the air before the pilots had quite finished their C rations.

But on the sixth day, July 9th, there was still no sign of the professor's plane. However, Strouse, who scarcely had slept for the preceding week, refused to give up. He sent more supplies to Fort Yukon in gliders, and called in still another B-17 from Anchorage.

On the evening of July 9th, the B-17 pilots were discussing the exasperating case. Captain Charles E. Hale, one of the overwater rescue experts from far-off Adak, sat thinking quietly in a corner. Suddenly he said, "Say, we've been proceeding on the assumption that the pilot knew what he was doing." He pointed to a map. "Just suppose," he continued, "this guy pulled a Wrong Way Corrigan."

"Suppose he turned left on this river instead of right. With the amount of gasoline he had in his tanks, that would put him exactly 140 miles away from where we have been looking—and he'd have to pass over the Fort Yukon area to get there too."

The next day Hale climbed into his Flying Fortress and headed for the spot he had pointed out on the map. When he was 10 miles away, he saw smoke signals. When he reached the smoke, he saw the missing plane neatly crash-landed on the slope of a mountain. Wild with excitement, Hale radioed the position to Strouse.

"Anybody injured?" Strouse asked.

"No," said Hale, "everybody seems to be all right. Two people are waving, but one guy seems to be out catching bugs, or something."

An hour later, the seven-day mission was completed. Strouse dispatched the two helicopters to the crash scene by radio. The helicopters landed on the gentle mountain slope and took the survivors back to Fort Yukon. Just to be safe, Strouse flew a doctor to Fort Yukon. The doctor's report was succinct. He radioed, "Medical assistance was not necessary. Bruises and mosquito bites only. Survivors escaped mosquitoes at night by sleeping in plane which was sealed up in adhesive tape. Also slight indigestion from eating too many eggs."

The Prof Salvaged His Beetles

And that was the end of the mission—except for one footnote supplied by Professor Cook himself. As he stepped from the plane at Fairbanks, he waved aloft a bottle of Alaska-bred beetles.

"Look," he said, "what I got for the museum at Louisiana State."

This is the way any major rescue is carried out by the Tenth Rescue Squadron. Substitute "B-36 and crew down on ice near North Pole returning from bombing mission" for "Professor Cook and party down on mountainside near Fort Yukon returning from bug-hunting mission" and you have a pretty good idea of how Bernt Balchen and his men will operate if we ever have war with Russia and the bombers start flying their natural route across the pole. The procedure would be exactly the same; and the Russians have a similar outfit on their side of the Arctic Basin.

The procedure will be the same, too, if we do not have war with Russia, and the intercontinental commercial air liners start flying their natural route across the pole.

To indicate how close to realization the latter probability is, a recent training maneuver of the squadron was called Operation Doonerack, and it posed the following imaginary problem: A big commercial air liner is on its way from London to Tokyo and makes its first stop at Fairbanks, Alaska, after flying the shortest route directly over the arctic. On board the giant plane are five children, six women and 53 men including two Cabinet officers, two U.S. generals and six Senators.

The plane takes off from Fairbanks, but an hour later it radios that it is (Continued on page 42)

Hell-Bent

Most men would have envied my easy existence, my money, my wife. But something was missing, and it wasn't until Bobo and Annie turned up that I learned what it was—the sense of danger. Those two gave it back to me—with a vengeance

By WALT GROVE

PART ONE OF THREE PARTS

IT WAS routine at our house that Monday morning, no better nor no worse than any other morning—but that didn't mean that it was any good.

I overslept. When I woke up Nancy was not in bed and I heard the usual morning bedlam coming from the kitchen. I got out of bed, dressed, and went quietly into the dining room and poured a cup of coffee. Before I could drink it Nancy came in. She had on a housecoat, there was no make-up on her face, but she had washed her face and brushed back her hair and tied it with a long pale-blue ribbon. My wife always awakened very well and her face looked calm and fresh.

I wished that she had stayed in the kitchen.

"Robert, what're you going to do today?"

"Work," I said. "What did you expect?"

"Will you be anywhere near Bonwit's, dear? I have something I want taken back."

"Mail it," I said.

"This would be easier. It's just an exchange," she said. "A blouse. I want a larger size."

I did not reply.

"Are you listening, Robert?" she asked. "Won't you take it back for me, dear?"

"No," I said.

"Why, why not?"

"I don't want to."

Nancy looked surprised. "But your office isn't far from Bonwit's. And I even have the sales slip."

I didn't bother to answer. I got up and went into the bedroom and got my hat and brief case. I went outside of our charming ranch-type and unlocked the garage.

When I backed out the convertible Nancy was standing beside the drive waiting for me, holding a flat cardboard box in her hands. Each morning when I left for work she would follow me outside and kiss me good-by. We had been doing that for four years and it had become a habit. Neither of us felt anything when we kissed good-by; it had become as much a part of the morning ritual as shaving, but not quite as much fun. That morning it was all I could do to go through with it, I felt it was such a farce.

I stopped the car, leaned out and kissed her. Then she lifted the cardboard box and rested it on the car door. "Weren't you joking?" she asked. "I can't go into town today. You are going to take it back for me, aren't you, Robert?"

Without answering I picked up the box and threw it. It spun through the air across the lawn, broke open, and the blouse and the two halves of the box fell to the ground. So did the tissue paper.

"Why, Robert!" Nancy said, startled, her face falling. "What's the matter, dear?"

I didn't look at her and I didn't say good-by. I backed the car out of the drive and drove away.

It had been a silly thing to do, but for three years at least I had had a gutful of the trivia of our existence. But, so what if I had? I wasn't going to do anything about it. I certainly wasn't planning on leaving Nancy. Such as she was, she was my life.

There was only one life that I could live—and it was the same one that everyone else was living. I could change my job for another equally as monotonous,

and I could exchange my wife perhaps for another woman, but the freshness of that would not last long. We were not born; we were the products of some gigantic die-stamping machine, and there was only one die. I was a product of my time and my environment and there was nothing I could do. Choice no longer existed and that morning on the road outside Ridgewood, I was a pretty sad and hopeless apple. . . .

I drove across the George Washington Bridge and into New York. I had to go to Bridgeport that day and I wanted to stop by my office and check the mail.

When I went in my secretary said, "Mr. Warren, there's a Mr. Nolan waiting to see you."

I didn't know anyone named Nolan and I had no appointments that morning. I said, "I can give him five minutes. Tell him that and show him in."

I glanced at the mail on my desk and then put it into my brief case. I hadn't bothered to take off my hat. I turned to raise the blinds and when I turned back Mr. Nolan was standing in the doorway.

"Hello, baby," he said. "Got a kiss for Papa?"

He was Mr. Nolan, but none of us in the group had ever called him that. I'd almost forgotten he'd had a last name. He'd been our colonel, but everybody had called him Bobo. The enlisted men, of course, had not been able to call him that to his face.

He came across the room, taking off his hat, holding out his square, hard hand.

"I'll kiss you," I said, razzing him, my voice becoming rough as I took his hand. "How the hell are you anyway?"

Bobo grinned and I saw that he had lost his two bottom front teeth. "I'm okay, baby," he said in his normal husky voice. "How's yourself?"

"I robbed a bank."

"It looks like, all right."

"Well. How's Gary, Indiana, Bobo?"

He laughed and put his fist to his mouth and coughed. "How should I know? I never went back. Ask me about Brunner's Flying Circus instead. Ask me about that deep old South."

"Okay. I will. How are they?"

"They stink," Bobo said. All the time he'd been talking he'd been looking around the office at the furnishings, touching things on my desk and putting them back down. "You got a nice setup here, baby," he said. "Just what I want. Only I'm not going to rob a bank. I'm going to rob you."

We both laughed.

At first I thought that he had changed. Physically, of course, he was the same. He wasn't tall, but he was built like a rock, and he must've weighed two hundred pounds. His hair was beginning to get gray, all right, and there were deep lines at the corners of his eyes, but neither of those things were what struck me.

It was the way that he was dressed. His suit was an old one with frayed cuffs and shiny places. It looked too small for him, as if someone had given it to him. The collar of his shirt was shot—it had

not been much of a shirt to begin with. And that hat was straight out of the Bowery.

But when I looked into his bright blue eyes and at the solid planes of his flat, hard face I saw that he was really the same capable, aggressive man who had led us to all those places. In fact, to me then at that moment, he looked even more determined, more curt and decisive than he once had. There was something desperate about him that made me think of a snowball going downhill—the farther he went the faster and harder he traveled and nothing could stop him.

"Well, so it's a nice office, good for you," he said, half smiling, still standing there in front of me holding his hat in his hand. "So you got yourself a racket. I think it's swell. But you got a minute now so we can talk?"

"Got an hour," I said. I was about to ask him to sit down. Instead I suggested something that I had not even thought about doing in the past four years. "Got time for a drink?" I asked.

Bobo grinned. "Now what do you think?"

WE WENT to a small bar close to the office. I had never been in there before, it wasn't much of a place. There was only one other patron, an old man drinking beer. Bobo and I stood at the bar and got our drinks and I paid.

"Yes, sir," he said. "I can feel it, all right. The old nostalgia, I believe they call it. For the old times and the old places. The good old times. Remember, baby?"

"Yes," I said, and that was the truth.

"I'll never forget any of it." He looked me in the eye. "Will you ever forget any of it?"

"No," I said. I wouldn't forget it, but what good would that do me? I finished my drink and said, "Well, what did you have on your mind, Bobo? Anything in particular?"

He laughed. "Oh, yes," he said. "I'm onto something, baby. It's a real deal. You see, I've been breaking my back and my heart in this aerial circus racket. I wanted to stay in the Air Force, maybe you remember that. But I couldn't have stayed a colonel. So I said to hell with it. That was tough all right—and it hurt. I wanted to stay in. But if I couldn't keep my grade and be a permanent colonel what was the use? So I drifted a while and then I got in this aerial circus. Oh, ho, ho, baby!" he laughed at me. "Don't ever get mixed up in that. Take it from me and—"

"Is that what you wanted to see me about, Bobo?" I asked, glancing at my watch.

"Why, no," he said, motioning to the bartender to fill our glasses again. "I told you that because it's part of the story. I made a little money out of it. Not what you'd call money, I'm sure. But I did make some and then I'm borrowing some more on the old man's place in Gary. Still I'm a thousand bucks short, and that's what I came to see you about." He laughed easily. (Continued on page 50)

Bobo was sitting at a table with a young girl. Her lipstick was smudged and her clothes shabby. They looked worn and tired and fed-up with each other



A PROTEST *against the*

RECENTLY I had a telephone call from the president of a university whose reputation places it among the nation's top dozen educational institutions. A year ago his university had an undefeated football team and, almost inevitably, the team received and accepted a "bowl bid," as the sports-page headlines put it.

The team representing X University was one of 100—from among the several hundred college football teams of the country—that played in bowl games last December and January. I say 100 colleges played in the bowls, because there were 50 such postseason games in 1948-49—although the fact is that some of the more frenetic football schools participated in more than one bowl. I believe one college sent its football team on a tour of three bowls. The effect of this vagabonding on the players' studies, if any, is not available at this time.

To return to X University: Their invincible warriors of 1948 proved somewhat less infallible in 1949. They lost a number of games. So, after we had finished our business I chided my friend, the president of X, about his slipping gridiron gladiators.

"I guess you'll be getting a new coach," I inquired, "or maybe a new president?"

He exploded in nonacademic language. "I'm solid enough with the trustees—and even with the alumni," he sputtered. "And I don't think we'll

have to buy up the coach's contract. Furthermore, the games we lost are among the luckiest things that ever happened to me; now I won't have to crack down—as I was going to—on any more of these bowl trips. We got burned and, so far as I am concerned, we're through."

I not only could agree—I sympathized. In the freshman year of my presidency at the University of Delaware, in 1946, our team was undefeated in its nine-game regular season. Our coach had several definite bowl bids and a few more "feelers," as they are tactfully described. The squad voted to take a 2,100-mile round-trip jaunt to play Rollins College of Florida in the new Cigar Bowl in Tampa, Florida, on January 1, 1947.

You may recall that over a period covering three full seasons and parts of two others, Delaware ran up a 32-game undefeated streak. Set in 1947, this national record stood until first Army tied it and then Notre Dame cracked it. We were not quite that perfect this season; but when our record reached six victories and one defeat this year, one bowl promoter shined up to us immediately. The University of Delaware declined the bid, having adopted the policy of refusing to participate in postseason games.

To a realistic educator, the fact that his own university can—by losing games—remain aloof from this most commercialized angle of a commer-

cialized business offers little genuine consolation. We must realize that, after all, a great many other colleges are lending their names (and the prestige of higher education itself) to bowl promotions again this year.

This carnival of prostituted education has mushroomed from a single bowl, affiliated with California's Pasadena Tournament of Roses, which cornered the New Year's Day spotlight for so many years. Season by season, the list has grown in length if not in stature until it seems that all a promoter needs to do is to dream up a bowl, flatter a couple of football-conscious schools with feelers and bids, and watch the publicity and the cash roll in.

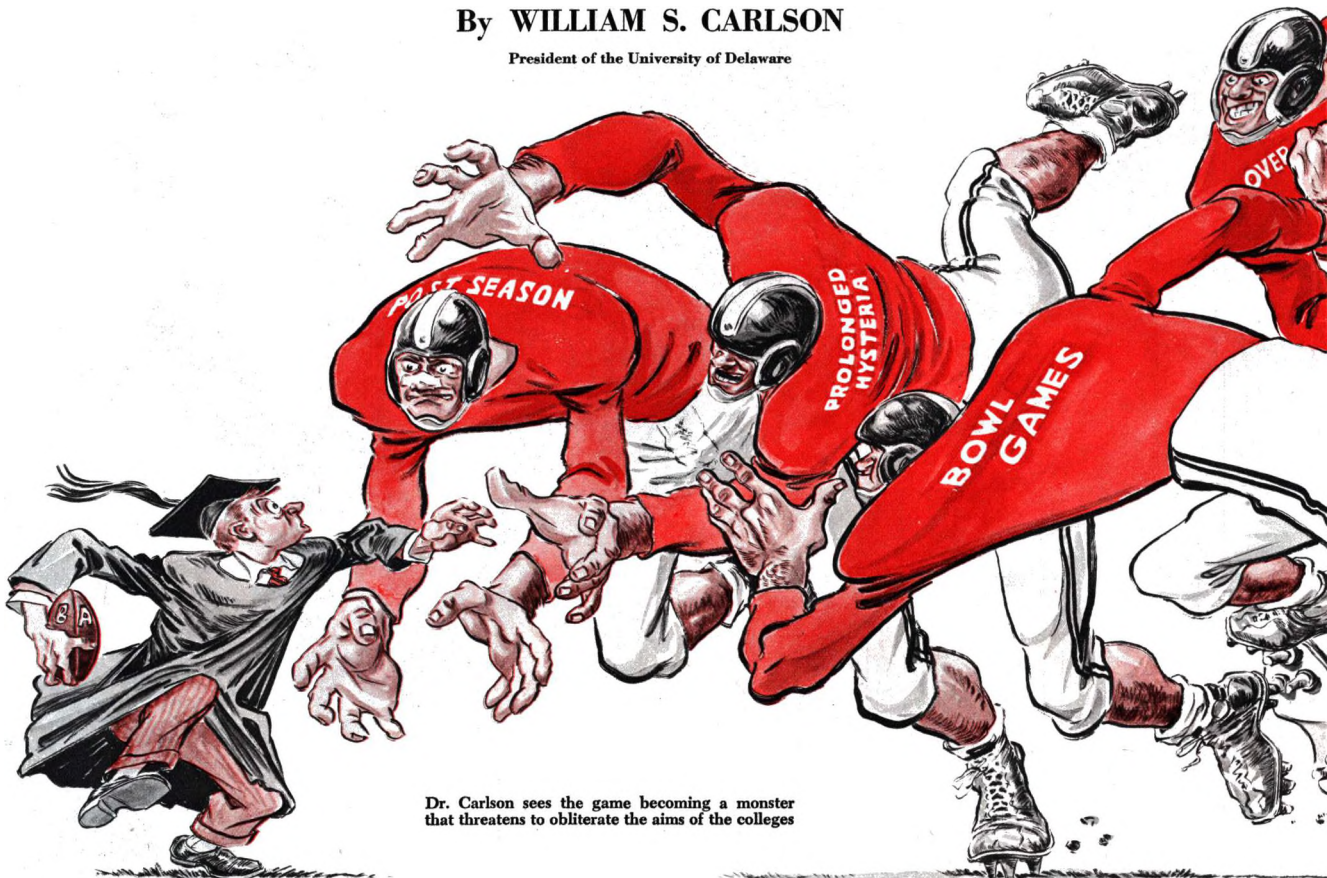
That we have reached the saturation point is a question for only the most confirmed optimist to answer affirmatively. We'll probably have a great many more so-called bowls before the promoters and coaches are through—unless the educators heading these institutions recapture command of the situation.

"The indicated course of bowl games now is that every city that has a stadium of any size will have its own bowl game."

The statement is not mine. It is that of C. M. Sar-ratt, Vice-Chancellor and Dean of Students of Vanderbilt University, in his official report from the South to last winter's annual convention of the Na-

By **WILLIAM S. CARLSON**

President of the University of Delaware



Dr. Carlson sees the game becoming a monster that threatens to obliterate the aims of the colleges

BOWLS

A university president believes educators must act at once to curb exaggerated emphasis on postseason football games

tional Collegiate Athletic Conference. Mr. Sarraat added that the further expansion of the bowls will "tend to reduce the emphasis on bowl games and place them merely as additional postseason games."

A Rose Bowl by any other name . . .

I key my criticism of the bowls, whatever they are called, on two telling points: they are not college-controlled and are sometimes of dubious nature; and they unduly prolong the annual fall hysteria built up around football.

Of the first point, more later—from the N.C.A.A. itself. Of the second, Mr. Sarraat is again a convenient witness.

After noting that the spread of postseason games included—in the South alone—bowls at New Orleans, Miami, Memphis, Jacksonville, Birmingham and Tampa—"and many others"—he commented with a straight face that: "College faculties have not much enthusiasm for bowl games because it (sic) draws out the season too far and keeps student pitch at a high level for too long a time."

This is indisputable. Our football players return early to the campus—or, more accurately, to a training camp—in August, and plug away at their livelihood until late November. Add to this the month or so of spring practice, and you have used up the most intensive portion of any college's annual undergraduate program. And all this is aside from the extra six weeks of excitement, practice

(on an even grimmer basis), travel and celebration that a postseason game adds.

Because of the spuriously spectacular nature of these affairs, many students and camp followers travel with the bowl-bound teams, perhaps on a transcontinental jaunt. The Christmas holidays, intended for a retreat for the college year, become a kind of Roman holiday for all concerned. In short, I find not an iota of justification for the educational goals of a genuine college or university in abetting these promotions.

You may ask whether the huge sums involved in the major bowl pay-offs do not "justify" the promotions, since the cash is used to provide additional campus facilities, and the prestige attracts students and benefactors, as well as mollifies the alumni.

The Wrong Way to Sell Education

To such suggestions, I can only declare that a carnival is a poor, and unjustifiable, way of attracting endowments, students or public interest in a university. What does your educational institution exist for?

Will Rogers once slyly remarked on a visit to one campus that he knew there was a great university: "It has more seats in its stadium than books in its library." Our universities should exist for the books in the library and all that goes with their accumulated wisdom. Intercollegiate athletics are one of the activities that a university can offer; they should not be the crux of the educational program.

The Bowl Games Committee of the N.C.A.A., reporting last winter, found that:

1. Of the 50 bowls, the persons in charge could not be reached by mail in eight cases—the post office returned mail as undeliverable.

2. Of the remaining 42, only 17 bothered to respond to an official N.C.A.A. questionnaire. (Whether any inference is to be drawn from the coyness of the other 25, the N.C.A.A. committee thought to be "a matter for your consideration.")

3. Among the respondents, only three bowl games "appeared to be actually operated by intercollegiate conferences or competing institutions." These were the Rose, Cotton and Glass Bowls. I think it a fair assumption that colleges and conferences were not sponsoring the bowls on which the N.C.A.A. itself could not gather reliable information.

4. Only five bowls were played on college—or even on junior college—athletic fields. These were the Sugar, Raisin, Gold Dust, Glass and Sun Bowls.

5. Money distributed among the participating colleges themselves varied from 33 per cent of the gross receipts in the case of the Junior Rose Bowl to 87 per cent of the gross which went to the teams playing in the Salad Bowl. Among the better-known enterprises, the cut of the gate for the teams ranged from 75 per cent in the Cotton Bowl, 70 per cent in the Rose Bowl, 55 per cent in the aptly named Sugar Bowl, to 38 per cent of the Orange Bowl. The average is about 60 per cent of the gross for the colleges.

6. The wide variation in the colleges' takes can be charged principally to the methods used in the promotion. A breakdown of expenses, according to the N.C.A.A., "showed an overpreponderance of expenses charged to promotion, publicity and public relations."

"In the majority of cases," still quoting the N.C.A.A. report, these promotions "represented a much larger amount than the aggregate of all other game expenses." In some cases, promotion—the governor's box seats, the parties for the visiting firemen, the gravy for the promoters themselves, etc.—took as much as 30 per cent of the gross. In some, more than half as much was spent for promotions as was turned over to the colleges.

7. Actual management (excluding rent of the fields and the promotion) cost little, relatively. These expenses ranged from one to 22 per cent of the gross.



Although he gave up football after playing in the line for the Ironwood, Mich., high-school team 25 years ago, President William S. Carlson's interest in the game has continued through the years. He earned an "M" in track while attending the U. of Michigan,

where he was graduated in 1929, later got both a master's degree and then a doctorate of geology at the same university before moving on for further study at Columbia and the U. of Copenhagen. Now forty-four, Dr. Carlson has won widespread distinction as a scientist, arctic authority, and as a progressive and forthright U.S. educator. After teaching in Michigan schools and at his alma mater, he became dean of records and admissions at the U. of Minnesota, a traditional grid power. Following a wartime stint as an Air Forces colonel, he was appointed U. of Delaware president in 1946. The handsome six-footer will leave that assignment to assume the same office at the U. of Vermont, April 1st. Whatever athletic activity he finds time for these days is confined largely to play with his nine-year-old daughter, Kristin

8. In some cases, proceeds from the sale of programs or radio rights were not shared with the colleges. (My lifted eyebrows bespeak not greed on behalf of the colleges, but protest the policies of the noncollege promoters.)

9. Some bowls are operated by agencies which conduct a civic festival of which the football game is a part. A portion of the football game's income finances the civic activities—parades, beauty pageants and so on. In one case a civic organization leases the stadium, subleases it to the bowl teams at a "substantial" markup, and then uses the profit to finance a festival. Actually, few bowls benefit any genuine charity.

An obvious exception is the East-West All-Star game sponsored by the Shriners each year in San Francisco for their crippled children's charity. One hundred per cent of receipts, less barest expenses, goes to charity.

The East-West game has been cited as a model for operations of its kind, but it is not a bowl in the accepted sense. Individual students from various schools make up each team. As the N.C.A.A. report pointed out, "There [are], therefore, no participating institutions."

In addition to keeping down expenses, this method does, however, have the effect of minimizing school hysteria and of permitting the educational program of each school to go forward without real interruption.

10. The N.C.A.A. uncovered instances "in which institutions have been induced by political and other pressures to compete in bowl games which they did not approve."

Remember, such cases are among those reported to the N.C.A.A. inquiry. What conditions exist in the games that no one would report on? I leave it to your imagination.

The N.C.A.A.'s committee summarized that—aside from the most obvious common feature, the postseason aspect—the bowl games are generally related by two factors: "participation in the receipts, or control, or both, of some noncollegiate entity," and "the expenditure of great amounts in publicity and promotion."

Last July a nine-member "bowl problem" committee was appointed by (Continued on page 70)



Stepping inside, Morgan flattened himself against the wall





The Moulmein Star

By JAMES ATLEE PHILLIPS

Morgan was a stranger in a strange land, helping to fight a war he did not understand. He did not expect to find charity among the native soldiers. He did not expect to find Christmas so far from home

MORGAN had been dreaming of home, and then *click*, like a lock disengaging, he was awake in the dark room. There was no drowsy interval; he came awake completely and lay staring across the Rangoon hotel room. Straightening his legs under the netting that shrouded the bed, he listened. It was too quiet, even for that hour. He groped under the net and switched on the table lamp. He peered at his watch. It was not yet four o'clock. Maybe a gecko chortled, he thought, swinging his bare feet to the floor. Maybe one of those little lizards up in the rafters sang me a song. As he walked to the balcony, he winced at the feel of the cold marble on his feet. The harbor was almost concealed by fog; a freighter anchored behind the jetty was nearly blotted out. Too quiet, Morgan thought again. Sneezing, he walked back across the room and cranked the telephone.

"War Office," he told the sleepy operator, and as the line buzzed he thought of the huge, drafty building across town, barricaded behind barbed wire.

The telephone was answered: "Major Ferrara here." It was a brisk, clipped voice.

"Morning, Major. This is Jeff Morgan. What have we got today?"

"It looks a busy one. Yoke and Victor to Riffraff, with troops both ways. William has an ammunition drop outside Baker Dog."

"Will we chute it?"

"Yes. The drop zone will be marked by four gold umbrellas. Then William proceeds to Roger Howe, and is turned over to the Kachin Minister."

Morgan groaned. "Not like last time, I hope, Major. The plane is unreported several days while the minister visits his relatives. They naturally run out of aviation gas, and the pilot has to fly one tankful of motor spirits. Then, if they get back, we have another fight getting paid for the time."

Ferrara laughed. "No, the plane returns to Rangoon today."

"Good. What about X ray?"

"To Able with petrol, from there to Charley Dog with troops, and back to Mingaladon with empty jerry cans and vegetables."

"I see," Morgan grimaced at the telephone. "It's your war, Major, but at the rate your government pays us for charter flight, those are going to be expensive vegetables."

"Not so expensive as returning the aircraft empty," said Ferrara curtly, and rang off.

I've offended him again, thought Morgan. He shook his head, and was just turning toward the bathroom when the blast knocked him to his knees.

That was a great surprise. Dropped into an involuntary prayer attitude, he steadied himself (*Continued on page 60*)

That Wonderful Guy

By STANLEY FRANK

The guy Mary Martin sings about, aged 57, is Broadway's first genuine matinee idol since Barrymore. Even Hollywood agrees he's wonderful—to the tune of half a million dollars for his first five movies

HOLLYWOOD'S newest heartthrob is a 57-year-old grandfather. His name is Ezio Pinza, and M-G-M has agreed to pay him \$500,000 to dispense sex appeal and romantic rapture in five movies. The fact that Pinza is the world's greatest basso is only incidental to the contract. His magnificent set of pipes will be thrown in to bewitch the ladies, like Gregory Peck waltzing on a cloud.

Pinza's first picture will be *Mr. Imperium*. In it he will renounce a throne to demonstrate his everlasting love for Miss Greer Garson, who is hardly a musical-comedy tootsy. In his second film, *Deburau*, adapted from a play by Sacha Guitry, Pinza will play a clown consumed by jealousy of his son.

When the male idol of the Metropolitan Opera was told of these assignments, he evidenced no surprise. His capacity for astonishment had been exhausted a few months earlier, in his theatrical debut in *South Pacific*, which made him—overnight—Broadway's first genuine matinee crush since John Barrymore.

If it had been Pinza's voice alone that had customers and critics hanging from the chandeliers, the hooraying would have been understandable.

After all, he had been a mainstay at the Metropolitan Opera for 22 years. His virtuosity was bringing him \$125,000 a year, every year, and unanimous acclaim as an opera artist in the grand tradition. It was to be expected that the volume and richness of his voice would bring an important new quality to musical comedy. But Pinza sings only two numbers in *South Pacific*—the indestructible *Some Enchanted Evening* and *This Nearly Was Mine*. His enormous success is strictly a triumph of personality—of sheer, broad-shouldered masculinity.

A professional bike rider as a youth, Pinza is a (big six feet one, 202 pounds) superbly built man. He has a classic profile which Mary Martin, his co-star, likens to an engraving on an old Greek coin. He is debonair and has a charming accent. But none of these assets can quite account for his shattering impact on the ladies.

Russell Crouse, the producer, wrapped it up at a party after the opening of *South Pacific* last spring.

"This guy," he told Oscar Hammerstein II, who wrote the lyrics, and collaborated with Joshua Logan on the book, "is a pinball machine with a million lights that go on when he comes on the stage."

Miss Martin's explanation for it is magnetism. "I walk away from him during a performance and I'm conscious that he's still there, radiating waves of pure animal attraction."

Hammerstein believes women simply reciprocate Pinza's frank, unabashed admiration of them. "Women know, or sense, when a man is interested in them. With Pinza it's a special thing. It's as compelling a drive in him as money or power."

That could be the answer, for Pinza's face beams with pure delight and his demeanor generates sparks when he speaks of "the gerrils."

Grandpa Ezio, who has two small children of his own, left the wolf pack nine years ago when he married his second wife, the former Doris Leak, a ballet dancer who is about 25 years younger than he. Neighbors at Rye, a suburb of New York, have heard of Pinza's reputation as a playboy, but they know him as a devoted husband and a father who lavishes typical Italian affection on his eight-year-old daughter Clelia and his son Pietro, who is going on six.

Time and a happy home life have slowed Pinza to a sedate walk, but women still run away with his imagination. He will break off a conversation, leaving a thought dangling in mid-air, to look at a pretty passing face and he points like a bird dog when he hears the provocative tap of high heels. His choice of restaurants is governed more by the attractiveness of the waitresses than the skill of the chef. Like a genuine connoisseur, Pinza is now content to satisfy his aesthetic appreciation of beauty from a distance, but the vernal urge is still in his blood stream.

Pinza was chosen for his role in *South Pacific* because of the ardor that he could breathe into an elderly French planter's courtship of a young Navy nurse from Arkansas who, although in love with him, is afraid to fall because of their great differences in age and background.

Extra Kisses During Rehearsal

"We anticipated a tough job breaking Pinza from those corny clichés that clutter up opera," Josh Logan, the director, says. "He fooled us with his sensitivity and dramatic instinct. We had only one trouble with him. In rehearsal he tried to ham up the part by finding excuses for kissing Mary Martin, even though in the first act they have the longest clinch ever seen on the stage."

"If I'm not careful," Miss Martin adds, "Ezio will steal a couple of extra smooches clear past my introduction to the next song."

"I throw myself into my work," Pinza explains with a broad wink.

A matinee idol, by definition, makes women toss their hair-dos to the winds, but veteran showmen know a theatrical glamor boy is a dead duck if he doesn't meet with the critical approval of men—who get up the money for tickets. It is significant that men are as enthusiastic about Pinza as the ladies. His size and full-throated voice epitomize the male animal, of course, but the basic reason probably is a matter of self-identification. In the show, Pinza plays a man of his own age who wins a young, beautiful girl.

Men in their forties go away feeling the world is their oyster, men in the fifties are given the courage to carry on, and men in (Continued on page 65)



Mary Martin and Ezio Pinza burst into song during a second-act clinch in *South Pacific*

In the role of family man, Ezio offers sugar to his Dalmatian at his Rye, New York, home, to the delight of his wife Doris and children, Clelia and Pietro



HOSS BENCE slumped heavily in a kitchen chair.
 "Care for some sweet milk, Pa?" Garnet Bence asked.

"Honey, I can't say that I do."

"You ailing, Pa?"

"I ain't so many," Hoss sighed.

Garnet turned from the wood range, crossed the room, sat lightly in her father's lap and ran a hand through his grizzled hair. "What's ailing you, Pa?" she asked.

"Garnet, honey," Hoss said, "I don't want you to get me wrong. I don't want you to call me to blame. I'm a good Christian man. There ain't a man in this section puts more store by the Law and the Word than your daddy. What puckers me is the churches. They got three churches in the town of Chinaberry. Now, by gonnies, they're putting in a church at Turkey Creek. Turkey Creek ain't a foot more than four miles from my land. It beats the hound out of me. It's getting to where the whole woods are full of parsons. It's getting to where a man can't call his soul his own!"

Garnet stood. She leaned slim hips against the kitchen table. She smiled. Her teeth shone white in the lamplight, and her dark eyes glinted. Hoss Bence looked at her and he worried. She's pretty, he thought, she's a mighty pretty thing. But stubborn—mule-stubborn—like her ma before her.

"I know all about that new church, Pa," Garnet said.

"Look out now, honey!"

"First meeting's next Sunday."

"Now, I'm warning you, Garnet!"

"The new parson'll be looking for you," Garnet said.

Hoss Bence's jowls were turkey-wattle red. "Won't you never give up?" he shouted. "You been trying to get me on the inside of a church for fifteen years! I been prayed over more times than any man in this section—"

"Churchgoing's good for the soul, Pa!"

"Churchgoing! Singing and shouting! Hah! I figure I can see more God in forty acres of corn waving green in the springtime than a whole grist of them churchgoers can see in a three-day revival meeting!"

"Do say."

"I figure I can learn more of God's law in two days in the scrub with God's creatures and God's growing things all about me than a lot of parsons can learn from a stack of them big, thick books!"

"Don't get hackled, Pa," Garnet said.

"Who's hackled?" Hoss said. "Parsons!" He pounded the table with a heavy fist. "Weak-kneed little scofers, the lot of them. Long, sad faces and their heads full of book-learning. Talking like big wood when they're nothing but brush!"

Hoss Bence's old hound dog had been sleeping in the corner of the kitchen beside the wood range. The disturbance awakened him. He gathered himself together, yawned, sidled across the room and drooped his head in his master's fat lap.

"Lay down, Harold," Hoss said.

The hound yawned and collapsed at his feet.

Garnet said, "I know a parson, he's not like that."

Hoss looked at her suspiciously.

"This parson I know," Garnet said, "he's a mighty fine-looking young man. He's a great big, stout-looking parson." Garnet's lips were parted. She sighed gently.

Hoss watched her cautiously. "You sure you saw that parson right, Garnet? A parson's got no call to be a great big, fine-looking, stout-looking man like that."

"He's that—and more, too!"

"Godamighty! Turkey Creek? The new one?"

Garnet sighed again. "That's him."

"Garnet! Daughter! You ain't fixing to—"

"You want to see a fine-looking parson, Pa," Garnet said, "you want to look in the setting room about thirty minutes from now."

"What in foot's a parson going to be doing in my setting room?" Hoss yelled.

"Waiting for me to dish up supper, I reckon."

Hoss stood. "I've been betrayed," he said. He started for the door. "Wake up, Harold," he said to his hound. Harold scrambled to his feet and followed his master through the door.

Hoss, in the tool shed, forced his body behind the steering wheel of his old sedan, Harold beside him. "Dogged if I'll set around all evening and have that parson preaching to me," he growled.

Hoss backed into the yard. "Parsons preaching to growed men. Let the dollars hush while the nickels speak!"

Harold whined appreciatively.

Hoss swung the old sedan into the rutted road that led to Turkey Creek. "Book-learn't boys, the most of them," he said. "Don't know B from a bull's tail about what goes on inside a man. Parsons! Schooled-out boys skeeting tobacco juice like men!"

Harold writhed happily beneath his skin.

Hoss Bence saw the lights of an approaching car. The road was rutted through loose Florida sand for one-way passage, with occasional clay base turnouts wide enough and hard enough for a side track. Hoss Bence's farm was the most outlying of the half a dozen farms served by the road. The stretch that he was now on, Hoss regarded with a proprietary interest that amounted to belligerency.

The approaching car slowed. Hoss kept to the ruts.

Hoss laid a heavy fist to his horn.

The approaching car, fifty yards away, failed to swerve.

Hoss disregarded the horn and poked his head through the window. "Get offen my road, you danged sap-sucker!" he howled.

The approaching car—which Hoss failed to recognize—continued slowly down the middle of the road.

"Dang him, I'll—" At the last possible split second Hoss swerved his sedan and slithered into the sand beside the road. He stalled.

The other car had never left the ruts. It continued complacently down the middle of the road.

"Come back here and fight like a man!" Hoss shouted.

His only answer was the receding splutter of an exhaust.

When the hot blood had ebbed from his quivering jowls Hoss dismounted and surveyed the situation. He had been lucky. The wheels of his car had slithered through loose sand to rest now upon the clay base of an old turnout. Hoss straightened suddenly. It had belatedly occurred to him that the car that had forced him from the road belonged, the chances were, to the new parson from Turkey Creek. Hoss was conscious of a very uncomfortable feeling. Stubborn, he thought. If that parson ain't a stubborn man, then he'll purely go for one—running me off my road like that! Now how in the world is my daughter, Garnet, going to handle a man as stubborn as that danged parson appears to be? A horrible thought was forming in Hoss Bence's mind. Suppose, he thought, suppose I got to fooling around out here in the Jimson weeds—and went and ended up with a parson in my family!

GENTLY, Hoss maneuvered the car around the turnout and headed the car homeward. On the way he mentally outlined his plan of attack.

"Young coon for running, old coon for cunning," he said.

Harold whined and thumped his tail.

Hoss considered the miserable aspect of life with a parson in the family—and shuddered.

He parked his old sedan in the tool shed, cautiously rounded his house, threw out his chest and steamed noisily into the front room.

"Hey, now!" he yelled. "I'm big as a bear and twice as hungry. Food! Food! Food!"

Garnet looked at him with narrowed eyes.

"Who's that setting there on the courting-couch?"

Hoss shouted. He pointed to the young man who sat—red-faced, arms and shoulders straining at the seams of a shiny blue serge jacket—beside Garnet on the sofa.

Garnet glared at her father. "Pa," she said, "I'll make you acquainted with Parson Thurman Cason—of Turkey Creek."

If the parson recognized Hoss as the man who had made an unsuccessful attempt to force him from the road thirty minutes earlier he made no recognition of the fact. He shoved forward a thick hand. "Proud to know you, sir," he said to Hoss.

Hoss said, "Set down, Parson, do set down. I want you to feel right at home in this house. There ain't a thing in this world I like to see more than a man making hisself right at home in my house."

Garnet looked suspiciously at her father.

"Thank you kindly, sir," the parson said.

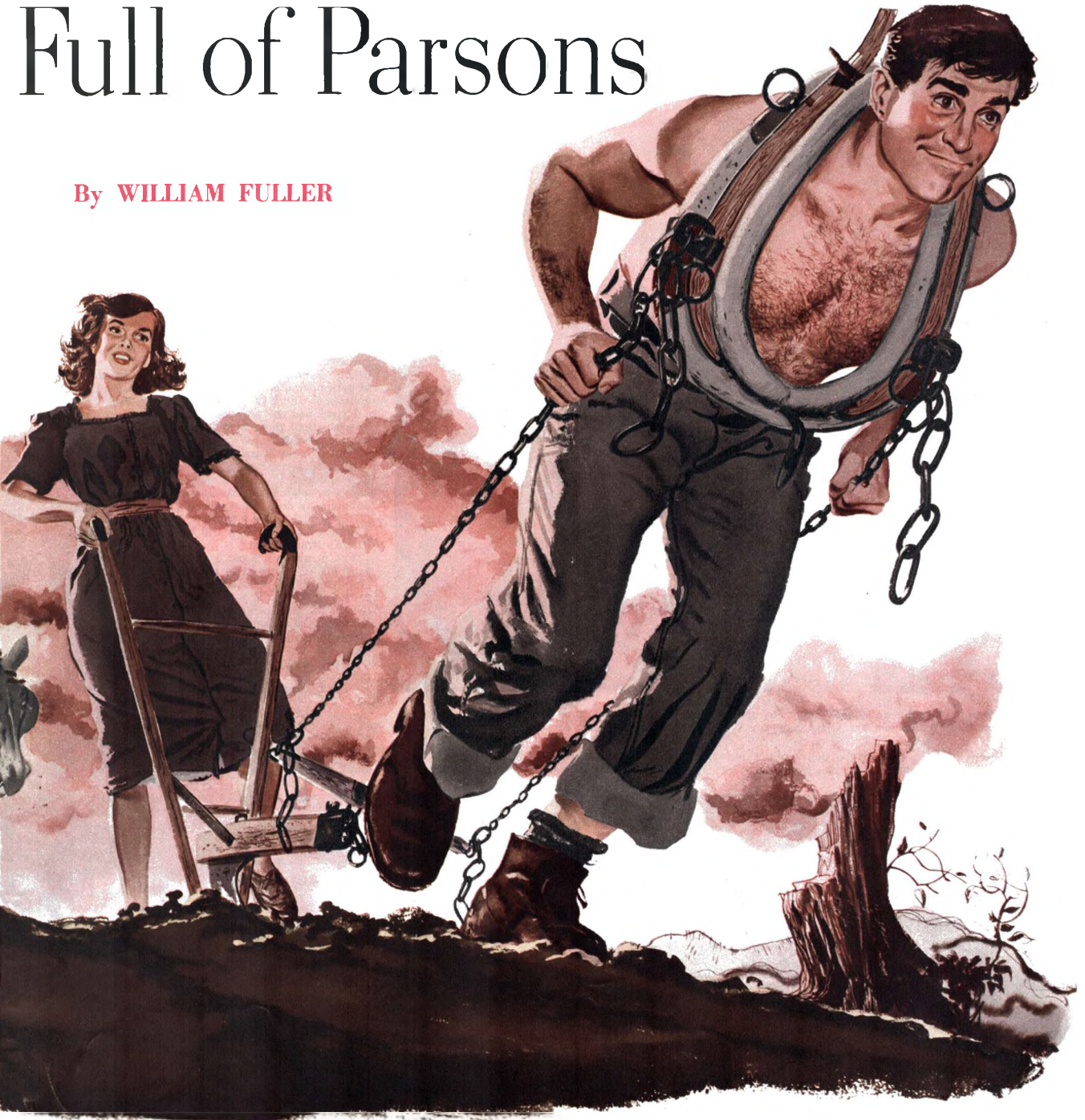
Hoss cleared his throat noisily. "Now, my daughter Garnet's got a (Continued on page 72)

Woods



Full of Parsons

By WILLIAM FULLER



Hoss Bence was as stubborn as a mule, and he disapproved of parsons, in general.

Hoss's daughter was stubborn, too—and she approved of this parson, in particular



Tony and Don (left) exchange George Junior Republic dollars for U.S. folding money before taking a trip outside the republic. With them are CJRA supporters James P. McAllister and Mr. and Mrs. Bradley Kelly

Young citizens of the republic take their politics seriously. This candidate gave away bottles of milk in an appeal for votes at the truckside rallies he held throughout the community before the election in November



Happy

By HENRY
LA COSSITT

In this unique republic, kids from 12 to 21 make their own laws, work for a living, get paid for going to school. And it's not make-believe

IT WAS a little more than a week before the election and the president was looking back over his administration. "I think it was successful, on the whole," he said. "We made progress. We improved things." He looked at me through his glasses and smiled ruefully. "Of course, there's the deficit. Even with our economizing and reduction of personnel, there's the deficit. That's because tax collections didn't keep up with our spending."

I reminded the president respectfully that such was the usual cause of deficits—more outgo than income—and he said:

"But it really wasn't our fault. Taxes must be collected before March 15th, but the former secretary of the treasury—it's the secretary's job, you know, to collect the taxes—left the republic without doing his duty. They represent such a large part of the government's income that we're in the red. The next administration will have to make it up. There's around \$500."

The president's name is Pete. He is seventeen years old, of Puerto Rican parentage, has black hair and lively dark eyes and runs the smallest republic in the world, under a constitution modeled after that of the United States.

Pete's little nation is 550 acres in area and has a population of between 100 and 125 most of the time. Its citizens are between twelve and twenty-one years of age. Its name: The George Junior Republic.

"The place is a manufactory of citizens," Theo-

This boy is negotiating a loan at the Citizens' Bank. The republic's dollar is worth 50 cents



Land of Teen-Agers

dore Roosevelt once wrote of it, and a more recent Roosevelt—Franklin Delano—thought so much of the little nation within a nation that he once headed the committee that was raising funds for its support.

Go northeast along the road to Cortland and Syracuse from Ithaca, New York, in Tompkins County, and you come across the republic, which lies, appropriately, next to a village called Freeville. In fact, Freeville is the republic's post-office address.

You are 1,200 feet above the sea. Just over the hills are Cornell University and the fabulously blue waters of Cayuga Lake; a little up the way toward Syracuse, David Harum swapped horses and became an American legend, and all around are the rolling mountains of York State—some of them a thousand feet above you—through which, in an earlier day, roamed the Iroquois, who formed under the great chief, Hiawatha, the League of the Five Nations, the first republic on the North American continent.

William R. George, a manufacturer of boxes for jewelry, founded the George Junior Republic back in 1895, although he had been bringing children to the vicinity some years before that as part of the activities of the Fresh Air Fund of the New York Tribune. Mr. George—who is known to this day as Daddy, as his wife, who is still living in the republic, is known as Mrs. Daddy—was born in the hills near the republic in the community of West Dryden. He loved the country. Also, he loved children, and it was natural that he should bring them to his homeland, which I was fortunate enough to see in its autumn dress.

President Pete, looking out over the russets and golds and scarlets and purples of the mountains, said, "The city stinks." He should know. He comes from East Fourteenth Street in New York City, not far from Second Avenue.

Because the city stank to earlier Petes, Daddy George brought them to Freeville for

the summer, where they lived in tents and ate food contributed by the farmers of the community. At the start, they were also given clothing contributed by the people of the community—hand-me-downs, but stuff such as the waifs from New York City's teeming slums had never seen. Then Daddy George noticed that they were squabbling and fighting over the clothes like the beggars they might become, if they continued on charity. So he stopped the fighting and held one of the suits up before them.

"Which one of you," he asked, "will work for this?"

There was silence as this entirely novel proposition was weighed. Finally one of the kids spoke up: "I will," and Daddy George put him to work around the camp. The boy worked until he had earned the suit, in Daddy's estimation, and it was given to him. Then and there one of the cardinal principles of the camp that was to become the George Junior Republic was established: "Nothing without Labor."

But the very first day the boy had his suit, it was stolen from him. With tears streaming down his cheeks, he confronted the group. "Do you think it's right," he cried furiously, "for a kid who don't work to steal from a kid who does?"

It was a great satisfaction to Daddy George that it didn't take them long to answer that one. There was a shrill chorus of "noes," and the thief was sought out by the boys themselves, brought to book, and the suit returned. Another cardinal principle of the group was established that day: "Self-Government"—applied for the first time to a children's organization. Shortly thereafter the George Junior Republic was founded.

Almost 55 years have gone by since then. Daddy George is gone—he died in 1936—but his idea flourishes. From Israel, from China, from Brazil, from Chile and the American zone in Germany, from almost every state in the Union come requests for



President Pete chats with the vice-president at the border of the republic—on the Ithaca-Syracuse road in Tompkins County, New York

Judge Jimmy (at the desk) holds court. A presidential appointee, he sits on all types of cases, may be removed only by impeachment

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY FRITZ HENLE

Portrait of founder, William R. "Daddy" George, looks down on directors' meeting. From left: Orin Lehman, Mrs. George, Donald S. Staleam, Dr. Alexander Forbes and Donald Urquhart



details of how the republic works, because others want to apply the system in dealing with children.

Not delinquent children. As Dr. Alexander Forbes, the distinguished Harvard scientist who is president of the George Junior Republic Association, Inc., puts it: "There are no delinquent children, unless you mean that all children are delinquent in one way or another. And as for problem children—just what is a problem child? Isn't yours?"

Call them children whose problems of adjustment to the world have become too much for them. You'll be right then. That's exactly what they are. Solving those problems is the republic's job.

Daddy George's son-in-law, Donald T. Urquhart, executive director of the republic, who has been on the staff for 25 years, says, "The idea is to create an environment in which the greatest contribution can be made to the child."

With the founding of the republic, Daddy George brought in girls, on the theory that without them it would not be a normal community. The boys and girls are admitted on the basis of whether they need what the republic has to offer, whether the republic can make any contribution to them, and whether the boy or girl is capable of making the adjustment necessary to live in the republic. Each case is carefully investigated before the child is admitted.

It costs about \$2,000 a year for each child citizen of the republic. Approximately one third of this is paid by the parents or the agency sending the child. The rest of the cost is borne by the George Junior Republic Association, a nonprofit corporation of 4,000 contributing members.

No Compulsion About Entering

The children fall into three categories: those who come of their own volition, those whose parents want them to come, and those to whom the republic has been recommended by various agencies as a place to solve their problems. No one is forced to come. In fact, the republic will not admit any child unless he himself consents to it.

Some come joyously, some indifferently, some reluctantly. There was Lew, from New York's Bronx. "I read about it," he said, "and liked what I read. I wasn't getting along and I didn't like the way I lived, so I asked to come up here."

Lew's getting along now and likes the life he leads. He's attorney general of the republic and a fine football player.

As for John, he didn't care much one way or the other, when he came to the republic. The courts had recommended that he go there, the courts in

his home town on Long Island. There had been some stealing. "They sent me up here to learn the value of money," John said, "and I guess I have." John grinned as he said that, because he's now the secretary of the treasury, and money is his job.

Then there was Ty. We didn't meet Ty, but he's legendary at the republic. Ty didn't want to go there. He didn't want to do anything, in fact, but finally and grudgingly he consented to come. At the time he was in a state institution.

Ty was the son of a prosperous farmer in central New York and had two brothers and two sisters. His father was a prominent citizen and respected in the community as was everybody else in the family—except Ty.

Ty got kicked out of school. He fought with his fellow students, he assaulted teachers, he ran away, but because Ty's dad was a staunch citizen of the community he was readmitted to the school after each expulsion, until the teachers rebelled. Either Ty went or they did. Ty went.

Ty threw a knife at one of his sisters. Fortunately he missed her, but one Sunday morning the family was going to church and all of them were in the car except Ty, ready to go. Ty's father sounded the horn and when the boy still didn't come he went to see what was the matter.

He was halfway up the walk to the house, when the front door burst open and Ty rushed out. "You unprintable!" he snarled at his father. "Don't blow your unprintable horn at me!"

Ty swung and broke his father's nose.

The courts finally said there was nothing to do but send Ty to an institution, which they did, as a mental case (diagnosis: dementia praecox), and it was then that the family went to see Don Urquhart.

Now ordinarily, of course, the republic won't take a boy like Ty. They can't afford to, because they have no psychiatric facilities, but there were things in Ty's case history that puzzled Don Urquhart. The time he passed a Regents' French examination, for instance, when he hadn't taken any French in school. He'd been kicked out of the class at the beginning of school, but he had studied the language at home and he'd learned more than was taught in the class. No dementia there, certainly. Don Urquhart took Ty against the unanimous opinion of his staff.

At first it seemed he'd made a mistake. Ty wouldn't work. He was promptly arrested for vagrancy and became a ward of the government, as provided for by the republic's law. He wouldn't go to school.

Now Don Urquhart had noticed that Ty would have had a nice smile had it not been for his grotesque, snaggle-toothed appearance. The boy's

two front teeth were missing, but he wouldn't talk about it when Don Urquhart brought up the subject. Finally, on a hunch, the director sent Ty to the dentist, who discovered a remarkable thing. The X rays showed that the two missing teeth, perfect in every respect, were still embedded in Ty's gums. They simply had not grown out.

The dentist said they would, though, if Ty would massage his gums with his fingers. With some persuasion by Don Urquhart, the boy began to do this. Although he backslid profanely now and then, because he thought he looked silly with his fingers in his mouth, he continued the massaging, and finally a thin line of white began to show along the gums.

Normal Looks Bring Normal Conduct

Ty's missing teeth were growing out as the dentist had said they would, and as they grew out, Ty seemed to grow with them. As his appearance became normal, so did Ty. He was a freak no longer; he was grotesque no longer, so he didn't act the part any more. Ty's problem had been as simple as that.

He became a fine student, a model worker on the republic's farm, a leader among the citizens, and finally he left to be graduated from the high school from which he had been expelled. Meanwhile, he had become a good son and brother.

From high school, Ty went on to be graduated in the upper third of his class at Cornell, in agriculture. The war had started, and Ty joined the Air Forces and became a pilot. As I said earlier, I didn't meet Ty, and I never will. His body lies with his plane somewhere in the lunar glaciers among the titanic ranges of Central Asia, where they fell on one of his many trips over the Hump. (Incidentally, over 200 Junior Republic citizens saw service in the various armed forces, and Mrs. Daddy George kept up an active correspondence with each of them.)

I met others, though, besides those mentioned. There's Cindy, the black-haired, dark-eyed daughter of a world-famous artist, who'd had a little trouble getting adjusted to other children. She'd been tutored all her life, and hadn't had much social experience. She's doing better now, although she still has occasional relapses into temper and did get into a rather serious scrape toward the end of my stay. Cindy likes to wait on the table at the Urquharts' and make money that way.

There's Hank, the druggist's son from Buffalo, who couldn't get along with his father; Rada, the little blond girl of Ukrainian family, from New York's East Side, whose father asked the republic to take her in because his wife had died and he couldn't look after her; (Continued on page 64)

Former citizens often return for the week-end dances. Girls have been admitted as citizens of the republic ever since its founding in 1895



The choir practices for Sunday services at the nonsectarian church. Other boys and girls serve as assistant pastors. About 95 per cent of the population attend church





But nothing shakes his decision to buy this allergy-provoking froufrou

Look Here, my Good Man

By HILDA COLE ESPY

THE other day, while looking through some paper cartons in the attic, I came across two fancy bed jackets which might have been worn by Mata Hari but were actually once worn by me. Evidently I had intended to make them over. While the pink quilted one might conceivably have been turned into a tea cozy, or the blue one might have served as Niagara Falls in a puppet show, I decided to let the Salvation Army wrestle with the problem.

At the time of my first confinement I came to the hospital ill prepared for what to wear between feedings. The hospital nightgowns were not particularly chic, so I asked my husband to go buy me a couple of bed jackets. The two he brought me had all the bracing practicality of a \$2 Valentine greeting card, with genuine 15-carat lettering.

The pink quilted one was trimmed with little bows which dipped into my coffee, an office I like to reserve for doughnuts. The blue frothy one was so revealing that I felt like a package of cigarettes wrapped in cellophane. Further, it was trimmed with itchy lace which gave me the busy illusions of a fresh case of poison ivy.

Much to the nurse's surprise, the next time she came in to set out my

washbowl, I asked for a hospital nightgown. In it I suddenly felt as safe and snug as a Girl Scout in a pup tent.

Most men are surprisingly poor at buying lingerie for female relatives or friends. I say "surprisingly" because, from an early age, they evince a definite interest in women's underwear. All playground supervisors must be familiar with the chant, a favorite of second-grade boys: "Teacher, teacher, I declare, I can see your underwear." They dwell on the subject in another one that goes: "The boy stood on the burning deck, his feet were full of blisters; he tore his pants on a rusty nail, and now he wears his sister's."

The comparatively sturdy undergarments women actually do wear dance on the washline every Monday; most boys grow up in families where underwear, far from being considered risqué, is merely something you put on every morning. Why, then, are men often such consummate boobs when they visit a shop to purchase some undergarment, nightgown, slip or what have you, for a woman?

Perhaps it begins like this. Says the husband to the wife: "What would you like for Christmas?"

Says she: "What I really need is

some underwear." ("Underwear I can really use," she should add, fixing him with a stern look, "and in which I can be sure of a certain amount of privacy.")

Off he goes to the lingerie department of his favorite store or—what is much, much more risky—to one of the many lingerie shops whose proprietors brighten villainously when they see him coming.

Now, he might have a chance of returning with something really usable if he acted as if he knew a slip wasn't something used exclusively by ferryboats. If only he'd just say, "I want to buy a couple of well-made serviceable slips, size 34." But no. He is covered with completely unjustifiable confusion, and makes faces and helpless gestures until the salesgirl says, soothingly, "Oh. You want a slip. What size, please?" By the time she guesses the size from further descriptive gestures, he is her man—that is, if she has any slow-moving items in stock that she'd like to get rid of at a good price.

She shows him something expensively different—something, for instance, in an unwholesome hue of measles-rash pink, trimmed with black lace and perhaps flaunting, at the hem, a fringe of ostrich feathers.

The people who design such garments never know when to stop—that is, if you assume, as I don't, that they ever knew where to start.

His wife will love it, the salesgirl assures him, and somehow he becomes convinced that the only reason his wife has never worn this kind of thing is that nobody ever gave her any for Christmas. Not a single common-sense reflection shakes his decision to buy this allergy-provoking froufrou, of which the most tactful thing that can be said is that it is much too pretty to wear.

Due to the average man's ignorance of how to make a woman happy lingerie-wise, hundreds of shops, whose staple is sheer black nightgowns, exist in cities all over this country. While I may have had a certain amount of bad luck with gifts of lingerie, I am happy to say that my husband never gave me a sheer black nightgown.

I know that the women who are given these must be tolerant, broad-minded persons, but I'll bet there isn't one of them who, peeping into the folds of whispering tissue paper, doesn't feel her muscles tightening into a look of shock, and who doesn't long to say, after an interval of compressed lips, "Look here, my good man, I am a good woman." THE END



A Little Like Shirley Temple

By ZACHARY GOLD

Shira and her mother played wonderful

MAMA always says I look a little like Shirley Temple and I guess maybe I do, anyway for the curls, only not so pretty. Mama thinks there's never been another child star as talented as Shirley Temple and she'd rather go see an old movie showing her when she was a little girl than see a new one. She was really something and I'm not, not really I mean. My teeth stick out, even though Mama says they don't. But they do. Sometimes Pa laughs and calls me Buck though most of the time he calls me Chappie because my whole name is Shira Chapple Marlowe. Mama never calls me Chappie. She always calls me Shira.

We always had a lot of fun, Mama and me, almost everything we did all the time was a game even if it was just going down to the store to get some rolls and a can of tuna fish. "All right," Mama said, "now you're Shirley Temple and I'm Greer Garson and we're going out for a little promenade." It was like a game, every day, and I

Collier's for December 31, 1949



Mama was standing beside me. "Please give Shira a chance," she said. "She might be just the child you're looking for." I'd never heard Mama talk like that

games. But under the klieg lights of a Hollywood studio, make-believe isn't a game—it's a business

really liked it except maybe at school when there were other kids around and they didn't know how Mama made things up for fun and there was trouble.

It wasn't so bad at the special school, the one Mrs. Frassy ran on Tuesday and Thursday afternoons. That wasn't her real name, that was just what the kids called her. Her real name was Maria Frassesskaya and Mama always called her Madame. She was Russian and knew all about how to act. Mama thought she was wonderful. Once we learned a French song about how it snowed all over in French and Mama thought that was wonderful too.

One day Mama picked me up, the day we had vocalization. It was raining a little, not much, but Mama hates the rain. We were walking very fast and I was telling Mama that my vocalization wasn't so good because Mrs. Frassy says my sinuses are crooked. Mama wasn't really listening and I

almost had to run to keep up with her and that's why I almost missed it.

I mean Anderson's window.

Anderson has a store where he rents bikes and sells them. Pa taught me to ride on one of Anderson's bikes and we always rent bikes there when we go riding. Pa is good, Pa can ride no hands when he wants to and that's really something. The day we passed Anderson's window in the rain I had just turned my head because the rain was getting in my eyes and that's when I saw it. Up against the glass of Anderson's window was a bike.

You never saw anything like it.

I mean there are all kinds of bikes. Sometimes you like a bike and sometimes you don't. But I never saw a bike like the one in Anderson's window that day. I didn't even have to touch it or ride it or anything, right off I knew I liked it. Right in the rain, I stopped and I looked at it.

"Mama—" I said.

I didn't mean to make Mama wait really, only I wanted her to see it. Mama turned and all of a sudden the rain began to come down even harder, it was the wind I think, and Mama looked at me and tried to hold the umbrella.

"What?" Mama said. "What?"

"The bike—" I said.

"The bike?" Mama said.

"In Anderson's window," I said.

"Shira," Mama said. "It's five o'clock, it's raining cats and dogs, I'm getting soaked, I'm very tired and—"

"Just one look, Mama," I said.

"Shira!"

Just then the wind almost tore the umbrella out of Mama's hands. Mama swung around and caught it again but she got her hat all wet and there was rain on her hair. I felt awful about that.

"Shira!" Mama said.

She started to walk (Continued on page 45)

The Unification Row -

By RAY HOLLAND, JR.

UNIFICATION of the armed services so far has been both a fight and a puzzle. Two groups of traditionally high-minded men, both of which have demonstrated unquestionable devotion to their country, have opposed each other point-blank with rising tempers. One group of these officers grew up in the Army, the other in the Navy. No sooner had we heard that these two groups, Army and Navy, were to be unified, than we actually witnessed further separation. The Air Force split off from the Army, in full stature. The Navy, formerly sharing equal prestige with the Army, found itself in a minority role.

The difficulties which, to some extent, are bound to appear whenever any new order replaces the old soon became tangible. The construction of the Navy's super aircraft carrier was halted on abrupt orders from Secretary of Defense Louis Johnson. Resentment smoldered in the Navy. Its reaction was resented, in turn, by the Air Force and the Army. Finally the storm broke and frank opinions were stated publicly.

The Navy branded the strategic bombing of cities as immoral and relatively ineffective, claimed that the Air Force's mammoth long-range B-36 airplane was a blunder both in concept and design, and claimed that the Navy was being slighted in the unified command.

The Army-trained group, supported by the Secretary of Defense, denied all this. To them, the Navy admirals were die-hards, unwilling to play the game unless they could call the signals.

To remedy all this is not easy. Certainly it does no good to take strong sides, call names and fire up the emotions. The generals and the admirals are all sincere men, every one, with the best interests of the United States of America at heart. Let every argument stem from this point and we shall begin to make headway.

It appears to me that the cleavage between the services falls in the technical fields. It concerns the *technical equipment*, such as the B-36 and the supercarrier, and the *technical plans* for the use of this equipment. In other words, the underlying question seems to be: What sort of bombs, planes and ships shall we use, and how do they fit into an over-all plan of action?

The method of answering this question must be suitable to all three services. Therefore, along what lines may we expect to find such a method?

It seems to me that one key idea should dominate all other considerations:

In effecting unification of the armed services we must be on constant guard against one-track-mindedness in technical matters. We must make certain that every plausible idea for a new weapon—or for its military use—receives a competent evaluation, not merely a hearing and a decision. At the least, all constructive ideas must be free to circulate among the men who project our technical policies. Open-mindedness must be preserved at all costs; for if we lose that, we risk losing any war of the future, in which technical superiority is sure to be the strongest weapon.

A careful distinction must be drawn between military organization and command on the one hand, and the development of new weapons and strategies on the other.

Unification of command is essential. It is fundamental to the performance of any military project. The entire might of the military is thereby brought into focus on a single objective. The full resources of the nation are co-ordinated into one dynamic drive for victory. This case for unification is apparent.

What seems *not* to be apparent is that this method

applies only in carrying out *known* plans involving *known* equipment. It does not apply during the period when those plans are being arrived at, nor during the stage when the equipment is being developed. Before the die is finally cast, partially formed ideas must be given a chance to grow, and they are often in conflict with each other.

This way of thinking, which admits it does not know the final answer, is the only method possible when the truth is being sought while evidence still is coming in. It is the method of front-line scientists and inventors. It is the "open mind" which lies behind freedom of speech and freedom of worship. It is a highly constructive point of view—exposing errors, stimulating the imagination and allowing the individual to decide for himself what he considers to be the truth.

This same approach is used in arriving at new airplane designs and new concepts of strategy, which are merely the latest arrangements of the known facts to fit the latest situation. If the military picture changes faster than the technical people can adjust their thinking to it, the military policies depart just so much from realism, and are correspondingly weaker.

It is one thing for an infantry captain to order his men to capture a ridge. Being soldiers, they will do it or die in the attempt. That is authority, the basic idea behind unification. But if, unknown to the captain, the defenders of that ridge are equipped with new automatic machine rifles, no amount of authority and morale alone, on the part of the attackers, will offset the defenders' technical advantage. All such possibilities must be anticipated and counteracted in the planning levels of our military organization. That is where the open mind must operate, safely out of earshot of foreign agents. There a sincere stand by the opposition on any issue must be a normal matter if the facts are to be fully developed.

Physical machines—such as airplanes, rockets and bombs—have an utter disregard for politics, past favors and courtesies. A new airplane may fail to fly its predicted range by a thousand miles or so. All the authority on earth will not alter that fact in the slightest. It is a technical matter, and the only possible correction is a physical improvement of the plane by a man who understands these things.

Technical Viewpoint Is Essential

To understand some of the problems of unification it is instructive to look at the backgrounds of the armed services from a technical viewpoint. I claim a right to an opinion here by virtue of four years of training to be a cavalry officer, followed by training in coast artillery, and finally training and a reserve commission in the Air Corps. Still later, as a civilian engineer I had the opportunity on many occasions to observe the operations of the Army Air Forces' Materiel Division at Wright Field, Dayton, Ohio, and also the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics in Washington.

The technical abilities of the individual men at Dayton and at the bureau are respected very highly by the aeronautical engineering profession. Both agencies are outstanding as enlightened governmental organizations.

There is a difference between the two agencies, however, due more to the prevailing philosophies than to the talents of the individuals. The background of the military men at Dayton is that of the Army, the Army with its emphasis on man power and discipline. Look back at the Army of 50 years ago. Technically, at that time, the Army needed little more than a few tables for computing the fire

of field artillery. Beyond that an officer needed mainly to know how to handle men and horses.

The surroundings in which the average naval officer lived 50 years ago were more technical. On board ship, he depended on a machine for his movement and his fighting. The naval rifles operated in rotating turrets, allowed for the motion of the ship and fired at a moving target. There was navigation, a precise mathematical art; and there were hydrodynamics and ship design; the older brothers of aerodynamics and plane design. Finally, the organization of the men was keyed to the ship itself. Discipline of man power was not a virtue in its own right. It was a means to the operation of the ship and its equipment. The technically superior ship, not the man, was the fighting unit.

A Contrast in Psychologies

This difference, as subtle as it may appear to be, is evident to any civilian engineer who spends a week in conferences at Dayton, working under the systems and procedures inaugurated by the Army, and who then spends a week at the Navy's Bureau of Aeronautics. The Army's tradition makes their people much more formal, more anxious to arrive at a decision, more rigid in adhering to that decision once it is made.

On the other hand, the Navy is more likely first to admit when it does not know, and then to put off its decision until more figures are computed and more test results are in.

I suggest that much of the so-called revolt of the Navy is traceable to this clash of philosophies. An officer in the Navy, whether he realizes the fact or not, feels that equipment design and performance are matters which lie outside the realm of organizational authority. On technical matters he expects a free outlet for his views. If he is denied this, he is moved to take drastic steps.

Of all the peoples of the world the Americans should understand how man's technical superiority has managed to grow. A rigid pattern of life means a rigid pattern of ideas, with no change and no opportunity for improvement. A free pattern of life permits the new point of view which can see the chance for improvement.

Free enterprise, which is at the opposite pole from inflexible authority, has given us our resourcefulness, our inventiveness, our industry—our technical superiority.

The process of technical development, like Darwin's theory of evolution, is a matter of infinitely repeated mutations, actual trials and the survival of the strong. When we add intelligence to this process to make it faster than blind trial and error, we call it Design. When the results startle us sufficiently, we call it Invention.

But people find it convenient to settle on fixed patterns of ideas, to bunch together in schools of thought. This can be most dangerous in military matters, if we follow the wrong school.

The tendency toward fixed ideas is so strong, even among tolerant Americans, that competition is needed to allow developments a chance to prove themselves. It is the usual thing for a new idea, be it good or bad, to be ridiculed at first.

Consider Leonardo da Vinci, who was 200 years ahead of his contemporaries, but whose concepts were frequently belittled; Sir Isaac Newton, who suffered great abuse when he published his works; and Thomas Edison. When Edison boldly announced what he intended to accomplish with an incandescent electric lamp, he had to shrug off a storm of ridicule from businessmen and scientists alike. Yet Edison succeeded, and his lamp brought

A Famous Plane Designer Speaks His Piece

us the power generators and city-wide electric wiring which paved the way for all our electrical conveniences of today. In most cases, our technical achievements can be traced to the thick-skinned determination of a handful of men.

Imagine how Edison might have fared if he could not have let his lamp prove itself, but instead had been required to have his research authorized beforehand by a central governmental agency. Edison did not cut much of a figure. There was no hint in his appearance of his true stature among men. Besides, science, industry and public opinion were all against him. There can be no doubt of it, he would have been turned down in any appeal for financial aid from the government.

With no formal schooling, Edison was not hampered by preconceived ideas. As to mathematics, he said of himself, "I am the zero." Therefore, he placed little faith in analysis, with its possibility of error, but relied heavily on experiment, beyond which there can be no further argument. Bear in mind that Edison, were he a young man today, could not even obtain employment in any of our government research organizations, not being trained along the lines which would enable him to pass the examinations. Only free enterprise can nourish genius of his variety.

Perhaps Edison and the 1870s seem too remote for discussion. Then consider the Wright Brothers in 1903. They would have had no better chance than Edison to obtain financial aid from a central authority, had that been necessary. They too were defying tradition. Only the proven fact of success saved them and their ideas from certain oblivion.

That was nearly 50 years ago. Let's move closer, to World War I. Tony Fokker, designing airplanes for the Germans, managed to keep about one step ahead of the Allied models. Only after the war was it learned that he was really about three jumps ahead; but two of those jumps were wasted trying to convince the authorities of the stiff-necked German army to accept his unconventional designs.

Fokker, incidentally, was a man who did not graduate from high school. But 10 years after the war his brilliant plane designs were still being copied.

Through the twenties and thirties, airplanes in this country were turned out in small experimental shops, at low cost, without anything resembling mass production. Consequently, design changes were easily made and there was no danger of a freeze-up in technical thought.

Then, along about 1929, production in commercial planes hoomed for a while, with the result that new design was held back. So long as the old planes were selling, why spend money on tooling and design work for new ones? The depression soon fixed all that, forcing the industry to scrap the old and get down to serious business with the new. This spurt of competition brought on innumerable basic improvements.

Toward the end of the era preceding World War II, France put all her eggs in one basket. She nationalized her aircraft industry. The result was pitiful. When war broke out, France had no real air force.

Today in this country we have privately-owned competing companies in the military-aircraft industry.

However, to an increasing extent the industry is dealing with only one customer, the Air Force. This situation places a very great responsibility on the Air Force procurement agencies. They must be open-minded to a remarkable degree.

History's lesson says that a single agency is not likely to be able to sense accurately the trend of invention and design. Radical technical improvements are almost never apparent at a glance, especially to men who have spent their lives in the particular line, and who have come to feel that they have thought of everything and have tried most things. Yet, invariably, sooner or later, along comes the clever twist, the better way of doing the job, which nobody had thought of. We cannot afford to lose these improvements simply because

the services which depend upon technical superiority to the greatest degree, the Air Force and the Navy. Think of the unification arguments in this light.

The Navy, prodded by its greater experience and insight into technical matters, is pleading to be heard. But the Air Force does not seem to grasp the dangers involved. The reason is plain. The Air Force still thinks like the Army. The ghost of a plodding foot soldier bound by rigid discipline still guides its policies. The Air Force, in my opinion, will do well to break with this past and further liberalize its technical point of view. When it does this, it will better appreciate the Navy. The Air Force has the opportunity here to take the initiative and get some tangible results in unification. It can do this by consulting and respecting the technical brains of the Navy in development matters. This action, taken in good faith, would go far to heal the present breach.

The ideas behind unification should be applied where authority is capable of producing results, in the co-ordination of military projects involving men and existing matériel. These same ideas of authority should be kept out of technical thought, so far as possible. There must be a free flow of technical ideas, within the framework of a workable security control. Each idea invariably bears upon the next. This is why scientists insist upon exchanging their views. Developmental thought is a quality of mind which never turns back. It forever seeks new ideas, new facts, and rearranges, evaluates and re-evaluates.

It should be no crime against the country to speak one's honest conviction on technical matters. In the appropriate levels of the military establishment we should encourage creative thought, both in strategy and in equipment design. Some sort of practical and quick security control should be devised so that all ideas may be heard and encouraged by two-way discussion. Also, an incentive plan for industry and private research should

be set up, with rewards in keeping with proven accomplishment. This is needed to assure the equivalent of open-market competition.

Technical decisions should always be made in terms of technical facts. In differences of opinion there should be recourse to other, impartial authority. Actual testing, devoid of all opinion, would always be allowable as ultimate proof that a new idea performs as represented.

The reward would be appropriate to the usefulness of the result achieved. This would allow private capital to accept the risks and share the rewards, whereas now we are attempting to operate within a Socialistic structure—a system notoriously destructive to ingenuity.

The design of aircraft and other equipment would follow the new knowledge and insight gained from such a stimulative policy.

Under those circumstances there could be no room for a difference of opinion on technical matters, either between the services or in the technical professions. And military personnel in the ranks would abide, as rigorously as ever, by the resulting standardized policy. Then, we would not only present a united front to any possible aggressor, but behind that front we would have a bag of surprises which would catch him off guard at every turn.

THE END



I am an aeronautical engineer with 19 years of training and experience behind me, including the design of airplanes for both the Army and the Navy. One such plane has flown farther than the B-36. At present I am engaged in private research. Having no connections with the aircraft manufacturing industry, nor with any government agency, I feel free to express my own convictions. In this matter of unification, I am sincerely interested in the technical quality of our Air Force.

—Ray Holland, Jr.

their value is not always recognized immediately. If we do not discover them first, an enemy will.

Today our aircraft industry, including the manufacturers of accessories, has concluded that it must not risk tremendous amounts of money on an unconventional development unless the Air Force will sponsor it. This is logical. If the Air Force will not buy it, who will? There is nothing resembling a free market in which a radically new idea will prove its right to existence by the very fact of its success in competition. With all respect for the high technical qualifications of the persons concerned, this is not a healthy situation.

The Confidential or Secret status accorded to advanced designs also works a hardship. Creative ideas to improve these developments must come from the limited number of individuals on the inside, since only they know the problems to be solved. This retards the rate of progress. It has the effect of isolating the endeavor from all the intelligent outside influences which are so often useful in stimulating a more imaginative point of view.

Certainly, we need security control of a very high order to protect any technical margin we may have over an enemy. But such control must be the servant, not the master.

The dangers of these closed-channel practices will be evident soonest and will strike hardest in



Loretta was used to fighting with boys, and meeting them as an equal. Then two things happened: She encountered a grown-up love affair—and a boy asked her for her

FIRST DATE

By DOROTHY M. JOHNSON

I WENT into journalism when I was fourteen, not because I had any aptitude for it but because O'Leary's Hardware Store had a twenty-two rifle for sale, and my parents weren't in sympathy with my burning desire to own it. I sent news of Whitefish, Montana, to the Daily Inter Lake, published in Kalispell, a few miles away. The Inter Lake editor paid me for it at the rate of a dollar a column foot.

He didn't know I was fourteen, or even that I was his reporter. He thought my Aunt Tillie was still his Whitefish correspondent. But that summer my folks were away, on a trip back east to Minnesota, and Aunt Tillie had more jobs than she could handle. She worked in the city water office and was sewing things for her wedding at Christmas—her fellow lived in Seattle—and she had me and the housework to contend with.

"If you want to do the reporting," she said, "and type the news—mind you, it has to be typed—you can have the money."

"Anybody can work a typewriter," I sniffed. "You just poke it."

Aunt Tillie insisted there was more to reporting than poking a typewriter. You had to get the facts more or less right, she maintained—anyway not making up very much in the way of details.

"And remember," she warned, "nobody was ever baptized with Mister or Missus as the front name. You have to get the names right."

So, equipped with a notebook and a pencil stub, I wandered around downtown feeling important and looking—but not very hard—for news. You could cover the whole business district and never be more than two blocks from Aunt Tillie's office. There wasn't much news to be found in the business district, but it never occurred to me to go anywhere else looking for it.

The trouble with me and journalism was that I was scared of anybody I didn't know well—and scared of some people I did know, for that matter. At space rates, and with the Inter Lake publishing everything Aunt Tillie let me send, I could have made a fortune, except for being afraid to ask questions.

Having Aunt Tillie censor my copy made me mad sometimes, but once she saved me some embarrassment. That was the time Mr. Perkins told me, and I dutifully wrote, that Pete Mabry had gone to Cut Bank on business. Aunt Tillie snorted as she crossed it out. "Don't let 'em kid you. Pete Mabry is a freight brakeman, and Cut Bank is the end of his regular run."

Every time my news was in the Inter Lake, I cut it carefully out and pasted it onto the bottom of the clipping before. You can bet I measured it plenty often to see how much they owed me.

The Methodist picnic, for instance, came out sixty cents' worth, because I was there, knew all the people (Aunt Tillie got the spelling of their names off the water bills) and gave elaborate details. But I never even mentioned such morbid affairs as funerals or operations. I didn't suppose

anybody would care except the people involved, and they knew all about it already.

Much as I admired that twenty-two rifle, I hated to go out and dig for news. The people I wasn't scared of practically never knew any news, like Mr. Carter at the secondhand furniture store. He was a pleasant, friendly man who never seemed to be busy or in a hurry. He had been in the war—that was the other war, of course—and now that he was back he liked to loaf in one of the battered, old easy chairs in the front of his store. If the place was locked up when I went over there, I felt that he had let me down. He was my refuge from having to pry into other people's affairs.

When his shop was closed, he was usually on the First National Bank corner, leaning against the railing and talking to other men, and I didn't interrupt there. If he was in his store, I could legitimately drop in for news and stay until time for Aunt Tillie to close up her office. (If I stayed at her office, she'd send me home to put the potatoes on for supper.) Mr. Carter and I talked about fishing and hunting, which he liked and I planned to take up at any minute.

One hot day when I had been swimming over at the lake, Aunt Tillie looked up from her water bills and remarked, "There's a new bookkeeper over at the livery stable. That'll make a news item. She's new in town."

I got out my notebook and inquired, "What's her name?"

"I don't know," said Aunt Tillie. "Go ask her." "Go ask somebody what their own name is?" I gasped. I had never heard of anyone's doing such an utterly insolent thing. Anyway nobody my age. When I was fourteen, children knew their place—and that place was very comfortable as a retreat from problems that grownups had to cope with.

"Certainly ask her what her name is," Aunt Tillie insisted. "Now run along and do it. I'm going to find out what it is, too," she warned, "so if you get it wrong, I'll fix you."

If she was going to get the name anyway, I thought, why should I embarrass myself? To put off the evil moment, I asked idly, "Why does Mr. Lewis have a livery stable and a garage both?"

"He's waiting to see which way the tide will turn, I suppose," she answered. "He can always make a profit off the horses, pulling the automobiles out of the mud. Now git!"

I went, dragging my feet.

STARK SATTERTHWAITHE came around the corner, carrying a wet swimming suit hanging over one shoulder. I wasn't allowed to do that; I had to lug mine bundled up in a towel. Stark was a cross I had to bear; Aunt Tillie had scolded me once for not speaking to him when we met on the street, and I had argued, "I'm certainly not going to speak to a boy first! Let him start it."

"Ladies are supposed to speak first," Aunt Tillie had informed me. "Don't you want to be a lady, for pity's sake?"

I certainly did not. I wanted to be a lumberjack and wear a plaid shirt.

Stark had pushed me off the diving raft just this afternoon, and I had thrown his shoes in the lake—they were still making a wet, squelching sound—so I felt friendly. I muttered "H'lo."

Stark was a handsome boy, if you like boys. I used to, when I was younger, but I didn't any more. They had all changed somehow, and I was scared of them. Having brothers, some girls thought, was an awful handicap. Not having any is worse. I didn't have any.

Stark said, "Hey, wait a minute." I stopped walking and glowered at him. "You want to go to the movie Saturday?" he asked hopefully.

That was the first time a boy ever asked me for a date, and I didn't realize what was happening. All I knew was that it was upsetting because it hadn't happened before. If Aunt Tillie had heard my reply, she would have fainted. I said, "Nope. Haven't any money."

"I figure on taking you," Stark explained generously. "I got passes from giving out handbills."

But I was stuck with my refusal. "Nope," I repeated, adding belatedly (and it tore my very soul to be so polite), "thanks."

I went on to the livery stable, hating the entire world, and Stark went up the street whistling.

THE livery stable smelled the way livery stables should smell, and it was cool and dark. In the bookkeeper's office was a young lady so exquisitely beautiful, with dark hair coiled up on top of her head and little dips of hair down on her forehead, that I would gladly have been shot to save her, provided they let me make a heroic speech first.

She smiled a heavenly smile and said, "Good afternoon. May I help you?"

I gulped and remembered what I had come for. "I gotta find out your name," I said, "for the paper."

"For the paper?" she repeated, as if getting her name in the paper were the most wonderful thing that could happen. "Why, it's Elizabeth Jones." I wrote it down with loving care. "Will you really put it in the paper?" she asked.

"Sure," I promised. I would have carved it in rock at the top of Lion Mountain if she had asked me to. I asked her some more questions and found out that she was the sister-in-law of the garage-and-livery-stable Mr. Lewis, who didn't trust either horses or automobiles too far, and she lived with the Lewises. She was from Billings and had been in town since Wednesday.

"And won't you please tell me your name?" she asked in the prettiest way. It didn't sound inquisitive at all; it was downright flattering to be asked.

"Loretta Wilkins," I growled. "I'm a sophomore. Will be in the fall, anyway."

She didn't say a thing about how I was a healthy-looking big girl, or wasn't I awfully young to be reporting for the paper. She beamed and said, "Oh, isn't high school fun?"

I hadn't noticed it especially, but I said, "Sure thing," beaming right back.

I walked on air down to Mr. Carter's secondhand store. He was sitting in his most comfortable secondhand easy chair, and he pointed at the next best one for me. I told him about the beautiful Miss Jones.

"You don't say! Pretty as that, eh? Think I better take a look?" He grinned, making no move to go. "You sure better. She sure is pretty. Nice, too."

"I trust your judgment," he said. "I'll take a look."

(Continued on page 67)

He came around the corner, carrying his swimming suit hanging over one shoulder. His shoes made a wet sound, so I felt friendly. I muttered, "H'lo"

Beefsteak Party

By DAVID MANESS

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOE COVELLO

AS OFTEN as they are given a choice, and enough money to afford it, most Americans will eat steak. Just about everywhere in the nation a steak dinner has always been the epitome of good, hearty living. That's one of the reasons beefsteak parties began.

Old-timers explain that the first such affairs originated in New York City around the turn of the century. They were stag functions thrown by local political organizations, fraternal orders, labor unions and the like to celebrate their successes or to honor individuals. Later they became more sedate affairs attended by both man and wife. Today, old-fashioned "beefsteaks" are popular from coast to coast, but there is a new development: at-home entertainments where rich, red meat is broiled in the family fireplace or over an open-air grill.

However, an honest-to-goodness beefsteak party involves certain traditions. To Sidney Wertheimer, who has inherited the role of an outstanding authority on the subject, there is only one way to run them.

Sid is a pink-cheeked, friendly man, five feet eight inches tall, with smiling blue-gray eyes. The "Son" in "William Wertheimer & Son, 1901," he's forty-nine years old now and has been working since he was sixteen in the family's butcher shop on

First Avenue in New York City. Epicures from all over the city and state—and beyond—fill their refrigerators and home freezers with meat from the store.

For more than 40 years, Wertheimer's has supplied the meat for most of the beefsteak parties thrown in Manhattan. And in recent times, Sid has assumed responsibility for overseeing the preparation, too. For organizations which buy their meat from Wertheimer's, Sid personally supervises the work in the kitchen.

"In the old days," says Sid, "the slogan used to be—All the Steak You Can Eat for Five Bucks. Today the average ticket costs \$10.

"There's a ritual involved, you know. We serve the hamburgers first, then the steak, and finish up with double-rib lamb chops or lamb kidneys and bacon. You eat with your fingers and wipe your hands on aprons. Guests drink beer and eat and dance and sing.

"The important thing is to have as much steak as anyone can eat. We serve the slices of steak on pieces of white bread about the same size."

How much steak does an average partygoer put away during the course of an evening?

"It depends," Sid said, laughing. "The smart ones don't eat any bread."

THE END

Hot off the broiler, steak slices are served on pieces of bread. For housewives, a thick Delmonico is the nearest thing to this special cut





Inside a meat warehouse in the New York market Sid Wertheimer (left) inspects steer beef, U.S. Choice grade, as a wholesaler looks on



At the shop, butchers make the preliminary, special cuts from the hindquarters into sections which are called "shells" or, more technically, "short loins without the fillet." Here Joe Szekeres, an employee at Wertheimer's for 15 years, hangs shells in the coldbox where they will be aged four to eight weeks



After aging, each shell is trimmed and cut into six steaks, 2½ inches thick. Wm. Wertheimer, 76, store's founder (left) assists Frank McAteer



Broiling time will vary with the efficiency of the oven or charcoal burner, and depending on diners' preference for meat rare, medium or well done. But the vital step in preparation is to dip steaks in salt mixed with pepper before exposing to heat, a process which forms the crust that seals in juices

Each tender, sizzling steak is cut into ½-inch strips, dipped into bland "natural" sauce made of melted butter, drippings and Worcestershire



Beefsteak party! No napkins and no hardware. At most shindigs, like this one arranged by the Gun Hill Post of the V.F.W., meal starts with hamburgers made of lean trimmings of shells, continues with strips of steak, ends with lamb chops or kidneys and bacon; all washed down with plenty of beer

Cinderella Rides Again

Concluding the story of a girl who didn't need a fairy godmother

By ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

The Story: All her young life, BESSIE KEEGAN had dreamed of the day when she would marry a rich man. It was the only way, as Bessie saw it, to escape from her shabby home and her dull job as a hairdresser in Tuckapack, New Jersey. She had looks, brains and no scruples, and she set out to make her dream come true. She quit her job to become lady's maid for wealthy MYRA MATTHEWSON. Nothing but the best would do for Bessie, and she determined to marry CYRUS SAYRE FALKLAND, the handsome heir of the Falkland millions, who had serious ideas about the responsibilities that go with wealth and planned to enter politics to further his ideas. Bessie stole a compromising letter written by Myra to CLIFF QUARRIER, a dissolute man about town. She took the letter to JOHN V. MERRYWEATHER, society editor of the New York Chronicle, who was a close friend of MOOSE MATTHEWSON, Myra's husband. Bessie threatened to expose Myra unless Merryweather helped her in her attempt to get into high society. Later Bessie blackmailed Myra into inviting her to a house party at Zydercliff-on-Hudson, Cyrus' country home. At the party, no one recognized Bessie as Myra's former maid. She captivated Cyrus, and after a whirlwind courtship they were married, over the protests of Bessie's father, JAMES KEEGAN, an honest and hard-working bricklayer, and with the reluctant consent of Mrs. ANTOINETTE FALKLAND, Cyrus' mother, who was mortally ill though her son did not know it. The marriage was a bitter blow to JAKE FUCCELL, a garage owner in Tuckapack, who had hoped to marry Bessie himself. After some months, Bessie and Cyrus quarreled when he refused to buy her a diamond tiara on the grounds that it was too frivolous a luxury for the wife of a man with political ambitions. The letter stolen from Myra had been hidden in the safe in Jake Fucell's garage. When Jake tried to force Bessie into a love affair with him by threatening to expose her as a blackmailer, she realized that she was honestly in love with Cyrus.

▼

"WHAT'S eatin' Cyrus these days?" John V. Merryweather said. "The boy wonder's kinda off his feed, ain't he?"

"Could be," Moose Matthewson said.

This, apparently, was as far as he was prepared to go, though Merryweather waited hopefully. They had met by chance at the bar of a famous restaurant where the Moose, to explain his solitary highball, said he was waiting for a friend, and Merryweather was frankly in quest of news.

"Something's on his mind," Merryweather said. "He won't open up to me."

What he wanted to say was: Look, Cy Falkland's your pal. He hasn't got too many, not what you'd call pals, that he can trust. And he's on the ropes. Just in a few weeks he's gone all quiet and edgy, like a man in a bad batting slump. Why don't you do something?

But Moose's dark and heavy face invited no such frank approach, and Merryweather thought: This big fellow don't look any too good himself.

At the bottom of it all were women. That Bessie, and Moose's wife, Myra. The bigger and better the man, the harder he fell—it was one of the mysteries of the ages to Merryweather. His own conscience troubled him. What else, though, could he have done? Let Bessie show the Moose that letter and break his big simple heart?

Merryweather forced himself to say, "There's been some talk Bessie's sure riding high. They get along all right?"

"The first year's the hardest," Moose said. "I wouldn't worry about Cy. He'll come out all right."

The next day at lunch, which he and Cy Falkland often ate together at an exclusive club on top of a downtown skyscraper, Moose wasn't so sure. Their table was next to a window, which framed the majesty of the bay so far below that the ships were like toys. In the clear gray light from the window, the Moose saw that the boy had that tight, tense, brittle look he'd seen on champions about to go stale. Cy Falkland's head was high; he had a quick, bright smile, but Moose could see the muscles bunched along his jaw, the impatient movements of his hands and eyes.

Something Myra'd said came back to him. "Of course Cyrus isn't normal about marriage. How can he be?" And as Moose ate a steak that tasted like sawdust, he remembered too the way Sonny had summed it up. The kid's good—he might be great, Cy's older brother had said. He's got vision and brains. Only thing is, he sees too many sides; he's too sensitive to other people's feelings to protect himself from the opportunists who'll try to use him.

Conversation flowed over their real thoughts for a while. Then, "How's your political career coming?" Moose said.

"Have I got one?" Cy said with a grin.

It was good to be with Moose; he was the only person it was really comfortable to be with these days, but he didn't think he could do what Moose was offering him a chance to do—unburden his soul. He never had to anybody except Sonny—and of course Bessie.

Sometimes, now, he was frightened. Sometimes he was ashamed. This would have been tough to explain to Sonny, who would never have gone around brooding over the fact that he had probably been married for his money. In the first place, Sonny wouldn't have believed it. Sonny had accepted the idea that everybody loved him for himself alone. Why not?

Cy had tried it. Sometimes he succeeded. Bessie, for instance. He had been sure—so sure—about Bessie.

Why? Why did he think a girl like Bessie would fall in love with him at first sight? What did he amount to, separated from his money? Could a woman love him, look up to him as a man? Had anybody—ever? He pursued a few bypaths of memory, but couldn't be quite sure about any of them. Except Germaine, who was a pretty dull girl if you came right down to it. If he'd married Germaine, he might have been safe, but he would have missed those ecstatic nights and days with Bessie at the lodge.

Then these memories were swept away by the memory of Bessie looking at him with blazing fury, saying coldly, "What the hell has love got to do with it?" Over a diamond tiara!

All his doubts about himself came back: he was only the rich young man whose money was more important than anything else, even to his wife. None of this could he ever say to anyone, not to Moose, not even to his mother. It wouldn't be fair to Bessie, and he could see Bessie's side of it.

To Moose he said, "Tell the truth, the political bug hit me bad. I've got some ideas, only now I don't believe I'm the man to sell them."

"If you believe in them," the Moose said, "you've got to try."

"Yes, but—" Cy Falkland began, and then the words rolled out: "Look, you're going to build a bridge—the longer it is and the heavier the load, the surer you have to be that your construction engineer knows the rules about building bridges. You

sell a bond issue. You've got to be sure, the bigger it is, of your production and management and equipment and market and material. But who am I to remind people that two and two still make four? They'll say, 'He should worry! With all that dough?'"

"They didn't bar you and Sonny from going out to get your heads shot off for what you believed in," the Moose said. "I don't see how they can very well bar you from saying what it was."

"Will they listen to me if I say virtue and morality must be the necessary springs of a popular government? Will they? They'll say, 'Look who's talking.'"

"Why do you care what they say?" said Moose. "And how do you know they won't listen? If anybody bothers to tell it to 'em, a lot of people will believe the truth. You got the same right to speak up for your ideas you'd have if you'd been born in a log cabin. Anyway what can you lose? Try your luck."

"I didn't have much luck with my wife," Cy said, without meaning to.

"Women," Moose said, "are often immune to common sense. Still, it always struck me Bessie had quite a lot. Don't give up so soon."

As he talked to Moose, Cyrus realized that the rest of his life was going to hold vast emptiness, unless he could make Bessie understand why a bauble like the tiara would be an immoral extravagance for the wife of a man who hoped to win the trust of his countrymen as a political leader.

THAT night, he tried again. She sat and watched him coldly, her eyes bright, a spot of color in each cheek. He could not even tell if she heard what he had to say, for she kept swinging a ridiculously small slipper from one toe. As a matter of principle, he told her, he couldn't buy her a gift like the tiara. If he was to get anywhere in public life, he would have to prove that he was on the level. Bessie could help him by—not flaunting the luxuries of wealth in people's faces.

He knew he spoke lamely, and finally Bessie put her hands over her ears derisively. "Politics!" she said. "That's all you care (Continued on page 55)"

"I won't love him," Bessie whispered, and sat up with her arms around her knees, rocking back and forth. Then a knock at the door stayed her tears.



The Collier

By TOM MALIA

LAST November 1st, a Bolivian P-38 fighter plane and a DC-4 air liner tried to land simultaneously at Washington's National Airport, with the result that 55 people perished in the nation's worst air disaster. Not long before that, a U.S. Navy fighter plane dissected a DC-3 air liner in mid-air, precipitating further carnage; and in another crash, Marcel Cerdan and all his fellow passengers were killed when their transatlantic Constellation cracked up against a mountaintop in the Azores. Ironically enough, it was during the period of these tragedies that a committee of 23 national leaders was reaching its decision to award this year's Collier Trophy—aviation's highest award—to the Radio Technical Commission for Aeronautics, an organization which had devised a remarkable new system that could have prevented these accidents.

No previous Collier Trophy award has had more significance. The United States government already has adopted the new Air Traffic Control Plan, which, in a few years, will make every airplane flight in the United States virtually crash-proof.

For instance, had the new system been in effect, this is what would have happened: The moment the Bolivian P-38 deviated from its course and began its fatal dive onto the unsuspecting DC-4, an automatic radio impulse would have been transmitted to a giant electronic computer miles away on the ground. This would have set off an alarm bell located in the ground station, and the computer would have flashed warning lights, much in the manner of a tilted pinball machine.

Almost immediately thereafter, similar alarm bells and lights would have given warning in the cockpits of both planes. One light in the DC-4 cockpit would have flashed, "Attention!" and another would have lighted up brilliantly with the words, "Go left 22 degrees!" An "Attention!" light would have blazed on the instrument panel of the P-38, too, with another panel light, lighted up by radio from the ground, saying, "Go up 2,000 feet!" and "Go right 10 degrees!" The planes would have missed each other by at least a mile, and 55 victims would be alive today.

The same thing would have happened in the case of the Navy fighter and the DC-3; and, also, the Constellation in which Cerdan was flying never could have drifted 90 miles off its course. The moment it deviated even a single degree, the alarms would have gone off in a ground computer station, and the "Attention!" signal would have commenced its pyrotechnic commotion in the Constellation's cockpit. Furthermore, a light on the plane's instrument board would have flashed the words, "Go left one degree!" and instead of flying full speed into the mountain on São Miguel Island, the Constellation would have let down safely through the clouds to the airfield on Santa Maria.

As all this indicates, the newly adopted Air Traffic Control Plan will make the pilot mostly an agent for carrying out the orders of the electronic brain on the ground; and, accordingly, the possibility of human error and



By 1963, planes flying in the U.S. will have panels similar to one above (inset drawing). Instructions on left side of panel register by means of signals radioed from ground, so plane is controlled like a puppet manipulated by electronic strings. When in distress, pilot changes orders by using right side

Trophy

FOR NOTABLE CONTRIBUTION
TO SAFETY IN THE AIR

frailty will be eliminated almost completely from flying. By 1963, no plane—from midget Cub to giant bomber—will be allowed in the air over the United States unless it is tied into the system. By the end of next year, enough features of the plan will be in effect to reduce the chances of mid-air crashes by a considerable degree.

This, briefly, is how the Collier Trophy-winning Air Traffic Control Plan will work:

Before any plane can leave the ground, the pilot must file a flight plan with Operations at the airfield, listing his destination and route. The flight plan is rushed to the nearest Air Traffic Control Center (usually 20 miles or so outside major cities) where the plane is assigned an altitude, a lane, an arrival time and so on.

All the information is punched out on a card. The card then is inserted in the giant electronic computer mechanism. If the punched holes indicate to the machine that the flight will conflict with any other flight in the vicinity, the computer automatically rejects the card and indicates the point of conflict. If the flight plan is okay, the card remains in the computer, and the pilot is given permission to take off.

From the moment the pilot steps into his cockpit, another miraculous machine begins operating. This is a tiny radio transmitter called a "transponder" which sends its radio signals directly from the plane to the computer on the ground. While the aircraft is in flight, these signals go out constantly to the nearest computer. One series of distinctive signals keeps identifying the plane (in the same way that a vocalist has a particular singing style). The transponder's automatic signal tells the computer how far the plane is from the computer at that moment, and it gives the direction of the plane.

Another ingenious device in the transponder automatically shifts the tone of the signals as the plane goes up or down, so the computer receives a constant record of the altitude of the plane as well as its position and bearing. The machine thus knows exactly where the plane is at all times.

Each computer receives dozens of such signals every second from each plane in its area of responsibility (a radius of from 100 to 500 miles). In the computer, each plane's signal is checked electronically against the punch holes in the flight-plan card, which indicates to the machine where every plane is supposed to be. The moment a plane strays off this course, or falls behind because of head winds, or loses altitude, its signals no longer match the punch-hole cards in the computer, and the alarm bells and lights go into action. The moment this happens, a traffic-control expert presses buttons like mad. The buttons light up instructions on the plane's instrument panel, telling the pilot what to do to get back on course.

If other planes are endangered by the deviation of Plane Number One, the traffic-control man presses buttons which light up the panel boards in the other planes, telling them what to do. In other words, the traffic-control center is like a puppet-master manipulating many puppets in the air at once—except that the puppets are attached by radio beams instead of strings. There are no voice signals to become garbled by imperfect pronunciation or static, no hysterical thinking in airport control towers—just nerveless, errorless electronic fingers that guide each plane through all kinds of weather directly onto the runway at its destination.

At first, the system will include equipment already in use, like ground-controlled radar landings, but later the Collier Trophy winner will accomplish things never dreamed of before. For instance, if a plane is instructed to change its course while in flight, the computer on the ground automatically adopts the new course and trips the alarms if the plane strays from it.

If a pilot runs into icing conditions at his assigned altitude of, say 11,000 feet, the pilot changes the lighted-up number "11,000" on his air-to-ground side of the instrument panel to "9,000" and he presses a button marked "Request change." If there is another plane at 9,000 feet, the electronic



The Collier Trophy, established in 1911

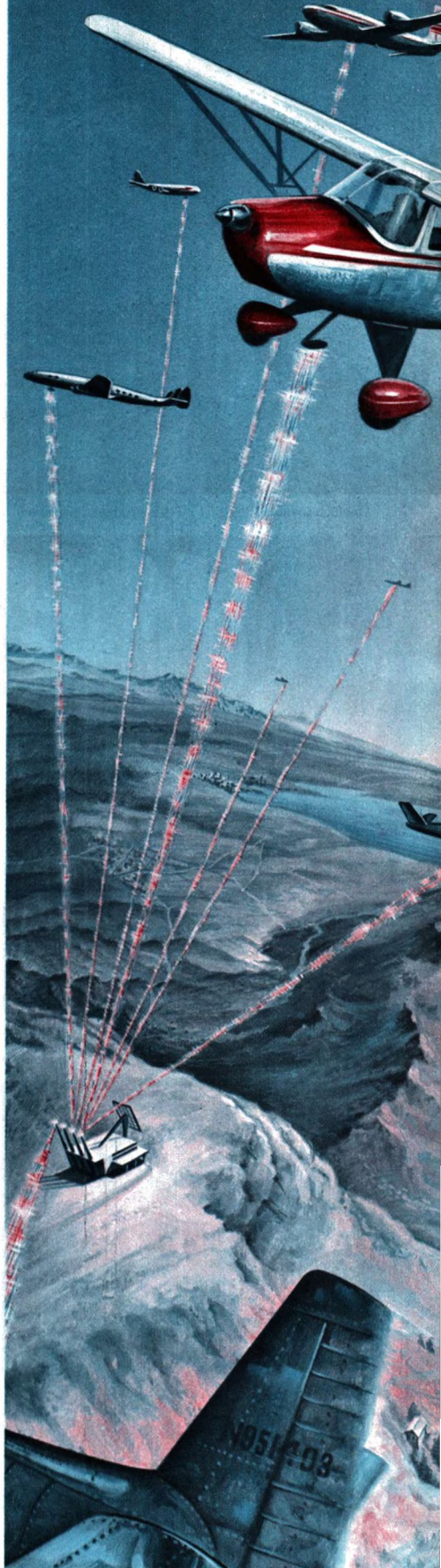
computer on the ground rejects the request, and the traffic man flashes a "Hold!" sign on the instrument panel of the plane. He then calls on the computer to find an unoccupied lower altitude. The computer turns up 7,000 feet. The traffic man presses a button, and in a flash, the lighted-up "11,000" altitude marker in the plane spins around like an automobile speedometer to become "7,000." The plane goes down to 7,000 feet.

Similarly, if a plane encounters head winds and is running six minutes behind its assigned landing time at La Guardia Field, the computer flashes the warning, and the traffic man tries to hasten the plane along. If the aircraft can't respond with any more speed, the traffic man consults the computer to see if the plane will now conflict with another plane's landing at La Guardia. If this seems likely, he slows down the problem-child aircraft, to bring it in at a later landing time, reserved exclusively for itself. This will end disconcerting "stacking" of planes over airports.

And so go the details of the plan, which sound like Buck Rogers fantasies now, but which will be no more startling a few years hence than automatic safety signals on railroads. Some 300 very-high-frequency omnidirectional ranges already are in use in the United States; and New York, Washington and Chicago have installed new surveillance radar which will help locate errant planes until the computers and transponders begin to operate in 1960. Contracts already have been let for some of the elements that will go into the transponders, and engineers are beginning to move the giant computers into the blueprint stage.

The Air Traffic Control Plan was born on April 16, 1947, when the government's Air Co-ordinating Committee (consisting of top men in the Civil Aeronautics Administration, the Civil Aeronautics Board and the Department of Defense) decided that something had to be done to prevent the air from becoming a crowded shambles of colliding planes. On April 28th they wrote a letter to the Radio Technical Commission for Aeronautics, commonly called the (Continued on page 69)

Low-altitude view of a control center, part of the projected network. Automatic signals from the aircraft tell an electronic computer operating inside the center exactly where the plane is at all times. The control center, in turn, flashes directions to cockpit panel (inset left), avoids mid-air crashes





Hoeflich invented the first machine to make paper leis, now is a top U.S. manufacturer



Paper hats were once imported and hand-made, but Hoeflich helped modernize the trade
New Year's Eve party at famed Diamond Horseshoe night spot—all favors by Hoeflich



Hoeflich poses for a photo wearing a radio helmet, holding favors. But he stays home New Year's Eve

Movie actor William Demarest visits the Hawaiian Room of a New York hotel, gets a Hoeflich garland



MAD HATTER

By EVAN M. WYLIE

Victor Hoefflich, a pioneer in making party favors, now creates funny hats—but takes them seriously

LATE on December 31st—in ballrooms and banquet halls, night clubs and bars, penthouses, rumpus rooms and on street corners across the nation—millions of merry-makers will gather to greet the New Year, joyously tootling horns, twirling ratchets, sporting paper hats, tossing rolls of colored serpentine into the air and yelling themselves blue in the face. That's the big moment of 1949 for Victor T. Hoefflich.

At this time Hoefflich, if he follows his usual custom, will be sitting quietly beside the radio in his suburban New York apartment. He will not be wearing a paper hat, shaking a noisemaker or jumping up to toss colored streamers out the window. And if he is drinking anything at all it probably will be a small glass of ginger ale. His keen enjoyment of the festivities will be based on the gratifying knowledge that a great many of the horns, hats, snappers, squawkers, clappers and bell wands in use at parties from New York to Nome were designed, manufactured and sold by his factory.

Frivolity for Hoefflich, a short, cheerful man in his early fifties, is strictly a laboratory proposition. Although few things excite him more than a fresh idea for a New Year's hat, and although he has been known to stay up all night designing a new line of Halloween horns, his interest stops right there. He rarely gives parties and seldom can be persuaded to attend one. Conventions and banquets are something in which he has never felt the slightest need to participate. Similarly, his marked affection for Hawaiian hula dancers has nothing to do with their hip wiggles; it is awakened by the thought that the paper leis they wear around their necks are of his design and manufacture, too.

Hoefflich has managed to retain this sort of detachment toward his products while his company, the American Merri-Lei Corporation, has grown from a cellar shop in Portland, Oregon, to the present \$1,000,000-a-year business in Brooklyn, New York. It turns out 10,000,000 fancy party hats annually for celebrators in places ranging from South Africa to Alaska, and it has become the principal source in the United States for nut baskets, noisemakers and other assorted party paraphernalia.

Hoefflich is also the man who last spring gave the nation at least momentary pause by bringing forth his Man from Mars Radio Hat. This gaudily colored, tropical sun helmet carries in its crown a two-tube, five-ounce radio that the wearer may tune to any station within 20 miles.

The idea of a hat with a radio in it is by no means new. Hoefflich himself believes that it has been around almost as long as crystal sets. Hat and novelty circles have talked about one for years; cartoonists have joked about it, and characters in science comics wouldn't think of venturing into interstellar space without one. The only really odd thing about the hat is that, until Hoefflich designed and built one, it had never been done.

Radio experts have always rebuffed hat petitioners with the flat reply that a receiving set small enough to fit inside a hat and still cheap enough to have commercial possibilities was out of the question. "Something told me," says Hoefflich, "that they were wrong."

It is a good measure of Hoefflich's self-confidence that he had absolutely no grounds for such a hunch. In fact, he had no business fooling around radios at all. He had never even repaired a set, let alone built one. Nonetheless, he hired a radio engineer and told him to design a radio hat. After four months he asked the man how soon he thought he'd be finished. The radio expert said he was sorry but he had decided it couldn't be done.

Hoefflich found this news so disturbing that he immediately stopped thinking about paper hats, horns, nut cups and razzers, and jumped right in to make the thing himself. One month later, he and an assistant were staring rapturously at a badly mauled pith helmet.

From the front, two miniature tubes projected like horns. Between them was a plastic tuning knob. A five-inch ring antenna jutted out behind, and a single earphone projected downward. The rest of the set, only a quarter-inch thick, was inside the crown, except for a seven-ounce battery to be carried inside the wearer's pocket. For a few minutes, Hoefflich recalls, he sat there feeling like a cross between Marconi and Lilly Daché.

Aiming for the most susceptible market group, the early teen-agers, Hoefflich produced his invention in the wildest colors he could think of: canary yellow, lipstick red, turquoise, chautauque and tangerine; and priced it for volume: the retail tag was substantially less than \$10. The weird-looking headgear immediately caught on, and the young set had a field day referring to the Bobop Bonnet, Talking Chapeau, Buzzing Belfry and Sonorous Sombrero. Customers bought nearly 350,000 for use at parks, beaches and sports gatherings. Some sort of a climax was achieved when an atomic scientist was observed wearing one at Los Alamos.

Making the "Novelty" Practical

As an old pioneer in the party-goods field, Hoefflich is unperturbed by pessimists and cynics who dismiss the hat as a one-shot fad that won't last. "Those first colored models were purposely made to look like a novelty just to attract attention," he says. "Now we're getting down to business to make this thing really practical. Just stop and consider this!" he adds, excitedly waving a finger. "Our radio can be adapted to any kind of hat."

In this way, according to Hoefflich, the hat's uses are "limited only by the exploding imagination." He pictures cowboys, policemen, sporting fishermen, surveyors, farmers, plantation workers and soldiers—all at work or play in the open—receiving messages and entertainment from broadcasting units 20 miles away by means of tiny headgear sets. Nor are women to be left out. In his laboratory Hoefflich already has working models of radio handbags and radio sewing baskets.

This sort of bubbling enthusiasm has characterized Victor Hoefflich all his life. His disturbing appetite for hard work manifested itself early, even while he was attending grammar school in New York. When the family moved to Portland, Oregon, in 1911, he continued with his high-school commercial course, finding time to play the violin,

make the debating team, get elected president of the glee club, win prizes in gymnastics, and risk mayhem from his classmates by composing an essay entitled *How to Earn Money During Vacations*.

Graduating with a 96.7 average, Hoefflich became private secretary to a Portland business executive. To keep busy evenings, he organized a small dance band and doubled as violinist and leader. Then fate appeared in the guise of a motif for a dance the orchestra was sponsoring. It was 1917, and Hawaiian guitars, ukuleles and the hula were the latest thing. Hoefflich decided to make the affair a Hawaiian Ball and to hand the guests colored leis—paper facsimiles of the garlands worn by native hula dancers.

Hurrying off to a local music store to purchase a gross or two, he was shocked to find that they retailed for 25 cents apiece. When he protested that someone must be making a gosh-awful profit, a young Hawaiian on the premises coldly pointed out that each lei, made by hand-threading the strips of colored paper, took more than an hour to complete.

Hoefflich sat down and carefully examined the lei's construction. Then he headed for a junk yard to buy two automobile gears. Back in his own cellar, adding part of an old phonograph, the crank from a bicycle, the binder of a loose-leaf notebook, a darning needle, a music rack and some toothpicks, he built a Rube Goldberg gadget that produced a first-rate lei in 15 minutes.

The dance was a huge success, but that was a minor consideration to Hoefflich now. Adding to both ends of his daily working schedule, he took to rising at 5:00 A.M. so that he could lay out the materials for neighborhood young people to manufacture paper leis in his cellar all day long. From 8:00 A.M. to 5:00 P.M. he kept up his job as private secretary; from 9:00 P.M. to 1:00 A.M. he played the violin in his orchestra. The gap between 5:00 and 9:00 P.M. bothered him, until he arranged to fill it in by booking his orchestra to play dinner music.

By these efforts Hoefflich was able to amass the capital to open a factory which shortly thereafter became the principal source of supply in this country for new, cheaper leis. In the intervening years, countless millions have been draped about the necks of Hawaiian tourists, cruise ship passengers, convention delegates and musical comedy choruses.

With that market conquered, Hoefflich began to look for new paper-novelty fields to invade. Finding that most of the jobbers and materials in the party-goods business were on the East Coast, he moved his business to New York City in 1925. There he attracted almost immediate attention by manufacturing the first paper Christmas wreaths. He then let it be known that he was thinking of going into party favors.

Experts in the trade sought to discourage him. The business was generally in the doldrums. But Hoefflich decided all that was needed were new designs and the machines to make them. Standard machines for making party novelties did not exist; it had always been an industry in which the bulk of the goods were handmade by cheap labor. For this reason, many items were still being imported from Japan and Germany. (Continued on page 48)



Cesare Borgia (Orson Welles), backed by Orsini (Tyrone Power), reprimands an aide, in *Prince of Foxes*, filmed entirely in Italy

Intrusion into the Past

The ace movie cameraman, Leon Shamroy, digs deep into his bag of tricks to turn Italy's clock back four and a half centuries to the bold, bad days of the Borgias

MILLIONS of people have been seeing things through Leon Shamroy's eyes for a good many years. Most of it has been exciting. For Shamroy has a power that is given to few of us: he can make plain women beautiful, straighten bowlegs, brighten a cloudy day and put a radiant glow into a gray sunset. These are his gifts as a movie cameraman, and he has used them deftly enough to win three Oscars.

"Just look!" a Hollywood director is said to have exclaimed on one occasion while scouting for locations. "See how the shadows play across the mountains! Only the Almighty could achieve such a color effect!"

"That's not quite true," his companion is supposed to have retorted. "Shamroy can do it."

The incident is probably an invention of a press agent's overworked brain. But there can be no doubt of the magic Shamroy works with lenses. He has just come back from a year in the Mediterranean, where he changed the face of Italy for the picture *Prince of Foxes*.

According to all the travel books, Italy is a gay and sunny land. The story Shamroy had to film

was full of pomp and pageantry. The settings should have been bright with light, but by the time he got around to shooting, the prodigal summer sun was gone and the strongest artificial light he could devise was only a tenth as bright as Hollywood's dimmest bulbs. So he set up reflectors to catch what sunlight there was and angled his shots to capture every available ray that came from the sky.

The result was dark as a newsreel on a cloudy day. Weaker men would have despaired and fled. Shamroy merely added filters to his lenses and peopled the gloom with conspiratorial shadows, creating precisely the mood required for *Prince of Foxes*. They fit the assassinations, double crosses and assorted skulduggery of the Renaissance.

In creating this newest 20th Century-Fox show piece, based on Samuel Shellabarger's book, Shamroy not only made Italy look different; he made it sound centuries younger than it is today. Wherever he worked he stilled telephone bells, soda-fountain mixers, radios and phonographs, which didn't exist in the days of Cesare Borgia. Automobiles, motorcycles, bicycles and other modern contrivances were detoured around the ancient cities

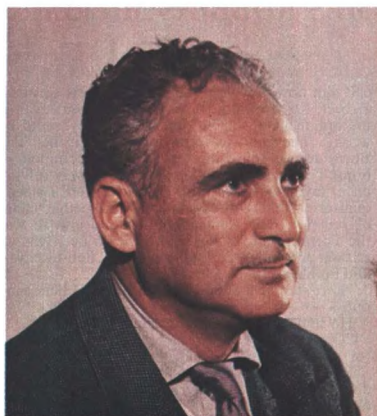
in which he repeated history to accommodate Tyrone Power and Wanda Hendrix. Italian natives who played the mob scenes had to take off their dark glasses and spit out their chewing gum.

In Venice, police kept all citizens, except appropriately costumed extras, off the steps of the Grand Canal, but the people in St. Mark's Square were permitted to go about their business in modern dress, since they were out of the cameras' range. Motorboats and modern launches were shooed off the Grand Canal and its tributaries so that quiet might reign for the gondolas. Airports held their planes on the ground and Shamroy lieutenants policed the countryside to prevent some prosperous Italian farmer from driving a tractor across the path of a hired man's ox and wooden plow.

Shamroy's performance was almost perfect. There was only one small slip. While he was shooting battle scenes at San Marino, a peasant in modern dress was found to be grazing his sheep, with the aid of two dogs, on the battlefield. Pre-empted upon to act in the picture, the shepherd retired behind a huge rock to change to a Renaissance costume. When he emerged and approached his



Behind the camera, on set in Florence



BOB LANDRY

Oscar-winning cameraman Leon Shamroy: he made Italy look centuries younger



Before this colorful carnival could be filmed in the ancient city of San Gimignano, in Tuscany, Shamroy had to silence all 20th century noises, such as telephone bells, radios and auto horns

Orsini the Fox, the ambitious Borgia's emissary to Citta del Monte, meets Camilla (Wanda Hendrix), wife of the city-state's ruler. The Hollywood cast had to live in Italy nearly a year

By JACK MOFFITT

sheep again, the dogs mistook him for a stranger and attacked him. The dogs had to be driven off and then reconciled to their master before the cavalry could resume its advance on San Marino's castle walls.

The citizens of San Marino were happy to have their town immortalized on film as the object of an attack by battering rams and siege towers. They objected strenuously, however, to the movie makers blowing off any battlements. So Shamroy had to find another piece of old masonry which the Italians didn't mind losing. The cannon went off at San Marino, as planned, but the wall fell near Florence.

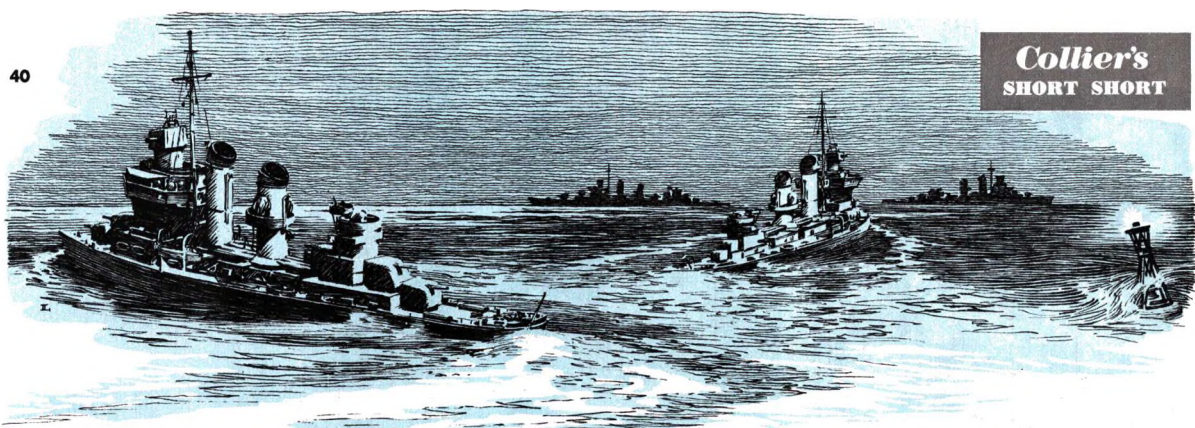
All of this adds up to economy on a magnificent scale. For, by shooting *Prince of Foxes* in Italy, Darryl Zanuck was able to use \$2,500,000 worth of blocked Italian lire. That paid half the expense of making the movie. And it would have cost millions more for Hollywood to build poor copies of the ancient Italian architectural masterpieces which serve as settings for "Prince."

Twentieth Century-Fox paid Shamroy his customary \$1,250 a week, allowed him to hire one set of Italians to see that another set of Italians did the work he was paying them for, and plied him and his crew of 13 American technicians with copies of *Variety* and the *Hollywood Reporter*—and large quantities of vitamins by air express—to keep them from getting homesick.

THE END

Collier's for December 31, 1949





Liberty Hound

By JAMES ROBBINS MILLER

LIEUTENANT SELLERS, the executive officer, felt the captain giving him one of those looks that always meant he was a jump ahead of the game.

"More trust, eh, Mr. Sellers? Maybe I ought to turn the ship over to you. I think I will. Take her into port. You can call me when the tugs come alongside."

Lieutenant Sellers swallowed hard. "Not worried, are you?" the captain said. "All you have to do is follow the flagship."

"I'm not worried," the lieutenant said hastily. There was a stir among the other officers in the wardroom. Finishing dinner, they had got into the old argument about the regulars and the reservists. The captain was Annapolis, '31. This destroyer escort, the Farnum, was his third command. He hadn't claimed the regulars were any better as men. "But they're trained to think and act alike," he had said. "In tough situations, they can count on one another to do the right thing."

Lieutenant Sellers, a mathematics instructor prior to the war, had led the opposition. "That's the trouble, Captain. No flexibility. They might all do the wrong thing, too, in perfect unison." Then, amiably enough, he had suggested that the regulars could afford to put more trust in reservists.

He had asked for it. Now he had it. "Better get up there," the captain said. He started out the wardroom door, then turned back. "Know why I trust you to take us in?" He was grinning. Lieutenant Sellers waited. "Because I know you're counting on a liberty tonight. You reserve officers would do anything for a liberty."

It was close to the truth. Lieutenant Sellers had never missed a liberty, and, if he could help it, never would. It was now 1900 and growing dark. With luck, they'd be tied up in another three hours. An hour after that, he would be with his wife. He would take a battleship in if it meant seeing her.

He climbed up the ladder to the flying bridge. There was a heavy mist, and a wet breeze whipped his face. A half mile astern he saw the yellow glow of the lights and, just ahead, the dark bulk of the next destroyer escort. There were four of them—the flagship leading, then the Burnside, the Gill and his own—steaming in column, two hundred yards apart: the commodore's pet formation. . . .

Lieutenant Sellers spoke to the officer of the deck and called for Wilson, the quartermaster, to come up with the harbor charts. He spread them under the cowl of a low table and switched on the small light. His hands were shaking. Embarrassed, he pulled them quickly out of sight. A moment later, he jumped—the commodore was barking in their childish radio code: "All cops! This is Chief! Close up, there! Close up!"

"Steady," Lieutenant Sellers told himself. He knew he was a first-rate navigator. He'd brought them into dozens of ports. The only difference now

was that he was navigating for himself, not for the captain.

It was more of a difference than he liked to admit. You never caught the captain with his hands shaking.

"Approaching Buoy H on the left, sir," It was Wilson.

"Very well," Lieutenant Sellers said mechanically. He looked over the bow, saw the swaying light and heard the sorrowful gong of the big mid-channel buoy. Ordinarily, you could see the next one ahead, maybe a couple of them, but not in this weather. Suddenly, an electric wave of discomfort went through him. H was the buoy he'd been waiting for, knowing it was the one they turned on. He checked it hurriedly on the chart.

"Charlie," he called to the O.D., "are those other ships changing course?"

"No, sir. I was just wondering—"

Lieutenant Sellers took a quick look at the radar screen. By now, the flagship should have been well out to the left, but she wasn't.

"What the hell!" he said. "Wilson, are you sure that's H out there?"

"Yes, sir. I've got the glass right on it."

Wilson was almost infallible. So was the chart. But something was plenty wrong. The only way to get from H to the next buoy was to turn left, and they weren't turning.

He grabbed up his glasses and peered ahead. Just barely, now, he made out the glimmer of the next buoy. It was not to the left; it was dead ahead, and the flagship was heading directly for it.

He stepped up to the pelorus and took bearings on a radio tower and a beacon. Then he ducked back to the chart, drew in the bearing line, noted where they crossed—and went rigid.

According to his fix, the whole column was steaming out of the channel. He looked at the sounding figures. In mid-channel, they ranged comfortably from 60 to 70. But on the right, where they seemed to be steering, they dropped fast: 58, 46, 30, 17, 8. . . . Those were feet, not fathoms!

Not worried, are you, Mr. Sellers? All you have to do is follow the flagship.

It was so true, most of the time. But this time? Unless he was so rattled that he couldn't read or reason, the commodore's ship, not a thousand yards ahead, was moving straight into shoal water. She was aiming for the next buoy, all right, but the buoy must have drifted from its mooring.

The O.D. was waiting for orders. In tough situations, they can count on one another to do the right thing.

There was something in that, too. Who was he to decide now that they were all wrong—the commodore, the "regular" skippers of three other ships, their own navigators and quartermasters?

He reached for the captain's phone. You can call me when the tugs come alongside. He pulled his hand away. It wouldn't help to

call him now, anyway. There were a few seconds, at best, for decision. It was his judgment against the judgment of all the others. But they could be wrong. The Gill was following the Burnside. The Burnside was following the flag. The commodore himself was relying on a captain who was relying on a navigator who might be relying on a sleepy quartermaster. Unless someone broke that chain of reliance, they were going aground and so was the Farnum; and that's where they'd be, right up to their screws in sand, all night, and hell to pay—and no liberty!

"Left standard rudder!" Lieutenant Sellers sang out.

He snatched up the radio handset.

"Chief! This is cop four eight. You're heading for shoals! Come left!"

He checked the turn of his ship, then heard the commodore's wild sputter: "What's that, cop four eight? Repeat! Repeat!" Suddenly, there was another voice, high and frantic, from the commodore's bridge: "Left full rudder! Left—Belay that! All engines back full!"

Lieutenant Sellers slowed his own engines and steadied his helm. The Farnum moved smoothly. She was clear.

The flagship lighted up. "All cops bear left!" the commodore shouted. "On running lights!"

It was too late for that. Lieutenant Sellers knew it when he saw how quickly, even at one-third speed, he was overtaking the others. All three of them, lights now aglow, appeared clear on his starboard bow. The flagship had swung left, but she was stuck and listing. The second ship, trying to avoid her, had cut hard right, and was aground astern of her. The third, following the second, had run onto the same shoal.

IT WAS now time for Lieutenant Sellers to call the captain. He called him. He headed back into the channel and was taking new bearings on shore lights when the captain got to the bridge. The Gill and the Burnside announced that they could not pull out. The flagship plainly hadn't a chance. Presently, in a voice of strained rage, the commodore said: "Cop four eight proceed independently to the Navy Yard."

The captain stayed on the bridge. An hour later, as they passed an outgoing string of rescue tugs, Lieutenant Sellers said casually, "I'll be glad to take her into the yard, sir."

It was too dark to see the captain's face, but his tone was dead-pan. "I think I'd better stay up here, Sellers," he said patronizingly. "No reflection on you. You handled that thing very nicely." The captain paused. "Like a regular. The average reservist would have lost his head."

Lieutenant Sellers felt something like a howl rising in his throat. He held it back. The harbor lights were already in view. Liberty. Tonight he could be the first man ashore. And he was. **THE END**



“My Daddy’s been a good boy, too – and he wants a new **PLYMOUTH!**”

Rescue Below Zero

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

returning because of trouble with its radio compass. At 11:40 P.M. the plane radios that it is letting down through a heavy cloud bank and will land at Fairbanks in 10 minutes. Twenty minutes go by, however, and the plane isn't heard from.

At 12:02 A.M., the Tenth Rescue Squadron is alerted. At 1:30 A.M., the weather lifts sufficiently for the search to begin and all the squadron's planes are thrown into the effort. At 5:50 A.M., the wreckage of the giant ship is spotted 5,500 feet up on the south slope of Mount Doonerak. Two live persons are seen walking about the plane. The rest are presumed dead or injured.

The problem is: How to remove the survivors from this remote mountain peak 100 miles inside the Arctic Circle?

An Evacuation Is Planned

Colonel Balchen's bright young men indicated on their maneuvers that they would do it in the following manner: First, they would drop a 10-man team onto the crash site by parachute—a doctor, three medical men and six trail crewmen. These would take arctic survival equipment (also dropped by parachute) and set up a field hospital of igloos and tents on the spot.

A thousand feet down the slope of Mount Doonerak is a small plateau. Helicopters would land there, receive supplies parachuted from the air and set up an evacuation camp. Ski planes, in the meantime, would set up a third camp on a frozen lake at the base of the mountain. The procedure then would be for the trail crewmen (reinforced by infantry) to carry the crash victims in stretchers from the crash site to the helicopter base on the plateau, 1,000 feet below them. The helicopters would fly the wounded to the foot of the mountain, where they would be loaded into the small ski planes. The ski planes would evacuate the casualties to an airstrip at the village of Wiseman, some 40 miles away, where large transport planes would be standing by to fly them directly to hospitals in Fairbanks, Anchorage—or in the United States!

Even though these are problems for the future, similar situations can and do come up almost any day at Tenth Rescue headquarters. This is one of the things that makes Balchen's organization remarkable. There are other Air Force rescue outfits in the United States, but these have little or no contact with civilians and they consider themselves busy if they have just a few rescues a month—which often mean nothing more than getting crash survivors to the nearest road, a few hundred yards away. In Alaska there are hardly any roads to speak of, and just 500 miles of railroad in the entire vast territory, which is one fifth as large as the United States.

When you add to this the Gulf of Alaska, the Bering Sea, the Aleutian Chain halfway to Japan, and 1,200 miles of the Arctic Ocean up to and including the North Pole, Balchen's area of responsibility is larger than the United States.

To many of the isolated settlers in the almost limitless wilderness of these frozen areas, Balchen's yellow-winged planes are one of their few contacts with civilization. For instance, when a frontier woman is about to have a baby, her husband can hike to the nearest road to ask for a Tenth Rescue plane. In a few hours, one of Balchen's men arrives to fly her to a hospital.

The same thing happens when a trapper gets clawed by a grizzly bear or a homesteader's child breaks a leg. Balchen's planes can—and do—go anywhere on these mercy missions. That's why they have become an integral part of Alaskan life. Helicopters land in back yards; and small planes with wheels, floats or skis can put down on roads, sand bars, beaches, forest clearings, airstrips, rivers, lakes, oceans—whatever is nearest the house or cabin where the emergency has occurred.

When the mission is beyond the range of these small planes, larger Tenth Rescue aircraft refuel them at airstrips along the way. As one grizzled prospector, a veteran of the 1898 gold rush named Montana Red, told me, "To us, the Tenth Rescue Squadron is like the Mounted Police is to Canadians in the Far North. They're always there when you need them. To people like me who live alone in the woods, they're more important than the governor, the legislature, the Department of the Interior and the rest of the United States government."

This attitude was seconded recently by

tenant Charles Weir, stared out at the 60-mile-an-hour winds, turned to Flight Surgeon Captain Donald Brown, and wryly remarked, "It says in the manual—page 5, paragraph 2—that the H-5 helicopter cannot be flown in winds exceeding 25 miles an hour."

Nevertheless, they located the tiny lake and landed beside Kellogg's plane. A few minutes later, guided in by the helicopter's radio, the C-64 made a blind landing on the lake at the very height of the blizzard.

At this point, everyone was thoroughly perturbed, except twenty-three-year-old

of relief. But this, too, was premature. Just as Sergeant Rhoades was cranking up the plane for a take-off in the morning, a tremendous gust of wind picked up the plane and tossed it into a clump of trees. One wing was completely smashed.

Holdiman looked at Weir. "I guess you're it," he said.

Lieutenant Weir nodded his head sadly and loaded Mrs. Johanson into the helicopter. By some miracle he got the ship into the air; and then by a further series of miracles, he lurched into Anchorage by the simple navigational process of flying alongside the barely visible trees flanking the coast line. It took another small plane and a C-47 to rescue Holdiman's group at Point Possession, and it took two mechanics and a month's labor at 40-degrees-below-zero temperature to repair the damaged ship on the lake.

Mrs. Johanson, meanwhile, was rushed to the hospital, where she waited six days and six nights before she had her baby.

Data From an Official Report

According to an official report issued on September 1, 1949, "the Tenth Rescue Squadron has flown 550 missions, for a total of 6,123 flying hours; and some 1,197 people owe their lives, or, at least, the alleviation of their suffering, to the intensive activity of the squadron." The ratio is six military missions to twenty-two civilian missions, or almost one to four.

The military calls are a simple procedure. Each military aircraft is required to radio its position every half hour. When a plane fails to make two such call-ins, the Tenth Rescue Squadron is automatically alerted, and a search is begun at once over the area within a one-hour flying radius from the last recorded position of the missing plane.

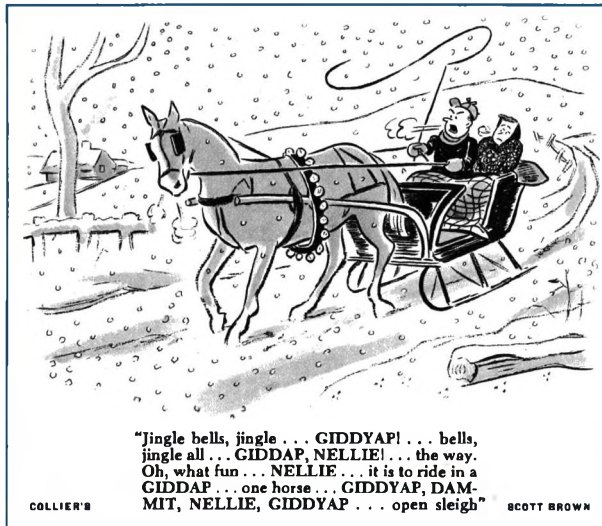
Civilian calls are more complicated. Since Alaska is dotted with a network of CAA air-to-ground radio stations, some 70 per cent of the requests for help are relayed from these stations to CAA headquarters at Merrill Field.

Also, the CAA is conducting an intensive campaign to make civilian pilots file a flight plan on each trip, wherein they list their destination and estimated time of arrival for each trip. When the plane is more than an hour overdue, the CAA immediately calls Tenth Rescue.

Other calls for help are relayed by ham radio operators and by radio transmitters located in outlying canneries, Indian agencies and so on. A good number of cases originate when women phone in, reporting hysterically, "My husband flew off on a hunting trip and he should have been back two days ago."

There always is a possibility that a call might turn out to be a false alarm, but in the rescue business you can't take a chance. The moment the message is received by the operations officer, he gets to work analyzing the situation. He checks the weather and the terrain, and in a matter of minutes he must decide which is the best way to solve the problem. No other Air Force work requires better split-second judgment.

The operations officer has a great variety of Tenth Rescue men and equipment at his command—long-range B-17s, C-54s, C-47s, gliders, small planes, flying boats, helicopters, dog sled teams, snow jeeps, swamp-skimming weasels, paratroopers, and trail crewmen—and if he makes the wrong move with any of these at the wrong time, lives



"Jingle bells, jingle . . . GIDDYAP! . . . bells, jingle all . . . GIDDAP, NELLIE! . . . the way. Oh, what fun . . . NELLIE . . . it is to ride in a GIDDAP . . . one horse . . . GIDDYAP, DAMMIT, NELLIE, GIDDYAP . . . open sleigh"

COLLIER'S

SCOTT BROWN

Mrs. Freida Johanson, the young wife of a homesteader on the treacherously wild Kenai Peninsula some 35 miles southwest of Anchorage. Last December 22d, Mrs. Johanson, who was pregnant, decided it was about time to betake herself to the hospital, so she chartered a small commercial plane piloted by one David Kellogg, to fly her to Providence Hospital in Anchorage.

Kellogg's tiny craft took off, but it hadn't gone 15 miles before it was being tossed about in one of the peninsula's sudden, devastating blizzards. Being a wise and cautious man, Mr. Kellogg put the plane down on a frozen lake 24 miles from uninhabited Point Possession, and radioed a bush pilot named Carr to send a ski plane in after him.

Dim Outlook for the Stork

"Not me," said Carr. "Only the snowflakes and the Tenth Rescue Squadron fly on a day like this." Carr then phoned the CAA at Merrill Field, and the emergency call was put through over the direct line to Tenth Rescue operations at 2:50 P.M.

At 3:20 P.M., a helicopter and a C-64 on skis took off in absolute zero visibility. The arctic night already had closed in. The sturdy little C-64, with Captain Roy Holdiman, Lieutenant John Schifferer and Sergeant Clarence Rhoades aboard, did pretty well in the blizzard squalls; but the fragile helicopter was bounced around like a paper kite.

At one point, the helicopter pilot, Lieut-

Mrs. Johanson, who was dressed for the city in street clothes and nylon stockings. Captain Brown took one look at her attire and blanched. He whipped a sleeping bag out of the plane.

"Here," he commanded, "get into this thing." Mrs. Johanson obeyed. "The way she's dressed, we have got to get her to the hospital right away," Brown said. So he and Holdiman loaded her into the C-64 and took off directly into the storm.

That was just the beginning of their trouble. A moment after the take-off, all the instruments went out in the plane. Holdiman turned white. "We've got to put down again," he said.

Brown looked out into the inky blackness and he turned white. "You'll never find that lake again," he said. But just then they saw a light. By some unexplained mental process, helicopter pilot Weir, on the ground, had guessed that something was wrong and had turned on his flashlight. Holdiman dived on the flashlight, cut the plane's power directly over it, and prayed. The prayer worked. The plane didn't hit any trees.

That night, Mrs. Johanson slept in the sleeping bag inside the plane, armed with a whistle which she was to blow if the baby started to come. Brown wondered what he would do if the whistle did blow, since it was 15 degrees below zero and he had no way of making hot water. Fortunately, the night passed without a peep out of the whistle; and Brown, Holdiman *et al.* heaved a sigh

Next Week

That Sizzling
DORIS DAY

We Republicans Can Win If
BY PHILIP WILLKIE

Collier's Demands:
END EXCISE TAXES

can be lost. (Thirteen Tenth Rescue men have been killed on operations.)

A few weeks ago, for instance, I was talking with Captain Roy Holdiman when the following message came in from the CAA outpost radio station at Anchor Point, which is 125 miles southwest of Anchorage on an open sound near the mouth of Cook Inlet. The message read: "Woman at Anchor Point with bad heart needs medical attention immediately. Patient in large house with red roof on hilltop, $\frac{3}{4}$ miles south of Anchor Point navigation light. Signed, N. W. O'Reilly, CAA."

Dangers of Anchor Point

Holdiman worked like a human calculating machine, as pilots materialized from nowhere to volunteer information gleaned from past operations at Anchor Point. Holdiman figured aloud: "They're building a road from Anchor Point to Homer, but it's a mile from the house so it won't pay to land a wheeled plane on it. That narrows it down to a helicopter or a float-plane landing in the surf."

"The house is on a 50-foot cliff rising sheer up from the beach, and the beach is covered at high tide. What's the tide now? Low? Then we're okay. The only trouble is, there are rocks just under the water and the surf runs rough off the point. A bad risk for a float plane."

"How about the helicopter? Let's see now. It's beyond helicopter range, so we'd have to refuel it with a C-47 at Kenai airstrip. That means an extra half hour. The woman may be too sick for an extra half hour. I guess we'll just have to risk the float plane in the surf."

All this took ten seconds. It took another few seconds to assign Lieutenant William A. Weed to pilot the plane, and to call Lieutenant Gene Guinn, a doctor, from the dispensary. I went along as litter bearer.

We flew nine miles in a helicopter to Lake Hood, where Tenth Rescue's float planes are based, and took off almost immediately for Anchor Point in a small single-engined ship. Thirty minutes later we were over

Anchor Point, looking for the isolated house with the red roof. Finally we spotted it. A man was waving a sheet outside the front door.

We made three wide circles over the surf, all three of us looking for the dark forms of rocks beneath the surface. If a float so much as nudged a rock on the landing and a hole was punched in it, we'd all be dead, because the plane would have been dumped into the sound, and a man can survive only 10 minutes in Alaska's paralyzingly cold waters.

Finally, skidding safely among the rocks, we made the landing and crunched up on the beach. The surf was so heavy that Weed had to take the plane out to sea again and taxi around while Lieutenant Guinn and I rushed ahead with the litter and an oxygen tank. The doctor and I clambered up the cliff. We ran at full speed for the red-roofed house.

The allegedly dying woman met us at the door telling us, in a loud healthy contralto, how sick she was. It turned out she was suffering from an acute case of hypochondria and overeating.

On the way back, I said to Weed, "We all could have been killed. What a waste of time!"

Weed's answer pretty well summed up Tenth Rescue's mission in the bleak North. "No," he said, "it's never a waste of time. Someday I may have to rescue a crashed fighter pilot up on that cliff, and now I know exactly how to avoid the rocks."

Colonel Bernt Balchen, who commands the fabulous Tenth Rescue Squadron, is one of America's—and the world's—foremost arctic and polar experts. A pioneer pilot, an adventurer and an explorer, his colorful career is in the classic heroic tradition; despite Atomic Age refinements, he's a throwback to the hardy individualists whom Jack London glorified. Meet him again in Collier's—in next week's installment

How to be good to yourself...after Xmas

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COLLIER'S

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WILLIAM
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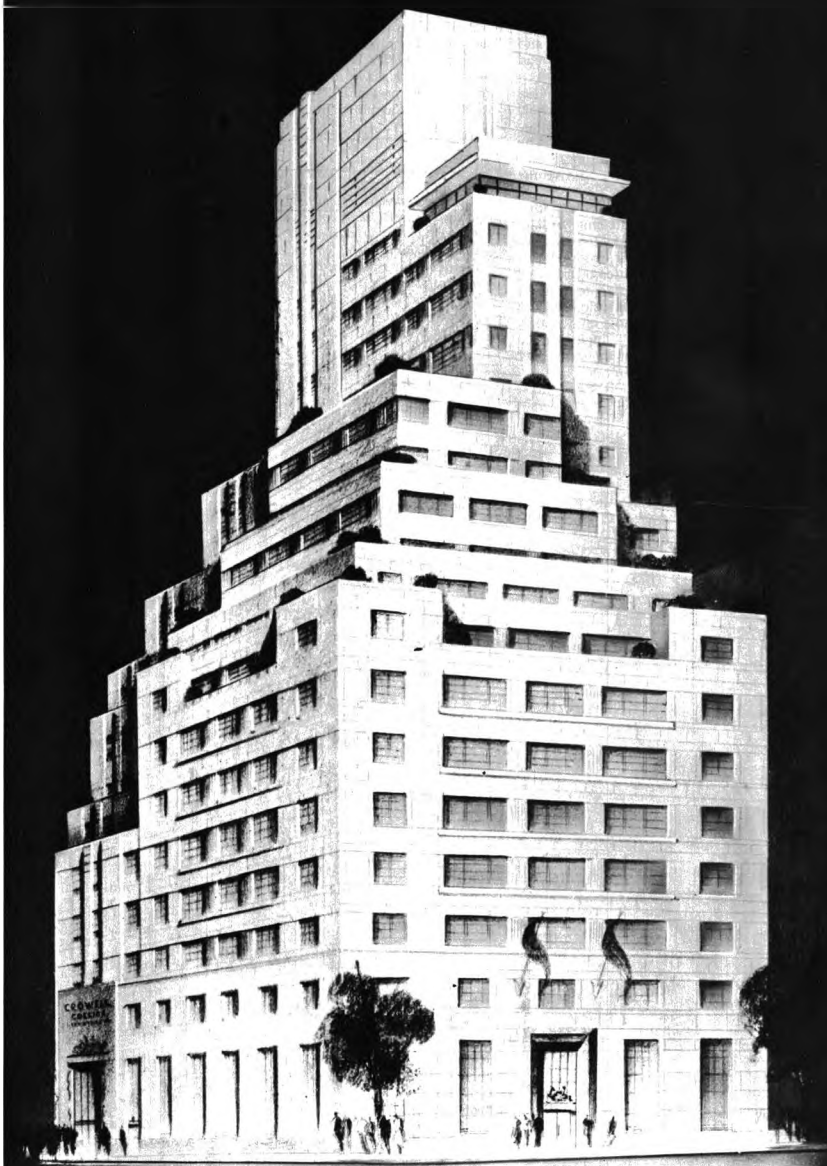
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A Little Like Shirley Temple

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

again—we lived just around the corner on Franklin Avenue. I took one more look, it was beautiful, I mean the bike. We go riding pretty much, Pa and me, even though Mrs. Frassy said bike riding isn't good because it makes the wrong muscles for dancing. Mama says dancing is very important. That's why she won't let me go riding as much as I'd like and I have to show her my muscles whenever I come back. I don't mind dancing, but there's nothing I like better than bike riding, not even skating. When you come down a hill sometimes it's like suddenly you're the wind, light as bird feathers, like air in the sky. So I wish Mama could have looked at the bike in Anderson's window that day. I looked at it for a minute more, then I ran and caught up with Mama.

"Mama," I said. "Can I tell Pa about the bike?"

"About what?" Mama said.

"The bike. The one in Anderson's window."

"Oh," Mama said.

"Can I?" I said. "Can I tell him?"

"I'll tell him, honey," Mama said.

Pa was home when we got in. He was washing up but he stuck his head out of the bathroom and he said, "How's my girl today? How's Deanna Durbin?" Pa always telling Mama he thought Deanna Durbin had it all over Shirley Temple, but I think he was only joking, he hardly ever goes to the movies anyway.

"Did you make like an apple today?" Pa said.

That was Pa's best joke.

"I learned a poem," I said.

"Fine," Pa said. "That's just what we need."

"Oh, stop it," Mama said.

Pa came out with the towel wrapped around him like a hula dancer and he gave Mama a big hug. He told her not to be mad, he really meant it, he loved poems. Then he hunched up his shoulders a little and he half closed his eyes the way they do in a movie where everybody carries a gun. Pa was always doing that.

"How's this?" he said. "Don't I look like Robert Taylor?"

"You look more like Boris Karloff," Mama said.

"Well, he makes a living, doesn't he?" Pa said.

"You can say that again," Mama said.

Pa doesn't look like Boris Karloff at all, he doesn't look like Robert Taylor either. It's funny, I kept thinking about it all through dinner, about Pa I mean, who does he look like anyway? So it wasn't till later when I was in bed that I remembered Mama didn't say anything about the bike and neither did I. Maybe Mama said something after I went to sleep, she tells Pa a lot of things after I go to sleep.

I decided Pa looks a little like Spencer Tracy.

ON SATURDAYS we always went out somewhere. Pa works at this garage, he's the best hand with a carburetor in Los Angeles, that's what everybody says, and he works nights three times a week so he can have Saturdays off. In the morning he rolled out the car and jiggered it a little and by nine or ten we were ready. There's a place called Fern Dell not far from us, it's like a jungle with those big things growing and everything, and that's where we were going this Saturday.

I was helping Ma pack the sandwiches when the telephone rang and Mama went to answer it. I wrapped some salt in wax paper and I was thinking that maybe today I could say something to Pa about the bike. Not much, just a little. I don't hardly ever bother Pa really, or Mama either, sometimes even when Pa asks me if there's something I want, I say no.

Mama came back in and she stood in the door and she just looked for a minute and Collier's for December 31, 1949

I knew she wasn't even seeing me. Then she came over and pulled my skirt down and straightened my sweater and she looked at me for a long time. She asked me where Pa was. Pa was outside with the car and we went out and found him. He had his head stuck inside the hood and he didn't even hear us.

"I'm not going to stand here and talk to your back," Mama said.

"What?" Pa said. "What?"

He pulled his head out and wiped his face.

"I just got a call," Mama said.

"It was Madame Frassesskaya."

"Oh," Pa said. "Her."

"What do you think?" Mama said.

"What?" Pa said.

"Do you think she looks like Tammy Hover?"

"Who?" Pa said. "Frassesskaya?"

"Shira," Mama said.

"Like who?" Pa said.

Pa is funny that way, he never remembers names, not even somebody like Tammy Hover and everybody knows her. She's beautiful, she has blond hair. I remember once she was in a picture and I don't think she even said anything, she was just in it, I mean at a door or a window or someplace like that, just standing there, and it was so sad I cried and it wasn't just because of her hair either, she's beautiful all over.

"They need a little girl for the next Hover picture," Mama said. "She's got to look like her, though. Madame Frassesskaya says they're having trouble."

"I can believe it," Pa said.

"Now if Shira—" Mama said.

"Forget it," Pa said.

"Except for the curls—" Mama said.

"Let it lay," Pa said.

He turned around and snapped the hood shut, he banged it so hard it rattled the fenders. He stood looking at the car for a minute and then he turned back to Mama.

"What about the picnic?" he said.

Mama said, "Oh, the picnic," like she'd forgotten about it.

"That's right," Pa said. "That's better."

We went out to Fern Dell that day but it wasn't so good really. Mama wanted me to do the Margaret O'Brien piece and the Shirley Temple piece and the Jane Withers piece. I always forgot the end of the Jane Withers piece. I didn't get a chance to talk to Pa about the bike at all and anyway he wasn't in a very good mood, he said it was the radishes, and we went home early.

I DIDN'T think it looked so bad, maybe the first time I looked in the mirror it made me feel kind of funny but Mama said it looked fine and Fritz said it looked fine too. Fritz always did my hair at the Marie Antoinette Beauty Salon and every time she used to say I looked just like Shirley Temple and Mama tipped her a quarter. But that was before she cut off the curls. I don't know who she'll say I look like now.

Pa came in while Mama was combing my hair out soft and straight the way Tammy Hover always wears hers. Pa didn't see me at first. He always comes home for lunch when he can, he makes coffee and a fried-egg sandwich, anyway he didn't see me until he came in to wash up. That was when he saw that we cut off the curls. He looked mad, but I don't think it was about the curls so much. Pa doesn't care who I look like.

"Well?" Mama said.

"What do you want me to say?" Pa said.

"Don't just stand there."

"Isn't she supposed to be in school?" Pa said, sort of not smiling.

"It won't hurt her to miss one day."

"It's not just one day," Pa said. "Every time they're casting a kid's part it's a day. You're taking a long chance, May."

And he walked out.

Mama finished combing my hair and told me to go and put on the black velvet dress she bought once when the Acme Costume

Company had a sale. I never liked it much but Mama said it was a bargain. I put on my black patent-leather shoes with the taps, I like those, and then I went into the kitchen. I could hear Mama talking. She was talking to Pa and I guess they didn't know I could hear them.

"Why not?" Mama said. "Sometimes they might choose her. Can't you see what that would mean? What are we going to do, spend the rest of our lives in this hole, four matchbox rooms in a bungalow court—"

"What's the matter with the place?" Pa said.

"Don't start that," Mama said.

"Does it have to come out of her hide?" Pa said.

"She likes it," Mama said.

"Sure," Pa said. "She likes it."

"You tell me some other way," Mama said. "What can you give her? Your monkey wrench and a can of grease?"

"What do you think you're giving her now?" Pa said. "She's not Shirley Temple and she never was. You're going to mix her all up trying to make her something she's not. She's a good kid with a plain face and funny teeth—"

"That's not my fault," Mama said. "I've told you a dozen times we ought to take care of it."

"What for?" Pa said. "What's the rush? Who's it hurting?"

"It's hurting her," Mama said. "Don't you think they notice it down at the studios?"

"I don't care what they notice," Pa said. "We'll get them fixed when she's a little older, she's just a kid now, why should she have to worry about what she looks like? I like her the way she is, why can't you leave her alone?"

"I know what I'm doing," Mama said.

Then Pa saw me.

"All right," he said. "All right."

Mama came over and she straightened the dress, I missed one of the buttons.

"Where are you going now?" Pa said.

"They're looking at the children today."

"How long will you be?"

"I don't know."

MAMA said we were late, it would take us almost an hour to get down to the studio, so we started out. I kissed Pa but it was funny, when we got to the door I wanted to stop. I thought I forgot something. I couldn't remember what it was though and we went out, Mama and me, and Mama closed the door. We went out through the court and were almost on the street when I heard Pa. He came up and took my hand.

"I've got the car in front," he said. "I'll drive you down."

You know while we walked the rest of the way to the car I felt wonderful. I don't know how to say it. I mean Mama is so beautiful, I mean really, and Pa was wearing his hat on the back of his head only it didn't look bad or anything, it looked like Gary Cooper. It was a really wonderful day and I never saw the hills look so green.

I like the studio, it's a whole city all by itself inside, streets and trees and flowers and the big stages, you never saw anything like them, and the lunchroom and toilets on every block. You can see a lot of things at a studio, once I saw soldiers and once I saw Indians, there's always something.

This time we went to Casting the way we always did, they know Mama there, and they gave us a piece of paper and they told us to go through the Inside Gate to Stage Four. They said Tammy Hover was waiting down there. Mama was very excited. I think it was because of Tammy Hover. Almost anybody can get into Casting but when they send you through the Inside Gate that's really something. In an alley between the stages Mama brushed my dress and combed my hair again and wiped my shoes.

"Listen, Shira darling," Mama said,

CLANCY



"you've been fine. Now when we go inside just watch me, I'll be there all the time. You try to do whatever they say. Wouldn't you like to be in a picture with Tammy Hover?"

I said I would.

"Shira," Mama said and she bent down and took my face in her hands, "you'll try very hard, won't you, darling?" Then she just touched my cheek. "I didn't forget anything. I don't really ever forget."

"Mama—" I said.

"Yes?" Mama said.

I knew what Mama meant, Mama meant the bike. I wanted to say something about it, I don't know what, I wanted to say I didn't really need the bike anyway. I didn't want Mama to think it was only the bike, I mean I'd try hard for Mama anyway, I'd do anything for Mama. I wanted to say something, but it just wouldn't say.

"What is it, Shira?" Mama said.

"Nothing," I said. "Nothing, Mama."

THEN Mama kissed me and she stood up. She took my hand and all of a sudden she didn't look excited any more. She had her chin up and over to one side, a little like Joan Crawford, and she held my hand and we went inside together. It's funny, those big stages, they don't look like anything really inside. Maybe there's just one little piece they use and that's what you see when you go to the show. But all the rest is just empty and dark and there are just some lights near the top.

Inside there was a wood floor over in one corner and a piano. It was full of kids, I never saw so many kids. There weren't enough chairs and there were kids standing over by the walls and some of them just stood out front near the big doors. When we came in out of the sun I couldn't really see anything, but then I did, I saw her, and I knew right off who it was.

It was Tammy Hover.

She was wearing a coat, a fur coat, and there were three men with her and a woman and two dogs. She was sitting on a chair, just a chair, nothing special, and she was smoking and every once in a while she leaned over and said something to one of the men. Her coat was dragging on the floor and one of the dogs was sitting on it, once she pulled the coat away but the dog came back again. She was beautiful.

We went in and gave our name to one of the men, one was Mr. Poston and one was Mr. Breck, they were taking the names of all the kids. We waited and we watched what the other kids did. We must have watched twenty of them, there were all kinds, there was one girl, she had red hair, she could do imitations.

"Marlowe!" Mr. Breck said.

That was me.

All of a sudden it was light. It was just the light on the piano but when you got up there it was so bright I could hardly see Mama at all even though she was right next to me. I could only see the two dogs because they were on the floor and I didn't have to look at the light. They looked like they were sleeping.

"What's her name?" said Tammy Hover.

"What's your name?" said Mr. Poston.

"Shira Chapple Marlowe," Mama said.

"That's a lot of name," Tammy said.

One of the dogs was black and the other one was brown and they both had big ears. I wouldn't want two dogs, if I had one, maybe the brown one, that's all I'd want.

"How old is she?" Tammy Hover said.

"How old are you?" Mr. Poston said.

"Seven," Mama said.

"Do we want one that old?" Tammy Hover said.

The brown dog woke up and he walked over to the chair where Tammy Hover was sitting and he rubbed his back against her leg. She reached down and patted his head.

"Does she do anything?" Tammy Hover said.

"She'll have to sing," Mr. Poston said.

"She sings very nicely," Mama said.

"I want this to be authentic," Tammy Hover said. "I want a real child's voice. We don't intend to do any dubbing at all. Does she dance?"

"Does she dance?" Mr. Poston said.

"Ballet and tap," Mama said.

"Let her say something," Tammy Hover said.

"I beg your pardon—" Mama said.

"The child," Tammy Hover said. "The child."

Mama took my hand.

"Say something, dear," Mama said.

"Hello, Miss Hover," I said.

"Her teeth," Tammy Hover said.

"Her teeth?" Mr. Poston said.

"She needs braces," Tammy Hover said.

"Does she?" Mr. Poston said.

"Let's hear her sing," Mr. Breck said.

"Does she?" Mr. Poston said.

"Let's hear her sing," Mr. Breck said.

"She'll have her mouth open every note," Tammy Hover said. "You can't miss those teeth. I never needed braces when I was a child. After all she's supposed to be me."

"We can take care of the teeth," Mr. Poston said.

"Eddie," Mr. Breck said to the man at the piano. "Vamp something."

"What do you mean you'll take care of it?" Tammy Hover said. "Why can't we find a kid with decent teeth to begin with? There must be one hiding somewhere."

"We've got them all here," said Mr. Poston.

"We're trying," said Mr. Breck.



"Trying!" said Tammy Hover. "Trying!"

"Miss Hover—" Mama said.

"When do you stop trying and start doing something?" Tammy Hover said.

"Miss Hover," Mama said. "Please wait a minute. I know Shira's teeth aren't quite perfect but that isn't the most important thing, is it? She's really quite talented."

The man at the piano leaned over to me.

"What can you sing, kid?" he said.

"I can't know what to say."

"Are we making this picture for a dental convention?" Tammy Hover said. "Maybe we ought to change it to a documentary about buckteeth."

For a minute nobody said anything.

"Miss Hover," Mama said quickly. "Miss Hover—"

"Oh, please!" Tammy Hover said.

"Let her sing at least," Mama said. "I know how hard it must be for you. So many children. But if you give Shira the chance she might be just the one you're looking for. She's another child when she sings. You'll hardly notice her teeth at all. She has a wonderful smile and—"

"Please!" Tammy Hover said.

The man at the piano began to play chords. "Go ahead, kid," he said. "Sing anything."

"It won't take very long," Mama said.

"I promise you we won't ask for anything more." I never heard Mama talk like that before, not Mama, it didn't sound like Mama at all, it made me feel funny inside, like I was going to be sick or something.

"Just this one song. I want you to hear her and see her when she's singing. Go ahead, Shira."

I took a step forward, Mrs. Frassy says

that when you sing a song you should always take one step forward because that shows confidence. I didn't know what I was going to sing, maybe the French song. I liked the French song.

"What is this?" Tammy Hover said.

"What am I supposed to be here? Fairy godmother to the diaper brigade? I've listened to all the brats I can stomach. Do I have to look at every ugly kid in Hollywood before—"

"Ugly?" Mama said. "Ugly?"

The man at the piano was still playing chords. I started to sing, anyway I think I did. Mr. Poston was leaning over Tammy Hover. She was pulling her coat together.

Mr. Breck was looking at Mama. All of a sudden she wasn't holding my hand any more, she was right next to Tammy Hover.

"What's the matter with you?" Tammy Hover said.

"What did you say?" Mama said. "What did you say?"

"I'm not the Children's Aid Society," Tammy Hover said. "I'm not here to hand out doses of mother love. Isn't that supposed to be your job? Or has motherhood changed these days? Maybe you just have kids for business reasons. Don't tell me you're touchy about the kid's feelings all of

lywood Boulevard. I wished I was pretty, I wished I could really sing, I wished I could do all the things Mama wanted me to do. But I couldn't. I don't even look like Shirley Temple, not really, not even with curls. Pa was driving very fast and we made a turn and then all of a sudden Mama said, "Fred—"

"What?" Pa said.

"Stop the car," Mama said.

Mama shook me a little.

"Shira—" she said.

She picked up my chin.

"Can you look up a minute, honey?"

I opened my eyes, Pa had the car pulled up, and do you know where we were? Anderson's! A light was on in his window and there was the bike. It looked all shining. You never saw anything like it. It was beautiful. I heard Mama talking to Pa, I think she was telling him about it.

"What do you think, Fred?" Mama said.

"Come on," Pa said.

So right then we went into the store and Anderson was in the back fixing some broken wheels, the spokes broke mostly. Pa talked to him a little and then they came up front.

"I can't pay for it now, you know," Pa said.

"You will," Anderson said.

Then Pa turned to me.

"Okay," he said. "It's your bike."

I wanted to get on it right then, right there. I wanted to ride to the top of the hills and come down again like the wind, light as bird feathers, like air in the sky. I wanted to get on the bike and ride to all the places I ever found and some, maybe, I never even knew before.

Pa laughed and picked me up.

"Tomorrow's soon enough," he said.

WE GOT back in the car, it was only around the corner now, we were almost home. We all sat in front, all of us, Mama and me and Pa. I felt wonderful. Mama looked at me and then at Pa.

"I wonder how much a brace costs," Mama said.

"May!" Pa said. "May!"

"Well, she ought to have her teeth straightened," Mama said.

"Is that all?" Pa said. "Not because they'll notice at some studio?"

"All right, Fred," Mama said. "I'm trying."

"That's it," Pa said. "That's better. Right?"

Mama laughed.

"Right," Mama said.

We got home and Mama carried me in, it was funny how sleepy I was again. Mama got me into my pajamas and asked me if I wanted anything to eat and I said no I didn't and I didn't really. Mama left the little lamp on, the one on the dresser that looks like a birdhouse. Mama kissed me and then she held me for a long time.

"You were fine, darling," Mama said.

"You remember that?"

"Better than Shirley Temple," Pa said.

"Oh, forget it," Mama said.

But Mama wasn't mad, I mean I could tell. I know when Mama is mad. You know what, I don't think she even cared any more—not even about the curls or anything. She reached down and she tickled my ear, she always used to do that when I was a baby. Mama remembers a lot of things like that, we always have a lot of fun, Mama and me, there's no one like Mama.

"You got the bike after all, didn't you, baby?" Mama said.

Then they said good night, Mama and Pa, and Pa opened the window from the top, the one that always gets stuck, and then they went out together. I still wasn't really sleeping, I was thinking about a lot of things. It was nice to be in bed and it wasn't hot or anything and I don't know when I fell asleep. I had a dream that night, I was out somewhere, out in the open, there was nothing around. I went like the wind, like air in the sky, light as bird feathers. I mean that's all it was, like air in the sky, and it was wonderful.

It was one of my best dreams. THE END

Collier's for December 31, 1949



Obviously...
Welcome



Known by the
 Company it Keeps



CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND...OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES
 SIX YEARS OLD—86.8 PROOF. SEAGRAM-DISTILLERS CORP., N. Y.

Mad Hatter

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37

"The only thing to do," says Hoefflich, "was to dope out some machines ourselves."

The same inventive talents that had enabled him to assemble the *lei*-making machine were now applied to designing new machines and adapting old ones to new uses. Despite his lack of engineering training it soon became evident that he had a genius for spotting the core of a mechanical problem and figuring out a way to solve it.

His other strong point turned out to be designing. At first he hired artists to create new-style patterns for him, but none of them knew anything about the manufacturing processes of the paper-novelty business.

Clips Costs for Big Profits

"They had some swell ideas," he says, "but they weren't practical. The important thing in this line is trim and cut. The margin of profit is so slight that little things become important. How many pieces of paper for a certain style cup? If you use two, that's plenty. And in how many places will it have to be fastened together? That's important too. Cut down on these things and maybe you can turn a loss into a profit. I decided to try out some ideas myself."

Hoefflich began drawing new designs, and devising new machines to make them. For a while it seemed as if each design led to a new machine. His inventions and adaptations included high-speed gluers, staplers, fringe sewers, die cutters and laminators. But best of all, the finished products had freshness and originality. Customers bought out his new lines as fast as he put them on the market. Other manufacturers, rallying to meet his competition, streamlined their techniques and increased the quality of their goods, too.

Often his innovations were so simple that it was hard to understand why they hadn't been used before. Striated crepe paper was born when Hoefflich persuaded a dubious salesman to ask his company to put some nicks in the crepe-paper-making machine's knife blade.

Until the war, mouthpieces for New Year's and Halloween horns had always come from Germany. When the supply was cut off, Hoefflich surpassed the Germans by inventing a plastic mouthpiece made of two pieces instead of four. Later he improved on himself by eliminating another section, and his latest item now provides a highly satisfactory *blat* with a one-piece number.

An odd thing about party favors is that people won't buy them if they look too

sturdy. "In the beginning," Hoefflich explains, "women made these things at home out of pins, paste and colored paper. Now, when they buy them, they subconsciously hunt for a piece that looks as though it had just been made for the occasion."

"A hobbyhorse basket for an engagement party must be bright and fresh in design; but if it looks strong enough to be a toy, they won't buy it. Our trick is to take a nine-ton molding press, a five-ton die cutter, 150 pounds of compressed air, chemical dyes and metal fasteners and make something so dainty, whimsical and fragile that it suggests that the hostess made it herself that morning."

"Boy! Is that a challenge or isn't it?" he exclaims.

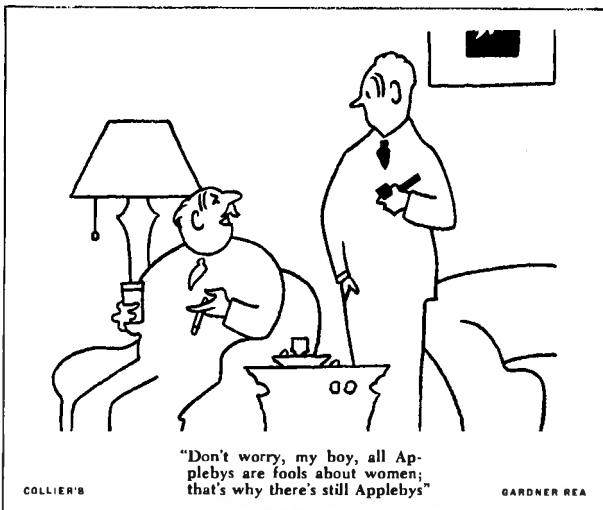
Hoefflich has spent as much as \$25,000 developing a new injection mold for plastics, \$50,000 on variations of the *lei*-making device. These are astounding sums for the novelty business where profits are measured in pennies, but Hoefflich does the business volume to justify them.

It took Hoefflich only 10 years to climb to the peak of the paper-hat business. Before Hoefflich, most paper hats had been imported from Europe, particularly Germany, where they had originated for use in street carnivals. When the first World War stopped the import of hats, various United States concerns started to produce them. The Germans were still trying to win back their lost market when Hitler's rise to power again caused the boycott of most made-in-Germany goods.

At this point Hoefflich went into the paper-hat business, expecting at first merely to fill the gap left by the Germans. To his amazement he found many hat manufacturers still using ancient scissors-and-paste techniques. With frenetic fervor Hoefflich set out to demonstrate that the hats could be made with high-speed, assembly-line techniques.

Brilliantly colored aluminum foil, for instance, was just beginning to appear on the market, but attempts to laminate it to thin cardboard had met with only indifferent success. Hoefflich juggled the rollers of his laminating press until he solved the problem. He has made laminated cardboard the principal composition for his hats, noisemakers and nut cups ever since.

He began turning out festive headgear with brighter colors, more fanciful designs and better quality than had ever been offered at such a low price. Like the Hawaiians and their *leis*, the Germans were permanently out of the paper-hat picture.



During the last war, though party goods manufacturing was constricted by shortages, Hoefflich's company found itself busier than ever making products for the armed services.

Among the items were radar kites for life rafts, gas alarm ratchets and gas capes for civilian defense.

Today Hoefflich's factory is lodged in a faded dance palace. The equipment was moved in during the war in a terrific hurry and has been going at such a pace ever since that there has not been time to renovate the place satisfactorily. Gilt-shedding nymphs are encountered in odd places, and the main production room (formerly the grand ballroom) is still bordered by tall white Grecian columns.

Here, at peak seasons, more than 200 neighborhood women sit at benches covered with stacks of red, green, blue, gold and silver laminated foil. Compressed air, on tap like running water, is used to roll, press, punch and staple the materials into festive hats and noisemakers.

The Boss's Personal Touch

Most of the machines in use were invented or adapted specially for each process by Hoefflich himself. Frequently he is seen bustling up and down the aisles, overseeing the work with the air of an anxious high-school art teacher. If one of his girls runs into difficulties with a new machine, he plumps himself down in her chair and starts punching out the hat or horn himself to see what the trouble is.

Hoefflich would be the despair of advocates of balanced living. When he was still in his twenties, he decided that too much time was wasted in sleeping, and since then has never slept more than four or five hours a night. For years he ate only one meal a day, considering the other two superfluous as well as time-consuming.

Nowadays he rises, without benefit of an alarm clock, at 4:00 A.M., drinks a glass of water and eats a piece of fresh fruit, and then gets into his car for a 45-minute spin over the deserted highways to the factory. He reaches it just as dawn is breaking. By 5:00 A.M., while most city dwellers are still two or three hours away from consciousness, he is sitting contentedly at a desk designing a new hat or drafting an advertising circular.

There are dictating machines available, but since his early stenographic training enables him to type faster and nearer than most of his office help, he usually uses the typewriter, rolling out the copy at a brisk 82 words per minute. His compositions are usually written at the desk of his sales manager, Miss Jean Hagen, who arrives for work at the more conventional hour of nine

o'clock to find her desk "looking like five people have been using it."

With the arrival of the rest of the office staff, Hoefflich is driven back into the production rooms where he may track down one of his engineers to tell him about an idea he had at four thirty that morning, and then spend the rest of the morning designing a new machine in the shops.

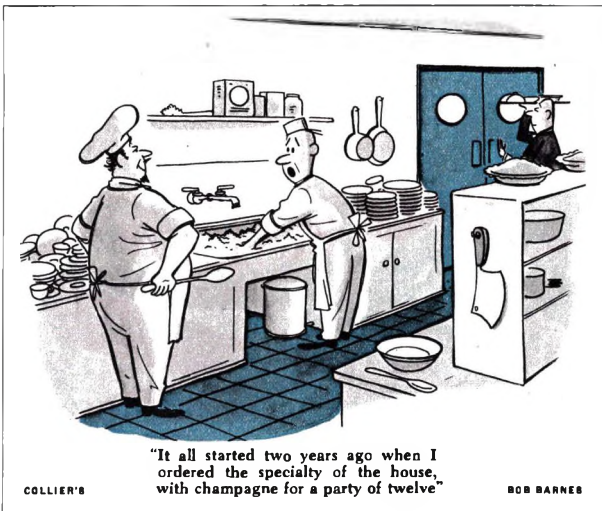
At noon he trots down to the corner soda fountain for a 15-minute lunch, and then hustles back to his own office, which differs somewhat from that of the average industrialist in that it is nothing more than a partitioned-off storeroom. His vice-president and general manager has an orthodox office with conference table and leather furnishings, but Hoefflich has not yet found time to bring his own up to date. The office-storeroom is a jumble of boxes of crepe paper, heaps of discarded *leis* and horns.

In one corner is Hoefflich's "desk," a long table which on a recent occasion was fully 15 inches deep in horns, pompon hats, wreaths, trade journals, announcements of coming conventions and catalogues. Probing revealed a calendar dated September 5, 1947, and in the very center, a mouse's nest with a lived-in look about it. Assistants have christened one drawer the "\$20,000 drawer" since ideas worth that much have evolved from odds and ends inside it. It is a clutter of washers, molds, valves, broken pencils and chewing gum.

The factory closes at four-thirty, but it takes Hoefflich three more hours to get out the front door. At eight-thirty he has dinner with his wife, Marion, and his seventeen-year-old daughter, Haryl, then settles back to read magazines. He digests approximately 60 a month, ranging from trade journals dealing with compressed-air machines and novelty goods to the literary monthlies. Outside of an occasional light movie, other forms of relaxation hold no appeal for him.

As a conversationalist, Hoefflich has one marked peculiarity: New information about anything interests him, but if he already knows what the speaker is telling him, he is apt to fall asleep. He himself hasn't bothered with a vacation since 1939. So, when the family goes away, he takes a suitcase full of clothes to the factory and sleeps on the vice-president's sofa. Alone with the night watchman in the factory, he sometimes works all night during this period, designing and putting in the machine shop. "There just isn't any vacation I could take that would interest me as much as the work I do at the plant," he declares. "It's the sort of gadget work a man might do as a hobby if he had his own machine shop in the cellar. I've got the whole darned plant to fool around in. Any way you look at it, I'm a pretty lucky fellow." THE END

Collier's for December 31, 1949



Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

intelligent audience in America has lost Mr. Mencken.

NICHOLAS J. SMITH, Sunmount, N. Y.

... May I thank you for your editorial, "Who WAS Mencken?"

You certainly deserve a medal for saying what I have long hoped someone would say about this egotistical misrepresentative of American literature.

T. JEFF BAILEY, Gadsden, Ala.

... Your editorial disparagement of Henry Mencken borders on treason or sacrilege—probably both.

The Sage of Baltimore thinks and says that much of humanity is incredibly stupid. What more evidence is needed to prove this contention than that such remarks should be published concerning him, and that an American college student should ask, "Who was Mencken?"

ROY A. ELLIOTT, Hicksville, N. Y.

... I was very much amused by your editorial titled "Who WAS Mencken?" in the issue of Nov. 19th. I was particularly amused in the editorial writer's use of the episode of talking with a "smart college student and a veteran," when the said student asked, "Who was Mencken?"

Such ignorance is all too common among college grads and students these days, and when an editorial writer for a magazine like Collier's uses the ignorance of a student to make a point, it certainly reflects on said writer.

F. L. HOWE, Los Angeles, Cal.

... Thank you for your perfect editorial on one H. L. Mencken. Reading his "stuff" in 1948 affected me the same as it did when first read in 1920, but your current editorial certainly is tops in truly putting the guy in

his proper place. Who does (did) he think he is (was), anyway?

WM. J. HENRY, Cumberland, Md.

They Felt the Biggest Blast

EDITOR: The Biggest Blast of Them All, by Collie Small (Aug. 6th, 13th), was read with great interest and excitement, especially by those of us who actually felt the blast in their flesh. While Hersey's Hiroshima was an artistic rearrangement of what we, more or less, already knew, your article was entirely a revelation to us all. There are more and more people around us who want to read it in their own tongue.

We shall be very much obliged to you, if you permit us two to translate it into Japanese and publish it in pamphlet form. If there arises any profit out of the publication, we shall contribute it to the fund of various cultural movements, now in progress here in Hiroshima, aiming at the rebirth of our city as a symbol of peace.

PROF. S. IMABORI, PROF. K. MATSUZAKI, Hiroshima University, Hiroshima, Japan

Permission cheerfully granted.

She Was There

EDITOR: I wish to congratulate you on the publication of the excellent article, Donora: The Case of the Poisoned Air, by Bill Davidson (Oct. 22d).

I happen to be one of the participants in the smog study made by the U.S. Public Health Service at Donora. I deeply appreciate Mr. Davidson's accurate, concise and vivid description of what occurred at the time of the smog and of what followed.

EMILY M. SMITH, Yale University School of Medicine, New Haven, Conn.

Car Critic Criticized

EDITOR: Arthur W. Stevens, president of the Automobile Safety Association of Boston, gets way off base in his letter about what he calls the incorrect and illogical weight distribution of front-engine automobiles (Week's Mail, Nov. 19th).

I drove a jeep during the war and I drive a postwar Jeepster now. It's one of the safest cars in the world. With an average-weight driver and average equipment, the jeep carries 1,250 pounds of its weight on the front wheels and 1,250 pounds on the rear wheels. Far from being front-end-heavy, a front bumper weight is provided to compensate for the transfer of weight to the rear wheels when the jeep is pulling a load.

Now, as to visibility, I doubt that Mr. Stevens ever sat in a jeep. The short hood and seat arrangement give better visibility than other cars. And the brakes give you a quick, safe stop even when you have to apply them suddenly.

This isn't just my opinion. Several hundred thousand drivers of Jeepsters think just as I do.

E. A. ALVORD, JR., Washington, D. C.



Ex-jeep driver calls the Jeepster one of the safest cars on the road

Collier's for December 31, 1949

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"You haven't got an old dirty thousand bucks that you were going to burn or throw away or anything like that, have you, baby?"

"What for?" I asked.

"For laughs," Bobo said, winking at me.

"What do you want it for?" I repeated.

"No, seriously," he said, raising his glass. "I'm buying a C-47. I'm going into the air freight business."

BOBO took my arm. "Listen, I'm telling you, it's the coming thing. Why, a couple of lines have come right up and they were just a bunch of guys with a few C-46s right after the end of the war." He laughed and punched me in the ribs. "My idea is not to stick to the continental U.S., but fly transcontinental." He paused. "Eventually, of course, I'll have my own air line."

"Well," I said. "Have you any contracts? I mean, do you think you can get any business?"

"With business the way it is today? Are you crazy? Of course I'll get business."

I had the money, all right. And I didn't need it. I mean, my pelt would have been just as sleek without it.

"Well," I said. "What about security?"

Bobo laughed. "That's pretty funny, Robert, what you just said."

"Is the ship new? The 47?"

"No. But it'll do the job, don't you worry about that," he assured me. "Listen, do I or don't I know airplanes? Tell me that."

"Bobo, can you make a go of this?"

"Did you ever see me fail? Did you ever see me start out anywhere and not get there?"

Of course, I had not. "I'd hate to see you go broke," I said.

"Go broke!" he said in disgust. "I'm no child. I know this racket inside and out."

I hesitated.

"Listen, baby, what the hell!" he said, putting his hand on my arm. "I need it and I need it bad. Look at me. Can't you see how I look? Look at the old colonel, kid. Doesn't he look like the damndest bum you ever saw in your life? How does that make you feel?"

It made me feel embarrassed.

"Listen, I can't take this," he said, his voice getting gritty. "You've always had plenty of money. But sometime you try not having so damn' much and see how you feel. You still want the things you wanted. I know. I'll never stop wanting them. And they're things I'm going to get, nothing's going to stop me." He put his arm on my shoulder, practically embracing me. "I'm going to appeal to your better nature. I know you've got one. I'm going to appeal to a Robert Warren that nobody knows but me. I knew him when. I knew him when he was out in that cold damn' Channel with nothing between him and the bottom but a Mae West. Do you remember how you felt when you looked up and there overhead circling over you you saw the colonel's plane? Yeah, old Bobo was waiting around to see if you'd get picked up. I was waiting up there to make sure that Krauts didn't find you first and machine-gun you. You were thinking that if the Krauts found you they'd kill you. And you were damn' glad that I was there. Hell, Robert, I saved your life!"

He had not really saved my life, because the British boat had come out and picked me up. But my life is a thing that I have always been sentimental about.

It was funny. Right then at that moment I felt as excited as I had ever felt about anything. I had no idea why, unless it was because I was taking a chance again. It had been a long, long time since I had taken a chance on anything. Apart from the Wednesday-night bingo games at the church.

"How do you want it, Bobo?" I said. "In small bills?"

He laughed, but he was not amused. "Just give it to me, baby," he said in that husky voice. "Hell, I'll take it in pennies and stamps if that's the way it comes."

I took out my checkbook and wrote a check and gave it to him.

He looked at me with admiration. "Just like that, huh?" he said. "Well, you won't be the only one. You wait. Nolan's going to be a big operator himself."

"Sure, you will," I said. I felt like staying in that bar all day and talking to him. I pushed my hat back and leaned my elbows on the bar. "Listen, Bobo," I began.

Picture Postmarks



FROM MARGARET EDEN, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.

"Listen?" he said, and he laughed. "The hell I will! I'm going straight to the bank."

"It's just around the corner," I said, smiling at him. "Bobo—"

"No, I'm serious," he said, straightening his hat as much as it was possible to straighten it. He slapped me on the back. "I've got no time now, baby. See you around."

He walked out of the bar.

I stood there with my drink in front of me and the lift he had given me began to go. I didn't know anyone like him any more and now that I'd seen him again I knew how much I missed the old life.

But, Bridgeport was waiting for me. I finished my drink and went out of the bar. On the street I realized that I did not know where to get in touch with Bobo or where he was staying in New York or even if he was staying in New York. He had my thousand dollars and I had nothing, not even a worthless I.O.U. I was enough of a businessman for that to bother me.

I hurried around to the bank, but he had already been there and gone. The doorman could not tell me which way he had gone—or which way my thousand dollars had gone.

And that was Monday morning. It was a great way to start the week.

I went home that night expecting a scene. But when I did get there one of the chil-

dren, Robert, Jr., was sick and the doctor hadn't come yet and Nancy was in a swivet. "I wish you'd look at Bob," she said.

She'd been worried about polio all summer, like everyone else.

I went into the kid's room. He was three years old, and he lay in his bed looking flushed and sleepy and dull.

"How's the boy?" I said, sitting down on the side of his bed.

He looked at me, but he said nothing. He was sick all right.

I felt the glands in his neck. They seemed to be swollen, but I could never tell really. He could move his head freely and put his chin on his chest with no effort. It looked more like a throat infection than polio; he'd had two that summer.

"Much fever?" I asked.

"Hundred and two," Nancy said.

Usually with a throat infection Robert's temperature shot up higher than that. Nancy was worried; I knew that and I could see it, and I began to worry, too.

I didn't say anything, though, and neither did she. We began to talk of something else, but we were both thinking about Robert all the time.

The doctor came about thirty minutes after I'd got home, took one look at Robert's throat, and said, "Uh-huh. Look at this, Mr. Warren. Look at those spots on his tonsils."

I looked and said, "Uh-huh," as if I knew what I was uh-huhing about. I'd been looking at Robert's tonsils all summer and I had yet to see one of them.

We gave him the required aspirin and penicillin and almost immediately his temperature went down and he slept.

The baby was already in bed asleep, so Nancy and I were free. We both felt so relieved that as we stood in the living room we put our arms around each other and laughed. It was as spontaneous as that. For a minute I almost had hope.

Then Nancy said, "Are you going to change, dear, or are you going like that?"

"Going where?" I asked.

"Don't you remember?" she said. "To Lars and Ingrid's for dinner."

"Tonight?" I asked.

"Why, yes, dear."

"Well, I don't want to go," I said.

"Why not?" she said, surprised.

"I hate them." It was the truth.

"Don't be silly," Nancy said. "Of course you don't."

THAT made me angry. So now I didn't know how I felt. I walked across the room and took a cigarette from the crystal box on the coffee table but I didn't light it.

Nancy was standing watching me. "What's the matter, Robert? Something's wrong. I can tell."

"Nothing's the matter," I said.

"I think there is." She paused and added, "And I don't think you were very nice to me this morning."

"Don't you?" I said.

"No. It was such a small thing I asked of you," she said.

I knew from the tone of her voice that she was hurt, but I could not bring myself to say I was sorry.

"I know that I'm very often a fool," she said. "But I love you, and you shouldn't get angry with me. So angry that you throw things at me."

I started to say that I hadn't thrown it at her, but I caught myself. There was no sense in arguing about it.

"I left the box where you threw it,

Robert," she said. "I wish you'd go out now and get it. If you do that I'll apologize for making you angry."

"Will you?" I said. "That will be nice, won't it?" And I turned and went into our bedroom and changed my suit.

When I went outside to get the car from the garage I went out the front door instead of going through the kitchen as I had done when I had come home that evening. The two halves of the box and the blouse and the tissue paper were still lying on the lawn. I didn't bother to pick them up.

ABOUT thirty minutes later I stopped the car at Lars and Ingrid's place and helped Nancy out. Their house was older than ours. It was no antique, it was just old. They had done all the work on it themselves. Lars wasn't happy unless he was hitting his thumb with a hammer.

But Lars was not all carpenter at heart. That boy was a real phony and a glad-handler. Everybody knew the story about him and the maid at the country club. He had got her in trouble and then denied it. All the girl had wanted had been a little money. Lars had had it, he could have given it to her, but he had refused to admit he had made love to her. The girl had finally given up and gone off somewhere, no one knew where. I may be old-fashioned, but in my book Lars was a cad.

When I rang the bell that evening Lars opened the door to us. He stood there puffing on his pipe and holding his hands together. They were both bloody.

"I've cut my finger," he said. "I was sawing and I cut my finger."

"Great," I said.

It passed right over him. He beamed at me and said, "Robert, old boy. Come in, come in. Don't just stand there."

Nancy took Lars upstairs to a bathroom to bandage his hand. I got as far as the liquor cabinet and I was preparing to anesthetize myself for the evening ahead when Ingrid came in. She was loaded with bundles, but she dropped them all, ran over to me, and gave me a big wet kiss and cried, "I've been shopping!"

"Well, good for you," I said.

She laughed gaily, tugged down her girdle, and started upstairs. She was that plump type who covers herself with anything that would jingle. Halfway up the stairs she stopped and said, "Where are Nancy and Lars?"

"She had to take him to the bathroom." "Oh, good," she said and ran the rest of the way up.

I managed to have three hearty Martinis before we went in to dinner. Nancy and Ingrid talked constantly but only to each other during dinner. Lars ate with fine manly vigor and got crumbs in his mustache. I kept my eyes on my plate. It didn't do me any good though, because he went right ahead chatting happily about his plans for air-conditioning.

After dinner we all sat in front of the television set. Lars sat beside me and kept pressing drinks on me. About ten thirty Lars turned off the television set, and conversation became general. It was a bit later when Nancy said that she wanted another drink. Lars took her back to the kitchen to get it. Ingrid and I sat there and smiled foolishly at each other—I was drunk, but she couldn't help it.

Finally, perhaps because I said nothing to her, she asked me to get her another drink. "I'll wait right here," she said, smiling at me and giving me the feeling that she might break into baby talk at any moment.

I was going to suggest that she hide someplace and see if I couldn't find her, but I wasn't that drunk. I went back to the kitchen. There was a butler's pantry between the kitchen and the dining room and the doors were open. The lights in the dining room were off and it was heavily

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NOW ON

carpeted so that Lars and Nancy who were in the kitchen with the lights on did not hear me coming. Lars was kissing Nancy.

I was surprised all right, but I wasn't stopped dead in my tracks. I walked into the kitchen and Lars let Nancy go suddenly, as if she had ignited and burst into flame.

"Oh, hello, dear," Nancy said, looking embarrassed and trying to laugh. "You've been missing all the fun. Lars and I have been playing spin the bottle."

"You bring your own bottle?" I asked. "No, we used Lars's," Nancy said. "That's why we're back here. He keeps it in the kitchen."

"Does he keep the ice back here, too?" Lars coughed and covered his mouth with a hand and said, "The ice is in the refrigerator, old man."

"Oh, I've been waiting so long," Ingrid said when I handed her the drink.

"I'll bet you have," I said, and I kept right on going.

"Robert," she called. "Where are you going?"

Without answering I let the front door close behind me. I walked across the gravel and got into the convertible and started the engine.

"Robert!" Nancy called. "Robert!" She ran down the steps toward the car.

I stopped the car and she opened the door; she said, "Don't leave me, dear. I forgot to bring my mad money."

SHE got in and we drove for a few minutes in silence. Then she said, "I wonder if I should feel insulted."

I didn't bother to answer.

She looked closer at me. "You're angry?" What a bright, bright girl she was!

She sat next to me and took my arm. "Dear, don't be upset. Lars was just tight. He tried to kiss me and I didn't want to struggle with him. I was unresponsive as I could be. I thought that it would be the least embarrassing thing to do—for him and me and everyone."

I didn't say anything. "Would you have preferred it if I had kicked him in the pit of the stomach?"

That didn't strike me as very funny.

She sat back in the seat, sideways, leaning against the door, her arms folded, looking at me. Finally she said, "You aren't angry, are you? I mean about Lars kissing me. You don't care about that, do you? You're trying to make something out of it. You're only using it as an excuse."

"Well, it's as good as any," I said.

"That could very well be," she said. "But would you mind telling me why?"

"You're a clever girl. You figure it out."

She put her hand on my arm. "Robert, I would do anything for you. Anything but be treated as I have been today. Something is wrong. You'd better tell me now."

I said nothing. I didn't look at her.

"I won't be treated this way, Robert," she said once more, watching me.

We drove the rest of the way home in silence.

At home all was well with the children; they were both asleep and had not wakened. I let the dog out and as I sat in the kitchen waiting for it to scratch at the door I drank a bottle of beer. The dog came back in and I turned out the lights and went into the bedroom.

Nancy was in bed with a book. She looked up but she said nothing. I got undressed and turned out the lights and got in bed. I didn't touch her. In a few minutes she went to sleep. She always went right to sleep that way.

I lay there with my face half buried in the pillow and listened to the clock ticking in the dark. I lighted one more cigarette and smoked it until it burned down to my fingers. Then I felt for the ash tray in the dark and rubbed the cigarette out. I lay back and closed my eyes.

And so ended another day in the life of a fool named Robert Warren.

But I didn't go to sleep. Outside the house, in the sky high above us was the sound of an airplane engine. It was a trans-

port. I lay there and listened to it and wondered how many engines it had, how high it was, and where it was flying. Paris? Rome?

"Kansas City, it's going to Kansas City," I told myself, "so turn over and go to sleep like the good boy you are. You've been to Kansas City, you don't want to go there again. It's the same thing as seeing Ridgewood through a magnifying glass."

But, I didn't go to sleep.

I lay there and in a little while I heard another transport pass over the house very high up and then later another and still later a fourth. I must have stirred then, because Nancy woke up and said, still half asleep, "Robert, are you awake?"

"No, I'm asleep," I said.

She went back to sleep and I lay there and waited for another airplane to pass overhead. I just wanted to hear the sound of the engines, that was all. I was like a man in a small town standing and watching the trains go by. I wasn't going to catch a train and go away myself. No, nothing like that. I had just walked down to the station to watch them go past. Sure.

reserve commission and staying on flying status in the Guard and keep your license. You can fly on week ends, he told me, every week end you can fly just like you've been doing the last three years.

I told him that the war had been fought on week days, too. I gave him a big laugh and showed him my scars and told him my horrible experiences. Fly one of those things, I had said, don't make me laugh. Never, never, never again. Fly on my week ends—are you nuts? Why, I'm going to stay home with my wife on week ends.

NANCY and I settled down in Ridgewood, New Jersey, in the ranch-type with picture window and colored-tile bath, plus matching lavatory, that her father had given us. Nancy was the old man's favorite. He sent me around to see Crouse himself of Crouse Valves, Inc. They made injection nozzles, dump valves, shut-off valves, and other things that no one has ever heard of that are used in jet engines.

I had all the ribbons and I was still in uniform; I didn't have money enough to buy

have to make a trip it was never farther than Bridgeport and I was always home at night in my own bed with my own wife.

That drunken bum of an AF lieutenant Robert Warren who had staggered around Piccadilly leering at the girls wasn't even a memory. That guy Warren—the one who had been in the Eighth, who had cursed over the interphone and been shot down, and helled around all over England—that guy didn't exist any more. I was Robert Warren, seller of valves, father of two, husband of one, and walker of the cocker spaniel.

That was my life. Flying was another life. I know, an airplane is supposed to be a method of transportation and an instrument of war. That's what they'll tell you in school, but it isn't true. Airplanes are a way of life. Men don't fly because they want to get there in a hurry. They fly because they don't want to get there at all. When you fly you aren't a part of anything but flying. You leave places at odd hours and get in other places at odd hours and sleep when people are awake and things like that.

You're not anywhere, no matter where you are. You may be in London or Kansas City, but what difference does it make if it's four in the morning and you can get a hot cup of coffee before you take off for Rome or Dallas?

Fliers don't have any home. Every place is the same place to them. They don't want one town to be home town and another country to be foreign. They don't want to go someplace. If they did they'd walk. They want every place to be just one place and that place is where they have no connections, no friends except people who are traveling in the other direction, and where all the girls are called babe. They are all strong, tall, silent, handsome men—even if they are fat, short, balding and ugly. They are capable and they walk—or rather fly—alone. If fliers don't hate the world they at least have contempt for it. Only one thing really exists. The flier. He has risen above everything, transcended everything. Except himself, of course. But remember that whatever goes up must come down. Sooner or later it must come down.

That's what I tried to tell myself the night I lay there in the bed beside Nancy and could not get to sleep. I tried to tell myself that it was all a lot of hogwash. But I kept listening for the sounds of the engines in the sky—and I didn't sleep, because I heard the engines high above us.

FOR a month after Bobo borrowed the money from me I didn't hear from him. I had no idea where he was, or what he was doing. But I was having a big time. In the mornings I bid the ever-lovin' wife and little ones good-by and drove into the city and sold valves. At night I came home, had dinner, and went to bed to sleep.

Sometime during that month of my enforced absence from my own true heart Bobo Nolan, I walked past the Public Library on Fifth Avenue at Forty-second Street. It was about the middle of the month, I guess, and an average day for valve sellers. The library has a couple of big stone lions outside on either side of the steps. They sit there day and night, fair weather and foul. It was rather late in the afternoon that day and the sidewalks were beginning to fill with a milling, homeward-bound crowd. And as I looked at the stone lions—and at the dead, dull, depressed city faces around me—I got my Big Idea.

I knew in that instant that life was no good without the element of danger. All those people walking on Fifth Avenue didn't know they were alive. And why weren't they alive? Because to walk on Fifth Avenue was safe. Safe, and dead.

Then I came to a further conclusion, which was a solution to the problem. At exactly five o'clock every week-day evening, hungry lions should be released on the streets surrounding all the entrances to the major subway and train stations. They would supply the needed element of danger and the citizens would then feel that they were alive.

To fight your way into a subway train is



I lay there and I didn't sleep and I began to think about the war. I hadn't thought about it in a long time. I thought about the flying we'd done and the places we'd bombed and the ones who had got killed and the ones who had not. I thought about getting drunk in London and I thought about the little French girl I'd known there. I thought about the things Bobo and I'd done together.

But that was all over. The war had ended and that kind of life had ended for me and I had begun another kind of life. Even if the new kind of life had ended for me I couldn't go back to the old one. I'd need a war for that.

Nancy rolled over and, with her eyes closed, she murmured, "Are you still awake, Robert? What're you thinking about?"

"Nothing," I said. Just myself, I thought.

She went back to sleep and I lay there and thought how I had once been like Bobo and that now I was a good deal like I didn't know what. Like nothing, I guessed. I went to work, I came home to Ridgewood, I went to work, I came home five days a week. And on the sixth and seventh days I brooded.

But I knew how it had happened. I had done it myself, with my own little hatchet. The choice had been mine to make and I had made it. I had given up flying.

When I got separated from the service the man asked me how about joining the National Guard, how about keeping your

a suit and I wanted to wear the uniform as long as I could. Crouse looked at the D.F.C., the Air Medal with clusters, the Purple Heart—hell, I even had the Silver Star. He said, "I see you were wounded, Captain. Where were you wounded?"

"In the left buttock," I told him.

"I didn't mean to embarrass you."

"You can't embarrass me, Mr. Crouse," I said. "I was forced to fight sitting down."

"How do you feel about flying?" he asked me, looking shrewdly at me as if he hoped to trap me somehow.

"I've been there," I told him. "I've been there and back. I've done all of it there is to do. I don't want any more. Never again."

He said that I was glad to hear that. He said that I had impressed him as being sober, steady, reliable. He hired me. Salesman. Of course, he was a friend of Nancy's father and they belonged to the same club and had lunch together and sat around sucking on cigars and talking importantly about money. That didn't hurt my chances any. I began selling valves. There was nothing to it. I began making money like the U.S. Mint. I guess the valves were good. I certainly told all my customers they were.

So Nancy and I settled down and put on a little weight and had two kids and a cocker spaniel. Nancy had an income that her grandmother had left her and I had Nancy. I developed the cigar habit and every day I drove the convertible across George Washington Bridge and into New York. If I did

nothing. It only makes you disgusted and spiteful. But, if you are in danger of being eaten alive by a hungry lion then to fight your way onto that same Bronx Express makes you thankful and happy—if you do get in and even if you are mangled. Those who got eaten would be least truly dead and would have lost nothing.

When I got home that night I broke my vow of silence and told Nancy what I had thought. "It all sounds very Neanderthal to me," she said, smiling. "And not very bright Neanderthal either. Sort of Early Stupid Neanderthal."

"All right, be funny," I said, getting angry because I had spoken seriously from my heart and she had replied lightly from the top of her head. "But that doesn't change the situation one bit."

"What situation is that, Robert?" "That we're all dead," I said. "From the neck up. You, me, everyone. We've all got a bad case of twentieth-century dry rot." She laughed. "Well, if it will help you any I'll be glad to take a shot at you every evening when you come home."

"I'll bet you would," I said. I gave myself a second helping of Martini and went across to the picture window and stood with my back to her.

In a moment she said, "You're really serious."

It had sunk in at last. "Robert, don't you think your life has been comfortable?" she said.

"Sure," I said. "And meaningless." She was watching me. "And perhaps unimportant?"

"Sure," I said. She stood up and put down her glass and clasped her hands together. "I know that I have a conservative nature, and I've always known that you didn't think too much of that. But I've been willing to meet you halfway. Even now I'd do something like, say go to Alaska and homestead with only one change of underwear if it would make you happy. But I'll never agree that my life has been meaningless or unimportant."

"Well, it is," I said. "No, it isn't," she said promptly. "You're saying that we're unimportant, that our home is unimportant, that our children are." She hesitated. "When you say that, I can't help but feel that you're the one who is unimportant. I don't think you should judge our life by its outward appearance, its country club façade." She started across the room, her face turned away from me. "You'd better go in and have your dinner. I don't want any tonight."

I went in to dinner alone, and in such fashion my days passed until September.

NANCY had kept the kids at home in Ridgewood all that summer because of the polio scare. Every week her father had been trying to get her to bring them up to his place on the Cape. The second week in September she went, taking the children. They all wanted to go, too. Hell, I didn't want to go to the Cape! I said I had to work. You know—my lifework, valves.

Four days after Nancy left, Bobo showed. It was on a Friday afternoon about four and I was in my office when the telephone rang. "How about a drink?" he said.

"Where are you?" I asked. He told me the address. I got there in about ten minutes.

It was just a bar. The kind with a neon sign that says BAR and nothing else. Bobo was sitting at a table with a girl. She didn't look more than nineteen.

"Your kid sister, Bobo?" He laughed. "My mother."

The girl made some half-cynical, half-embarrassed remark typical of the young. She shook hands with me. "I'm Annie Collins."

She was a little girl and her hands were rough and the nails were not long nor well cared for. She had on no make-up except some smudged lipstick, and a hat had been jammed on her head. Her blouse was old and her gray flannel skirt shabby. Annie's hair looked as if it got along without much help from Annie. As I watched her she

struck a kitchen match on her thumbnail and lighted a cigarette.

"Miss me, baby?" Bobo asked me. "It was no worse than a bad cold," I told him.

He laughed. "We got that 47, baby. We're practically all set. All I need is a copilot. You want to fly copilot for me?"

I laughed at him. "For a small operator like you, Bobo?"

He shrugged. "It's your thousand bucks."

"And our backs," Annie said.

"You didn't work so hard," Bobo said shortly.

"I worked my tail off," Annie said in the same tone that one man offers to lick any other man in the house.

"I hadn't noticed," Bobo said.

"Ha, ha," Annie said.

They both looked worn and tired and fed up with each other. Bobo had lost none of his determination, of course, but the girl just didn't have the vigor that he had. No one could expect her to, except perhaps Bobo.

"Are you in this thing together?" I asked.

They looked at each other. Bobo grinned suddenly and gave her a rough pat on the thigh, as if he were patting a dog. "Yeah, Annie's my right-hand man. She's all right."

"Well, thanks," Annie said sarcastically. "Can I have another drink now?"

"Baby'll buy you one," Bobo said. "Won't you, baby?" And he grinned at me to take the sting off my being a sucker, if I felt that I was. Or perhaps he grinned to cover his own embarrassment at being broke.

"Hell, yes!" I said. I would've bought them a million drinks. I had forgotten that I had once been concerned about the thousand dollars. I knew that I wasn't being a sucker.

We had a drink. I found out that Bobo had been to see the CAA and was licensed now to haul unscheduled freight. No passengers, just freight. They had their C-47 at Windsor Locks and were going back to Connecticut on the bus that night.

They didn't though. We had another drink and then one more and went to another place. After that I took them to dinner at Keen's. Annie liked that, and then I took them out to Ridgewood with me. . .

We went in the house and I turned on the lights and told them that the wife and kids were away on vacation. "What the hell!" I said. "Spend the week end with me."

"Where's your liquor, Robert?" Bobo said. I showed him. When I got back to the living room Annie had taken off her hat. She was lighting another cigarette. Like Bobo, she was a chain smoker.

"Come on," I said. "I'll show you where you can wash your hands."

She gave me a wise look.

"Come off it, kid," I said quickly. "I'm a happily married man."

She grinned. "You're not so happy. I've seen them happier than you."

I took her to the bathroom that Nancy and I shared. It was off our bedroom. I got some clean towels and gave them to her.

"I'll take it from here," she said. "Run along, Robert."

That made me angry. She was so young and so wise. She was about ten jumps ahead of me at a place where I had no intention of going.

I went back to Bobo and we sat in the living room and drank and fought the war over again. We laughed. We talked seriously, too. How the hell had we ever got into it anyway? Neither of us knew.

About forty-five minutes passed and Bobo said, "Where's Annie? What've you done with her?"

She had looked pretty tired and I thought she had probably not been able to resist the bed and had gone to sleep. "I'll go see," I said.

I went back to the bedroom. Annie was standing with the door to Nancy's closet open, looking at the clothes. When she heard me she turned around quickly. She had taken a shower and she was wrapped up in one of those big bath towels. Immediately I saw that she had done more than

shower; she had fixed her hair and probably used all of Nancy's various cosmetics. When she saw me she looked at me like a kid caught stealing.

"Looking for something to wear?" I said. "All right," she said in a hard young voice.

"No, I'm sorry," I said. "I mean, I should've thought to offer you—"

"And I used some of her bubble bath, too," she said.

"Oh, I'm glad you did," I said.

"I'll just bet," she said. "Well, are you going to stand there all night? It won't do you any good."

I went back to Bobo.

WE HAD quite a night. Annie went to bed, and Bobo and I sat up and drank. At one point, we went outside, and I tried to show him my petunias by the light of a match.

At another point we almost got into a fight over a mission we'd flown together, a mission on which Bobo had pulled his airplane up into the sun to get away from the flak and—incidentally—to louse up the formation. He'd been leading us, at the point of the triangle, and with him gone, we were a sieve for the fighters.

He denied he'd done it. He said I was nuts. "Aren't you getting a vacation, baby?" he asked me, as if I were sick, or something.

"Who wants a vacation?" I said.

"You do," Bobo said. "Man needs a vacation."

"Not me. I'm not going to take a vacation."

"You could?" Bobo said.

"If I wanted," I said grandly. "Why, I do anything, Bobo. I do anything I want to. They listen to me."

I don't remember going to bed, but I remember waking up the next morning. Bobo pried open my clenched jaws and poured a bottle of beer down me. It was a kill-or-cure remedy, and it barely cured. We sat there in the kitchen staring at each other in our bleary fashion and saying nothing.

It was something that I hadn't done in a long time. It was something that belonged to the past, something that I just didn't do any more. But it didn't bother me, I wasn't ashamed. Instead I liked it. I even liked the hang-over part. I know that's hard to believe, but I did.

In a few minutes Annie came in wearing one of Nancy's housecoats; it was too long for her and she kept it from dragging by holding it off the floor with one hand. Her face looked rested and soft and her eyes were clear. There was a cigarette between her lips and as she talked it bobbed erratically up and down. She walked from the stove to the refrigerator, cooking breakfast for herself, and telling us off.

"You're disgusting," she began. "You're both disgusting."

"What's the matter?" Bobo said.

"You. I expected something like that from you," she told him. "But Robert should know better. What're you going to tell your wife, Robert, when she gets home and the neighbors tell her about your drunken party?"

"What's the matter with you?" Bobo said.

"Oh, don't talk to me, you pig," she said.

"Well, you're pretty cute yourself," he said, beginning to get angry.

She just looked at him. "I can do better than you."

"Try it sometime," he said. "You'll see."

"I think I will," she said.

"Oh?" he said. "You've already got something lined up? You work fast, don't you? But then you always did."

It kept on like that while she cooked an egg and put it on a plate and put bread in the toaster and poured a cup of coffee and then sat down to eat. Bobo got very angry and flushed. Annie remained impassive; nothing he said got a rise out of her and he said some pretty rough things. They all added up to the opinion that she was no lady.

I kept out of it.

"Coffee, Robert?" Annie said to me.

"Stick to the beer," Bobo advised me;

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"it's the only thing to drink. That coffee will kill you."

"You leave him alone," she said. "He's nice. He's not like you."

"I'll say he isn't," he said, looking like he was going to get hit.

"I think I'll have some aspirin," I said and I left the kitchen. I had a shower, shaved, and got dressed.

When I went into the living room Bobo was passing through; he had a bottle of beer in each hand. "I'm going to sleep it off, baby," he said. I nodded and he went through the living room toward the guest room. Annie had slept in Nancy's and my room the night before and I had slept in the study.

I THOUGHT what I needed was fresh air. I went out the back door to our so-called patio. Annie was there sitting on the yellow canvas sofa. She was sitting with her feet tucked under her, a coffee cup balanced on her knee. She was smoking a cigarette and staring at the flower beds.

"What the hell are those things?" she said, pointing.

I sat down. "Petunias."

"No kidding," she said. "What're those?"

"Pansies."

"Your wife's work, huh?"

"We both spend a lot of time in the garden," I said.

Annie laughed. "No kidding?" she said again.

"No kidding," I said gravely.

"Want some coffee now?" she asked. When I said that I did she went into the house and came back carrying a cup.

We sat there for a while drinking coffee and then I said, "What do you want to be so hard on Bobo for?"

"What's it to you?"

"Well, I like him," I said.

"So?"

"Well, I like you, too."

"Say, it's beginning to get real cozy."

"You shouldn't fight like that," I said.

"You're both too . . . too nice."

She laughed. "You're still drunk. You're getting maudlin on me. Who cares about Bobo?"

"You don't?" I said.

"No," she said, looking at me, smiling.

"So what're you going to do about it?"

I got up and then sat down again next to her and put my arm around her. She looked up at me as if she were going to laugh.

When I bent to kiss her she put both her arms around me and bent forward, pressing against me. After the kiss she looked up at me again and that time she did laugh.

"You married guys," she said. "You're all alike."

"What's wrong with it?" I said.

"Nothing. Don't get me wrong," she laughed. "Just get me."

She leaned back and held out her arms. "You're silly, but you're cute. Let's do it again."

I don't know. Maybe I'd been one of those married guys too long or perhaps sold one valve too many. But, well, I'd never had my arms around such a small girl before. That seemed to have something to do with it. The whole aspect of my surroundings changed.

Annie was lovely. Her hair was soft and her eyes became deeper in color and her eyelids closed then and I knew that they were trembling. She made the world quite a nice place to live in, and I began to feel like quite the fellow. I became alive. More than that, I arrived at a true estimate of everything and I arrived at that point through sensation.

"Well, go on," she said. "What're you stopping now for?"

I had stopped because I had realized abruptly that I was living dangerously. It had occurred to me that if Bobo came to one of the back windows he could see us.

"I've got to go inside," I said. "I feel sick."

About one o'clock Bobo said that he wanted to go into the city and see someone. I gave him a clean shirt and the car and he left about one thirty. I had been avoiding Annie by pretending I had work to do in the

study. Five minutes after Bobo left she came in without knocking and stood in the doorway and said, "Don't you ever eat lunch, Robert?"

"Oh, of course, I'm sorry," I said. "What would you like for lunch?"

She walked across the room to me, swaying her hips slightly. "Well," she said, "what do you want?"

I could almost feel the hair on the back of my neck rise.

She chuckled. "I bother you," she said gruffly. "Don't I bother you, Robert?"

I said, "Hell, yes!"

She stood against me. "Well, you bother me, too. But I like it. Go ahead." She laughed suddenly and said, "Go ahead, bother me, but don't let it bother you."

I kissed her. "My God!" I said.

"Don't take it so hard," she said. "I've been kissed before."

"But you're so young," I said. That wasn't

Annie and I were cooking dinner and drinking Scotch sours. She had her own skirt and blouse on again. Bobo pushed the swinging door open, saying, "Knock, knock. Are you decent?"

"You've got a disgusting mind," Annie told him.

"Well, what can you expect? I'm a disgusting fellow. You told me so this morning." He clapped me on the back. "Tore a fender up on your car, Robert. You've got insurance, haven't you?"

"Of course," I said.

Bobo got a big kick out of that; he laughed. "I knew it. I knew you would."

"Have a drink," I said to him.

He picked up the bottle of Scotch from the drainboard and drank. He took quite a bit of it and then put his hand to his mouth and coughed. "Got a cigarette?"

I didn't have, but there were a couple of cartons in a kitchen drawer and he took

"Well," Annie said, and she was very pleased; she smiled and toyed with her coffee cup. "How much money will we make?"

"Not enough," Bobo said. "You never do."

"Well, swell," I said. "Congratulations. You're in business now."

Bobo's face was flushed. "Yeah," he said. He sounded very pleased with himself.

"What's the cargo?" I asked.

"Juke boxes," Bobo said. "This guy is shipping some secondhand juke boxes to Paris."

AFTER dinner he accepted the cigar I offered him. Annie and I sat and played gin rummy. Bobo read the evening papers. He seemed to be feeling quite at home. After about four hands Annie said, "Bobo, who'd you get for copilot?"

"Nobody."

"What're we going to do?"

"Get one," he said.

"Who?"

"Robert," he said.

Annie looked at me. "That'd be nice."

"I can't," I said.

Bobo looked at me. "Why not?"

"I've got a job."

He put down the paper. "Look. Last night you told me you hadn't had your vacation. Well, couldn't you take your vacation and fly copilot for me then?"

"I told them I wasn't taking a vacation," I explained.

"They'll let you," Bobo said. "Just tell them you want a vacation. Hell, you're entitled to one! Tell them you've changed your mind. You can do it." He stood up, yawning, as if the question had been decided.

"If it's okay with you, baby," he said, "I'll hit the sack. You almost killed me last night, you and your wild, wild ways."

"It's early," I said.

"That's the idea," Bobo grinned and punched me roughly on the shoulder.

"We'll have a hell of a time in Paris, hey, baby? Remember the times we used to have?" He yawned again and went out of the room.

I sat there thinking about it. I was disturbed.

"What's the matter?" Annie said.

"Just thinking."

"Paris?"

"Uh-huh."

"I'm crazy to go myself," she said. "Ever since I was a kid I've been crazy about going places like that." She smiled and stood up and walked to me and sat on my lap. We kissed. "You could go on your vacation like Bobo said," she said. "Couldn't you?"

"Yes," I said.

She shrugged. "Then why not? What's to lose?"

I didn't answer. I didn't have anything to lose and I knew it. I had everything to gain, or so I felt then.

"I'd like to have you along," she said. "We could have fun." She sat there on my lap looking at me; then she shrugged again and stood up. "But if you don't want to go, then you just don't want to go."

I'd never wanted anything more in my life. I didn't want to sell valves. I wanted to hear those lions roaring in the streets. I wanted to know I was alive.

I caught her wrist and pulled her back down. "What'll we do in Paris?" I said in her ear.

"What everyone does in Paris," she said. She kissed me hard, then looked at me closely. "Honey, you are going? You aren't just telling me this so I'll—I'll be nice to you."

"No," I said. "I want to go. I'd go even if I'd never see you."

"That's good," she said contentedly.

The telephone began to ring.

"Answer it," Annie said. "It might be your wife."

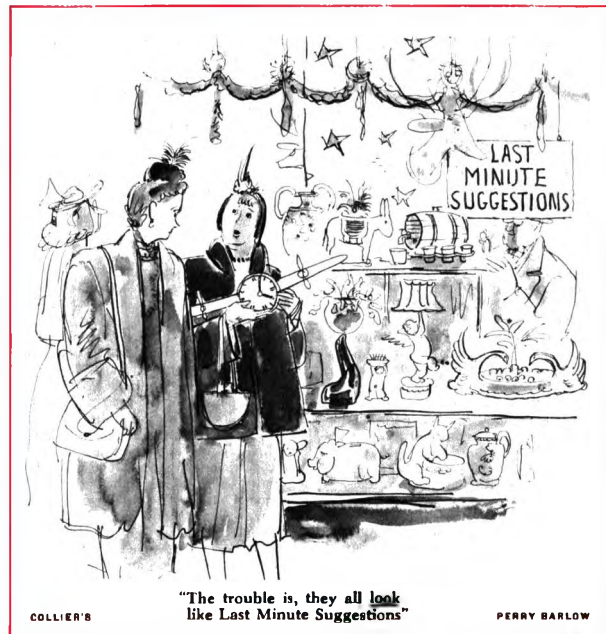
"And hell with it!" I said. "Let it ring."

To I reached out and she came to me. Just like that. That's all there was to it.

The telephone rang for a long time before it finally stopped.

(To be continued next week)

Collier's for December 31, 1949



what I had meant to say at all. I didn't give a damn how young she was. What I was trying to say was that it was simply no good; that it was cheap and foolish and wouldn't get us anywhere. But my throat got so tight I couldn't get the words out.

"Afraid you'll ruin me, Robert?" She tilted her head back and smiled up at me.

I was holding her as tight as I could.

"Come on, baby," she said, stretching up to kiss me. "Come on, bother me."

LATER, like they always say at this point, we had lunch. I knew what she was.

She was little awful Annie, a cynical, foolish, ignorant girl. It was obvious to me that there were a lot of things in the world that appealed to her—things that any young girl would want. She was going to get them, she was working for them, but until that time when she had them she would not let their absence bother her. She would not become twisted by want.

And that, I told myself, was a kind of courage. I didn't tell her anything of what I felt. We didn't talk. And so I didn't press her to my chest and say, "Annie, Annie, I love you, I love you." But I felt it and it was just as bad.

We ate lunch at the kitchen table and I sat there looking at her and admiring her, dizzy from loving her. And as I watched she said without looking up at me, "Get me the ketchup, Robert."

Bobo came back about seven o'clock.

Cinderella Rides Again

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

about." Then Bessie fled into the bedroom.

Facing that closed door, Cyrus took a long breath as his shoulders slumped in defeat. For a while, after his conversation with Moose, he had hoped. Now the lost look came back into his eyes. The closed door became the symbol of his failure. Bessie had gone away from him. He hadn't been man enough to make her love him without his bank balance.

ON THE other side of the closed door, Bessie lay full length on her bed, fighting to hold back the unaccustomed tears. She only half understood the emotions that tormented her—emotions that had seethed under the cold surface she had shown to Cyrus. It's too late, she thought, it's too late to change anything. He thinks I married him for his money. Well, I did—but—And what about him? He doesn't love me. He married me because he wants to get ahead in politics—so he could say he married one of the common people.

But she was confused by her own grief. She wasn't used to grieving in quite this way, or for such a reason. In her first rage at Cyrus' refusal to buy her the tiara, she had almost enjoyed herself. She had relished the sense of power she held over Cyrus, knowing that he was miserable over their physical separation, even though they still lived under the same roof. But as time went on, the unnerving truth was borne in on her: The misery of this separation was working two ways.

Bessie hadn't meant to fall in love. She didn't want to be in love—it hurt too much. It challenged the ambitions by which she had lived all her life; it mocked the triumph she had won when, in the face of every obstacle, she had married a rich man.

The minutes passed and became hours, but Bessie had no sense of time now; one minute was much like another, bringing the same self-reproach, the same ache of discovery that she was in love with Cyrus and nothing else mattered.

What had happened to her, she wondered—what made the change? She had set out to imitate Antoinette Falkland, thinking she could learn the fabulous lady's grand manner—her way of speech, her elegance, her grace. But something had gone wrong with the imitation. I've been imitating her outside, Bessie thought, and now her inside has got me too. Mrs. Falkland was always saying the same kind of things Bessie had been hearing from Papa all her life. But she'd

never paid any attention when Papa said them. Papa and Mrs. Falkland were alike in lots of ways. They saw things in the same way—sometimes things Bessie couldn't see at all. Like that old jade pin Papa had given Mrs. Falkland. The great lady wore it all the time, and seemed to prefer it to her own rich and lovely jewels.

It was something besides their money that made the Falklands what they were, Bessie reluctantly admitted. She thought of Jake Fucelli and shivered a little. Why was she afraid of Jake? Was it only because he threatened to expose her blackmail of Myra Matthewson—because he threatened to take away all the wealth and security she enjoyed as Cyrus Sayre Falkland's wife? She knew it was another fear entirely. And suddenly Bessie gave way to a crazy, furious grief, and the long withheld tears began to flow.

"To hell with him, I won't love him!" she said in a whisper, and sat up wrapping her arms around her knees and rocking back and forth.

Then she heard a knocking at her door, and sheer fright stayed her tears and made her body go tense. What time was it? Must be after midnight.

Jake wouldn't dare! Bessie opened the door. Margaret Sawyer was standing in the bright light of the hall. "Mrs. Falkland wants you to come down to her, please," she said.

"Now?" Bessie said. "Is she sick or something?"

"She—wants to talk to you," Margaret Sawyer said, and disapproval was plain on her face, in her voice.

On the stairs, Bessie stumbled, her feet hung back obedient to her inner protest. What in the world could she want?

THE wall brackets of the big room sent up a warm glow; a soft light burned beside Mrs. Falkland's chair. The great lady smiled. Courage came back to Bessie, and she found she could walk across the room and smile back.

"Sit there, near me," Mrs. Falkland said. Her voice was so clear that Bessie didn't notice how low and far away it was. "Lissa, get something to put around Elizabeth's shoulders, it's chilly in here."

In the silence, something soft fell over Bessie's bare arms and she felt a little warmth steal through her.

I'm not afraid of her, Bessie thought. Why should I be? What can she do to me? But her eyes were wary.

"I've always wondered," the clear voice said, "what it would be like not to have any money or possessions. I've always wondered if I'd be any good on my own, just me, not the fabulous Mrs. Falkland."

With a shock, Bessie thought: Why, she couldn't sleep either, and she's lonesome.

"Cyrus wonders that, too," Mrs. Falkland said. "Fergus never did. Nor Sonny. But Cyrus and I do. It makes things harder. You have to fight against being suspicious about people. Will you remember that?"

"I'll remember," Bessie said.

She was staring into Mrs. Falkland's face. The lights flickered and cast a blue shadow over the lovely face.

Mrs. Falkland's eyes lifted, met her daughter-in-law's squarely. "I didn't want him to marry you," she said gently.

"I never thought you did," Bessie said.

"I was younger than you when I married his father," Antoinette Falkland said, "but I had been trained to do my duty. There are many splendid things in this—brave new world of Cyrus', and growing pains are always awkward. But I think the world will miss our discipline, our standards."

She seemed to pause for breath, and Bessie said, "I read somewhere the other day that in modern music, they'd invented fine new things, but they'd ignored too much of the old. If they combined them, they'd have something."

"How clever of you!" Mrs. Falkland said.

Bessie warmed to the compliment. It came to her with amazement that she had never in her whole life had a woman friend. Never before had she talked like this, alone, with a woman. Her world had been so small, bounded by her own narrow ambitions.

"I wanted to talk to you about the Kitchen Cabinet," Antoinette Falkland said.

Bessie nodded. "I wasn't very good at the meeting that day," she said. "All those women—They seemed to know so much about everything. They scared me out of my wits."

Mrs. Falkland laughed. "They scare me sometimes too," she said. "Especially old Mrs. Newland. Do you remember her?"

Bessie blushed. "I don't remember any of them," she said. "I didn't really look at them—see them as people, I mean."

"You must get to know old Mrs. Newland," Mrs. Falkland said. "She's quaint in some ways—wears a black velvet ribbon around her neck. I always feel hungry for candy when I see her, because she looks so much like Whistler's Mother."

This time Bessie laughed.

"But the quaintness is deceptive," Mrs. Falkland said. "She's a wonderfully shrewd person. A good kind of shrewdness." Bessie lowered her eyes. "I'm grateful to Mrs. Newland for—setting me right about you and Cyrus," Mrs. Falkland said.

Bessie looked up in astonishment. "Setting you right?"

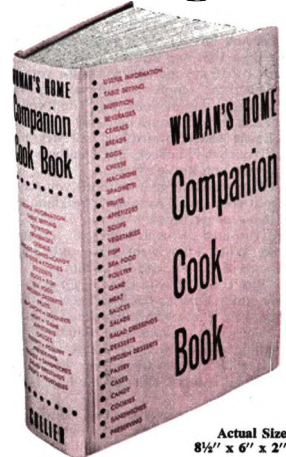
"She told me you were a strong woman. She said if your gifts were used right, there was no telling what you might do someday. You see, my dear, I don't really understand Cyrus' brave new world, or even like it very much. I hated the hullabaloo in the papers when you were married."

BESSIE nodded. She was beginning to hate it herself. "But Mrs. Newland understood it better than I," Mrs. Falkland said. "She said you'd caught the public's sympathy. Everyone loves a Cinderella."

"Except the prince," Bessie said bitterly. Mrs. Falkland touched her hand. "Especially the prince. He was the one who saw it before any of us. Like Cyrus, Mrs. Newland understood that you'd never be content just to be a get-rich-quick flibbertigibbet. You have too much brains—too much character."

Bessie covered her face with her hands. "Have your cry, my dear. It's one of women's rights, as Cyrus will find even in

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KINGSTON, ONTARIO	A poet paid \$1,000 for a bell to hang outside his home "to make a sweet sound over the countryside at eventide."
NEW YORK	A man was arrested in Central Park for taking off his shoes and washing his feet in the snow.
PARIS	A doctor reported visiting a patient who had stayed in bed for 18 years merely because he "wanted time to think."
SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS	A bandit who held up a saloon made the bartender treat the house before leaving with the swag.
DIDDLEBURY, ENGLAND	A farmer's will directed his burial at the parish boundary so that he might lie with his "head in Diddlebury and feet in Culmington."

—W. E. FARBERSTEIN

his brave new world. I'm talking to you like this because old Mrs. Newland made me see that I must. She said you'd understand, if I explained it to you. Cinderella's job isn't over when she marries the prince. It's only beginning then. It takes great character to be a princess."

Again Bessie's voice was bitter. "It takes sweetness and light," she said. "And I don't have any sweetness and light."

"My dear," said Mrs. Falkland, "it takes much more than sweetness and light. It takes guts, and living in a glass house always and not throwing stones or minding the ones that are thrown at you, working harder than anyone who works for you, and resisting the temptation to worship false gods every day of your life. I tell you it's worth it to try. Come here, my child."

Bessie leaned toward her, and Mrs. Falkland touched her cheek. The hand was like a snowflake on Bessie's face.

"You won't forgive me until you have a son of your own," Antoinette Falkland said. "I have never thought of you at all. You see, I wanted Cyrus to have love. He needs it so. When Sonny went, I was all he had to be sure of. If you had loved him—"

"But I do," Bessie cried. "Of course I love him. That's what I've been trying to show you. That's what's happened to me—"

"Then," said Antoinette Falkland, "everything will be all right. Be good to him. It's a good thing in these times he married red blood and not blue. Make him believe in himself."

Her voice seemed to fail. Bessie saw that she swayed a little as though she were very tired. "Try to be a good girl," Mrs. Falkland said. "Good night."

IN THE darkest hour of the night and of their own patient lives, Margaret Sawyer and Lissa stood over Antoinette Falkland's bed. "But I tell you it isn't any use to get a doctor," Mrs. Falkland said. "Don't you think I know? I'm ready now."

Lissa clasped a frail white hand and was silent. But Margaret Sawyer moved wildly toward the door. "You've been wearing yourself out with that girl," she said. "I'll call—"

"Stay here, Margaret!" Mrs. Falkland said. "Do you hear me? Stay here. You think I want Cyrus to see me?" She smiled through the agony of her white face. "They'll be all right now. Cyrus' wife won't forget what I told her. People don't forget what a dying woman says."

Then Margaret Sawyer ran swiftly out the door and up the stairs. She knocked on the young Falklands' door—but by that time it was already too late.

THE dawn, stabbing in thin, cold pencils through the drawn curtains of their room, surprised Cy and Bessie Falkland. "Of course the sun rises just the same," Cy said.

From the divan where she had curled wearily, Bessie watched him walking up and down. What could she say to him? This was Bessie's first meeting with sorrow; she ached with it, yet in the midst of it was another new feeling, a feeling of peace, of comfort. Bessie Keegan at last had a friend. Her friend was dead—but she had a friend just the same and her friend was still with her, would always be with her.

"Be good to him," her friend had said; and now Bessie, who had always known how to handle men, groped for words to comfort her dead friend's son.

"She sent Margaret for me," Bessie said. "We talked and talked. I didn't know then—but she did."

Cy stared at her without any expression at all. You wouldn't have thought his face could go white, but it did; the tan was gone altogether. He turned and went over to the window and pulled back the heavy curtains. Bessie could see only the silhouette of his fine head, his broad shoulders, held rigid. What was the matter with him? How had she said the wrong thing?

A glimmer came, and then a strong sure light. "Cy wonders about that, too," Antoinette Falkland had said. "It makes it

harder." Now his suffering heart didn't understand why it had been Bessie and not her son for whom Antoinette Falkland had sent on her last night on earth.

"There wasn't much time," Bessie said. "I guess she thought the most important thing was to make friends with me. She knew about you." She waited but he did not turn. "She was afraid about me. You see," Bessie said bravely, "she thought I was—I was just out for money and a good time. And she was right. I was— But the heaviest thing on her heart was that she thought I didn't love you. She thought I married you for what I could get. And—she was right. I did."

Cyrus turned from the window, but he made no move to go to Bessie. He was waiting for the rest. Bessie said, "But we made friends. She was happy because I told her that I do love you. More than everything."

Now he was walking toward her. He stood over the divan, and her eyes, lifted to him at last, were all silver in the harsh dawn light. "She had to tell me things and I—I understood some of them. She couldn't bear to leave you, but when I told her I love you, it was all right."

Then Bessie was silent, but her heart pounded. To give yourself away like that into someone else's hands, forever. She had not thought she could do it. Whatever happens, she thought, I must not go to him. I can't use tricks now. Only the truth will hold him, if he can believe I'm telling the truth.

She watched as he began to pace the room again. A clock struck somewhere. His mother had been the only thing he was sure of. Now he has only me. But I can't tell him that. He must find it out for himself.

Cyrus paused in his pacing, hesitantly. Then he ran to Bessie's arms, and she held him as he began to cry. In a muffled voice he said, "Don't, unless you mean it. I couldn't bear it again—"

"You have to believe what is true," Bessie said. "I love you."

After a while the weeping ended, and he murmured, "Heart's lady." Then he was quiet. Everything was quiet.

But in Bessie Keegan Falkland's mind, a reel of the past began to unroll and turned her cold with terror. In this very house, Jake Fuceli had taunted her with the guilty action of her past. He had blackmailed her, just as she had blackmailed Myra Matthews.

The past, the past, the past, destroying, smearing, foul. And here was Cyrus, clinging to her, believing her, needing her. Heart's lady.

Jake's alternative, the price he had asked for his silence, the old, old price, never once entered her head. She had always known she would die before she would pay that price.

"When it's over," Bessie whispered to Cyrus, "let's go away. I want to go away from everything. I want to find you. It will be so hard here without her. Let us go somewhere and be quiet, where no one can find us."

"Yes," Cyrus said, "yes."
"We'll find an island somewhere," Bessie said, her wet cheek on his.

THE General was now an hour and seventeen minutes late. "After all," Mrs. Dean said, "he owns the paper."

"When he gets here," Merryweather said darkly, "he'll wish he didn't."

Glancing at him furtively, Mrs. Dean thought this might be true. Ever since he'd come back from Mrs. Falkland's funeral at Dover House, Merryweather had been like this, his face wrinkled and ominous.

An office boy came in to say that the General would see Mr. Merryweather.

The General was a democratic man. He often said that every newspaperman was just as good as every other newspaperman, and what was he himself but a newspaperman? Besides, the circulation figures proved that Merryweather was better read than everything but the comics. The way Merryweather had written the story of Antoinette Falkland's death. That was one hell of a good story. The General beamed when Merryweather came into his office.

"I resign," Merryweather said.

The General let out a howl which was heard to the farthest reaches of the city room. "You can't resign," he said.

"The hell I can't!" Mr. Merryweather said. "I have."

"If it's money—" the General began. He hated to talk about money, but this was an emergency.

"Money?" Merryweather yelled. "I don't need your stinking money! I wouldn't take it if I did, but I don't. Do you know what she did—the lady whose death made such a hot story? She left me enough money so I wouldn't have to work for you. She said I could do something worth while with my talents. After what I—"

He walked out, and a panel of the door shook and shattered with the slam of his exit. But that was not what dumfounded the boys in the city room. "Saint Jude of the Impossible!" the city editor said. "Did you see that? He was crying."

In his own office, Merryweather was packing. No question about that.

Mrs. Dean said, "What is going on?"

"I am leaving," Merryweather said. "I can eat crow but not with the sauce they serve here. I am going on a long journey."

"Where?" Mrs. Dean said, a little shakily.

"I am going," Merryweather said politely, "in search of my soul." It occurred to Merryweather then that Mrs. Dean was a lady, moreover a faithful and long-suffering one. He sat on the edge of her desk and spoke gently.

"I am getting to be an old man, though you probably haven't noticed it. I have been running hog-wild between my own vanity and that greedy old scamp in there needing me and I made a mistake. We have still got a Mrs. Falkland. It may be that she is my own little Frankenstein, my own pet albatross. But I cannot see that name borne other than—honorably. I had a hand in putting her where she is. It's up to me to see that she doesn't louse it up too bad."

"What's going to become of me?" Mrs. Dean said.

"I expect," Merryweather said, "that they will make you society editor."

EVER since they had returned from the funeral at Dover House, Bessie had been expecting to hear from Jake Fuceli. For a while she had almost forgotten about him. In her own very real grief, she had kept Jake Fuceli and his threat far at the back of her mind. Sometimes she even imagined that Jake might not go through with the threat, out of respect for their grief.

But she knew better. In the first place, he wouldn't believe in her grief. He would think Bessie had finally triumphed: now she was really mistress of the Falkland millions, with no one to stand in her way. That would simply make things easier for Jake. Bessie had more to lose than ever—from his point of view.

Bessie came back to the mansion on Fifth Avenue late one afternoon. She had been shopping for clothes to wear in Switzerland; listlessly, Cyrus had agreed that they might as well go to Switzerland as anywhere else. Bessie found Jake's message among the many left on her desk by Margaret Sawyer.

"Mr. Fuceli called. He will call again tomorrow—unless Mrs. Falkland calls him before then."

Bessie was staring at the slip of paper when Margaret Sawyer came in with the afternoon mail. Margaret sorted the letters efficiently and then said slowly:

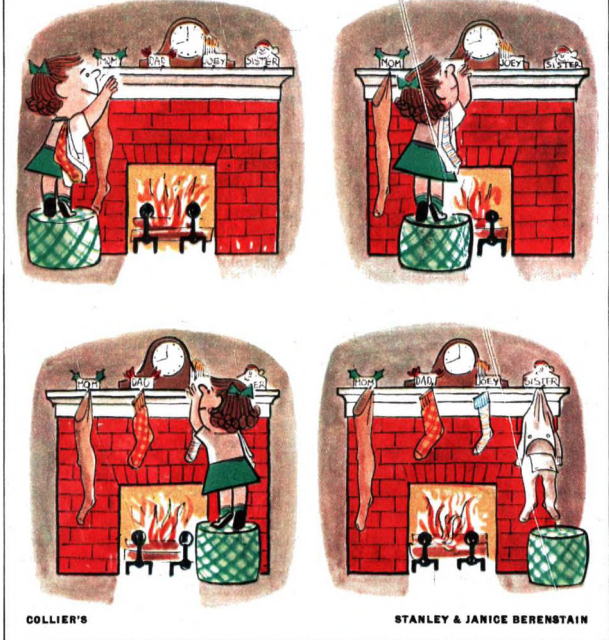
"This is as good a time as any to say that you may wish to find someone to take my place, someone of your own choice, someone—yourself."

"I'm too young myself," Bessie said, looking at her squarely. "I'm as young as she was when you first went to her. Cyrus and I will be away some time. What would happen to things here?"

Hard, hard as nails, Margaret Sawyer thought. "I'm not sure I could suit you," she said.

"You're right, I don't like any of this," Bessie Falkland said, "not really." Her hands were turning over the slip with Jake's message, folding it back and forth between her fingers, tearing it on the folds. "I don't think I'll be very good at running things

SISTER



COLLIER'S

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

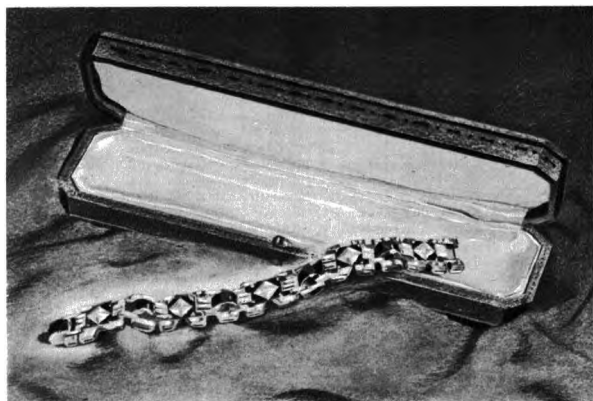
What other Christmas present can you name that...



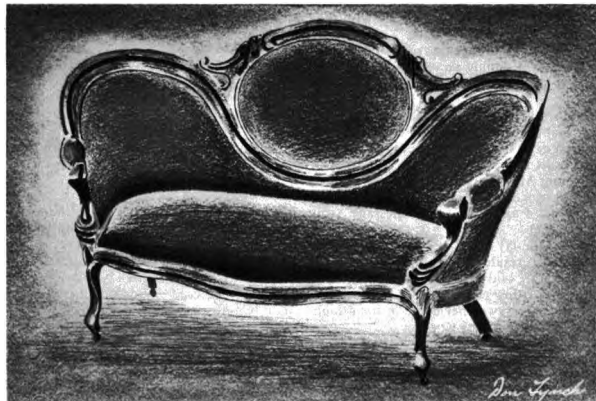
...you wouldn't want to exchange



... comes in so handy on rainy days



... never wears out



... keeps increasing in value

... is so quick and easy to buy
... pleases everyone on your list
AND ... gives itself all over again
(with interest) ten years later?



U.S.
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Automatic Saving is Sure Saving



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the way Mrs. Falkland did. But you see, I am Mrs. Falkland now—and it will help if you stay."

"I will stay," Margaret Sawyer said, after a moment, "as long as you need me."

Young Mrs. Falkland tore Jake Fuceli's message and let it drop into the wastebasket. "The other Mrs. Falkland thought I might not turn out to be a total loss," she said. "Suppose we go on from there."

"Mrs. Newland would like to see you, Mrs. Falkland," Margaret said.

Young Mrs. Falkland lowered her head. "What about?" she said.

UPON that, Mrs. Newland herself walked in. She wore the black velvet ribbon around her neck, and looked as quaint as Mrs. Falkland had described her—but terrifyingly efficient. This, Bessie needed no reminding, was the woman who had persuaded Antoinette Falkland that her daughter-in-law was capable of great things.

Mrs. Newland raised one hand in a shabby brown glove and said, "You will have to give up this ridiculous trip to Europe, Elizabeth. You have duties here."

Bessie's face went scarlet. "Cyrus wants to go," she said.

Very kindly, Mrs. Newland said, "Cyrus is confused and in great grief. He knows neither what he wants nor what is good for him. He can't run away from his responsibilities, and if you encourage him to do so you will regret it the longest day you live. He wants to serve his country in public life. He can't do that by running away."

"Nevertheless, whether you or anybody else likes it," Bessie said hotly, "we're going. I'll be the judge of what is best for my husband."

"You're talking like a fool," Mrs. Newland said mildly. "We would have to postpone the endowment ceremonies for the school. The women will think you're not interested, that you don't intend to carry on Mrs. Falkland's work."

"What they'll think is that they wish they had my chance," Bessie said.

Mrs. Newland's eyes stayed fixed on Bessie's face. "Running away," she said.

"I'm not running away!" Bessie said furiously.

"So stupid," Mrs. Newland said, adjusting her shabby fur piece around her thin old shoulders. "You are not stupid, Elizabeth. You must reconsider."

Young Mrs. Falkland stood stiff and silent, staring at one small square of white paper—a fragment of the message from Jake Fuceli.

"On Monday week," Mrs. Newland said, "you will preside at the meeting."

"I won't," said Bessie, to Mrs. Newland's erect, departing back.

Later, Merryweather came in for a highball and made things worse.

"It's not like Cyrus to let his pals down," Merryweather said, when the small talk was out of the way. "He's gone quite a way with the boys. I kinda fancied myself as a political press agent and maybe I'd be postmaster."

"I'm a reformed character," Bessie said, "but it doesn't go as far as this political nonsense. You must think Cy is a pretty weak fellow, the way I am supposed to be leading him around by the nose."

Merryweather became absorbed in brushing cigarette ashes off his vest as he stood up. He said, "I should have known you can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear—as long as it's attached to the sow." Then he left.

The strain of this terrible day was beginning to tell on Bessie, but she had one happy hour of respite before the worst happened. She and Cyrus dined alone in front of a blazing fire; and always afterward Bessie remembered little things about that perfect hour.

Forte took the tables away. They sat on the divan, facing each other and talked and talked as though they had come together after a long absence. Not about love, but in all the little things they said, love was there.

The bell buzzed—a signal from Margaret

Sawyer that there was an important phone call. From her office on the first floor Margaret said, "I'm sorry, Mrs. Falkland, but it's someone from Tuckapack who insists it's important."

It could be Papa. But Bessie knew it wasn't. She knew who it was before Jake's voice said, "How y'doin', Bessie?"

Cy noticed that Bessie's voice went queerly flat. Some pest, probably. Without paying much attention, he heard the commonplace phrases. I'm not sure I can make it tomorrow—No—no, he's out of town actually—You did? Yes, but he's going out of town—Then suppose I call you in the morning—No, I'm not alone—my husband's here—Suppose I call you in the morning around ten—

"There are husbands," Cy said, when she came back to him, "who would want to know who that was. Do you realize how fortunate you are that I am not one of them?"

"Pest!" Bessie said. "Her—not you."

The firelight cast a rosy glow over her

got my petition ready to file. Seems they need a candidate in my district and having lived there fifty-six years I got friends. I been a member of three unions around there for thirty years."

Recovering, Cyrus let out a most astounding bellow. "It's terrific! It's the news of the week. It's the dawn of a new day!"

"I don't belong to the same party as you do, Cyrus," Papa said.

"But you're an honest man," Cy said. "I don't care what party you belong to."

"I made up my mind," Papa said, "to take money away from some of them rich governmenteers and give it back to the needy taxpayers, of whom I can't say you're one, Cyrus. I thought up a few speeches—At Bessie's gulp, he stopped and looked at her sternly, then went on, "They may not be oratory, but like Merryweather says—"

"Merryweather?" Bessie said sharply. "What's he got to do with it?"

"He phoned me up," Papa said. "He's quit the paper—he's over in Jersey now. He'll file for me in the morning, and—and



face. She smiled at him, and then flung herself into his arms and kissed him swiftly.

She was still in his arms when the door opened and Forte would have announced Papa, only Papa was already in, carrying an old and battered suitcase which he had plainly refused to surrender.

"I come over to make you a little visit," Papa said. At sight of Bessie's white, surprised face over Cy's shoulder, he said, "You asked me often enough. You said any time."

THEY rushed to him then, and Cy wrestled away the old suitcase. Of course they'd said any time. "What's more, we meant it," Cy said, and Bessie had been going to call him in the morning because they were sailing day after tomorrow and it must have been telephatic.

Papa nodded. He knew better. It had been John V. Merryweather.

After listening to Merryweather, Papa had come to fulfill his promise to Antoinette Falkland.

When he had taken off his coat and accepted a seat by the fire, he began this task by saying, "You can go to bed if you want to, Bessie. You look kinda peaked and you always get mad when we talk politics."

"Do you have to?" Bessie said. "And I'm not peaked. My own father!"

"Yes," Papa said. "I do." He cleared his throat loudly. "The fact is I've decided to run for Congress."

Absolute stillness followed this. Bessie's mouth was a round red O.

"The fact is," Papa said, clearing his throat again, "I been working on it, and I

break the story. Merryweather says on account of me being Cyrus' father-in-law it's sure to get in the papers and so I told him to go ahead, s'long as he don't let the papers support me, because the way I see it, the only way to get elected is to ring doorbells."

"What'd you know about being a congressman in case you should?" Bessie said.

"Couldn't know less than some," Papa said cheerfully. "I been an American for fifty-six years. I shouldn't wonder if I knowed more about labor than some that's done a lot of talking. And farmers! I been laying bricks for them quite a few years, too. The world don't owe none of them a living. Let 'em have high wages and shares of profits. I say, but I'm a nian's going to tell 'em to get in there and do an honest day's work for it. I thought Bessie'd better come over and ring doorbells, too."

"You're mad!" Bessie said, taking a deep drag of her cigarette. "Besides, I won't be here."

"You will too," Papa said sternly. "Your husband's going into politics too, and it's not fitting for you to be in foreign parts."

"Of course it isn't," Cyrus said, and he went over and began pounding Papa on the back. He had come alive. He was grinning from ear to ear like a Halloween pumpkin. Bessie thought bitterly.

All at once she thought her heart would break. His face looked eager and happy for the first time since his mother's death. He didn't want to go away with Bessie. He wanted to stay here and ring doorbells.

"You don't either of you know what you're doing," she said bleakly.

"My girl," Cy said jubilantly, "when people find out how well we know what we're doing, it will be heard around the world. We know what we're doing, all right. We know everything an honest man needs to know. Don't we, Mr. Keegan?"

Not everything, Bessie said to herself. They didn't know, for instance, that Bessie had a telephone call to make to Jake Fuceli at ten o'clock tomorrow morning.

IN THE morning, Bessie found Papa sitting in his bedroom window looking out over Central Park, which had been powdered with snow during the night. She had things to say to Papa, but in his new role he heat her to it.

"Set over there where I can see you," Papa said. "I can't talk so good when I can't see people."

"That'll give you trouble on the radio," Bessie said.

Papa gave her a faint smile. "Bessie," he said, "I know you never got along too good with your brothers and sisters, but—you and me—"

Cross-legged on the window seat, Bessie said, "Yes, Papa?"

"We were all just good, honest, working folks," Papa said, "in an ordinary little town, minding our business, and then you got mixed up with a lot of things they didn't understand no more than a chicken understands a tractor. Big money's always important. Bessie, you got to take it into consideration, whichever side you're on. So, here we are. It's no use saying there aren't different classes of people, Bessie, any more'n you'd say there aren't peas and tomatoes. Mrs. Falkland—"

"I know all about Mrs. Falkland," Bessie said.

Papa looked surprised. He said, "Well, then. So we got to give a good account of ourselves—we represent our kind of folks. It won't do if it looks like if we get the money we'll act crazier maybe than the ones that've got it now—we can't be—"

"Get-rich-quick fibbertiggibbets," Bessie said. "Don't talk like I was a political meeting. Papa, I don't care about all that—I've got something real on my mind. Papa, I'm going to have a baby."

For a moment, Papa didn't say anything. Then the most dazzling smile Bessie had ever seen transformed his face. "Why, my little Bessie," he said, "it don't seem more'n yesterday—and now you—Well, that's good, that's fine. But, Bessie, if you're going to have a baby—don't you see the kind of world he lives in—"

"Papa, please," Bessie said, shakily, "I can't hear it. I'll worry about what kind of a world he's going to live in after I get him in it, but I can't listen to speeches about it now. I haven't told anybody but you."

Just the same, faced with that smile of pure happiness, she couldn't tell Papa about Jake. Anybody but Papa.

She kissed the top of his head and went away. In her own drawing room she picked up the phone and called Moose Matthews' number. After all, it was Moose's wife who got her into this. He ought to do something—but when the butler's voice answered, she hung up. As long as she lived, every time she looked at Moose—

Merryweather. Only somehow Merryweather always ended getting things in the paper; even if he didn't mean to be managed to make things happen for headlines.

There had to be somebody. It came to her quite clearly. There was Cyrus.

For better or for worse, there he was. Obviously, when you thought about it, it couldn't be anybody but Cyrus. Was there anyone she could trust? And it was his baby, whether he knew it yet or not. She was his wife and this was his business. This was what came of being in love: she would have to tell Cyrus about Jake Fuceli—even if it meant losing Cyrus. . . .

"Hey," Cyrus said, "what is all this?" "I'm telling you," Bessie said, "as well as I can."

"Which, if you'll forgive me," Cy said,

pulling on his trousers, "is no masterpiece of clarity. Or maybe it's because I overslept. Let's start over. Jake Fuceli!"

"If you try hard," Bessie said, "you can remember who he is."

Cy tucked in his shirt. "My erstwhile unsuccessful rival," he said. "But what is this about a letter? I know you were very young, dear, but—"

"I didn't write it," Bessie said loudly.

"We've got that straight," Cy said. "Who did it?"

"You see," Bessie said, "when I decided—"

In his socks, Cy came and turned her until she faced him, and shame made her red and miserable. "I'm not making excuses," she said desperately.

"How did Mr. Fuceli get this document?" Cy said. His voice was as light as ever, but now it held a note of gravity.

"I hid it in his safe," Bessie said.

"I see," Cy said, letting go of her. "Now you want it back and he won't give it to you. That it?"

He stood in his shirt sleeves, and it seemed to Bessie he had never been so dear. She was sorry boys were supposed to look like their mothers. She stood watching him while he put on his coat and settled his shoulders. He said, "What are we waiting for? Let's go persuade the gentleman to change his mind."

And so they drove to Tuckpack, silent almost the entire way. Snow spun in the gutter as they pulled up in front of the First Class Garage, Jake Fuceli, Prop. Next door to the Rosebud Beauty Salon. "Where I used to work," Bessie said defiantly.

Cy glanced at it. He studied Bessie speculatively for a moment, swung out of the car and said, "You wait here."

"No," Bessie said. "I'm—I want to—after all, it's—"

His eyebrows went up, and then he crossed the sidewalk and vanished into the First Class Garage. After one startled impulse to follow him, Bessie was perfectly still, waiting all alone.

NOBODY was in the office when Cy entered. It was really a small square space, partitioned off the garage. A gas heater roared, and the air was stuffy with its fumes. There was a desk, a couple of chairs, and in one corner a brand-new safe.

What do I do to attract somebody's attention, Cyrus wondered. But at a sound, he turned and saw Jake Fuceli standing at the office door. Jake wore dirty dungarees and had streaks of grease on his face, which tightened at sight of Cy Falkland's tall figure. Jake's eyes were black slits. He looked dangerous and melodramatic, and Cyrus could see why Bessie had been afraid of him.

Cyrus said quietly, "I understand you have a letter belonging to my wife."

Slowly wiping his hands on a towel that had been used for the purpose many times before, Jake Fuceli said, "She tell you that?"

"Women," Cy said, "never can keep a secret."

"Tell you what was in it?" Jake Fuceli said, feeling his way.

"Does it matter?" Cy said. "I love reading other people's mail, still—"

"Matters a lot," Jake said. "I know Bessie. She's smart. And like they say, possession's nine points of the law."

"You have me in a spot," Cy said politely. "You are a head shorter and you weigh thirty pounds less than I do, and you have grease on your hands. But I came for the letter and I intend to get it. I don't want trouble—"

"Neither does Bessie," Jake said, "if she knows what's good for her—and she always has."

"I want the letter," Cyrus said.

"You won't like it," Jake said, with what was meant to be a laugh.

"Am I supposed to like it?" Cy said. "Think fast, Jake. You're smart—your bluff's been called, hasn't it? That's the way all blackmail chains are busted. It's simple—somebody gets nerve enough to

tell the truth and it's just a piece of paper. Let's get on with it."

Veins stood out on Jake Fuceli's neck. He said, "They don't always tell the truth. She had me fooled once, too."

On his knees, while he opened the safe, he talked. He said, "She stole it off Mrs. Matthewson. Bessie started the blackmail—I didn't. She was always out to marry dough—on the take since she was thirteen—you ask her—"

Gray envelope in hand, he stood up and turned around. He said something short and vile and blasphemous. Cyrus Sayre Falkland was sitting in a chair reading the Tuckpack Republican. If he'd heard—hell, he had to of heard. But in the corner of his mouth he had a cigarette, and the ash was steady as the Pulaski Skyway. Couldn't of heard and keep that dead pan.

CY FALKLAND looked up and their eyes met. Jake handed him the letter. "You better put on asbestos gloves," he said.

To his amazement, Cyrus stood up and dropped the letter in his pocket without looking at it. "Let me be the first to congratulate you," he said. "And look, Jake, you ought to quit picking on women and children."

"Some women keep asking for it," Jake said.

"They do at that," Cy Falkland said. "Beats me."

Jake Fuceli watched him go. A dud. It'd been a dud. He was kind of glad it was gone. He wasn't as mad as he had been. The guy was all right. Maybe he could handle Bessie. She'd of been a nuisance to have around at that. He hoped the big guy would beat her—twice a week, anyhow . . .

Cyrus climbed into the car and tossed the gray envelope into Bessie's lap. It's over, Bessie thought. She felt little and limp and outcast, but thank God it was over. Or was it? His profile, when she stole a glance at it, was still and hawklike. He started the car, and she waited until they were well outside Tuckpack before she said weakly, "Did you—read it?"

"Shut up!" Cy yelled at her. "You let me in for standing still while that—He's got a mean streak, that's all's the matter with him. Haven't you got sense enough to shut up until I get the taste of that guy out of my brain? You think I'm made of straw or something?"

She picked up the letter, holding it with uncertain fingers. "Go ahead!" he shouted. "Tear it into the tiniest pieces you can—and throw them out the window."

For five miles he was silent. The last small fragment of the letter had been flung out into the wind. Then he said, "One thing, Moose knew there was something. You square that, you hear? Don't let him know it was Cliff Quarrier."

"You read it?" Bessie said.

"Don't be fantastic," Cy said. "Did I have to read it? I am a pure-minded young man, but I have some imagination."

Three miles farther on, Bessie said, "How can I square it with Moose?"

"You're so bright," Cy said, "you can think something up. Like you caught her cheating at cards, or her hair's green and you dyed it black or—"

"Well, it's not green," Bessie said. "It's white and I dyed it to—"

His abrupt great shout of laughter brought the first spark of warmth to Bessie's cold young heart. "I'll tell Moose," she said. "I can explain—"

"Doubtless," Cy said with such savage fury that it struck her dumb. "You can explain anything—it's one of the best things you do."

Now was the time to walk out on him. Only how could you exit from a car going sixty-seven miles an hour?

"If you'll stop this crazy car," Bessie said, "I'll get out and walk."

"You give me a pain," Cy said.

They roared into the Holland Tunnel and crawled behind the line of cars in the narrow, white, tile world under the river. Cy's hands clenched on the wheel with

impatience. A policeman on the platform stared down at them, and Cy gave him a salute. He said, "I have just made a great discovery."

"Let me guess," Bessie said.

"I am your husband," Cyrus said.

"I—see what you mean," Bessie said timidly.

"It occurs to me," Cy said, when they reached downtown Manhattan, "that compared to what some of my ancestors did to the Indians, your little foray in crime to get your paws on a few millions doesn't amount to much. What gets me so sore is that you thought I was such a smug, sanctimonious prig. All right, so it was a stinking dirty little trick—and if you ever do it again I'll beat you. But then you were only a poor, undernourished, uneducated half-wit—"

"Go on," Bessie said, "rub it in."

"There's only one other thing," Cy said. "You married me for my money. I married you to make myself a great big lousy hero, like Lochinvar or Sir Galahad or somebody. But all that Cinderella business is gone with the wind. We're grown up now. My mother's gone. I love you. I always did. I love you more because nobody but me knows how dumb you really are. The question is—"

"I love you," Bessie said.

"I know you do," Cy said. "And why not? I am one of the most lovable guys you are ever likely to meet."

And nobody but me, Bessie thought, really knows how smart I am and how much smarter you turned out to be. I'm stuck with the whole works now. Bessie told herself, after the way he's behaved. Like a gentleman. It he wants me to wear a black ribbon around my neck like Mrs. Newland, and ring doorbells, and go to Kitchen Cabinet meetings and stay home with the children, I'll have to do it.

It was queer. She resented it. She would have liked to throw herself down on the floor and kick and holler. But way down inside for the first time in her life she was at peace.

THE ballroom of the little city's finest hotel was decorated for a gala luncheon. It was already full of women, most of them connected with the great Falkland plants near by, some of them old friends of Antoinette Falkland, who had once lived in this city that her husband might be near those factories which were his universe.

At the rose-piled speakers' table sat Mrs. Falkland's famous Kitchen Cabinet, with the governor and the mayor and the president of the local university, which the Falklands had built and endowed. Below it were the ladies of the press, including Mrs. Dean of the New York Daily Chronicle, who had been sent with dozens of others to cover this assignment.

The shrill chatter and the music of the hotel orchestra, hidden in the palms, stopped instantaneously as young Mrs. Cyrus Sayre Falkland appeared.

Right away they saw she hadn't dressed down to them. Having been a bricklayer's daughter, they'd been afraid she might. They wore their best, and so did she, as befitted an occasion. The fabulous Mrs. Falkland had always looked like a dream when she came to see them.

On one side of the new Mrs. Falkland (who looked much younger than they'd expected) was Mrs. Newland, they knew her well, and on the other—the little old man, neat in his not-new blue suit—was Papa! They recognized him from his pictures in the paper as a candidate for Congress.

While they ate, they talked and laughed, but kept staring at the girl. She was vital to them. They noticed that she hadn't swallowed a mouthful, not even the ice cream. No wonder, they whispered kindly. She would be making the first speech of her life. They hoped she wouldn't disgrace them—or the gracious dead lady whose place she was taking.

When she rose at last, everything was instantly still.

"I am here," young Mrs. Falkland began,



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CHRISTMAS

and it was a surprise how much she talked like the real Mrs. Falkland, "because my mother-in-law cannot be. You know that. This was all—her idea, and you will be indulgent to me because I am only a poor substitute and nobody knows that better than I do because she was my friend."

She was taking long breaths between sentences, between words. But she went on bravely.

Though this endowment was intended originally to found a school of—of practical economics," she said, "in her last instructions, she wished that it should also deal with the spiritual values on which our country was founded. She wanted the school to have courses in the history of democracy and how it works, and in philosophy—in everything that would help us to understand one another and work out our problems together in teamwork, so we would be educated—and so—" Her breath seemed to fail, but she got enough of it back to say, "And so I am here to give a million dollars—to give a million dollars—" A strange, strangled sound echoed in the ballroom. Everybody craned, a chair went over, people were standing up trying to see what was happening. No doubt about it. Young Mrs. Cyrus Falkland was having as fine a fit of hysterics as anybody could ever hope to see.

Through it she kept right on talking, she laughed and cried and the words came through it, "You see I never gave away a million dollars before," Mrs. Falkland nee Bessie Keegan was saying. "You can see for yourself—I used to work for thirty dollars a week—I'm glad to give it to you—I'm glad—it doesn't make sense—" Papa was trying to calm her and Mrs. Newland, imperturbable as ever, had an arm around her shoulders. Bessie Falkland pushed them both away. She rubbed her tear-stained face with one sleeve. Her face puckered up worse and worse and she said, "Don't pay any attention to me, the way I'm acting. It's because I'm going to have a baby. You know how you get when you're going to have a baby, but when you're going to have a baby you have to think about the kind of world he's going to

live in and so I'll do my best—I really will—" . . .

Reading Mrs. Dean's piece, which had just come over the wire, the General chortled with glee.

The Falkland story was holding up all right, only he wished that fool Merryweather was here to write it, instead of running around trying to elect people in New Jersey. Also, he had a slight depressed feeling that it might quit being the Cinderella story of all time. It might become history—what with this other release about Cyrus Sayre Falkland being appointed chairman of the—The General shuffled among the papers on his desk but he couldn't find it. Anyway, it was one of those national committees, which was a fair-sized political plum inside the party for a man as young as Cyrus Falkland.

The General buzzed and ordered the front page made over for the story of the Falkland heir, with a picture of Bessie weeping on the platform. . . .

Reading that front page in Palm Beach, Moose Mathewson said to his wife, "She's all right. She had a lot of spunk, standing up to me and telling me—Myra, did you ever think you'd look—well, different and sort of distinguished with your hair white?"

"No," Myra said, "I never did." Not, Moose thought, staring at the picture of Bessie, that he exactly believed it. But a man didn't have to know everything about everything. It had—whatever it was—taught Myra a lesson. . . .

Down in Washington, Harvey Ruggles, the owner of Zydercliff, took a copy of that front page into the Big Boys.

"I told you," he said grimly. "I told you to watch this Falkland. Never mind what he said to the party moguls. I know all about that—they won't listen to him for a while yet. Take a look at this speech. That wife of his is a politician." . . .

"Cyrus," Bessie said. Cy Falkland put the paper down. "Heart's lady?" he said. "I just wanted to hear you say it," said Cinderella.

THE END

The Moulmein Star

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15

against the wall. The room jumped out of focus, and there was a trickling sound as rivulets of dust drifted down from the beamed ceiling. A slit of yellow light appeared where the blast had sprung the floor, and smoke came wreathing through the aperture. The acrid, cordite smell made him blink and sneeze again. Maybe the Karen army has moved in, he thought. He scrambled to his feet and was dressing swiftly when the bearer slipped into the room.

"Master?" It was a low call. "Yes, Suklo. Turn on the lights." The long room flared with illumination. "What was it?" asked Morgan, pulling on his flight boots.

"Someone are throwing a hand grenade, master." The room servant had come hurriedly; his head was bare and his white uniform was unbuttoned. "Some bad person."

"Undoubtedly. Was anybody hurt?" "I do not know, master. The grenade did not go off on my floor."

The American stood up, smiling faintly. "How about tea?" The dark little man salaamed and backed out on bare feet. He returned almost immediately, bearing a tray.

"Is Captain Heiler ready?" Morgan was pouring the hot tea through a strainer. When Suklo did not answer, he looked up. "Trouble, master." Suklo stared down sorrowfully at his toes. "Heiler master was up all the night."

"Drunk?" asked the seated man sharply. "He was up every hour of the night," said the bearer unhappily, and stood aside

as Morgan walked out of the room. Three doors down the hall, Morgan rapped and was answered by a faint roar.

George Heiler was sprawled over the balustrade of the balcony, looking into the darkness. He turned and stared myopically, drunken concern on his face. Heiler was a big man of middle years; dewlaps of flesh hung from his jawbone, and his eyes were bloodshot.

"By God, Jeff!" he muttered, lurching toward a chair. "Them wogs threw one right into the hotel! Ain't that a caution?"

Jeff Morgan did not answer; his gaze was sweeping over the square bottles of Heyward's Gin on the teak sideboard. One of the bottles was empty and the other nearly empty.

Heiler stared up at him owlishly, fumbling for his flight jacket with an elaborate attempt at sobriety.

"Not much sleep," he said thickly. "Plenty of gin, though," Morgan said. "I had a couple, yeah." Heiler's face flushed; he pushed himself up from the chair. "But I can make—"

"Not today, George," said Morgan, and turned and shoved the big man hard. He teetered backward and crashed across his bed, wrecking the cage of fragile netting.

Morgan closed the door and went back to his own room. After another sip at the cooling tea, he jammed a karakul shako on his head and took the jacket and map case from Suklo. His passage downstairs was a brisk tapping on the marble stairway. At the second level he met Sakalin, the Hindu doctor, and knew the grenade must have hurt someone.

Collier's for December 31, 1949

The lobby was thronged with sleepy people. Most of them were going out on the B.O.A.C. flight to Bangkok, but a few were in dressing gowns, inquiring about the explosion. Morgan threaded his way through them and went out the side door.

The station wagon was waiting, and he got in beside the driver. As they rolled away, Morgan asked if the crew cars and the mechanics' lorry had left on time. Mohamed, the brown driver, nodded and went on honking the horn at nonexistent traffic hazards. The vehicle rolled through the empty streets, and circled the huge Shwe Dagon pagoda. Halfway out Prom Road, they stopped before a bungalow and Morgan pressed the horn twice.

HAL PEAVY came bounding down the stairs, stocky and cheerful. A shapely native girl stood behind him, in the far corner of the porch, and her thin sari rippled in the cold breeze. Peavy superintended, with unnecessary, good-humored oaths, as the houseboy loaded his first-aid kit and lunch box in the back of the station wagon. Then he came clumping around and climbed in behind Morgan. The absurdly long bill on his cap made him look like a duck.

"Merry Christmas," he said, and leaned out to wave good-by to the native girl. The station wagon moved on down the road.

"Didn't realize it," Morgan said. For the first time, he remembered that it actually was the day before Christmas. Lighting a cigarette, he remarked that Heiler had picked up an all-night load and was too drunk to fly. Peavy grunted, as if he had known it would happen.

"You can get a lot of good pilots for three grand a month," he said. "The Peninsula lobby in Hong Kong is lousy with 'em."

"Not Catalina pilots," Morgan said morosely, thinking of the five thousand the company had tied up in Heiler's round-trip fare and expenses from the States. Dawn was breaking. The airport road began to look gray in the pale light. Raucous black birds with yellow beaks swooped out of the bamboo groves, and the station wagon went humming through areas of unbelievable stench, areas where truck convoys had been halted for weeks because of fighting farther down the road. Many of the buildings were only gutted shells, some from the big war and some from the current, civil revolt, and the shadowy trees stood guard over rusting British tanks.

As they turned off the highway toward Mingaladon Aerodrome, the usual Karen mortar barrage began. It was a series of huge coughing explosions that shook the road and the tree branches. Behind Morgan's head, Peavy murmured sleepily, "A war in a ditch," and added that Chet Lowden had seen a Karen sniper last night—in a tree, reading a magazine by flashlight. Morgan smiled slightly and sat waiting as the station wagon stopped before a road barricade.

The spindly, bleak-eyed little Gurkha guard held his rifle square on them. Every morning it was the same. The sentries knew them well by now, but the passes were always examined. Since none of the guards could read, this ceremony seemed undue caution, but Morgan held his pass out. As though testing their patience, the Gurkha stared at it for several seconds. Then he slowly unhooked the hand rope and let the counterbalanced pipe swing up over the road.

"That monkey would love to shoot us," Peavy said. The stocky man with the long-billed cap had been a Navy pilot, and he was only half alive until he got to the airport every day. When the car stopped before the administration building, he almost leaped out on his way to the briefing. Morgan drove on around, over the pierced metal runway, to the four parked Catalinas. They loomed like clumsy birds in the dawn gloom, high-winged and solid, main gear tires flattened from their heavy loads.

When he had checked the fuel and cargo on the four planes, Jeff Morgan walked back to the administration building. A light

rain began to fall as he stepped on the veranda. Above the pattering on the tin roof, he heard someone call his name. Chet Lowden and Joe Lilley were eating breakfast, and he went toward their table. Lilley, the Aussie pilot, kicked a chair out and nodded, his cheeks bulging.

"Don't rush so damned fast," said Lowden. "You'll walk right through Christmas." Chet was an Alaskan bush pilot, mostly, but he followed sudden money around the world. His mouth was fixed in a tight grin, and the tassel on his scarlet stocking cap fell down across the collar of his jacket. Morgan grunted and took the steaming cup that Lilley pushed forward. "Yuletide in the pagodas?" he asked, and shook his head.

"Not necessarily." Lowden kicked his bulging map case off a chair and raised his booted feet. "Most of these Karen rebels are Christians."

Morgan grinned, leaning toward the cup. "So what? Borrow a Bible and desert?"

"No," Lowden looked older when he was not smiling; he looked weather-beaten, with deep wind wrinkles at the corner of his eyes. "The government of the Union of Burma pays us, we carry it. Simple. But we're on the wrong side here."

"I didn't know there was a right side." Morgan sounded annoyed, almost sulky.

Lowden's glance flickered over him again, without emotion. "These Karens practice the Christian religion as it has not been practiced since the time of Christ," he said slowly.

It was a flat, dogmatic statement, completely out of character. Morgan's hand, holding the cup, stopped halfway to his mouth. He didn't answer, just sat staring at Lowden over the rim of the cup.

"Going a bit strong, aren't you, Chet?" asked Lilley, without real interest.

"No." Lowden reached for his map case and stood up. "I flew here before the war. Siam, too."

Puzzled, Morgan took a sip of the strong, scalding tea. Lowden was not ordinarily a talkative man, and never a sentimental man. He had run guns to the Gran Chaco, to Cuba and Indonesia. Over forty, he had been a mercenary most of his life, and his price was always high. When it was met, however, he climbed into the airplane and never questioned the cargo. In silence, still bent over the teacup, Jeff watched the two pilots stride away and disappear into the rain. After munching two soggy biscuits, he walked back to the briefing office.

AS HE signed his clearance papers, Morgan could hear the other Catalinas taxiing out. First Peavy, then Lowden, then Lilley. The rain was solid now, drumming on the tin roof. One after another, the three amphibians went thundering into the gloom. It was a complete instrument take-off, but it was what they were paid for. They all had long trips, to Akyab and Myitkyina, and they had to go.

Morgan's was a shorter flight, to Bassein and Moulmein, so he checked the load again, scrambling over the stained drums that filled the plane with the raw aroma of gasoline. After cautioning Vilorio, the radio operator, not to touch his key while they had the gasoline aboard, Morgan stood under the big wing and waited.

In an hour, the rain stopped. The air smelled clean, and the sun began to break through the overcast. Morgan gripped the gunwale of the Catalina's prow and hoisted himself. When the engines were primed, he flipped the right starter switch and listened to the energizing whine. The big propeller blades swished through sluggishly and roared to life, whipping white smoke off the exhausts. When the other engine was going, he taxied out with the tower operator's British accent tinny in his earphones.

The huge amphibian did not look so clumsy after it was off the ground. It rose through the gray cloud mass and broke out into the sunlight. At five thousand feet, Morgan circled back over Rangoon town; through a break he could see the Shwe Dagon pagoda gleaming below, its solid

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gold roof blooming out of the litter like a tremendous mushroom.

After setting a course for Bassein, he turned the controls over to Villaflores. The swarthy copilot knew less about flying a heading than most elevator operators, so Morgan lounged back in the scuffed leather seat and watched him through half-closed eyes. The sun was clearing Siam, throwing a wave of radiance over the forests and turning the rice paddies into pools of gold.

The Irrawaddy went sliding under them, radiating its red mud deltas, and Morgan sat drowsing and pondering Chet Lowden's comments. Sure we're Hessians, he admitted, outlanders flying troops and ammo in a foreign civil war. But I seem to remember that we were jerked out of civilian life, in our youth, by the military of our own country. What would we be in the U.S.? Shoe clerks? And this is a job, a good one, doing what we like. Maybe I don't understand the politics of this rebellion, but I don't want to go home. I don't understand those people, either.

While he was musing, Villaflores touched his elbow and gestured toward the beach. Morgan nodded, straightening to take the yoke. Must be weak kidneys, he thought; these Filipinos spend half their lives in the can. In another ten minutes, the plane was over Bassein, but Villaflores had not come back. Morgan had to lean down and shout for him. There was only one plane on the field, an English Dove, so he hung the mike up and went in without landing instructions.

THERE was no truck waiting to unload his plane. The props thrashed to silence, and still no one came out to meet them. Dropping off the Catalina's nose, Morgan walked toward the tower. The way was muddy, and as he sloped along, his rage increased. A single operator was in the tower, a slight Burman sprawled in a chair, reading an old copy of Lilliput Magazine.

"Don't you meet aircraft here?" asked Morgan harshly.

"Yes, Captain." The sallow operator glanced up briefly, almost in annoyance. "But at present we have no petrol for our jeep."

Morgan lighted a cigarette. "How about getting me unloaded, and turned around for Moulmein?"

"Everything is confusion here, Captain." The operator did not look up from the magazine. "Very inefficient, not like you Yanks."

Morgan sighed, stepped on the cigarette, and slapped the magazine out of the languid operator's hands. Then he leaned forward, and, by the material of the cheap shirt, lifted the little man out of the chair. "We must all learn," he said apologetically, "especially you. Now pick up that phone and call 'O' Movements, or whoever handles War Office business around here. Until the proper parties arrive, I will pass the time by booting your rump around the airport. It is a great antidote for inefficiency."

When he opened his clenched hand, the startled tower operator fell to the floor. Scrambling like a crab, he seized the telephone and began to crank it furiously. "Are you there?" he inquired in a trembling voice. "Oh, I say, are you there?"

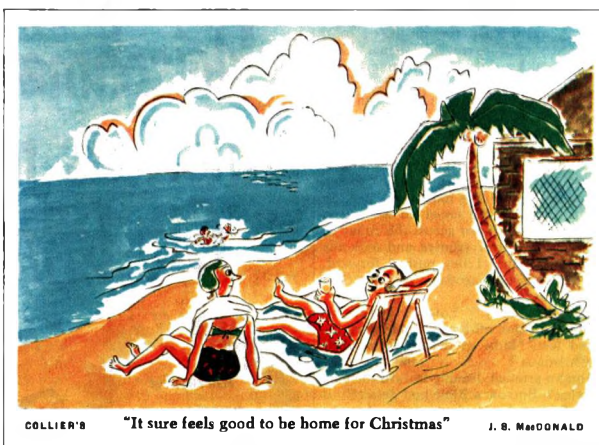
Nobody was there. The youth continued to crank and inquire diligently for some time, but Morgan got tired of watching and walked outside. He sat down on an empty mortar case, and after half an hour a truck came down the road and cut across the field toward his plane. Getting up, he went back into the tower and stretched out on the dirty cot while the operator watched him in sullen silence. Three hours later he was awakened by a shake on his shoulder. A dark man in uniform was smiling down at him.

"Your load is ready, Captain," said the officer.

"Thanks." Morgan yawned, stretched and stood up, refitting the shako. "Got some troops, have you?"

"Forty soldiers," said the officer, as they walked toward the jeep. "And there is also a woman."

"Not on your life!" The pilot was sud-



denly ill-tempered. "Our contract says no civilians except government officials."

The Burmese major shrugged and drove on to the plane. Morgan glanced at the cluster of heads protruding from the blister, and then at the sun. Villaflores called, "Ready, Captain," and Morgan, still glum from sleep, nodded. He swung up the blister ladder. The little soldiers recoiled before him, and he crawled past them into the middle compartment. More soldiers. The woman was in the front compartment.

She was young, and very pregnant—a tiny, copper-skinned wench with greased black hair and Mongoloid cheekbones. Crouched on a crate of rifles, she returned his gaze anxiously. Her lungi was pushed out like the skin of an enormous balloon; the bulging abdomen drew the cloth taut. My God, thought the pilot, it may be any minute now. He went by her, still crouching, and straightened up in the front hatch.

"Our insurance ain't worth a damn with her on board!" he shouted angrily to the Burmese officer on the ground. The officer nodded sympathetically.

"No Lloyd's men here, Captain. Her husband is being transferred to Moulmein, and she wants to go with him."

"Naturally," answered Morgan. "Will you take over the policy?"

"On my pay?" The Burmese officer laughed heartily at this suggestion, and, behind Morgan, the copilot remarked that the woman did not weigh very much. While Morgan was turned, explaining the intricacies of aircraft insurance, war area coverage, the Burmese major solved his part of the problem by getting in the jeep and driving away. The rear end of the little vehicle was fishtailing in the soft mud. Feeling frustrated and outmaneuvered, Jeff dropped into his seat and slammed the hatch shut. When both props were tick-

ing over, he throttled forward and heard the main wheels come sucking out of their watery ruts.

The landing at Moulmein was routine. When he had swung the plane around, Morgan cut the switches and leaped down lightly. "Get 'em out, I'm late," he growled at the approaching soldiers. They stopped and stood looking at him hesitantly, and his fury increased. He shouted again, took a step forward, and one of the men fired at his feet. Jeff heard the slug burrow into the damp ground. He stood motionless.

The government soldiers had been spilling out of the blisters, but now they were trying frantically to climb back in. The rebels moved under the plane and began to stun them with rifle butts. I hope nobody inside fires a shot, thought Morgan; if that happens, we're all dead pigeons.

No shot came, and when one of the Karens motioned with his rifle, the pilot walked forward. He crossed the runway and was approaching a large godown when four more rebels barred his way, holding guns on him. Morgan stopped again; at another motion he walked forward into the dilapidated godown.

IT WAS not a good headquarters, even for rebels. It was a moldy, dripping hut at the edge of the jungle, and there were no maps or radio facilities in sight. There was only one man, seated behind a desk. He stood up as Morgan ducked through the low doorway.

"Good afternoon," said the Karen leader. "I am Colonel Maung." Morgan nodded, but did not answer. "Come in, come in, and sit down." The colonel waved at a stool beside the desk, and Morgan sat down.

The light in the godown was dim, and Jeff could not see his captor clearly. The pilot thumbed out a package of cigarettes and offered one. When the colonel came around the desk, Jeff saw that he had a weathered, pleasant face, except that a livid triangular scar blotted out most of his right eyebrow. And then he knew that the man was Bo Hla, whose picture had been in the Rangoon papers so often. He also revised his opinion of the hut as a military headquarters. For the officer standing before him, smiling at him, had been one of the Thirty Brave Comrades. He had been in Japan with Aung San.

"How do you like Burma?" asked Bo Hla politely.

"I've been busy," said Morgan. "I know." The colonel nodded abstractedly. "All four of your planes have been busy." He broke off and glanced toward the doorway. Soldiers were helping the pregnant woman in. She waddled through the doorway and stood with her legs planted apart and her head down. Bo Hla glanced back at Morgan. "You are a man of many parts, Captain," he observed dryly. "Does your company also furnish an obstetrical service?"

"She got on at Bassein," answered Morgan. "They put her aboard before I found out about it."

Bo Hla ripped out something in Burmese, and the soldiers began to prepare a pallet at the far end of the godown. When the colonel spoke to the woman directly, she would not answer or look up; she only shook her head in terror. Bo Hla's voice lowered until it was very soft, almost teasing, and suddenly the woman raised her head and smiled at him. Turning, she went back toward the rude bed. Morgan watched in silence, heard her groan as she went down awkwardly on hands and knees and flattened out on her back.

FOR an hour, after that, Jeff sat beside the desk and watched the Karen soldiers report. Bo Hla seemed to have forgotten his presence, but all the men who entered stole quick glances at the captured pilot. It was obvious that they regarded him as loot of high quality. Except for these covert glances, it was like any command post, but Bo Hla and his men laughed more often than any other military personnel Morgan had ever seen. Just before dark, they were fed. It was not much—rice curry, tea and hard bread—but Jeff ate it with relish. When he asked about his crew, the Karen commander said that they were eating in the godown across the runway.

After the meal was over, Morgan gave Colonel Hla another cigarette. In back of them, the woman was groaning steadily; her gasping exhalations punctuated their conversation. Bo Hla was a well-informed man, and his English was faultless. He asked about the war-crimes trials, and about how Nehru was regarded in the States. Were there really so many Communists in the U.S.? Jeff said he didn't know, didn't think he had ever seen one, and from there they drifted into a discourse on Karen history. Bo Hla outlined the history of Burma in general, and the particular part the Karen tribes had played in it. He spoke without emotion, in a factual, recitative tone.

"And have you no family, Captain Morgan?" he asked finally. Jeff said yes, he had a wife and two young sons in California. Bo Hla did not press the matter, but the pilot explained that flying jobs were scarce in the U.S., and that the pay was much better abroad. When he mentioned his monthly salary, the Karen chieftain was very amused. He said it was far more than Thakin Nu, the Prime Minister, made. "More," he added wryly, "than I make in a year." Still after consideration, he said that he would like to be able to afford foreign planes and crews for his side. Jeff couldn't think of an answer, so he sat silent. Bo Hla smiled at his discomfort and pushed back from the desk.

"We will hold a service here now," he said pleasantly. "If you wish to stay, you are welcome."

"Service?" Jeff was puzzled.

"Yes. If you would rather walk outside, give me your word that you will not escape. Then you can check the plane and see your crew." Bo Hla smiled again. "It would be a great loss of face to us if you ran away while we were praying. After all, you are the only foreign devil we ever captured."

"I see." Jeff stood up, but he didn't quite see. "I won't try to escape." "Righto. Stroll around, then." Bo Hla spoke rapidly in Burmese to the soldiers at the door, and they stepped aside. Morgan was a few feet away from the godown when a squad of men went by him, carrying something that looked like a coffin with a tarpaulin over it. Other soldiers were drifting out of the dusk, and they all converged on the godown. Jeff kept walking, and was halfway across the runway when he heard a faint, wheezing music begin. Turning, he went back.

The lantern on Bo Hla's desk gave off a yellow radiance, and by its light Morgan could see a battered organ. Missionaries, he thought in amazement; a congregation of prim Kansas ladies with lace collars and iron intentions pooled their egg money long ago, and sent this thing into the jungle.

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Stepping inside the packed godown, he flattened himself against the wall, but not before Bo Hla's dark eyes had looked up at him and down again to the open book.

"And there were in the same country shepherds abiding in the field, keeping watch over their flock by night," read the rebel chieftain slowly. He paused, looking up at his listeners, like a schoolteacher. "You must remember," he added conversationally, "that Herod was slaughtering all the children in that area, for fear a king might be born among them." He lifted the book again. "Ye shall find the babe wrapped in swaddling clothes, lying in a manger."

The woman on the pallet shrieked as if a knife had split her open, and Bo Hla went to the back of the hut, a bending shadow. The squatting soldiers waited, listening to her agonized breathing. Bo Hla soothed her for a moment, in low tones, and then he was back at the desk, his mahogany hands on the book.

"... And suddenly there was with the angel," he read steadily, "a multitude of the heavenly host praising God, and saying, Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good will toward men."

The distressed woman shrieked again, in unbearable torment, and Bo Hla got up and went to her as before, his sandals padding over the packed earth. Morgan could see sweat dripping off the woman's contorted face, and the frenzy with which her small hands clutched at the Karen colonel's sleeve. Bo Hla freed himself gently and came to stand before the American pilot.

"Captain," he said, "this child will not be born easily, and perhaps not straight."

"Yeah?" Morgan was aware of the patient regard of the squatting soldiers, and of the crumpled native woman beyond them.

"She must go to Rangoon. You must take her."

Morgan's eyes narrowed. "Why not Moulmein, only a few miles?"

"We are only a raiding party; the town is not ours. Those who took her would be killed at the first roadblock."

Morgan shifted his feet and looked down at the scarred man curiously. "Would you stop a war for that?" he asked, and Bo Hla made a helpless gesture with his hands.

"It is the eve of Christmas," he answered. "How could we praise God here tonight, and let her die?"

Morgan's frown deepened. "If I take her, this same plane will bomb you tomorrow."

"You'd better hurry," said Bo Hla. He shouted orders, and his soldiers crowded around the woman, lifting her. Jeff Morgan stood aside as they bore her out. I don't know what this man is talking about, he thought suddenly. He and I are ill-met and unfairly matched. And I am helpless, because somewhere along the line I've been taught a different kind of Christianity.

WALKING across to the plane, he scrambled up the ladder and saw that the woman was being stowed in the middle compartment. Gesturing, he made the soldiers move her forward, where the vibration would not be so bad. Then he took off his fleecy-lined jacket and spread it over her, avoiding the frightened eyes, not wanting to look at the swollen lips, blood-flecked where she had bitten them. All the soldiers left but one, who crouched beyond the woman like a cornered dog. Morgan tried to pull him out, but the man shook his head wildly and clung to the bulkhead.

"It is her husband, Captain!" shouted Canlas, the flight engineer, from his perch under the wing, and Morgan released the struggling man's arm.

He went forward to the cockpit. Defeated again, he thought; Bo Hla even remembered that. No deals, nothing but a simple act of human dignity and necessity, done in time. But I couldn't think of it.

His cheeks ached as he sat listening to gas splash from the engines onto the ground. Across the moonlit runway, he could hear the interrupted service going on again. In rough, measured harmony, the

rebel soldiers were singing Silent Night, Holy Night, and the hymn came floating across the alien ground softly. Villaflores started to speak, but when he turned and saw Morgan's eyes, the copilot got very busy with his safety belt. The plane taxied out and took off for Rangoon.

The trip took less than thirty minutes. When they got over Mingaladon, the field was dark and the tower did not answer. Morgan kept calling and finally a drowsy voice cut in to say that no aircraft were allowed to fly after dark in Burma. Jeff delivered himself of a few obscenities, heard a startled pause, and after a few seconds runway lights cut an illuminated furrow across the dark earth below.

Morgan and the woman's husband handed her out of the blister gently, down to the waiting mechanics. They were all jabbering that he had been reported captured, but Morgan only pointed at the station wagon and kept walking. He waved the driver into the back, pressed the starter, and went rolling off the airport.

At the hospital, it took all of them—Morgan, the driver, the husband, and two little brown nurses—to get the pregnant woman on the wheeled cot. She was shouting and lunging wildly. When the noise of her passage up the corridor had dwindled, Morgan instructed the driver to wait, and to report to him at the hotel. Mohamed murmured, "*achchha*, sahib," and squatted with his back to the wall.

THE Strand Hotel was glittering with lights and loud with merriment. The grand ballroom was crowded, English and Anglo-Burmese couples dipping serenely in full dress. Their clipped conversation and laughter bubbled into Morgan's face as he walked past the armed guard into the lobby. The empire builders are not gone yet, he thought, not ours or theirs.

Late diners were clotted around discreetly shaded tables, with giant Sikh waiters in scarlet turbans bending over them obsequiously. Crystal goblets held snowy napkins, artfully folded into swans.

"You have a cable, Captain Morgan," said the desk clerk. Jeff nodded thanks and ripped the cheap paper envelope with his gloved forefinger. The cable said: MERRY CHRISTMAS, WE LOVE YOU; and it was signed by his wife. Standing in the center of the ornate lobby, his face twitched and he felt very tired. He was almost to the elevator when Chet Lowden shouted at him. Chet had been sitting with a big party in the bar; he crossed the marble floor swiftly.

"Trouble, Jeff?" he asked.

"I met your Karen friends," Morgan grinned at him.

"No kidding! But how—"

"Later. I have to clean up."

"Sure. But come back down and have a drink; tell us about it."

"Maybe." Morgan rubbed at his jaw absently. "How would you like a new job?"

"Mmmm?"

"I'm going home tomorrow."

The smile left Chet's face. "Why, Jeff?"

"I forgot something."

Lowden looked old and bleak suddenly, distressed, as if he had been at this barricade himself. He pulled at his sunburned nose dubiously. "Think you'll find it in the States?"

"That's where I lost it," answered Morgan steadily. "Best place to start, I guess." Flipping a good-by salute, he walked into the elevator and rode upstairs. After he had bathed, he put on a robe and mixed a drink. The telephone rang several times, but he did not answer it. Beyond his balcony, the river was glinting with moonlight; and to the southeast, toward Moulmein, a particular bright star was shining in the sky. I wish there were a plane to Hong Kong tonight, he thought; I have a long way to go.

He was still standing there, watching the brilliant star, when Mohamed tapped at the door, and said that the woman of Bassein had just borne a fine son.

THE END

Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER



Spiritualist-debunker Rose Mackenberg has talked to 1,500 of her husbands

Rose Mackenberg of New York is the only American woman engaged in debunking spiritualists who claim they can communicate with the dead. Since starting her career in 1926, she has exposed numerous mediums in various cities for local newspapers; and she has served many times as an expert witness on spiritualism in legal cases. But most important, she has given hundreds of lectures in which she reveals the tricks employed at phony seances. Through the years, with the aid of mediums from coast to coast, Miss Mackenberg has been "in communication" with several thousand fictitious relatives in the spirit world. And although Miss Mackenberg has never married, she has thus talked to 1,500 of her husbands and 3,000 of her sons and daughters.

Based on the number of vehicles in use and the distances traveled, the most dangerous period for driving on the highways of the United States is between eleven o'clock at night and four in the morning.

About noon on December 26, 1946, a young woman entered the United Bank and Trust Company in downtown St. Louis, calmly held up a paying teller and strolled out with all the packaged currency she could carry under a fur coat thrown over her shoulders. Even those standing in line near this window did not notice the robbery; and the lady's threats had so frightened the teller that he did not give the alarm for five minutes. Using the same tactics a month later, she held up the Des Moines Bank and Trust Company. This time, however, she was caught and identified as a

Mrs. O. D. of that city; and shortly, she was tried, convicted and given a life sentence. But the case had an amusing side, an incident that occurred as the woman was hurrying down a side street right after her first stick-up. She happened to trip, fall and drop several packages of the money in front of a newsboy. And the kid, while helping her up, innocently exclaimed, "Holy smoke! You musta held up a bank!"

Among primitive peoples, many a man still relies on an odd practice in attempting to learn if the day is a favorable one for him to start a particular activity such as a hunting trip. Upon locating a tree filled with birds, he frightens and causes them to take to the air. From the manner and direction in which they fly away, he interprets his answer.

When Mme. Josephine Mory of Paris was sentenced to death for the brutal murder of her daughter-in-law in 1936, the executioner refused to guillotine her. Because the public was outraged by her crime, the woman was tried again, convicted and condemned to die. The executioner again refused to carry out the sentence, and it was commuted to life imprisonment. This case was not unusual; no woman criminal had been beheaded in France for 49 years. Although "female jobs" had always been regarded as unlucky, the guillotine crews did not stop handling them until shocked by a mishap that occurred in 1887. While an assistant executioner was leading a lady to the guillotine, she suddenly turned on him and bit off both his thumbs.

A collection of more than 600 stories from this column is now available in a book, *Keep Up with the World* (288 pp., \$2), published by Grosset & Dunlap, New York.

Happy Land of Teen-Agers

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 22

Marianna from Boston, who comes from a broken home and who speaks in a delicate voice with a Scotch accent, a never-never voice, like that of a character in Peter Pan.

I danced with Marianna at the fall formal. "I used to feel like I didn't belong," she told me in that lilting voice, "but here—it's just wonderful." Marianna has dark red hair and expressive green eyes and she does interpretive gypsy dances. She also sings in the church choir. (The church is nonsectarian and boys and girls serve as assistant pastors, deacons and choir. One of the teachers is the minister, and the organist is a professional from near-by Ithaca. Over-all church attendance, by the way, is about 95 per cent of the population. Catholic children attend Mass in Dryden.)

There's Don, the Negro boy, whose family is the only colored one in his little home town in New York State. Don came to the republic because, he told me, "I guess I didn't act like I should, and the court recommended me." Don was running for vice-president, he sings in the choir and he's the star of the football team.

The republic plays six-man football and competes in other sports in the Tri-County Conference. It won the conference sportsmanship award last year. Jerry, a seaman's boy from Staten Island, who lived in foster homes all his life until he came to the republic, is president this year of the Conference Student Council.

The conference is composed of 11 public schools in Tompkins, Chemung and Tioga counties. The republic's school, of course, is classified as public and is subject to the education laws of New York.

The Word That Isn't Used

There's the son of a New York millionaire; there's the child who doesn't even know who his parents are; there are children from reeking slums and children from divided homes and children with no home at all: Protestant children, Catholic children, Jewish children, colored children and white children—but no delinquent children, remember.

"Will you do me a big favor?" asked Katherine. Katherine is from Boston and she has light blue eyes and long, straw-colored hair. She intends to follow a musical career and even now has a developing soprano voice, which she uses in the choir every Sunday.

I said I would be glad to do her a favor. "Then please," said Katherine, "don't refer to us as delinquents. We're not, you know, and it hurts the kids to have people think we are. We're just trying to work out our problems, that's all."

Of those who stay in the republic two years or more, 90 per cent work out their problems and make the adjustments necessary for them to take their normal place in a normal society. Once he takes out citizenship papers, a child remains a citizen of the republic until he is twenty-one, unless he is expelled or severs all ties, and some come back to vote in the elections, even after graduation. One such is Raymond, the college president's son, who lives in Ithaca now and is a carpenter, but he isn't twenty-one yet, so he came back to vote last November.

Daddy George conceived of the republic as a community where children of disparate racial and religious backgrounds could work out problems suddenly become too big for them to cope with. But the republic had to be organized. So the first step was a constitution, modeled after those of the United States and the state of New York. The constitution was written by two former citizens; one of them, the republic's first president, is now a prominent lawyer in Syracuse, the other a newspaperman and Pulitzer prize winner.

The constitution provides for the same things that the national Constitution does:

the executive, the judiciary and the legislative branches of the government. There are four executives—the president, vice-president, secretary of state and secretary of the treasury. The president appoints the judge of the courts, who sits on all types of cases: civil, felonious, or simple misdemeanors. Once appointed, he may be removed only by impeachment by the legislature—which is composed of the entire citizenship. This is true of the other officials, as well.

The president also appoints—and may fire if he pleases—the attorney general, who represents the government in all cases, and the commissioners of public health and public welfare. The welfare department is provided with a budget voted by the legislature, and makes government loans to citizens who are in need or sick (a citizen

The bank may make loans to citizens for business enterprises or for other reasons, based on actual security or reputation. The citizen, by the way, may have a savings account or a checking account but must keep a minimum of \$20 in republic money on deposit. This is to insure that he will at all times have money to pay fines, expenses and so on. The association will redeem republic money—called "chink"—in national currency when a citizen needs outside cash.

As for the judiciary, the judge appoints his subordinates. There are two justices of the peace (who order arrests and accept bail) the chief of police, who is also court bailiff, the clerk of the court, the probation officer, arresting officers and so on.

Make believe? Children at play? Hardly.



"Isn't science wonderful! To think we're sitting here tonight right in our own living room and watching a movie they made 25 years ago"

can get into financial straits just as in adult life) and supplements the income of the unadjusted citizen with government funds. The commissioner of public health inspects the cottages and others of the 20 republic buildings for health hazards, accident risks and so on, and may arrest a citizen who disregards his direction to clean up his room or his person.

The secretary of state swears in all officials, presides at citizenship ceremonies, keeps the records of the republic. The secretary of the treasury is custodian of the government funds, makes disbursements to government officials, who are paid for their services, and is supervisor of the Citizens' Bank. The republic's vice-president presides at the town meetings, or sessions of the legislature, just as Mr. Barkley presides in the Senate. When I was at the republic the veep was a young lady who waited on our table.

The Citizens' Bank has a cashier and a clerk and receives deposits from the citizens. This money—paper and metal—is worth half of what American money is, and is used exclusively within the republic. It is redeemable under certain conditions in American issue, if the citizen wishes to take a trip outside the republic. The paper money is printed in the republic's print shop, in denominations of one, two, five and ten-dollar bills, and the coins, of copper alloy, are minted in Ithaca. These are pennies, nickels, dimes, quarters and half dollars.

It's as serious and efficient as the court in your home town.

The judge is Jimmy, an orphan boy from Staten Island, who is running for president on the Progressive party ticket (the other party is the Citizens' party).

The chief of police is Hank, the Buffalo druggist's son. The attorney general is Lew, from the Bronx. Almost the entire population of the republic is present.

Telling It to the Judge

You rise when Judge Jimmy enters the courtroom in his black robe (the court is set up in the gymnasium) and Bailiff Hank intones: "Hear ye, hear ye, hear ye, the court of the George Junior Republic is now in session."

First case. Trespassing. Entering another's room without permission, taking owner's scarf and wearing it without permission.

"You've heard the charge," says Judge Jimmy. "How do you plead?"

"Guilty, Your Honor."

"Stand up straight when you address the court." The prisoner straightens up like a soldier before his commanding officer. "Why'd you do it?" asks Judge Jimmy.

"I didn't think he'd mind."

"Would you mind if somebody did it to you?"

"No, sir."

The judge hesitates only a moment. "Well, we can't encourage it. It is the

decision of this court that you be fined \$3. Next case."

This is Hank, the chief of police and court bailiff. He is Judge Jimmy's roommate and devoted friend. The charge is disorderly conduct. Hank walked out of the principal's office while he was being disciplined. He pleads guilty with an air of resignation.

"Why'd you do it? You were being disciplined, weren't you?"

"I didn't think so, Your Honor."

"You'd been sent to the principal's office, hadn't you?"

"Yes, Your Honor."

"And you don't call that being disciplined?"

"No, Your Honor."

"Well, I do!" snaps Judge Jimmy.

"Furthermore, as a republic official, you should set an example by your conduct. You are fined \$7. . . . Next case."

Legal Aspects of Profanity

This is Fred, the son of a pianist. The charge is profanity; the plea, not guilty. So a jury is selected; republic law stipulates that the jury consist of four persons. On hand is a panel of four lawyers, who have passed the republic's bar examination, from which a defendant may make a selection, but Fred, who wants to be a lawyer, takes his own case. He challenges one of the jurors summoned by Chief Hank and later will call this citizen—a girl—as a defense witness.

The trial begins. Attorney General Lew and Fred call their witnesses, who are examined and cross-examined. The trial hinges on one point. Fred admits he said "hell," but republic law says that "damn" and "hell" may both be used, if not in a profane manner, which is to say, if not used viciously.

The attorneys sum up; Judge Jimmy charges the jury, reading from republic statutes. The thing for them to decide, says he, is whether Fred used the word in a profane manner. The jury retires, court is recessed until the jury returns.

"Have you reached a verdict?" asks Judge Jimmy.

"We have, Your Honor . . . We find the defendant—not guilty."

These are all minor crimes, or misdemeanors. Others in the same category are truancy and tardiness, vagrancy and so forth, all of which are punishable by fines or by sentences to the workhouse. The latter means that the citizen's pay is taken by the government, he is assessed two extra working hours and must subsist on second-class board, which the government pays out of his earnings. (Citizens are paid for schoolwork, government activities and other jobs, the rate ranging up to 45 cents an hour. Second-class board means no second helping and no dessert.)

We didn't hear any felony cases, but felonies are much more serious matters. Felonies in the George Junior Republic are larceny, obscenity, assault, possession of alcoholic liquors, arson, smuggling, jail breaking, perjury and any accessory act in connection with the commission of these crimes. If convicted, the culprit is sentenced to what is known as the Social Sanitarium.

Just before I left the republic, Cindy, the artist's daughter, was sentenced to Social San, as it's called by the citizens. Cindy had been arrested at the Halloween costume party, charged with using obscene language, and had jumped her bail. That is, she hadn't answered her court summons.

Cindy was convicted and her conviction upheld after an appeal to the supreme court, which is simply the adult board of directors of the association.

The Social Sanitarium idea is based on the premise that a felony is an indication of social illness and the perpetrator must be

cured, if possible. Cindy was given an indeterminate sentence, lost her citizenship, and will have to remain in Social San until she is pronounced cured. During this time she will be under treatment, so to speak, of a social doctor, who is an adult social worker, and will be made very conscious of her day-to-day behavior by reports to the court from citizens, her house parents and her teachers.

Meanwhile, her activities are completely controlled and everything she does is supervised. She might have been required to take part in more activities and social affairs or, again, all her privileges might have been taken away. One girl in Social Sanitarium had to stay in her cottage during the Halloween party and also had to miss the fall formal while I was there.

Social San is curative in its function. The republic has another institution known as the Social Hospital which is preventive in purpose, and is for those citizens who show symptoms of approaching social illness. These are recommended to Social Hospital by other citizens, by staff members, or even themselves.

This Boy Was an Introvert

For instance, Jimmy was a boy who worked as a janitor in the school building. He worked enthusiastically, but the principal discovered he was using his work as a means of avoiding contact with other citizens. Jimmy was introverted to the point of being antisocial, so he was sent to Social Hospital. He did not lose his citizenship, as do inmates of the Social Sanitarium, but he was under direction. In his case, he was required to go to parties, meetings and other events and encouraged to assert himself in student activities. Jimmy's all right now. But he wouldn't have been had it not been for Social Hospital. He might have wound up in Social Sanitarium.

Of course, all the time the citizens are governing themselves, and earning their living, they're also going to school, and here again the system at the republic is unusual. The principal and director of education, Malcolm J. Freeborn—another son-in-law of Daddy George's—puts it this way: "We try to create a curriculum as flexible as possible and still meet the minimum demands of the New York State Department of Education." The republic gives instruction from the seventh grade through high school. "But," continues Malcolm Freeborn, "the old classical edu-

cation idea is out the window. It wouldn't work here at all. Our system is designed to meet the needs of the individual."

The first unique feature of the republic school is the pay system. This integrates the school with the principle of nothing without labor. Thus, the principal and the teachers become employers, the pupils the employees, and the pay—skilled, semi-skilled or unskilled—is based on the attitude, effort and achievement of the boys and girls, as appraised by their employers. It's up to the citizen how much he wants to earn—and learn.

Also, since an employer may discharge an employee, so may the teacher fire the pupil at the republic school.

The school terms are from nine to ten weeks' duration. If a child fails the first session in English, he continues with the second session just the same, but must make up the first as he goes along. If a child shows no aptitude at all for his studies, he is taken out of school and put to work at one of the various activities around the republic. For the boy this may be work on the farm, with its 80 head of cattle, its 15 hogs, its dairy farm and hay and grain fields; it may mean work in the print shop, in carpentry, plumbing, electrical work, painting, general maintenance work, in the machine shop, or in horticulture. For the girl it means work in home economics, child care, at the telephone switchboard—the republic has its own phone system—or clerical work. In this way the republic discovers the citizen's aptitude, or, perhaps more important, lets him discover it himself. After this experience he may return to school or not, as he sees fit, on an altered schedule.

For instance, Timmy's family had set a standard for his intellectual accomplishment, but Timmy wasn't achieving it. Back in Wilmington, Delaware, where the family lived, the situation became unhappy, with domestic friction the result, until finally Timmy's father, a doctor, got Timmy to go to the republic to see if he couldn't straighten out.

But at the republic they discovered that Timmy never would be the student his father hoped he would be. He wasn't stupid; he simply didn't have the aptitude. What he did have was great skill with his hands, so he was put to work as a mechanic for a few sessions and made to realize that this was as important as studying. It was explained that he would get school credit for it. Of the 16 units required for graduation

from high school at the republic, the student may acquire a maximum of six by related work studies.

As soon as Timmy realized that what he could accomplish with manual skill was as important as abstract study, his worries vanished. He became a good, if limited, student, and will be a good mechanic when he leaves high school. Timmy should not go to college.

The individual approach is used in sex education too. That is, such instruction is applied according to the needs of the individual and the kind of group he is in.

Plans for "Town of Tomorrow"

This—the individual approach—is also used in housing. There are no dormitories in the little nation. Boys and girls live in separate cottages and each cottage has its house parents. The biggest of these dwellings accommodates 15 children and the smallest eight, although in the so-called Town of Tomorrow, the community the republic hopes to build within the next five years, to accommodate a population of 350, the cottages will be uniform, with six girls, or eight boys, to each house. Other than the cottages, there will be a government house, gymnasium, a church for all faiths, shops, vocational buildings, farm buildings and storehouses.

In other words it will be a modern community, self-governing and economically solvent, its citizenship composed of children between the ages of twelve and nineteen. Then, the directors hope, the idea will spread until there are similar republics in each of the United States.

It's quite a place, the George Junior Republic, there in the beautiful mountains of central York State—a place of health and kindness and understanding. I left it, thinking of the words of President Pete, the Puerto Rican boy from New York's East Fourteenth Street. Pete's life had been a little hectic before he came to the republic. He had run away from home and been dragged—literally dragged—back. He had run away and slept in dark, malodorous tenement hallways. Pete had been a pretty tough kid in his time.

But now he was president of the Republic, a respected citizen, a good student. Pete is thinking of college and right now is trying to decide which one he will attend. "When I came here," President Pete informed us, "I didn't believe in God. But I do now."

THE END

That Wonderful Guy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

the sixties can, with a bit of wistful thinking, figure a few more years do not disqualify them from the chase. As George Jean Nathan wrote after the opening: "Pinza has taken the place of Hot Springs, Saratoga and hormone injections for all the other old boys in town."

It is generally conceded that the luster and romantic aura Pinza brings to South Pacific have made it the biggest hit in Broadway's history—bigger than the imperishable Oklahoma!, which ran for five consecutive years in New York, the all-time record, and still is doing sellout business on the road in this, the seventh, season. Even Rodgers and Hammerstein admit it. Their Oklahoma! did not begin to stir up the frenetic demand for tickets that South Pacific has aroused.

The big difference is Pinza. Oklahoma! grossed \$30,000 a week at \$4.80 tops during the wartime boom. South Pacific is grossing more than \$50,000 a week at \$6 tops. Every morning before the box office opens a line forms for the 30 standing-room tickets, one to a customer, the limit permitted by the fire department at a performance. Every day the mail brings 3,000 orders, double the capacity of the Majestic Theatre. Another evidence of the show's immense popularity throughout the country: 500,000 albums

recorded by the cast were sold in the first six months. During the same period, 1,250,000 copies of sheet music were bought. In September the two numbers that Ezio Pinza sings were released on a single record apart from the album. It sold 70,000 copies in three weeks.

The fellow responsible for all this excitement usually is characterized as a lusty, unaffected peasant. "He's the least complicated man I've ever known," José Ferrer, the actor, says. "If a psychiatrist got him to lie down on a couch, he'd go to sleep."

But He Can't Read Music

Pinza is a natural in every sense of the word. Unlike most opera singers, he didn't begin cultivating the magic in his throat until he was eighteen. The first World War delayed his debut for 10 years, but once he arrived he skyrocketed to the top. Pinza's operatic repertoire embraces the awesome total of 76 roles—including the baritone range—yet he still is unable to read music. He learns even popular songs the hard way, note by note.

"I'm not a musician," he admits. "I just know how to make nice sounds."

Several years ago Pinza learned a current ballad for an appearance on Bing

Crosby's radio program. Fifteen minutes before the broadcast, Crosby strolled into the studio, picked up the sheet music of a new song he never had heard and casually hummed it.

"Hey, maestro," Crosby called to Pinza. "How 'bout us harmonizing on this for the finale? It's a better number than the one we've got."

Pinza, whose performances of Boris Godunov, Don Giovanni and Faust had raised roofs of opera houses all over the world, sheepishly told the Groaner he could not sing a simple song without several rehearsals. He still marvels at Crosby's quick, easy reading.

People who knew Pinza well were more astonished by his decision to invade a new, tricky medium in South Pacific than they were by his overwhelming reception. He was considered a fixture at the Met.

In an explosive business where temperament often is mistaken for talent, Pinza's easygoing disposition was a backstage byword. During his 22 years at the Met, he threw only one tantrum. That was during his first year, when Giulio Gatti-Casazza, the general manager, interrupted a rehearsal to criticize his interpretation of a role.

"Get off the stage!" Pinza bellowed in

MURDER MASKED AS SUICIDE had even NERO WOLFE

Baffled

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Italian. "You are the boss downstairs, not here. Go back to your office."

Bystanders cowered in expectation of the bolt of lightning that must surely strike Pinza. But nothing happened. Signor Gatti-Casazza gulped hard, wheeled and left the stage.

The one thing that made Pinza hard to handle was his fondness for practical jokes. In a performance of Mignon, he stowed heavy lead weights into a little casket supposed to be filled with family mementos. Lucrezia Bori, the heroine, tried to pick up the casket at the climax of an aria and couldn't budge the thing. She tugged at it and finally, in desperation, gave such a convulsive heave that she tumbled head over heels on the stage. Pinza nearly died laughing.

Once he and Salvatore Baccaloni enveloped the Barber of Seville by trying to find out who could step harder on the other's toes. The entire company was in such hysterics that the orchestra blared away for two solid minutes without a note being sung on the stage.

Three factors impelled Pinza to risk his security and eminence in opera at an age when he should have been thinking of retirement. For one thing, he had a streak of curiosity—or ham—about seeking another outlet for his talents. He thought he could do as well as the several opera stars who had made good in the movies. Most of all, he became fed up with long concert tours that kept him away from his family, although he derived most of his income from that source.

"One-night stands," he says with a reminiscent shudder. "They are like Buffalo Bill and his side show."

Leaving classical music meant gambling a spectacular income for nebulous returns. Pinza was getting \$750 a performance in opera, but like most name singers he did it to build up his prestige and fees (\$1,500 to \$2,000 a night) on the concert circuit. A prodigious worker, Pinza gave, on the average, 100 performances a year, equally divided between opera and concerts, and occasional radio shows at \$2,500 a crack boosted his annual income well into six figures. Had he flopped in South Pacific, his stature in the classical field would have shrunk considerably. Further, he would have been left without work, as concert bookings are made a year in advance and the show opened just when he should have been lining up this winter's engagements.

Money Rolls in Lavishly

The gamble paid off beyond all his dreams. A shrewd bargainer, Pinza has a contract giving him 7 per cent of the show's weekly gross, which adds up for him to \$3,500 a week. Royalties from records bring him another small fortune and his radio fee is now \$4,000. When he leaves South Pacific on June 1st, there will be his movie deal, guaranteeing him a minimum of \$100,000 a picture, and all the concert dates he cares to accept at \$4,000 each. The man couldn't make much more money if he had a license to print it.

Claiming those rewards involves something more than merely walking on the stage, and sending around an armored car for the loot. Pinza needed few pointers on acting, but his accent was a serious problem. It is not a particularly heavy accent, but Logan, the director, feared it would make his lines unintelligible to the audience. To complicate matters, Pinza simply cannot pronounce certain letters clearly even in his native Italian. His inability to enunciate the "sh" sound drove Arturo Toscanini nearly wild when he was conducting at La Scala, and Logan also wretched when Pinza asked Miss Martin, as he does in the opening minutes, how many lumps of sugar she wanted in her coffee. It still comes out as though he is asking her whether she wants a cigar.

It isn't generally known that Pinza was so discouraged he wanted to quit a week before South Pacific opened in New Haven. He would spend interminable hours reading his lines to his wife to perfect his diction, only to be handed a new script the next day. Unlike experienced actors, he would give the full feeling of an opening-night performance at every rehearsal, an ordeal that exhausted even his robust frame. The payoff came during the second run-through of the show before an audience that included his wife, lawyer, agent and personal friends. For the first time in his life, Pinza was seized by stage fright. He was so nervous he couldn't be heard beyond the fifth row. It was touch and go whether Pinza or the backers were more terrified.

"I thought we were sunk," Rodgers relates. "All of us forgot that miracles sometimes happen on opening nights. Only in this case it wasn't a miracle. It was the result of the tremendous effort Pinza put



into his part. If genius is the capacity for hard work, Ezio is a triple-plated wonder."

Pinza's association with hard work goes a long way back. He was born in Rome in 1892, the seventh child of a poor carpenter—and the first to survive infancy. A firm believer in signs and portents, he is convinced his destiny was fixed at birth, although there was no musical talent in the family.

His father, Cesare, was so overjoyed when it became certain that a son would live that he promised his best friend he would name the child Ezio after the friend's brother, who had made his singing debut in Florence the day the baby was born. When the Pinzas returned to their native Ravenna, the parish priest refused to baptize the baby with the name of a pagan general who had tried to suppress Christianity in Rome. The priest told the parents they should celebrate their good luck by calling the child Fortunato. They followed the priest's advice, but the boy always was called by the name his father had picked for him.

At a time when most great singers are kept under glass practicing scales, young Ezio was pursuing the elusive lira in Ravenna. He helped out in his father's carpenter shop and delivered bread for a local baker. In Italy, as in America, sports offered uneducated kids a quick avenue of escape from grinding poverty. Ezio became a professional bicycle rider.

"He covered a lot of ground, achieved a muscular figure and never won a race," Cesare Pinza once remarked.

According to popular legend, Ezio's voice was "discovered" when he was heard singing exuberantly in a shower after winning a race. What actually happened was that his clothes and license were stolen while he was finishing among the also-rans in a road race from Bologna to Modena. His father decided to put an end to the nonsense and, remembering how the boy had been named, took him to Vezzani, a famous singing teacher in Bologna.

Vezzani listened for five minutes, then kicked out the Pinzas. Cesare took his son to Ruzza, another teacher, who thought Ezio had possibilities. Ruzza died a year later and Ezio went back to Vezzani for another audition. The great maestro listened more attentively the second time. He was so impressed, in fact, with the swelling basso that he told Ezio he would arrange with the mayor of Ravenna for a scholarship and \$6 a week for living expenses. Years later, Pinza found out that Vezzani had given him free lessons and the \$6 out of his own pocket. He studied with Vezzani for two years and, although he wasn't ready for a debut, got a job in a provincial opera company at Soncino.

"If you have money, you study ten years," he says. "If you are poor, two years. I studied two."

Soncino gave Pinza a rousing reception. Unfortunately, though, this was in 1914 and opera was curtailed when war erupted.

Italy did not enter on the side of the Allies until 1915. Pinza, knowing he would be inducted into the army, filled in the time as an apprentice railroad flagman. He entered the army as a private, served three years with an Alpine artillery outfit and rose to the rank of captain. When the war ended, his unit was sent to Naples to run transportation facilities.

One August Sunday in 1919, the manager of a small opera company in Rome sent him a telegram asking him to come up for an audition. Pinza's commanding officer, an opera fan, gave him an eight-hour pass. It was the first formal singing he had done in five years, but he was engaged on the spot. There still was the problem of getting a discharge. It finally came on September 19, 1919.

Within two years, Pinza gained recognition as the heir apparent to the basso throne held by the great Fedor Chaliapin. Acclaim throughout Europe brought Pinza to the Metropolitan in 1926, and there his impact was even more sensational. With purple prose, critics praised his immense vocal power and delicate shading of tone; opera fans were won by his personality. Pinza presently was up to his 17-inch neck in adoring women, and he did not strain himself fighting them off. He had been separated from his first wife for many years and played the field as a free agent. (A daughter, Claudia, by his first marriage, sang Marguerite opposite her father's Mephistopheles in Faust at San Francisco in 1947. Her reviews were good, on the restrained side.)

In 1938, Pinza's roving eye was caught and held by Doris Leak, a tall, quiet girl in her early twenties who was in the ballet at the Met. Circumstances hardly were propitious for romance. Dr. William H. Leak, a successful dentist with offices on Park Avenue, personally called for his daughter after every performance and she consistently refused Pinza's invitations to lunch.

"I had promised my folks I would have nothing to do with those Bohemians I met backstage," the second Mrs. Pinza says. "I was dating Princeton boys, and my folks wanted me to remain in that circle. Ezio now swears he made up his mind to marry me the first time he saw me, but I never took him seriously. You know, the man-of-the-world type."

"In 1940, the Met made a spring tour that ended in Atlanta. We had a big party there, and Ezio asked me for my phone number. I gave it to him after a lot of coaxing, went back to New York—and did not hear from my gallant swain for six weeks. To tell the truth, I was dying to get the call, but when it finally came I was so mad I gave him a brush-off. Ezio explained he had gone off on a concert tour and had just returned to New York. I promised to meet him—at my father's office. I brought him home for dinner, and Ezio proposed that very night. Talk about whirlwind courtships! We were married three months later."

Although Pinza was at the height of his operatic fame in 1941, he began thinking of a stage career that would keep him closer to home with his wife and newly arrived daughter. At various times he had four shows under consideration. Two never opened (Mr. Ambassador and a musical treatment of The Play's the Thing) and parts were rejected as unsuitable in two others (Early to Bed and Gypsy Lady). Then South Pacific came along—and the rest, as they may well be saying on Broadway for years to come, is history.

Wife Amused by "Silly Women"

Mrs. Pinza accepts with amused tolerance the adulation heaped on her husband. "I get annoyed sometimes with silly women who steal flowers from our garden just because Ezio might have planted them," she says. "It's really flattering to me, I suppose, but I imagine women look at me and whisper, 'I wonder what he ever saw in her.'"

The one secret in Pinza's life doesn't annoy his wife or pique her curiosity. The position of honor in his dressing room is held by a small wooden box which contains one leg, the shoes and a piece of bisque from a broken doll. The box has accompanied him all over the world, but Pinza refuses to explain his attachment for the doll other than to say it was given to him as a good-luck charm in 1912.

"A woman must've given it to him," Mrs. Pinza says with a shrug. "Who else? I don't mind—because I wasn't even born then."

Candor compels the information that the dashing Pinza at home is just another husband. No lyrical outbursts of song. No fervent protestations of everlasting love every hour on the hour. He is a middle-aged gent who wants peace and quiet, and fusses when he doesn't get them. He likes to putter around his 10-room house and two acres, making vague passes at fixing things. He fancies himself as something of a mechanical wizard, but he expresses it mainly by operating the elaborate set of electric trains he bought for his son last Christmas. For relaxation he rides his bike around Rye and drives his car and speed boat with lordly disdain for sanity.

Unlike most opera singers, Pinza is not a heavy eater, although he doesn't have to watch his weight. His favorite meal consists of a big bowl of thick soup and bread to dunk in a plateful of gravy. "Good, simple peasant food," he says. "The kind I was brought up on."

His one eccentricity is his clothes. He favors sport jackets suggestive of horse blankets, and garish shirts. His insistence on wearing disreputable dungarees and a beaten-up sweat shirt to the dinner table after working in the garden created a contretemps in the Pinza household last year. The butler quit. "The least Mr. Pinza could do is make himself presentable for the dinner I serve," the man said stiffly.

It might be a comfort to know that beneath the glamor Pinza is a mere mortal with feet of clay. Even in his gallantries he has been known to make mistakes.

A few months ago he asked Mary Martin whether she would accept a token of his friendship and professional admiration. Miss Martin smiled coyly and murmured that he mustn't do anything impulsive. Weeks passed and nothing happened. Then, one day, Miss Martin entered her dressing room at the theater and there was Pinza with an oil portrait he had done of her. Miss Martin was deeply touched by the gesture, but the more she looked at the portrait the more she sensed that something was wrong. Finally she saw what it was and she uttered a horrified shriek.

"How can you take me in your arms eight times a week and gaze into my eyes—and then paint them blue?" she demanded.

Pinza stared at her, clapped his head in genuine remorse. "They're brown!" he cried.

"That's what they've been for 35 years, Buster. Huh! Some great lover!" THE END

First Date

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

"You could pretend like you want to rent a horse or something," I suggested, wanting to help in every possible way.

"Couldn't I just go tell her I heard she was awful pretty?"

"I guess you could," I said doubtfully, "but I never heard of anybody saying a thing like that. Not real, live people."

"Might make an impression then, don't you think? Wouldn't make her mad, would it? You're a girl; would it make you mad if a fellow told you he heard you were awful pretty?"

I stared at Mr. Carter. The thought was shocking.

"I'd knock him flat," I answered, adding prudently, "or anyway try to." The fact was that the boys I used to be able to lick, a couple of years before, were all getting taller than I was. "Miss Jones wouldn't hit you," I decided.

The five o'clock whistle blew, so I said, "I gotta run or I'll catch it from Aunt Tillie." Mr. Carter said he guessed he could wait till the next day to go look at Miss Jones, though I felt that delay was foolish, like walking around the block when you could be eating a banana split.

AUNT TILLIE and I looked in the window of the Pioneer Merc on the way home, and she remarked, "Did you ever see such beautiful hair ribbons in your life? Cost a plenty, I shouldn't wonder."

"Hair ribbons!" I sneered, and she said, "Well, I wasn't going to get you one. The older girls are wearing them in a big bow on the back of the head."

"Older girls!" I snorted. "Them!" They were the giggling, boy-crazy ones, juniors and seniors, and some in my class, even. My two best friends had suddenly moved into the classification of older girls, leaving me high, dry and indignant.

One ribbon in the window, watered turquoise taffeta with pink lights in it, was gorgeous, but I wouldn't admit it. For the price of that ribbon you could probably get four or five boxes of twenty-two cartridges—providing you had a twenty-two rifle.

Seven and a half feet of news would get

that rifle at Mr. O'Leary's store—seven and a half feet of delightful meetings of the Happy Hearts Club, of delicious collations at the Odd Fellows Hall, of Mrs. Morris from Havre being the house guest of Mrs. Steinke at Five Acres.

On the way home to supper, we met Stark. He said hello briefly, and I snarled, "Don't you ever go home?"

Aunt Tillie said, "Well, I never!"

NEXT day I got four or five news items after swimming—some people forced themselves upon me—and then went to see Mr. Carter. But somebody was sitting in my chair! There was a small woman, sitting right there in that old leather chair that had always been mine at Mr. Carter's, looking as if she had every right. He didn't even ask her to move, as he had with a couple of his cronies in the past when I came in.

"Pull up a seat," he said. "Say, Miz Wallace, this young lady's a newspaper reporter. Bet she hasn't had you in the paper."

"A newspaper reporter? At her age?" The lady looked at me doubtfully.

Of course I hated her, but to prove I was professionally employed I unlimbered the notebook and pencil.

"What's your front name, Miz Wallace?" Mr. Carter asked helpfully. By the time we got where she came from and that she was going to take boarders and a description of her house that would have got you there blindfolded—we didn't have street numbers yet in Whitefish—there was another eight cents' worth. She didn't show any sign of leaving, so I did.

"Oh, Loretta," Mr. Carter remarked as I was going. "I went to see that party you mentioned, and you were dead right."

Aunt Tillie and I walked uptown on Saturday night—everybody did—and we saw Mr. Carter and Miss Jones going into the Orpheum. We had an ice cream soda at Haines's drugstore, but Aunt Tillie wouldn't take me to the movie.

"You stamp your feet when you get excited," she objected.

"You blubber at the mushy scenes," I said.

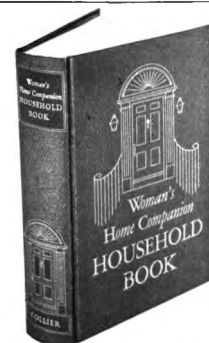
Next Saturday Mr. Carter took the beau-



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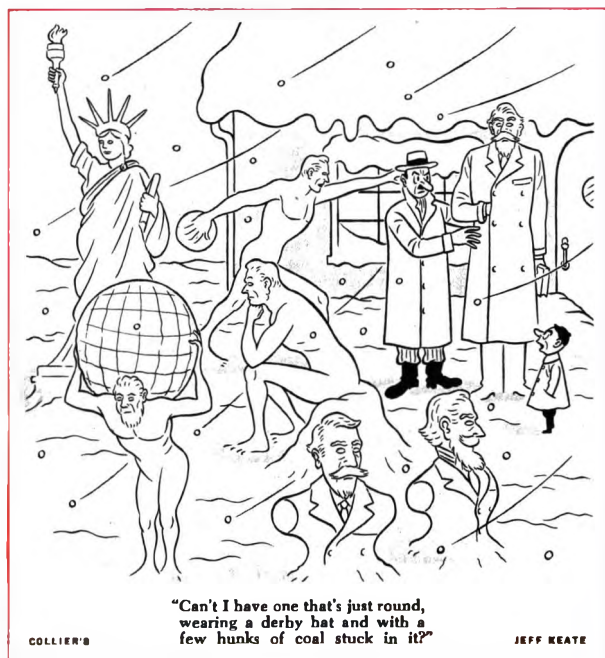
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COLLIER'S

Can't I have one that's just round, wearing a derby hat and with a few hunks of coal stuck in it?

JEFF KEATE

tiful Miss Jones to the Masonic Temple dance. I didn't see how he had the nerve to ask her, because she should have been as disgusted with him as I was. Miz Wallace had been sitting in my chair three afternoons that week. Naturally I didn't go in. Having no refuge, I wandered around with my notebook and people forced news items on me.

ON MONDAY I strolled over to the livery stable and talked to Miss Jones. Mr. Lewis had sold two horses and bought one, but Aunt Tillie made me cross out an item about how cute the sorrel mare's colt was. She said there was a limit to what the Inter Lake would stand for, unless I could prove that any of the mare's relatives read the paper.

Miss Jones was as gracious as ever; she almost restored my faith in human nature, but the idol that had been Mr. Carter was shattered. He wasn't even faithful to me as a friend, letting that woman sit in my chair, and it was even worse, of course, for him to be hoodwinking Miss Jones.

"Loretta," she said, "doesn't Mr. Carter do anything but run that old store?"

"He hangs around the bank corner sometimes," I reported. "And goes fishing and hunting. I'm going to get a rifle pretty soon myself."

Aunt Tillie always said, "Land sakes!" when I mentioned that, but Miss Jones looked personally pleased.

"Wonderful!" she said. "You must teach me to shoot it. He isn't sick or anything, is he? I mean he wasn't wounded in the war, so he just has to sit around all the time? He looks healthy."

"Appearances are deceiving," I said solemnly, as Aunt Tillie and my mother did when anyone remarked that the wicked woman in the next block looked decent enough.

Miss Jones widened her beautiful eyes. "You mean he is sick? Oh, the poor man!"

"No," I frowned, thinking about what ailed Mr. Carter. Suddenly I realized something I hadn't understood before he disillusioned me. "I guess he's just lazy."

She said, "Huh!" and sniffed, as if that was what she had suspected all along. "Let's go look at the new colt," she suggested. "It's cute."

While we looked, I confided, "I'm scared of horses, kind of. Not colts, but big ones."

"Confidentially," she said, "so am I. Oh, I can ride if I have to, but I don't like horses one bit. When anybody wants one here, I have to get my brother-in-law. I tell him, 'Why can't you have me do my book work over at the garage, instead of at the livery stable?' but he says he has to stay at the garage himself; horses don't need repairs."

We were practically best friends, having bared our souls that way. I felt that I could tell her the worst.

"That Miz Wallace," I muttered, "she hangs around Mr. Carter's store all the time. And he lets her."

"Is—that—so?" she said thoughtfully. "Miz Wallace. Well. She must be thirty if she's a day. Widow, isn't she?"

We looked at each other with sympathetic understanding. "Anybody could hang around to buy something—or to get news for the paper—but they wouldn't have to sit there in a chair half the afternoon, would they?" I asked.

Miss Jones said, "H'mmm."

For a week I didn't go to the livery stable. I left her alone with her grief. But I had to know if she gave in and went to the Elks' dance that Saturday, so I got up courage enough to ask an Elk about the dance. He had had a fine old time himself, so I got thirty cents' worth of space in the Inter Lake and began to wonder if there was something I ought to find out about dancing, which I had always ignored. Mr. Carter hadn't been among those present, I learned, but Miss Jones had. She went with a man named Clancy.

I went swimming almost every morning, and once in a while Stark pushed me off the diving raft. One day I pushed him off, and that brought things to a climax. He came up

blowing water out of his nose, pulled himself up on to the raft and grinned. I was all set to dodge but he stayed on his own side of the raft, shivering.

"Sure was a good thing you wouldn't go to that movie that time," he remarked. "Yes, sir, it sure was a good thing."

"I'd like to know why!" I said, getting indignant. When a girl turns down a date with a boy, he isn't supposed to be thankful, I figured.

"Those passes I had, you can't take anybody on them only your own self," he explained. "I didn't know that. Would have been embarrassing, kind of, to get turned down at the door."

I nodded and was suddenly glad that Stark Satterthwaite hadn't had to be embarrassed.

"I'll go with you sometime," I offered, horrified to hear myself say it. I hastened to add, "I'll give out handbills and earn a pass for myself."

"They won't let girls," he said. He looked so superior that I wanted to slap him. "I'll pay for you to go in," he offered gener-

ously. The rest of the week and probably my whole life. If there had been a carnival in town, I'd have run away with it.

I passed by Mr. Carter's store on the opposite side of the street, ostentatiously not even looking that way for fear he might yell a greeting, pretending we still were friends.

Halfway to the livery stable Mrs. Tarret stopped me to tell about her new grandchild, and I wrote down all the details because every penny counted. But Aunt Tillie made me take out about how it had blue eyes. She said they all did, except Indians.

Then I went to see Miss Jones—and there was Mr. Carter, in her little bookkeeping office, and they were obviously having a fight.

"Loretta!" she cried. "So nice of you to come. Do sit down, dear. Well, Mr. Carter, it was good of you to drop in."

"Now listen," he said. "Elizabeth, I want you to listen to me."

"I'm listening," she said brightly.

"Never mind," he growled, and slouched out.

She turned toward me and then looked

So I went upstairs and tried to make my hair come in dips, and then I got so discouraged that I bawled in the bathroom.

Aunt Tillie finally worried out of me the ghastly fact of my forthcoming date.

"Land sakes, is that all? If you didn't want to go, why didn't you say so?"

"He swam off so I couldn't," I wailed.

Aunt Tillie said, "H'mm, masterful, isn't he? Wear your green dress. You look real good in that."

"I don't wanna look good!" I howled, and ran off to bed.

SATURDAY came, in spite of my prayers that the end of the world would arrive first. On Saturday morning I did the dusting, per Aunt Tillie's orders, and then tried to lose myself in journalism. Got sixty cents' worth of news out of it, too, and went to Mr. O'Leary's hardware store to take another look at that rifle, but even that didn't look so good to me any more. Nothing did.

By four in the afternoon, I was numb. I was even willing to talk to my shattered idol, Mr. Carter, if that would take my mind off my troubles. But his shop was closed, which added to my injuries.

On the way to the livery stable I met Mr. Perkins, ambling along and grinning to himself.

"Going over to the livery stable, eh?" he inquired jovially. "Or getting stuff for the paper?"

"Both," I said with dignity. "You know any news?"

Not that I trusted him, after that deal about Mr. Mabry going to Cut Bank on business when that was his regular freight run, but Mr. Perkins had an awful lot of relatives and they were always going somewhere.

"My wife's sister Sally broke her ankle yesterday," he reported happily. "Fell off the porch."

"Fine," I replied automatically, scribbling it down.

"Yeah, ain't it? My wife's mother's coming from Spokane tomorrow. That ain't so fine, but don't quote me. Gonna stay a couple months, I hear. Guess that's all I know. No, hold on," he grinned. "Say, maybe this is news. Jack Carter's left town."

"No!" I said.

"Fact. Seen him go with my own eyes."

I forgot all about writing it down for the paper. "He got out on No. 4?"

"No, went afoot. Pack on his back. Seen him myself, not more'n an hour ago. Heading west."

"Thanks," I said hastily and ran for the livery stable. Poor Mr. Carter! So I wasn't the only one who thought of wandering lonely as a cloud. But he could put thought into action.

I burst into the livery stable and broke the news: "Mr. Carter's left town! Afoot, with a pack on his back, heading west."

Miss Jones put her knuckles to her mouth, and her eyes got big and tearful. "No! Loretta, don't tell me!"

She dug for her hanky and began to sniffle. "It's all my fault. I told him he should be more ambitious. Oh, I must have hurt him so!"

"Are you just going to sit there?" I roared. "Aren't you going to do something?"

"Do something?" she moaned. "Do what?"

I hadn't thought about that. I wasn't used to telling other people what to do. My main purpose in life was to get out of doing what other people dreamed up for me to do.

"Go after him, before he ruins his life!" Neither Miss Jones nor I could drive a car; at least, neither of us had ever tried. Fragments of various imaginary dramatic dialogues flashed through my mind.

"Saddle a horse and ride like hell!" I shouted like a battle cry. Then I blushed.

"You'll have to come along." She jumped up. "I can't go alone."

"Hey!" I said, chasing after her through the livery stable. "Hey, no!"

She didn't listen. "Grab that saddle," she ordered, hauling a horse out of his stall. "Throw it up on his back."

BUTCH



"No, we're not goin' somewheres else to burgle, just because they haven't got candy canes"

LARRY REYNOLDS

ously. "I got a quarter. Be over to get you Saturday night."

He dived instantly and thrashed out into the lake, paying no attention to my yelled protest, "Oh, no! Not Saturday! Hey, not this Saturday!"

I began to shiver, and not just because of the breeze on the lake. Why, I wouldn't know how to act or anything. Stark hadn't come to town until the year before; I hadn't played cowboys and Indians with him when we were kids. He was a stranger.

THERE never was anybody so forlorn and scared as I was at that moment. I couldn't see any way out except to leave town, and Aunt Tillie would raise an awful rumpus if I tried that. I saw myself wandering lonely as a cloud, pack on my back, the sad, mysterious traveler, gently courteous to everyone but always moving on to distant horizons. Gently courteous, like Miss Jones.

If you were a mysterious traveler or Miss Jones, you could afford to be gently courteous, but neither gentleness nor courtesy dwelt in my suffering soul. I glared out at the splashing dot that was Stark Satterthwaite and muttered, "Hope you drown!"

Then I shivered in to the bathroom and got dressed. He had ruined my day—and

startled. "What's the matter?" She put her hands up to her beautiful hair. "Is something wrong?"

Not with Elizabeth Jones! No indeed. "I just wondered," I said, "how you make your hair come down on those little dips."

"It's easy. I'll fix yours that way any time you say."

"Thanks," I said, numb with misery. I couldn't talk to Stark all the way to the movies about how you did your hair in dips. And I certainly didn't want to be any more fascinating to him than I already was. I was fatal even with safety pins holding up the straps of my faded blue swimming suit.

Miss Jones was certainly an authority on how to talk to a boy on the way to the movies, but I didn't want to ask her. I figured that was something any girl was born knowing if she was normal, and if I wasn't normal I wasn't going to let her know it.

The rest of that week alternately galloped and lagged. When I wished it was over and done with, it lagged. When I faced the fact that I still had to get through my first date with a boy, it galloped. Aunt Tillie, placidly hemming sheets for her trousseau, demanded, "What are you brooding about?"

"I'm not brooding!" I snapped. "Who wants to brood? I am simply thinking."

I never knew saddles were so heavy or had so many things hanging off them. I gave it a hit, and a dangling stirrup hit me a hard crack in the eye.

"That's backwards," Miss Jones said. "Get the other one—I'll fix this."

She reached under the first horse to get the cinch, and the last I remembered that she said, "So boss, so boss," but it didn't strike me funny at the time.

"I never rode a horse in my life!" I began to whimper, but she said sternly, "Get on front side to and hang onto the horn, ninny," and we took turns with the mounting block and rode ingloriously out.

"Giddap!" she yelled, kicking her heels, so I did the same thing, and we got the horses into a lumbering trot down Second Street. I hung onto the saddle horn with both hands. Miss Jones pulled down her skirt.

When we got past the bridge, she kicked harder and yelled louder, and so did I. All of a sudden my horse started to go like a rocking chair instead of just bouncing me up and down, and I said, "Wheel!" beginning to enjoy the ride.

WE CAUGHT up with Mr. Carter about a mile beyond where the road turned to go around Lion Mountain. We could see him standing by the road, pack on his back, watching us.

"What are you going to say?" I yelled at Miss Jones, too excited to wait and find out.

She pulled her horse down to a walk and turned to stare at me. "Good heavens, I haven't the faintest idea! What on earth can I say? Loretta, we shouldn't have come."

But it was too late to turn around and go back.

She just bowed cordially to Mr. Carter and said, "Good evening, John," and kicked her horse. But the horse had had all she wanted of speed; he sauntered. Mr. Carter stepped over and grabbed the bride.

"You ladies out for a little ride?" he inquired.

Miss Jones said sweetly, "Yes, we are. On the spur of the moment. If you will let go of that bride, please?"

I was terribly disappointed, as I thought of all that emotion we had worked up gone to waste.

"You're going away, are you?" she asked, as if she didn't care one way or the other.



JACK DONAGHY

Observations of an Office Clock Watcher

Eight to eleven is just so-so,
Eleven to twelve is plenty slow,
Twelve to one is lightning quick,
One to five, the clock hands stick.

—RICHARD ARMOUR

"Was," he admitted. "Still am. You know that little speech you made about being more ambitious? You were dead right, Lizzie. Yessir, dead right. So I dug up some ambition and went into the real-estate business. Just on my way now to see some land old man Swanson's got up for sale. Figured I'd be back tomorrow."

"Oh, Jack!" she cried, and was off the horse and in his arms.

Nobody had told me how to get off, and nobody was waiting to catch me, so I stayed put. My horse turned away to crop grass, so I couldn't see Miss Jones and Mr. Carter behind me, but I figured out what was going on.

Mr. Carter led Miss Jones's horse on the way back to town, and they both walked. I rode, but they didn't know I was there. Not that I felt neglected. I was glad to be let in at the finish.

"That Miz Wallace," Miss Jones murmured. "Your fond friend Miz Wallace."

"She's been working up to buying that chair," he explained. "I let her sit in it till she couldn't get along without it. Delivered it to her today. I got a lot of ambition all

of a sudden, Lizzie. Lined up agencies for two kinds of insurance—I got to see your brother-in-law about his properties right away—and I'm going into town real estate too. I stand around and talk to the boys, might as well sell something while I'm at it."

She breathed, "Oh, Jack!"

When I got home, full of excitement and triumph, there was Stark, sitting on the porch with Aunt Tillie, drinking lemonade.

Aunt Tillie exclaimed, "Well! Well, really!"

"I rode a horse," I boasted. "Miss Jones and I rode a horse out to get Mr. Carter, and they're going to get married."

"Mr. Carter and a horse?" Aunt Tillie inquired. "That's going to look mighty queer in the Inter Lake." Suddenly she squeaked. "Loretta Mabel Wilkins, what in thunder has happened to your eye?"

I blinked, and it occurred to me that I wasn't seeing so well as usual.

Stark spoke for the first time. With awe and admiration he said, "Gee, you're getting a peach of a shiner!"

I remembered then about the dangling stirrup that had socked me. "Those horses we rode," I said casually, "they sure were rough."

Aunt Tillie made me eat a sandwich and have a glass of milk, and Stark and I went to the movies. We talked all the way, very companionably, about what to do for a black eye. On the way back we talked about horses. Stark knew even more about them than I did.

I NEVER got that twenty-two rifle. But I had a new dress for Miss Jones's wedding, that autumn, and some of that watered taffeta ribbon in a big bow on the back of my head, the way we older girls were wearing them, and Miss Jones herself had taught me to do my hair in dips.

Coming home from the wedding, Aunt Tillie and I met Stark on the street, and I nodded graciously and said hello first, because I was a lady.

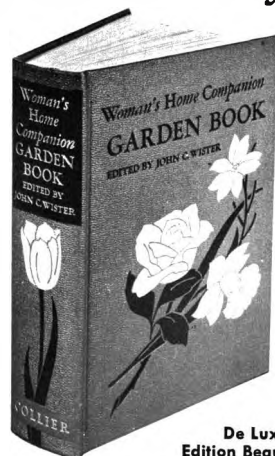
Aunt Tillie said, "Humph. Glad you're still on speaking terms with your old beau, anyway."

"Oh, he's all right," I conceded. "But I like Warren Egstrom better. He's keen. He can dance."

Miss Jones's wedding came to a dollar and a half in the paper, and I bought my first pair of silk stockings.

THE END

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C-29

The Collier Trophy

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

RTCA, assigning them the job of coming up with the answer.

The RTCA is a nongovernment, mutual-benefit group, which calls together its members to solve technical problems whenever some phase of air communications has to be worked out for the entire aviation field. The RTCA members include representatives of the Army, Navy, Air Force, CAA, Federal Communications Commission, commercial air lines, air line pilots, private pilots and the radio manufacturers; so that when the RTCA works out ticklish matters like recommending assignment of very-high-frequency wave bands or deciding U.S. aviation radio policy for presentation to the United Nations, it represents the unanimous agreement of everything that flies—with the possible exception of the birds. It is an extremely democratic body. As one high-ranking aviation official put it, "In the RTCA, the opinion of a private flier carries as much weight as that of a general of the Air Force."

This is what happened in the development of the Air Traffic Control Plan. First, the RTCA appointed a special committee, called SC-31, which, in turn, called on all the U.S. aviation organizations to assign

their best experts, engineers and scientists to help solve the problem. Some 70 of these experts, engineers and scientists forthwith arrived on the scene at RTCA headquarters in Washington. On July 30, 1947, the pilots and the traffic-control people in the group sat down and spent three weeks deciding exactly what was needed. On October 7th, the engineers and scientists convened and devoted four months to designing equipment to meet the demands of the fliers and air-traffic people.

On May 12, 1948, the report was issued merely as a recommendation by the RTCA. But in less than two months, the report had been adopted by the government's Air Coordinating Committee, by the Congressional Aviation Policy Board, by the Research and Development Board and by the President's Finletter Committee on air policy. The Air Coordinating Committee immediately proceeded to implement the plan by setting up a panel of engineers to draw up specifications for the equipment and to let contracts to the manufacturers.

Thus, for the 15th time in its 38-year-old history, the Collier Trophy goes to a group instead of to individuals. Many outstanding personalities contributed to the work which

won this year's award, like ex-Brigadier General Milton W. Arnold, who also pioneered the North Atlantic route for the Army's Air Transport Command during the war; Colonel Joseph B. Duckyworth, the man who established the Air Force's war-time Instrument Flying School at Bryan, Texas; and Navy Captain A. S. Born, famed as the first man to fly through the center of a tropical hurricane. However, the achievement of the entire group was so monumental that the Collier Trophy Committee—headed by Louis E. Leverone, president of the National Aeronautics Association—decided that no one man or nucleus of men could be singled out for special praise.

Therefore, the legend "Radio Technical Commission for Aeronautics" is the newest name to be inscribed on the Collier Trophy. When the award was established in 1911 by the late Robert C. Collier, former editor, and son of the founder of Collier's, he expressed the hope that "it would inspire widespread development of the airplane and advance the science of aeronautics." It is probable that the RTCA's contribution has advanced the science of aeronautics further than any man can foretell—by advancing the science of flying safety.

THE END

A Protest Against the Bowls

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13

the N.C.A.A. to study the bowl situation further and then recommend standards and criteria on promotion, management and sponsorship of the postseason games. A month later this report was ready, but it will not be submitted officially until the January N.C.A.A. convention in New York, shortly after this season's rash of bowls has come and gone.

Approval will be sought for the committee's recommendations, and if it is forthcoming, the proposals are to become regulations that will govern N.C.A.A.'s 390 member institutions.

I don't know what recommendations the N.C.A.A. will receive or adopt on bowls, but I could write a two-word report: "Abolish them." (Report received, adoption moved, approved by acclamation, and all lived happily forever after. That's wishful thinking of the wildest variety, naturally.)

A Critic of the Sanity Code

On the record of such previous self-regulatory issues as the so-called Sanity Code designed to curb subsidization, I am pessimistic justifiably, I believe. I quote a well-known college president on the Sanity Code: "This will make liars of us all." To give you an idea of how right he has been, nine schools subscribing to the code already have been cited privately for outright violations, and 16 others were warned for border-line practices.

Is square dealing too much to ask of our colleges when we enter the sacred realm of football?

The ignominy of our greatest colleges being led to the bowls by a ring in the nose is bad enough.

Actually, the swollen importance allotted to postseason games has had an even more damaging impact on educational perspective.

For this I blame myself and every other college president who has not taken a firm and final stand on football in relation to the true educational aims of the college. As I told some coaches at last winter's meeting of the Middle Atlantic States Collegiate Athletic Conference, "I believe that, at any one of many points along the way, concerted action by the presidents could have made

football much less a problem child than it is today."

If the colleges' offspring is at times a Frankenstein's monster threatening to obliterate the aims of the colleges themselves, at least it is a monster of our own making.

College football is a by-product of our system of higher education, and we ought to look upon it honestly and frankly as a commodity we are retailing. Football is a big business, just as our hundreds of colleges and universities are themselves big business, with their endowments, assets and budgets running into billions.

But despite the large sums of money involved, any respected college has a reputation, a tradition of disinterested service. Most of that service is concentrated in intellectual and technical education. Part is in research, portions in other areas of culture. And, today, a portion is concerned with entertainment. Yet it is incumbent upon us to maintain certain standards that other merchants of entertainment don't have. Basically, the worth of our most tangible product—the A.B. degree—is in direct proportion to the public esteem of a college education and of the colleges themselves.

And the colleges have a huge stake in this. You may recall that Congress once was more a hallowed institution than a butt of comedians' gags.

Fundamentally, I would draw a line, or broaden an existing line, between intercollegiate football and professional football. But we have had several decades to clean up the odoriferous issues, such as subsidization, that put us in the ranks of the semipros. Apparently we can't be honest in presenting football as an amateur sport. Must we be forced to the extreme of hiring our players as entertainers only, so we can forget them in the classroom and concentrate on the students who have come to learn? Year by year, intercollegiate football, aping the pros more and more, has been taken away from the college men whose broad backs actually support the whole show.

Today the customer isn't laying down his cash to see a contest solely, or even principally, between two teams of college men. He's paying—quite willingly, I will concede—to see half a dozen or so squads maneu-



vered by two batteries of coaches. Not just the head coaches, of course: each has his assistants in a dozen different specialties of the business.

What kind of game is that? Must we mobilize huge forces of coaches, specialists, statisticians, cameramen, masseurs, press agents and other camp followers before we can permit a couple of dozen supposedly healthy and intelligent youths to play a game? The spirit of the game has been kidnapped from the players as another sacrifice to victory, which of course is the essential ingredient for box-office success.

I contend the price is too great. The game has been aborted from its original fine objective until it is purely business. It is becoming more so, as fast as we can contrive it. Where does the benefit lie in this situation?

I feel, too, that we are not upholding the dignity of the institutions which promote football when coaches fail to live up to the high standards inherent in good sportsmanship. And sportsmanship, after all, is one of the principal reasons we offer for promoting football in the first place.

Criticizing of the officials, constant use of the crying towel, the week-end alibis, and the season-long reports of casualties which are "sure to cripple the team"—these aren't symptoms of a healthy amateur spirit. I think we owe it to ourselves to do business in an atmosphere more like that of a campus instead of a bargain basement.

Gripping Can Work Two Ways

Yet I think it ill-fitting for any coach or any college to blame our customers for an enthusiasm that we have spent millions of dollars to create. Perhaps the enthusiasm occasionally becomes misdirected, but who initiated it? If I gripe about the officiating at my games, or alibi my defeat, can I object legitimately if my customers gripe about my coaching and then second-guess my decisions?

When the University of North Carolina canceled its scheduled game with Maryland to arrange the game with Notre Dame this fall in New York's Yankee Stadium (hundreds of miles from the campus of either university), the veteran and respected sports writer Joe Williams derided it as a "fast-buck operation." He conceded, though, that Notre Dame "may be less interested in the swag than in obliging influential Eastern alumni." At least, he pointed out, "The records show the Irish do not hit the trail in pursuit of the postseason buck."

(He did not say the same for North Carolina, which collected \$103,000 for losing in last year's Sugar Bowl.)

The incidents grow. A survey of an upper-South state university by an independent agency commented that "the university is more alert in attracting the best athletes to its campus than in attracting the best minds."

A veteran college coach is credited with conceding that "high-school boys now choose their college on a basis of 'How much can I get for playing football?'"

Coach Derides Phony Jobs

Harvey Harman, Rutgers' coach, fears the Sanity Code may be "another prohibition act" that will lead coaches to "lie about the number of eight-day clocks on the campus." (He alluded to faked jobs, such as clock winding, which are created so that football players can "earn" money in lieu of receiving outright pay for playing.)

Miami University in Ohio charges Cincinnati University with raiding its football coaching staff. The coach of Texas Christian University criticizes Arkansas' "roughness" and offers to show publicly films which purportedly would illustrate his charge. The University of Washington previews Notre Dame's style of play for the game officials, and Frank Leahy calls this "irregular" and blacklists the officials.

The University of Iowa is embroiled with UCLA in charges of stealing football secrets.

A national magazine derides the elaborate system of priorities on football ducats as "a splendid autumnal reaffirmation of the idea of special privilege."

And turning back to the bowls, we find Tad Wieman, Athletic Director for the University of Maine, blasting the colleges as "pawns of commercial enterprise."

The trials and errors of football are going to cause even unhappier times for the colleges. The New York Times comments that "there is something wrong on our college campuses" when an incident can occur such as the demonstrations which forced Harry Stuhldreher out as the University of Wisconsin coach last year.

"If education is supposed to teach a sense of fitness in the larger scheme of values in life," says the Times, "it still has a job to do on football."

America's colleges have too much at stake to permit such bitter denunciations to continue about anything with which we're connected—even football.

THE END

Collier's for December 31, 1949



YOU TELL ME YOUR DREAMS ...AND I'LL BRAG ABOUT MINE

By MARTIN SCOTT

ONE recent morning, Susan, my wife, woke up with disappointment turning down the corners of her mouth. She said she'd dreamed she found several thousand dollars under the mat in our front hallway. When she bent to pick up the money, she went on, it turned out to be nothing but some leftover equipment from an old Monopoly game.

It took her three or four days, and a new fall suit, to cheer up.

For some reason, I never have unhappy dreams like this. Mine are always as pleasant as they can be, mainly because in them I have experiences that I never, under any circumstances, have during waking hours. Sixteen hours a day, I usually resemble a cross between Caspar Milquetoast and The Nervous Wreck; during the remaining eight, I sport a personality that combines the best features of The Human Torch and Frank Merriwell. I also change myself from a goof with ten thumbs and a cloddish mind into a man with nimble fingers and the wit of an Einstein.

One of my pleasantest dreams during these happy eight hours has to do with my repairing something around the house. Susan has a saying—I can't imagine how she thought it up—that goes like this: "If you want anything fixed, just hand Martin some tools." And then she adds, somewhat unnecessarily, "I mean if you want it fixed so it won't ever work again."

In this dream of mine, I prove the inaccuracy of these words. The vacuum cleaner breaks down; I dismantle it with a screw driver, oil the parts, put it together again in six or seven minutes and it works like a greased cyclotron. A neighbor's kid, young Bulwer Weese, drives a baseball through our front window; I replace the broken pane immediately. A leak occurs in a pipe in the kitchen; I plug it with a stick of gum.

To understand the full deliriousness of this fantasy, you should be informed that when our vacuum cleaner went on the fritz some time

ago, my repairs (so to speak) ultimately cost us \$20. When I "replaced" our front window, I managed to knock out two more panes with my elbow. The time the leak occurred in the kitchen pipe... never mind.

Another dream I have occasionally has to do with my calling up the cleaner in our neighborhood, a Mr. Hegelgans, and asking if my suit is

comes in. I point out his error, and he says, nastily, that I'm wrong. Then he summons four huge waiters, who cluster around the table ominously. A look of disdain playing around my rugged jaw, I glare at them steadily. Unnerved, they fall back. I place the exact amount of the bill on the table and say, "The overcharge is the tip." I walk out—or, sometimes, the customers (who have been watching all this with interest) hoist me to their shoulders and carry me out, singing Hail to the Chief.

Another favorite dream of mine has to do with a man named Harry Schlichter, an insurance salesman, who comes to my place one evening bearing his little black bag. He opens it and produces a bottle of fine old Irish whisky, which we drink leisurely and pleasantly. The next evening he comes again, also with bag; but this time he produces a turkey which, he says, he has been smoking just for the two of us.

The third evening (this is a pretty long dream), he brings me a can of \$2.50-an-ounce pipe tobacco. By this time I am beginning to wonder when he is going to start discussing my Financial Future. In fact, the next day, when he is taking me on a fishing trip, I bring up the matter myself. A

hurt look creeps into his eyes. "Why, Marty," he says, "I wouldn't think of letting business spoil our friendship." The next week he takes me to see a Broadway show, and by then I'm so worried that I beg him to sell me a policy. "Any kind of policy," I beg. "Fire insurance on the doghouse. Anything."

He looks at me keenly. "Marty," he says, "don't ever mention this again." The tone of his voice tells me he means it—and I wake up, grinning like an idiot.

These dreams I've mentioned are all pretty good ones, but there's another that's best of all. In this one I dream that I'm lying in bed in the morning, dreaming some of the dreams I've just related.

Outside our apartment, in the hall, the kids from the floor above are tearing the tiles out of the wall and throwing them on the floor—but for some reason, they aren't making a sound. On the floor of my bedroom, Christy, our ten-month-old, is contentedly beating a dishpan with an egg beater—silently. At the front door, Susan is having a terrible argument with the milkman, in whispers. In the kitchen, Libby has just dropped eight or nine pots and pans and a trayful of silverware—but everything floats to the floor and lands without any noise.

In the midst of all this blessed, unheard clatter, I go on dreaming—dreaming, in fact, that all my dreams are coming true, and that I won't have to pay that insurance premium to Schlichter when I wake up. That's my dream.

THE END



He produces a turkey which, he says, he has been smoking just for the two of us

finished. In this one, there are no muttered conferences at the end of the line, and no waiting; Mr. Hegelgans says, respectfully, "Why, yes, Mr. Scott, I'll send it right over." Two or three days do not elapse, as they invariably do in real life; a few seconds later, there is a discreet knock at the door, and there is the suit—looking, by the way, as though it had been cleaned, and not as though Mr. Hegelgans himself had been wearing it on a bird walk. This dream alone usually keeps me happy for a couple of weeks.

The Double Dream, a favorite of mine, happens just often enough to make me frantic for its next appearance. In this one, Susan and I are sitting in a night club. The check arrives. Instead of seizing it, blinking, swallowing and feeling certain that I'll never be able to pay the next month's rent, I pick it up negligently and toss it a swift, casual glance. My mind works like a high-powered calculator; I add up the figures and, sure enough, find that I've been overcharged.

With a lordly, arrogant air, I point this out to the manager. He turns green, then red, and draws a pistol, which he presses to his bulbous temple. With one delicate flick of my hand, I knock it away. "Don't be silly, old man," I say. "It's not that important." Overcome with gratitude, he takes the check and tears it up. Then he orders champagne.

Well, that's the first ending. In the second one, I have this same dream up to the point where the manager



There is a discreet knock at the door and there is the suit

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Next Week



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She's a REAL WARM DAY

About Doris Day,
entertainment's new
triple threat

By HOYT and ALICE BARNETT



Next Week

Woods Full of Parsons

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

whole lot of friends. It sometimes seems to me like ever' young buck in the section's nosing about my place. Night after night I see Garnet and some sorry young scofer setting up there on that courting-couch, like two jay birds on a fence but I never say a word. Garnet's friends are my friends. I don't care how sorry they are."

Garnet could have shot her father—happily.

Hoss sat down. "I'll tell you, Parson," he said. "I'm in the habit of taking me a little drink of corn likker along about this time ever' evening. You being a parson, I don't rightly know how you feel about a thing like that. I won't say it's right and I won't say it's wrong. My old daddy died drunk—and his daddy before him—but I'm a man can get along on a quart or two of corn likker a day. Care to join me?"

Garnet said, "Pa, you're telling a—" "Don't care if I do, sir," the parson said. Hoss Bence's mouth gaped.

Garnet giggled. Hoss said, "There's been a mistake. That ain't root beer I'm talking about, Parson. That's corn likker I'm talking about."

Thurman Cason nodded his head and smiled.

Hoss took a deep breath. He shook his head. He heaved himself to his feet, went to the kitchen, and returned with a quart bottle of corn whisky. He handed the bottle to Parson Thurman Cason.

"Care for a dipper of water?" he asked. "Thank you kindly—no," the parson said. He took a long, gurgling drink from the bottle.

Hoss reached for the bottle. His hand was trembling.

"I've seen many a parson in my time," he said. "I never did see a parson to take a drink of corn likker before. A little elderberry wine with the women, maybe, but corn likker—uh, uh. Dogged if it don't take the rag often the bush to see a parson drinking corn likker!"

"Good corn," Cason said. He reached for the bottle.

Garnet went to the kitchen. "Supper's cooling," she said.

Hoss served the plates from the pots Garnet brought.

"You aiming to bless this food, Parson?" he asked.

"This is your house, Mister Bence," said the parson. "If you want that food blessed I figure you'll bless it yourself."

"Dog my cats!" Hoss said. "Let's eat. I've known many a parson, but—"

"Now shush, Pa—do shush!" Garnet said.

Hoss Bence had never listened to a more unparsonlike parson. Sin wasn't mentioned—nor were churches. The parson spoke of his earlier life. He told of dirt farming in Georgia. He spoke of railroadng in Tennessee. He mentioned foot-soldiering years in the army.

Hoss just sat there and listened. Garnet looked at the parson and sighed. Just sighed.

Hoss got up from the table. His face was sunk in his jowls. He paced the floor of the parlor. From the kitchen came the clinking of dishes being washed.

"That parson," Hoss growled. "That parson..."

Garnet and the parson came into the room. Hoss forced a smile. "Parson," he said, "along about this time ever' night—if there's another man in the house so inclined—I'm in the habit of playing a few hands of stud poker. You being a parson, I don't rightly know how you feel. I won't say it's right and I won't say it's wrong. I had me an uncle once who was shot for having the ace of hearts up his sleeve. My old granddaddy won eight thousand dollars playing stud poker on Saturday afternoon and lost that and his stock and farm that same night. Gambling, you might say, like drinking corn likker, is a Bence family vice."

Garnet said, "Thurman, let's you and me—"

The parson said, "I wouldn't mind a few hands."

"I'm talking about stud poker. For money," Hoss said.

"Get the cards," the parson said.

That game of poker was short. Hoss took chances and waited for luck. The parson played the percentages.

The parson would fold.

"Fat round your heart!" Hoss Bence would growl.

The parson would smile.

When the parson had them he'd bet them.

Hoss made three trips to his cashbox in thirty minutes. Then, cards dealt—Hoss, two aces showing and no help in the hole;

the parson, two eights showing—the parson bucked the pot. He bucked it hard. Hoss was groggy. He looked at the aces, he looked at the eights. He looked at the size of the parson's bet. He groped for his nerve.

He slammed his hand to the table. He stood. "I'm a monkey's uncle!" he shouted. "I'm a suck-egg mule if I ever did see a parson could play a hand of poker like that!"

The parson shuffled his hole card into the deck.

Hoss watched him and groaned. Then he pulled himself together. "I'm off to bed,"

he said, "for a workingman needs his rest. I've got plowing aplenty the next three days."

I'm aiming to put old Charley to the plow tomorrow. I'm aiming to turn the earth in my four acres of bottom land in the next three days."

"Three days?" the parson asked.

"Old Charley's a good mule. And I'm a pretty good man on the end of a Dixie Bar-

low plow, if I do say it myself. I figure I can turn the earth in that bottom land in three days."

"That's mighty slow plowing."

Hoss Bence's jowls trembled.

"When I was dirt farming in Georgia,"

the parson said, "I figured on turning the earth in three acres of bottom land in a day. Four—if I had it to do."

"One mule?"

"One good mule."

"That's an overaverage lie!" Hoss yelled.

"There ain't a man in this world can turn the earth in four acres of bottom land with one plow and one mule in a day!"

The arms of the parson's blue serge jacket bulged as he flexed his muscles. He spoke quietly.

"I'll make you a sporting proposition,"

he said. "I've been given to understand that you're a man that don't hold none with churchgoing. I'd mighty well like to have your support at my new church—"

"Hah!" Hoss snorted.

"I'll take your mule and your Dixie Bar-

low," the parson continued, "and I'll start turning the earth in that four acres of bottom land at sunup tomorrow morning. If I haven't finished that four acres by sundown tomorrow I'll give you a week's free work on your place—and never speak of church-

going to you again. If I've finished that four acres by sundown—then you show up at meeting next Sunday and join my church."

"Thurman!" Garnet waited.

"It's all right, Garnet," the parson said.

"It's all right."

"Son," Hoss shouted, "you've gone and made a bet!"

They shook on it, and the parson left.

Hoss Bence's fat face was creased in a grin.

"Wake up, Harold," he said to his hound.

"Get on up from under that chair and go to bed!"

GARNET was up with the sun the next morning. She dressed quickly and ran through the morning mists to the bottom land. Parson Thurman Cason was plowing.

He'd plowed three furrows the length of the field. The furrows were straight and true. He was making his turn at the far end of the field when he saw her. He waved and Garnet waved back.

"Ain't that a plumb lovely parson?" she breathed.

Hoss Bence had come silently behind her. He cackled happily. Garnet jumped. "I won't say that's not a mighty fine parson, honey," Hoss said, "but I'm dogged if that parson ain't bested. Even if he could hold out his ownself, Old Charley'd never make it. That mule will lay right down in that field and go to sleep before that field is half done. That parson ain't got a chance."

Garnet and her father stood and watched the parson. The sun rose and burned away the mists. The sweat began to glisten on the mule's barrel and chest. The four acres of bottom land stretched shimmering away to the myrtle thickets that edged Marigold Creek. The parson and Charley were plowing hard and true—but their progress seemed futile and small.

Garnet suddenly sobbed.

Hoss turned to her awkwardly.

"Honey—now, honey," he said.

ZIUQ

Once again we bring you a reverse quiz which will do little to increase your general knowledge. If you can't guess the questions for these answers, see next page

ANSWERS

- George Washington, Abraham Lincoln, Franklin D. Roosevelt.
- Jack Robinson.
- "I do not choose to run."
- Brown, Cornell, Notre Dame.
- Driver, brassie, midiron, niblick, mashie, sandblaster and putter.
- 4,612,650 apples.
- Television.
- Smith.
- Baby, It's Gold Outside.
- Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Elmer Schultz.

—CARL B. WINSTON

Garnet buried her face in her apron. "That parson," Hoss stammered. "He ain't the only man in this section. You take old Billy. Old Billy Chase, now there's a boy—"

Garnet ran sobbing to the house. Hoss stood silent for a moment. He turned and walked slowly to his tool shed. He thought of his ten acres of corn. He picked up a hoe and tested its balance. He thought of the south twenty he'd vowed to have cleared by Easter. He tossed the hoe in the corner and picked up an ax. He tested the ax with his thumb. He thought of the men squatting in the shade of the feed store in town.

Hoss leaned the ax against the wall of the tool shed. He lodged himself behind the wheel of his car and drove to town.

He argued politics and crops all morning.

chest as he watched his mule. Charley's nose was almost dragging the ground. The furrows weren't going straight any more. Charley was staggering like a drunken man. Hoss knew that his mule was just about through.

"He'll never make it, honey," Hoss said quietly.

"Thurman!" Garnet shouted.

Hoss looked out across the field.

The parson was slowly taking Charley out of the traces.

"Oh, Thurman," Garnet sobbed.

PARSON CASON started toward them, walking slowly, leading the weaving mule. He stood before them. He ran a hand tenderly down the mule's muzzle.

"A good mule," he said. "I could get this mule in shape for you in three weeks' time, Mister Bence."

"You giving up?" Hoss asked.

Thurman Cason handed the reins to Hoss. His eyes were sad. "You win your bet, Mister Bence," he said.

Garnet sobbed.

"Too much for you, son?" Hoss said.

"I can't stand to see this mule suffer any longer."

Hoss was in a generous mood. "Son," he said, "I want to give credit where credit is due. You're a mighty good man on the end of a Dixie Barlow. You're the first man I ever saw that was stronger than a mule—"

"Thurman!" Garnet exclaimed.

The parson turned to her. Her eyes were wide. She said, "Thurman! You could almost—"

The parson placed a grimy hand on each of Garnet's shoulders. He lifted her from the ground. He threw back his head and laughed, and his teeth sparkled strong and white in the sunlight.

"Almost!" he shouted.

"Almost, hell—I can do it!" The two of them had had the same idea at the same time.

Hoss could see the cords standing out in the parson's neck as he strained at Charley's collar. He watched the parson's feet churning the earth as the plow got slowly under way. He watched Gar-

net handle the plow. . . .

He suddenly felt very old and very tired. He turned and walked slowly to the barn. He was squatting there by the barn when the parson and Garnet arrived.

"Whoa, Thurman," Garnet said.

It was approximately ten minutes before sundown.

Hoss looked at Garnet.

Garnet smiled.

Hoss sighed. "You don't have to tell me, honey," he said. "I've seen many a parson in my day, but I've never seen a parson to beat that one!"

"Maybe that'll learn you to make bets with a parson, Pa," Garnet said.

Hoss thought for a moment. "Good God-amnighy, honey," he said, "I got my bottom land plowed today, didn't I?" His face twisted in a painful smile. "You carrying on like that wasn't my sole and only intent." He stood. "Wait'll I tell the boys down at the feed store!"

The parson was standing while Garnet unharnessed him.

"See you Sunday, deacon!" he said to Hoss.

Hoss pretended not to hear him. "Dang you, Harold," he said to his dog, "a man never had a sorrier dog around his place. Wake up!"

Harold regarded him with one worshipful eye.

THE END

ZIUQ

See preceding page

1. Name a bridge, a memorial and an aircraft carrier.
2. Who can get down to first base before you can say, "Jack Robinson"?
3. What remark was attributed to Eternal Slickle, a race horse, on September 29, 1949?
4. Name a color, an actress and a cathedral in Paris.
5. What clubs did you use when you shot that par three?
6. If an apple a day keeps one doctor away, how many apples would you need to keep 219,650 doctors away for three weeks?
7. What's wrong with television?
8. Who said: "The smith—a mighty man is he"?
9. Is that a solid-gold ring?
10. Name three famous Greek philosophers and one student who flunked because he couldn't remember their names.

He alternately napped and pitched horse-shoes all the early afternoon. And he'd gotten ringing guffaws—at the new parson's expense—when he'd told his friends of his bet.

AT FOUR o'clock he was home. He felt better for his day in town. He parked his car and started for the bottom land—and for Garnet, who leaned on the fence there. He swaggered up to the fence.

"Call me from Georgia!" he shouted.

He couldn't believe his eyes. "That parson's plowed three acres of land!" he said.

Garnet smiled sweetly. "I'd say three-and-a-half."

"It ain't possible!" Hoss shouted.

"Come on, Thurman!" Garnet screamed.

"You turning against your daddy?" Hoss demanded.

"You're dang tootin'!" Garnet said.

"I sure never did hear of a girl turning against her own daddy in a sporting bet," Hoss complained.

"You don't like it, you don't take it. Here's my collar, come and shake it," Garnet said. "Come on, Thurman!"

Hoss watched the parson and Charley. The parson was holding up well. He was stripped to the waist, and the late-afternoon sun danced from the big, rippling muscles of his chest and arms. But things were different with Charley. Hope rose in Hoss's

Collier's for December 31, 1949



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We Just Can't Help Ourselves: A RESOLUTION FOR 1950

THE LADY ABOVE who is gazing at the boarded-up vacant lot is Mrs. Eugene Duffield, of Brooklyn, N. Y. Mrs. Duffield is gazing with a purpose. As a member of the League of Women Voters, she is checking an address which a voter gave as his residence when he registered. The address, she found, had been a vacant lot for 20 years.

Political machines, of course, have traditionally registered voters from cemeteries, abandoned buildings and the wide-open urban spaces. A lot of male voters have deplored this practice, but few of them did anything about it. The rest were too busy or too blasé or something. They waited until the smell of political corruption got so insistent that some drastic action had to be taken. But after an occasional house cleaning at the polls they'd forget the whole thing, and the machine boys would take over again.

Now there's nothing drastic or dramatic about what the lady from Brooklyn is doing. It's an unglamorous, foot-wearying chore. But it's also

an important and neglected chore. And it occurred to us, as we gazed at the picture of the gazing Mrs. Duffield, that there are many women like her who are doing a job that doesn't get the credit it deserves.

They are the women, all over the country, who take time from cooking and keeping house and raising children to make responsible self-government a little more real and meaningful. We think they have done a lot to lessen the political apathy and ignorance that make machine politics possible.

We're not much for New Year's resolutions as a rule. But we've resolved that in the election year of 1950 we'll do what we can, when the opportunity arises, to persuade the American male that Mama's role in politics is important, even if it means a late dinner once in a while. She takes it seriously, and the rest of us should too. After all, our government is coeducational as well as democratic. Politics ceased being a stag party when we ratified the Nineteenth Amendment 30 years ago.

FORGET IT, JUDGE

FOR A SMART BUSINESSMAN who has made a lot of money, George W. Armstrong, Sr., is contemplating an investment that looks mighty dubious. You will recall that Mr. Armstrong—or Judge Armstrong, as he is usually called—is the eighty-four-year-old Mississippi capitalist who recently offered an endowment estimated at \$50,000,000 to Jefferson Military College in his home state.

The little school, which certainly could have used the money, turned it down because of the strings attached. The judge wanted the school to agree to teach "the superiority of the Anglo-Saxon and Latin-American races." Now he says he's going to organize "an Armstrong University" in Texas for the same purpose. It would be open to "white Christians only."

Before Judge Armstrong acquires a site for even a one-horse college, let alone a university, we'd suggest that he ponder this question: What will "Armstrong University" do for a curriculum, a library and a student body?

The doctrine of white supremacy is not a legitimate subject of higher education. It is not a dynamic, expanding philosophy. In fact, it hasn't had a new idea in 80 years. A child can comprehend the doctrine's fundamentals in five minutes, and hear all the arguments to support them in an hour. So why found a university to teach so simple a subject?

The library would be as much a problem as the curriculum. Judge Armstrong would have to conduct a book purge along Nazi and Soviet lines. Hundreds of the world's great minds, starting at least as far back as Confucius, would be disqualified on racial grounds alone. Thousands more, including many of the judge's supreme Anglo-Saxons, would have to be thrown out for preaching the brotherhood of man in a rather more inclusive way than the strict limitations of "Armstrong University" could accept. The remaining library, we fear, would be about the size of the average drugstore's, and probably of less interest and literary merit.

But the library might be big enough for the student body, at that. For we think that Judge Armstrong is too far behind the times to attract many young followers. He doesn't speak for what is vaguely referred to as "the South." There are people in the South and elsewhere who believe as he does. But a growing number of Southerners reject his feudal philosophy.

They are the people who know that their regional problems cannot be solved by campaigning for the *status quo ante bellum*. They know that fair and workable answers must be found, and they are starting to find them. Collier's readers learned what some of the answers are from two articles which we published last summer: Hodding Carter's *New Rebel Yell* in Dixie (July 9th) and *It Happened in Mississippi*, by Quentin Reynolds (July 30th).

So if Mr. Armstrong will accept a word of advice from us, it's this: Forget the whole thing, Judge, and save your money.

ON GRAFT

We always have found it
A bit disagreeable
When an official
Is palpably feeable.



"I was curious..."



I tasted it...



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