# Collier's

August 9, 1952 • Fifteen Cents

## Can the POLITICAL POLLSTERS Predict This Year's Election?

ALL EYES ON DORIS DAY

Illustrated above: State Commander V-8 4-door sedan.

White sidewall tires and chrome wheel discs optional at extra cost.

# Get a sleek new Studebaker and cut your driving costs

YOU WIN two ways when you put your new-car money into a dramatically jet-streamed 1952 Studebaker.

You proudly enjoy motoring's most distinctive "swept-back" styling—the very newest of the new. You cash in on the clean-lined, gas-saving engineering that's a Studebaker specialty—no power-wasting excess weight.

In the '52 Mobilgas Economy Run, a Studebaker Champion and Commander V-8 finished 1st and 2nd in actual gas mileage in the standard classes. Overdrive, optional at extra cost, was used.

*See Studebaker for '52*



**Here's the Starliner "hard-top"**—All Studebakers offer Automatic Drive or Overdrive—and glare-reducing tinted glass—at extra cost.

# "Do you know the Number?"

**Long Distance calls go through faster when you Call by Number**

*A HELPFUL HINT — Start today to build up a list of out-of-town telephone numbers. Write down those you already know. If there's a new number you don't have — or an old one you've forgotten — be sure to add it to the list when the operator gives it to you.*


"You'll save time if you give me the out-of-town number you're calling.

"That way I can put your call through without first calling 'Information' in the distant city.

"Your own call goes through faster. And you help speed the service for everyone. That's especially important now, when so many urgent defense calls are on the Long Distance lines."

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## August 9, 1952

### ARTICLES



### FICTION



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


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## The Cover

The six gaily tinted French poodles that actress Doris Day has on the string are part of a big production number in her forthcoming Warner Brothers musical, April in Paris. The dogs, naturally white, were colored with the type of safe vegetable dyes used for food. The same movie offered Miss Day an opportunity to be photographed in still another unusual fashion: as she appears to the prejudiced eyes of the crew members on the set. You'll find that feature on page 10.

## Week's Mail

### *U.S. of E.*

EDITOR: You are to be congratulated on Beardsley Ruml's excellent article, The United States of Europe—A Hope for Peace (June 21st).

Mr. Ruml is quite right in saying that "the essential features of a unified defense establishment could be achieved only if a formal political and economic union were also in the process of being developed."

It is also true, as Mr. Ruml says, that there is no totalitarian-type mass movement for unity. A democratic effort to inform and mobilize public opinion is, however, being made.

Recently, the European Movement—the "roof organization" for an imposing array of groups of private citizens and statesmen supporting European unity—launched a special campaign, directed primarily to European leaders in all walks of life, in favor of calling a constitutional convention. If successful, the first result of this campaign will be to assure ratification of the contractual agreement with Germany and of the treaty for the European Defense Community.

The leaders of the European Movement, with whom the American Committee on United Europe has been in close co-operation since 1949, hope also that the campaign will provide the governments over the next few months with the evidence of public support which they will need to take the revolutionary step agreed to in Article 38 of the European Defense Community treaty. That article calls for the drafting of a federal or confederal constitution.

The tempo of developments toward European unity has been greatly accelerated in recent weeks. You have performed an important public service by bringing this subject to the attention of your readers through Mr. Ruml's able and informative article.

WILLIAM J. DONOVAN, New York, N.Y.

**General Donovan is chairman of the American Committee on United Europe.**

### *Blood for Korea*

EDITOR: It was very pleasing to see Corporal Hovis' letter printed on your editorial page (You Can Save a Life Today, June 14th). His letter was the publication of a plea that has been echoed so often by my shipmates—that of home-front support for blood drives.

I wonder if the readers of your magazine have ever heard of the Armed Forces Blood Donor Program? This is a system whereby armed forces personnel on duty here in the States may voluntarily donate their blood to those who are fighting in the Korean campaign.

Those who buy bonds are wise and patriotic—servicemen buy bonds too. Those who pay taxes help pay for Korea—servicemen pay taxes too. Blood is something that Uncle Sam can't pay for out of the military budget. A pint of blood can't be made from a dollar bill,

# OLD THOMPSON
THE BRAND

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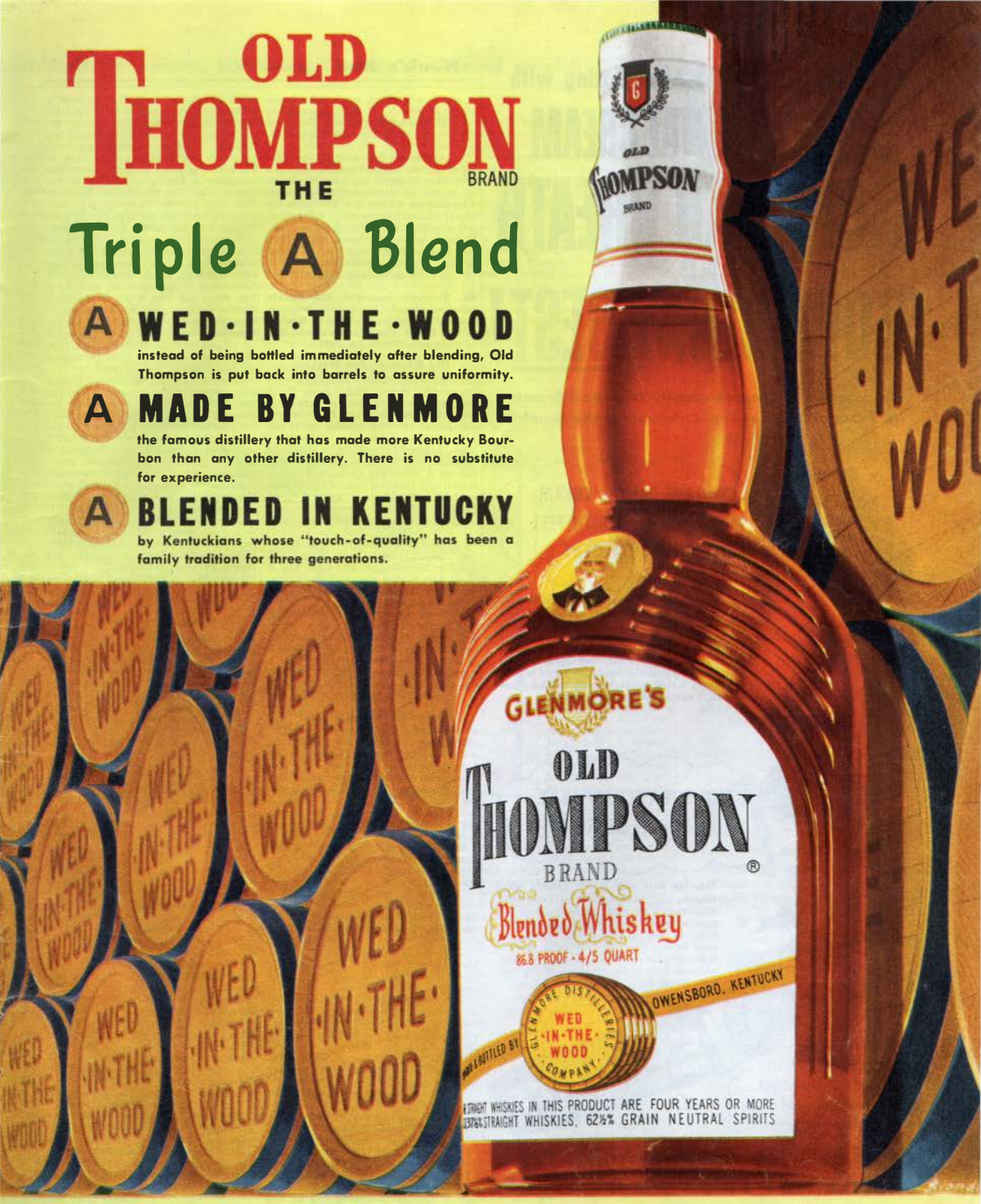
**A WED·IN·THE·WOOD**
instead of being bottled immediately after blending, Old Thompson is put back into barrels to assure uniformity.

**A MADE BY GLENMORE**
the famous distillery that has made more Kentucky Bourbon than any other distillery. There is no substitute for experience.

**A BLENDED IN KENTUCKY**
by Kentuckians whose "touch-of-quality" has been a family tradition for three generations.

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or ten, or a hundred, but it doesn't cost a cent to give.

BILL EASTERLING,
USS Howard W. Gilmore, Fleet Post Office, New York, N.Y.

. . . As we are not meeting the GI's needs by the "donor" system, why not draft blood? After all, their blood, all of it, and its containers, their bodies, were drafted. I know that a lot of things would have to be considered before putting into effect a blood draft. But it could be done. We've done harder things than that, and there are tougher things ahead to do if we are to remain free.

LEX TRUNKO, Logan, W.Va.

**Mr. Trunko's suggestion has already been considered. For further information see the article, You May Be Drafted to Give Blood, which Collier's published in its issue of March 10, 1951.**

### *Old Wives & New Mothers*

EDITOR: Your article, How True Are Those Old Wives' Tales about Pregnancy? by Dr. Alan F. Guttmacher and Mary Scott Welch (June 21st), was a fine job of brushing away a lot of the cobwebs from the business of having a baby. I thought you might be interested to know that Dr. Guttmacher's book, Having A Baby, has established a sales record in its field—almost 400,000 copies have been sold in its 25-cent Signet edition.

HILDA LIVINGSTON, New York, N.Y.

. . . I had an 8-pound baby girl a year and a half ago, when I was twenty-two. She was my first baby and I feel that it is my duty to take issue with the article, How True Are Those Old Wives' Tales about Pregnancy?

With all respect to Dr. Dick Read who published Childbirth without Fear, and whose advice I carefully followed, and as a further duty to all women, I challenge your article because I had a completely painless childbirth without the aid of any anesthetics.

NELLIE CRUZ, Miami, Fla.

### *More on the Lilienthal Series*

EDITOR: I read with intense interest David Lilienthal's articles, Big Business for a Big Country. I hope everyone in the United States will read them. His philosophies are the hope of our democracy and the world. I have called attention to the articles both in my home town and to friends all over the United States who are interested in saving the country our forefathers fought for.

Our Presidential candidates should have their attention called to those articles. Nothing I ever read has been of greater inspiration to me.

EDWARD A. O'NEAL, Florence, Ala.

**Mr. O'Neal is veteran president of the American Farm Bureau Federation.**

. . . Let me commend you for publishing Lilienthal's series. I agree heartily with his broad-minded and practical philosophy.

I have no patience with trust busting at this late date, no more than I have with those ill-informed and misguided people who, after all the years, take up all the old claptrap about "Wall Street" and "imperialism"; so providing our enemies with propaganda which never had any meaning.

JUSTUS J. CHAMPLIN, Spearfish, S.D.

. . . I wish to take exception to a few of the statements made by David Lilienthal in his series of articles on Big Business.

For one thing, Mr. Lilienthal says that our everyday enforcement of the anti-trust laws "rests upon the nineteenth-century presumption that Bigness is against the public interest." I do not think that this is true at all. The average American doesn't care how big the Ford Motor Company, for instance, might get under its own power as an automobile builder. What the average American would be fearful of is the possibility of Ford taking over another automobile company or buying up control of Republic Steel Corporation or Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, or some other big corporation. Such are the fears of our antitrust people in government.

We say: Let a business get as big as it needs to be, and let us work for a system in which as many businesses as possible will have an opportunity to grow from small beginnings to big businesses; but when the bigs begin to combine themselves into great consolidations of economic power necessitating similar combining by labor unions, over which an all-powerful government must rule, then bigness is too big to fit the constitutional pants of our Uncle Sam.

When there is too much concentration of economic power in the hands of the few, great masses of people become dependent upon a few giant corporations for jobs and dividends. As these masses enlarge, the dependent people seek more and more protection against the thing upon which they are dependent, creating other forces that breed more dependency, as witnessed in the steel crisis. Finally, the depression, and the mass turns into the mob, ready for a master.

I hope that Collier's will open its pages to a much broader search of this subject; for if ever a people needed enlightment on the subject of bigness, the American people need it today.

EDWARD WIMMER, National Federation of Independent Business, Burlingame, Cal.

### *Out of Circulation*

EDITOR: Anent the description of the supplementary cover design in Collier's of June 14th, I wonder how much Lieutenant Colonel Milliken's "sheer good spirits" would have to be improved in order to enable him to wave the United States emblem instead of the Confederate flag, which has been out of circulation for 87 years.

F. A. JURKAT, Cedarville, Ohio

### *The Forgotten Majority*

EDITOR: I wish I could place figures given in your editorial (Tear Off That Gag, Mister, June 21st) before every white-collar worker in these United States. They confirm what I have long suspected: dominance of the so-called labor vote is a myth. We are being misgoverned by a minority. White-collar workers hold the balance of power—if they will only use it.

WILKES SHAW, Houston, Tex.

. . . Re your editorial of June 21st: I hope Robert Wood Johnson is correct in all of his assertions. He appears to believe that only hourly workers are identified with labor unions. I hope you will dig deep enough to be sure. Schoolteachers do not work by the hour, but thousands of them are union members. Custodians work by the month, but they belong. Nurses belong in the white-collar group. Sanitary and mortician workers do not work for hourly wages. Telegraph operators, railway clerks, city and county employees, insurance company employees, *et al.* are union members, but all are white-collar workers.

Mr. Johnson's majority estimate can be reduced 50 per cent and still leave a large potential army of good citizens to reclaim the nation: I recommend that they lend their support to the establishment of employer-employee relations courts.

WILLIAM B. HENDERSON,
Kansas City, Mo.

# New Senator gets everyone's vote

**WHO WOULDN'T VOTE** for coaches with soft reclining seats, 5½-foot picture windows and smoking lounges. You enjoy 'em all aboard The Senator — new Pennsylvania streamliner between Washington, New York and Boston.

**SCENES FROM** early American history inspired The Senator's decorations. Each Drawing Room has its own sofa and arm chairs. And a Radarange in the Coffee Shop car cooks your meals the way you like 'em in a few seconds.

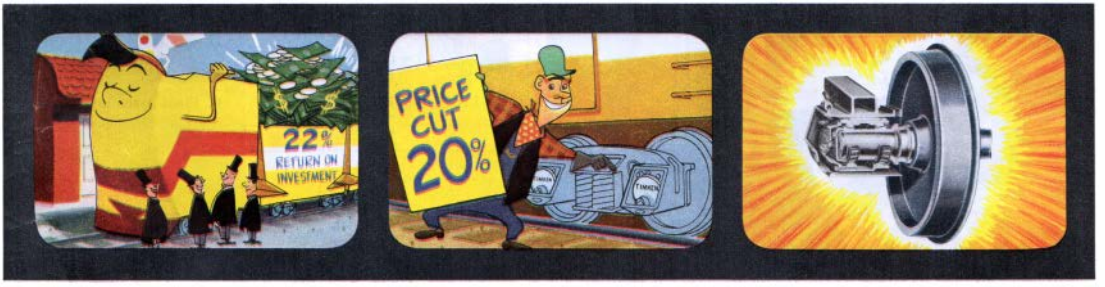
**SWIVEL IN YOUR** reclining Parlor Car chair to face in any direction. Roller bearings on the train's axles help smooth your ride. They made streamliners practical. Now they're ready to revolutionize freight trains, too.

# The railroad's newest vote-getter is "Roller Freight"


**WORKING TO MAKE** freight service ever better, the railroads have waged ceaseless war against the "hot box"—No. 1 cause of delays. Now they're finding the answer in "Roller Freight": freight cars on Timken® roller bearings.

**ONE RAILROAD'S** Timken bearing equipped freight cars have gone 38 million car-miles without a "hot box". By contrast, the plain bearing freight average is only 125,000 car-miles between set-outs for "hot boxes".

**"ROLLER FREIGHT"** can help the railroads get more of tomorrow's freight business. "Rush" shipments will arrive faster. One railroad halved running time with "Roller Freight", upped its livestock business 30%.




**WHEN ALL RAILROADS** go "Roller Freight" they can save $190,000,000 a year, net a 22% yearly return on their investment. Timken bearings cut terminal inspection man-hours 90%, lube bills up to 89%. Starting resistance is cut 88%, permitting smoother starts, less damage.

**COMPLETE ASSEMBLIES** of cartridge journal box and Timken bearings for freight cars cost 20% less than applications of six years ago. Applications available for converting existing cars. Other products of the Timken Company: alloy steel and tubing, removable rock bits.

NOT JUST A BALL ○ NOT JUST A ROLLER ▭ THE TIMKEN TAPERED ROLLER ▭ BEARING TAKES RADIAL AND THRUST ◐ LOADS OR ANY COMBINATION ◐



*Watch the railroads Go...on* **TIMKEN** *Tapered Roller Bearings*

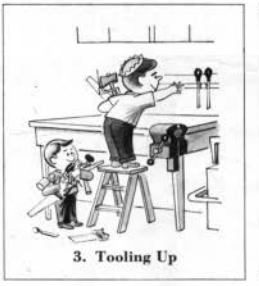
TRADE-MARK REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

# F.O.B. Back Yard

By STANLEY and JANICE BERENSTAIN

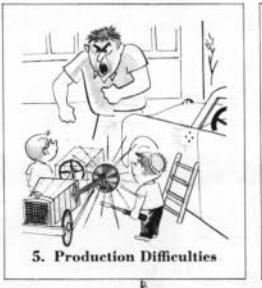
1. Last Year's Model

2. Matériel Procurement



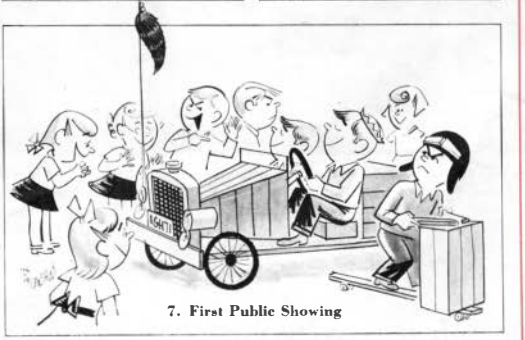
3. Tooling Up

4. Labor Tie-up



5. Production Difficulties

6. Final Assembly



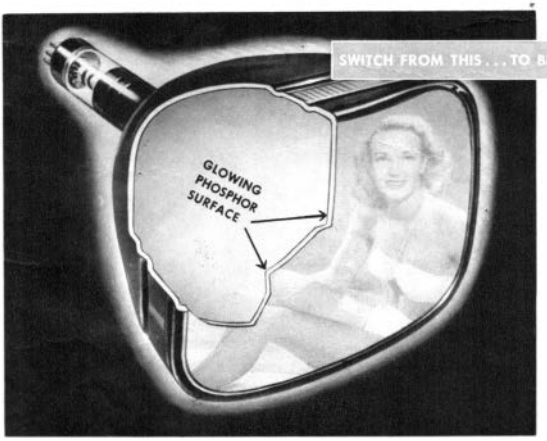
7. First Public Showing

# VACATION TIME IS CHECK-UP TIME!

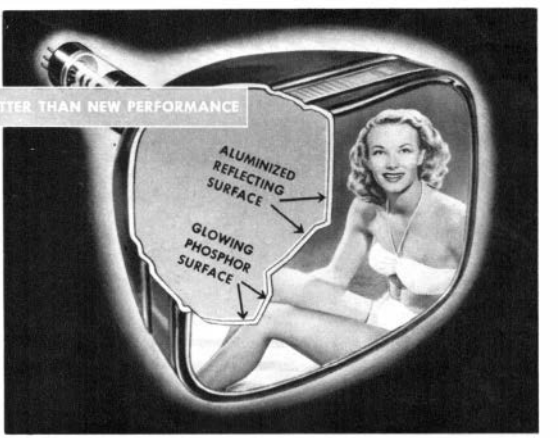
## "I guarantee to make your TV Picture BETTER THAN NEW with a G-E Aluminized Tube!"

**SPECIAL SUMMER PRICES — NO LOSS OF VIEWING**

● What finer time to have a G-E Aluminized Tube installed in your TV than when you're away on vacation. You don't miss any of the shows . . . and when you get back your TV picture will actually be *Better Than New*—brighter, clearer, sharper. So call your G-E serviceman now. Take advantage of his low summer service prices. Remember, on your new G-E Aluminized Tube you're backed by a registered Factory Warranty—just like on a new set!




**ORDINARY TUBES** often give faded, hazy pictures like this. That's because much of the light is released backward inside the tube. This wasted light degrades the picture—robs it of sharpness and detail. Contrast is poor, washed out. Viewing is hard on the eyes.




**THE G-E ALUMINIZED TUBE** has sharp, clear, steady pictures. A reflecting aluminized film behind the phosphor screen mirrors light toward you, increases picture brightness up to 100%. No more dim, dull tones. Viewing is easier on the eyes, far more enjoyable.

**CALL YOUR G-E SERVICEMAN NOW!**

Tell him when you and the family plan to go away on vacation. Arrange to have him give your television set a complete check-up while you're gone.


**ASK FOR A G-E ALUMINIZED TUBE!**

Your TV will be *Better Than New* when your serviceman installs that G-E Aluminized Tube. It's economical and backed up by the G-E registered Factory Warranty!

**COME HOME TO BETTER TV!**

Why let a washed-out picture mar your TV enjoyment and injure your eyes? While you're away your G-E serviceman will make your TV picture *Better Than New* . . . and you won't miss a single hour of pleasant viewing. *General Electric Co., Tube Dept., Schenectady 5, N. Y.*

*You can put your confidence in—*

**GENERAL ELECTRIC**

166-1A4

Lovely Doris Day is clearly seen by Claude Dauphin during filming of dance scene. But Doris, blinded by arc lights, has only fuzzy view of him (above)

# ALL EYES ON DORIS DAY

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY JOHN FLOREA

WHEN the musical comedy April in Paris reaches the nation's movie houses this winter, audiences will find the sound, make-up, props and color all in proper balance on the screen. As with most big Hollywood productions, this happy effect will emerge despite the fact that only the producer and director---of the hundreds of persons who work on a movie---ever concentrate on achieving balance while the film is being made. All the others focus only on their particular contributions and hope their pieces will fit snugly into the completed multimillion-dollar cinematographic jigsaw puzzle.

It took 2,854 Warner Brothers people, from script writers to the final film editors, to transform April in Paris from a hazy idea to a finished production. In one little-known job, a sound man recorded off stage the dancing taps which later were synchronized into the movie. In another department, a special effects technician burned beeswax and blew the fumes about the stage to simulate the smoke-filled atmosphere of a night club.

These men were far more concerned with the patter of the dancing feet and the illusion created by the burning beeswax than they were with the movie's plot, in which Doris Day plays a chorus girl mistakenly invited to represent America at a Paris arts festival. Similarly, whenever director David Butler cried, "Action! Camera!", every other employee on the set concentrated—to the exclusion of everything else---on his (or her) own job. Seeing that every golden hair on Doris Day's head remained in place was far more important to the hairdresser, for example, than wondering whether the star would wind up in the finale with Hollywood newcomer Claude Dauphin (as a French entertainment idol) or with Ray Bolger (as a member of the State Department).

To illustrate the single-minded viewpoint of movie craftsmen, Collier's John Florea photographed the making of one scene. In this sequence, Miss Day and Dauphin, teamed in a show at the Café Parisien, dance beside a night-club replica of the famous Paris railroad station, the Gare du Nord. In the eyes of the men who built the sets and put in the props, the actors become little more than a blur. For others, like the make-up people and the clothes designers, only the shading of the lip rouge and powder and the fit of the costumes seem bright and fully etched.

In the pictures on these pages, Florea's versatile camera registers the separate viewpoints of 11 members of the crew and cast. Though each of them sees his part in the production differently, the total equals technical perfection and, with a measure of luck, a highly entertaining evening for the paying customer.

CONTINUED

Sound man Samuel Goode, who set up microphone for the scene, focuses his eyes on mike, and Doris' lips

Property man Harry Goldman sees the waxed floor and table decorations. He takes little notice of actors


Director David Butler has all-encompassing viewpoint. He not only watches the actors closely, but also studies the set and pays strict attention to the dialogue

Dance director LeRoy Prinz sees "ghost images" as he anticipates Dauphin's and Miss Day's next steps. He is far more interested in dancers' feet than in set

# ALL EYES ON DORIS DAY

Make-up man William Phillips, responsible for making up Doris' face and neck, concentrates on those areas

Wardrobe mistress Ruby Harrington has eyes on Doris' outfit, can substitute duplicate gown if it's needed

Hairdresser Gertrude Wheeler eyes coiffures. A hair misplaced on Doris' head may give Gertrude a gray one

Head cameraman Wilfred Cline, holding a camera finder, sees scene in miniature through it. He previously had studied rehearsal to guide him in final shooting

Gaffer (chief electrician) Lee Wilson, who works under the direction of the head cameraman, is as aware of the lights he's set up for scene as he is of the stars

**Sometime in his life, almost every man dreams of being a**

# BIG LEAGUER

"WANT the regular, Mr. Cunningham—medium on the sides and clipper in back? Fine. Would you mind holding your paper up for a minute so I can get this cloth set? There, that does it.

"I see you're reading about Skipper Drake, too. He's doing all right for himself, isn't he?

"Sure, it's a lot of money. But I guess Skipper is worth it. He's the best hitter in the league and a terrific drawing card. Guess the club can well afford to pay him eighty thousand a year.

"Maybe you didn't know it, Mr. Cunningham, but I used to play a little baseball myself—thirty, thirty-five years ago. Did it for fun, mostly. But I always had a kind of sneaking ambition to get on a big-league team. You know—play my way to fame and fortune and all that.

"Never made it, though. It's like that with a lot of kids, I guess. You dream of being a big leaguer or a great inventor or a captain of industry or something—and then you wind up just doing a job.

"It used to worry me that I wasn't on my way to being a millionaire. And after I got married and started raising a family I tried to figure out all kinds of ways to make a heap of money in a hurry.

"A little more off the top? Why sure, Mr. Cunningham.

"You know Ted Barrows, the New York Life agent down the street? Yes, I guess 'most everybody in town does. Well, Ted's the man who set me right about the whole thing, back about twenty-five years ago. He was in here one day, in this same chair, getting a haircut just like you, and we got to talking about exactly this sort of thing. 'I'll tell you,' Ted said to me, 'What really counts isn't how much money you make, but how much security and peace of mind you buy with what you do make.'

"Well, one word led to another, as they say, and before long Ted Barrows was back here showing me how, just by putting the price of a few haircuts into life insurance every so often, I could set up a fund for my family in case I died and at the same time start building something for my own old age.

"I guess the reason I'm telling you all this is that the other night Marie and I finally decided to sell the shop and move to the little place up in the country where we've been spending our vacations. It's nothing fancy, but it'll do—especially with our daughter married and young Joe working in Chicago.

"No, I never got to be a Skipper Drake or anything like that, but I figure I've done pretty well for my family and myself over the years, at that.

"Haircut look all right to you? Thanks very much, Mr. Cunningham—and come in again. I'll probably be busy fishing, but the new man will take good care of you."

NEW YORK LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY
51 Madison Avenue, New York 10, N. Y.

*Naturally, names used in this story are fictitious.*

# 48 STATES OF MIND

## By WALTER DAVENPORT

And now that the conventions are over, we'd join lustily in the I-told-you-so chorus, if we could remember what we told you.

★ ★ ★

The tourist in the trailer next to Mr. Jim Calibore's near Albuquerque, New Mexico, received a questionnaire which sought to find out what size shirts he wore. He answered it: "Ask the Internal Revenue people. I've forgotten."

★ ★ ★

In the delicious languor of a Cape Cod summer afternoon, Louisa W. Peat, in Falmouth, Massachusetts, thought of old 48 toiling damply in his monkish cell. She strolled into Falmouth's police station. And there, amidst the afternoon calm, she beheld the chief at his desk. On it two white rab-

bits were eying him pinkly while he observed them with philosophic calm. In answer to Louisa Peat's inquiring glance, the chief aroused from his reverie long enough to say: "Minding them for some youngster while he went to the movies."

★ ★ ★

To Sheriff Barney Boos in Sioux Falls, South Dakota, came two ladies to complain that, while they were fishing, somebody heaved a rock through the window of their locked car up the road a piece and stole therefrom $17. This was the second time within a week that such depredation had occurred in the vicinity. Our sympathy is hereby extended to all concerned, particularly to the sheriff because, according to a story appearing in the Argus Leader, he "was irked" by the news.

★ ★ ★

Naturally we're getting quite a lot of intelligences from tourists. Not much new in them, although we learn there seems to be an unusual number of hailstorms. Mr. Allie Middleton reports one in Tennessee. And his is the only one which does not report hailstones as big as golf balls or tennis balls. Mr. Middleton says his hailstones were "just about the size of ordinary raindrops." We knew this would happen sooner or later.

★ ★ ★

The Maine story of the week has been unfolded by Nelle C. Penley in the Bangor News. Having been gored by a bull, Mr. Ernest Dorr, of North Penobscot, was taken to Eastern Maine General Hospital. Mr. Dorr is eighty-one. To the same ward a couple of days later came another patient, Mr. Frank Dorr, eighty-seven. Mr. Frank came in from Northeast Harbor, about 30 miles from North Penobscot. Nurse asked Mr. Ernest whether Mr. Frank was any kin. Mr. Ernest said maybe, adding that he hadn't seen Frank for 50 years, and how was he? So brother Frank was wheeled in to say howdy to brother Ernest, which he did with dignity but without effusion. Glad enough to see each other, but agreed that living 30 miles apart was not conducive to much social contact. Would they visit each other after leaving the hospital? Agreed that they guessed not. Got along pretty good the way it was. Any other brothers? Yep. Ellis. But he lived in Surry, 10 miles from Ernest in North Penobscot. Neither Ernest nor Frank could remember how long it had been since either had seen Ellis. Would Ellis, who is eighty-three, come to see them in the hospital after he'd seen the newspapers? Ernest and Frank guessed not. No reason for anybody to get excited. Reason for all this long separation of nearby brothers? Oh, guess because over the many years they'd all been busy working.

★ ★ ★

About traveling, somebody has sent us a neat brochure filled with advice on what to do about the children as the family tours hither and yon. All it did here was to remind us of what Bob Benchley said on the subject. Mr. Benchley said there were, in the main, only two methods of travel in America —first-class and with children.

★ ★ ★

Owing to the shortage of building materials, Colonel Dudley (Silent) Haddock, of Sarasota and St. Petersburg, Florida, has abandoned for this year his drive for a law forbidding any candidate to speak from a platform less than eight miles off the ground. The Colonel's idea came to him one evening while reading a scientist's report that sound loses ninety-five per cent of its volume at an altitude of seven miles.

★ ★ ★

For some reason we're inclined to applaud the words of the Oregon father who, when congratulating his graduated son on landing a nice job, advised the lad never to regard himself as indispensable. "If," said the old man, "you're ever inclined to do so, stick your finger in a bucket of water and notice the hole it leaves when you pull it out."

★ ★ ★

We gather, in our customarily astute way, that Mr. William G. Zebulon has been doing his best to raise flowers and vegetables in the vicinity of Tacoma, Washington. At any rate he contributes the


following to this ever-helpful wellspring of human guidance: "Maybe if we cultivated the weeds as carefully as the plants, they'd die too."

★ ★ ★

Among American officialdom in Germany no opinion or directive is regarded as attention-worthy which doesn't include such words as exclave, infrastructure and disflation—whatever they mean. We complained about this to a friend of ours who happens to be a topside bureaucrat in Washington. We've just received his reply by mail: "I am a low-echelon man, therefore am disoriented by your request to firm up officialese as formalized Washingtonward. It is disequilibrating, I regret, to be disequal to fillin your wantknow. It leaves me deactivated for the time being. However I take this nowtime to follow modality and acknowledge your letter before leaving for the field immediatclyish."

★ ★ ★

If you haven't a pig around the house, please pay no attention to this. But if you have and the creature's tail lacks a satisfactory curl, give it a pellet or two of antibiotic bacitracin. Works wonders, the Department of Agriculture says.

★ ★ ★

Interesting bit of intelligence from an Illinois mother. She says all the preparations for her daughter's wedding cost so much that she, the mother, had to go without clothes.

★ ★ ★

These gentlemen were having a few amiable beers in a place near Pinehurst, North Carolina. The discussion turned to the subject of etiquette. The guy sitting at Mr. Harry McBride's right was

IRWIN CAPLAN

asked whether, after all, he knew what etiquette is. "Certainly," said he. "It's knowing which fingers to put in your mouth when you whistle for the waiter."

★ ★ ★

This one's from a Mr. Everett Reid who, in his haste, omits his address. "In 50 years," says he, "we the people have progressed from the bicycle to jet propulsion. We've come on from steam to atomic energy. We've come along from sulphur and molasses to streptomycin, from semaphores to radio. Now wouldn't you think the politicians would take the hint and do something modern about the campaigns they're conducting?"

★ ★ ★

For some reason not stated in his letter, Mr. Amos Krackauer, of Reading, Pennsylvania, informs us that this year's election campaign is divided into two schools of talk.

★ ★ ★

Joe Creason of the Louisville Courier Journal has a friend, Joe Coulter, who writes ads for used cars. Indeed he does. Meet his latest: "1940 5-passenger coupé: Now here is the car the public has eagerly awaited. Has local license, which is appropriate since it's a cinch this one won't make it out of town. Without doubt the nicest ripple finish paint we've ever seen, applied with a short-handle broom. We never misrepresent a car, and we're certainly not afraid to stand behind this one, or in front of it either." (Note: Car was sold next day.)

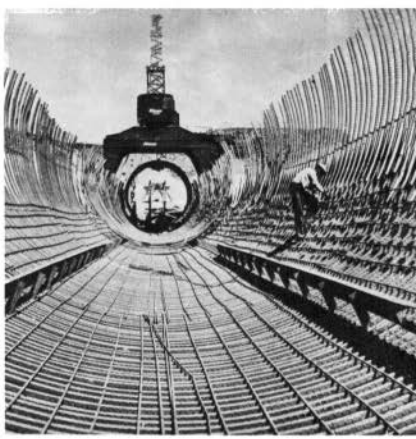
★ ★ ★

Now here's the kind of letter we like to read. Simple, direct, brief, leaving no doubt about where the writer stands. It's from Mr. Len Ridley in Yreka, California. Space permits us to quote it all: "Just read what you said. Huh."

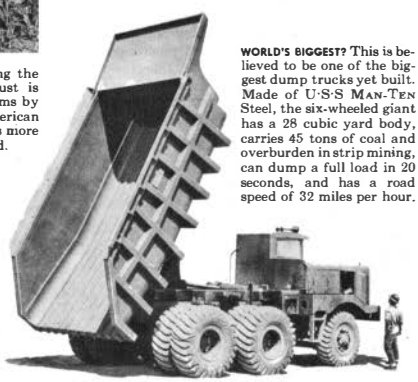
# Only STEEL can do so many jobs so well

**STRAY STOPPER.** When cattle eye with longing the greener pastures elsewhere, their wanderlust is quickly quenched on countless American farms by the best of all stray stoppers . . . U·S·S American Fence, made by United States Steel. There is more American Fence in use than any other brand.

**STAINLESS STEEL SAYS "WELCOME!"** Not the least of the wonders the world has witnessed in the past 4 decades has been the birth, youth, and growth to maturity of a magic new metal . . . stainless steel. Not so very many years ago, the use of stainless was confined to a few simple applications such as knife blades, golf clubs, kitchen utensils. But today its uses are legion, ranging all the way from vital parts for jet engines to magnificent architectural applications such as this office building lobby, where U·S·S Stainless Steel greets the visitor with bright beauty, with dignity, and a sense of monumental strength.



**X-RAY EYES** are what you'd need to see the many vital but hidden ways in which steel serves us all. Such reinforcing spines as these for concrete pipes and highways, the invisible skeleton that supports the towering skyscraper, the complicated electric wiring in our homes, the concealed piling upon which the spillway of a dam may rest . . . all these are steel, and though they remain unseen, they add strength, safety and utility to thousands of finished structures.



**WORLD'S BIGGEST?** This is believed to be one of the biggest dump trucks yet built. Made of U·S·S MAN-TEN Steel, the six-wheeled giant has a 28 cubic yard body, carries 45 tons of coal and overburden in strip mining, can dump a full load in 20 seconds, and has a road speed of 32 miles per hour.

**FACTS YOU SHOULD KNOW ABOUT STEEL**

The iron and steel industry in 1951 used over 58 million tons of scrap in establishing its all-time record production of 105 million tons of steel. With producing capacity still expanding, even more scrap will be essential to successful operations in 1952.

MANUFACTURED FROM USS STEEL UNITED STATES STEEL

This trade-mark is your guide to quality steel

# UNITED STATES STEEL

*Helping to Build a Better America*

AMERICAN BRIDGE . . . AMERICAN STEEL & WIRE *and* CYCLONE FENCE . . . COLUMBIA-GENEVA STEEL . . . CONSOLIDATED WESTERN STEEL . . . GERRARD STEEL STRAPPING . . . NATIONAL TUBE OIL WELL SUPPLY . . . TENNESSEE COAL & IRON . . . UNITED STATES STEEL PRODUCTS . . . UNITED STATES STEEL SUPPLY . . . *Divisions of* **UNITED STATES STEEL COMPANY, PITTSBURGH**
GUNNISON HOMES, INC. • UNION SUPPLY COMPANY • UNITED STATES STEEL EXPORT COMPANY • UNIVERSAL ATLAS CEMENT COMPANY

**THE ONLY 100,000-MILE RE-USABLE PROTECTION THAT'S BOTH BLOWOUT-SAFE AND PUNCTURE-SAFE !**



## SAFE AGAINST ALL BLOWOUTS !


**When you're buying** blowout and puncture protection, remember *this!*

*Only the LifeGuard double air-chamber principle gives you complete safety in every blowout!* For no matter how big the blowout, the inner LifeGuard chamber still holds air—enough air to let you come to a safe, controlled, straight-line stop. In 17 years, in millions of miles of driving, we know of no case of failure of the LifeGuard principle in a blowout emergency!

## SEALS ITS OWN PUNCTURES !

**Why spoil a trip** by having to change a punctured tire? This tube mends its *own* punctures. If a nail or other object penetrates the New LifeGuard Safety Tube, the puncture-sealant automatically seals the puncture without loss of air pressure. And these new tubes hold air more than 5 times longer than natural-rubber tubes!

## COSTS LESS BECAUSE IT'S RE-USABLE !

**This is the only** protection against both blowouts and punctures that doesn't wear out when your tires wear out. You can re-use these tubes in at least 3 sets of tires for 100,000 miles or more of blowout-safe, puncture-safe driving! Thus, you save 20% to 43% per wheel!

You can have this double protection *now* for the price of the tubes alone. Just have your Goodyear dealer equip your present tires with a set of the New LifeGuard Safety Tubes.

**Of course** your smartest buy of all is a set of Goodyear tires with New LifeGuard Safety Tubes! No other tires give you the same comfort, safety, and mileage as Goodyears. Remember, more people ride on Goodyear tires than on any other kind.

# NEW LIFEGUARD SAFETY TUBES

by GOODYEAR

LifeGuard, T. M.—The Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company, Akron, Ohio

*Collier's, August 9, 1952*

# *When an A-Bomb Misfires*

By ROBERT CAHN

**Who turns it off? That's the job of a mild-mannered scientist who twice has risked instant destruction, neutralizing with his bare hands the most terrible explosive force known to man**

THE time is now minus one minute," blared the voice from the public-address system. "Put on your dark glasses or turn away from the flash." Inside the control room of the concrete blockhouse, ten miles from the target, the Atomic Energy Commission's deputy test director, Dr. John C. Clark, "triggerman" for nuclear detonations, watched his control panel as green lights flashed to red. Two hours before, at the top of a 300-foot tower, he had started the triggering operation by arming the bomb. At H hour minus 15 minutes, he had pressed the last button on his board to set in motion a sequence timer. Now it was entirely the job of the robotlike timer to perform the thousands of minutely synchronized operations which would finally climax by firing the bomb.

"Minus 30 seconds!"

Outside the control building, military and scientific observers adjusted their dark glasses and braced their feet for the flash and shock wave of the 18th atomic explosion at the Nevada Proving Ground. Six miles north on Yucca Flat, only 7,000 yards from the bomb tower, GIs crouched in their foxholes and shivered in the predawn cold.

"Minus 10 seconds!"

Dr. Clark watched another green light change to red. "Nine . . . eight . . . seven . . . six . . . five . . . four . . ."

The final green light turned red. The robot had almost finished its work. Dr. Clark lifted his hand from a switch that could, until the last second, overrule the robot and disconnect the entire circuit. The six men in the control room tensed . . . "three . . . two . . . one . . . zero . . ."

For a moment, two moments, three moments, there was silence—a stillness more shocking than the violent combustion they had expected. Like small boys watching a fuse sputter and disappear into a giant firecracker, the scientists waited. Out of the hushed vacuum came only the metronomic ticking of the dependable old grandfather clock which, oblivious of the foibles of twentieth-century inventions, served as the master-control timepiece amidst the galaxy of superelectronic circuitry.

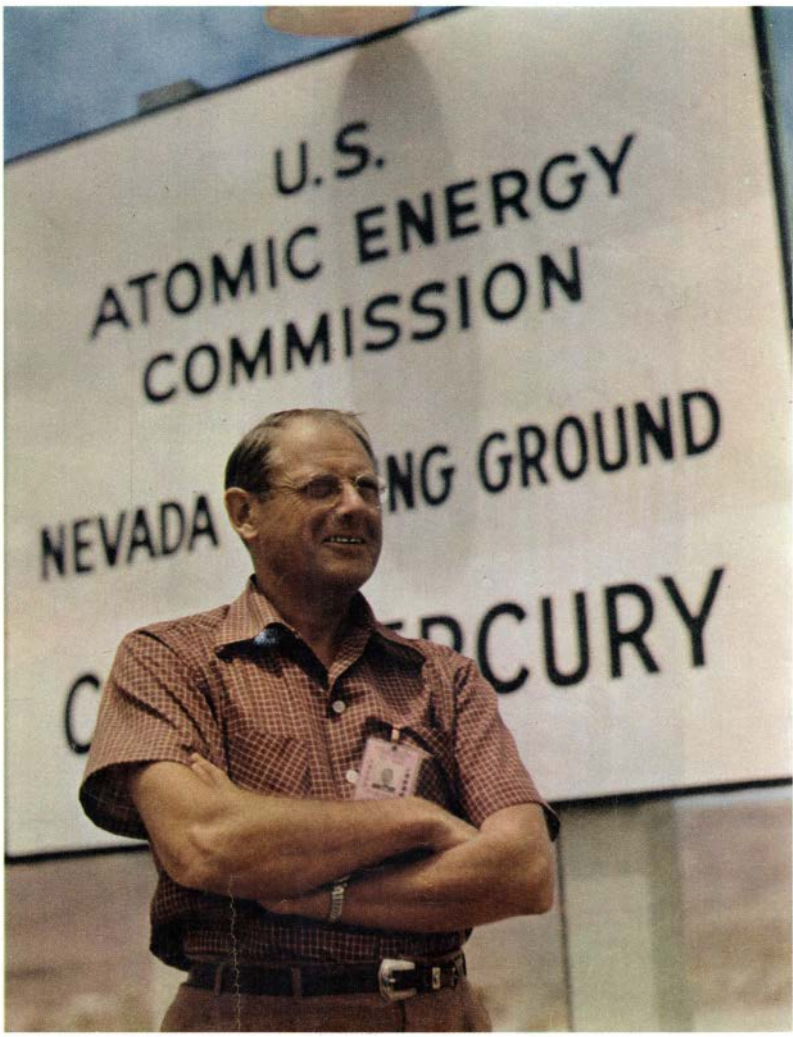
"Damn!" muttered Clark.

Out across the desert, the unseen loud-speaker voice, which some GIs had dubbed "Big Brother," boomed a warning: "There has been a misfire. Everybody keep in position. Do not move."

For another few moments, the six-man firing team in the 20- by 20-foot control room stood numb. Then their trained minds began groping for an answer. Somewhere in the labyrinthian web of tens of thousands of wires and connections which lead from the control room to the bomb 10 miles away, something had happened. This had been one of the most complicated experiments ever attempted, yet according to the control panel everything in the firing circuit was in order. Theoretically, the bomb tower at "ground zero" should long since have been vaporized into a mushroom cloud.

Even while they discussed previously planned emergency procedure and searched for answers to their enigma, everyone knew what the next move had to be. Despite the elaborate controls which left practically everything to the electrical-minded sequence timer, there was one thing that had to be done by the hand of man—disarming the bomb. And although again theoretically there was no reason why the bomb should now explode, there was also no certainty that it wouldn't. If the precise electronic system was capable of *one* mistake . . .

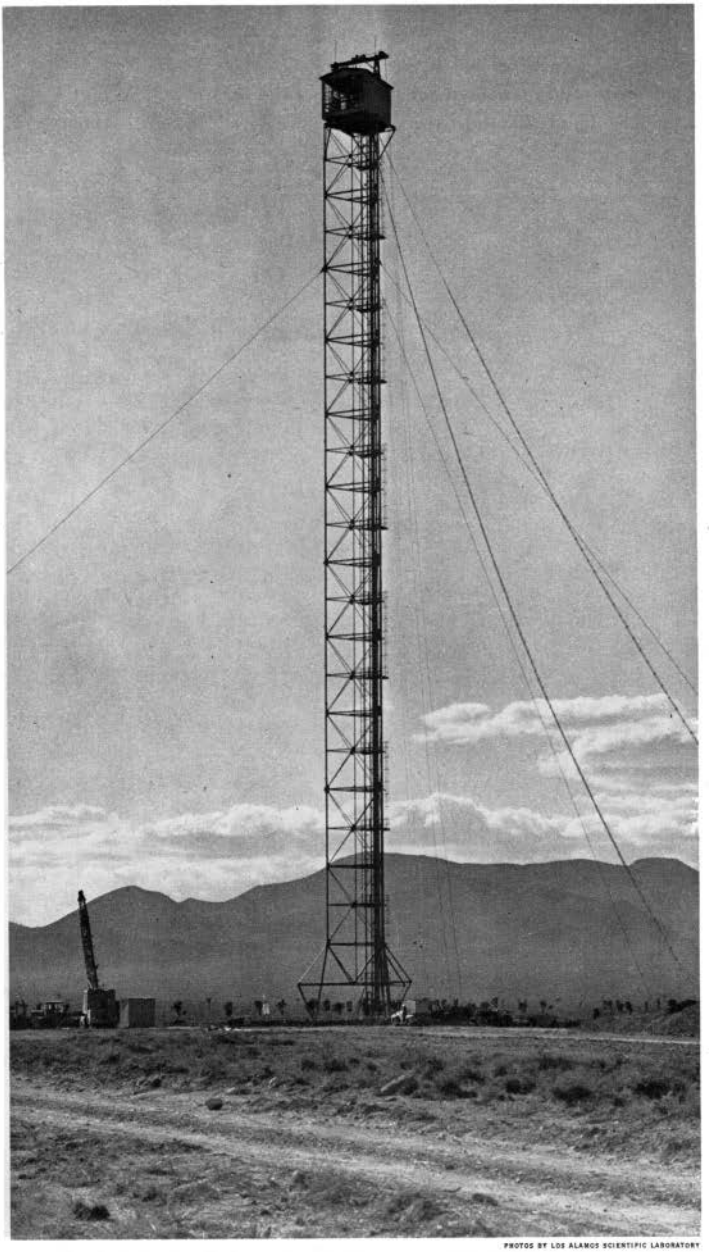
Someone was going to have to climb the 300-foot tower and risk possible annihilation. It was not a




**Dr. John C. Clark, Atomic Energy Commission's deputy test director. As "triggerman" for the atomic bomb, his job is to set it off, and, in case of misfire, personally disarm it**

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY DON ENGLISH

***While tense colleagues remain behind, a slight, bespectacled former schoolteacher and***



PHOTOS BY LOS ALAMOS SCIENTIFIC LABORATORY

**Bomb, resting in cab at top of 300-foot tower, normally disintegrates the entire structure. Disarmament team had to climb ladder to cab, remove crucial wires**

question of volunteers. Inevitably, the disarming chore was the responsibility of one man, the firing party commander, Dr. Clark; a slight, bespectacled, forty-nine-year-old physicist, on loan to the AEC from the University of California, and a man who looks more like a schoolteacher than the trigger-man for United States atomic detonations.

For most of his adult life, Jack Clark had been a schoolteacher. Fifteen years ago, while the 60-inch cyclotron was still under construction at Berkeley, Clark was teaching physics at nearby Stanford University. During the war, he served with the Army in ballistics and detonation research at Aberdeen Proving Grounds. At the close of the war, while on a special intelligence mission to uncover German and Japanese research secrets, Clark found himself rapidly becoming involved in the field of nuclear energy. In 1946, he was asked to take part in the University of California-directed research program at the Los Alamos Scientific Laboratory, where he rapidly advanced until he became the AEC's deputy test director.

### His Second Job of A-Bomb Disarming

In October of 1951, when the atomic device on the sixth Nevada bomb test failed to fire, Clark had found it his duty to disarm "the gadget." Now, on May 20, 1952, at 5:05 A.M., Clark was faced for the second time with a job no man should have to do even once in a lifetime.

At the control building, the six men on the firing team—AEC test director Dr. Alvin C. Graves, AEC test manager Carroll Tyler, Clark, and assistants Dr. Gaelen Felt, Herbert Grier and Barney O'Keefe—checked and rechecked their electronic recording instruments. Meanwhile, in accordance with emergency procedure, the troops, which had been prepared to move into the target zone after the blast in a simulated combat maneuver, were ordered to face away from the bomb and evacuate the area. The cause of the misfire remained a mystery.

"We'll let the gadget sizzle for an hour if it wants to," Clark told his colleagues as they moved to his office, adjoining the control room, for a conference of key personnel called by Dr. Graves. From the time he had armed the bomb, shortly before 3:00 A.M., Jack Clark, as firing party commander, had given the orders. Now, with a misfire on their hands, the decisions and orders were up to Al Graves, the forty-two-year-old, boyish-looking test director.

For the next 60 minutes, the scientists made their plans. A disarming procedure was adopted. A detailed check list was drawn up. And Barney O'Keefe and John Wieneke, the two specialists who had the most intimate knowledge of the elaborate circuitry involved in this test, were selected to accompany Clark and assist, check and advise him during the disarming operation.

Finally, at 6:15 A.M., Graves, his face showing the strain, nodded across the room at Clark. Clark picked up some rope, a few checking instruments and a hack saw and headed for the door, followed by O'Keefe and Wieneke. Outside the blockhouse, Clark walked to his car as casually as if heading for the mess hall, exchanging greetings as he passed friends he might be seeing for the last time. As Clark got behind the wheel, Dr. Ralph Carlisle Smith, an AEC security officer who has seen more A-bomb blasts than any other man in the world, came alongside to wish him luck.

"For this kind of work a guy deserves double time," Clark joshed as he started the motor of the chartreuse Dodge sedan.

"Okay, we'll pay you in double Martinis," replied Smith.

With O'Keefe beside him, and Wieneke in the rear seat, Clark put the sedan into gear and headed for the tower, which glinted 10 miles away under the rising sun. Along the blacktop road they sped, their eyes, partially shielded by the car's lowered sun visor, averted from the immediate target area to avoid being blinded should the bomb go off. Two miles from the tower they pulled up at a blast-proof switch station to disconnect some electrical

*his two helpers hop into a car and go racing across the sands on a fearsome errand . . .*

circuits. Finally, one mile from the tower, Jack Clark raised the visor and looked straight ahead. Being blinded by the flash now was the least of their worries. They had crossed an invisible line into the area of total hazard, in which detonation spelled quick and certain death.

Two minutes later, they arrived at the base of the three-legged tower. At the top, 300 feet up, enclosed in a 15-foot-square cab for protection against the elements, was a fully armed, live atomic bomb.

"We're going on up, Al," Clark reported over the two-way car radio, which was in contact with the control building where the test director anxiously awaited the report.

Dr. Graves knew only too well the danger involved. Six years before, he had been severely injured by a radiation overdose in a laboratory accident which had been fatal to another scientist standing next to him.

Tools and instruments dangling from a rope sling hung over his shoulder, Clark started up the ladder—which, but for the misfire, should at that moment have been drifting lazily away as part of the after-blast mushroom. Behind him came Wieneke, then O'Keefe.

At the 100-foot level they halted, winded. Always before they had ridden the elevator to the top, but it had been removed at Clark's direction after the bomb had been armed. "Should have left that elevator," murmured Wieneke. "What were you trying to do—save the taxpayers some money?"

### Three Who Braved Death at the Tower

Nearing the top they paused more frequently, silent, saving their breath, a grim triumvirate: Clark, a mild, graying bachelor with no living kinsfolk; Wieneke, stocky, thirty-four-year-old electronics expert who hoped soon to return to his wife and two children at Los Alamos; the thirty-two-year-old O'Keefe, employee of a Boston firm developing secret equipment for the atomic tests, who had a wife and three small children in Natick, Massachusetts.

Shortly before 7:00 A.M., Clark reached the cab. He removed the hack saw from his rope sling. Hours earlier, before leaving the cab via the elevator inside, as a routine matter he had wired shut the access door, a precaution he now regretted. Forcing the door slightly, Clark sawed through the hasp, and the door swung open. Clark and Wieneke went to the bomb and its associated devices, O'Keefe picked up a telephone in the corner of the cab.

Back at the control point, Dr. Graves abandoned a game of solitaire and hastily grabbed the receiver at the first ring.

"We're in the cab, Al," he heard O'Keefe report. "Jack is at the gadget now."

Graves motioned for a secretary to listen in on an extension. If the bomb did go off now, at least they would have on record every possible bit of information that might help them find out what had happened.

In the cab, Clark worked swiftly with his bare hands. In less than a minute, he had reached the crucial point in the complex circuitry. Beside him, Wieneke checked every move. There were two basic wires which had to be disconnected. Any change in the circuiting, even just pulling out one of these two connecting plugs, might set off the bomb.

"Jack is unscrewing the tightening collar of the plug," reported O'Keefe tersely over the phone. "Now he's got one plug out."

A moment's silence . . .

"Now he's got the other . . . !"

The three men in the cab and their colleagues 10 miles away relaxed slightly. There was no longer a probability of the atomic bomb going off. But it still was necessary to disassemble the bomb partially and to disarm the detonating device—which itself contained enough high explosive to kill all three men in the small cab.

"Disarming of the gadget completed, reported O'Keefe, finally. "We're going back down now."

Like a returning infantry patrol, Clark and his helpers climbed down the ladder and drove back to the control building. Their work was not completed. They still did not know why the bomb had failed to go off. According to the monitoring instruments in the control room, all elements of the primary firing circuit had functioned perfectly.

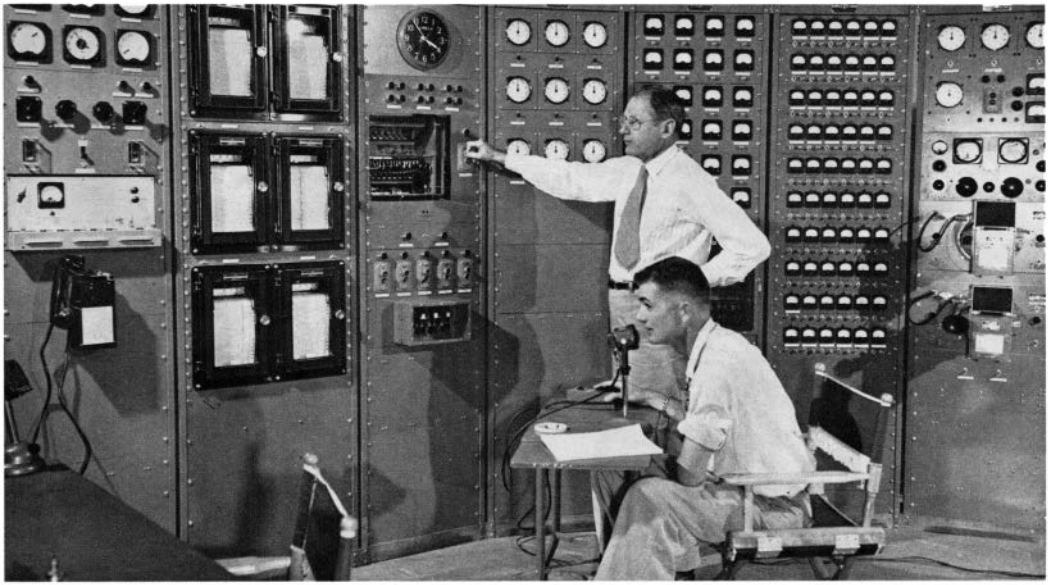
The detonation, therefore, must have been prevented by the automatic safeguards which operate when any part of the experimental apparatus fails to function properly.

### Photographers Solve the Mystery

Not until two hours later, after a photographic recovery team had brought back and processed film from a lead-lined underground bunker near ground zero, was the mystery solved: one of the measuring devices had not been ready to record, a malfunctioning which had automatically blocked the firing circuit. Had the bomb gone off at H hour, one of the most important measurements would have been lost and the valuable fissionable material wasted.

With the situation under control, Jack Clark completed his role of atomic triggerman and reassumed his post as deputy test director. Over the public-address system, he gave the orders permitting personnel to return to the test area. He ordered the elevator placed back in the bomb tower. Finally, at 3:00 P.M., after 36 hours of continuous duty, Clark climbed into his sedan and drove back to his bachelor quarters at the Proving Ground administrative headquarters in Camp Mercury. Bone-tired, he undressed, showered, poured himself a stiff drink and went to bed.

Five days later, when the sequence timer again reached "zero," the bomb did not miss its cue. The flash was seen as far as Los Angeles, 300 miles away.



**Dr. Clark stands at complicated control panel at Nevada Proving Ground. In foreground is his assistant, Dr. Gaelen Felt. Bomb is exploded from this room by pressing button on sequence timer; blast occurs after 15-minute interval**

# All These People Help Cincinnati Play Ball

THE day is hot, the game is close, the fans strain forward. Not a movement of the players goes unnoticed. The pitch . . . the swing . . . a miss! He's out and the side's retired! The nine men on the field trot over to their dugout.

For the fans, very little more is needed to make a major-league baseball game. But behind the nine stars, on any team, there is a tremendous organization. For the National League's Cincinnati Reds, this staff is made up of almost 500 persons.

Of this number, only 34 are concerned directly with the game—manager Luke Sewell, below, in uniform, seated next to general manager Gabe Paul; the 25 players, three coaches, two bat boys, a trainer and an equipment man.

The rest of the 500 persons on the Reds' payroll play supporting roles in the drama of the diamond—the 30 groundskeepers who maintain Crosley Field's 8½ acres, the 20 men who sell tickets and the 20 who take them, the 25 park police who keep order, aided by the 18 city-paid police, the 25 office workers who handle the club's paper work and the 90 ushers who get the fans into the proper seats.

But the fans demand more than a seat and a big-league ball game to watch. They want to eat, too. And so the Reds employ 103 vendors, the large blue-uniformed group below. During the course of an average game, these men dispense almost 30,000 cold drinks, three quarters of a ton of hot dogs, more than 750 cups of coffee or hot chocolate, 4,600 sacks of peanuts and popcorn.

The photograph below shows 366 persons. Those missing are scouts, scattered over the country, ever alert to recruit young baseball talent for the Reds.

To make this picture for Collier's, photogra-

pher Arthur Daley had to take the members of the organization away from their jobs a few hours before game time. Almost immediately, the smooth-functioning routine was thrown out of kilter. While Daley worked under a broiling sun (the temperature was 105 degrees) and struggled to give directions for posing over a complicated public-address system, hundreds of impatient fans collected outside the gates. Unaware of what was going on and confused because nobody was around to let them into the park, they milled about, clamoring for admittance.

When at last it was all on film, the huge baseball machine began to grind again. Everybody went back to helping Cincinnati play ball.

Everybody, that is, except the young man in the Brooklyn Dodger uniform at the far left of the second row. He is Bernie Stowe, the Reds' visiting-team bat boy. Appropriately dressed, he strolled over to help the Bums play ball.


PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ARTHUR DALEY

# *You Can Tell Now*

# HOW TALL YOUR CHILD

**By age two, the average girl has attained 52.2 per cent of her adult height, the**


NINE-YEAR-OLD Tommy Sears arrived home from Visitacion Valley Grammar School in San Francisco one recent spring afternoon with knuckles skinned and a shiner on his left eye.

"What happened?" his father asked.

"One of the kids called me 'Shrimp' again. Said I was too small to play baseball. Said I ought to be a circus midget. Dad, am I still going to be *little* when I grow up?"

Neither of Tommy's parents had the answer to his question, a painfully recurrent one. They decided that the time had come to see a doctor. He in turn sent them to Dr. Nancy Bayley at the University of California's Institute of Child Welfare. After a series of tests, the handsome, gray-haired child specialist reported: "He's one of those slow-growing youngsters; he'll catch up with his classmates in a few years." She predicted an eventual adult height of 5 feet 10 inches—"almost as tall as General Eisenhower." Thus comforted, Tommy has invited no more schoolyard flare-ups.

Today, thanks to years of research and techniques developed by Dr. Bayley and others, the expected adult height of children can be foretold with remarkable accuracy. Dr. Bayley's work is not generally known to the public; but physicians all over the country consult her on cases of abnormal development by children, and her professional accolades include the post of representative of the Childhood and Adolescent Division of the American Psychological Association.

Being exceptionally tall or short, compared with other youngsters the same age, is often of vital importance both to the child concerned and his parents; for abnormalities in size can be a major personality problem, especially during the sensitive time of adolescence. Nobody wants to feel like a freak—to endure feeble jokes about "How's the weather up there?" or to answer to "Half-pint."

Worry over the height of children is more widespread than is generally realized. A recent typical week brought such letters as these to Dr. Bayley's desk in the old-fashioned residence on Bancroft Way in Berkeley that is institute headquarters:

From Boston: "We're deeply troubled by the slow growth of our adopted two-year-old. His real parents were of normal height, but Danny is only 31 inches tall. If a child's adult height is twice that at age two, he'll be a very small man. We don't want him to grow up cocky and aggressive like many short men are . . ."

From Chicago: "Twelve-year-old Susan is a 5-foot-4-inch 'string bean' and still sprouting. She's painfully shy because she's the tallest pupil in the sixth grade . . ."

From Los Angeles: "My sixteen-year-old, Harold, has always been smaller than boys his own age. Now for the first time he's growing rapidly. Can anything be done to encourage or prolong this growth?"

In each case, Dr. Bayley provided parents and family doctor with a prediction of the child's expected adult height, using her "bone-age" method of forecasting, a method which over a 15-year period has proved accurate within 2 per cent.

### Studies of Time of Skeletal Growth

The Bayley theory is that a slow-maturing child with an immature skeleton will grow over a longer period of time, while a child who matures rapidly and has a more mature skeleton than his playmates will have a briefer growing period. To determine whether a child is advanced or retarded in his skeletal growth, Dr. Bayley has X rays taken of his left hand (chosen because it is usually used less than the right, and is therefore more normal) and compares them with "average" X rays for his age.

In a baby's hands, the bones of the fingers and wrist are chiefly cartilage and do not show up on X-ray film. But these "bones" have small bony centers at their ends called epiphyses, which are separated by cartilage. As a child grows, this cartilage turns to bone and the epiphyses close up. The speed of the process depends on such things as the functioning of the body's glands; a child in whom this process occurs early is considered to have a mature skeleton, and vice versa.

**To determine your child's height at maturity (normally reached by girls at 16½, by boys at 19), check present measurement against chart**

# WILL GROW

By ANDREW HAMILTON

## average boy 48.6. And there may be help for those who are too tall or too short

If X rays show that a child's skeletal development is greater than the average of his age, it means that his size and growing period will be shorter; if the development is less than average, his growing period will be longer, and he can expect to be taller than seems likely at the time he is measured.

The old rule of thumb that "a child's adult height will be twice that at age two" is not necessarily true, according to Dr. Bayley. She estimates that it may be haywire by as much as three or four inches and says that a better rule is that at age two, the average girl has grown to 52.2 per cent of her adult height, the average boy to 48.6 per cent.

One of Dr. Bayley's growth charts for normal children, showing percentage of growth from infancy to adulthood, is published with this article. If your child falls somewhere within the average limits for his age, there is no cause for worry. But if, by those standards, your child seems abnormally tall or short, a double check by the Bayley bone-age method often will alleviate worry by indicating that the seemingly too tall child has a more mature skeleton than average and will stop growing sooner, or that the short child is slower maturing and will someday shoot up.

### How Doctor Figured Eventual Height

Thus, in the case of twelve-year-old Susan, of Chicago, although traditional height charts indicated that she would probably grow to be 5 feet 10 inches, the Bayley analysis showed her skeletal age to be more mature than average for her age—that of a thirteen-and-a-half-year-old—thus indicating that the girl would stop growing at 5 feet 6½ inches. Tommy Sears's skeletal age lagged behind the average for nine-year-olds by more than a year, indicating that he would continue to grow over a longer period than other boys his age, and would catch up with them later.

On the other hand, if the Bayley method confirms fears that a child's eventual adult height will be overly short or tall, Dr. Bayley advises the parents on steps they may take to condition a child for it, on how to handle any psychological problem that might develop.

The Bayley method is based on research on human joints and bones by the late Dr. T. Wingate Todd at Western Reserve University, in Cleveland. Dr. Todd took thousands of X rays of the human body and established that bones have a very definite pattern of growth from infancy to adulthood. The fruits of his work were published in 1937 in his Atlas of Skeletal Maturation.

By that time Dr. Bayley had been at the Institute of Child Welfare for nine years, and was studying the growth of several hundred Berkeley school children. Certain that Dr. Todd's findings would help make height prediction more precise, she went East in 1937 to study with him for several months.

By linking the two pieces of research—Todd's work on bones and joints and the institute's studies of growing children—Dr. Bayley evolved her forecasting method. She checked and double-checked it with existing height, weight and X-ray measurements of children whose growth was completed. (This meant that she didn't have to wait for a generation or two of children to grow up.) One set of measurements she checked was the Harvard Growth Studies, compiled during the late twenties and early thirties, in which some 1,000 youngsters stepped on scales and stood against measuring boards. Another set was the institute's own records on 400 more children. "I was lucky," recalls Dr. Bayley. "These records contained not only age, height and weight measurements taken on the same day, but also complete X rays at many ages, including their adult measures."

Over a 15-year period, Dr. Bayley has revised and sharpened her techniques. Instead of Todd standards of bone growth, she now uses the newer standards developed in 1950 by Dr. W. W. Greulich of Stanford University School of Medicine and Dr. Idell Pyle of Western Reserve University. She finds that her forecasting works best on youngsters aged nine and older because the closer to ultimate adult height, the smaller the chance of error. One child in every three, Dr.

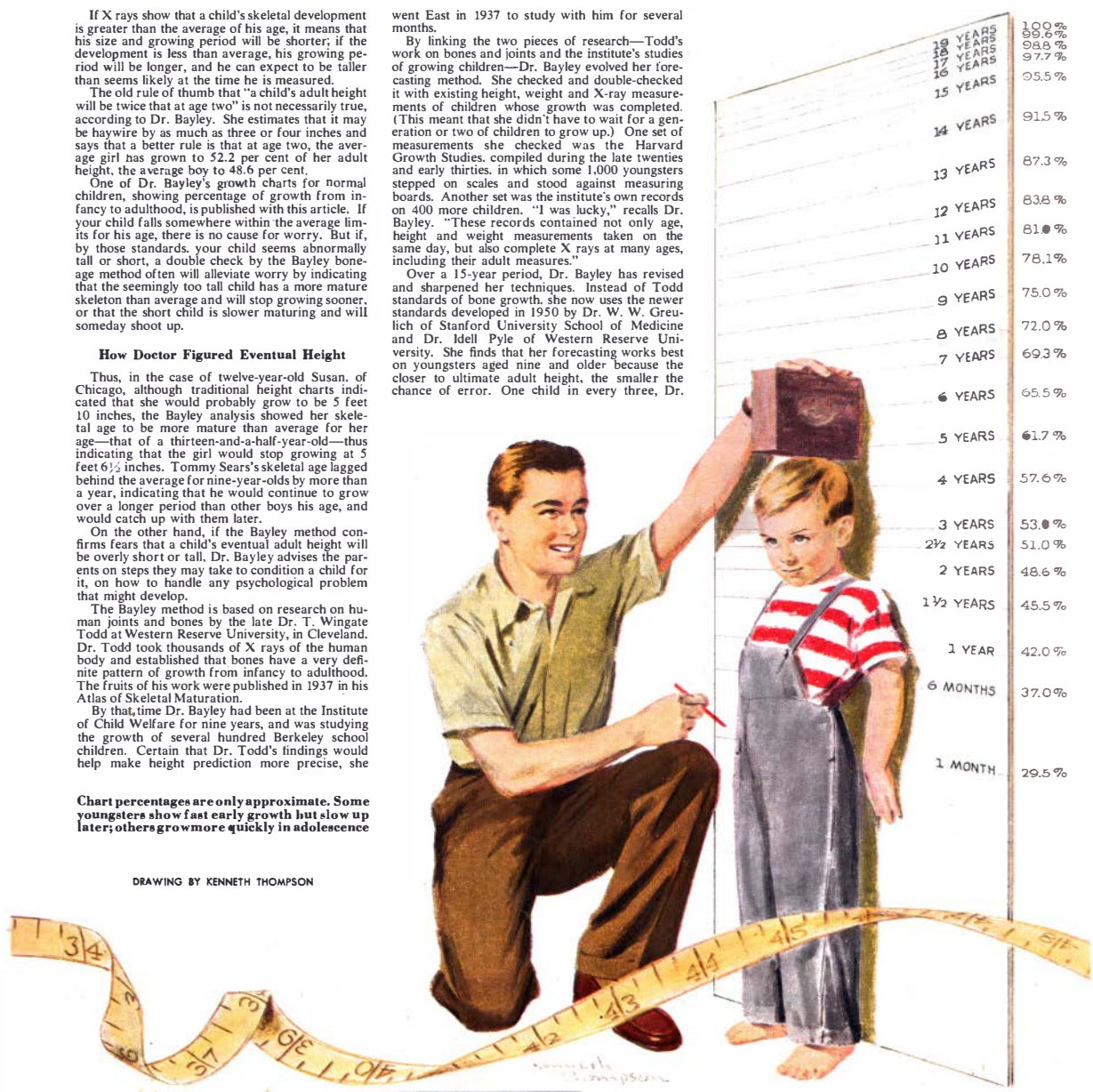



**Chart percentages are only approximate. Some youngsters show fast early growth but slow up later; others grow more quickly in adolescence**

DRAWING BY KENNETH THOMPSON

**In Resi Bar, Ingeborg Schank puts note in tube. S/Sgt. William Adams, of Mount Vernon, N.Y., phones a friend**

# Tête-à-Telephone

Berlin

IN America, or at least in fictional and cinematic America, if a boy wants to meet a girl in a night club he can tip the headwaiter for an introduction, step on the lady's toe and apologize charmingly, send flowers, or simply walk over and start talking. In Berlin's famous, thirty-year-old Ballhaus Resi Bar, things are different. Here boy meets girl scientifically. The million-dollar *Ballhaus* (dance hall), owned by Paul Baatz, who last year rebuilt it in the Western sector after seeing it destroyed by American bombers during the war, is equipped with communication devices installed specifically to make friendship between the sexes easier. And you do not have to be devious or coy at the Resi; you simply call the girl up or send her a note.

The rebuilt Resi will accommodate between 1,200 and 1,500 people at a time. It has 200 booths, with a telephone attached to each, and a tube system which carries written messages between ladies and men.

The telephones in the booths work somewhat like a wink—wired for sound. Over each booth is a number and on each table is a floor plan of the ballroom. By dialing the number of a booth, a young man or woman can be put in touch with any other table in the room.

Since, even with GIs floating about, there is a serious man shortage in West Berlin, any night finds many more women than men at the Resi, and the men seem to be on the receiving end of most of the telephonic tête-à-têtes. Usually when a call comes through, it means a request for a dance, but sometimes the telephone participants can become engaged in more serious conversation. Sample (overheard) of a call from a German girl to an American soldier: "How would you like to dance with me, soldier?" The soldier: "Sure, kid, what table you at?" The *fräulein:* "Thank you, sir, we are simply testing the wires."

To insure further congeniality at the Resi, there is, of course, Mr. Baatz's pneumatic tube system, similar to those which scoot change from floor to floor in American department stores. By means of the tubes, customers send notes to other tables in the dance hall. In a clearing room, all notes are censored for political implications and overheated ardor before they are sent on to the addressees.

The censors are girls from the Frei University in West Berlin. They read English, French and German, the three languages that are acceptable in writing at the Resi. Ingeborg Schank, postmistress for the evening, showed me a few. Most of them were invitations to dine or dance, but one or two were more memorable. A woman at table 289, for instance, wrote to a man at 287: "My husband isn't here tonight. So do not be afraid to dance with me." Number 287 wrote back: "Who's afraid? I simply don't want to see you any more."

**A note for Eva Hinz**

Mr. Baatz's final attraction, but one considered incidental to his remarkable system of convivial communications, is a nine-minute display of colored lights playing on water fountains to the strains of waltzes. The fountains are situated on a giant stage in the front of the ballroom and were designed by Mr. Baatz, who has kept the engineering plans a very close secret. He says that the display not only saves the cost of a "live" floor show, but that the water helps clear the smoke in the club. Mr. Baatz considers his ballroom one of the most respectable and well conducted in Europe.

"Many of the youngsters you see out on the dance floor, there," he explains, "are the children of people who met each other at the Resi Bar years ago. This is a family institution."

Mr. Baatz may be right, but, as one GI observed: "The old man doesn't know it—but it looks as if he's put a good old American game on a paying basis. Post office. anyone?"

ART BUCHWALD

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY BILL STAPLETON

Bayley has found, does not mature at the average rate. About half of these mature early, half late; the same ratio applies to both boys and girls. Thus, in addition to normally maturing youngsters, there are four types of children as far as growth habits are concerned: early-maturing boys and girls, and late-maturing boys and girls. Each of the four shows a quite different pattern of development.

(1) Early-maturing girls start zooming at nine or ten and become relatively tall, broad-hipped, mature in build long before their classmates. Often they begin to menstruate while still in the doll-playing stage. They may feel conspicuous and have trouble fitting into their age group. But they don't remain oversize for long. The others soon catch up; the early maturers often find themselves relatively short adults.

(2) Late-maturing girls, on the other hand, are, before the age of thirteen or fourteen, smaller than most other girls. Their growth is slow, but is continuous over a longer period of time. They show a moderate spurt between thirteen and fifteen—after which they usually become taller adults.

(3) Early-maturing boys are usually broad-built, strong-muscled and large—and will become relatively large, strong adults.

This should not be of special concern to parents—but sometimes, unaccountably, it is. A New York businessman anxiously sent X rays to Dr. Bayley and followed up with a telephone call: "My son Dick is eleven years old, 5 feet 6 inches tall, weighs 135 pounds and has the development of a fourteen- or fifteen-year-old boy. Will he continue to grow as rapidly?"

Dr. Bayley replied: "Dick is an example of a boy who has matured early. X rays show him to have a bone age of fourteen years nine months on the Todd standards. This means he has completed 94.5 per cent of his total growth, and should reach an adult height of around 5 feet 10 inches. This is a height most young men think very desirable."

(4) Late-maturing boys lag far behind. They are still "little boys" at thirteen, fourteen and even fifteen. When they do begin to grow, they often become tall adults. But as a rule they are slender-shouldered, long-legged and "skinny" with poorly developed muscles.

### "Bookworm's" Mother Worries

Jimmy Winters, of Salt Lake City, was one of these. In the eighth grade he was only 4 feet 9 inches. His mother wrote that Jimmy was "becoming a bookworm" because he couldn't compete in sports and outdoor activities. She added that she herself was 5 feet 1 inch tall, while Jimmy's father was 6 feet 1 inch.

Dr. Bayley was able to assure Jimmy's parents that he was a slow maturer, but would eventually reach 5 feet 9 inches.

Dr. Bayley prefers to work through physicians rather than upon referrals from them. She has not copyrighted or patented her height-forecasting charts; she wants as many people as possible to learn how to use them. "It's better if your family doctor interprets information about the skeletal age of your child and makes height predictions himself," she advises parents. "He is in a better position to weigh such additional factors as the child's physical condition, health record, etc."

If the evidence indicates a child will be abnormally tall or short, there are two possible approaches to take. The first is medical, the second, psychological.

Some promising experiments have been made by several researchers in controlling children's height by thyroid drugs and hormones. (They are still in the experimental stage, and should be used only under the guidance of a specialist.) Androgens have been used to boost the predicted height of short boys. estrogens to curtail the predicted height of tall girls.

At the University of California Medical School in San Francisco, Dr. H. Lisser and Dr. Albert S. Gordan, Jr., recently reported treatment with male hormones of 60 undersized, puny boys. All the boys grew taller and increased their weight, muscular development, strength and vigor.

Dr. Bayley has worked with Dr. Leona M. Bayer of Stanford in some significant experiments in the stature control of children. A small six-year-old boy, for example, when treated with thyroid and sex hormones, increased his predicted height by 2 inches. Following treatment with estrogens to speed up the maturation period, a twelve-year-old girl's predicted height dropped from 5 feet 9½ to 5 feet 7.

The use of estrogens to keep tall girls from becoming too tall is relatively new. But such a procedure has also been reported by Dr. J. K. Fancher, an Atlanta, Georgia, physician and lecturer at Emory University, and by Dr. Max A. Goldzieher of St. Clare's Hospital.

### A Warning About Estrogen

"All such experiments are still in the laboratory stage," warns Dr. Bayley. "*No medical treatment whatsoever should be attempted without the expert guidance and supervision of a doctor who is a specialist in child growth.*"

The alternate to medical treatment, Dr. Bayley believes, is for parents to take proper steps to prepare a child mentally for abnormal height if convinced that a personality problem looms.

They should point out to a short child that lack of height is only *one* growing-up problem; that we all have some peculiarities, problems or defects.

They can tell him that he can't be a heavyweight boxer, a shot-putter or a basketball center, but that he can learn to play tennis, golf or baseball. He can be encouraged to develop talents and skills in fields where size is not important, and to remember that history is full of people who have succeeded in spite of height abnormalities.

Girls can be told that a tall, erect woman has always been the ideal of female beauty and that the fashion models who wear clothes so beautifully are usually taller than average.

Dr. Bayley, who in private life is Mrs. John R. Reid, wife of a Stanford University philosophy professor, herself stands 5 feet 5½ inches, not far off the average for women. She has no children of her own ("Maybe that's why I've made a career of studying the youngsters of other people," she says) but gets hundreds of Christmas and birthday cards each year as well as wedding and shower invitations from "her kids." She has weighed, measured and X-rayed about 500 in all; one group of 40, in particular, she has followed all the way from infancy to their present age of twenty-three or twenty-four.

In general, Dr. Bayley points out, Americans are becoming a taller race, thanks to better living habits and fewer childhood illnesses. But, she adds, there will always be the "shrimps" and "string beans," and wise parents and teachers will help them to adjust and to compensate by developing special skills.

"But sometimes," she told a recent visitor, "I think fathers and mothers despair more than their youngsters over this business of height. Not long ago I had a conference with a couple from Beverly Hills who were worried almost sick about their daughter, who was 6 feet tall. But sixteen-year-old Jane—a stunning blonde and an excellent student—had made her adjustment. She winked at me and said: 'There are plenty of tall basketball players at UCLA, where I'm enrolling this fall. Let them do the worrying!'"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"I have a blister," said Mr. Rudd, as we were passing along the shore of a small, lonely lake. "I'm afraid I can't go much farther"

# Late Honeymoon

## By HARRISON KINNEY

**It soon became clear that Mr. Rudd loathed the great outdoors as much as his bride loved it. He started at every snapping twig. And a timid person has no business going camping with my brother**

MR. GILBERT, the scoutmaster of Troop Sixty-six, stopped by our house one afternoon in August.

"Are we going on a camping hike Monday?" I asked him, as I let him in the front door. I was at the time considerably behind in my qualifications for merit badges.

"I want to speak to your mother and father about that, Steve," said Mr. Gilbert, blinking behind his thick-lensed glasses. I led him into the living room.

"I learned today of a chance to serve as camp guide for a week to a young married couple who just arrived in town," Mr. Gilbert told my parents. He paused and coughed self-consciously. "The young lady, in fact, termed it a late honeymoon. I could not refuse the opportunity to augment the salary we schoolteachers earn these days."

"Sounds fine," said my father, who had no idea why Mr. Gilbert, who was the manual-training instructor at the Easton Junior High School, was confessing his extracurricular plans to him. My father went back to reading an article on retail merchandising.

Mr. Gilbert turned his glasses in my direction. "I promised Steve, though, that I'd take him on an outing, and next week is the only chance I'm going to have. I spoke to this couple, the Rudds—nice people they seemed to be—and they have no objection to Steve's coming along. He can help with the chores."

"Sounds fine," my father said again. He was always glad to have his children out of the house. "Why don't you take George along, too, Gilbert?"

Mr. Gilbert started and looked about him confusedly. "George," he repeated. "Really, Mr. Thompson, Mrs. Rudd said she is fond of children, but I couldn't assume the responsibility of—"

"Nonsense!" said my father. "I'll pay half again what the Rudds pay you if you take George. George needs a vacation."

"But he's been in camp all summer," said my mother. "And it *is* a honeymoon trip."

"*Late* honeymoon," corrected my father. "They can't expect lovers' privacy on a guided bike. I'm sure Gilbert can persuade them. Besides, *we* need a vacation from *George*. And he hasn't been in camp all summer. He's been in three different camps, and they always asked us to come and get him after a few days."

My parents were afraid of my brother George, who, at thirteen, was three years older than myself. His childhood was generously scattered with mis-



ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG


Painting above shows typical operation of Dodge "*Job-Rated*" trucks owned by Blue Plate Foods, Inc., New Orleans, La.

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demeanors which, thanks to his perverse cunning, George had never had to answer for. My parents' attempts to punish George had inevitably led to sincere promises by George to take up a life of serious crime unless they desisted.

"George shows a marked refusal to conform to the group," Mr. Gilbert said nervously, remembering the time that George had absconded with the Sunday-school collection, with which he bought a box of cigars for himself and his gang.

"Not at all," my father said heartily. "The boy's just high-spirited."

"We should ask George how he feels about it," said my mother. "Where is he?"

"I saw him out by the icehouse." I told her. "He's still mad because you and Father didn't buy him the Thompson sub-machine gun for his birthday last week."

George was persuaded to join the party of campers after my father promised to lend him his twenty-gauge shotgun for target shooting. This promise filled Mr. Gilbert with new fears, which were assuaged only by a bonus payment from my father. On Monday morning, George and I waited on our front porch for Mr. Gilbert. We each carried a blanket and tent pegs rolled up in a canvas shelter half, and packed with some canned goods. I carried a collapsible fishing rod tied to the pack, a scout knife, a flashlight and a pedometer attached to my belt. George had my father's shotgun slung over one shoulder.

"Why would any dope want to go tramping around the woods this time of year?" George growled. "Can't shoot deer. Fish are almost through running. Wonder what their racket is?"

"Mr. Gilbert said Mrs. Rudd is a bird watcher," I told George. "She wants to take pictures and learn the names of all the plants and trees. Mr. Rudd wants to fish."

IN a few minutes, Mr. Gilbert drove up. We stored our gear in the trunk of the car and climbed into the front seat. Gertie, Mr. Gilbert's Irish setter, barked with happy anticipation at the sight of George's gun. The Rudds, who sat in back, were a young couple who giggled a great deal and held hands. Mrs. Rudd was dressed in a wool shirt and slacks. She was very pretty and wore a felt hunting cap with a broad visor. Her husband was dressed in khaki shorts, shirt and knit stockings that reached to the knees. As the car moved out of town, Gertie braced her hind legs on my lap and leaned out the window, her nose into the wind and her ears blown back, woofing occasionally with excitement.

"I had in mind a westerly direction," Mr. Gilbert called back to the Rudds.

"Anyplace there's good fishing," said Mr. Rudd. "My gorgeous wife bought me a fine fly rod, and I want to put it to some real use." He smiled at Mrs. Rudd, leaned over and pecked her on the cheek.

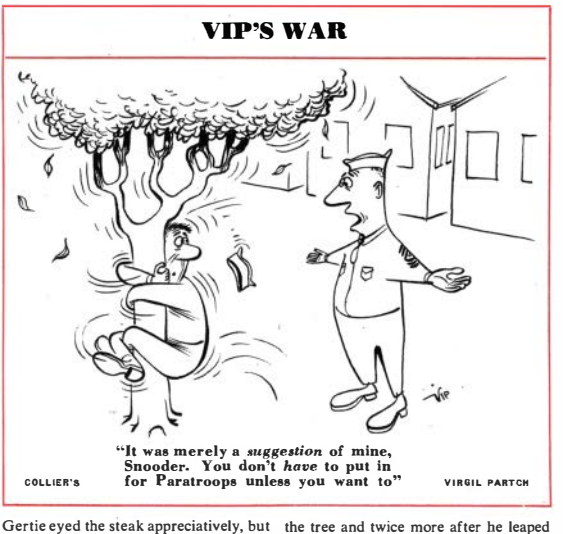
Fifteen miles out Eagle Road, a narrow dirt lane with thick grass and bushes that swept both sides of the car, the way became a wagon trail which ended in a forest clearing. Mr. Gilbert stopped the car. "Fix your packs tightly to your backs so they won't chafe," he told us. "We'll go single file, and keep in sight of the person ahead of you. It's easy to get lost in these woods."

I kept close behind Mr. Gilbert as we started off, Gertie trotting a zigzag course ahead of her master. The Rudds chatted and laughed behind me. Mr. Rudd had gallantly put most of his wife's equipment on his own back. George, who always liked to be by himself, tagged along far to the rear.

"Dad really made a nature lover out of me," I heard Mrs. Rudd say to her husband. "We had a hunting lodge in Michigan for years. Now, after eight months of marriage, I finally have you on a camping trip in Maine. I do hope you enjoy yourself. You've *got* to like the woods, darling. I've always said I could never love a man who didn't like camping, hunting and fishing."

"I've been strictly a shore man," her husband replied, struggling to keep up with his double load of equipment. "We rented a house every summer at Ocean City. Not a tree in miles. Always had an idea, though, I'd be a good woodsman. I'll probably be qualified as a Maine guide before this trip is over."

MRS. RUDD often paused to listen to a bird's singing, or take a picture, and after her husband fell over a log while she was pointing out a chickadee to him, she successfully urged him to give her back her own pack. By noon, when we stopped to eat, the Rudds had stopped calling to one another, and Mr. Rudd was kneading his back, which had gone lame. We ate heated canned meat hash and boiled some coffee. George had built another fire some distance away, and he unwrapped a beefsteak from its wax-paper covering, spitted it on a stick, and roasted it over the flame.




Gertie eyed the steak appreciatively, but the rest of us pretended not to notice.

We walked all that afternoon until my pedometer registered nine and a half miles.

"I have a blister," said Mr. Rudd, as we were passing along the shore of a small, lonely lake. "I'm afraid I can't go much farther today."

"Poor lamb," sympathized his wife. "We can stop, can't we, Mr. Gilbert?"

"We can camp here for the night, if you wish," said Mr. Gilbert. He helped the Rudds button their shelter halves together, pitch the tent and cut boughs with a hatchet for their beds, while I duplicated the procedure for him and myself. George had already said he planned to sleep by himself. We had an early supper, and, since it would not be dark for several more hours, the Rudds wandered off to take pictures with a movie camera and to identify bird calls.

"Don't go too far," Mr. Gilbert called after them solicitously. "There are over a hundred and fifteen million acres of woods to get lost in."

"I don't think I'd mind at all getting lost in these wonderful woods with *you*," I heard Mrs. Rudd say to her husband. The whirring of the camera and Mrs. Rudd's happy giggling could be heard through the trees for some time.

Mr. Gilbert was teaching me to tie several kinds of knots with two pieces of rope, when George picked up the shotgun and started off, Gertie bounding after him with joyous yelps. "George," called Mr. Gilbert. "I want to go with you if you intend to shoot. It isn't the season for much of anything, and it's my duty to see that you obey the fish and game laws of this state."

George looked sullen as he and Mr. Gilbert disappeared through the trees. I was skipping rocks across the pond when I heard the shotgun fire three times and heard Gertie's frantic barking. Mr. Rudd charged into the camp clearing; his wife followed at a more unexcited pace. "What was that?" asked Mr. Rudd.

At that moment Gertie appeared, carrying a dead rabbit in her mouth, followed by George glumly carrying two red squirrels, equally defunct. Mr. Gilbert, looking quite embarrassed, followed him, cradling the gun in the crook of his arm.

"We spotted a bobcat," Mr. Gilbert explained limply. "The creature was sitting in a tree. It's open season on bobcats, so I fired at him while he was in the tree and twice more after he leaped to the ground. I—I'm afraid my marksmanship isn't quite what it used to be. I got two squirrels in the tree and a rabbit on the ground."

"This guy is blinder than a mole," George snarled. "I could have knocked that wildcat over the first crack."

Mrs. Rudd covered her mouth and gurgled with laughter, but her husband looked worried. "Are bobcats dangerous?" he asked. "That was quite close to our camp. Should we be walking around unarmed?"

"They almost never attack a human," Mr. Gilbert said, cleaning his glasses. "There's a fifteen-dollar bounty on them because they attack such game as fawns, and—uh—rabbits and squirrels. Occasionally sheep."

Mrs. Rudd cuddled up to her serious-faced husband and put her arms around him. "Ums will protect me from the big old bad wildcats, won't ums?" she said.

"What does that mean?" I asked.

"Go to bed, Steve," said Mr. Gilbert from inside our tent.

"Yes, sir," I said. . . .

The following afternoon, we came to a broad, swift stream. On either side, the ground rose in gentle semicircular patterns to form a small amphitheater.

"Do you think this is a good fishing place?" Mr. Gilbert asked me.

"It's the kind of stream my father likes to fish," I said. "I bet there's lots of trout in there."

"It's late in the season," said Mr. Gilbert, "but there may be a few laggards."

"Looks great to me," said Mr. Rudd. He sounded tired, having slept fitfully, he explained, waking periodically under the delusion that a bobcat was about to get him. "I'm still a little jittery," he added. "Think I'll turn in early."

"Really, Piggy, I don't think you're an outdoor man at all," his wife said teasingly.

Mr. Rudd made no answer, but helped Mr. Gilbert pitch the tent and then crawled inside. His general anxiety increased that night, after Mr. Gilbert had put out the campfire. He came over to our tent not long after we had gone to bed. "Did you hear that noise?" he asked Mr. Gilbert in a tight, hoarse whisper. "It was bloodcurdling, I tell you. Bloodcurdling. I don't want to alarm my wife, of course."

"It was a loon, Mr. Rudd," Mr. Gilbert said courteously in the dark. "They're birds that nest on the shore of ponds and lakes and dive for fish. They make most of their noise after sunset."

"Of course," said Mr. Rudd. "I was sure it was nothing but I wanted to give my wife an explanation in case she asked me about the sound." He started to turn away and paused. "Frankly, Gilbert," he continued, "I'm in a spot. I wanted to spend this vacation in the Virgin Islands playing golf. My wife's crazy about the woods and, what's more, she expects me to be. She's nuts enough to wreck our marriage if she thinks I don't fit into her dream of an outdoors-loving husband. I'm doing my best to let her think I go for this cave-man existence but I don't know how long I can keep it up." He went back to his tent without waiting for an answer. Later, when a barred owl called, Mr. Rudd woke me up by thrusting his head out of his tent and shouting, "Who's there?"

"Try to get some sleep, Piggy," I heard his wife say to him. "Nothing's going to happen to us. Not on our honeymoon."

WHEN it was nearly daybreak, a tree fell across our tent, crushing Mr. Gilbert's glasses, which lay between us. I found myself unable to move beneath the weight. "In the name of Heaven, what is it?" Mr. Gilbert asked sleepily. "Is it George?"

"There's something on our tent," I said. "Maybe a wildcat."

Mr. Gilbert crawled from under the tent and raised a three-inch-thick cedar tree off of it. "Beavers," he announced, squinting nearsightedly at the tooth-marks on the stump. "They must be building or mending a dam downstream." He was greatly disturbed when I handed him his broken glasses.

"I'm afraid I'll have some trouble identifying birds for you now," he told Mrs. Rudd at breakfast, "but I'll take you out this morning, anyway."

"I think beavers are simply darling," said Mrs. Rudd. "I bet it's a pair of beavers who just mated and are building their own little log dream house."

After breakfast, when Mrs. Rudd, Mr. Gilbert and Gertie had left for a walk, I got out my bait rod and can of night crawlers and started upstream.

"Hold it, kid," Mr. Rudd called to me. "Do you mind company?"

"No, sir," I said.

I waited while he found his fly box, rod case, creel, waders and landing net, and we followed the stream until we came to a wide, deep pool into which the water spilled from a narrow, rocky pass. George followed us, some distance behind, kicking at the ground and looking quite bored. I telescoped my rod to its full length, strung the line through the guides, baited the hook and attached the sinker while Mr. Rudd struggled into his

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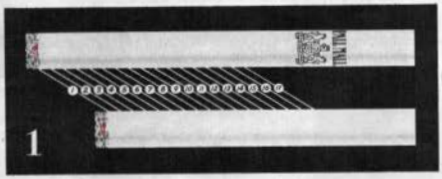


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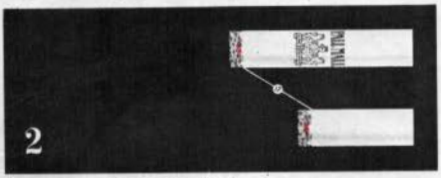


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waders. They were the kind my father owned: rubberized overalls with feet attached, held up by suspenders. He assembled the three parts of the fly rod, pausing now and then to read a booklet of instructions. He pored worriedly over the assortment of trout flies in his box and finally chose a red coachman. Fastening on his creel and net, he clambered carefully down the slight embankment and waded out, somewhat downstream from the pool. George sat with his back to a tree, watching Mr. Rudd with some curiosity.

In the first twenty minutes, I landed two brook trout and one rainbow, and lost a big fish after a long fight. The fish eventually ran free with my bait and hook, but before it did, Mr. Rudd, who, on the first cast, had caught his line on a tree branch, spied my attempts to land it.

"Hold him, kid!" he bellowed, dropping his rod and charging upstream, waving his net. He had not gone far when he gashed his waders, probably on an underwater rock, and they instantly filled with water, throwing him off balance and toppling him over in the fast stream like a roly-poly clown. I put down my rod and ran downstream to help Mr. Rudd out of the stream and retrieve his rod. He looked very much as if he were drowning. After he'd floundered ashore, he took off his clothes and hung them on bushes to dry and watched with disgust while I caught five more trout and two salmon. One of the trout was too small, so I threw it back into the water.

"Guess bait is better this time of year, isn't it, kid?" Mr. Rudd finally asked uncertainly.

"I don't think it matters," I said. "You were using dry flies. My father says fish usually stay near the bottom in this warm weather."

"Dry flies?" Mr. Rudd repeated, eying my fish.

"You want to buy his fish and tell your wife you caught 'em?" asked George, whittling on a piece of wood.

Mr. Rudd thought for a moment. "That would be a good little joke, wouldn't it?" he said. "We'll just keep it to ourselves, huh?"

"We won't blab," said George. "You sell him the fish for five bucks, and I get a buck for making the deal," he said to me.

"All right," I said.

THAT night, we had the fish for supper. Mrs. Rudd was quite excited about the catch, and she looked at her husband across the fire with a mixture of pride and curiosity. "Dad would be proud of you, dear," she said. "I know *I* am." She got up and kissed Mr. Rudd on the cheek.

After supper, I threw sticks for Gertie until she followed George and Mr. Gilbert into the woods. They were back in a little over an hour. "Why couldn't I shoot them?" George was asking petulantly. "It's always open season on bears."

"Bears!" bellowed Mr. Rudd, his head emerging from his tent like a turtle's. "My God, are there bears around here?"

"Black bear," said Mr. Gilbert. "They never attack unless you get between them and their cubs, or unless they've been wounded, or are bothered with a festered sore. George wanted to shoot a large-sized one; and without my glasses I had no assurance that I would be able to escape a wounded bear's charge."

"Suppose we met one?" persisted Mr. Rudd. "Which of us is going to give him an examination to see if he has a festered sore?"

Mrs. Rudd looked at her husband coolly. "You know, dear, I'm beginning to get just a little tired of your grouching," she told him. "When I think that your class at Yale Law School voted you most likely to succeed, it makes me want to laugh."

Mr. Rudd attempted a smile. "I'm sorry, honey," he said meekly. "For some reason, I haven't been sleeping well lately. The animals out here make more noise than a Barnum and Bailey show."

I was practicing building a fire with sticks the next morning in camp while Mr. Rudd sat at the front of his tent, unraveling his fishing line, which he had inexplicably gotten quite tangled. Mrs. Rudd, Mr. Gilbert and Gertie had climbed a wooded slope to the south on a tree-identification excursion. Suddenly we heard George's shotgun.

Mr. Rudd looked at me anxiously. "What could that be?" he asked.

"George," I said. "Maybe he saw another bobcat."

In a minute or so we heard the sound of running feet, the crackle of brush and twigs, and George came bursting into the camp clearing on a dead run, holding the shotgun in one hand. He neither slackened his pace nor looked at us but headed straight toward the opposite side of camp with a slight, malicious smile on his face. The next second, a large, panting cinnamon bear galloped into the open, grunting with the exertion of the chase. In another second, both George and the bear had splashed across the stream and were out of sight, headed downstream. Mr. Rudd had turned pale and was clutching the tent pole weakly.

"I—I thought the bears around here never attacked anybody," he croaked.

"I guess George must have been bothering her," I said, and went back to rubbing the sticks together.

"That boy will be torn limb from limb," gasped Mr. Rudd. "Then the bear will come back for us."

"No, it won't," I said. "George will be all right. I wouldn't want to be a bear chasing George. George never gets hurt. He's been in lots of trouble before."

MR. RUDD lay down in his tent the rest of the morning, sighing to himself. The others finally returned, Mrs. Rudd having partly filled a notebook with sketches of various trees. "Where's George?" asked Mr. Gilbert.

"A bear was chasing him," I said, pointing in the direction George had taken. "They went that way."

"Oh, dear me," said Mr. Gilbert, somewhat stricken. "Oh, dear, *dear* me. I do wish he'd leave the animals alone. This isn't a hunting trip."

"How dreadful!" said Mrs. Rudd. "Poor George. I do hope nothing happens to him."

"Why?" Mr. Gilbert asked absently. Nevertheless, he led us a mile or so downstream while we all called George's name until darkness threatened to come between us and camp.

It began to rain that night, and when I woke up in the faint light of early morning, I found myself lying in several inches of water. I shook Mr. Gilbert awake, and he immediately began sloshing around, making clucking sounds of bewilderment.

"Mercy," he said. "That rain was heavier than I thought it would be."

I looked outside our tent. The rain had stopped, but the stream was a swirling lake. It had spread beyond its low banks and reached high up on both sides of the natural bowl we were in. The tents were the only things that emerged from the surface of the water in our camp. In the middle of a new pond, several dozen yards downstream, Gertie sat on a floating log, looking disgusted.

"Gertie is sitting on a log in the water," I told Mr. Gilbert.

Mr. Gilbert came outside our tent and squinted at Gertie with his nearsighted eyes. "I'll have to go after her, I think," he said. "She dislikes the water intensely."

Gertie began barking when she saw Mr. Gilbert, and the noise woke the Rudds up. "What's all this water doing here?" I heard Mr. Rudd say. He began to swear.

"Oh, my camera and film and notebooks are ruined," Mrs. Rudd complained. "And my field glasses. What on earth happened?"

"Mr. Gilbert!" bellowed Mr. Rudd.

"He's gone after Gertie," I told him.

Mr. Rudd came out of his tent in his underwear and looked at Mr. Gilbert, who had reached Gertie's log.

"What's the matter with that man?" he asked bitterly. "Here we're drowning like rats and he's pushing a dog around on a log."

"Gertie doesn't like to swim," I explained.

Mr. Rudd looked at me for a moment and then, throwing back his head, he clenched his fists. "This isn't a camping trip," he howled to nobody in particular. "It's a war to the death between men and animals."

Mr. Gilbert thought that Mr. Rudd was shouting to him. "The beavers flooded us out," he called to Mr. Rudd, pushing Gertie's log back to shore with one arm.

"Damn the beavers!" shouted Mr. Rudd.

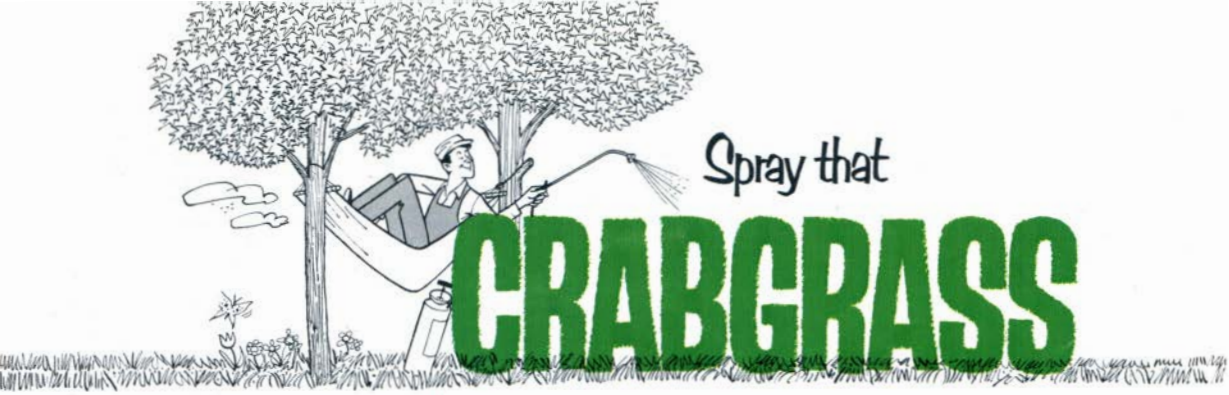
WE SALVAGED all the supplies we could find that were still serviceable, and carried them above the water level. Mr. Rudd leaned wearily against a tree and looked at his wife. "Look, honey," he said. "Isn't it time Kit Carson, here, took us home? Let's look at the record. One of our party has undoubtedly been consumed by a wild beast. Most of our expensive equipment is either lost or water-soaked."

"Really, Ralph," his wife said, contemptuously. "I've never seen you like this before. Father said that as a woodsman you would have trouble reading a filling-station map. Perhaps I should have listened to him."

Mr. Rudd shrugged resignedly.

"In view of our supply shortage," said Mr. Gilbert, not really listening to the Rudds' bickering, "it might be advisable to start back. We'll organize a search party for George in Easton. Gertie is quite adept at backtracking." He whistled at Gertie. "Home, girl," he told her. "Take us home now. Home, girl."

Gertie barked several times, raced about us twice, and headed east by north like a released arrow. Mr. Gilbert started after her. "Easy, girl," he called. "Wait for us, girl." He stopped in dismay as Gertie vanished. "Gertie!" he yelled. We all followed Mr. Gilbert's example and began whooping and whistling for Gertie. "She's gone," Mr. Gilbert said discouragingly after a few minutes. "She often behaves peculiarly at this time of year. I seem to have lost



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my compass and I really don't dare trust my memory for the back azimuths."

"Then we're lost, huh?" Mr. Rudd asked with dramatic fearfulness.

"How *do* we know the directions?" Mrs. Rudd asked calmly.

"The sun," Mr. Gilbert said hesitantly. Then he added, "I suggest we follow the stream's course. Streams join larger streams, you see, and eventually rivers, and there you find civilization."

"With our luck, we'll find a colony of cannibals in the middle of a meat shortage," Mr. Rudd grumbled in a voice too low for his wife to hear.

We followed Mr. Gilbert downstream. He seemed to miss his glasses; he kept stumbling and falling down. "This is just lovely," I heard Mr. Rudd snarl once to himself. "Lost in the Maine woods with a guide as blind as a mole. I wouldn't trust him to guide an old lady across the street." He growled some more to himself later, when we passed the newly constructed beaver dam made of saplings and sticks.

We ate cold corned beef hash for lunch and traveled swiftly all that afternoon. By early twilight, I caught up with Mr. Gilbert, who had stopped and was contemplating the stream, which had dwindled to a shallow ditch and now disappeared into a small hole at the base of a stubby hill.

"Okay, Nature Boy, where's civilization?" Mr. Rudd asked Mr. Gilbert with studied cheerfulness.

"We'd better bed down here for the night," Mr. Gilbert said thoughtfully. "Maybe we can pick up the stream on the other side of this knoll tomorrow."

WE ARRANGED separate beds of canvas, blankets and boughs and heated two more cans of rations over a fire. We were eating the rations when a deep-throated bellow sounded through the dusk from beyond the hill into which the stream disappeared. Mr. Rudd dropped his fork and looked at Mr. Gilbert, who was sitting in an arrested position, a look of intense concentration on his face. "In the name of God, what was *that?*" asked Mr. Rudd, breathing hard.

"I'm sure I couldn't say," said Mr. Gilbert, as the sound came to us once more. He paused and shrugged his shoulders. "If I didn't know better, I'd say it was a bull lion."

"A mountain lion?" Mrs. Rudd asked curiously, eating her food. "In Maine?"

"It seems incredible, I know," Mr. Gilbert said carefully, "but I'd almost venture to say it sounds like an African lion. Perhaps one that escaped from a circus."

Mr. Rudd pushed his tin plate of food away from him. "Funny," he told his wife with a weak smile, "I don't feel hungry."

"That's too bad," Mrs. Rudd said with some concern. "And you've had hardly anything to eat all day."

"I hope George is all right," said Mr. Gilbert, looking at me.

"No lion would dare to touch George," I said.

"Lions indeed," Mr. Rudd was mumbling. "In Maine? Republicans, yes, but not lions."

His wife put down her plate impatiently. "Really, Ralph," she said. "You're spoiling the whole trip. And after you caught all those lovely fish, too."

"I'm having a fine time," her husband said edgily. "It's just that I've always been allergic to lions."

I made my bed downstream from the others, at the base of the hill. It began to rain at about eleven o'clock that night, and I soon found myself lying across a rivulet of water that came down the slope. I got up and carried my blanket and boughs to the summit, moving cautiously in the wet darkness, and after several minutes of moving about, I found myself in a clearing with a hard surface. I rearranged my bed and lay down again, pulling the blanket partly over my face. Within half an hour, I noticed a light on my right growing brighter, and finally I heard the sound of an engine. The next instant an automobile was bearing down on me and avoided hitting me at the last second only by swerving to one side. The car came to a violent stop, and the driver backed up to where I lay.

"Do you want to get killed?" a man asked. "What are you doing, lying out here in the rain in the middle of Route One?"

"We're lost," I told him, "and there's an African lion in the woods near here."

"What?" asked the man, in some confusion.

"It may be a trap, David," a woman's voice said from inside the car. "There's probably hijackers hiding nearby, using this child as a decoy to stop trucks. It's disgraceful. Let's drive right into Lincoln and report it."

They drove away, and I pulled my bed over to the shoulder of the road and went to sleep. The noise of the lion woke me up in the morning, as well as the gibbering of monkeys and the whinnying of horses. Across the road from me, in a field, was a caravan of circus trucks drawn up in a tight semicircle. I went across the road to look at the lion bellowing in his cage, and saw George sleeping on top of a truck loaded with large tent poles, the shotgun beside him.

"What happened to the bear?" I asked him, shaking him awake.

George scowled with annoyance at being waked. "Bear's in a cage on one of the trucks," he said. "Sold it to the circus for twenty-five bucks. I can buy a .22 rifle of my own with that. Maybe a motorcycle."

"How did you catch the bear?" I asked.

"Climbed a tree and hit him on the snout with the gun when he came up after me," said George. "Knocked him colder than a mackerel. Met the circus people on the road and showed them where the bear was."

"That was a long way to run," I said.

"Nuts," said George, lying down again. "This road runs right along that stream for miles, about a quarter of a mile the other side of it. All that lunkhead Gilbert had to do was cross the stream and he'd have hit the road. Once in a while, if you were listening for it, you could hear trucks blowing their horns. I got picked up by this outfit miles up the road."

"Mr. Gilbert is a good map reader," I said. "Why didn't he know where we were?"

"Swapped compasses with him when he wasn't looking," said George, with an evil smile. "Mine was no good."

"Why was the bear chasing you?" I asked, watching the lion.

"Found him asleep and tried to tie him up with tent rope," said George. "He woke up."

I WENT back across the road, down the hill, and toward the camp. I spied Mr. Rudd peering at me from behind a tree, holding a small stick like a club and scowling anxiously. "That lion sounded closer this morning," he said. "See anything of him, kid?"

"Yes, sir," I said. "I saw lions, elephants, monkeys, horses, camels and a gorilla."

Mr. Rudd turned pale. "This is incredible. How close are they, kid?"

"Across the road," I said. "The whole circus is there. Do you think Mr. Gilbert will let us ride with them as far as Hainesville?"

Mr. Rudd thought about this for a moment and then began running hard toward the road. I followed him and found him breathing heavily and looking at the circus trucks from the wooded side of the road. "Kid, we're saved," he said to me.

"George is over there," I said, pointing. "The circus is going to put on a show in Hainesville. George swapped a bad compass for Mr. Gilbert's, and we've been going southwest instead of west. The road runs right beside our stream for miles back."

Mr. Rudd suddenly pulled five dollars from his billfold and stuffed it into my shirt pocket. "Buy yourself something, kid," he said, "but keep your mouth shut about this. As far as you know, we're still lost."

"Yes, sir," I said.

We found Mr. Gilbert and Mrs. Rudd about to break camp. Mr. Rudd confidently rolled his own pack, humming to himself, and then sauntered over to Mr. Gilbert. "Gilbert," he said, "I just have a hunch we've been following a faulty compass. Let's see your map."

Mr. Gilbert and Mrs. Rudd stared at him in surprise, and finally the scoutmaster dug into his pocket for the map, which he unfolded and showed to Mr. Rudd. "Where do you figure we are, Gilbert?" Mr. Rudd asked coolly, lighting a cigarette.

Mr. Gilbert drew the map to within range of his nearsighted vision and pointed a finger at a penciled cross that was centered in an area free of contours, names or lines.

"I see," Mr. Rudd said thoughtfully. He looked knowingly at the sun through the trees and then around him. "I just have an idea that maybe your compass was off," said Mr. Rudd. "I kept a running record of my own estimates of our positions. The stars, you know."

"Ralph, really," his wife said sharply. "Must you make a complete fool of yourself in addition to everything else?"

Mr. Rudd moved his finger around the map until he found Hainesville lettered. "I figure we're not far from this town," he said. "In fact, this road, Route One, shouldn't be too far away. Why don't we cross this ditch and have a look in that direction?"

"I assure you—" began Mr. Gilbert, shaking his head perplexedly.

"How could *you* possibly know where we might be?" asked Mrs. Rudd contemptuous but curious.

"The sun," Mr. Rudd said vaguely, leaping the ditch and heading through the brush.

We followed behind him and found him standing on the road after a fifteen-minute walk. We were half a mile above the circus camp, which was hidden by the bends in the road, but the trucks had not started to pull out before we got there. Mr. Gilbert, as he walked along the road, peered at the map and from time to time muttered, "Well, dear me."

Mrs. Rudd held her husband's arm. "I don't know what possessed you, dear, but I don't care," she told him. "I'm still not sure if you knew what you were talking about or if this wasn't a bit of luck, but I so admire you for taking an aggressive stand instead of developing a defeatist attitude about being lost. It's just like the time you caught the fish. I'm sorry I was impatient with you, darling. This *has* been a difficult trip in many ways, I suppose."

"Oh, I probably did impress you as being quite uneasy at times, honey," Mr. Rudd said easily, "but I did feel responsible for you, and after all, *I* wasn't the guide. Not my place to say anything until I figured he'd miscalculated."

"Will Gertie get home all right?" I asked Mr. Gilbert.

"Oh, yes," he said. "That confounded animal will be waiting to greet us as if she'd done nothing wrong whatsoever."

WE RODE into Hainesville on the loaded circus trucks, and it was there that George decided he wanted to run away with the show people—a decision that Mr. Gilbert met realistically by locking him in the men's room of a filling station until he promised he would come home with us.

On the Bangor and Aroostook bus for Easton, I sat with Mr. Gilbert behind the Rudds, while George perched on the seat behind the driver. Mr. Gilbert was still passive and subdued, presumably brooding over the outcome of the hike. Mrs. Rudd's head rested against her husband's shoulder. "You've been such a lamb about this," she was saying.

"Nonsense," her husband said magnanimously. "We'll come up here any time you like. After all, you love the woods. I may even do the guiding myself. That should please your father."

"No, dear," said his wife. "Next year we'll have another late honeymoon on your vacation, and we'll go to the Virgin Islands."

"Whatever you like, honey," said Mr. Rudd, lighting a cigarette and turning his head to one side. Mrs. Rudd couldn't see, as I could, the smile on her husband's face.


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THOS. D. WELDON

**He was four thousand dollars short, and the cops had it figured out. They said he'd wrapped the bills and shoved them across the counter to the girl.**

# *Who's the Blonde?*

By JOHN D. MacDONALD

IT WAS well after seven when he asked them again if he could call Helen. It had become an almost automatic question on Tom Weldon's part, and each time he had asked there had been neither permission nor denial—just an infuriating obtuseness, as though he had spoken in Arabic, or had been a silly child asking for the moon.

His throat felt dry as he said again, "Please, could I call my wife? She'll be worried."

At the moment, there were three of them in the bank president's office, three of them looking at him with those coldly amused eyes. There was Durand, from the police; Elvinard, one of the bank examiners; and Vic Reisher, the chief teller.

This time Reisher looked at Durand. Durand nodded and gestured toward the telephone with a thick thumb. "On a night plug, isn't it? Go ahead, Weldon."

Tom reached over and pulled the telephone toward him. He heard the dial tone and dialed his home number. It rang twice before a man answered. "Who is this?" Tom said. "Who's talking?"

"Who are you, friend?"

"This is Weldon. Is this my home? I'm positive I dialed the right number."

The voice sounded amused. "Hold it, friend. I'll put your wife on the line."

He could tell from Helen's voice that she had been crying. "Tom? Oh, Tom, what's happened?"

"Who is that man? What's he doing there?"

"He's a policeman. A detective. There are two of them. They wouldn't let me try to phone you. Oh, Tom, I've been frantic. What's it all about?"

"It's a mistake, dear. Some kind of a—terrible mistake."

There were often mistakes when it came time to balance up at three o'clock. Sometimes there had been a stupid transposition of figures. There were formulae to apply which would pinpoint the error. Today had been different, very different. The guards had locked the door at three o'clock, standing nearby to let the last few customers out. It hadn't been a particularly tough day. There had been time, off and on, for Tom, teller number three, to kid around with Jud Fergol in the second cage at his right and Arthur Maldrick in cage four at his left.

On tough days there was the knowledge of being a working team, a fast team operating under the guidance of wry Vic Reisher. Jud Fergol was a thin-faced, quiet man about Tom's age, who handled money with an almost dazzling manual dexterity. Arthur Maldrick, on the other side of Tom, was younger, but he was one of those big, plodding, ponderous young men who seem to have been born middle-aged. Arthur's extracurricular passion was tree peonies, and his rather heavy-handed sense of humor did not extend to that topic.

This was one of those days when you knew the balancing up would be routine, and you'd be home earlier than usual. Tom had worked quickly, hoping that neither Jud Fergol nor Arthur Maldrick had made mistakes. Vic Reisher clung to the old tradition of keeping all tellers on hand until the balancing was complete and perfect.

Tom could hear the quick whip-slap of currency in Jud's agile fingers and the tone-deaf humming of Arthur. His own error was so large that he grinned at it, suspecting a simple arithmetic error. He quickly ran another tape—and another. He began to sweat. Arthur had finished and gone with Vic to the vault to lock up his drawer. Jud had finished and was waiting for Vic.

"Trouble, Tom? Find it fast. I've got a lawn to mow."

Tom nodded, and kept struggling with the figures. Vic and Jud went into the vault to lock up Jud's drawer. They came back and stood behind the wire door of Tom's cage, chatting and smoking.

"Can you hurry it up, Tom?" Vic asked.

"You better help me, Vic."

Vic raised one eyebrow and came through the wire door as Tom unlatched it on the inside. "How big is your error?"

"Uh—four thousand, Vic."

In the silence of the bank floor the words carried clearly. Tom heard Jud's gasp, glanced quickly at Arthur's puzzled face. He felt the tension as he stood aside and watched Vic go through the procedure with the ease of years of practice. Vic ran his tapes, then straightened up slowly. His eyes were cool.

"Your cash is short an even four thousand, Tom."

He had been a part of the team, and now he was standing on the outside and they were all looking at him.

"What have you done, Tom?" Jud asked softly. "Why did you do it?"

"But I—I haven't—"

"I can't sit on this, Tom," Vic said, his voice as emotionless as a comptometer. "There's a crew of examiners in town. They've been checking Federal. I'll get in touch with them. I'm sorry, Jud, Arthur. You'll have to stay around. Better phone your homes."

"Vic, could I phone?"

"I'd rather you stand right where you are, please."

AND that had been the beginning of a nightmare—to find yourself unaccountably on the wrong side of the fence from the rest of the team. Deny it until your mouth was dry and there was a rasp in your throat, but they still kept looking at you in that certain, unmistakable way.

His hand was damp on the telephone. "Don't worry about it, Helen. Everything will be all right."

"They—they say you took money."

"Do you believe that?"

"Of *course* not!" she said hotly. And she added, in a more uncertain tone, "They have a warrant or something, and I had to let them go through all your things—your desk and bureau and everything."

"Just don't worry about it, please, honey. Kids okay?"

"I fed them early and put them to bed. But you know how they are. They sort of sense it when anything is wrong. And these men keep asking me all sorts of questions."

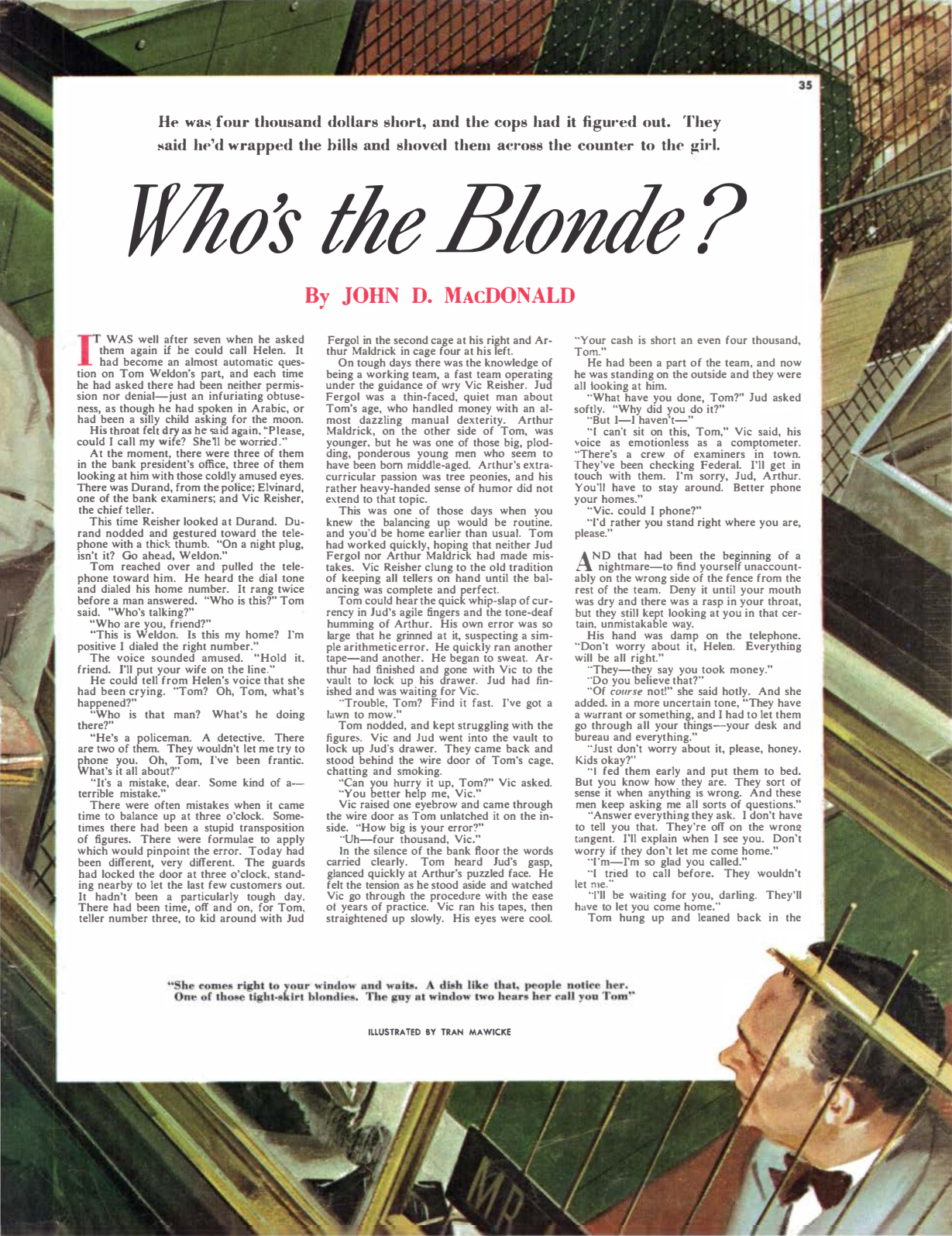
"Answer everything they ask. I don't have to tell you that. They're off on the wrong tangent. I'll explain when I see you. Don't worry if they don't let me come home."

"I'm—I'm so glad you called."

"I tried to call before. They wouldn't let me."

"I'll be waiting for you, darling. They'll have to let you come home."

Tom hung up and leaned back in the



**"She comes right to your window and waits. A dish like that, people notice her. One of those tight-skirt blondies. The guy at window two hears her call you Tom"**

ILLUSTRATED BY TRAN MAWICKE

straight chair. "There are men at the house, and they've upset my wife. I resent that." He tried to summon up righteous anger, but the hours of anger and indignation had drained him.

Durand was a stocky, nervous, bright-eyed man with thick white hands that were in constant motion, plucking at his suit, ruffling his hair, pulling at his ear lobes.

"Those men," said Durand. "Harkness and Lutz. They're okay. Nothing rough about them. You want to get your wife off the hook, you tell us about the girl friend."

TOM looked dully down at his hands and said, as he had said so many times before, "I never saw the girl before in my life. Never."

"Okay," said Durand. "We take it again. Today's Wednesday—a slow day. It's a quarter after two, and the bank closes at three. There you are. Window three. There's a window vacant, and you got one customer. But she comes right to your window and waits. A dish like that, people notice her. A real blondie. One of those tight-skirt, go-to-hell blondies. Fergol at Window Two hears her call you Tom, and then she talks so quiet he can't hear her. But he sees you lean forward to listen."

"I never saw her before in my life. I've told you that. I can't help what she called me. My name is on the window, you know, Thomas D. Weldon. She called me Tom, and it startled me. Then she talked so low I had to lean forward to hear her."

"Why don't you tell us what she actually said to you?"

"She said, 'Tom, if I gave you a fifty, could I get fifty nice crisp new ones?' She looked and acted funny. I had my foot on the button, ready to let the alarm go. She slid the fifty under the grille. I took a good look at it, just in case. It was okay. I gave her the ones, and she jammed them into her purse and turned and went out fast."

"She went out fast because you gave her four thousand bucks, Weldon. And she was in a big hurry to get away. What does she have on you, boy?"

"I never saw her before in my life. It's the truth. I swear it."

Vic Reisher said, "Tom, damn it, this isn't going to do any good."

Tom stared at his friend. "You believe I gave her that money, don't you?"

Vic was a gaunt man with shaggy hair, deep-set eyes and a wry smile. He shrugged helplessly. "What else can—"

"Let me try again, Mr. Reisher," Elvinard, the examiner, said. He had a face like a small, neat grave marker. His voice was metallic. "Now look, Weldon. Listen carefully. You got your drawer out of the vault this morning and you were checked out by Mr. Reisher, everything in order. You worked from ten until twelve thirty and then took an hour for lunch. When you went to lunch, you and Mr. Reisher locked your drawer with the two keys necessary. When you came back, you both unlocked it. No one had a chance to tamper with your cash on hand. At all times when the cash was—shall we say—available, you were there in your cage. Yet, when the doors closed at three o'clock you seemed to be having trouble balancing out. Mr. Reisher came over to you, and you said you seemed to be making some mistake. He helped you check. And you were four thousand dollars short.

"Now, let us suppose for a moment that you are telling the truth about that young lady who spoke to you by name. We will assume that she *was* a stranger, and that you gave her fifty ones. All right, then. If she didn't get the money, Mr. Weldon, exactly how did it disappear and where did it go?"

Tom braced his elbows on his knees, the heels of his hands hard against his eyes. "I don't know," he said hopelessly.

Durand said, "We're going to find out. The more work it makes for us, the more trouble it means for you. Open up, and we'll try to give you every break in the book. Maybe we can get a recovery on the funds. Maybe you can draw a suspended sentence. Who knows? But the starting place is for you to come clean, boy." His voice turned wheedling, confidential. "A lot of nice guys get taken over the jumps by a blondie. Come on, boy. What's she got on you? Hell, we *know* you've been playing around."

Tom felt the return of dull anger. He straightened up. "I explained all that to you. I was doing you a favor by being frank with you. I told you that I've been sort of restless lately, the last six months, I guess. Vic told you about me telling him that Helen and I were scrapping. I guess every married couple goes through

## SISTER

"How about after Grandma gets off the train, we say hello, get into the car, drive home, get out of the car, give Grandma time to freshen up—*then* may I ask her what she brought me?"

COLLIER'S — STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

times like that. It's—hard to live on the pay. It makes a strain. You know what I mean. So it gets on your nerves, with prices going up all the time, and a couple of kids. I walked out a couple of times and went to a neighborhood beer joint, Tige's Grill. Just a few beers. Ask Al, the bartender. No women. No blondes. Just a few beers to take the strain off."

DURAND had been out of the room several times in the past three hours. He grinned in an unpleasant way and took a notebook out of his pocket. "The bartender is Albert Kelling, and he knows you by name. He states that to the best of his recollection you were in there on a Friday night three weeks ago and that you went over to one of the booths and engaged in conversation with a woman about thirty years of age, dark hair, and a younger woman who was a blonde. Albert Kelling stated that he had never seen either of the women before, and they have not been in since. He is willing to make a formal statement to that effect, and to the effect that you left said Tige's Grill accompanied by the two women."

Tom tried to smile in a confident way. He was aware of the trembling of his hands. "That's plain silly! I knew that dark-haired girl in high school. She remembered my name, but I couldn't remember hers. Sure, I spoke to them. Who wouldn't? Her friend was younger and blonde, but she didn't look anything like the girl who came into the bank. And I walked out the door with them, yes. We talked for a couple of minutes on the sidewalk; then they went one way and I went the other way."

"What was this woman's name?"

"I tell you I can't remember. I'm no good about names. I never have been."

"Where does she live?"

"She didn't say."

"And she didn't refresh your memory and give you her name?"

"You know how it is when you can't remember a name. You try to cover up. She introduced her friend. I think it was Mary something. Or Marie, maybe."

"Can you describe the blonde friend? This Marie?"

"Well, about twenty-five. Medium height. Sort of thin, I think."

"So you picked up a blonde in a bar and got more than you bargained for."

"I—I know how it sounds to you. When I tell you, everything sounds so weak. But believe me. I've never stolen anything in my life. I've got a good record. Ask Vic."

Durand said heavily, "You *had* a good record, young man." He looked at his watch. "Go on home, Weldon. I advise you to talk it over with your wife. Harkness told me over the phone she seems like a good, sound person. Come clean with her, Weldon. I advise it. Tell her everything, and I'm sure she'll tell you to do the right thing."

Tom was startled. "I can go home?"

"Go ahead. Will you let him out, please, Mr. Reisher? Don't try to leave town, Weldon. We'll pick you up when we've got everything we need."

They went down the dark staircase to the side entrance. Vic started to unlock the door and then turned. "How could you do it, Tom? You knew that if you were in a jam, all you had to do was come to me and tell me the story."

"If you don't believe me, who else is going to? Just unlock the damn' door."

Vic stood still for a few moments, then unlocked the door. He didn't speak. Tom heard it close crisply behind him. He went back to the parking lot behind the bank and started the six-year-old sedan and drove slowly home. Twice he stopped for red lights and then didn't start up again until the cars behind him honked indignantly. He lived in the top half of a two-family house. As he turned into the narrow driveway between the house and the one next door, his headlights swept across the police cruiser parked at the curb. Oh, fine! Nice questions for the kids. "Tommy, what were the police at your house for? What's your daddy done?"

It gave him a feeling of acute helplessness. You went along thinking that if somebody ever tried to persecute you, mess up your life, kick you around, you were a citizen and you could call the cops. Get a lawyer. Get an injunction or something. But who did you yell to when it was the forces of law and order sitting on your chest, making your wife cry, ruining your hopes and your chances and your future?

None of it made sense. He had the crazy feeling that maybe he had been hypnotized somehow into thinking four thousand dollars were fifty ones. He could see the blonde, teetering hastily away from his teller's cage, hurrying out of the bank, holding that shiny blue pocketbook. She was the kind men looked at, the kind they would remember. So all you remembered was the ripe figure and the wide, damp mouth and nothing else.

HE WENT slowly up the stairs, and the door opened off the living room, and a tough-faced young man in a pale suit looked at him and said, "Weldon. Know you from your picture on the bureau. Welcome home."

Tom ignored him and went on down the hall. Helen had heard the man and she came, half running. He held her close and felt the trembling of her body. Her eyes were red and puffed, but she wasn't crying.

He kissed her. "It's okay. It's a mistake."

Over her shoulder, he saw a paunchy young man come out of the kitchen with a glass of milk in his hand. His look of relaxation, of being at home, infuriated Tom. He said, "Why don't you two get the hell out of here?"

The paunchy young man drained the glass and set it on the bookcase. He wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "On our way, Weldon. This very minute." He came over and held his hand out to Helen. She took it shyly. He said, "Sorry we had to bother you this way, Mrs. Weldon, but you know how those things are." He gave Tom a bleak look. "You got you a good lady here, friend. Come on, Willy."

They clumped heavily down the stairs. Tom heard one of them chuckle at something the other one said as they went out the front door. He walked to the front windows and watched the car move slowly down the street.

"They've got no right," Tom said in a thick voice.

"It's something they had to do. They explained that. Darling, have you had anything at all to eat?"

"No, but I couldn't eat anything."

"You must. You look so dreadful, so tired. Scrambled eggs, maybe. Bacon?"

"I—guess so."

"Come out to the kitchen and tell me about all this while I fix it, honey. What makes them think you could do anything—crooked?"

"My furtive expression, I guess." He sat at the kitchen table and lighted a cigarette. He said, "I'll tell you the facts. It's what they're going by. In a crazy way, I don't blame them."

It didn't take long to tell her. The eggs were done and she was putting them on the plate when he finished. Frowning, she walked to the table and sat down.

"And Vic doesn't believe you?"

"No."

She said fiercely, "When they find out you didn't do it, Tom, neither one of us will ever speak to him again."

He felt the sting in his eyes. "I half expected you to wonder whether I—"

"Tom!"

"Well, I *have* been kind of lousy lately—yammering at you, going off in my little private huff."

"But I *know* you. I *know* you couldn't steal."

"And I know I didn't. So where did the money go? Evaporation? Hundreds and fifties. Wrapped. A little pack. Easy to hide. They had me strip, you know. And went through my locker." His voice had gone shrill, harsh.

"Please, Tom. Please. Don't do that to yourself. You have to think, you know. You didn't take the money. You didn't give it to that girl. Somebody took it. It didn't walk away."

"We went over that during my—interview. There are a lot of slick tricks. Every teller knows that. Bent pins and adhesive tape and chewing gum on the end of a cane. It gets to be second nature to be conscious of the money, to make sure it's well back from the cage opening. There's always a slicker who's willing to try it."

"Can you remember any other strangers who came to your window?"

"We had the usual last-minute rush, from quarter of three until closing. There were several strangers. Nothing special about them. One with a traveler's check. One at the wrong window. Others, probably. I can't remember. You see, I didn't know then that it was going to be important to remember."

"And you didn't notice that the stack of bills was gone until you started to balance out for the day?"

"No, I didn't."

"When was the last time you did any housekeeping behind your window?"

"Around two thirty, I think. If the money had been gone then, I think I would have noticed it. Just noticed the physical lack of it."

"Was the whole stack gone?"

"One whole stack."

HELEN and Tom sat up and went over it again and again. He was sick with emotional fatigue. Finally Helen said, "We're not making sense any more. We've got to sleep, darling."

He thought he would be unable to sleep. But sleep came over him like a black tide in flood. When he woke up, it was morning, and Helen was up. He heard the kids chattering in the kitchen. He knew he should go out and speak to them, go out with a morning smile and a confident manner. But somehow he couldn't quite manage it. He waited until he heard Helen at the door with them, giving Tommy the usual morning admonition not to let his sister cross the streets without holding her hand. He heard the staccato sound of their feet on the wooden stairs, heard the front door slam lustily.

When he went out to breakfast, his high-school yearbook was beside his glass of orange juice. He frowned at it and then suddenly grinned at Helen. "You're a smart kid."

"I thought if you could find her you could tell them her name, and then they could find out you didn't lie."

He sat there at the breakfast table and went through all the pictures. He could not find her among the graduates. Concealing his sense of dismay, acting confident for Helen's sake, he turned to the group pictures in the back, pictures that had been taken during the school year.

"Come here," he said. "This one. Right here."

"Are you absolutely certain, dear?"

"Let me see. The names are down here. Second row. Third from the left. One, two, here it is. Martha Dolvac."

He phoned police headquarters and asked for Lieutenant Durand. There was a long wait after he gave his name. "Lieutenant? This is Tom Weldon."

"Did your wife give you the right steer? Ready to talk?"

"I haven't got any confession, if that's what you mean. I want to give you a name. The dark-haired woman in the bar. Martha Dolvac. Maybe you could trace her from the Briggs High School records."

"If you didn't make up the name."

"I've got a picture of her here. Out of my yearbook. I think I remember that she was a junior when I was a senior. Will you check it?"

"Sure. And suppose it nails it a little tighter, Weldon?

"It won't," Tom said, trying to make his voice sound confident. He hoped that it did. "Will you let me know?"

"You want to come in this morning and give us the straight story?"

"You've had the straight story, Lieutenant."

TOM hung up quickly, the palms of his hands sweaty. Even if he straightened out the distorted version of that conversation at Tige's Grill, it didn't solve how the money disappeared.

He took a sheet of white paper and a ruler and made a scale drawing of his cage, looking down at it from above. After the years he had spent in the cage, he could remember every detail of it. It was roughly six feet by five feet. On the window side, where he faced the public, it was five feet across. The wall was eight feet high, with the bronze grille set into it. There was a three-and-a-half-inch gap between the bottom of the window and the counter, but the grille could be unlatched from the inside and swung outward to permit the passage of bulky items. Inside his cubicle there was a counter on each side of him, with his cash drawer under the counter on his right. He usually stacked the bills on the counter above the cash drawer. The change machine was between the stacked currency and the barred window. The sides of his cubicle, of wire mesh in a three-quarter-inch diamond pattern, were about six feet high.

At the rear of his cage was a wire door which could only be opened from the inside. He remembered the days when the front wall, between the windows, had been of wood. It had given the tellers too much of a closed-in feeling, so it had been changed to heavy, shatterproof plate glass.

On his detailed sketch he marked the location of the stack of bills which had disappeared. It had been, he remembered, a stack of wrapped packets, with a rubber band encircling the stack.

Helen stood beside him and examined the drawing. "We'll say the money was there at two thirty?"

"I can't be sure of that. I just think it was. It could have been gone."

"Could it have been gone before the girl came in?"

"I don't think so."

"Was anybody in your cage between the time she was in and when the bank closed?"

"No, Helen. I'm positive of that."

"Jud Fergol is here, at window two. And Arthur Maldrick on the other side of you. They didn't see anything?"

"Nothing. Jud heard that girl call me Tom, but then she talked too low for him to hear what she said."

"Did she seem nervous?"

"Just kind of—odd. I thought she was maybe a little crazy."

"I—I just can't understand it, Tom."

"Neither can anyone else."

"They can't send you to prison, can they?"

"I don't know. Maybe. I think they let me go so they could follow me and see if I got in touch with that blonde, or she with me. I *know* that money didn't go through the window. I *know* that."

"And your door was not opened. There's only one other place. Over the walls. They say women aren't logical. That's the only other place it *could* go!"

"That isn't being logical. That's being simple-minded. Somebody twelve feet tall reached over and picked it up." He flushed. "Damn it, Helen, you know better than to try to tell me that."

THE doorbell rang. It was Harkness and Lutz. It was two in the afternoon. They took him to Durand's office. Elvinard was there.

"I'll give you this," Durand said. "It checked out. She got married, and she lives on West Pershing. Her name is Mrs. Henry Votronic. She remembers the evening very well. She backs you up. Her friend is named Marie Goldfine. We questioned Marie separately. She told the same story. The guards took a look at Marie. Too thin, they say, to be our friend. Or should I say *your* friend?"

"If I wasn't lying about that—"

"It doesn't mean you couldn't have been lying about everything else. You just had a break. Who's the blonde?"

"I didn't give her the money. I didn't take it myself."

Durand gave him a look of disgust. He leaned back in the chair and cracked his knuckles. "You got any theories?"

Tom flushed. "My wife says if it didn't go through the window or through the door, it had to go over the wall."

"Nonsense!" Elvinard said in his sharp, metallic voice. "I've seen a lot of slickers in action. They haven't developed any methods of hoisting money over an eight-foot wall between your cage and the bank floor. You're wasting our time, Weldon."

"Maybe," said Durand slowly, "if everybody's attention was attracted some other place— I read up on one deal where an accomplice sets a sort of accidental fire in one of the wastebaskets out on the floor, and then his buddy with one of those collapsible fishing gaffs lifts a package out of a teller's window while the guy is watching the fire."

"We've been over that," Elvinard explained impatiently. "There was no incident of that sort. The only odd thing noticed in the bank yesterday afternoon was the blonde young lady. There was no—ah—diversionary attempt." He coughed in a dry way. "Weldon, this isn't a big theft. We're more interested in the money than in a successful prosecution. Produce the four thousand, or tell us where we can get it, and I can almost guarantee you a suspended sentence."

"And if I can't?"

Elvinard leaned forward. "I'll see that you get a prison sentence. And once you get out, we'll still be looking for that money, and for the blonde."

Something was nibbling at the back of Tom's mind. Some memory. Something ludicrous. He didn't answer.

"Well?" said Elvinard.

"Please shut up a minute," Tom said patiently. No diversionary attempt. Over the wall. What constituted a diversionary attempt? Something that would focus all eyes on one specific object. There had been laughter as the girl reached the door. Something had happened to make both the tellers and the customers laugh. He remembered seeing the irate face of a vice-president who glared at the unseemly sound. And Helen had said the money had to go over the wall.

He said, to Elvinard, "Go away for a while. I want to talk to the lieutenant."

"I certainly will not go—"

"Humor the guy, humor the guy," Durand said. Elvinard stalked out and shut the door. "What's on your mind?" Durand asked Tom.

"Lieutenant, that girl had high heels and a tight skirt, and she set those heels down hard. They made a lot of racket. She was hurrying. And when she was ten feet away from my window, somebody whistled. You know, one of those wolf whistles."

"So?"

TOM stood up, too nervous to stay sitting down. "It made me think. When that whistle came, everybody looked at her. I guess she was the only woman on the bank floor anyway. And they laughed when she got to the door."

"Make sense, will you?"

"Don't you see it? That whistle did it. It made everybody look at her. Just like they'd look at a fire in a wastebasket. I don't like to say this. I know who whistled. It came from my right. It was Jud Fergol, and I remember now thinking that it wasn't like him at all. It was a funny thing for him to do."

Durand laced his fingers at the back of his neck. "Weldon, any bank job puts the heat on the local cops, and it brings in a lot of help. The FBI has been on this, you know. You've got an appointment with them a little later on. Judson Fergol, Arthur Maldrick, Victor Reisher—fine-tooth combs on all of them. Okay,

so Fergol whistled. Sometimes a blonde will make a sedate-type guy forget where he is. Judson Fergol is a very sober citizen. To bed at ten. No booze. No gambling. No ladies. Does it match?"

"Not exactly. Vic told me three months ago he was worried about Jud. He said Jud always chewed mints after lunch. One day he forgot them. Vic sent him home. He was afraid one of the vice-presidents might smell Jud's breath."

Durand closed his eyes for long seconds. He was immobile. For once, the restless white hands didn't move. He opened his eyes. "You interest me strangely. Your wife said the dough had to go over the wall, eh?"

"Yes, but I don't see—"

"Maybe she's a smart girl."

"What are you going to do?"

Durand smiled in an exceedingly unpleasant way. "Take Mr. Fergol's life apart, just for the kicks. Like we did yours. Know we vacuumed your car? Checked the ash tray? Went over your clothes? The face powder we got matched your wife's. The lipstick we got off a dirty shirt was your wife's brand. Same with lipstick on the butts in the car ash tray. A guy thinks he's smart, you know, destroying match covers, parking-lot stubs, love notes. He forgets you can identify one blonde hair, vacuum face powder, run a spectroscopic analysis of lipstick. Get the cops looking for the 'other woman,' and they're worse than any wife could think of being. That was the only thing about you that bothered me. Couldn't find evidence of any outside fun. Go on home. I'm going to cancel your appointment for now."

SUNDAY afternoon in the bank: shades drawn on the doors, autumn sun slanting in the high windows. Durand said, "Okay, Mr. Weldon. Go on into your cage and shut the door behind you. You watching this, Mr. Fergol?"

"I'm watching it with interest," Jud said, his thin face white, "but I'm afraid it doesn't mean very much to me, Lieutenant." Harkness and Lutz were there, and Vic Reisher, and several almost dapper young FBI men, and some others Tom wasn't able to identify.

Durand went into the adjoining cage, Jud Fergol's cage, teller number two. The men moved to where they could see him. Durand said, "Okay, Weldon, put that package of ones where the big bills were. Fine. Right there. Now make like you're working. Fine. Now turn back and look at the bills. Look okay?"

Tom looked at the money. "Yes, I can't see—"

"Fine. Now, Lutz, you be the blonde." Lutz put his hand on his hip and swayed up to the window. "Don't clown it!" Durand said sharply. "Weldon, act as though you're making change. Okay. Now, Lutz, turn around and walk fast toward the main doors. Set your heels down. Keep watching him, Tom."

Tom watched. There was a prolonged shrill whistle.

"Now," said Durand, "turn around slow and take another look at the money."

Tom turned around and gasped. It had completely disappeared. It was gone. He looked at Jud Fergol. He saw the sweat beaded on the man's upper lip. Funny how you could work beside a man and never . . . "How did you do that!" Tom demanded.

Durand smiled. "Like your smart little wife said, Weldon. Over the wall. A while ago I stretched, casual-like, and when my hand was over the edge of the wire fence—and it's only six feet high in here, you know—I let some nylon monofilament fishing line fall down on your side, right where that money is. It's leader material, and it's two-pound test, and it's camouflaged. Hell, you can hardly see it when you know it's there. On your end was a trout hook. Nothing on my end. I just let it hang down in here.

"When Lutz was standing at your window, I stuck two fingers through the wire grille and hooked the trout hook onto the rubber band. Right after I whistled, I hoisted away. The money dropped on my side. Every man, on that day the blonde was here, was watching that tight skirt and that walk. I shoved the money out of sight, just like Fergol did."

"It's crazy!" Jud said much too loudly. "I never did a thing like that."

"The guy where you bought the leader material identified you from a picture. Your wife showed us where you keep your fishhooks. In fact, this is one of yours. When we told her about powder and lipstick that wasn't hers, she stopped kidding us and told us about you sneaking out in the middle of the night too often. So where is she, Fergol, and what's her name?"

Fergol seemed to dwindle as Tom watched him. He looked through them all, looked beyond them to some far, cold, hopeless place. "Her name is Connie Moran. Westlake Hotel Apartments. Brown hair. She used that dye that washes out. She had to have the money. She took all—but five hundred."

Durand gave him a wise, complacent smile. "You were followed there Friday night. She's in custody, chum. But she's a tougher apple than you are. She never would have talked."

One of the unidentified men said, "Okay to phone it in, Lieutenant?"

"Hold it, Marty. Tell your rewrite boys to give this Weldon a break. Give us the put-out, but give this Weldon an assist on the play. His wife ought to have it, but he needs it more. His kids have to think the old man was working with the cops. Okay?"

"Okay, Lieutenant."

Vic Reisher walked over to Tom, looking reluctant and miserable. He put his hand out. Tom looked at the man he had considered his friend as well as his boss. He looked at the outstretched hand and knew, suddenly, that to refuse to take it would be a childish gesture.

"Tom—maybe I've been here too long. Maybe I've run too many columns of figures through the machines, totaled too many tapes. My thinking has gotten too black and white. I forgot that I ought to trust my instincts. Your cash account was short; so I had you accused, convicted and sentenced, all in my mind. It adds up to a man who isn't—anyone I'd want to work for. I'm deeply ashamed, Tom."

"Vic, I really don't know whether I'm going to stay or not."

Vic's wry smile was oddly shy. "Wish you would. I guess it won't be exactly the same, but I wish you would."

"I'll talk it over with Helen," Tom said. He suspected that, when his outrage and anger had faded, when his bitterness was gone, he would probably decide to stay. It was work he liked, work he could do well. There would be a new man in Jud's cage. Maybe, with care, the four of them—Vic, Arthur, Tom, the unknown newcomer—could once again achieve that sense of unity, of being a quick, clever, functioning unit.

HELEN was waiting. He lifted her off the floor when he kissed her. In the mysterious way children have, the kids knew that this was holiday, this was special. They clung to his legs and yelped.

He said, "Look, among other things, honey, I want to tell you there won't be any more of that storming out of here, acting like—"

She stopped his lips with her finger tips. "Hush up. Just take me along next time."

Which, he decided later, was another proof that she was probably just as smart as Durand had said she was. ▲▲▲

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One Great Favorite Story,
that story is surely

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CASEY JONES

**The lion pulled back. It uttered a muffled, inarticulate sound. Fenwick swung**

# Decisions, Decisions!

## By ELMER ROESSNER

FENWICK PHILLIPS took the blue tie with yellow diamonds off his tie rack, held it against his shirt and shook his head. He fingered the lavender tie with interlocking circles. He tested the maroon tie against his shirt and put it back.

Then he took the nearest tie, a striped one, and went in to breakfast.

"What do you want, dear?" his wife asked.

"Oh, cereal, toast and coffee, Barbara."

"You had cereal yesterday, Fenwick."

"That's right. I'll have a four-minute egg."

"The last time I four-minuted your egg you said it was too soft."

"I guess you'd better five-minute it, then."

"But you say they're too hard at five minutes."

Fenwick ran his hand over his head. "I must do something about my hair," he said. "Mr. Bellinger told me about a tonic he says is great."

"And the egg?"

"Well, how about four and a half minutes? I wouldn't really expect it to grow new hair. What are you doing, Barbara?"

"I'm putting your egg in water."

"Perhaps you'd better scramble it, dear."

Fenwick ate the egg scrambled and hurried off to his bus. When he got off at Fourteenth Street, he saw something was amiss.

People were running down the street. Men were pushing women aside. Children were wailing.

Down the middle of the street came a lion. It tossed its head high and advanced menacingly.

Fenwick looked about him. Nearby was a hardware store with its wares displayed in the entrance. He seized a pick handle and ran toward the lion.

The lion pulled back. It uttered a muffled, inarticulate sound. Fenwick swung and caught the lion at the nape of the neck. The lion swayed and fell over in a half roll. It lay still.

Fourteenth Street, deserted a few seconds before, filled up again. People came out of doorways, stores and cars. They swarmed around Fenwick. A man shook his hand. A girl kissed his cheek.

Police sirens whined a few blocks away. Fenwick hacked away into the crowd and started for his office. The air seemed brighter and crisper than ever before. It was a wonderful world.

Fenwick was flushed when he arrived at the Bellinger Invisible Pen Company. He was settling himself at his desk, when J. V. Bellinger walked in.

"Big golf date today, Fenwick," the owner said. "I'm leaving you in charge. If anything comes up you can't decide on, put it over until tomorrow."

"Nothing will," Fenwick said decisively.

A few minutes after Bellinger left, George Pursney, buyer for the giant Red Front chain, telephoned for Bellinger. Fenwick took the call.

"Care for an order of five thousand Invisible Pens at forty-nine cents?" asked Pursney.

"No," said Fenwick.

"What?" screamed Pursney.

"Not interested," Fenwick said calmly.

"Are you mad?" bellowed Pursney.

"No," said Fenwick. "You've been buying O'Malley pens at forty-seven cents for years. You are negotiating a new deal, and you want to toss us a small order just to throw a scare into O'Malley. If you want to buy a scare, it will cost you ninety-eight cents a pen. But if you want to give us the hulk of your business, you have a buy at forty-three cents."

There was a pause, and Pursney said, "Let me work that out on my slide rule." He didn't have a slide rule. He didn't know how to work one. But he always said that; people thought he was a sharp buyer and it helped him get lower prices. After a fifteen-second pause, he said, "Okay. I'm sending over an order for five hundred thousand."

A little while later, as Fenwick half expected, P. J. O'Malley of O'Malley Pens telephoned. "Maybe I ought to talk to Bellinger," he said. "Some time ago I offered to buy him out, but we couldn't get together. I was just wondering—"

"You offered a hundred and seventy-five thousand but Bellinger wanted two hundred thousand," said Fenwick. "You can have it at a bargain now—four hundred thousand."

"Bargain? Bargain?" exploded O'Malley. "It wasn't a bargain at two hundred thousand!"

"No, it wasn't," agreed Fenwick. "But four hundred thousand is a bargain now. You know we landed the Red Front account."

"How about two hundred and fifty thousand?"

"No. It's four hundred thousand."

"All right," O'Malley said weakly.

"And it must be closed today at that price."

FENWICK telephoned Bellinger at the golf club and told him he had sold the business to O'Malley. "You can't do that!" Bellinger said. "It's my baby, my life's blood. It's no deal. You're fired. How much will O'Malley pay?"

"Four hundred thousand."

"I'm being robbed!"

"I'm the treasurer, and I know the figures," Fenwick said. "Four hundred thousand is a great price. You get three hundred and fifty thousand, and I get fifty thousand for making the sale."

"O'Malley is robbing me! You're robbing me!"

"If you want to go ahead with the robbery, get the stock certificates here by four thirty," said Fenwick. "Will you be here?"

"Yes," said Bellinger. "Think I'm crazy?"

The closing went off smoothly, and Fenwick picked up his check for fifty thousand dollars.

His wife concealed her surprise when he arrived home in a taxi. She kissed him and waited for the usual question about what there was for dinner. Instead, Fenwick said, "You've been saving a steak in the freezer. We'll have it tonight. With mushrooms. If you haven't any, get some."

"Yes, Fenwick."

"And, by the way, we are going to Europe."

"Europe! But you always said—"

"We're going to Europe next week—flying to London, then on to Paris and the Riviera."

Barbara gripped the back of a chair for support. "Riviera? Steak! Yes, Fenwick."

"While you're fixing dinner, I'll read the paper," he said. "By the way, is there anything in it about a lion—a lion on Fourteenth Street?"

Barbara Phillips' world was showing a thread of reality. She clung to it. "Yes, dear. The funniest thing! Here it is on page one."

Fenwick read:

"LION" ON PUBLICITY PROWL PANICS CROWDS; HOSPITALIZED BY BLOW

*Crowds on 14th St. were thrown into panic today by a man dressed as a lion. The man, Olaf Bergman, 38, was struck down by an unidentified passer-by.*

*Police said Thomas Monahan hired Bergman to roam the city in a lion skin to which was attached a sign advertising Monahan's new Lion Tavern. The sign fell off when Bergman wandered down 14th St., and pedestrians screamed and fled in terror. The unidentified man, however, seized a pick handle and felled the supposed lion with a blow to the head. Police restored order and after taking Bergman to St. Vincent's Hospital, preferred charges of parading without a license and violating traffic laws.*

"Shall I put the steak on?" Barbara asked.

"Steak? Of course. Cook it medium well, will you? And maybe some fried onions?"

"I thought you wanted mushrooms, dear."

"Mushrooms would be nice. Or French fried onions. No, just pan fried. We can get all the French fried we want when we get to Europe. But maybe a trip to South America would be better. On the other hand, Mr. Bellinger was telling me about some interesting places in Canada."

"But Paris—"

"Well, maybe we ought to see our own country first. Or Mexico . . ."

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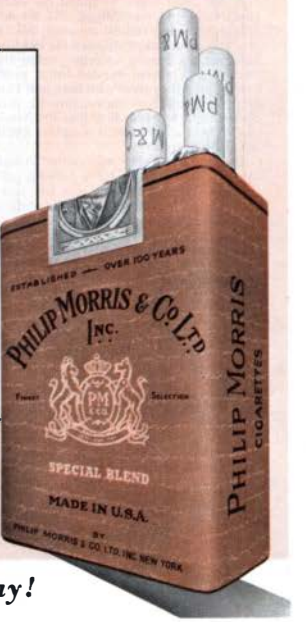


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# THIEF OF TIME

## By MARGERY SHARP

***Oh, it was my fault! I was the criminal who stole the fifteen precious minutes and precipitated the disaster. But I tried—I tried—to pay them back***

I DID not as a child give much thought to such major abstractions as life, death, and eternity. I hadn't the leisure: I had four brothers and a baby sister, a half share in a pony, two Sealyhams, and a fluctuating number of Belgian hares. In my tenth year, however (memorable also as the year when my mother gave up trying to make my hair curl and allowed me to wear pigtails), circumstances forced me for some weeks to grapple with the phenomenon of *time*. These circumstances were of my own making, and the result of a crime: I had stolen fifteen minutes belonging to our esteemed friend and neighbor, Mr. Rickaby.

Even today, forty years later, I am still astounded by the far-reaching consequences of my attempts to give them back.

Mr. Rickaby was an elderly mathematician who had come to spend his declining years in our Dorset village. As a rule, our village attracted retired colonels; Mr. Rickaby was a retired professor. He conformed, however, so exactly to type—being fragile, untidy, and absent-minded—that everyone knew where they were with him; and I cannot better explain how thoroughly he was accepted than by recording that the Marlowes of Old Mill allowed their daughter Cecilia to act as his secretary.

In 1911 a secretary was rather an unusual thing to be, especially for a girl of good family; the Marlowes' family was so good, and so old, that they seemed to be fading away from sheer age and goodness. Cecilia's parents always reminded us children of the long, thin, shadowy-transparent figures in the stained-glass windows of our village church. They were vegetarians. Cecilia, though also long and thin, had more vitality, and what I see today as an instinct for self-preservation. She couldn't type, of course, but she wrote a very clear hand, and by dint of sheer concentration soon learnt to disentangle Mr. Rickaby's notes and copy out his mathematical formulae with perfect accuracy. Mr. Rickaby paid her twenty pounds a year, and after that the Marlowes weren't quite so vegetarian, but of course it was thoroughly understood that Cecilia helped Mr. Rickaby only because of her deep though hitherto unsuspected interest in higher mathematics.

I should never have guessed that anyone *minded*, had not my father one day made a joke about turning me into a lady secretary too. My mother emitted a little wail of dismay and impulsively unbraided my nearest pigtail to see if there were any sign of curl.

"Mary will marry!" cried my mother—but with more defiance than conviction.

"Cecilia was no plainer at the same age," observed my father.

"The Marlowes never had a penny to buy her a decent dress!" cried my mother—and hastily checked herself, because one never discussed money, especially before children. "*I* consider Cecilia extremely distinguished," said my mother. "And I hope we shall all be even nicer to her than usual, and certainly not make silly jokes—because I really don't know how the Marlowes can bear it." cried my mother uncontrollably, "seeing Cecilia go out every morning to *work for her living!*"

Of course I saw then how awful it was. At the same time, I decided that *I* would work on a farm. This prospect didn't distress me at all, and I began to eat even more than usual, to get very strong. When people observed, as about this time they frequently did, that I ate "like a ploughboy," I felt a secret triumph; my poor mother was openly chagrined.

IT IS always hard to estimate the length of child-time, but I believe that the scene of my crime had been set for at least a year before I committed it. Mr. Rickaby had been amongst us that while, and I cannot think he went without his exercise for long. He was a man of most regular habits and firmly believed that his health required a two-mile walk each day; but though, on the face of it, nothing could have been simpler (our neighborhood abounded in walks; we children could have shown him at least three: the Pig Walk, the Boghole Walk, the Dangerous Stile Walk, all the right length), the very attractions such names defined were to Mr. Rickaby positive drawbacks. He did not wish to dodge sows, leap bogs, or negotiate stiles. While walking, he liked to think. He disliked even opening gates (which he usually forgot to shut) or having to watch out for the sparse traffic of our main road. In Cambridge he used to walk round and round a quadrangle. His cottage garden was so small that it made him dizzy. So he finally asked my parents if he might use our pasture.

I think my parents were rather flattered. Mr. Rickaby, they impressed on us—we had a tendency to refer to him as Old Mouser, from a fancied resemblance to a departed cat—Mr. Rickaby was a very distinguished person, who published books and contributed

**Without the slightest premeditation, I slipped the largest of the three smooth pebbles into my pocket and immediately nipped back behind the hawthorn trees**

ILLUSTRATED BY RICHARD HOOK

to learned periodicals. They readily offered our pasture; and thus it happened that any morning between nine and ten a furtive glance from the schoolroom window showed Mr. Rickaby marching round and round exactly like a clockwork toy. It was my father who suggested an hour when we children were necessarily indoors; in holiday time he put the pasture out of bounds for the same period. This did not, of course, prevent us from keeping an eye on Mr. Rickaby all the same.

HE HAD one fascinating idiosyncrasy: Our pasture was about half a mile round: Mr. Rickaby had therefore to circumambulate it four times. By way of keeping count, each time he passed the gate he picked up a pebble from the path outside and placed it on the flat rail; when there were three pebbles in a row and he held the fourth poised in his hand, he dashed all to the ground and went home. It always used to astonish us to see him pause to check them, one, two, three, whereas *we* could have taken in the number at a glance, *en passant*. But Mr. Rickaby, we were told, was a *higher* mathematician, not the low sort like ourselves, an explanation we endeavored to accept.

He never entered the bouse, except on the first Wednesday of each month, when our parents invited him to dinner. (He used to fall asleep immediately after the coffee, and my mother would awaken him at the right time by playing very loudly on the piano.) But though he thus remained essentially a stranger, we children were on the whole fond of Mr. Rickaby, as we were fond of the old lawn-mower pony, and I had certainly no wish to do him harm.

Indeed, I well remember, that second summer, feeling unusually sympathetic to him, because be was under a cloud, as I often was myself. The root of Mr. Rickaby's disgrace, however, was not appetite or argumentativeness, but simply his fame. If he hadn't been so famous, he would never have drawn Mr. Demetrios to our village.

What a summer that was! Mr. Demetrios was so appalling that memory pauses, fascinated, at the very name. . . .

I cannot honestly say I remember anything personally very dreadful about him. I see him fiftyish, small, with very dark, rather melancholy eyes. He was perfectly clean, and spoke English with only a slight American accent. His manners—in intention, at least—were good. He still appalled us.

In the first place, Mr. Demetrios was a Greek, which was bad enough; in the second, he was vulgarly rich. (It got about that he had made his money in New York, in Wall Street. My father always referred to him as The Financier.) And besides being a very rich Greek, Mr. Demetrios acted like one.

He wore an overcoat with a fur collar, and a diamond ring.

At the Crown, our only inn, be occupied a bedroom and a sitting room, where be took his meals.

He hired an automobile, with chauffeur, to drive about the country.

He drank wine not only at dinner, but also at lunch.

He gave a hundred guineas to the church restoration fund, when even Sir Percival (at the Manor) gave only ten.

Of course no one took any notice of him.

To the general credit, Mr. Rickaby was never accused of having Mr. Demetrios for a *friend*. The village was in general agreement that Mr. Rickaby would never have brought Mr. Demetrios amongst us had he known what Mr. Demetrios was like. But he bad nonetheless *attracted* Mr. Demetrios, and having done so—hence the cloud—actually tolerated him.

Today I appreciate Mr. Demetrios more. He was an enthusiast. He was a man in prey to a passion—for higher mathematics. Other millionaires (and he was one) accumulated pictures and statuary, to perpetuate, in museums, their names and wealth. Mr. Demetrios accumulated a narrow sheaf—just sufficient, in the end, to fill a narrow book—of mathematical fact. He had come all the way from Greece (or from America—no one bothered to find out which) to sit at the feet of Mr. Rickaby. Enormous investments were going hang, while he sat day after day in Mr. Rickaby's cottage, drinking in from the fountainhead a thin stream of commercially-unproductive lore.

The village saw nothing of this. The village, though it already took a certain pride in Mr. Rickaby's fame, turned an icy shoulder to his disciple.

I regret to say that we children unhesitatingly conformed to the prevailing weather. I remember myself once encountering Mr. Demetrios on the green, as he walked from the Crown to Mr. Rickaby's cottage. He tried to engage my good will by offering me a peach. I recognized the fruit immediately—out of Sir Percival's greenhouse, the most expensive single items at a recent church bazaar. We had allowed Mr. Demetrios to buy the whole basket. We bad *expected* him to buy the whole basket. Sir Percival had sent a whole basket for Mr. Demetrios to buy. But of course I refused. I raised a nine-year-old eyebrow, said thank you so much, and turned on my heel with a fair imitation of my mother's best putting-off air. Today I can admire Mr. Demetrios; at the time, I felt sorry for Mr. Rickaby. I still conformed.

For Mr. Rickaby should naturally have sent this outlandish disciple packing. He didn't. because he enjoyed talking higher mathematics to someone who could understand him. The village thought it extremely selfish. Had my crime become public property, I should have had the village on my side.

WHY I was loose that fine September morning I cannot now quite recall. We did lessons again in September, and nine to ten was always Latin with the curate. Had I been arguing with the curate? It seems only too possible: I was a very argumentative child. Perhaps he had sent me out of the room: he was very young, and painfully unresourceful in the matter of punishments. However, there I was, pounding down the lane—still in my bouse shoes, my pigtails flying—toward the big hawthorn brake that was always our first base. I had no notion then of making for the pasture; the hawthorns simply happened to neighbor its gate.

Under their friendly, thorny arms I paused for breath and looked about. On the other side of the pasture I saw Mr. Rickaby—in his long black coat, diminished by distance, moving with his jerky stride. precisely the clockwork figure in the bottom of my last Christmas stocking. At that moment, I felt even fonder than usual of him.

Mr. Rickaby approached, counted, added another pebble to the row, and clockworked on. The moment after, my eye fell on the three smooth pebbles lying on top of the rail. Without the slightest premeditation, I slipped the largest into my pocket and nipped back behind the hawthorns. I waited until he had turned the first corner, and then strolled over to the stable to talk to my pony. I felt rather pleased with myself.

But not for long. Not, alas, for long! How clearly I recapture the moment when remorse first struck! It smelt of warm flannel. I was standing at the nursery door, taking a look at my baby sister; and there, directly opposite, over the fireplace, hung a gaily-illumined text. *Lost—one golden hour, studded with sixty diamond minutes. No reward offered, for it is GONE FOR EVER!*

I must have contemplated that text a thousand times. It came into the family with Old Ellen, who nursed my eldest brother. We children had all grown up with it. We had used its ominous words for counting-out games. We knew them, and forgot them, as one knows and forgets the words of a bedtime prayer. Now they struck me with the force of a thunderbolt. Fifteen minutes—fifteen precious diamond minutes—had I stolen from Mr. Rickaby; my heart turned over with an unpleasant thump; I recognized the symptom at once. Remorse was settling in my stomach like a lump of cold suet pudding, and I knew from experience that until I got rid of it I should feel no healthy appetite. I did. therefore. what I always used to do in emergencies: I told the boys.

For once they were no help at all. They regarded the whole thing as a good joke: I'd marched Old Mouser all round the pasture again, and the silly juggins hadn't even noticed. I regret to say that for some minutes I encouraged them. For some minutes I preened in their rare admiration of me. But for no longer. Remorse revived.

"Suppose," I said, "Mr. Rickaby'd been expecting some frightfully important visitor, and hadn't been there to meet him and he'd gone away again?"

"We'd have beard," said my brother George.

"Well, suppose the postman came with some frigbtfully important parcel?"

"He'd have left it next door," said my brother Arthur.

"Then suppose," I cried, "Mr. Rickaby'd thought of something—and didn't get home in time to write it down?"

"If anyone wants to come ratting," said my brother John, "it's six o'clock in the barn."

So *they* were no help to me. I was vaguely surprised, vaguely injured.

FROM that moment I date my instinctive sympathy with any movement for equal pay for women. (I wrote some secretary a cheque only yesterday.) I felt my menfolk had let me down, not through any lack of affection or courage—I knew that if a village boy so much as cheeked me they would tear him limb from limb—but through a lack of imagination. I was left to expiate my crime alone.

The worst part about stealing *time* is that it is so bard to give back.

On the surface, Mr. Rickaby hadn't suffered at all. No important visitor, no important parcel, nothing of importance at all, so far as the village knew, bad gone astray. Mr. Demetrios never arrived at the cottage until eleven, so even he hadn't been kept waiting. Nor bad the cottage caught fire. It seemed as though no quarter of an hour since the creation could have been stolen with less ill effect. My conscience still plagued me. We underestimate—at least we underestimated *them;* for these days of psychoanalysis I cannot speak—the dreadful force of a child's sense of guilt. I bad done wrong; I was a thief; my appetite deserted me; I woke at least once, howling. in the night, and though it is true that this was after I had just picked at some cold goose, it is also literally true that I knew no easy moment for the next three weeks.

For the next three weeks, as a criminal haunts the scene of his crime, I haunted the vicinity of Mr. Rickaby. I dogged him about the village green. I peered each morning through his cottage window. as he discoursed within to Mr. Demetrios, Miss Marlowe between them taking notes. Not one of the trio ever noticed me; I slunk disconsolate off. On the first Wednesday of the next month, I crept out of bed and stole, nightgowned, down to listen at the dining-room door.

The ladies I knew to be already in the drawing room: I bad already marked their gentle swishing up and down the stairs. (Does any child today, I wonder, recognize that soft, murmurous passage?) Around the broad mahogany table, only my father and Mr. Rickaby, Sir Percival and the Vicar still lingered, drinking port. The door was not quite shut. I applied my ear to the crack and frankly eavesdropped. The result was highly rewarding.

Mr. Rickaby, who of course hadn't yet gone to sleep, was talking to my father about Young Barbarians. Today I guess that he referred to myself and my brothers; at the time, I took him literally, and conjured up a rather pleasing picture of prehistoric Boy Scouts. I was interested. But Mr. Rickaby did not elaborate. suddenly breaking off. "After all." he added nostalgically, "they *are* the best days. I'd give a great deal, sir, for another hour as a lad."


COLLIER'S

**"This is the first time I've seen you away from the office, Miss Carson. You know, it turns out you're quite a stenographer!"**

JEFF KEATE

A chair was thrust back; they were coming out. I scrambled upstairs again. But with what a spring of hope! For now I at least knew of something Mr. Rickaby wanted. I might not be able to give him a whole hour—indeed, I didn't owe him a whole hour—but for some fifteen minutes, as far as lay within my power, I determined he should enjoy every pleasure my brothers knew. I wasn't yet quite clear how to set about it, but at least I had an aim.

As things turned out, opportunity beckoned the very next day. Precisely at eleven—for the church clock was striking—I happened to emerge from our gate just as Mr. Rickaby crossed the green on his way from the post office to his cottage. I should say that our rural and picturesque green was bordered on one side by the beech hedge of the Manor House: by ducking through a gap we children knew of (and had indeed made), it was only a matter of seconds before one reached (by nipping across a corner of lawn) the Manor woods. They were my brothers' happiest hunting grounds.

Mr. Rickaby and I stood within a stone's throw of them.

As an embarrassment of riches, it was my day to have the pony. I could saddle him in two minutes, timed by John.

The first thing, however, was obviously to corral Mr. Rickaby. I pounded across the grass and placed myself in his path. He stopped at once, dropping two packages of books and a small loaf.

"Mr. Rickaby," I panted, "would you like a ride on my pony?"

With an obvious effort, Mr. Rickaby withdrew his thoughts from their native intellectual uplands and looked at me in such surprise that I felt, perhaps mistakenly, a need to elaborate:

"I share him with George, but it's Thursday. I have him Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday." (It went without saying that on Sundays we didn't ride.) "He's a very *strong* pony," I added. "I'm sure he's up to your weight."

POLITELY, but still looking startled, Mr. Rickaby thanked me and said no. He said he feared the unusual exercise might prove too much for his old bones. But he had obviously taken the offer in the right spirit; we stood contemplating one another with mutual good will. I felt I simply mustn't let him get away.

"Perhaps," I suggested, "you'd like to come for a walk instead. I know some very good blackberry places."

"My dear child," said Mr. Rickaby, "this is most kind of you." (He said it as if he meant it.) "Unfortunately, I am even now expected at home. Had I a quarter of an hour to spare—"

It was then I took the plunge, told a falsehood, and thrust his stolen fifteen minutes back into his hands.

"If you're going by the church clock," I said, "it's a quarter of an hour fast." And I added, really rather brilliantly, "There's a man coming tomorrow to climb into the steeple and put it right."

Without the slightest hesitation, Mr. Rickaby believed me. Perhaps he wanted to. With middle age, I have myself learnt how flattering it is to have my company sought by the young. When I seized Mr. Rickaby's hand, he made no demur. In two shakes I had him through our gap and into the woods.

I did my very best for him. I crammed into that fifteen minutes the blackberry place, the mushroom place, the hollow tree, and the Tinkers' Dingle. I let him find—myself acting pointer—the largest berries and the single mushroom. I got him right inside the tree, so that he could look out through the hole. I showed him how to read the signs the tinkers left. During a brief game of hide-and-seek—rather childish, by our standards, but then I didn't know quite how young Mr. Rickaby wanted to be—I allowed him to find me almost immediately, and never found him at all. And Mr. Rickaby enjoyed it all. For once, good intentions bore their designed fruit. When we emerged fifteen minutes later—for I kept an ear cocked for the time for the church clock striking the quarter, and added the last five by guess—he told me he hadn't enjoyed himself so much since he was a boy.

I hadn't either. The last three weeks had aged me; I hadn't felt properly boylike—tomboylike, ploughboylike—since the fatal day I took his pebble. As we parted again on the green (his book and loaf were still there), youth surged back into my legs and I leapfrogged our mounting block from sheer exuberance. My conscience was at last clear, and my appetite returned. I raced into the house and ate three buns before dinner.

BUT what had been happening, during that same quarter of an hour, at Mr. Rickaby's cottage? It is almost too dreadful to relate.

Miss Marlowe and Mr. Demetrios both arrived a few minutes early, thus missing the spectacle of Mr. Rickaby and myself in converse. The cottage door being, as usual, unlocked, both went in. Both, equally surprised, though not to the point of alarm, by the absence of Mr. Rickaby, sat down to wait. For fifteen—nay, twenty—minutes they were alone together.

It is difficult today to appreciate the rarity of such a situation. Miss Marlowe was a young woman earning, more or less, her own living. It was accepted that she might spend a couple of hours a day alone with Mr. Rickaby. But then everyone knew who Mr. Rickaby was, and it was one facet of the Marlowes' confidence in him that they knew, without asking, that he would never place his secretary in any unladylike situation. Certainly he wouldn't leave her tête-à-tête with a person like Mr. Demetrios. If she took notes in the presence of both men at once, the impersonality of the proceeding acted as a social disinfectant. But now Miss Marlowe and Mr. Demetrios were together alone, and for twenty minutes; and how did Mr. Demetrios employ them? By underlining every danger to which Miss Marlowe might be but had hitherto never been exposed.

He made her, in short, a declaration.

With incredible obtuseness and audacity, Mr. Demetrios, who had nothing in the world but several millions, invited Cecilia Marlowe to become his wife.

That was shocking enough. What was more shocking still—Cecilia Marlowe accepted him.

I still thank Heaven that in all the ensuing riot no one blamed *me*.

For there was a riot, so far as the Marlowes could raise one. Before the prospect of so appalling a *mésalliance*, they and their connections roused themselves like a swarm of sleepy bees. Cecilia was reasoned with, browbeaten, sent away, brought back, set upon by titled aunts. Mr. Marlowe called on Mr. Demetrios at the Crown and ordered him to quit our village. Mr. Demetrios—pathetically prepared with a full statement of his financial situation—emerged from the interview to book his rooms for another month. For the first time within memory, a landlord of the Crown stood pat to a Marlowe of Old Mill—we all felt the social system crack—and Mr. Demetrios' booking was accepted. Mr. Demetrios then went up to London and returned with an enormous diamond engagement ring, which Cecilia (receiving it by a suborned baker's boy) defiantly wore for two days. Mr. Marlowe then (so village gossip ran) actually wrenched it from her finger and returned it to Mr. Demetrios in a matchbox. My mother said Mr. Marlowe had merely used rational arguments. In any case, Mr. Demetrios got it back to Cecilia a day later, by suborning the postman, and she wore it again until Mrs. Marlowe had a heart attack. Then Cecilia put it back in its case; but she still did not return it to Mr. Demetrios.


COLLIER'S

". . . And that's your world picture as it looks from here"

JOHN GALLAGHER

At least it must be acknowledged that the Marlowes weren't mercenary: Mr. Demetrios' money meant nothing to them. But then neither did Cecilia's happiness. One must remember the date—forty years ago; I remember myself the horror of my own parents. Even my mother, for years lamenting Cecilia's lack of suitors, could see no happy issue. "If only he'd been a gentleman!" wailed my mother; but that, of course, was the one thing Mr. Demetrios was not.

It made no difference to Cecilia. She had glimpsed a wider horizon. With incredible, with unsuspected tenacity, she stuck to her guns. She was (I know now) twenty-seven years old; and if she couldn't marry Mr. Demetrios with her parents' consent, she announced, she would marry him without.

Even in 1911, one couldn't actually lock a daughter up.

With as bad a grace as possible, the Marlowes gave way. Mr. Demetrios bought a special license, and one morning, very quietly, in the village church—no choir, no organ, no bridesmaids—Cecilia became Mrs. Aristide Demetrios. Immediately after the ceremony, the happy pair left for London, where they stayed at the Ritz, en route to Paris, where they stayed at the Crillon. Cecilia's horizon was widening with all possible speed.

No one, as I say, blamed me. Mr. Rickaby was blamed right and left. It was he who had brought Mr. Demetrios to our village in the first place; it was he who by his shocking carelessness had given Mr. Demetrios his opportunity. The Marlowes turned half their anger on him—but he never gave me away. We had it out together in private, one morning on the green.

"The church clock," said Mr. Rickaby, "on the morning of the recent—ah—sensation . . . I don't think it could have been fast, after all."

I had had enough of crime. I decided to tell the truth.

"No, Mr. Rickaby," I said, "it wasn't. I just told you it was because I owed you a quarter of an hour."

Nearly everything I said to Mr. Rickaby seemed to astonish him. Perhaps this time he had more excuse than usual. As I plunged on, describing how I took his pebble in the first place, his bewilderment simply deepened.

"But what was your motive?" asked Mr. Rickaby.

I mumbled that I didn't know.

"Had the pebble perhaps some childish value for you?"

I shook my head.

Mr. Rickaby looked at me uneasily. "But you must have had *some* object," he urged.

I said I hadn't. It struck me that if we went on like this I should soon have wasted another fifteen minutes of Mr. Rickaby's valuable time. I said flatly, "I'm a very *bad* child, so I expect it was just that. But I was sorry afterwards, and I heard you tell my father you'd like to be a boy again, so I made the quarter of an hour the sort my brothers like. I did have a motive *then*."

"And a kind one," said Mr. Rickaby.

He smiled. With immense relief, I saw that he (unlike the usual adult) wasn't going to keep on. No doubt a man of his intelligence realized there were some things it was simply no use keeping on at, like recurring decimals.

He said kindly, "I enjoyed our excursion very much, my dear. Don't meddle with time again; it's a subject for experts. But in this instance, I believe, we may say that all has ended well."

I thought it wonderful of Mr. Rickaby to take so broad-minded and sensible a view. Today I imagine that during the course of our conversation he had simply forgotten Cecilia Marlowe altogether. The notion of a child playing about with time—manipulating it, so to speak—must have been interesting to him. He never offered to teach me higher mathematics, but we were always, after that interview, very good friends.

OUR village never heard much more of Cecilia Demetrios. Rather staggering presents used to arrive each Christmas at Old Mill, but neither Mrs. Marlowe (in sable cape) nor Mr. Marlowe (offering his friends superb brandy) spoke freely of their daughter. My own opinion of how the marriage turned out is derived from Mr. Demetrios' autobiography, published in 1930.

I can't imagine that many people bought it. It is a dry piece of writing, nothing but a bald compilation of facts set down in stiff-jointed prose. Only once, at the end of the chapter headed *England*, does emotion show through.

*It was during this visit*, wrote Mr. Demetrios, *that I met with the lady whose beauties of person and character, and whose quick intellectual sympathies, have ever since adorned my life. On the morning of October the fifth, 1911, seizing a long-sought opportunity, I successfully requested Miss Cecilia Marlowe to become my wife. It is a date that should rightly be printed here in letters of gold . . .*

I still have Old Ellen's text. The words there *are* printed in gold, except for 'sixty diamond minutes' in frosted silver, now a little bald. It makes an excellent bookmark, and I keep it in Mr. Demetrios' book.


In the weeks that followed, she lived only for the nights and Henry and the warm, safe haven of the hidden beach

# SURRENDER

By MARY VERDICH

**Sixteen is a difficult, lonely age. Remote from the world of adults, remote from childhood, you need desperately to love someone—and you cannot understand how it can make you so unhappy. . .**

IF HER father hadn't been all tied up with the big Hilton case that strange, lost summer when she was sixteen years old, and if her mother hadn't been so concerned about Alice, who was having a baby, and if, consequently, they hadn't stayed in town instead of going to the cape as they usually did, Lucy would probably never have known Henry Morelli.

Her mother was at an Altar Guild meeting; and Emma, who came twice a week to do heavy cleaning, had banished Lucy from the living room; so she was sitting out in the kitchen, in a pair of faded denim shorts and one of her father's old shirts, absent-mindedly wiggling her bare toes and eating a piece of chocolate cake, the first time Henry came. She had almost decided to go down to the pool and cool off, although it wasn't much fun going to the pool any more, since everyone she knew was away, when Henry pushed open the screen door and came into the kitchen.

He plopped the box of groceries down on the table, almost knocking her cake on the floor, and Lucy opened her mouth to tell him to please be a little more careful, for Heaven's sake, when a very strange thing happened. The boy raised his head and looked at her in a steady, almost brash sort of way, and then he said, "Hi, Lucy," just as if he'd known her all his life.

Lucy stared at him, puzzled, and for a second she couldn't even remember who he was. Then he smiled, and it all came rushing back. Henry Morelli, that's who he was, and she had known him since junior high—only she hadn't really known him. He had been in the ninth grade when she was only in the seventh, and anyway, you never really *knew* someone like Henry Morelli.

He lived in the foreign section of town, and he was the leader of a gang of toughs who were always getting into fights and making scenes in study hall, and everyone said Ruby Morrow was his girl friend. Ruby was a pretty, brassy-haired girl whose clothes were always too tight and who had a way of wiggling her hips when she walked. She had quit school in the tenth grade and gone away for a while, because, everyone said, she was going to have a baby.

Of course she came back in a couple of months with no baby at all, which was quite a disappointment, but everyone said it was very easy to get rid of babies these days, what with people just crying to adopt them and all. And everyone said that if Ruby Morrow did have a baby, then Henry Morelli was undoubtedly the father of that baby.

Lucy couldn't be sure about that, but she did know that Henry had quit school in his junior year, and she hadn't seen him since, which was probably the reason she hadn't recognized him right away. Only he hadn't really quit, Lucy recalled now, but had been expelled, for something quite terrible, something like stealing from the lockers.

Anyway, whatever the reason was, it was something awful, Lucy knew; and that's why it was so fantastic that Henry Morelli, of all people, should stand there in her mother's kitchen and smile at her and say, "Hi, Lucy."

And it was unthinkable, unbelievable almost, that Lucy should smile right back and say, "Hello, Henry," and not only act as pleasant as if he'd been a friend of hers but even think he was the handsomest boy she had ever seen in her life.

Only he wasn't a boy any longer, she realized, but a man now, even taller than her father. She noticed the way his black curls hugged his head, like a tight, well-fitting little skullcap. She noticed his eyes—such soft, warm, brown eyes—and his eyelashes—she had never seen such eyelashes, so thick they almost made a smudge on his cheeks.

Looking at him, she got a sudden dry taste in her mouth and a funny, quivery feeling in the pit of her stomach; and the next thing she knew she heard herself saying, "I think it's wonderful you have a job, Henry. I really do."

"Yeah?" he snapped, and his face flushed hotly. "What's so wonderful about it? What difference does it make to you?"

"Why—I—" She knew she was blushing, but she couldn't help it; no one had ever talked to her that way before. "Well, I just think it's nice," she stammered. "I'm just glad for you, Henry, that's all."

"Yeah?" He was still glaring at her, looking mad enough to bash her over the head. But as she watched him, his face crumpled up, as though he were going to cry, and he turned and ran out the door.

She was always in the kitchen after that, every time he came. And after that morning he was nice, much nicer than any other boy Lucy had ever known. He never said anything, really, just "Hello,

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN McCLELLAND

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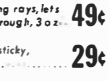

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Lucy." And she never said anything but, "Hello—hello, Henry."

But be seemed to be telling her things with his eyes. She knew that was silly; no one could tell you things with their eyes. But Henry seemed to be doing just that. It made her want to reach out and touch him, just for a second, just to see how it would feel.

Of course, she never did touch him. It was dreadful to even think of such a thing. But sometimes she wanted to touch him so badly it was almost like an ache inside her.

He had been coming to the house twice a week for a month before he asked her for a date, and then he didn't really ask her, and it wasn't really a date. He was going out the door when be turned back and said casually, "Say, how'd you like to go for a drive some night, Lucy? I could meet you at the monument, maybe—"

He didn't look at her when he said it; and for a second Lucy wondered if she'd beard him right. Then she heard herself saying, as if it were the most natural thing in the world, "Oh, I'd like to, Henry. I'd like to very much."

As soon as the words left her mouth, she knew she had to take them back. You didn't meet boys in front of the Defenders of the Union Monument; at least, she didn't. When you had a date with a boy, he came to the house and talked to your mother and shook hands with your father, and you always knew what you were going to do beforehand.

At least, that was the way it had been on all the dates Lucy had had. Not that she'd had very many, for it was just in the last year that she had started going out with boys at all; but that was the way it had been. So it was silly to feel so excited. since she couldn't even go, since she couldn't even *consider* such a thing. It was just plain crazy to feel so unbearably happy all of a sudden that she wanted to throw her arms above her head and shout.

"I'll meet you at eight o'clock tonight, then." Henry said. "Okay. Lucy?"

She tried to say, "I can't. I just can't." She honestly tried, but some huge, throbbing thing pushed up inside her, forcing out different words. "Okay, Henry. Eight o'clock will be fine."

SHE changed her clothes three times that evening before she finally settled on the blue linen dress she'd put on in the very beginning. She brushed her hair until it formed a soft, sunny cloud about her face.

When she finally came downstairs, her father was reading the newspaper, as usual, and her mother was knitting another baby sweater, as usual, and Alice and Jim had dropped in for "just a minute," also as usual. Mother and Alice both looked up when Lucy came into the room; and they both smiled at her. Then they both went right on talking. as if she wasn't even there.

Lucy couldn't understand it. They must see it; they simply had to see it when it was sticking out all over her like that. She walked across the floor very carefully and pushed open the screen door, and Mother called, "Where are you off to, darling?"

"Oh, just for a walk," Lucy called back. over her shoulder. "I might go to the movies later on."

She ran down the steps and started up the street in the direction of the courthouse square, and she was amazed at how calm she felt: she marveled that she could tell her mother such an atrocious lie and not even quiver inside.

As soon as she turned the corner, she saw a car parked in front of the monument. The moon was very bright, but somehow it seemed dark on the street and lonely, and she began to wish she hadn't come. Then, when she was only halfway up the block, the car door opened and Henry stepped out; and she started running toward him, as if she couldn't wait to get there.

He came forward a few steps and met her. "You came," he said, as if it were some kind of miracle.

"Of course I came, Henry," Lucy said. "I told you I would, didn't I?"

When Henry had started the motor and they were safely away Lucy relaxed and let out her breath which she had been holding for quite a long while. Neither one of them said anything, but it was a warm, easy sort of silence, not the dull. sticky agony that Lucy had sometimes felt with other boys.

"Say, is there anyplace you want to go?" Henry asked suddenly. "Anyplace in particular?"

"No," Lucy said. "No, I don't care, Henry."

And she didn't care. It was quite wonderful just driving around like that —just being there beside him.

"Well," Henry said, and there was an odd, almost trembling kind of excitement in his voice, "I thought—I know a place down at the shore. It's real nice. I go there by myself sometimes, when I want to get away, when I want to think." He paused a moment, then said, "That sound okay to you, Lucy? Of course, if you don't want to go, just say so."

"Why, it sounds wonderful. I'd love to go."

"Yeah." He laughed—a quick, happy sound. "It's funny," he said, "I was scared stiff you wouldn't even show up; and then I was scared that if you did show up and if I took you to the beach, to this place I was telling you about, you might get mad. You know, you might think I was trying to get fresh."

"Why should I think that?" Lucy said.

Henry turned his head and looked at her, and then he looked away.

THEY drove past the town marker until they reached a faded sign that read: *Hillsbro—Antiques*, and Henry swung the car off the highway onto a narrow dirt road. They went about five miles on this road before they reached another little road that was really not much more than a trail, and after a few bumpy yards Henry stopped the car.

Lucy looked around. They seemed to be on a small rise of ground covered with scraggly pines; and she could hear the faint sound of the sea and smell it. but nothing about the place was familiar. "Where are we?" she asked, puzzled.

Henry got out and reached for her hand. "You'll see," he said. "You'll like it, Lucy; really you will."

She followed him down the bank, holding on tight to his hand. The bank was steep, and once she tripped over a loose stone and would have fallen if Henry hadn't reached up and caught her

"Sure it's tough now, Saunders, but think of all the dough we'll have when Europe starts to pay us back!"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA


COLLIER'S "Who are you rooting for?" BARNEY TOBEY

shoulders. He held her against him for a second, and Lucy realized she wanted to stay there, leaning against him. But Henry looked down at her face and almost pushed her away.

"Come on," he said. "Let's go."

They went around a little bend in the bank, and Lucy saw it quite suddenly, spread out below them: the tiny strip of sand, smooth and sugary in the moonlight, with rocks on both sides like tremendous black cats guarding the entrance. It was like a secret, fairy place, and Lucy knew it was a privilege to be taken there.

"Oh, Henry, it's so pretty," she whispered. "How did you find it? I didn't even know it was here."

"No one does," Henry said, sounding very pleased with himself. "I stumbled on it by myself one day. I come here a lot, like I told you, when I want to get away. You know."

"Yes," Lucy said, for she did know. She had always wanted a secret place of her own, a place no one else knew anything about. "Thank you, Henry," she said softly. "Thank you for bringing me here."

"You're the only one I've ever shown it to. I'd never show it to anybody else—nobody but you, Lucy."

He still had her hand, holding it tight in his own, but now he dropped it and turned away, as if he were embarrassed at what he was saying. "Come on," he said again. "There's a place over here where we can sit down."

WHEN they were settled on the sand, leaning back against the rocks, Henry took out a package of cigarettes and offered her one. "Smoke?"

Lucy shook her head. "I don't smoke."

"You don't do anything, do you?" He laughed, only it wasn't a nice sound now. "I used to watch you in school," he said, "going around with your nose stuck up in the air, acting so damn' proper all the time. Nice." He laughed again, the same harsh laugh, and made a rude noise in his throat. "That's what you are, a nice girl. Nice girls—they give me a pain in the neck."

It was really horrible that he should talk to her that way, but for some reason it didn't disturb her. "I never thought you knew I was even alive," she said. "I used to see you in school, too, Henry, but I never thought you saw *me*. I never thought you saw anybody but—" She stopped, embarrassed at the thought of Ruby Morrow's name.

"I saw you," he said. "I always saw you. Don't you know what you look like, for gosh sakes? How dumb can you be?"

Lucy turned her head and watched him, and all of a sudden she felt a great, surging tenderness, an almost desperate urge to reach out and draw him close in her arms, to whisper, "It's all right, Henry. Really it is." She didn't know what in the world was the matter with her. She couldn't understand why she should want to do such a thing, why she should want to say such a thing and to Henry Morelli of all people. It frightened her, and she moved away a little, and then she heard Henry say, "Why don't we go in? It's real nice. You ever been in at night?"

"In?"

"Swimming."

"Swimming? You mean now? But I couldn't. I don't even have my bathing suit."

"So what? You could go in in your slip."

"My slip?" She was horrified. Go in swimming in her slip—and with a boy—a boy like Henry Morelli!

"I couldn't do that, Henry," she said miserably. "Maybe the next time; maybe the next time I could bring my suit and then—"

"Forget it," he snapped, and something in his voice told her there wasn't going to be any next time. "I knew you wouldn't. I keep forgetting who you are."

"Who am I?" Lucy cried. His words seemed like the very worst kind of insult. "But I'm no different, Henry. I—"

"Oh, yes you are!" He suddenly jumped to his feet and started shouting at her, and she had never heard anyone so angry. "You're scared stiff that I'm gonna try—that I might—"

His voice cracked, and he turned his back. Lucy was so startled that for a moment she could do nothing but stare at him in stunned amazement. Then as she watched him, as she saw his shoulders beginning to tremble, a queer, throbbing ache sprang to her throat, an ache so painful that she couldn't bear it.

"You're the silliest boy I ever met," Lucy said, chewing on her lip to keep from crying herself. "I don't know where you ever got such a crazy notion as that!"

She scrambled to her feet and started unbuckling her belt. "Go behind the rocks, Henry, so I can take off my dress. What are you going to swim in? Your shorts?"

AFTER they came out of the water, they lay on the sand and didn't say anything for a long time, just lay there, letting the breeze dry them. It was all so very beautiful, Lucy thought, with the moonlight and the stillness all around them. She wondered dreamily how it would be to have Henry kiss her. She wanted him to kiss her; she really longed to have him kiss her, and yet there was no hurry about it.

After a while, quite a long while, Henry reached out and touched her cheek. "It's nice," he said, and he sounded shy, almost humble. "It's real nice, isn't it, Lucy?"

"Yes." She turned her head and smiled at him, and she had never been so happy; she didn't think she would be quite this happy again, ever.

In the weeks that followed, Lucy often had the very odd sensation that she was two entirely different people. One was the Lucy who helped with the housework and sat at the dinner table and spoke when she had to. But then there was this other Lucy, the real Lucy, the Lucy who calmly lied to her mother and lived only for the nights and Henry and the warm, safe haven of the beach.

Actually, she didn't have to lie very much, because her parents were so busy they never bothered to question where she spent her time. Occasionally her mother would say, "You see so many movies, darling. I wonder if they're good for your eyes."

And once when Alice dropped in, all excited over some old cradle she'd heard about, Lucy had a few bad moments. Alice looked up just as Lucy was going out the door, and she said, "Good heavens, don't you ever stay home? Honestly, I don't believe I've spoken two words to you all summer."

"Well, whose fault is that?" Lucy said, trying hard to be casual about it. "You never talk about anything but the baby."

She pushed open the door and ran on down the steps, terrified that they might call her back, might demand to know where she was going. But no one called her back, and in a few minutes she had turned the corner, and she could see the monument up ahead and Henry's car parked at the curb; and instantly she forgot Alice and her mother and everything else in the world. It was always the same when she saw him; there was that first, almost painful moment when her heart squeezed up between her ribs. And then she was racing toward him, the happiness so intense she couldn't bear it.

He told her a great deal about himself that summer, close, intimate things she knew he had never told a soul, trying to make her understand how it was.

"I hate my family," he said one night. "You never saw anybody as pigheaded as my old man. Nag, nag, nag—that's all he ever does."

"What do you want to do, Henry?" Lucy asked.

"Well, I guess it sounds kind of nuts, but I—I'd really like to go back to school." He stopped, as if he were afraid she might laugh. "I guess you think that's pretty crazy, don't you, Lucy?"

"No," Lucy said. "No, I don't think it's crazy. Would they let you back?"

"Sure, they'd let me back. All I gotta do is crawl a little before old Johnson. He knows damn' well I didn't steal that money."

"Then why don't you, Henry?" Lucy

said. "What if you do have to crawl a little bit?"

"Well, I might just do it," Henry said, when they were leaving. "Might go back to school, I mean." He suddenly became very intent on opening the car door. "And, maybe," he said, "you know, maybe if I got a good job after a while, maybe your family wouldn't care so much—"

"It doesn't matter about my family, Henry."

"What do you mean it doesn't matter?" he shouted angrily. "I bet you haven't even told them. I bet you don't dare tell them who you been seeing all this time."

"No. No, I haven't told them, but it's not because I don't want to. It's only that I want—"

Instantly his anger was gone. "What do you want, Lucy?"

"I guess I want them to see you like I see you first—"

She stopped, and in the silence she heard Henry say, "I could do it. You know that, Lucy? I could do it, if you really wanted me to."

"I know you could, Henry," Lucy said, and again she felt that almost overpowering urge to put her arms around him, to draw him close.

"Henry," she whispered, "listen, Henry," and she reached out, as if to touch him; but just then a car came around the bend in the road, catching them in the full glare of the headlights. Lucy dropped her hands and waited for the car to pass. Then she turned back to Henry, but he was holding open the door, waiting for her to get inside, and somehow the moment had passed too.

SHE hurried the next morning because she had overslept and it was almost time for Henry to bring the groceries. She was running down the stairs when she heard her mother's voice, coming from the kitchen, and then another voice, Alice's voice.

Something in their tones disturbed her, and she stopped to listen.

"All right, Alice," Mother was saying. "All right, darling, calm down. It's not the end of the world."

"What do you mean it's not the end of the world? My Lord, Mother, no decent girl would even speak to that boy, you know they wouldn't."

So they knew! For a second, Lucy was so frightened that her legs began to tremble; then just as suddenly the trembling stopped, replaced by a fierce, burning anger. How dare Alice talk about Henry that way? How dare she? Lucy strode into the kitchen and faced them. "Shut up!" she screamed at Alice. "You just shut your silly old mouth, you hear me?"

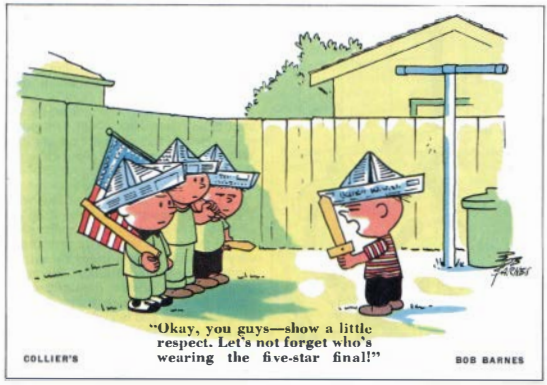
"Well, really!" Alice jumped up from the table. "See what I mean, Mother? She isn't even ashamed. If Jim and I hadn't been out looking for that antique shop last night, if we hadn't gotten on the wrong road by mistake and seen you and that—that boy, with our own eyes. God knows what would have happened to you, Lucy Powers."

"Nothing would have happened to me!" Lucy shouted, and to her own mortification she burst into tears. "Henry's never done a thing to me," she sobbed.

"What's that got to do with it, you little fool?" Alice was so furious that her voice shook. "Don't you care anything about your reputation? Don't you know what people are going to say if this ever gets out? Why, that Morelli boy's a terrible person: everyone knows how terrible he is. Just look at his family—they can't even speak English. They're nothing but scum—"

"Where do you want the groceries?"

As long as she lived, Lucy would never forget the horror of that moment. She would never forget the sick, paralyzing numbness that spread all through her, never forget the sight of Henry's face,



"Okay, you guys—show a little respect. Let's not forget who's wearing the five-star final!"

COLLIER'S BOB BARNES

there in the doorway, with the thin, white line around his mouth. She would never forget how she cried to herself, "Don't listen, darling. Don't. Please don't."

But she couldn't speak; she couldn't move. She could do nothing but stand there like an idiot and look at Henry's face, and wish she could die. Mother was the first to recover; she always was. Mother laughed, a quick, bright little laugh, and then she walked over to the door and held it open and motioned Henry inside.

"Come in," she said pleasantly, "come in, Henry. You can put the groceries down on the table. Lucy's been telling us about you."

"Please, Mother," Lucy whispered. "Please, please—"

"Please what, darling?" Her mother's eyes were wide, and she had that smile on her face, the smile she always had when there was a job to do. "I've told you, dear, your father and I like all kinds of people, and we want you to be the same way. The only thing I don't like is all this sneaking around corners. It looks almost as though you were ashamed to bring Henry to the house, Lucy." Mother laughed again, but there was a brittle edge to her voice. "And that was so foolish of you, darling," she said softly. "I'm sure Henry's an extremely nice boy; he would have to be if a daughter of mine has seen fit to spend nearly all summer with him." She turned her head and glanced at Henry, who was standing quietly by the kitchen table. "By the way, how old are you, Henry?" she asked. "You're surely not in Lucy's class at school?"

"I quit school."

"Oh, you quit school? And what does your father do, Henry?" Mother asked gently.

"He's a steamfittter with Alco Engineering."

"I see."

O God, make her stop, Lucy prayed desperately. Don't let her say any more. Please don't!

"I think Lucy's been very selfish keeping you to herself all this time," Mother went on, still in that same pleasant voice. "I think all of us should know you better, Henry. Why don't you come to dinner tonight?"

"You want *me* to come to dinner?" Henry said.

"Why, of course we want you," Mother smiled.

Henry looked at Mrs. Powers. He stood there, his face growing stiff with contempt, his black eyes blazing with anger; and for the first time in her life, Lucy saw her mother stared down. Under that indomitable gaze, a faint flush began to spread over Mrs. Powers' skin, and she finally stopped smiling and dropped her eyes.

"Thanks," Henry said then, and he sounded almost happy about something. "Thanks a lot, but I can't come."

He turned and walked swiftly toward the door, and fear suddenly leaped up inside Lucy, so powerful it swept everything else away. She ran after him and frantically clutched his arm. "Please," she begged him. "Oh, please, Henry, come!"

"I'll be seeing you, kid." He shook off her hand roughly. "I'll be seeing you sometime, maybe."

THAT night, she waited for hours at the monument, waited and watched, until she knew he wasn't coming, until she knew there was only one thing left to do. She went home and got the twenty-five dollars her grandmother had given her for her birthday and the two dollars and sixty-seven cents that was left over from her allowance. Then she went downstairs—her parents were out on the terrace—and picked up the car keys from the buffet and walked out the door. She had only had her license three months, and she wasn't supposed to take the car without permission, but that didn't bother her. On the drive to the beach, she planned it all out in her head. They could go to Maryland, to that place she had heard of where you could get married in about ten minutes. Then they would go away someplace—it didn't matter where.

She drove around the bend in the road and saw his car, parked at the edge of the bank, and for a moment she went limp with relief. Then she threw open the door and started running wildly across the ground. As soon as she saw him it would be all right; as soon as she touched him nothing else would matter.

She stumbled down the bank, and there was the beach spread out before her, clean and white in the moonlight, the beautiful little beach, the secret place. She started sobbing to herself, "Henry, oh, Henry, Henry," and then she saw them, just coming out of the water—Henry and the girl, the girl whose reddish hair was almost silver in the moonlight, the girl in the tight white satin bathing suit.

The sight of Ruby Morrow on the beach, their beach, leaped up and hit her with an almost physical impact. "Ouch," Ruby screamed, and her voice carried in the still night air. "My foot! I think a crab must have got me."

She bent over and grabbed at her toes, and it was then that Henry raised his head and saw Lucy huddled up against the side of the bank. They looked at each other a moment, and all the longings, all the joys of this strange, lovely summer flashed across her mind.

It's all right, darling, Lucy thought numbly. It doesn't matter. It doesn't!

If he would meet her, if he would only come halfway. Her hands went out in a helpless, pleading gesture. Her hands went out, and suddenly Henry dropped his eyes.

She watched him just a second longer. She watched him, and as she watched she felt it shrivel up and die inside her. Then she turned and walked away, moving very carefully, as if at any moment she might start to fall apart. ▲▲▲

*Next Week*

U.S. ARMY PHOTO

## My Battle Inside the KOREA TRUCE TENT

**By Vice-Admiral Joy**

*Former United Nations' Senior Delegate*

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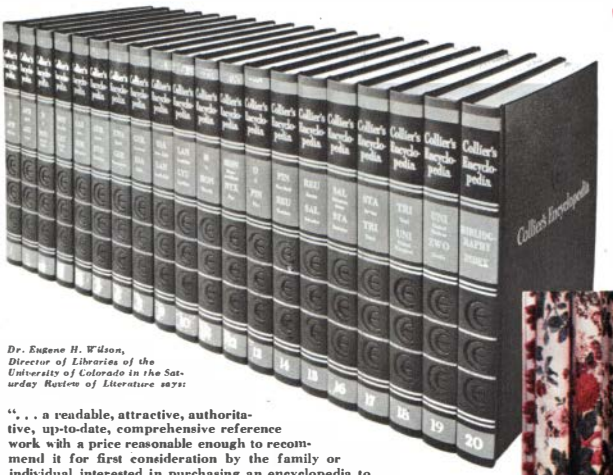


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# POLITICAL POLLSTERS:

## *Can They Predict This Year's*

Kenneth Fink

Dr. George Gallup

Archibald M. Crossley

Elmo Roper

**The '48 disaster behind them, U.S. pulse-takers view the 1952 balloting cautiously but confidently. They've learned from past errors, they say, and they promise that new techniques will tell a different story this fall**

**By ROBERT BENDINER**

PRESIDENT TRUMAN is still chuckling over the rout of the public-opinion polls in the elections of 1948. The returns, he gleefully told an audience only a few weeks ago, "set back the science of political forecasting for a full generation." But the pollsters themselves—notably Dr. George Gallup, Elmo Roper and Archibald M. Crossley—don't seem to feel that way at all. They are all set to come back this year; a little more prudent, to be sure, but as active as ever and full of plans for overcoming in 1952 the mistakes of 1948.

Business in the opinion-poll trade is brisk, and there is every promise of a lively season. Most of the newspaper outlets lost by Gallup after the 1948 debacle—about one fourth of his total of 226—have returned to the fold, giving him 206 at the most recent count. Roper, who gave up his news column for a time, now has only eight fewer papers than he had in 1948—and at least eight more radio stations than the 62 he had four years ago (more are being added, he says, all the time). Crossley, who, as usual, does not plan to syndicate until early in the fall, is lining up clients without appreciable difficulty. And King Features has been distributing to the Hearst papers and others, about 100 in all, the findings of Kenneth Fink's U.S. Poll, a new entry in the national field.

There was a period when prospects for such a comeback appeared far from bright. In the days that followed the Truman victory, the poll men seemed worse off than New York's Governor Thomas E. Dewey, the defeated candidate. He at least had an Executive Mansion to retire to; they had only the doghouse. No comedy program on the air was complete without a few gay gibes at their expense, the unkindest of which, probably, was Fred Allen's comment: "This year the polls went to the dogs instead of the other way around."

Without exception, the pollsters were almost as meek as defendants in a Russian trial. They took their pounding humbly and concerned themselves, publicly and in private, with trying to discover what had upset their calculations. "We were wrong," said Dr. Gallup, with classic simplicity. "Bitter as the experience was, we intend to profit by it." Roper was just as succinct: "I could not have been more wrong . . . Worst of all is the fact that at this moment, I am not sure why . . ." Crossley freely admitted that "polling may need a shot in the arm," but he added, with a pained glance at the snipers, "it certainly does not rate a shot in the back."

All three, plus a number of regional polling organizations, co-operated fully with a committee of the Social Science Research Council, which made an intensive study of what a government expert called "the most publicized statistical error in human history." Its report on that subject, entitled The Pre-Election Polls of 1948, has become a sort of bible in the trade, and in large part its findings are echoed by all the major pollsters.

With surprising unanimity, they will tell you that the following factors lay at the bottom of their unhappy experience four years ago:

1. The plain folly of making flat predictions, which they now agree emphatically is not the function of public-opinion polls.

2. Last-minute shifts in sentiment, undetected by the polls for the simple reason that they stopped polling too soon.

3. Failure to gauge the voting intentions of those they had classified in their reports as "undecided," "don't know" or "no opinion."

4. Failure of some 48 per cent of eligible voters to turn out on Election Day, a fact which alone could have made mincemeat of all their predictions.

In addition to these admitted causes of disaster, several other explanations have been offered by critics which are not conceded at all by the pollsters. For reasons to be mentioned, some observers found the whole sampling technique at fault and others criticized the quality of the interviewing. These charges, of course, are arguable, but let's look first at the unchallenged criticisms and what the pollsters intend to do about them.

Before November, 1948, the public-opinion organizations were frankly in the business of informed prophecy. In April of that year, Dr. Gallup told a New Haven audience, with pardonable pride, that in 12 short years polling techniques had been used by various survey organizations to forecast no fewer than 392 elections and that "the high degree of accuracy achieved provides ample proof" of their reliability.

### Why Roper Stopped Predicting So Early

Going further than any of his colleagues in crystal gazing that year, Roper stopped reporting his polling figures in September because he didn't want to be "like the sports announcer who feels he must pretend he is witnessing a neck-and-neck race . . . and then finally has to announce that the horse which was eight lengths ahead at the turn is still eight lengths ahead." Dewey was so sure of election, he added, that "we might just as well get ready to listen to his inaugural."

There will be no more of this sweeping prophecy. That was "*the* bad mistake in 1948," Crossley admits—primarily because Presidential elections can be decided, unpredictably, by a handful of voters located in strategic states. Slightly more than 29,000 people—"not enough to fill one side of a large football stadium"—could have elected Dewey, if they had voted for him. They happened to be for Truman, and they happened to vote in the extremely close states of Ohio, California and Illinois. Had it been otherwise, the polls would have picked the winner, and few would have cared by how many percentage points they were off in predicting the actual vote.

But if the polls are through with forecasting, what *is* their function?

Simply to report the state of public opinion as they find it, and let others do the interpreting. There are all sorts of imponderables in an election. Dr. Gallup explains, and they "require judgment as well as facts for appraisal." He is willing to present the facts, but not the judgment. "Let others," he says, "do the masterminding."

# *Election?*

Roper, who has always regarded the predicting end of the business as something of a "stunt," takes much the same approach. He sees his function as one of "conducting research in a goldfish bowl." He plans to say, in effect: Here are the facts, and here is how I analyze them, but you political scientists are welcome to use the same data to support your own guesses. "We are going to try to find out what the American people want in the way of a domestic policy and a foreign policy, and let all who will decide how these desires may translate into votes on November 4th."

Crossley takes much the same view. Not having been burned yet, the new U.S. Poll is the one major exception. Confident of its fresh technique, it boldly intends to pick winners.

### Must Figure Voters May Change Minds

Even to obtain the facts, however, the pollsters realize that some overhauling of their methods is required, and they have begun to overhaul. They are convinced, to begin with, that voters are capable of changing their minds in the course of a campaign to a far greater degree than political scientists had ever supposed.

It has always been part of the credo of American politicians that elections are pretty well sewed up with the choice of nominees, and that few minds are really changed by the hoopla of a campaign. So far as 1948 was concerned, nothing could have been further from the truth.

The report of the Social Science Research Council estimates, on the basis of such evidence as post-election polls, that in the last two weeks of the campaign, there was a shift of 2 to 3 percentage points, as a number of voters, having once decided on Dewey or on Progressive candidate Henry A. Wallace, switched to Truman. Why? Perhaps, as Roper believes, because they were impressed by the Truman campaign. Perhaps, among the Wallace people, because there was a last-minute reluctance to throw votes down the drain. And perhaps, in the farm states, because the price of corn dropped sharply in mid-October, a development that always tends to drive pocket-conscious farmers to the side of the Democrats.

Whatever the causes, the polls had made their final estimates—based on data collected much earlier—and they were simply caught short. Had the election taken place in mid-October, before the supposed shift of 2 to 3 percentage points, the margin of error for the Crossley and Gallup polls probably would have been well within the allowable limits. Supposing that the shift involved 2.5 points, Crossley would have been off by only 2.1 points in forecasting Truman's percentage of the total Presidential vote and Gallup by 2.5 points. Roper would still have been far off, with a deviation of 9.9.

Gallup maintains that the last-minute shift was even greater than the council's estimate. Using a system of keyed post cards, filled out and returned to his office after the election, he found that fully a third of those who had said they would vote for Wallace actually voted for Truman. A significant number of normally Democratic voters who had committed themselves to Dewey did likewise.

Clearly, then, the pollsters should not have stopped interviewing as early as they did, and they will not make the same mistake again. All of them plan this year to poll right down to the last few days

before the election, however expensive and difficult the mechanics of such an operation may be.

Troublesome as they are, shifting voters are a minor problem to pollsters, compared with those who are reported in the summaries as "undecided" or "don't know" or "no opinion." These are far more numerous than the shifters, and they may be no more helpful on the Saturday before Election Day than they were the preceding August. In the final pre-election surveys of 1948, these non-co-operators amounted to 8.7 per cent of Gallup's total, 10.1 per cent of Roper's and 8 per cent of Crossley's.

Gallup ignored these respondents in making his forecast, figuring that most of them would not vote and that those who did would divide in roughly the same proportions as respondents who gave definite answers. Crossley, after some attempt to probe his "undecided," allocated them roughly to conform to the rest of his sample. So did Roper.

### Fooled by "Undecided" Group

Unfortunately, these uncertain people did not divide that way at all, and they did vote. Postelection checks showed, for example, that three times as many of Gallup's undecided respondents voted for Truman as for Dewey. Granted that these checks were too meager to be conclusive, it appears, nevertheless, that inadequate attention to the "undecided" category cost the forecasters a couple of precious percentage points.

The pollsters propose to get around the problem of the "undecided" this year by reducing their number to a rock-bottom minimum through what they call "questions in depth." The percentage could have been greatly reduced in 1948, Gallup thinks, if he had made sufficient use of the information he had collected. This time, he and his fellow pollsters intend to question the "don't-know" respondents more exhaustively, first as to the candidate they lean toward, then as to how they feel on a list of issues—and how strongly. The answers will then be related to the Presidential race.

Had this been done in 1948, a respondent who would not commit himself on a candidate but who favored most of the adminstration's policies would have been counted as a Truman voter. More attention to issues, Roper freely admits, would have given the pollsters considerable pause four years ago, when, according to his figures, seven out of ten respondents credited the New Deal with having shortened the depression and 61 per cent said it had done more good on the whole than harm. The Roper organization is now giving increased attention to the group background of those they interview. This means taking into account the current position of the social, business, professional, trade-union or even racial bloc to which a respondent happens to belong.

Kenneth Fink, the aggressive director of the new U.S. Poll, goes further than his colleagues. He sees no excuse at all for an "undecided" category of any real size shortly before a Presidental election. Everyone will answer, he believes, if he is asked the right questions. If he doesn't know what candidate he is for, ask him first which one he leans toward. If he still balks, find out how he's voted in the past, how he stands on issues, and, finally, how he would vote if he *had* to vote today. Fink has been operating polls in New Jersey for several years, as the Princeton Research Service; in his 1948 compilations, the undecided category comprised less than 4 per cent of the total, and some of his interviewers got it down as low as one per cent. Gallup tried much the same technique in the Congressional elections of 1950. Having reduced the don't-know vote from an average of 8.7 per cent in 1948 to less than 3 per cent—and having cut his margin of error to less than 1 percentage point at the same time—he intends to try it again this year.

Assuming the pollsters have successfully steered through the treacherous shifts in sentiment and the even trickier currents of the "undecided," they have another and still more formidable problem in navigation. Their data may reflect public opinion with a high degree of accuracy, but public opinion is by no means the same thing as the electorate.

Roughly only half the qualified voters in the United States show up at the polls even in Presidential elections, and not necessarily in the same proportions as those who answered the pollsters' questions. Which 50 per cent will vote and which will go to work, head for the golf course or just catch up on sleep? That is the big question, Mr. Roper says—not sampling techniques. And even the redoubtable Mr. Fink talks of it as "the problem you never quite lick."

It is precisely because of this turnout difficulty that election forecasts in the United States are more hazardous than in other democratic countries. In recent elections, we find some 83 per cent of eligibles voting in Great Britain, 89 per cent in Belgium, 92 per cent in Italy, and 76 per cent in France. In Australia and New Zealand, voting is compulsory.

But in the United States, only 48,800,000 bothered to vote in 1948 out of an estimated 94,000,000 who had the privilege. Even of those who marked ballots, some 700,000 failed to vote for a Presidential candidate. It is no wonder, then, that polls have been more successful abroad than in this country. The average margin of error in foreign polls, according to Dr. Gallup, is 2.5 percentage points. The average error here, for all polls, is roughly 4 percentage points.

Long ago, poll takers learned that it was not enough merely to find out if a respondent was qualified to vote and then ask him if he intended to do so. There seems to be a certain element of shame that compels many qualified citizens to say they will vote in a coming election or did vote in a previous one when in fact they won't and didn't. To reduce the problem, pollsters have evolved what are known in the trade as "filter" questions, designed to eliminate as many nonvoters from their calculations as possible.

Crossley took the lead in this field in 1948 with such questions as "Do you really care enough about any of the candidates for President this year to bother to go to the voting place to vote for any one of them?", or, "If your candidate loses, would you consider it a very real loss to our country, or too bad but not really serious?"

Gallup will ask such questions as "Do you have a special reason for wanting to vote in the elections this November?" And, if so, "What reason?" This line of questioning is being further refined, and, along with direct queries on past voting, is expected to give a fair index of a respondent's likelihood to turn up at the election booth. The U.S. Poll flatly eliminates all those who, though qualified, failed to vote in the past.

With these improved methods of handling last-minute shifters, the undecided and the nonvoters, plus a determination to steer clear of outright prophecy, the Big Three are all set to wipe out the memory of 1948. But they have critics who are not so sanguine, who think the polls are lucky to have come out as well as they have, considering the way they choose their sample, or cross section. This is a matter of endless and feverish debate between two schools of thought, the "probability" samplers versus the "quota" samplers. To understand their feud, it is worth glancing at the theory that underlies public-opinion surveys in general.

A poll is basically a national referendum in miniature. Instead of asking approximately 100,000,000 adult Americans how they stand on a given issue or candidate, a job that would take 150 years or so at the present speed of operations, Dr. Gallup interviews no more than 5,000 of them in any single survey, the theory being that if these are an accurate cross section of the total population, they will accurately reflect the views of the nation as a whole. The problem, of course, is to insure that they really are a fair sample, and that is where the difference of opinion develops.

A few decades ago, the now-defunct Literary Digest, a pioneer in the business of forecasting elections, thought it was enough to mail out a few million postcard ballots and simply count up the returns. It did not do at all badly for a few years, but in 1936 it came a fatal cropper, missing Franklin Roosevelt's vote by a whopping margin of 19 percentage points. It then became clear that the Digest's straw voters were by no means representative of the population as a whole.

In the first place, the mailing list was compiled from automobile registration lists, telephone directories, and similar sources, all confined to persons on a higher economic level than the average. Of those who received ballots, moreover, it was generally the more literate and politically interested portion that bothered to answer. The vote, therefore, was heavily weighted on the side of the middle-income and high-income groups, which by and large were cool to the New Deal. Unhappily for the Digest poll, these groups were a minority among the country's voters, who emphatically demonstrated that fact at the polls.

Learning much from the Digest's disastrous experience, the Gallup, Roper and Crossley polls developed a far more scientific approach. Basically their idea was, and remains, to make sure in advance that their little cross section corresponds as closely as possible to the total population in its proportions of poor to rich, Negro to white, male to female, college-educated to those with limited schooling, young to old and so forth.

### Quotas Based on U.S. Census

For this purpose, quotas are worked out on the basis of the United States Census. Percentages that apply to the population as a whole are then used to make up the cross section which is to be interviewed, theoretically assuring proper representation as to the income bracket, race, sex and on down the line.

But this system, too, is now under fire. Its critics, mainly university sociologists, contend that it fails to allow enough for human fallibility. First, the argument runs, there is the possible bias of those who fix the quotas. What categories they choose to include may affect the result.

More important is the human weakness of the interviewers. Trying to do their job as quickly and easily as possible, they tend to question those who are most readily available and to avoid poor and probably tough neighborhoods. Crossley, who uses women interviewers for the most part, admits that mugging and other forms of assault are a problem for poll takers.

There is no guarantee, moreover, that interviewers will not do a certain amount of faking to make their quotas without too much inconvenience, or that respondents will always be truthful. Pride tempts some interviewees to add a few fictitious years to their schooling or a few thousand fictitious dollars to their annual income.

To get around these weaknesses, which may have contributed fatally in an election as close as that of 1948, critics like Rensis Likert, who directs the Institute for Social Research at the University of Michigan, propose scrapping the quota system in favor of what they call "probability" or "random" sampling.


"28's, 30's, 32's, 36's, 38's—Never seen a sale yet that wasn't just odd sizes"

COLLIER'S LARRY REYNOLDS

## *because it failed the first time"*

This system rests on the simple theory that if every one in the population is given an equal chance of being chosen, the resulting sample will be a true cross section of the population as a whole. It's just the natural working out of the laws of probability.

The required number of counties and metropolitan areas would be drawn, by lot or any other random method, and within these small geographical areas the interviewers might be required, say, to visit every tenth house on every third block, or every eligible voter on a given street, or to follow any other formula devised in advance for a wholly random selection. No discretion would be left to the interviewer, there would be no temptation to doctor quotas, no census figures to become outdated—nothing, in fact, but the cold and miraculous laws of probability.

Straight random sampling has yet to be tried on any but a limited or local basis, and for fairly obvious reasons. Since an interviewer *must* call on the particular person chosen—no substitutes allowed—he may have to return again and again before finding his quarry at home. Such delays are hardly compatible with newspaper and radio deadlines, to say nothing of the added expense they involve. Moreover, even after four callbacks, a certain number—something like 10 per cent—of the required respondents will generally prove unavailable for interviewing.

While the top poll takers therefore minimize the advantages of random sampling in its pure form—they concede it perhaps a 1 per cent gain in accuracy where it can be made to work—all of them have incorporated what they call "probability principles" into their own systems. And they plan to develop these considerably in the current campaign.

Roper, for example, now picks at random a number of cities in each of several size categories. Within a chosen city he selects, again by random, a number of election districts. But from that point on, the quota system is brought into play and the choice of who is to be interviewed is out of the hands of the interviewer. Gallup and Crossley intend to make greater use of the probability principle than they did in 1948. The details are too technical to be recounted here, but it can certainly be said that the poll takers, ever ready to learn, are willing to experiment in this field in an effort to reduce their margin of error.

For the most novel change in the business of national polling this year, however, the prize should probably go to Mr. Fink's U.S. Poll. What is needed more than anything else, in his opinion, is anonymity. Many an Iowa farmer, he suspects, intended to vote for Truman in 1948 but didn't want his neighbors to know it. The interviewer might have been a local girl, or in any case word might get around. The fact is, according to Mr. Fink, "Some people will never tell you the truth in the home."

### Modern Plan for Interviewers

How to get around this? Simple. Don't visit people in their homes. Don't even know their names. Do your interviewing on street corners, among random passers-by. But do 50 or 60 per cent more interviews than you need, and find out all you have to know about the respondents. Then break down the filled-out forms by the usual categories —age, sex, occupation and the like—and simply pull out at random the number required for each category, in accordance with predetermined quotas. In his New Jersey polls the scheme has served Mr. Fink remarkably well, his service having yet to pick a loser.

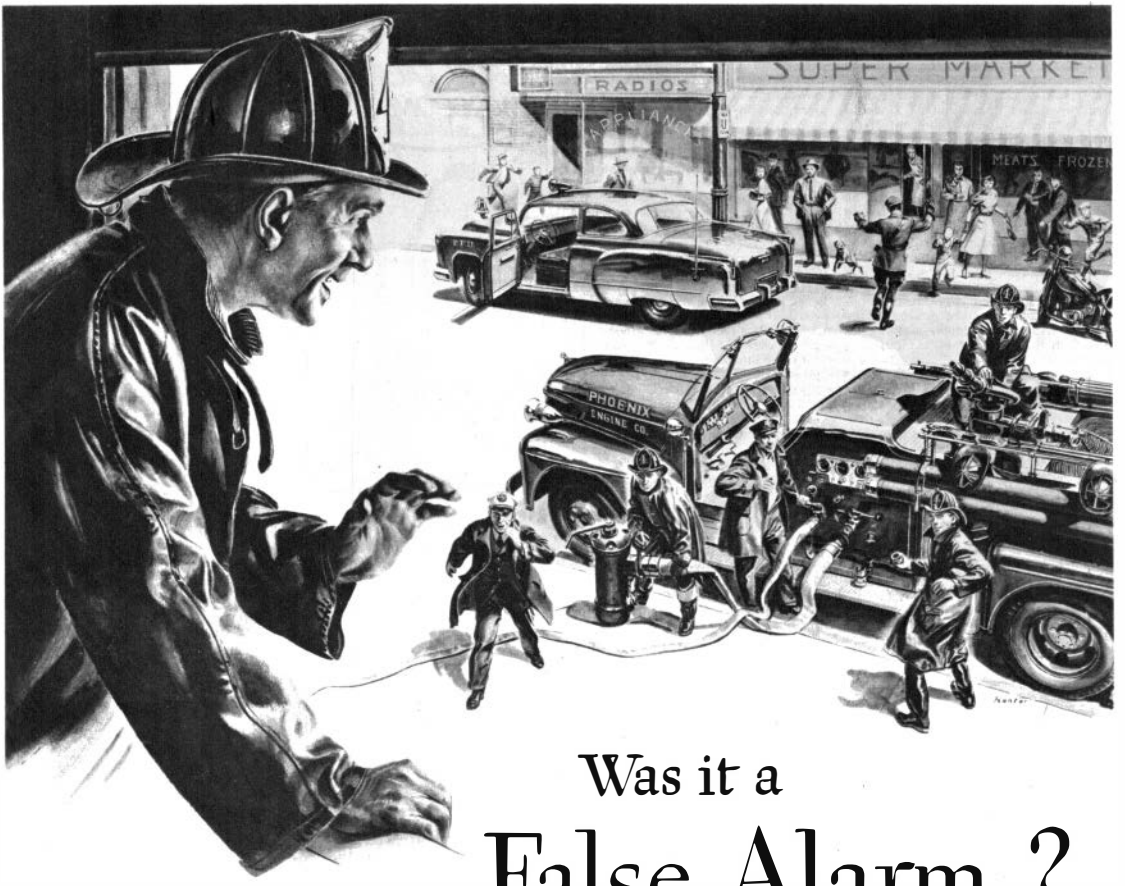
All these changes in the 1952 model may restore to the public-opinion poll the prestige it lost in the Great Flop of '48, but even if the improvements turn out to be inadequate, it is unlikely that we have seen the last of the polls.

"We will go on experimenting," Elmo Roper says. "Fulton didn't quit work on the steamboat because it failed the first time."

As Dr. Gallup is fond of pointing out, he is doing nothing that reporters have not done since the invention of the printing press, only he does it more systematically. Where a reporter adds up a few dozen haphazard impressions—gleaned from talking with a bus driver in Dubuque, a housekeeper in the Bronx, a salesman in the waiting room of a bus terminal in Erie, Pennsylvania—Gallup has a thousand interviewers in the field, sounding out, in repeated surveys during the course of a campaign, some 50,000 people in a calculated, orderly fashion. He is certain of two things: the sampling survey could go wrong again, sometime or other—and yet it will stay with us because "no better or more accurate way of measuring public opinion has ever been devised."

"Guess who had blonde hair this morning and has red hair this evening?"

COLLIER'S — BOB PAPLOW




# Was it a False Alarm ?

## No!...Automatic sprinklers and "Your Unseen Friend" just didn't give the blaze a chance to get going!

SECONDS after the alarm, the big pumper was underway. With its whistle wailing, it roared through the town. Got to the fire in a record three minutes flat. But even so . . . the blaze was out on arrival.

A false alarm? No! Automatic sprinklers simply got there first. Sprinklers "sprung" by "Your Unseen Friend." Nickel!

Automatic sprinklers, you see, are only as responsive as their spring elements.

If these elements soften or sag under exposure to the temperatures found in such places as boiler rooms, there's danger the sprinkler won't work when fire breaks out.

If they can't withstand rust and corrosion under the severest atmospheric and chemical conditions, there's danger they may spring the sprinkler needlessly — causing pointless water damage.

And so . . . ?

So, to combat these twin dangers, spring elements are made of Monel or other special Nickel alloys. That way lies all the strength, all the heat and corrosion resistance needed to make sprinklers the quick-acting, dependable automatic firemen they are today.

Come fire or flood . . . come peace or war . . . Nickel is always "up front." You seldom see it, of course, because it's usually intermixed with other metals to add strength, heat resistance or other special properties.

That's why Nickel is called "Your Unseen Friend."

*For the inquiring mind:* Where does Nickel come from—who made this friendly metal useful, valuable? How is it possible to raise tons of ore thousands of feet and produce Nickel for your ever-expanding world of wonders?

This romance of men, mines, and machines, of developing resources, is in your free copy of "The Romance of Nickel." Write, The International Nickel Company, Inc., Dept. 807a, New York 5, N.Y.

**The INTERNATIONAL NICKEL COMPANY, Inc.**

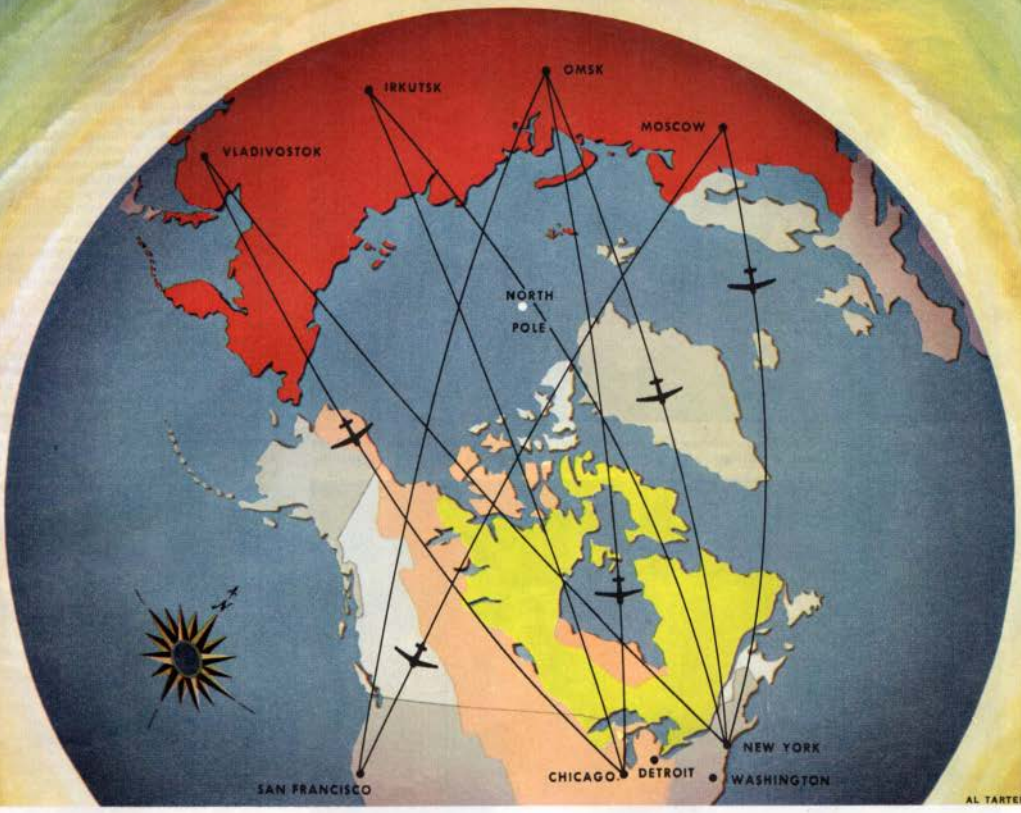


INCO Nickel ...Your Unseen Friend

# CANADA TODAY

**The booming, resources-rich land to our north may hold the key to the world's future. And over it is the Soviet's shortest route to air attack on the U.S.**

**By JOHN LEAR**




CANADA is the third largest piece of real estate on earth. Russia and China alone exceed its 3,845,144 square miles. From east to west, it occupies six zones of standard time, and it fills almost twice as much of the globe between the equator and the North Pole as the United States does. Because of where and how it sits on the planet's whirling face, this great land mass is whipped and torn by three constantly converging streams of weather—one from the arctic, one from the Pacific, one from the Gulf of Mexico. Icebergs pin it down at the top. Most of its people congregate at the bottom along a strip that is all but 4,000 miles long and less than 200 miles wide.

The emptiness that stretches north from this narrow fringe of population to a point beyond the flattened edge of the polar axis is a vast, rich buffer zone between the despotism of the East and the liberty of the West.

Across this space run the shortest air routes between the bases of Joseph Stalin's striking force and the main powerhouse of democratic civilization on the shores of the Great Lakes.

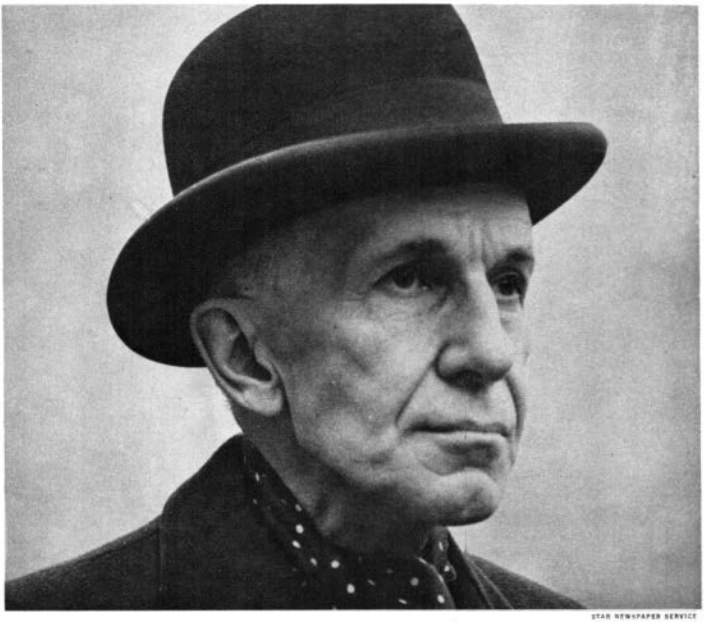
If a sneak attack by guided missiles and atom bombs should be followed by a paratroop invasion from the north, time would be on the side of the attackers. For Stalin's polar outposts are closer to the far end of Canada's frozen loneliness than we of the United States are to the near end. Occupying troops would be slowed by the frigid climate. But fanatics inured to cold would have everything in their favor, geographically. For Canada and the United States are inseparably one piece. The border between us is entirely free of obstacles. Every natural route of march through Canada crosses the boundary line into our territory without interruption.

The West's best military minds are unanimous in the belief that if Western Europe were lost, the difficulties of defending what remained of the free world would be immeasurably complicated. If Western Europe were saved and Canada were lost, further defense would be almost impossible.

In the light of these beliefs, it is dangerous for us, the citizens of the United States, to remain as ignorant of Canada, its people, their hopes and fears, as we are today.

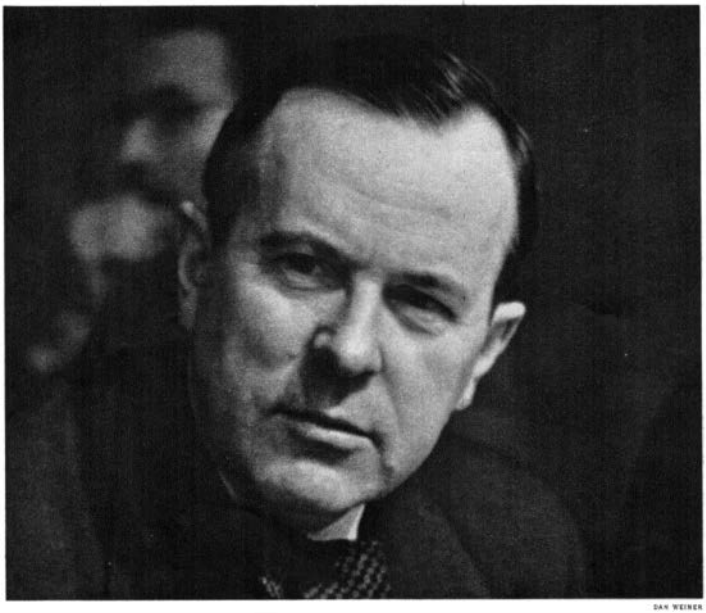
The pages that follow are dedicated to dissipation of that danger.

# I. CANADA'S LEADERS: *The awakening giant, suddenly rid of*



STAR NEWSPAPER SERVICE

**Vincent Massey, Canada's first native-born Governor General, fears American influence on his country's thinking and traditions and urges subsidies to support cultural institutions**



DAN WEINER

**Lester Bowles Pearson, Foreign Minister, believes the only way to defeat Communism in the long run is to make the common man more aware of the advantages of democracy in daily life**

OUR United States has been fabulously rich for so long that it is hard for us to believe that two world wars have drained our natural resources to the point where we are on the way to becoming a have-not nation. The Mesabi iron range in Minnesota, source of the very underpinning of our machine age (80 per cent of all our iron), is not exhausted of its richest ores, but is sufficiently depleted that defense procurement authorities in Washington are subsidizing experiments with the lowest grade of iron: taconite.

Along with iron we must import some of our lead, copper, chromite, zinc and asbestos merely to keep going in the old-fashioned world. For the dizzily speeding future, we also need cobalt and nickel, the two chief ingredients of jet-propelled vehicles. Titanium, the magical new featherweight "asbestos metal" that may house coming engines of atom power, is found mainly outside our borders. And our store of uranium is not enough for today's requirements, let alone tomorrow's.

All these have-nots of ours Canada has, in a subterranean arsenal of such immensity and diversity that it could decide the first atomic war should that war ever come. To fill our wants, our Canadian neighbors are digging slowly north into the vast empty buffer zone that separates us from Stalin.

It is not an easy or a pleasant task. The mere act of stretching a population of only 14,009,429 over almost 4,000,000 square miles imposes incredible strain on a nation that has struggled for 85 years simply to hold itself together.

The natural avenues that make Canada and the United States one geographical north-south entity are separated by formidable barriers to Canada's own unity, east and west—the ancient rock of the Pre-Cambrian shield and the peaks of the Rockies. In fact, Canada is an artificial rather than a natural entity. British empire builders created it by stringing a railroad between isolated settlements in the St. Lawrence Valley, the prairies and the Pacific Coast after our civil war to prevent those weak and vulnerable colonies from being annexed one by one. These disparate regions still think as regions first and as parts of a nation second. They still lack either an anthem or a flag in common, and their peoples, overwhelmingly, still travel to holiday with geographical neighbors to the south rather than with fellow Canadians to the east or west.

Isn't it logical, then, for the United States to unite with Canada?

It may be logical. But it is not practical, for the simple reason that the Canadians do not wish to be united. For them it is bad enough to live constantly in the shadow and under the influence of a neighbor too big ever to be ignored; wedding the brute would be utterly stifling.

If war should come, the Canadians would be on our side. Their whole life is too tightly entwined with our own to allow them any other destiny. Because this is true, however, we should recognize that there is such a thing as a Canadian point of view. We should consider it seriously in all acts concerning us both. Otherwise, we can expect that in any of the delicate twilight states short of war, the Canadians will react in resentful self-defense and do what they think right independently. Their declaration of intent to proceed on the St. Lawrence Seaway alone after the U.S. Senate repeatedly refused to ratify a treaty for joint action was a fair and open warning that, in reaching north to harvest its long-buried treasures, Canada is discovering muscles it didn't suspect it possessed.

With this discovery goes a psychological experience. Canada is beginning to waken from an inferiority complex that has stunted its growth for generations. The wakening has been abrupt, and the country is as apprehensive of its rights and privileges, even of its personality traits, as a gangling boy who overnight discovers himself growing up.

The great difficulty in understanding the change is that Canada today has not just one personality but four. Each is represented by a man now prominent in public life.

Most introspective of the four is Vincent Massey, the tall, thin, sunken-eyed patrician who was

sworn in as Canada's first native-born Governor General last February 28th. Rich at birth, his sense of propriety is symbolized by the fact that although he was christened Charles he dropped that name very early because the nickname "Charlie" was undignified.

Massey is famous for fathering a 200,000-word Royal Commission Report on the insidious nature of United States thought. "Our use of American institutions, or our lazy, even abject imitation of them," he wrote, "has caused an uncritical acceptance of ideas and assumptions which are alien to our traditions."

Foreigners who thought they knew and understood Canadians had never noticed a great deal of difference between them and their southern neighbors beyond a certain almost intangible reticence, a general preference for quieter amusements, a faintly smug conviction that their government is more responsible than ours because it is always run by the political party that has a majority vote in the House of Commons, and a keener awareness of subtle variations in world opinion.

But Massey saw a unique Canadian quality and fought to save it. His weapon was government subsidization of all phases of Canadian culture, public and private.

Canadians who prefer United States magazines, books and movies asked the question: "Can a national culture be bought?" Critics of Massey's uncompromising attitude recalled the reception accorded to the book Massey wrote before his appointment to head the Royal Commission. It was titled On Being Canadian. Several reviewers said it would have been more appropriate to call the volume On Being Vincent Massey.

Massey is personally representative of an extreme Anglo-Canadianism that had almost died of unpopularity until England began to sink beneath the burdens of empire. His inflection is British. His language is British. His greatest success was in Britain, where he served Canada as a diplomat. By contrast, the voters at home in Canada repudiated him in his one trial at the polls for a seat in Commons. He was appointed Governor General because (1) Canada was determined to have a Canadian in that post, and (2) he was the one man who could not possibly be suspected of attempting to desert the motherland in a desperate hour.

As Governor General, Massey acts for Queen Elizabeth II. But those acts are for the *Queen of Canada* and are not performed without the prior advice and consent of the queen's Canadian ministers. The ministers can remain in office to give this advice only as long as they command the support of a majority of the people's elected representatives in the House of Commons.

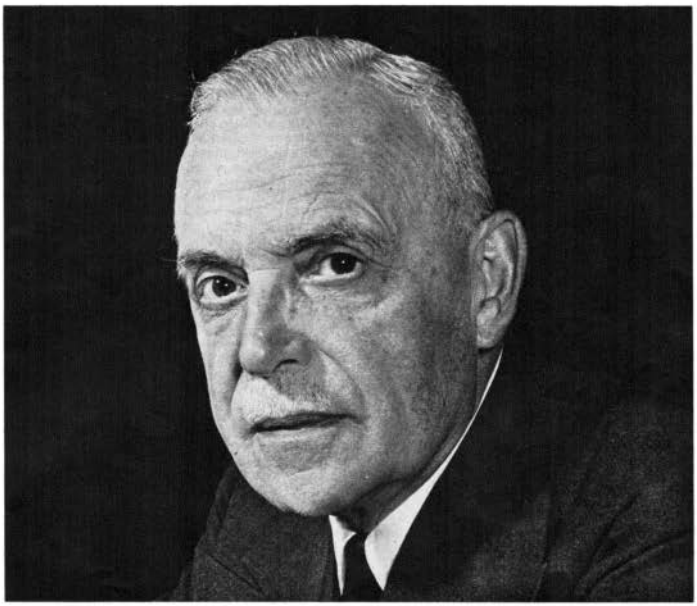
This brings us to the second of Canada's four conflicting personalities: Louis Stephen St. Laurent, the Prime Minister. It was he who advised Massey's appointment as Governor General. And he springs from the earliest settlers of Canada: the French.

The people of St. Laurent's home province of Quebec think and talk of themselves as "Canadians" while thinking of their Anglo-Saxon neighbors as "English-Canadians" or simply "the English." St. Laurent himself was born to broader tolerance. His mother was an Irish Broderick, his father a French country storekeeper. The son spoke two tongues from boyhood.

"I didn't know at first that there were two languages in Canada," he remembers. "I just thought there was one way to talk to my father and another to talk to my mother."

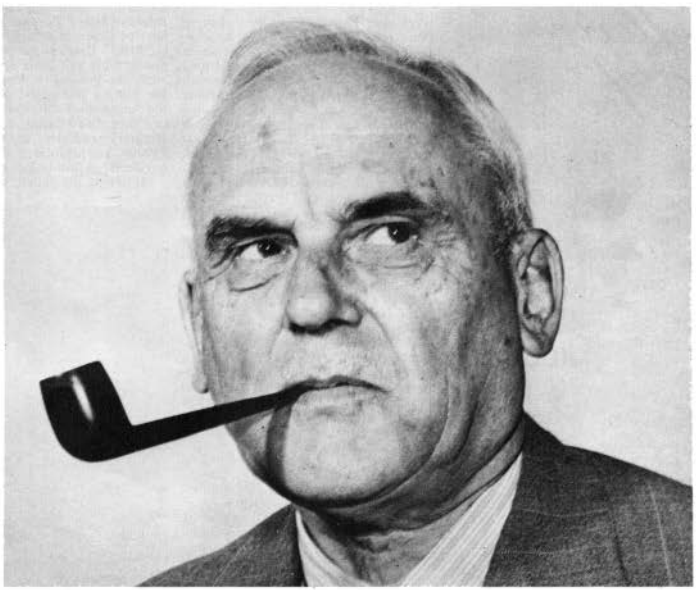
This quiet, shrewd old barrister was drafted into politics at the age of fifty-nine, when ordinary men are thinking of retirement. Yet fire still burns within, and it flashed forth at those who attacked his recommendation of a Canadian for the Governor Generalship, which had always previously been entrusted to a titled Briton.

"We have got to grow up someday, you know," he snapped at reporters whose papers had printed complaining letters from readers. "We have to have sufficient confidence in ourselves to feel this system of responsible government is the kind of



NELSON MORRIS

**Louis Stephen St. Laurent, the Prime Minister, resents any implication of subservience to England. He has eliminated the word "Dominion" from laws and "Royal" from the mail trucks**



STAR NEWSPAPER SERVICE

**Clarence Howe, Minister of Trade and Commerce, was born in the U.S., became a Canadian. He believes in private enterprise "enough to give it a kick in the pants when necessary"**

system that Canadians can be trusted to operate."

To St. Laurent, the Massey appointment was merely another small step in Canada's slow evolution toward a world power. For months back he had been snipping off visible symbols of servility. The word "Dominion" was cut from laws as they came to Commons for amendment. The word "Royal" was eliminated from mail trucks. Howls of hurt arose, but the Prime Minister knew that these changes were picayune compared to the 1949 vote in Commons to abolish appeals to the Privy Council. Through that act, Canadian courts were freed from dependence on London's legal thinking.

Independence is meaningless for any nation with a divided people. St. Laurent's party has held itself in power for 16 years by doggedly taking the middle of the road in all domestic matters.

The national government levies income taxes, for example, but only by agreement with the provinces. (Alberta, British Columbia, Manitoba, New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Nova Scotia, Ontario, Prince Edward Island, Quebec and Saskatchewan are roughly similar to our states.) And although an old-age pension system covering everyone over seventy was passed last year, proposals for health insurance were set aside for further study. In general, the party strategy is this: never get very far out of step with the French, who vote as a bloc with almost a third of the total strength in Commons.

Because of this voting power, French Canada is the biggest single political entity in the country. It has the misfortune of being depicted abroad as a patch of woods lying somewhere north of New England. Actually, it can be defined best as a philosophy of life.

### Widespread French Influence

Although French Canada centers in Quebec, it reaches far beyond the confines of that province. Its influence is felt over half of neighboring New Brunswick. It penetrates deeply into eastern Ontario. It is represented in the prairie parliaments of Manitoba and Saskatchewan. It has a spokesman in Alberta, in provincial Justice Minister Lucien Maynard. And it is everywhere allied with the Roman Catholic Church.

The peasant pattern of French Canada was set by the medieval French peasants, who lived according to the medieval axiom that large families were vital to successful farming. The parish priest was the moral, intellectual and cultural arbiter of the community, which fixed its loyalty and faith on the heaven-piercing steeple of the village church.

This steeple spirit—*esprit de clocher*—is undergoing a cataclysmic change today. Two thirds of the French population live in cities now. Families are slowly shrinking. There are proportionately more motorcars, telephones, radio sets and electrified homes in Quebec than anywhere else in the land. Factories have multiplied faster there than in the country as a whole.

The church is determined not to lose the laboring man in this flux as he was lost in large numbers to the Communists in France and Italy. It has written a new French catechism, in which the rights of workers are defined. It has organized its own union, the Canadian and Catholic Confederation of Labor. It has encouraged employers to consider the closed shop, profit sharing, and labor representation on management directorates. It has defied the temporal power of Quebec's political boss. Provincial Premier Maurice Duplessis, to the extent of supporting strikers in bloody clashes with the police.

Through Laval University, it has inaugurated technical courses in mining, chemistry and physics, departing from the traditional French concern for classics in order to beat the critical shortage of engineers. Thus it hopes to recover control of Quebec's economy from the Anglo-Canadians who modernized it.

Arnold Toynbee, the historian, has bracketed French Canada and China as two world molders of the future. Certainly the understanding with which the French question is treated will affect Canada's—and our own—relationships with the "different" peoples of the Orient. Neighbors of Canada's Eastern partners in the British Commonwealth quite naturally ask: If a minority whose rights are legally guaranteed must struggle for equality in the West, what would happen to those who joined the Western family without the law's protection?

It will not always be easy for us, of the United States, especially, to understand French Canada. Right now the attitude of its man in the street is that we are as open to suspicion as the Russians in our protestations of peace and friendship for our neighbors in the world. Prime Minister St. Laurent would never go that far. But he has expressed some public worry lest, in a burst of anger, those of us who live below the 49th parallel may forget "that what we are doing is to try to prevent a third world war, not to win one.

"We cannot count on an early collapse of the totalitarian system erected behind the Iron Curtain," St. Laurent has repeated over and over. "We are faced with the problem of living in the same world with that system for many years to come."

To keep us out of anything approaching a preventive war, the chief of the Canadian state has assigned a prototype of the third personality of Canada: the modern, or Canadian-Canadian—Lester Bowles (Mike) Pearson, Canada's Minister of External Affairs.

"Mike" Pearson pretends not to hear public hints that he is St. Laurent's heir apparent. Politically, it would be suicidal for him to admit the possibility. But the record speaks for itself. And the record says that Pearson could have been secretary-general of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization if St. Laurent had not declared him indispensable at home.

Although his father and his grandfather were parsons, and he himself is an Oxford fellow, Pearson is not only known everywhere as "Mike," but he wears a bow tie—which, for a Canadian foreign minister, is downright Bohemian. Witty as well as breezy, he is Ottawa's most popular politician.

As a civil servant first, and later as political chief of the Foreign Service, "Mike" did as much as anyone to guide the giving and lending of $4,500,000,000 to his country's allies during World War II (standing firmly on its own feet throughout the ordeal, Canada never needed Lend-Lease from us) and $2,500,000,000 more since the war.

### Six Points of Foreign Policy

Until very recently, he had nonpartisan support in Canada for the policy (1) that Communist China should be recognized if it would abandon its attempts to win position by force; (2) that until such time Canada's troop contingent will continue to fight as part of the UN force in Korea; (3) that General Douglas MacArthur's march to the Yalu was wrong and that blockade of China or a Chiang expedition from Formosa would be equally wrong for the same reason: they would give the Chinese sincere cause for fear that the West intended to overthrow the form of government China obtained in the civil war against Chiang; (4) that efforts toward a Korean armistice must be continued as long as there is any practical chance of their success; but (5) that in any event the West must secure the safety of Europe first because of Europe's greater industrial potential; and (6) that even in Europe military defense alone is not enough—that the only way to defeat Communism in a long struggle is to make democracy's advantages to the common man apparent in daily life.

Lately, however, Pearson's ears have been boxed in Commons by both the Socialist-bent Co-operative Commonwealth Federation (which holds 13 seats in Commons' 262) and by the Conservatives (49 seats)—for failing to go all out for his own point 6. NATO had asked for food and raw metallic ores for Europe's nonmilitary development, and the liberal majority Pearson represents refused to give either, for fear of slowing down the industrialization that Canada counts on to establish its own power.

The $2,000,000,000 Canadian defense

**Blast furnaces of Steel Company of Canada Ltd., Hamilton. Country's industry is concentrated in the south, but north is being developed**

budget for 1952-'53, as presented to Commons early in April continues Canada's contribution to the North Atlantic Community as before: in the form of flying schools based on Canadian airports, and shipments of military equipment abroad.

F-86 jets, built in Canada around United States engines and instruments, will go to England. Other jets will buzz across the water with four Canadian fighter squadrons to supplement the one Canadian army brigade now stationed in Germany and the two dozen Canadian naval patrol vessels assigned to Europe for 1952.

If there is to be anything beyond that, it will have to come from further expansion of the Canadian economy. In other words, Canada can be only as strong abroad as it is made strong at home by the fourth and rarest personality in new Canada—an American-Canadian: Clarence Decatur Howe.

Howe represents practically everything Canadians profess to fear and dislike. For he was born in Waltham, Massachusetts, and applied "pushing" Yankee efficiency to construction of a private fortune. Unlike most Americans who have grown rich on Canada's rawstuffs, however, he adopted Canadian citizenship and entered government service in 1935 under the same man who later drafted St. Laurent: Prime Minister William Mackenzie King.

It is entirely correct to say that Howe designed modern Canada. His first big job was reorganizing, and restoring from bankruptcy, the Canadian National Railways System, the world's biggest rail empire. His second big job was putting together Trans-Canada Air Lines, which gave Canada a peaceful basis for plane factories. His third big job was creating the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation, which staked a claim for Canada in the electronics world of mechanical brains, jet engines and disintegrating atoms.

### Speeding Up the War Machine

As Minister of Munitions and Supply, Howe ran the nation's war machine, stepping up its speed from 913 planes a year to 4,178, and its man power from 121,000 to 1,166,000. Expropriation of pitchblende mines and establishment of an atomic-energy plant were hardly more than passing incidents. Weather stations in the arctic? Presto, there they were! Scientific research? Pouf!

When the war was over, Howe changed the title on his office door to Minister of Reconstruction. Holding onto the CNR, TCA, the atomic establishment and a synthetic rubber factory at Sarnia with one hand, he used the other to push loans and depreciation liberalizations, encouraging private industry to spend $1,500,000 in converting all the rest of the war-making machine to constructive purpose. And when it became clear that the country must stand ready to defend the free world, he simply changed the sign on his door again, this time to display a double feature:

Minister of Trade and Commerce
Minister of Defense Production

As Minister of Trade and Commerce, Howe in 1951 built up Canada's already colossal foreign trade to a new peak of $8,000,000,000. The bankers were nervous about that because two thirds of the exchange were with the United States and were consequently dependent on the economic cycles and the tariff whims of the United States. A small sample of what could happen had already been provided by the sudden Congressional ban on dairy imports.

To Howe's counterquery: "Whom else can we trade with?" his critics have replied: "True, we must trade where we can. But we might protect ourselves by processing more of our raw materials before we ship them away." There has been no intimation, however, that Howe was attempting to favor the land of his birth. His behavior as Minister of Defense Production refuted any such idea. The $1,400,000,000 he spent during the year in that role was directed with almost uncanny precision not only to those defense items most directly concerned with Canada's own protection but to those whose greatest potential still lay in the future: atomic power, electronics, aviation, and such seagoing sensations as underwater television.

### His Role in Steel Expansion

Howe began in a rural Canada. He lives today in a land where one in every three jobs is in manufacturing. Only one in five is on the farm. He wrought much of this change himself. Perhaps the best example of his method was steel expansion.

The steel tycoons did not think it advisable to expand. Howe gave them a choice of expanding or competing with new government mills. The expansion has not yet ceased. In contrast to the 1,900,000 tons of ingots produced in 1939, the 1951 output was 3,600,000 tons. Next year's estimate is 4,300,000 tons, 78 per cent of Canada's 1951 steel consumption.

"I believe in private enterprise," Howe says apropos of all this. "I believe in it enough to kick it in the pants when necessary."

Howe's influence on Canada is reflected in the fact that Canadian construction contracts during 1951 hit the $2,000,000,000 mark for the first time —jumping 50 per cent over 1950. Mining experienced its second successive billion-dollar year. Manufacturing output rose almost 10 per cent. Farm income was the highest on record: $2,880,000,000. Oil reserves beneath the western prairies bulged by half a billion barrels to place Canada fifth in world supply; pipe lines already in place were carrying 46,000,000 of the country's 130,000,000-barrel consumption, and more pipe lines were going down. Jobs were more plentiful than anyone could remember (5,350,000 people were at work) and the common man had 15 additional cents of his dollar to spend (as compared to 1950) in spite of higher taxes.

In Ottawa, Howe is known as "minister of everything." He is recognized as the major influence in the Liberal policy of consistently balanced budgets. It was he who insisted on credit restrictions at the source—on bank loans, installment buying—instead of price and wage controls during the Cold War inflation scare.

Howe, not the Minister of Agriculture, sells the grain of western farmers on the world market. Howe, not Foreign Minister Pearson, decided to extend Canada's influence in the Western Hemisphere by opening trade offices throughout Latin America—and promptly making the country known as the *Little* Giant of the North.

"There are French-Canadian nationalists. There are British-Canadian nationalists. And there is an economic-Canadian nationalist known as C. D. Howe," a friendly diplomat recently observed. "Howe was born an American. He was converted to Canadianism. As often happens with converts, he is more Canadian than the Canadians. When he builds industry to compete with ours, he pains us. But that always passes. Growing pains always do."

# II. ANCIENT ISLAND: *Near the Arctic Circle, hardy Canadians*

CORY KILVERT

**Mining town moves 165 miles north from Sherridon, where nickel deposit was exhausted, to new ore pit at Lynn Lake. To cross muskeg, like swollen sponge in summer, movers await ice**

TWO thirds of Canada is occupied by one of the cellar doors of creation. This portal to the unknown is a fantastically ancient slab of rock. Its top side lies on the surface of the earth, and its bottom side rests on the still hot core of the planet. Directly beneath it is chaos. If it were hinged at the North Pole, and its far edge were pried loose, volcanoes would spout a terrifying arc of smoke and flame from Baffin Island south through Labrador, the St. Lawrence Valley and the Great Lakes to the edge of the western prairies and north again to the Arctic Ocean.

Nothing of that sort is likely to happen, fortunately. Because, in surviving all the catastrophes earth has experienced from its beginning, this colossal chunk of primal stone, repeatedly broken and twisted and splintered, has become as impervious to heat as firebrick lining a steel furnace.

At least 1,750 million years passed between the time this cellar door was laid in place and the day man first appeared. Earth trembled and heaved and shrank and split almost continuously. With each paroxysm, one molten metal or another swept upward into and sometimes through the globe's cracked shell. So, long before a human being was even present to consider the matter, the greater part of Canada was already being stocked as a subterranean arsenal to defend his ultimate freedom.

Indians roving the wilds above it chipped the first bits of treasure from this buried storehouse. Their copper knives lured sixteenth-century French fishermen inland from the Newfoundland banks. But bog iron was all the Frenchmen could find along the St. Lawrence. So they pursued quick fortune in beaverskins, hopping from one turbulent river to another until they reached the arctic and the Pacific, thus setting the bounds of the future Canadian nation.

Not until the British captured the St. Lawrence from the French and built the Canadian Pacific Railroad (1881-1885) across the barren wilderness was the true wealth of the great rock mass suspected. The railroad tracklayers dug up nickel at Sudbury, along the Great Lakes. And when they swung north to Hudson Bay with a colonizing spur line, they hit silver.

A locomotive engineer named John T. McMahon was one of those who found the silver at a place called Cobalt. He struck it rich enough to retire from railroading and occasionally grubstake a prospecting expedition. Among the fortune hunters lured to his bulging cashbox was a nineteen-year-old boy, Benny Hollinger, who got $60 in return for a half interest in any discovery he might unearth. After Hollinger struck off into the bush, McMahon sold half of his half interest in Benny's luck for $155 to three in-laws who boarded at McMahon's house. Thus, in all innocence, was the trigger set for a chain reaction which one full generation later became known as the Atomic Age.

Benny Hollinger tripped the trigger by finding the richest gold mine in North America. He sold the mine for $330,000. McMahon collected $165,000 of that, and turned over $82,500 of it to the three in-laws.

That was 1909, and $27,500—the amount each in-law received—was a lot of money. One of the three, Gilbert Labine, used his share to finance himself as a prospector. It was a fateful choice, for Gilbert had a photographic eye that never forgot anything it saw. And in 1913 it saw a fragment of greasy black ore a Canadian geologist brought back from the Czechoslovakian mines where Marie Curie had obtained the pitchblende from which she and her husband, Pierre, had first isolated radium.

### When World War I Pilots Returned

Gilbert Labine never found pitchblende around Cobalt. He would never have found it at all if Kaiser Wilhelm's Germany hadn't attacked its neighbors in 1914, drawing Canada into the first World War at England's side and then sending home to Canadian soil hundreds of war-surplus airplanes for which no one had any use and hundreds of young war veterans who hadn't much practical experience in anything except flying airplanes.

The late Wilford Reed May was one of the jobless hundreds. His name was better known than most of them because he was acting as decoy for the German "Red Devil," Baron Manfred von Richtofen, when the Baron was shot down by another Canadian, Captain A. Roy Brown. May had a crippled brother, Court, at home in Edmonton, and when he got back from France he discovered that Court had organized a one-plane air line for Wilford to fly.

Down the street from the May house, Charles Taylor lived. Taylor worked for the Imperial Oil Limited. Court sold him the idea of flying to the Arctic Circle in the subzero cold of winter—a supposedly impossible feat—to prospect for oil.

The arctic prospecting flight was begun in March of 1921. It was never completed. But it proceeded far enough to prove that planes could fly to remote points in Canada at any time of year. Instead of spending most of the short northern winter in travel to and from their hoped-for bonanzas, prospectors could count on unbroken weeks of actual poking into rock formations.

One of the first to grasp the full implications of this was a mining engineer, Harold A. (Doc) Oaks, of Port Arthur. After making some prospecting flights on his own in Ontario, he persuaded a Winnipeg grain speculator, the late James Richardson, to finance the country's first big winged enterprise: Western Canada Airways. Planes soon were darting across the wilderness like taxicabs on a metropolitan street.

### On Another Prospecting Mission

By that time, Gilbert Labine and his brother Charlie had prospected steadily west from Cobalt, in Ontario, to a gold field in the north of the neighboring province, Manitoba. In 1929, the Labine mine there ran out of gold. Gilbert promised the stockholders of his Eldorado Gold Mining Company that if they'd leave what money remained in the till he'd find them another mine. And he moved on west into Alberta Province and hopped one of Richardson's aerial jitneys in Edmonton.

"I'd like to go to Great Bear Lake," he told the pilot, Leigh Brintnell. "Suits me," said Brintnell, taking off on the 900-mile trip without a radio or a decent map or even a compass he could trust that close to the Magnetic Pole.

All summer Labine prospected at Great Bear Lake, pulling his food and tools on a sled behind him, without finding the promised mine. In the fall, by prior arrangement, another Richardson cabby—C. H. (Punch) Dickins—dropped out of the sky and picked Labine up as simply as though he had a plainly numbered street address instead of a tiny red canoe in 12,000 square miles of water and tangled hills.

The sun blazed in a sky of immaculate blue that day. Its afternoon rays fell full on an island blotched with rust. Rust was the prospector's lodestone. Wherever it appeared, ore deposits were likely. "That place!" Labine shouted, pointing from the cabin doorway. "Could you find it again?"

"I don't see how I could miss it," Dickins replied. And he and Labine drew a map of the spot in Edmonton that night.

In 1930, Labine flew back to that rusty rock and found the first pitchblende of the New World. The stock of his Eldorado Gold Mining Company was quoted at eight cents a share the night that a

**Pitchblende, containing uranium for A-bombs, was discovered by gold-hunter Gilbert Labine**

Richardson pilot, Jack Moar, took the first pocketknife-sized sample of the ore to civilization. After that the market didn't stop jumping until it hit eight dollars.

Labine was a hero at first. Although the radioactive properties of uranium—known since 1896—were thought of as mere quirks of nature, pitchblende was known to be the source of radium. And radium sold for $70,000 a gram. But the refinery he built labored for three whole years to manufacture a single ounce of the stuff. And when it did turn out enough to break the world monopoly of the Belgian Congo, it succeeded only in cutting the price to $25,000; it couldn't expand the market. By 1940, the mine at Great Bear Lake was closed.

The man who later provided the makings for the first A-bomb plunged almost a million dollars in debt trying to sell his raw material for peaceful purposes. It was Labine ore from which an expatriate Canadian scientist, the late Dr. Arthur Dempster, isolated U235 at the University of Chicago in 1935 and in 1938 calculated that if the isotope—which he identified as one one-hundred-and-fortieth part of all uranium—could be split into two roughly equal parts it would release 200,000,000 electron volts of energy: the actual power freed seven years later by the bomb.

### New Interest in Klondike

When the Manhattan Project finally opened an unlimited market for pitchblende, Labine had to sell his mine to the Canadian government. Before that time arrived, however, other prospectors turned south from his bonanza to mineral showings that had been noted in the Klondike gold rush of 1896-'97 but had been ignored as impractical. Today these deposits are being worked. The only peacetime highway ever pushed from a southern railhead into the Northwest Territories, the 1,305,000-square-mile loneliness (population: 15,016) north of the provinces and west of Hudson Bay, is now open the year round. A railroad into the heart of the Territories, dreamed of for years, is a serious probability for the first time. Long-distance telephone service from the midst of the wilderness to the outer world will be hooked up during the coming year.

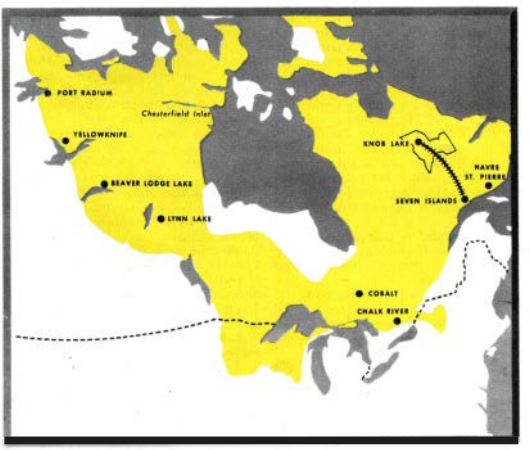
Port Radium, the point on Echo Bay where Labine found pitchblende, is still the northernmost mining town in this new arctic empire. Only 28 miles from the Arctic Circle, less than that to the line where trees no longer grow, it often suffers temperatures of 60 degrees below zero and the permafrost runs 345 feet into the earth. But the half-mile string of neat frame dwellings that climb the worn old hills above Echo Bay are cozy—they are heated, free of charge to their occupants, by steam.

### Electric Gadgets Galore

The pipes that carry this cheering warmth meander up and around the slopes encased in a tiny covered bridge, providing constant protective thaw for water and sewer lines running along beside them. Down at the bay shore, where the boilers originate the steam, a power plant generates enough electricity for a town of 25,000 inhabitants. All the houses have electric stoves and electric refrigerators, as well as electric record players and any other electrical gadgets that strike their tenants' fancy. In short, life is as comfortable, physically, as it could be anywhere.

The ingredients for these comforts are imported during four months of the year's twelve—June, July, August and September. That is the only time when the lake and the rivers are free of ice.

Ordered a year in advance, machinery and staples come 1,350 miles from Edmonton, by rail to Waterways and then afloat down the Athabaska and Slave Rivers through Great Slave Lake to the broad Mackenzie and at last to its tributary, the Great Bear River and across Great Bear Lake. Diesel oil for the power plant follows a shorter route up the Mackenzie and the Great Bear from Nor-




**The Ancient Island. Canada's "cosmic cellar door" occupies more than half the country, holds most of her fabulous mineral resources**

## *One Soviet platoon could knock out Canada's richest uranium development for years,*

RANSOM

**At Port Radium, 28 miles from the Arctic Circle, 300 people live in 60-degrees-below-zero temperature to mine war-vital pitchblende**

RANSOM

**The Radium Franklin is portaged around rapids in upper Bear River. She is one of a new fleet designed especially to carry uranium ore**

**A mine shaft in the Beaverlodge Lake region of Saskatchewan, where Canada's richest deposit of pitchblende, enmesbed in rock, is mined**

RANSOM

man Wells, where Imperial Oil pumps Diesel and bunker fuel, gasoline and kerosene from beneath the Mackenzie's bottom.

Even if the boats run late, Port Radium still is far from being marooned. Fresh fruit, vegetables and meat are flown from Edmonton at least three times a week and sometimes daily. The same planes deliver mail, newspapers, magazines and flowers.

The limitations that geography and climate do impose on Port Radium's 300-odd residents call for emotional adjustment rather than physical sacrifice. Garden lovers literally have to carry the earth on their shoulders, for soil enough to burgeon flowers or vegetables is miles away. The average summer temperature is ten degrees above freezing, ideal for a brisk walk; but hikers can't go too far in that weather without being escorted by clouds of enormous mosquitoes and vicious black flies. In winter, all but the mildest outdoor exertion is unwise because lungs freeze from deep breathing in subzero cold.

Neither spring nor fall comes with respite from these extremes: there is only a month during which summer freezes over and another month in which winter breaks up.

In compensation for these inconveniences, serious drawbacks that seem logical to the northern greenhorn are nonexistent. The natural radioactivity of pitchblende, for instance, has no ascertainable ill effects. Sniffles from the common cold must be brought in from outside, and they don't last long after they do arrive. Frostbite is even more unusual; the camp physician has treated only two cases in the last three years, both mild.

The settlement hospital, complete with X-ray and operating room, is occupied chiefly with pregnancies—a healthy state of affairs for a town whose citizens average 30 to 33 years of age. The local school is a model of learning small enough to afford each pupil the individual attention of the teacher, brunette Mary Parkinson, who gives her spare time to supervision of correspondence courses for workmen who want to advance themselves.

### Everyone Had a Friendly Word

"You should like it here, because we do," was what everyone seemed to say to me, without saying it, throughout my stay. No one who passed me on my way up, down and around the hills failed to nod, smile or speak a pleasant word.

A long succession of these encounters taught me that there are two kinds of men living in the North. One is the true Northerner, who loves the grandeur of the emptiness of his environment. The other is either running away from something or intending to stay only long enough to stake himself to a new career outside. The flight never succeeds, and the men who make it are chronically unhappy. The stake is simple to achieve—theoretically.

With board and lodging only $2 a day, laborers at Port Radium can easily save $2,000 in a year, miners from $3,000 to $5,000. Many do.

At the end of a year's work, however, when the men go outside for annual holidays, the sudden release from loneliness has a tendency to act upon the pocketbook like removal of a cork from a champagne bottle: in a week or less the worker is broke.

Sometimes the prized stake never gets out of camp. Nightly poker games in the bunkhouses yield individual winnings up to $2,800. Fortunately, losers are invariably good-natured. Fighting is extremely uncommon. Only one Mountie is stationed at Port Radium, and he spends most of his time polishing the ice on the community curling rink.

"What about sabotage?"

I asked that question many times. The answer seems far removed from Washington's well-known spy fever; workers are screened as security risks before they are employed; what more can be done? So far, the faith in the system has been justified.

The one dangerous incident that has occurred—a fire that destroyed the ore-concentrating mill on November 9, 1951—has been definitely traced to an innocent accident with a blowtorch.

### Residue Rock Put to Good Use

As originally designed, the ore-concentrating mill merely separated high-grade uranium oxide, radium and cobalt and left a conglomerate rock. This residue was too complex to work in any simple process, yet too valuable to discard. Consequently, it was dumped as fill to connect Labine's original discovery island with the mainland, level two lakes and form a floor for a soft-ball diamond.

Before the fire, a dissolving plant had been started to take the waste rock from the concentrating mill (and, as feasible, from the ball diamond, the lakes and the man-made peninsula) and to extract the last available ounce of uranium. According to the engineers who planned it, the dissolving process would get as much finished material from the tailings as the concentrating mill got from the original ore. That is, total uranium output would be doubled.

Port Radium's normal lumber stockpile already had been eaten up in construction of the dissolving plant when the fire destroyed the old mill. Without the mill, there would be no waste rock to leach. A new mill was impossible without lumber. How, then, could the crisis be met?

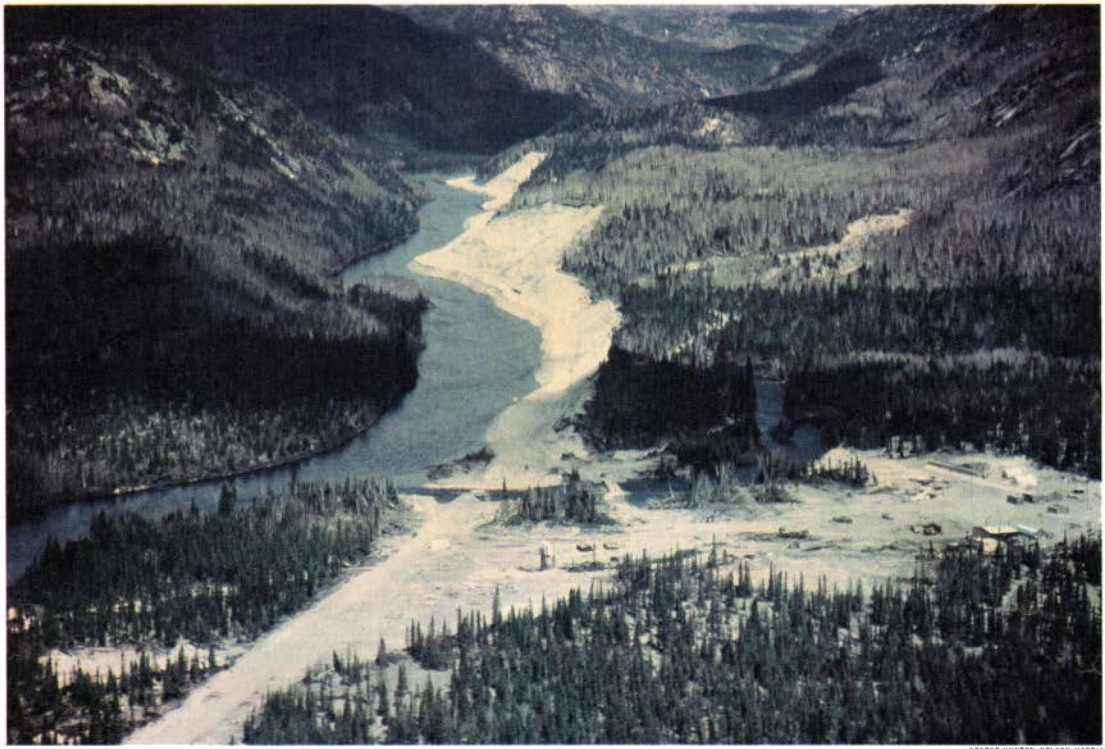
"Well," says Alf Caywood, boss of Eldorado's air line out of Edmonton, whose pilots have missed only four flights in six years and lost no planes or lives, "we set down flares on the ice and flew lumber around the clock from Yellowknife to Port Radium. In one twenty-four-hour stretch, we put down 40,000 to 50,000 tons of planks for the new mill."

Carpenters were flown in, too, to augment the normal Port Radium crew. They worked with the thermometer showing 40 degrees below zero or worse for a month straight. Fires were kept going at convenient points. Half an hour's hammering or sawing, ten minutes to thaw: that was the formula.

Less than six months later, two and a half million dollars' worth of shiny aluminum-walled mills were turning out at least twice as much uranium as ever before.

Port Radium eventually will be known as the northern anchor of the great arc of the Atomic Age. Geiger counters have established that pitchblende deposits lie all the way along a 2,000-mile semicircle from Great Bear Lake to Sault Sainte Marie.

Incomparably the richest ore find uncovered on this curve to date is 550 miles south of Port Radium, at Beaverlodge Lake on the northern shore of Lake Athabaska. There, in a gentle Saskatchewan valley, a great rift runs along the ground straight east and west for eight and a half miles. Over seven miles of its length, ore occurrences on the surface and test drilling underground indicate that, at least as far as 1,000 feet down, great blobs of pitchblende ore hang like bizarre fruits in a monstrous orchard of the nether world.



GEORGE HUNTER—NELSON MORRIS

**The Moisie Valley, through which a railroad is being built to haul iron ore from Ungava to the port of Seven Islands**

One of these fruits is a split pear, 700 feet from stem to blossom, 50 feet across and 425 feet thick at its broadest bump. Nearby is an arbor of giant grapes, its bunches grouped within an upright rectangle 200 feet wide, three quarters of a mile long, and nobody knows how high.

The pitchblende in these fascinating shapes is not of uniform purity, but is so thickly enmeshed in the rock that it will be mined as a solid body instead of in separate veins like those of Port Radium. How much atomic power this means for the free world cannot be estimated without violating security regulations. But it is not a violation of security to suggest a simple comparison. Reflect, then, how bountiful the Beaverlodge ore must be if—as is the case—a miner anywhere else removes a six-foot square of rock and finds across its face a single strip of pitchblende only a quarter inch wide, that quarter inch will earn him a handsome profit even when the ore is the poorest possible grade.

Port Radium's pitchblende made Canada one of the big three of the Atomic Age. From the uranium black oxide that Eldorado refines from it, the Atomic Energy Commission in the United States makes uranium metal rods; with these rods Canada operates a heavy water reactor that turns out plutonium faster from a given amount of uranium than any other device. In this reactor, Canadian scientists bombarded four ounces of cobalt—cost: $50.000—until it could do the medical healing of $50,000,000 worth of radium.

On the strength of Port Radium alone, Parliament in Ottawa authorized a new and bigger reactor; and Eldorado's President William Bennett and his board of directors (custodians for the government since Labine's mine was expropriated) have drawn up plans for a larger, improved uranium refinery. How much further will Canada go in its major preoccupation with peacetime use of atomic power now that its pitchblende reserves are doubled or trebled or better at Beaverlodge?

Time will have to answer that question. But there is at least a hint in the recent creation of a separate new crown company—Atomic Energy of Canada, Ltd.—to initiate peacetime experiments with the atom. And the significance Canada places on Beaverlodge was plainly expressed in the speed with which the new mining camp was developed.

### A Query Becomes a Reality

In the fall of 1948, there was nothing more definite than a vague query: how and where to dig ore faster? Today three shafts are deep in the earth and upwards of 600 men are at work. A brand-new ore-processing unit, which will process the stuff almost as far as the existing refinery does, now is being built to handle 2,000 tons of raw ore a day. It will work not only for the government but will serve as a custom mill for the privately owned neighboring mines of Nesbitt-Labine, Mining Corporation of Canada, St. Joseph's Lead and Zinc and others that are busy digging over a twenty-mile square.

It is hoped that all the mining companies interested in Athabaska will jointly build up an up-to-date self-governing workers' community called Uranium City. A site for the town has been picked out, six miles from the Eldorado property, but the first homes cannot go up until the value of neighboring mines is clearly established—perhaps a year from now.

"Have any defenses been prepared for this strategic treasure house?" Prof. J. B. Mawdsley, head of the Geology Department of the University of Saskatchewan, recently raised this issue in public. "One platoon of Russians, dropped by parachute," he said, "could knock out the Athabaska uranium operation for years."

But there remains the important question: Could the platoon get there to do the job?

Official plans for defense of Canada are based on the proposition that the North cannot be invaded in depth until man discerns the elements clearer than he can today. In summer, an enemy would bog down in muskeg—half-rotted, half-living vegetation that sponges up 1,400 times its own weight in water. In winter, surface movement is easier but the cold is vicious, and the land itself is a chaos of dirty-white wooded pillows of rock interspersed with dirty-white flats of frozen lakes. The northern lights disrupt communication and distort compass readings.

Suppose the Reds would be willing to chance this, what then? Then they would have to avoid: (a) observation by the weather stations on the arctic islands, (b) the northwest staging route which planes fly constantly from Edmonton to Alaska, (c) the northeast air paths across Labrador and Iceland, (d) the scattered cabins of hundreds of traders and trappers all over the North who belong to the Ranger Corps and keep in daily contact by radiotelegraph, (e) the tiny airstrips that follow the arctic coast, (f) the big military airports that girdle the country farther south, and (g) the radar stations that lie between the latter two.

### Town in the Midst of Nowhere

All else being equal, the entire operation would probably succeed or fail depending on how effectively the invaders could by-pass or neutralize the new capital of the North—that bizarre little patch of twentieth century lost in the midst of nowhere, the town of Yellowknife.

Yellowknife, nestled in the crook of the north arm of Great Slave Lake, is the ideal objective of any attack on the North. It dominates established air routes over most of the North, intersects ground transport in the Mackenzie Valley, controls the only highway leading to Alberta's oil fields and puts its occupants in position to pinpoint targets either north on Great Bear Lake or south on Lake Athabaska.

Yellowknife's strategic location is seldom mentioned in Canadian newspapers or magazines. The unique flatness of its airport, the military mapping missions

that base there each summer—these are ignored. Yellowknife is touted solely as a boom town on the frozen frontier, a wild child of gold fever.

There was a time, not long ago, when Yellowknife did personify all the exaggerations that Mark Twain implied in his definition of a mine: "a hole in the ground with a liar at the top." Today the place has a quieter air. The biggest of its three gold mines, the Yellowknife Giant, has a payroll that acts with the steadying influence of a strong heartbeat. Yellowknife has been growing at such a regular pace that many of the 2,700 inhabitants haven't even noticed it happen.

### Plans for Public Buildings

At least 25 and perhaps 40 new houses are being added this year to this one-mile square of civilization in the heart of the bush. A new bank is also scheduled, as well as a new post office. A $185,000 gymnasium and community center is already rising at one end of the handsome public school. The local telephone company plans a switchboard double the size of the present one this year, and long-distance connections through radio circuits to Edmonton.

Ted Horton, energetic editor of the weekly tabloid News of the North, cries for further expansion. He may be the voice of the future. Yellowknife sits squarely on the great uranium arc. Just across the lake at Pine Point, Consolidated Mining and Smelting is sinking an exploratory shaft this year into what is believed to be the world's largest body of lead and zinc. Diamond drilling indicates that the ore is a 200-foot chunk, almost flat, and parallels the surface over an area 20 miles long and 2 miles wide.

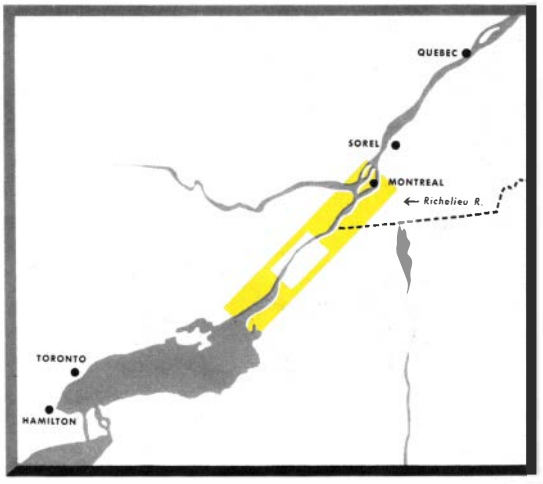
Lead will be required to shield the engines that burn peacetime atomic fuel, and zinc is one of the components of bronze casings for weapons. The weight of these two facts is already carrying a 90-mile road from Pine Point to Alexandria Falls to meet the new-built highway which links Hay River, at the southwestern tip of Great Slave Lake, to the railroad at Grimshaw in Alberta's fertile Peace River Valley.

If the exploratory shaft, and the five counterparts scheduled to follow it in rapid succession, confirm the ore's extent, a railroad will be thrown across the easy gradients of the road.

Altogether, events are moving at such unaccustomed speed north of the 60th parallel that the traditional pioneer on Canada's frontier—the Geological Survey—is falling behind the procession. Its engineers called for helicopters this summer to map a 100,000-square-mile rectangle: around Chesterfield Inlet on the west shore of Hudson Bay, where private prospectors were not only on the ground ahead of them but had gone a long way toward proving a major find in nickel.

Nickel is the biggest single ingredient in jet and missile making. All but 10 per cent of the world supply is Canada's; most of it in International Nickel's vast volcano crater at Sudbury, along the Great Lakes. Perhaps it would be more accurate to say that most of it was thought to be at Sudbury, for another immense deposit (diamond drilling so far indicates 14,000,000 tons) is gradually being uncovered northwest of Lake Winnipeg in Manitoba. There Sherritt Gordon Mines, Ltd., having worked out a body of nickel-copper ore at Sherridon over a period of 20 years, is picking up its miners' homes along with the mine machinery and moving them wholesale 165 miles north, to a new mine at Lynn Lake.

The exodus has been proceeding now




**The St. Lawrence Seaway. International section is in white**

for three winters, the houses rocking over the ice and snow on giant sledges drawn by caterpillar tractors at an average speed of three and a half miles an hour. There are no roads between the old mine and the new, and freighting is possible only when the ground is frozen.

The railroad which Canadian National Railway started to build this year crosses land so water-soaked that the blueprints call for four culverts to every mile of track and a bridge every two miles. It may open 10,000 square miles to a type of development the North needs above all others: farming. Soil experts say that anywhere from half to three fourths of the acreage between the Nelson and Churchill Rivers, which the railroad hurdles, will grow a healthy harvest of crops. If that land should be farmed, still larger vistas would open, for the water-power potential on the falls of those two violent streams runs into millions of horsepower.

To say that Gilbert Labine alone inspired Canada's present-day movement north would be an exaggeration. Nonetheless, by building a mining camp on the edge of the Arctic Circle, Labine did make enterprise anywhere south of that line seem commonplace by comparison. His influence on the country's future is likely to be rivaled—outside politics—by only one man, whose story begins where Labine's does: in Cobalt.

### Pyramiding a Mining Fortune

When Benny Hollinger stumbled onto his fabulous gold find, he had only one mine. When Noah Timmins, the famous mine-camp storekeeper, bought that from him for $330,000, Noah consolidated the property with neighboring claims in a combine of titanic proportions. The wealth he drew from "the Hollinger" year after year Noah put into other mines until he could visibly measure his investments through a string of towns from Timmins in Ontario through Rouyn and Noranda across ninety miles of muskeg south of Hudson Bay to Val d'Or in Quebec. And when he died he left the presidency of Hollinger Consolidated Gold Mines, Ltd., to his favorite nephew, Jules, a short, stocky, dark-haired young man with a pleasing manner and a lower jaw as resilient as granite.

Jules Timmins, who is now sixty-three, would have passed into history in old Noah's shadow but for an accident of timing. He happened to know where to find iron when U.S. steelmakers were hunting iron to replace the diminishing riches of Mesabi. And he could easily afford to rent 23,900 square miles of wilderness on the boundary line between Labrador and Quebec, in what the Eskimos called Ungava—"Far Away."

### The Long Trail to Ungava

Ungava was a long haul from Uncle Noah's bailiwick—across thousands of acres of woodland, source of the pages whose printed word molds men's minds everywhere in the free world—across the St. Maurice Valley, where Shawinigan Power built an industrial empire (textiles, chemicals, stainless steel, plastics) in the backwoods on cheaper electricity than TVA produces—across the Saguenay, humming to the horsepower of Aluminum Company of Canada's titan dams, alive with 150,000 people from Lake St. John to the St. Lawrence, all pioneers in Quebec's historic pageant of factories moving into the forest. But in Ungava was a lake of solid iron: 400,000,000 tons of iron.

The ore's presence had been noted by Dr. A. P. Low of the Geological Survey in 1893-'94. In those times, however, Ungava was literally considered to be out of this world, and no serious attempt was made to exploit the ore until 1936.

At least two minor fortunes were sunk in the place after that year and before Jules took over. But Jules was lucky. A single summer's exploration, costing roughly $60,000, was enough to establish the worth of a property which will pay out at least $2,500,000 a year in royalties alone.

Lacking iron mine know-how himself, Timmins appealed to George Humphrey, president of The M. A. Hanna Company of Cleveland. And Humphrey brought not only Hanna but Armco, National, Republic, Wheeling and Youngstown into a partnership with Timmins.

Together, the six steel giants agreed to

buy 10,000,000 tons of iron a year. To get the ore, they agreed to invest $100,000,000 in cash and take out a $100,000,000 mortgage with 19 insurance companies. With this $200,000,000, they then would build a $75,000,000 railroad from the St. Lawrence port of Seven Islands up 360 miles of the Moisie valley and plateau country to the iron lake; equip the road with $50,000,000 worth of the very newest rolling stock including two-way radios for the locomotives and cabooses; expand the harbor facilities at Seven Islands over a three-mile stretch at a cost of $15,000,000; and devote the remaining sum to mine equipment, hydroelectric power dams and modern towns at Seven Islands and at Burnt Creek, the mine site.

**Supplies Flown in All Winter**

Right now a push is on to start ore moving by 1954. That makes 1953 a deadline for completion of the railroad. Three thousand men are at work in what is essentially an industrial air lift. Throughout last winter, thirty-odd pilots held a dozen planes in continuous flight around the clock, seven days a week, putting down caches of gasoline, machinery, food and supplies along the route in readiness for work on the ground this summer.

The rails are being laid northward just one jump ahead of the oncoming locomotive. The process is publicly chronicled at every step by Ungava's Boswell, geologist J. A. Retty, through whom the Canadians know that the iron will be scooped off the earth's surface during five months of the year and stockpiled at Seven Islands to allow water shipments for seven to seven and a half months. Completely unadvertised, in the meantime, Timmins' competitors, including Cleveland financier Cyrus Eaton (already involved in draining a lake to reach iron at Steep Rock within 140 miles of Lake Superior), have followed the Labrador iron formation deeper into northern Quebec and have staked claims up to the edge of Hudson Strait.

The St. Lawrence Seaway—designed to carry ocean-going ships to Great Lakes ports inland—is vital to the success of either or both of these Quebec iron ventures. Eighty per cent of the blast-furnace capacity of the United States steel industry lies along the Great Lakes between Pittsburgh and Chicago.

Premier Duplessis had the seaway's significance very much in mind when he proposed to the Quebec provincial legislature last December that it might be wise to stop squabbling over the St. Lawrence and turn to the Richelieu River. The Richelieu empties into the St. Lawrence at Sorel after passing through Quebec from Lake Champlain, where it connects with the Hudson. Sorel is the site of one of the world's first titanium refineries. Duplessis was serving notice that iron has a competitor in Quebec, a competitor that grows more formidable the longer the United States delays unqualified encouragement of nearby sources of high-grade iron ore. A 200,000,000-ton mountain of this new metal is being mined near Havre St. Pierre on the St. Lawrence by Kennecott Copper and New Jersey Zinc.

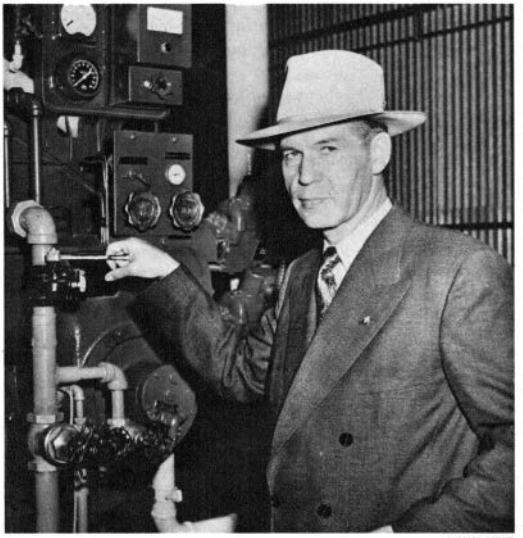
**Titanium—a "Magic" Metal**

Almost magical stuff, titanium is stronger than steel, with about half of steel's weight. Corrosion has practically no effect on it, and its resistance to intense heat has made it known as "the asbestos of metals." The Defense Department in Washington is buying it up as fast as it appears on the market, for use in jets and possibly (this was reported in a speech on the floor of the Quebec legislature but cannot be confirmed or negated because of security regulations) in the development of atomic power.

If the atomic speculation is correct, Canada will be interested in titanium for its own use. It is a tenet of Canadian policy that atomic power should be employed primarily for peace. And there is something peculiarly fitting about the prospect of titanium moving up the St. Lawrence to the Ottawa and so to the nuclear experiment center at Chalk River. For the St. Lawrence and the Ottawa together were the main stream of the old fur trade. History was made on that route once. It could be done again.

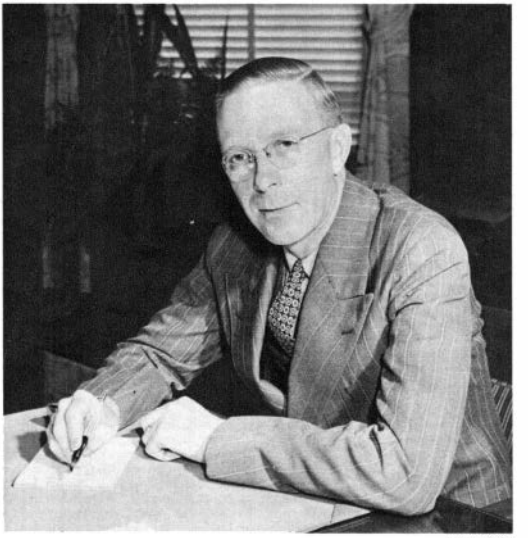
**Main powerhouse of the Shipshaw Power Development, in the Saguenay Valley, principal source of electricity for Alcan aluminum smelter**

# III. ANCIENT SEA: *High-grade iron ore in the U.S. is running out,*



WILLIAM KENSIT

**Alberta Minister of Mines Nathan Tanner, also a Mormon bishop, pulls a switch in a compressor house at a gas plant in the Leduc oil field**



WILLIAM KENSIT

**As premier of Alberta, Ernest C. Manning has handled the province's oil riches so skillfully his constituents live in a land of plenty**

WHEN the gently hilled rock that now fills central Canada was crested with lofty peaks—before the mountains were ground down by the mile-deep glaciers of the last ice age—the foot of those majestic cliffs was bordered on the west by sea. As time passed, and the microscopic inhabitants of the water died, their skeletons were scattered on the sea floor. Ultimately, the ocean filled and became the fertile plain that is now the Canadian prairie. Thousands of feet below the surface of the soil, where the remains of the microscopic sea animals had fallen, a mysterious process of nature formed pools of petroleum.

Signs of this oil were seen by explorers as far north as the Arctic Circle as early as 1785. Some of it was pumped to the surface in 1921 and again in 1936. But most of it lay hidden until 1947. What happened then has been described by a wheat-farmer's wife in Medicine Hat as follows:

"God knew that Mr. Manning would use the oil wisely, so He let it be discovered."

Whether the Almighty intervened quite as directly as that is a subject not at the moment open to confirmation. But there is no doubt whatever that the oil appeared in abundance a few years after Mr. Manning—Ernest Charles Manning, a Bible-school teacher—became premier of Alberta Province in 1943. And Manning has used the oil with such consummate wisdom that the devout farm folk of the grain belt are certain to hand his name down to future generations as a modern Joseph who, merely by taking thought and adding prayer, gave to his hungry people an empire of undreamed plenty.

The bounds of this new Western empire are stretching like rubber bands. Two years ago, an oil pipe line reached east to the Great Lakes. Last year, a natural-gas line pushed south into Montana. This year, a new highway built north through the rich Peace River Valley to Hay River on Great Slave Lake will be pushed deeper into the Northwest Territories to a huge lead deposit at Pine Point. Next year, gas that is now mere waste will convert wood pulp, hauled 957 miles over the grandeur of the Rockies from British Columbia, into chemicals and plastics; it will smelt nickel, cobalt and fertilizer from ore drawn in the opposite direction 1,025 miles across the plains from Lynn Lake in Manitoba. Later, the uranium ore of Great Bear Lake and Lake Athabaska may come by air, rail or water to be refined by gas-born chemicals into fuel for atomic power.

The propelling force within Alberta is far from spent. Oil-drilling investment alone has climbed from $36,000,000 in 1947 to $200,000,000 in 1951. This year's estimate is beyond even that, with new wells being drilled at the rate of more than three a day.

Edmonton, the capital of Manning's domain, has been advertised as a boom town spitting skyscrapers. It is really an overgrown frontier village that has increased its population (now 159,000) by 8.5 per cent a year while other Canadian cities were growing only 1.75 per cent. Its capital expenditures during 1951 totaled $15,100,000, which equaled the spending of the other four big prairie cities: Calgary, Saskatoon, Regina and Winnipeg (total population: 486,000) together. But Manning is not impressed. He lives where he always has since he became premier—in a simple two-story frame house in the unpretentious Garneau district with his wife and two sons, Keith and Preston. The neighborhood is just across the bridge from his office, handy for the half-hour lunch he invariably eats at home, an easy drive to the Capitol Theater for his regular Sabbath sermon on behalf of the Prophetic Bible Institute.

### No Sulphur-and-Brimstone Preaching

Manning is not a spellbinding preacher. No whiff of sulphur or brimstone is detectable in his prose. He is just a quiet little man in a gray suit. His rimless spectacles accent a touch of asceticism in his face, and, when he looks toward the ceiling, as he often does, he is poignantly reminiscent of a farm boy fearful of what he will do to the Gospel verses he has just been called to the platform to recite.

"Sixty enjoyable and profitable minutes," he intones in a sepulchral voice to the hearers who tune to him on radios across Canada. Then, with his wife at the piano, he emcees a full hour of violin solos, vocal duets and hymn-sings with such theme lines as "I'd rather have Jesus than anything this world affords today." However he launches his brief sermon, the premier sooner or later reaches the admonition: "The first step to economic betterment is to return to God." At collection time, he openly appeals for funds for the Prophetic Bible Institute, explaining that each broadcast costs $1,000. As a practical note, he offers receipts to those who give $1 or more, apparently for the purpose of income-tax deduction.

These weekly sermons are the true thread of Manning's life. They were begun by William (Bible Bill) Aberhardt, a Calgary high-school teacher who believed the Bible should be a literal guide for daily living. He broadcast over station CFCN. Manning, then a boy of 17, restless on the farm at Carnduff, Saskatchewan, tuned them in with a cat whisker on his crystal radio set.

"Maybe Aberhardt talked so loud Manning could hear him without a radio," one of the premier's less evangelistic intimates suggests, "but anyhow Aberhardt was easiest for him to pick up."

One Sunday, Aberhardt announced the opening of the Prophetic Bible Institute and asked for volunteers. Manning left the farm, went west to Calgary, enrolled in the first institute class and was adopted into Aberhardt's home as a son. When Aberhardt turned to politics as his way of fighting the 1929 depression, Manning joined his Social Credit party and was elected to the provincial legislature in 1936. When Aberhardt died suddenly in 1943, Manning stepped into his shoes as premier of Alberta.

At that juncture, it is now popularly assumed, Social Credit passed into limbo. But Manning emphatically denies he ever abandoned the philosophy.

Pointing out that Aberhardt was ridiculed because his speeches suggested payments of $25 a week to everyone, the present Alberta premier declares that figure was mentioned merely in an effort to simplify a complex problem. Social Credit dividends were not intended to remain indefinitely fixed, he insists; they were to fluctuate as a balance against both inflation and deflation. He declares that unemployment insurance works on the same theory and that Canada's old-age pensions, baby bonuses and farm subsidies—adopted by the Liberal government long after Aberhardt was discredited—are actually fixed dividend payments.

In spite of these protestations, Manning has been rated as a Conservative ever since he accepted an offer, made by a group of bondholders headed by Norman Taber of New York in 1945, to scale down the frozen provincial debt.

## *but Canada has great deposits*

Instead of acting as expected, like a young evangelist, Manning handled himself like a crusty old banker; he agreed to resume payments on the debt principal—which Aberhardt had suspended—in return for a slash in interest. Since then he has negotiated refundings at progressively lower cost until now he is paying less than five cents on each revenue dollar (he paid over 50 cents when he started) and will have everything paid off by 1973. And he still has a hard-cash surplus of $72,000,000 in the treasury—without raising taxes.

### Shrewd Financial Policy

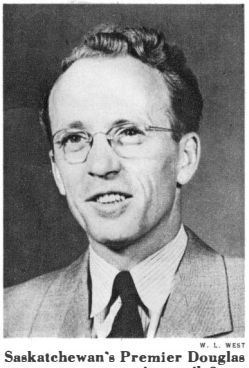
The surplus would come within less than $27,000,000 of paying off immediately what remains of the once smothering debt. But it is sounder business to put the extra money to work on low-cost loans to municipalities and school districts—$17,000,000 is now committed to modern water and sewer systems for small towns, at 2 per cent interest. and 130 schools have filed applications for loans for improvements or new buildings—and to small businessmen who want to start new industries in Alberta but can't borrow capital from the banks.

Manning is not alone responsible for this piece of shrewd management. He shares the kudos with his Minister of Mines, a Mormon bishop, Nathan Tanner, who oversees Alberta's underground resources. Oilmen classify both men as "political freaks" possessed of "fantastic honesty." No one thinks there is the slightest chance of corrupting either. And no one questions the premier, publicly or privately, when he says:

"I am not here by choice. I would much rather concentrate on my Bible work."

Manning's face somehow conveys the impression that because he believes what he preaches—"religion isn't to be kept on a shelf and taken down only on Sundays"—he is inwardly surprised and mildly disconcerted to be getting along so well in politics, which he abhors. Tanner doesn't preach and is quietly and simply confident that he is living his ideals as well as any human can in this practical world. He sits erect behind his desk, darkly handsome and well groomed and tells oilmen:

"Our first responsibility is for the welfare of the people of Alberta. We intend to require you to contribute to that welfare as much as we can without chasing you away."



W. L. WEST

**Saskatchewan's Premier Douglas now encourages private oil firms**

Power to enforce this intention rises from the Canadian law on ownership of subsoil property. Except for lands granted by royal decree years ago—the vast tracts of the Hudson's Bay Company and the Canadian Pacific Railway, for instance—and an inconsequential scattering of early settlers' homesteads, the provincial government owns all that lies beneath the surface no matter who holds the deed aboveground.

In Alberta, the government, for all practical purposes involving oil, is Tanner. From him an oil company may rent two 100,000-acre "reservations" of land in its own name and as many more as it can afford through subsidiaries or friends. It must pay a flat fee of $250 plus a deposit of $2,-500 for each 20,000 acres. To encourage speed in finding oil, Tanner begins upping the rent at the end of the first year. It starts at 7 cents an acre, rises to 8 cents, goes to 10, then to 15, on to 20 and at last to 25 cents. If there is no well at the end of three years. the oil company leaves the property.

If oil is found, the well driller leases a tract either two by four miles or three by three miles immediately surrounding his well. The rent is $1 an acre per year. One half of the remainder of the 100,000-acre "reservation" to, which this tract belongs may be rented under the same lease at the same price, provided that that half is divided into two- by four-mile or three- by three-mile blocks, none of which adjoin. No more than four wells may be drilled on each of the blocks. For every barrel of oil that is pumped, the province receives a royalty averaging slightly over 13 per cent of the price of the oil.

### Big Money from Auctions

The other half of what is then a 100,000-acre checkerboard automatically reverts to Alberta. Chunks of it are auctioned to the highest bidder. Bids have gone up to $3,110,000 for a single quarter section of 160 acres, and the auctions have brought as much as $35,177,042 into the treasury in a calendar year.

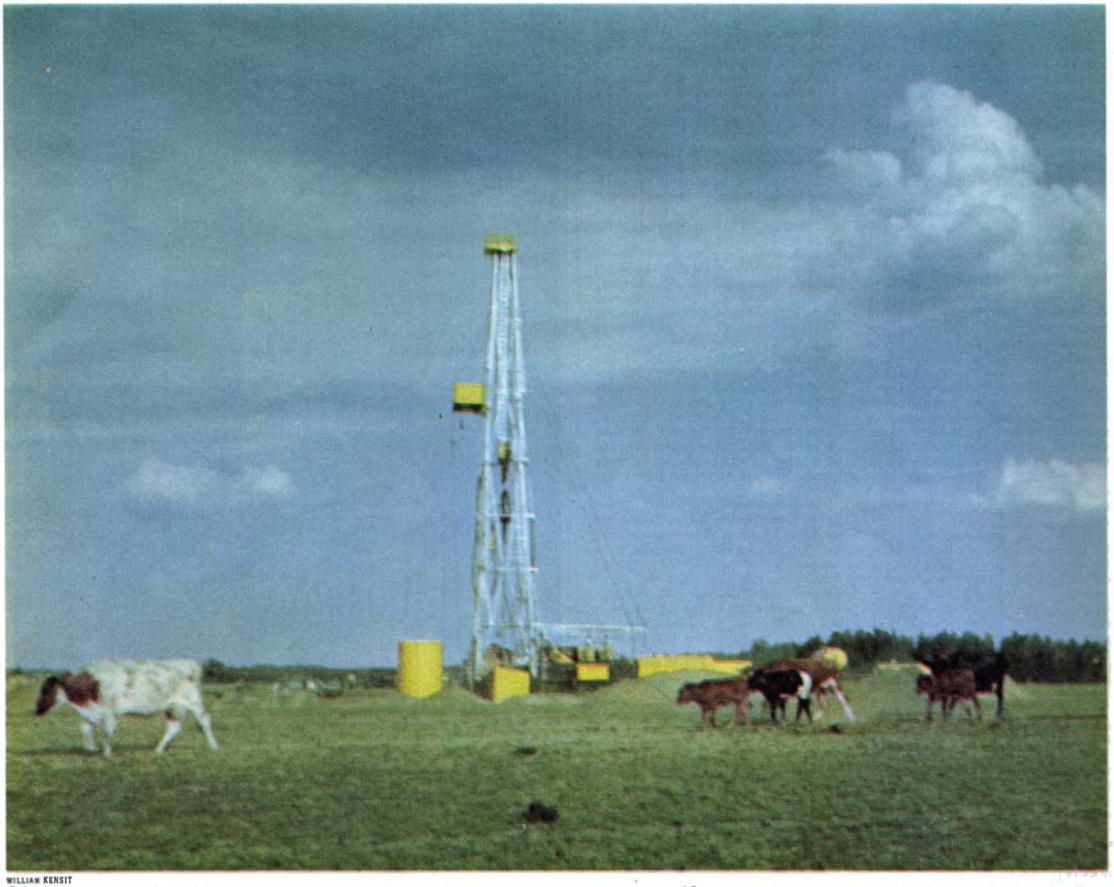
As an auctioneer, Tanner hammered $72,235,996 into Alberta's coffers from the beginning of 1947 to the end of 1951, a sum far in excess of oil-land rental fees ($28,252,560) and royalties ($18,570,262) for the same period.

The greenbacks have fallen on rich and poor alike among Alberta's 900,-000 inhabitants. Schools have more than twice as much to spend as they did in 1947. Appropriations for public health and welfare are almost trebled. All medical and hospital care of victims of arthritis, polio and T.B. is free; pregnant mothers have 12 scot-free days of hospitalization in which to deliver their babies; any cancer diagnosis is free.

Expenditures for highways and bridges have been quadrupled. One broad express road runs from north to south, crossed by three border-to-border laterals, east and west. Within this transportation net, public buildings of all kinds are going up at ten-fold the speed of five years ago.

Because Alberta's wealth is being spread as it rises from the ground, there is small encouragement for the customary flower of a private enter-

## *A 200,000,000-ton mountain of titanium, the magic metal that is stronger than steel*



WILLIAM KENSIT

**Oil wells are being drilled in farm-rich Alberta at the rate of three a day. This year over $200,000,000 will be invested in drilling eq ipment alone**

JOHN COLLIER

**A view of the Norman Wells refinery, on the Mackenzie River in the Northwest Territories. It is run by a Standard of New Jersey affiliate**

ROBERT YARNALL RICHIE

**New pulp mill of the Columbia Cell ulose Company, at Prince Rupe rt covers 35 acres of its 200-acre site. Logs are sorte din the lake**

prise boom: the self-made millionaire. There are a few farmers like Bailey Chamberlain, who settled outside Edmonton in 1897 under a freehold deed and consequently owns the subsoil as well as the surface of his land. Chamberlain started drilling for oil when he was forty-two years old and finally brought in a well last year, when he was eighty-two. But how much of the small fortune he sank in the intervening years will return to his hands before he dies is problematical.

It would be politically impossible for any Alberta government to ignore the common farmer, for he still dominates the province economically (farm production last year was worth $752,710,000 compared to oil's $116,819,581) as well as at the polls (44 of the 57 seats in legislature represent rural constituencies). So no drill probes beneath a wheat field or a cattle pasture until the interested oil firm comes to terms with the man who owns the place. "Surface-nuisance payments" range from $1,100 to $1,600 for five to six acres the first year, and any amount from $300 upward each year thereafter. The farmer goes right on plowing or grazing within a dozen feet of the oil pumps, meanwhile collecting twice as much as he would have received from his farming skill if the space displaced by the oil had been undisturbed.

Direct employment in oil is low, probably no more than 10,000. Only one really new town has grown from the Alberta boom. It is Devon, a model housing project for Leduc fieldworkers. But nomad oil explorers have roved steadily northward until 73,000,000 acres—almost half the total land area of the province—is now either under exploration or in the process of development. The northern boundary of Alberta has been reached and passed. A vast triangle of the Northwest Territories, southeast of the Laird River and southwest of the Mackenzie, is solidly staked with claims.

The great empty northland is worth the silent struggle that is taking place. Discovery of oil or gas around Fort Simpson or Fort Providence could set off a fabulous mineral rush. Anything that lowers mining costs, as nearby fuel would, can shift an ore deposit from the impossible to the promising category overnight.

Obscurely situated though it is, north of Fairbanks, west of Vancouver, 67 miles south of the Arctic Circle, on a river that is frozen shut eight months of the year, 1,050 air miles away from Edmonton, the oil field at Norman Wells nevertheless supplies more than two dozen points scattered over the arctic with heat, light and power. It has revolutionized an ice-locked region of the earth. Without it, the uranium mine at Port Radium on Great Bear Lake would stop dead.

The ideal happening at this stage of northern development would be discovery of oil halfway between Norman Wells and the existing northern fringe of civilization. Geologically, it seems inevitable. Wells already have been drilled in western Alberta, along the Peace River. In the east, the famous "tar sands"—ancient oil-soaked beaches—are known to fill a subterranean space somewhere between 1,500 and 10,000 square miles in extent around Fort McMurray and Waterways, where the railroad from the south drops its freight for river boats to Athabaska, Great Slave and Great Bear Lakes.

Wherever the ultimate northern strike occurs, Alberta will remain the capital of the oil empire. All roads lead south to Edmonton, whether by air, or by water and rail. The province can afford to wait any length of time. For Manning and Tanner have not only oil to sell; they also must peddle natural gas.

"Our first obligation is for the welfare of the people of Alberta," Tanner says. In terms of gas, that means a reserve pool large enough to fill home needs for at least 30 years. Home needs include those of industry, which could use gas either as fuel or as a raw ingredient in manufacturing. In the sparsely settled stretches of the Peace River, such requirements are low, and the government in early April authorized a pipe line from there through British Columbia to Vancouver and Seattle. Around Edmonton, however, and south of there to the 49th parallel, the gas will be conserved. Except for an emergency defense line to Kennecott Copper in Montana, none of the fuel will be piped away until a home-grown chemical industry is flourishing.

The practical reason behind this policy is that pipe lines deliver dry gas, whereas the gas that emerges from the earth is wet. Propane, butane and ethane fractions must be removed in the drying process.

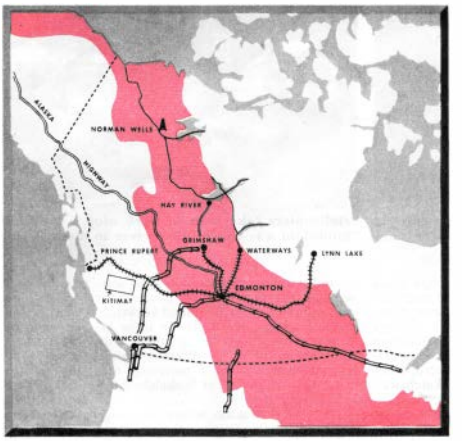
If nothing were done with these three chemicals except turn them into plastics, a secondary boom as rich as the original oil gush could develop. For the plastics industry has grown six times over since 1940, and 85 per cent of the chemicals behind that expansion came from within 200 miles of Houston, Texas. Edmonton is younger than Houston, but it can play for bigger stakes. It is the center of a potential oil-bearing area twice the size of Texas, with a record of proportionately twice as many oil fields with recoverable reserves larger than 50,000,000 barrels.

How the theoretical odds work out in practice will soon be known. Canadian Industries, Ltd., is building a $13,000,000 factory at Edmonton to make a plastic called polythene from ethane. And the first $55,000,000 unit of a six-battery cellulose-acetate plant is going up on a 433-acre tract along the North Saskatchewan River; it will use propane and butane along with wood pulp from British Columbia, where the Celanese Corporation has a newly finished $30,000,000 pulp mill at Prince Rupert, on the inside passage to Alaska, 600 miles north of Canada's most beautiful city, Vancouver.

Alberta for years has supplied British Columbia with grain, meat and poultry in return for its western neighbor's coastal lumber, fruit and fish. Eventual integration of the two provinces has been the subject of popular talk for a long time. Now the talk is racing into action. Simultaneously with the natural gas line to Vancouver, an oil pipe line will head west across the mountains from Edmonton this year. At Trail, in the southern Rockies, Consolidated Mining and Smelting is modernizing its smelter to recover 30,000,000 tons of iron from waste rock of lead-zinc ore. It has been hinted that the iron may go to a steel mill whose construction has been announced for lower Alberta.

That mill, the first primary steelmaking plant in prairie history, would give the plains a new kind of industrial independence. It would feed not only Alberta's growth but a billion-dollar expansion boom in British Columbia, which, partly because of its springlike climate, has experienced a 42 per cent increase in population in the last decade. Although a great many of the new people are on the retired list, their collective oomph has pushed base metals and oil as big-time competitors to lumber's long-time dominance on the slopes of the Rockies. And their will to accomplish has been invigorated by an epochal clash between monster machines and raw nature in the North. The biggest industrial show on the continent is opening there in the forest wilds between the Nechako River and the sea.

In a natural spectacle that has been named for the Indian village of Kitimat, the Aluminum Company of Canada is shaving the peak off one mountain and dumping it into the Nechako in order to turn the river backward for 150 miles to a tunnel drilled through a second mountain. The tunnel is 10 miles long and ends—still within the mountain—in a fall 16 times the height of Niagara. The surge of the water at the *top* of this fall will be so powerful that a cavern 300 feet high is being carved inside the rock to prevent the surf from crashing through the mountaintop. When the water hits *bottom* it will churn giant turbines to create such high-voltage electricity that the power *lost* in wire resistance over the 50 miles between the waterfall and the aluminum smelter would be




**The Ancient Sea. Edmonton is the center of a rapidly growing new Western Canadian empire. The pink shading indicates the area where geologists say that oil is located**

***A generation ago, a statesman predicted that the "Twentieth Century will be the***

ART HUNDERT

**A tramway at the vast aluminum smelter project at Kitimat, northern British Columbia. The plant will cast 83,000 tons of the metal a year**

ART HUNDERT

**Helicopters take men to work atop a mountain at Kitimat. Part of a mountain was blown into a river to make it run backward to power dam**

enough to supply the entire city of Edmonton.

The Kitimat smelter is designed to start casting 83,000 tons of aluminum ingots a year. Reserve power is available to step it up to 500,000 tons. (The biggest smelter in the United States has a capacity of 145,000 tons.) Alcan already has committed $200,000,000 to the project and ultimately will spend $550,000,000—more than the original cost of the Canadian Pacific Railway, twice the amount that will be spent on Ungava's iron lake.

Kitimat is a long way from Edmonton. Yet the wilds that surround it are one of the more accessible regions encompassed with Alberta in a national government study entitled Canada's New Northwest. A million square miles of land that lie between the United States and the economic island of Alaska are surveyed in this report, which recommends, among other things, a railroad through the Rocky Mountain trench as a defensive alternate to the Alaska highway.

### A Champion of Human Freedom

Premier Manning is not directly concerned with such military questions. But he has exerted a powerful force, indirectly, in defense of the human individual's freedom. The orderly prosperity he has achieved for Alberta by insisting that oil's development be left to private enterprise has prompted a strategic retreat by the Socialist-minded Co-operative Commonwealth Federation government in neighboring Saskatchewan.

The 1,126-mile pipe line that was laid two years ago to carry oil from Edmonton to Superior, Wisconsin, has cut the oil bill $22 a year for every man, woman and child on the plains. Saskatchewan's canny farmers, alert to gasoline price changes because of the myriad machines they run in their big wheat fields, naturally have asked why—if the geology maps are right in showing Saskatchewan to be potentially as oil-rich as Alberta—the oil companies were so scrupulous about staying away from Saskatchewan for so long.

Under pressure of these questionings, the CCF premier of Saskatchewan, witty and popular Thomas C. Douglas, wrote a letter to oil executives in which he specifically pledged his administration not to expropriate oil leases that might be undertaken. Since then, a radio poll of CCF party members has strongly indicated that the Saskatchewan electorate opposes any more hobbling of private enterprise, and wants extension of government-in-business (Saskatchewan now runs 15 corporations that account for less than 5 per cent of the provincial economy) limited to the northern wilds where risks are too high to attract private investment.

This political about-face has brought oil-drilling rigs into Saskatchewan, and a few small strikes have been made recently. The greatest oil development in the province, however, is still around the established heavy-oil field of Lloydminster. Oilmen generally are satisfied that Douglas will keep his promise, but they are nervous over contradictory statements his cabinet ministers have made regarding distribution of natural gas if commercial amounts of it are discovered. Douglas has not repudiated the popular impression that his government will create a corporation to buy the gas at the wells and operate its own distribution pipe lines to homes and factories.

By blowing the horn about his recent encouragement of private enterprise in oil and uranium prospecting—and soft-pedaling the fact that his government corporations, originally touted as saviors of the taxpayer, had failed in three instances and altogether profited only $580,000 in 1950-'51—Premier Douglas maneuvered his CCF patronage machine back to power in Saskatchewan's 1952 elections.

On a national scale, where patronage was no help, the CCF's prospects were less inviting. Fought to a standstill in British Columbia a few months back by Manning's Social Creditors, the Socialists have nothing to offset their 1951 fiasco in Ontario, where Conservative Premier Leslie Frost wrecked their alliance with the Canadian Confederation of Labor. Many shrewd observers predict that the CCF is through as a real force in Canadian life.

The Social Credit party will be the one to watch in Canada's next general election. Although the progressive Conservatives have won the most recent by-elections, their leadership is weak. Manning is a popular hero.

The industrial power Alberta's premier is patiently generating has begun to accomplish what years of politicking failed to approach: a gradual leveling of the freight-rate burden, which heretofore has held the prairie provinces in peonage to the East.

Manning is not unaware of the popularity this has given him. Around him daily he hears the remark, "The Liberals have been in Ottawa long enough." Almost unnoticed by the daily press, he has been quietly dropping opinions like seeds in the public mind. He has criticized Ottawa's immigration policy on the grounds that incoming workers are not properly channeled to the country's growth needs. He has blistered Eastern capital for failing to participate in the opening of the new Western empire.

After Manning, the prairies will never be the same again. They will remain the breadbasket of the nation, as they have been from the beginning. They will prosper from irrigation and rural electrification. But they will never again rely on their crops alone. They will also have their mines and their factories. Even the tightfisted dirt-farmers' government of Manitoba is beginning to spend money to attract industry.

### The Hudson's Bay Company Era

Of all the revolutionary aspects of the new Canadian West that Manning symbolizes, none is more historically revealing than the change in the fortunes of the Hudson's Bay Company. Founded in 1670, by charter from King Charles II, "The Bay" once owned practically everything in Canada west of the Great Lakes. For generations it dealt in furs, burying its traders so deep in the bush that months would sometimes pass before they saw another human. Exchange was by barter: food, guns and goods for furs. Hardship was taken for granted.

Today's fur traders live in modern ranch houses insulated against cold by aluminum foil. They pay cash and get fur quotations from headquarters by radio. Their wives talk to one another across thousands of miles by telegraph; emergency supplies come in by plane as needed; and the company sees to it that the bathroom medicine cabinet is stocked with vitamins, the kitchen has the latest north-country cookbooks and the furniture matches the curtains at the windows.

And the fur traders are no longer the backbone of "The Bay's" business. The

hoary old firm has turned to oil prospecting, on the land it got in return for its charter rights, and to mass selling across the counters of department stores. On the Arctic Coast, its clerks stock a line of record players, refrigerators, nylon stockings and ladies' panties.

"No self-respecting Indian paddles his own canoe any more," a Bay official quipped in a recent public talk. "He has an outboard motor."

## THE MODERN PROBLEM

THE Nineteenth Century was the Century of the United States. The Twentieth Century will be the Century of Canada." That prophecy was made a generation ago by Sir Wilfrid Laurier, the Liberal party statesman. Can it still come true?

It easily can. Only one ingredient is lacking—people. Canada encompasses 3,845,144 square miles of territory. It has 14,009,429 inhabitants. That's 3.64 to the square mile. But there are 49.8 people to every square mile in the United States, 534 in the British Isles.

The need for people is the one point on which all Canadians—even the scholarly skeptics from the Maritimes, who specialize in exporting brains and won't be provoked into any more conspicuous display of energy—agree. A March, 1952, headline in the Toronto Daily Star, "General Motors Gears Plans to Canada of 20,000,000" is a typical expression of concern. General Motors, it turns out, expects that population by 1965. Another large advertiser prints public-service messages in inch-high type proclaiming: "25,000,000 Canadians by 1975." A few drinks in a friendly bar will quickly rush those figures up to 50,000,000—and even to 75,000,000.

Men who have spent their lives in handling the actual movement of immigrants doubt that 50,000,000 will be reachable before the century's end. Their most optimistic forecast is 25,000,000 to 30,000,000 by the year 2000, which seems almost pessimistic under current circumstances. For the actual census rise in the decade between 1941 and 1951 was 2,502,774. Immigration since 1946 totals 625,000. Last year's crop numbered 194,391, more than any year since 1913.

History is on the side of the pessimists, however. A recent study of available statistics indicates that from 1851 to 1951 a grand total of 7,114,000 immigrants entered the Canadian borders; during those same years, 6,633,000 emigrants left. Balance for Canada: 481,000—in 100 years!

Why did Canada lose those six and a half million people, almost half the present population?

Chiefly because the emigrants could earn more money or find wider opportunity for their talents in bigger, richer, livelier United States.

Canada faces an acute shortage in engineers today because its engineering students are tempted south to United States industries by higher wages than they can earn at home. This happens before they are even graduated. And it happens in spite of the fact that the average Canadian engineer now earns more than the average Canadian lawyer or physician.

As long as Canada has a democratic government, as long as it gives its people freedom of movement, there is only one way for it to keep ambitious Canadians in Canada: pay them the going price.

Big money can't be paid out until it is first put in. So it all boils down to a question of investment. The sad truth is that few Canadians are risking really big money on Canada's future as a great power.

"Five thousand or ten thousand I can get with no trouble here," an enterprising young entrepreneur told me in Toronto. "Fifty thousand or a hundred thousand, a little tough, but yes. If I go to a big company, maybe a million or a million and a half. If I'm looking for more than ten million, I'm looking for United States money."

"We just don't have that kind of money in Canada," is the usual explanation for investment timidity. The record contradicts this alibi. An unofficial Bank of Canada estimate of Canada's total investment is $50,000,000,000 plus. Of that, only $8.000.000,000 is in foreign hands, most of it concentrated in the big-risk category. Profits on the domestically owned $42.000.000,000 have been booming for the last twelve years. If government, business and private individuals together could—as they did—reinvest $4,600,000,000 of the $21,200,000,000 they produced in 1951, there ought to be some kick left in that old $42,000,000,000 sock.

Aside from lumberman H. R. MacMillan in British Columbia, Sir James Dunn of Algoma Steel in Sault Sainte Marie and K. C. Irving in the Maritimes, the moneyed men of Canada have stacked their chips in the St. Lawrence Valley, where they always have been as far back as Canadian history goes.

The balance of their power has shifted slightly, from the old French banking center in Montreal to the English Tory refuge in Toronto. But they are still in the valley, building more and more in less and less space. They have profited from the new empire in the West, but the profits have merely bulged the valley a little more fully at the seams. And with this concentration of property has grown a concentration of the population.

Sixty-five per cent of all the people in Canada live within 350 miles of the new Ford motor factory at Oakville, which is 20 miles west of Toronto. Into this region the larger share of Canada's new immigrants are going. For the provinces of Ontario and Quebec hold not only the bulk of Canadian industry but account for 43 cents in every dollar of farm income as well. Markets breed markets.

### Canadian Investors' Dilemma

If the empty spaces of Canada lying west and north of the St. Lawrence can invoke among Canadian investors the vision that inspired the French to settle the St. Lawrence itself, Canada's population problem will disappear. United States investors have seen the vision and followed it. Their demand for payroll cash in Canada has pushed Canadian money above parity with the United States dollar. If rising taxpayer demands for less United States "giveaway" to Europe bring economic adjustments here at home and put a brake on risk taking, Canadians will have to gamble on their own fate or stop growing. It will not be a penny-ante game. U.S. investors put $88,000,000 into Canadian ventures in 1949, $190,000,000 in 1950, and $200,000,000 in 1951. Their total stake in Canada's future now totals above $7,000,000,000, double the figure of a quarter century ago.

A recent report to the Investment Bankers Association of America suggests a way to encourage Canada to have more faith in its own destiny:

"American companies participating in direct investment in Canada should take steps to make available to Canadian investors an opportunity to buy the equity shares of American holding companies or of Canadian operating subsidiaries."

If that were done, those Canadians who still look upon us as a bogey might be able to forget how much bigger we are than they. They might dissipate the unconscious resentment they exhibit to Yankee visitors, a phenomenon whose frank discussion is taboo but may have something to do with the fact that Americans—as individuals—are spending less time and less money in Canada every year. They might even come to take the Massey report with a judicious grain of salt and consider the judgment Frank H. Underhill pronounced in the August, 1951, issue of the Canadian Forum:

"These so-called 'alien' American influences are not alien at all: they are just the natural forces that operate in the conditions of twentieth-century civilization."

Life together under that philosophy would be considerably safer for us all. Neither of us can afford to be suspicious. For Canada needs us as urgently as we need Canada.

CANADA WIDE

**Dutch immigrants arriving at Halifax. Canada needs more people, but only 194,391 entered in 1951. The country loses many citizens to U.S.**

EDWARD LANE

# Man for Leadership

IN THIS YEAR of great political decision, the people of the United States stand in urgent need of leadership, unity and a change of political administration. Collier's believes that Dwight Eisenhower is the one man who can provide all three.

Twice before in his lifetime General Eisenhower has had the opportunity for greatness thrust upon him, and twice he has met the challenge brilliantly. Now he faces a greater opportunity and a greater challenge—greater than the direction of the mighty blow that crushed the power of Nazi militarism, greater than the welding of the nations of Western Europe into a united force against the threat of Soviet militarism. We're confident that he can fill the greatest political office in the world with equal distinction.

Dwight Eisenhower brings impressive assets of character and experience to his contest for the Presidency. He is both a realist and an idealist. He is known and trusted throughout the free world. And he knows much of that world intimately. He knows its politics and its politicians. As a citizen of the world he also knows that his country cannot abdicate its natural, inescapable position of leadership.

Yet he retains a simple and genuine devotion to the fundamental virtues of American character and American life which existed before this era of world leadership began. They still exist today, in spite of efforts to discredit and erase them. We are sure that he will seek to preserve them. We are equally sure that, as President, his leadership would be of a kind that the American people could follow trustfully and without fear. He is a strong man who believes in national strength. He has made fateful decisions, and he can make them again. But he has not lost his open-mindedness or his humility.

The principal reason for General Eisenhower's success as supreme commander of NATO was his ability to achieve unity on a continent where, in peacetime, it had never existed before. And he achieved unity because he inspired confidence. Unity and confidence must continue and grow stronger if further Soviet aggression is to be resisted. And surely, in the great office of the Presidency, General Eisenhower would be the ideal man in the ideal position to advance and solidify the alliance of free nations.

But unity is no less vital within our own country. Its absence is one of the most compelling reasons for a change of administration. Through 20 years of Democratic administration there has been a growing political effort to divide and conquer. Mr. Truman especially has catered to special segments of the population. We see the evidence in his agricultural policy, in his theory and practice of economic controls, in his attitude toward labor-management relations. He has succeeded in building a political majority out of favored minorities. It was a shrewd maneuver, but it has left the country less strong and less solvent than it could be and should be.

We do not mean to say that everything the Truman administration has done is wrong, or that all its acts have been politically inspired. Where it has faced up squarely to the facts of national and international life, it has usually had the support of the Republican party in Congress. But politics has played its part even in foreign policy and rearmament. And certainly it has dominated the administration's decisions in all major issues of domestic policy.

Dwight Eisenhower is a man who can check the divisive drift that partisanship has set in motion. His very political innocence is an asset. As President, of course, he would have to be a politician and head of his party. But he would not come to that office encumbered by the obligations and commitments that a man is bound to acquire during a lifetime in politics. Nor would he bring with him the collection of hostilities that a long-time officeholder accumulates. We hesitate to use the shopworn term "man of the people," but he has shown clearly that he would have the interests of the whole population at heart, and we believe the whole population would give to him a greater measure of confidence and support than to any other candidate.

Not the least consideration that leads Collier's to favor General Eisenhower is our belief that he is the one man who can save the American two-party system and restore it to its traditional vigor. No thinking American would want to see that system destroyed. Yet we have strong doubts that any other Republican candidate could be elected. And we fear that one more defeat would doom the Republican party to the permanent status of a divided minority group—a consequence that would bring with it a grave danger to our democracy.

So Collier's congratulates the Republican delegates to the national convention on their statesmanship and good sense in nominating General Eisenhower, and we heartily endorse their selection. The voters should elect him and unite behind him. We trust that they will.

The country has a long, hard pull ahead. We are involved in a costly, inconclusive war. The coming years promise continued danger from abroad and greater sacrifice at home. America needs a man in the White House whose thinking is sound, whose knowledge is broad, who is honest and believes in honest government, and who commands respect and trust in his own country and throughout the world. We believe Dwight Eisenhower is that man. We believe he will be a great President, and a great force in advancing the hope of world peace toward reality.

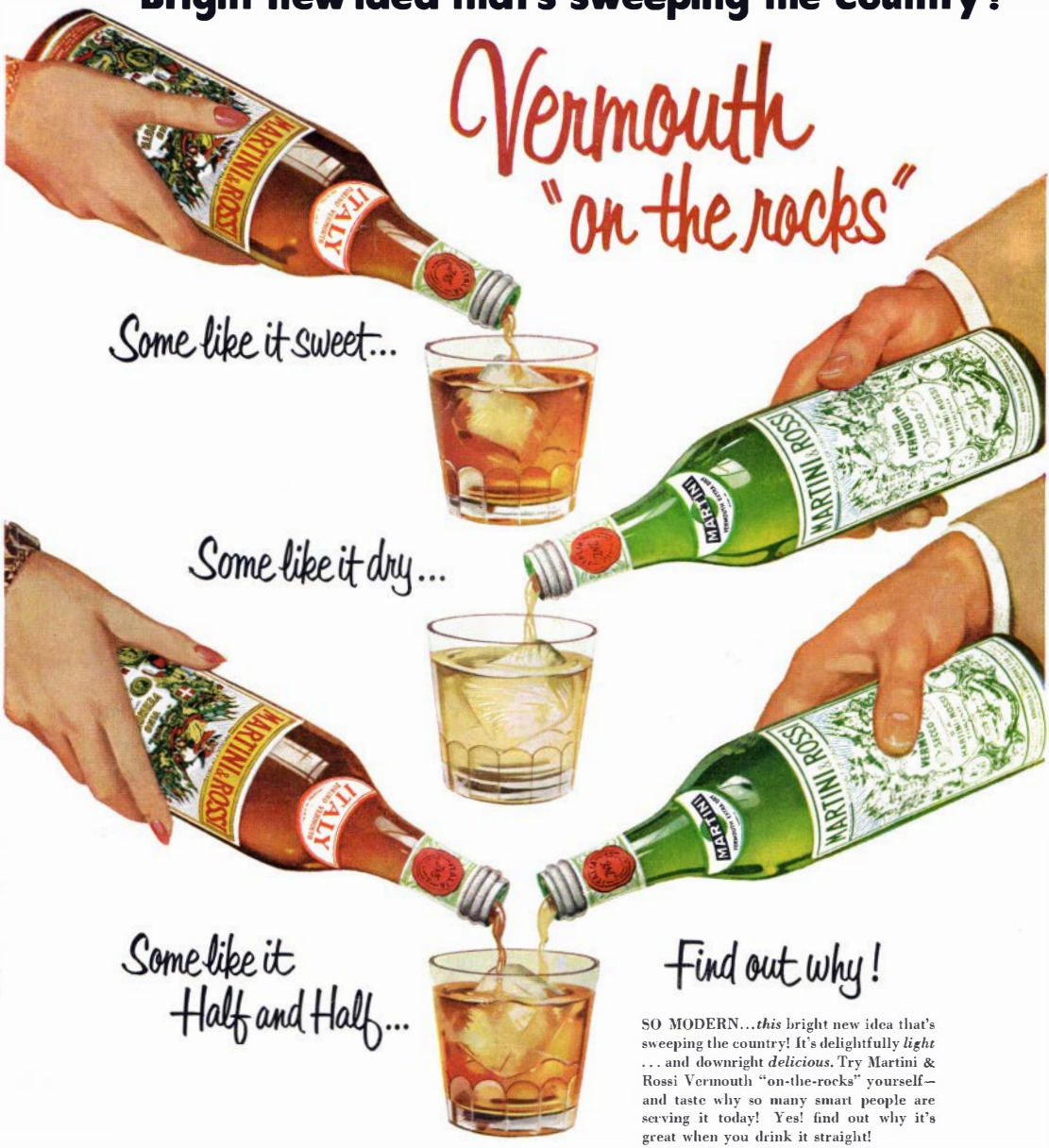
## Big Business for Big Canada

WE DON'T MEAN to be monotonous. But it occurred to us, as we were reading John Lear's Canada Today articles in this issue, that the booming growth and importance of our northern neighbor is another example of the positive benefits of bigness.

Canadian government authorities, bless 'em, have wisely insisted that the development of their country's vast resources is a job for private enterprise. And American private enterprise, of course, is playing a dynamic part in that development. Its great industries and capital are doing much to advance a program of mutual advantage to both countries. David E. Lilienthal's thesis of Big Business for a Big Country applies just as surely and importantly to Canada as it does to the United States.

**Bright new idea that's sweeping the country!**

# Vermouth "on the rocks"




## Find out why!

SO MODERN...*this* bright new idea that's sweeping the country! It's delightfully *light* ... and downright *delicious.* Try Martini & Rossi Vermouth "on-the-rocks" yourself—and taste why so many smart people are serving it today! Yes! find out why it's great when you drink it straight!

*And don't forget:* Insist on genuine imported Martini & Rossi Vermouths... for Matchless Manhattans and Marvelous Martinis.

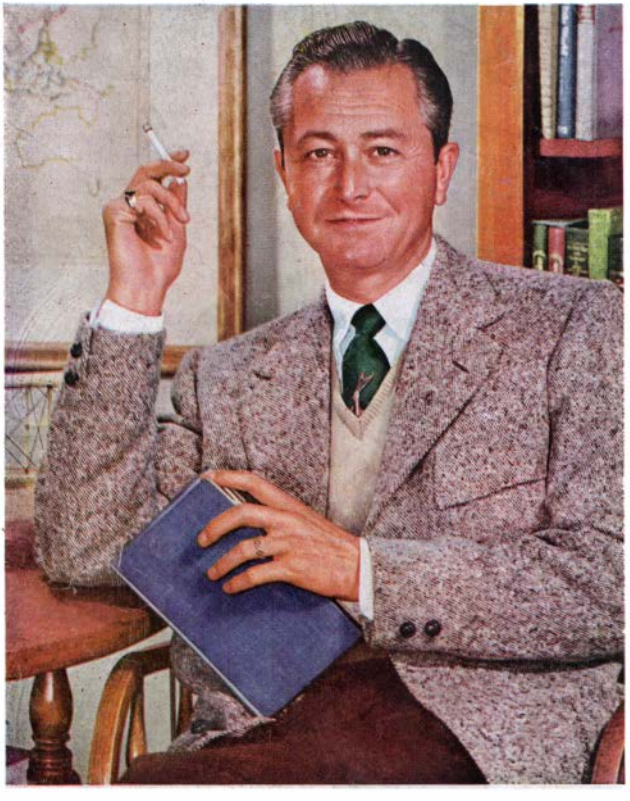
# MARTINI & ROSSI

**IMPORTED VERMOUTH**

SWEET OR EXTRA DRY

RENFIELD IMPORTERS LTD., N. Y., N. Y.

# Why did you change to Camels, ROBERT YOUNG?



"My voice and throat were important factors—I found that Camels suit my throat..."

"As for taste, Camels give me more smoking pleasure than any other brand!"

**ROBERT YOUNG**
*SCREEN AND RADIO STAR*

**SMOKE CAMELS FOR 30 DAYS...SEE FOR YOURSELF HOW WELL**

# Camels agree with your throat

THE PROOF of a cigarette is in the smoking. Do as Robert Young did. Try Camels as your *steady* smoke. Smoke only Camels for the next 30 days and see how *rich* and *flavorful* Camels are. See how *mild* Camels are . . . how well they *agree with your throat*—pack after pack, week after week!

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THAN ANY OTHER CIGARETTE!


*Make your own sensible 30-day Camel mildness test in your "T-Zone"*

**—T for Throat, T for Taste**

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