

Collier's

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March 24, 1951

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1951



"OSCAR" NIGHT IN HOLLYWOOD

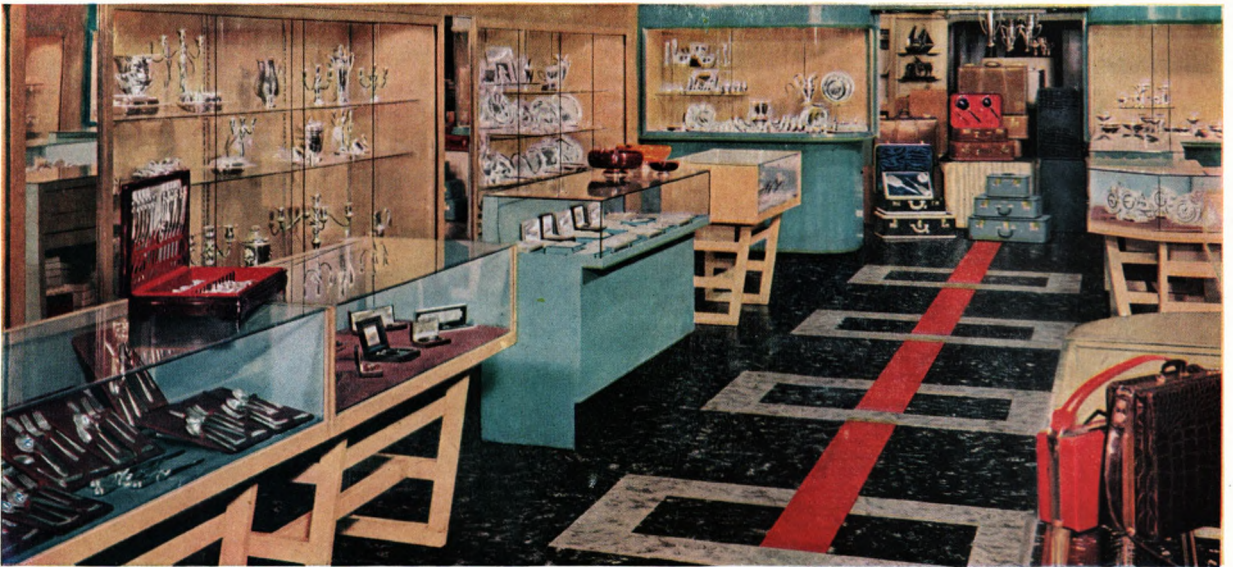
From Vaudeo to Video via Radio

By JACK BENNY

Don't Count on
Germany to Fight



See the difference the right floor makes



THESSE two photographs of the same jewelry store show the great improvement in appearance that was made over one week end. Compare both pictures closely, and you'll find the only change is a new resilient floor of Armstrong's Linotile. You can see in the lower picture how the right floor transformed an interior that looked unfinished into a place that's inviting to customers.

Although fixtures were up to date and displays were carefully arranged, the old floor detracted from the overall effect. As is often the case, the appearance of the store as a whole had not been taken into consideration. The part the floor plays as one of the most important factors in decoration had been overlooked.

Armstrong's Linotile was the right flooring choice for this store for a number of reasons. Specially developed by Armstrong for places where traffic is heavily concentrated, Linotile has the ability to take the grinding wear of gritty dirt tracked in right off the street. One of its outstanding

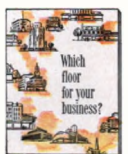
characteristics is the smooth, dense surface that resists the penetration of dirt. It's a floor that reduces cleaning time and effort, keeps maintenance costs at a minimum. Despite its special toughness, Linotile's resilience cushions footsteps and makes it comfortable to walk on.

The way a floor of Armstrong's Linotile is put down in individual blocks gives it unusual design flexibility. The special effect that ties this jewelry store together decoratively is just one of countless designs that can be created with this floor.

Perhaps a new floor is all that's needed to improve the appearance of your place of business, too. Talk it over with your Armstrong flooring contractor. He will gladly show you samples of all the various types of Armstrong Floors and give you cost estimates.

Which floor for your business? Because no one floor can meet every need, Armstrong makes several types of resilient floors—Armstrong's Asphalt Tile, Linoleum, Linotile®, Rubber Tile, and Cork Tile. Each of these different floors has its own special advantages. Choosing the one that's best suited for you depends upon the effect you want to create, the amount of money you wish to spend, and the type of subfloor you have.

Send for free booklet, "Which Floor for Your Business?", a 20-page full-color booklet, will help you select the resilient flooring best suited to your needs. Write Armstrong Cork Co., 5103 Jackson Street, Lancaster, Penna.



ARMSTRONG'S LINOTILE



“The Voice With a Smile”

Whenever you pick up the telephone and talk to the operator you know you are going to hear a friendly, cheery voice. For years the telephone operator has been known as “The Voice With a Smile.”

But she is ever so much more than that. Alert, intelligent, resourceful and sympathetic in emergencies, she has become the national symbol of efficient attention to the customer's needs. She brings experience and

careful training to the job. Hers is the calm, sure speed that comes from knowing how.

In saying a good word for the telephone operator, we would like to say a good word for you too. For it is your courtesy that helps her to be courteous. One good turn has a way of encouraging another. Everybody gets better service when there is co-operation all along the line.

Seventy-five years of service to the Nation, 1876-1951...BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



Vitalis
"LIVE-ACTION" care
gives you
Handsome Hair!



FEEL the difference
in your scalp—SEE the difference
in your hair!



What a wonderful wake-up glow in your scalp—when you use "Live-Action" Vitalis and the famous "60-Second Workout!"

50 seconds' massage with active Vitalis (1) stimulates the scalp (2) prevents dryness (3) routs flaky dandruff (4) helps check excessive falling hair.

Then 10 seconds to comb... and your hair is neater, handsomer—set to stay that way all day! Natural looking—never "slicked down." Vitalis contains no greasy liquid petrolatum—just pure, natural vegetable oil.

For a scalp that feels its best and hair that looks its best, get "Live-Action" Vitalis at any drug counter or at your barber shop. Vitalis is another dependable Bristol-Myers product.

• Many skin specialists prescribe two of Vitalis' basic ingredients for dry, flaky scalp. The Vitalis workout stimulates scalp, prevents dryness.



* **Vitalis**
and the
"60-Second Workout"

NEW! For Cream Tonic Fans...
VITALIS Hair CREAM...lighter-bodied
than ordinary cream oils! No heavy film,
no sticky comb, no messy hands!

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March 24, 1951

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The Cover

In Hollywood, where the opening of a new hot dog stand calls for spotlights and cinema stars, the biggest fanfare attends the annual Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences Awards. This year, for the twenty-third time, the Oscars will be presented on March 29th at the Pantages Theater on Hollywood Boulevard. Tom Fransioli's impression of this event reveals the customary throngs in grandstands, the corps of ushers, the Very Important People who emerge from limousines amid applause, and, at left, the renowned intersection of Hollywood and Vine. For a top-notch story on an outstanding Oscar candidate, don't miss Frank Nugent's article about writer-director Joe Mankiewicz. You will find it on page 24.

Week's Mail

Plenty of Openings

EDITOR: In answer to William H. MacGahan, M.D. (Week's Mail, Feb. 3d), I agree with him that there are enough of his kind of doctors. Our town and community has no doctor. We had a mass meeting of town and country to try to work out some way to get one. A committee was appointed, of which I was chairman. The Kansas State Board of Health and Kansas University Medical School sent me names of young men about to finish their training for me to write to. Later names and addresses of graduate doctors who had written to the State Board of Health were sent to me. They were from all over the U.S.A.

I spent a lot of time writing to them, went into detail in describing the setup here. After writing to 25 or 30 of them and not receiving one single reply, I began to cut them short and ask them if they really wanted a location and if so to write and ask me what they wanted to know. And still I got no answers. Our last doctor left town to go back to school and is now a specialist on eye, ear, nose and throat in a hospital in a larger town. WALLACE McCASLIN, Kincaid, Kans.

For the benefit of William H. MacGahan, M.D., of Butler, N. J., he can find whole counties in Tennessee with only one doctor, and any number of small towns with no doctor. In my own county we have a population of about 30,000 and have 9 doctors. Now if he is in earnest about the statement he was so bold in making, he can easily find a location in Tennessee where he can get all the practice he can do.

G. L. BROWN, Cookeville, Tenn.

Those Vegetables from Venus

EDITOR: Please ask John Wyndham to write a long sequel to Revolt of the Triffids (Jan. 6th-Feb. 3d), which I enjoyed very much. HERBERT MARCH, El Paso, Texas

I enjoyed Revolt of the Triffids very much and would like to know if it has been or will be published in book form.

Also, has Mr. Wyndham written any other stories of this type?

MRS. JOHN IACONIS, Richmond, Cal.

Doubleday is publishing the book in April under the title of The Day of the Triffids. Yes, Mr. Wyndham has written other science fiction stories.

Budgets Are Cuttable

EDITOR: In your editorial President or Politician? (Feb. 3d), reference is made to the letter written by Senator Byrd to President Truman suggesting that nonmilitary spending be cut. Your editorial is on a subject which is of vital concern to every American. We can take care of our enemies provid-



***THIS EXTRA
STEP TELLS
IN THE TASTE***

WED·IN·THE·WOOD is a time-honored Glenmore method. This extra step means that Old Thompson, instead of being bottled immediately after blending, is put back into barrels to assure uniform high quality. This "marrying" gives Old Thompson an extra smoothness, an extra mellowness. *Try it tonight and see!*

The straight whiskies in this product are four years or more old. 37½% straight whiskies—62½% grain neutral spirits.

**GLENMORE DISTILLERIES COMPANY
LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY**

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For your eyes— G-E LIFE-SIZE!

YOUR EYES deserve it! For new, 1951 G-E...with its exclusive combination of TV advancements...brings you a picture so big, so sharp, so lifelike you'll feel it's real! You get G.E.'s new 17-inch rectangular black tube! G-E Automatic Sound—just tune the picture, the sound is right every time! Powerful G-E electronic tubes throughout! All in an exquisite cabinet with concealed casters and veneered in hand-rubbed mahogany! See it at your General Electric dealer's now! Console model 17C105 **\$349.95*** incl. Fed. Tax. ♦

General Electric Company, Electronics Park, Syracuse, N. Y.

NEW 17-INCH RECTANGULAR BLACK TUBE!



BLACK-DAYLITE TELEVISION



NEW 17" G-E TABLE MODEL ♦

It's a honey! Big-as-life, real-as-life 17" picture will delight your eyes! Distinctive cabinet of genuine mahogany veneers, with fawn and gold color trim. G-E dependability! Model 17T2 **\$289.95*** includes Fed. Tax.

*Installation and Picture Tube Protection Plus extra. Prices subject to change without notice. Prices slightly higher West and South.



You can put your confidence in—

GENERAL ELECTRIC

ing nonessential federal expenditures are stopped now and in the years to come.

For many years I served in the Senate of the state of Washington, and was chairman of the Appropriations Committee for a number of sessions. Through this experience I learned that the budget can be cut and economies effected provided there is a sincere attempt made by those who are in control.

C. S. HARLEY, Seattle, Wash.

Mistaken Identity



The Harrieses and Mr. Scharff (right)

EDITOR: I would like to correct a picture caption on page 48 of your Feb. 3d issue.

In the lower right-hand corner there is a picture of Phil Harris with Alice Faye, Frank Remley and another gentleman. This gentleman is Walter Scharff, musical director for Phil Harris. It has been my pleasure to have known Walter for quite some time, and I know that he will be terribly hurt to think that those who read your magazine will think he is a disk jockey by the name of Bob McLaughlin.

To assist you in any correction that you might deem possible I am enclosing a photograph of myself.

BOB McLAUGHLIN, Hollywood, Cal.

Not from Joplin

ERROR: Since Bill Stapleton, in his illustrated article, "Fire a Round for Collier's" (Feb. 3d), made the mistake of giving Joplin, Missouri, as the residence of our son, Captain David H. Robertson, Jr., will you kindly publish this correction so that his friends who read the article will know that it is he and not some other David Robertson?

His residence was St. Louis until his 18th year. He went into federal service in 1940 from a farm near Mexico, Missouri.

Captain Robertson is now ill in a general hospital in Japan.
DAVID H. ROBERTSON, CATHERINE CADOGAN ROBERTSON, Mexico, Mo.

Heart-Warming Process

EDITOR: Please accept my hearty congratulations to you and John W. White for the two clear, accurate dramatic articles (Jan. 27th, Feb. 3d) on the Point Four program and the Institute of Inter-American Affairs.

One of the great human interest articles of our times has been slowly emerging in this heart-warming process we rather clumsily call "technical co-operation," and Collier's is one of the first mass circulation publications, if not the first, to do it justice. Collier's deserves an "E" for enterprise and Mr. White the same high mark for first-rate, colorful, fact-packed reporting. Your two articles are not only good journalism, but a public service of a high order.

HENRY G. BENNETT, Administrator, Technical Co-operation Administration, Department of State, Washington, D. C.

... Collier's two articles, We're Building a Better Hemisphere, are, in effect, a story

about the work of the Institute of Inter-American Affairs in co-operation with the other American republics. The articles are fair, accurate and interesting statements on some of the things that this organization is doing as representatives of the United States government and the people of America.

It is particularly gratifying when a magazine such as Collier's takes an interest in this type of activity and on its own initiative investigates the programs and prepares and publishes material such as is found in these two articles. The work is a great work and one which is important not only to the people of the other American republics but to the people in the United States and the world as a whole. KENNETH R. IVERSON, President, the Institute of Inter-American Affairs, Washington, D. C.

Wants World of Enforceable Law

EDITOR: Collier's is to be congratulated on the outstanding article Can the Atom Bomb Beat Communism? by David Lilienthal (Feb. 3d). The author showed that our aim must be not war but peace and pointed the way by which it may well be achieved.

We will fight if we must, and let the foolish nation that provokes us beware. But we want peace and we are willing to work for it—by building up our military power, by arming the free nations, by supporting the functional agencies of the UN which seek to improve world health and welfare. All this is very good; but, as I see it, one more ingredient is necessary. We must do everything in our power to strengthen the United Nations into a limited world federal government, open to all nations, and strong enough to prevent aggression and to prevent preparations for aggression.

Only in a world of enforceable law is there hope for the survival of our way of life.

PALMER VAN GUNDY, La Canada, Cal.

Aquatic Ups & Downs

EDITOR: I have watched circus performers do the human pyramid on the backs of horses as they canter around the ring, and have noticed the topside girl spring easily to the ground when the act is through. But what about the topside girl on your February 3d cover of the Cypress Gardens Aquamaids? How does she get down—and, incidentally, how does she get up?

S. J. POTTER, Cedar Rapids, Iowa



Here's a step-by-step demonstration of the topside girl's start toward the top. To get down she just slides, and hitchhikes a ride back to shore on the other girls' skins

Inquiry

ERROR: When we have war with other countries and win, do we have to put them on their feet so that they can get at us again?
CHRIS H. JORGENSEN, New Braunfels, Texas

Collier's for March 24, 1951

FOR *You*

Proof of Mildness
with no unpleasant
after-taste

ANNE BAXTER makes the mildness test and Always Buys Chesterfields. She's just like you and everyone, today.

She wants the cigarette that gives the most for the money . . . Chesterfields—

They Satisfy



"Follow The Sun" is the life story of Ben Hogan. Back stage, Anne Baxter gets a lesson from Ben himself, one of the world's best golfers. They both smoke the cigarette that satisfies . . . Chesterfield. ★

"Prove for yourself
Chesterfields are milder
-they're tops with me"

Anne Baxter

starring in "FOLLOW THE SUN"
A 20th Century-Fox Production

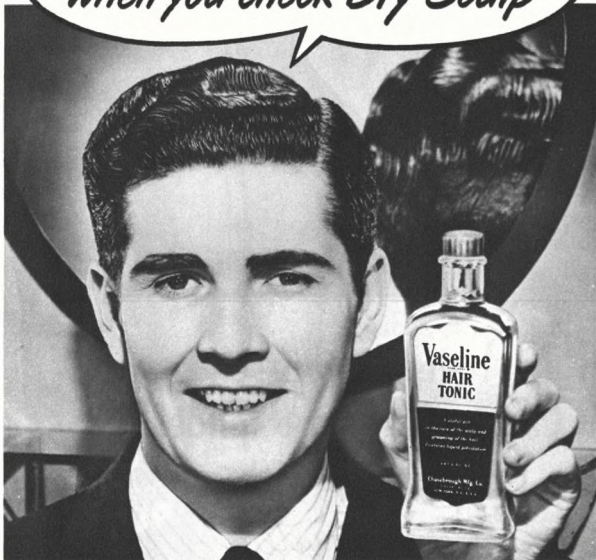
ALWAYS BUY
MILDER **CHESTERFIELD**

oh-oh, Dry Scalp!



"JEFF ALWAYS HITS the headpin just right, but he'll never make a hit with that head of unruly hair. He's got all the signs of Dry Scalp. Dull, hard-to-manage hair . . . and loose dandruff, too. He'll bowl 'em over, though, when he starts using 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic . . ."

*Hair looks better...
scalp feels better...
when you check Dry Scalp*



GREAT WAY to start your day! A few drops of 'Vaseline' Hair Tonic a day work wonders. It checks loose dandruff and those other annoying signs of Dry Scalp because it supplements the natural scalp oils . . . gives your hair that handsome, natural look. Contains no alcohol or other drying ingredients . . . and it's economical, too.

Vaseline HAIR TONIC

TRADE MARK ®

VASELINE is the registered trade mark of the Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Con'd

48 States of Mind

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Normally we should be singing a roundelay and, if the world were sane, we might be tripping a blithesome morris dance. The reason for such hoarse warbling and plungive cavorting would stem from the calendar if not the heart—spring. Our calendar, just about the only lay document one may believe in

he spent a whole Saturday afternoon fixing the old one." Nevertheless she loves him, and Mr. Truman too, "because they are so alike and try so hard."

★ ★ ★

Sorry about this, but we're unable to report this week on what's going on in Telephone, Texas, an energetic town not far from Tom Bean, Texas. We've written to the mayor, but no reply yet. No use calling up because there are no telephones in Telephone. Not likely to be any for quite a while, either. Shortage of equipment materials. There was a time when anybody in Telephone could make and receive calls to all over and think nothing of it. But that was before the big ice storm of 1947. Haven't been able to restore service yet. That's how come we don't know what's cooking in Telephone. However, we do know they've cleaned the colony of wasps out of the Cottage Hill M.E. Church in Celina, Texas, with splendid results. Our informant says, until that was done it was not easy to keep one's mind on what the preacher was saying, and sometimes the singing got pretty badly off key.

★ ★ ★

And from Rutland, Vermont, a few observations on life expectancy from Mr. Julius C. Beale, who has just received a sprightly brochure from the



JACK BETTS

these days of propaganda, bombast and ballyhoo, tells us that spring officially begins on March 21st. Confidentially, we tried a few croaks by way of tuning up, and the family threatened to call the doctor. We trod a trial measure or two and slipped on the ice. So we stopped our nonsense, spring or no spring. It's down to work we go, to the cadence of marching feet, amid the shrill screams of those who are trying hard to govern us and show us the way, in the eerie light of atomic tests. And yet it's spring. It's Holy Week. Easter Day is face to face with a world doing its utmost to mock its sacred significance.

★ ★ ★

The Department of Commerce tells us that this is Read-Your-Mail-More-Carefully Week. Complying, we learn there's consternation in Hartford, Connecticut, because shad, a delicious harbinger of spring, is avoiding the Connecticut River, which once teemed with the creatures. Shad catches, they tell us, have declined almost 80 per cent since 1945. The United States Fish and Wildlife Service has assigned two experts to find out why. They expect to spend the next five years on the job. Yes, five years.

★ ★ ★

Some time ago we must have hinted that we longed for suggestions as to what we personally might do in all this emergency, our rifle-toting days being over. Reading our mail carefully we find a letter from a gentleman in Dam Neck, Virginia, who tells us that "the Navy has a job that ought to fit you to a Tee." It's a new rating, anyway we hadn't heard of it until now—Journalist Second Class. We hate to boast but, with a degree of application, we believe we could make it.

★ ★ ★

A lady in Haddonfield, New Jersey, too impatient to write, telephones us to say she likes Mr. Truman because he reminds her of her husband, of whom, being a bit old-fashioned, she is very fond. Her husband, she says, is a fine family man, a hard worker, a good provider. But she adds, still speaking of her husband of course, "He isn't very handy at fixing things at home, around the house." Then she went on to say that trying to change a fuse, he blew out all the lights in the house and that "we had to get a brand-new lock on the front door after



Metropolitan Life Insurance Company. The company informs Mr. Beale that the life expectancy of the American wage earner is now at a record high—68.2 years. He is not too impressed. "I just want to live long enough to be as much of a nuisance to my children as they have been to me," says Mr. Beale.

★ ★ ★

Naturally we get plenty of what may be listed under the general heading of Information-to-be-Filed-Away-and-Forgotten. We pass this sample on, hopeful that somebody can use it sometime. Never can tell these days. This time it is What to Do When Treed by an Angry Rhinoceros. It's a clipping from that excellent newspaper, the Boston Globe. The author is Earl Banner. Reducing the self-preservation formula to its simplest, you climb a tree and wait until the creature gets close enough. Then you reach out and kick it in the

(Continued on page 74)



Admiral

THE CLEAREST PICTURE IN *Television*

When it comes to *complete* home entertainment, everyone thinks of Admiral. It's a fact! Admiral makes more television combinations than all other brands put together. See this exquisite **NEW** Admiral today and you'll quickly understand why. You'll see the sharpest, brightest, clearest picture in television . . . Admiral's famous triple-play automatic phonograph . . . the super-powered Dynamagic radio. All in an authentic 18th Century cabinet with generous record storage space . . . at a sensational low price confirming again Admiral's claim to the greatest values in television. Available with 17 or 21-inch picture screen.

ON TV: { "Lights Out," NBC, Mon., 9 PM, EST . . .
"Stop the Music," ABC, Thurs., 8 PM, EST.

Prices slightly higher south and west . . . subject to change without notice.

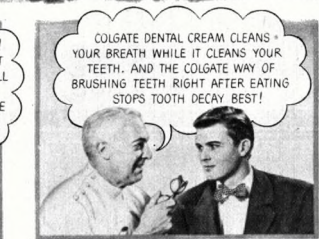


Model 37K35 Walnut

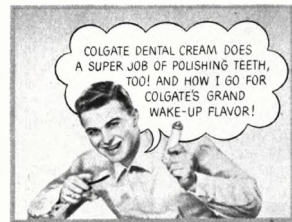
Seventeen inch TV

Excise Tax Included

\$499⁹⁵



COLGATE DENTAL CREAM CLEANS YOUR BREATH WHILE IT CLEANS YOUR TEETH. AND THE COLGATE WAY OF BRUSHING TEETH RIGHT AFTER EATING STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST!



LATER—Thanks to Colgate Dental Cream

READER'S DIGEST* Reported The Same Research Which Proves

That Brushing Teeth Right After Eating with

COLGATE DENTAL CREAM STOPS TOOTH DECAY BEST

MOST THOROUGHLY PROVED AND ACCEPTED HOME METHOD OF ORAL HYGIENE KNOWN TODAY!

Reader's Digest recently reported the very same research which proves that the Colgate way of brushing teeth right after eating stops tooth decay best! The most thoroughly proved and accepted home method of oral hygiene known today!

Yes, and 2 years' research showed that the Colgate way stopped more decay for more people than ever before reported in dentifrice history! No other toothpaste or powder—ammoniated or not—offers such proof—the most conclusive proof ever reported for a dentifrice of any type!



*YOU SHOULD KNOW! Colgate's, while not mentioned by name, was the one and only toothpaste used in the scientific research on tooth decay recently reported in Reader's Digest.



Fish-Support Program

Dear editor:
Off and on for the past few weeks I've been fishin' pretty steadily in the San Gabriel River out here at Circleville, got some thinkin' done, caught a few catfish and perch, lost a lot of bait to turtles, dodged considerable work, and figure I'm about as well off as I'd be if I'd been hittin' my thumb with the hammer fixin' my barn. An empty barn with a leaky roof is tolerable, but one with a weather-tight roof is a whiplash to drive a man to work and some people wouldn't be satisfied until it was full of feed, even if somebody else got all the fish.

But while I was fishin' I got to thinkin'. From time to time, as I've read about it, I been writin' down on my kitchen wall the various enterprises in this country which have a guaranteed price, and up to now I got the followin' list, each one of which is guaranteed by the government to get a minimum price:

Cotton, corn, rice, tooth paste, talcum powder, maize, wheat, tobacco, throat gargle, eggs, chickens, cows, hogs, face powder, sewing machines, all kinds of clothes and other articles which the government allows the manufacturer to price-fix, and a lot of other items down near the floor where it was hard to write and the wall paper was torn anyway, and on top of that labor frequently is guaranteed a minimum wage, the manufacturers are protected by tariffs, congressmen are guaranteed a pension when they lose track of how the wind lays, etc.

In fact, it looks to me like about everything is guaranteed except fishin'.

You take the ordinary fisherman, he can spend a whole afternoon usin' every kind of bait and lure he can lay his hands on, and what guarantee has he got he'll catch anythin'?

Might spend a whole week and have nothing to show for it.

This seems to be a field of endeavor which the government is overlookin', and I'm callin' on you now to use your influence to get Washington interested in it.

It's not right for a man to risk spendin' a whole day sittin' in a boat or leanin' against a tree on a bank fightin' insects and watchin' his cork or tanglin' up his reel which I never use myself and riskin' comin' home with nothin'.

The federal government ought to guarantee a man could catch at least four pounds of fish on any two days out of any week he fishes. Don't know how this could be worked out, but I believe it could be done, with maybe a system of coupons in lieu of fish, as naturally it wouldn't be practical for the government to keep men on every creek bank and fishin' resort standin' by to hand out fish.

Fish won't keep that long, and this program has got to be practical if it's gonna succeed. A coupon good for four pounds worth of fish at the nearest market would be all right, although there ought to be some additional pay to offset the lack of thrill in pullin' in the fish. Imagine though any number of people in Washington could work out a system of compensation-in-lieu-of-a-disappearin'-cork, with naturally more pay if you was after black bass than say a gaspeigou, although I personally ain't got nothin' against any kind of fish. It's the surroundings you have to be in to catch em that appeals to me. Ain't nobody ever been able to fish and plow at the same time yet.

Will appreciate you gettin' to work on this right away. I fished all day yesterday and didn't catch a thing.

Yours faithfully,
H. B. Fox

THE CIRCLEVILLE PHILOSOPHER

New! Basically Different Shoe

(Designed to Fit Your Foot in Action)

ADDS COMFORT-REDUCES FATIGUE

Your Feet Will Feel Fine...Thanks to 24 Years of Foot Research by Famous Eastern Medical School

Maybe your feet don't actually hurt—maybe you feel foot-strain in your back or your neck without knowing where it comes from.

Maybe your shoes *seem* to fit when you sit, yet cause trouble when you stand or walk.

Shoes cause discomfort to 7 out of 10 adults. Now the problem is solved—after 24 years of scientific research in a famous eastern medical school.

These scientists discovered the *source* of much foot trouble: shoes that don't fit the *foot in action* and don't carry your weight correctly.

Then they discovered the *solution*, now embodied in Johnsonian Guide-Step manufactured by Endicott Johnson, one of the world's largest and oldest makers of shoes.

Correct—not "Corrective"

Maybe you've tried shoes that contained arch supports, heel pads, and other "corrective" devices, without relief. Guide-Step Shoes use no such gadgets. They're not "corrective"—they're *correct*. The secret of their comfort—their action-fit—is in their *basic functional design*.



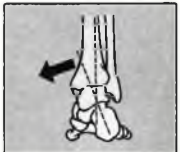
This illustration can't tell you how comfortable Johnsonian Guide-Steps are, but it does show that you don't have to sacrifice style for comfort. The straight tip is Style No. 8540, also available in black. The moccasin is Style No. 8543, and the plain toe Style No. 8542.

This Principle Stops Foot Trouble AT THE SOURCE

The Guide-Step principle has produced an entirely new type of shoe that sacrifices nothing in style or looks and has no built-in "gadgets". These simple diagrams show the source of most foot troubles... where the Johnsonian Guide-Step principle goes to work.



This is a weak table leg. The weight line down the center is not straight—sit on the corner of this table and the leg rolls inward.



This is your foot and leg. The heel bone is rounded— as your weight descends, the foot rolls inward, causing strained aching muscles and fatigue.



Here is a cutaway picture of an ordinary shoe heel. You will notice that the heel seat is nearly flat—not cupped to take the rounded heel of a foot. To keep the weight line straight, a shoe should hold the heel firmly in a supporting grip.



Here is a foot in an ordinary shoe—the shoe does nothing to grip the heel and straighten the weight line. As this foot steps and weight descends on it, the foot rolls inward resulting in muscle strain. This is where the Guide-Step principle takes over.

Relieves Foot Discomfort and Fatigue

The Guide-Step design and construction eliminate a major cause of painful, aching arches, cramped foot bones and strained tendons.

It helps you to walk better, feel better, look better, from your very first step.

We've given you just a hint of the problem in the panel at the left, but you'll want the whole story. It may help you to years of comfort.

The coupon below will bring you an 8-page illustrated booklet about this exhaustive medical research and its results. Send it now and find out how you can insure perfect foot-comfort.

Smartest Shoes on the Square A PRODUCT OF ENDICOTT JOHNSON

GUIDE-STEP
Johnsonian

MAIL COUPON TODAY FOR FREE BOOKLET

Endicott Johnson Corporation
Department C
Endicott, New York

Please send me the free, illustrated booklet on Johnsonian Guide-Step, plus the name of my nearest shoe store or shoe department.

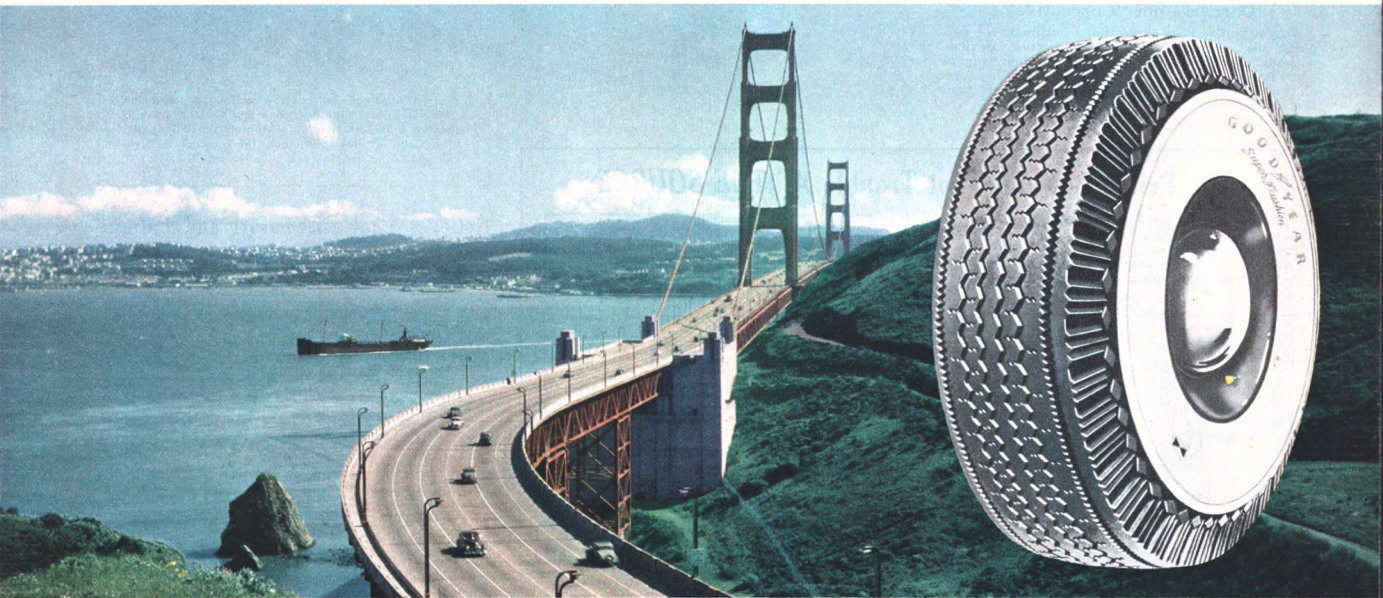
Name: _____
Address: _____
City: _____ Zone _____ State _____

To get there... **MORE PEOPLE RIDE ON GOODYEAR TIRES** **THAN ON ANY OTHER KIND!**



Traveling to Niagara Falls (left), the Arizona Desert (right), Golden Gate (below)—or to any other spot in our dramatically beautiful country—more cars roll on Goodyear tires than on any other kind. *And it's to your advantage to know why.* It's because car makers, who really know tires, put more Goodyear Super-Cushions on the new cars than any other tire. It's also because

motorists, in their own day-after-day driving experience, find that the Super-Cushion leads in all-around performance—and they buy more Goodyear Super-Cushions than any other low-pressure tire. Doesn't it stand to reason that the tire that gives the most people the greatest satisfaction—in safety, soft ride and mileage—is the best tire for *you* to buy?



Super-Cushion by **GOODYEAR**



Rochester (r.), the comedian's valet and general handy man, is a fixture on Benny's television programs, as he is on the radio

From Vaudeo to Video via Radio

Two TV shows made the world's least-appreciated violinist feel like a television veteran. It's tough work, but he likes it. "After all," he says, "you can't quit when you're 39"

By JACK BENNY

BEFORE my recent television debut, a lot of my colleagues thought I was afraid of TV. They kept saying: "Jack, you're a coward. You're afraid to face those cameras." But I must say they were good sports about admitting they were wrong. After my first show, they all came up to me and said, "Jack, you had a lot of nerve."

Anyway, it's a good feeling to know that the debut phase is finally behind me. For the purposes of writing this article, however, I find that the present stage of my television career puts me in a rather awkward position. I have now completed two TV shows. This is one too many to knock television and one too few to knock radio. I say it's awkward because so long as I'm writing an article, I feel I'm expected to knock something.

Like every other performer who still hadn't made the plunge, I used to spend long hours studying television, analyzing it and theorizing about it from every angle. It was all a waste of time. Actually, doing a couple of shows on TV taught me more about the new medium than I could have learned in 10 more years of watching it through all those store windows.

I learned, first of all, that if you're going to do a television show you should keep it to yourself. The minute your plans are known, all your friends generously dedicate themselves to giving you the benefit of their experience.

I made the mistake of announcing my entrance into television several weeks ahead of time. They were all ready for me. When I arrived in New

York to start rehearsals, who should be at Grand Central to meet me but Eddie Cantor. Being my friend and having already absorbed the vast experience of two appearances before the video cameras, he felt it was his moral obligation to be the first to explain to me the facts of life in television. All the way through the station, he kept jumping up and down, telling me what to do and what to avoid.

When we got to the cab, Milton Berle was sitting there waiting for us. He said he'd left his rehearsal just to come down and give me some technical advice. And then, in a few thousand well-chosen words, he briefed me on the art of how to close your eyes when getting hit in the face with a pie.

Unfortunately, as Miltie was tapering off, the

Will people tire of television comedy? Benny doesn't think so. "Any comedian who merits an audience will have one. And I'm anxious to accept the challenge"

cab had to stop for a red light on Forty-fifth Street. It was just long enough for Jimmy Durante to jump in with the warning that, "When you is in television, youse is gotta speak distinctly."

By this time the taxi was so crowded I could hardly read the meter. Fortunately, the three of them were so busy expounding their theories that I was able to slip out unnoticed at Forty-ninth and Broadway.

But that was only the beginning of a siege of helpful advice that didn't let up until the curtain rose on my show. The only ones who didn't have suggestions for my first television program were my writers.

Another thing I discovered about television is that there are far too many distractions for the studio audience. On radio comedy shows, we learned a long time ago that the laughter of the studio audience has a direct effect on the home listeners' appreciation of the program. Consequently, everything humanly possible is done to direct the attention of those in the audience to the person who is delivering the lines.

Why Cameramen Should Be Small

On a TV comedy program, the reaction of the studio audience is equally important to its success. But with television, there is not only the frequent distraction of stagehands moving and sometimes dropping props as they get ready for the next scene, but the sets are so constructed that those in the studio inevitably miss half of what is going on. What little they might otherwise see is often obscured by the three cameramen, usually hefty, whose bulk hovers between the studio audience and the performers on stage. Fortunately, I had been warned about this condition, and when the time came for me to select a cameraman for my show, my first question was not "How good is he?" but "How much does he weigh?"

The things I have just mentioned are a few of the discouraging aspects of the present television scene. But, on the whole, I was amazed at the phenomenal progress that this infant industry has already made.

I found that the technicians not only have a high degree of competence, but that they face the problems which arc constantly cropping up with speed, skill and imagination. Some of the sets that I saw constructed in a few hours would do credit to a \$3,000,000 movie production. The directors, despite a lack of time, space and facilities, are staging scenes day after day that it would take Hollywood weeks to duplicate.

And the cameramen do more than get in the way of the studio audience. On a live television show, there is no such thing as a retake. It has to be right the first time. And yet, with a very few hours of rehearsal for their benefit, these cameramen somehow manage to shoot even hour-long dramatic shows without noticeable mistakes. If it is true that TV has borrowed from the techniques of movie making, it is also true that the movie industry would do well, even at this early stage, to adapt many of the streamlined methods of television.

Last summer, after 58 weeks of putting the Goldbergs on TV, Gertrude Berg took her production crew to Hollywood to make a feature-length film version of her show. I understand that in the time it took the studio executives to complete their speech welcoming her to Hollywood, she had finished the picture and was back in New York.

It was hard at first for a radio performer like myself to realize the extent to which the entire East, and New York City in particular, has gone for television. In New York these days, a radio has two uses: as a means to advertise TV sets, and as a stand to place your beer on while you're watching television. The only thing the people in New York know is TV. It was a little discouraging. The day after my video show, I was walking down Broadway and I heard a woman say to her friend, "There's Jack Benny, that new comic I just saw on television."

But whether it's for better or for worse, in New York nothing can compete with television. On "good" TV nights, attendance at dance halls, night clubs, sporting events, lectures and every other type of public gathering falls way off. They tell me that the Saturday night of my first TV show, I practically emptied the movie theaters, a feat that hasn't been accomplished since I made *The Horn Blows at Midnight*.

A lot of people are comparing today's television with the early days of radio. I can't see any basis for such a comparison. Nineteen years ago I performed my first radio broadcast. It was done in a small room with no studio audience. The whole proposition was a hit-and-miss affair; twice during the program the transmission broke down. For my efforts, I was paid \$350.

By contrast, when I did my first TV show, I had a major network behind me. I was given a large studio, a big cast, a full 32-piece orchestra, and I was paid \$10,000. In fact, the only similarity between the two experiences was the amount of money the government let me keep. Those who saw my TV show may remember a distinguished-looking man vigorously applauding in the first row. That was Secretary of the Treasury John Snyder.

Incidentally, there were a number of distinguished figures in that first row. The fellow doubled over in fits of laughter was a professional "yakker" we had hired, named Ed Sullivan. The man sleeping in the seat next to him was William Paley, chairman of the board of CBS. And the gentleman way over at the end, leaning against the "No Smoking" sign, was Paul Hahn, president of the American Tobacco Company.

I mention the latter two because it was they who were responsible for my going on television.

For several years, at various intervals, the three of us had scouted the idea. It was always the same. We were all agreed that it would be good for me to have a TV show, and that sooner or later I would want to make the plunge. But it had always seemed to me that to go on television, with all its problems, while continuing to do my radio show, might be biting off more than I could chew.

Despite my doubts, Mr. Hahn and Mr. Paley both felt that something could and should be worked out. And last spring, Mr. Hahn assigned his top assistant, Gordon Smith-Heusen, to devote all his time to this project of getting me on television. Mr. Paley did likewise with Mason Higbe, CBS vice-president in charge of Television Exploitation, Studio Facilities and Comfort-Room Maintenance.

(The characters Gordon Smith-Heusen and Mason Higbe are fictitious. Actually, they are composites of several people named Higbe Gordon, Gordon Smith, Smith Heusen and Heusen Mason.)

A Long-Distance Call on Washday

Then, about four months ago, it happened. I was in my home in Beverly Hills at the time. It was on a Monday morning. I remember it distinctly because the washing machine had broken down and I was doing it all by hand.

Suddenly, in the midst of everything, the phone rang. It was Gordon Smith-Heusen calling from New York.

"Jack," he began, in a voice filled with excitement, "I just met with Mason Higbe and we decided that you're going to do a television show from New York in three weeks."

"Three weeks!" I gulped. "Does it have to be in three weeks?"

"That's right," he said. "I'll need that long to line up the commercials."

"But, Gordon—I mean, Mr. Smith-Heusen," I said. "It isn't just the commercials. I've got a lot of problems. What kind of a show do I do? How long should it run? Who do I have on it? How am I supposed to do my radio show in California and a television show in New York? When do I—"

"Pardon me, Jack," he interrupted, "but while

you were talking I thought of a cute jingle for a commercial. Now what was that you were saying?"

I told him that I was trying to explain some of the problems I'd have if I were to go on TV so soon.

"I've got an idea," he said. "Why don't you hop a plane and be in New York at nine o'clock tomorrow morning? We'll meet in Higbe's office and thrash out all your problems one by one."

I don't know how I did it, but somehow I managed to catch the next plane out of Los Angeles. And at exactly nine o'clock the following morning I dashed breathlessly into Mr. Higbe's office. Two hours later they arrived for the meeting. I guess they couldn't help being late. They had to come all the way from Long Island.

There Were Plenty of Attorneys

It was just an informal gathering, typical of all our dealings together. Mr. Higbe came in with his secretary and six attorneys. Mr. Smith-Heusen was flanked by four attorneys and two vice-presidents, B. H. and G. L. (That's Be Happy and Go Lucky.) I had no one. My agent was in Alcatraz at the time.

Mr. Smith-Heusen opened the proceedings by stating that we were all there to discuss the many problems involved in putting Jack Benny on television three weeks hence. Then he began a masterful discourse on how long the commercial should run. Mr. Higbe broke in with the observation that while the commercials were a problem, we should take first things first. With this thought in mind, he brought up the question of how many ushers CBS could spare for the show.

After a half hour of tense discussion on this vital matter, I felt that it was time I raised some of my problems, so I coughed deliberately. Mr. Smith-Heusen threw me a lozenge and continued talking to Mr. Higbe. This annoyed me. I had important problems to bring up and I was determined to be heard. I raised my hand. Before I could say a word, one of Mr. Higbe's attorneys threatened to sue me.

Three hours later they had not only solved the usher problem, but had established how many puffs Snooky Lanson should take on his cigarette during the commercial and had even reached a tentative agreement on how big the letters CBS would appear on the curtain.

They were already getting up to leave, and I had yet to get a word in. It was now or never. As I helped them on with their coats, I said, "Gentlemen, I came all the way from Los Angeles to—"

Just then Mr. Higbe shouted, "There's the elevator! We'll have to run for it!"

"But, gentlemen," I said, scampering alongside, "what about my problems? I've got to fly back to California tonight."

Mr. Smith-Heusen said he was glad I had mentioned that because he'd almost forgotten. "So long as you're flying back to California tonight," he said, handing me a sheaf of papers, "you can save us a teletype by taking next Sunday's radio commercial back with you." With that he stepped into the elevator. As I watched them go I suddenly realized that these two men had something that ordinary men lacked, and I was so happy they had it instead of me.

When I got back to California, the only thing I was fairly certain of was that I had no intention of attempting a variety show. It's not that there aren't some very successful and entertaining shows of this type on television. But I just didn't think I'd be happy coming out on the stage, telling a few jokes, and then introducing the Tallahassee Tumblers or asking the audience to give a warm welcome to Ezra and Abner, the only triple-tongue yodeling brothers in America.

The more I thought about it, the more I was convinced that on television I should try to approximate my radio show as closely as possible. By this, I mean use the same cast, retain the same characterizations and develop situations similar to what I do on the radio.

For some established radio shows, transplanting themselves to television (Continued on page 79)



Benny found that having Faye Emerson as his guest was "even more pleasant than I had anticipated," even though their romantic love scene collapsed. "She knows exactly what to do in front of the cameras... how to walk... how to stand... what not to wear." Left, Waukegon's famous son and his most prized, least used possession. He says TV audience walked out on solo, "women and children first"

The Long-Range Viewpoint

All Dave wanted was to settle down with his little wife and make a happy home or two

By WILLARD H. TEMPLE

WHEN Linda first knew Dave she was conscious of a feeling of being rushed. Whenever he saw her he had just got off a train, or he was going to have to leave early, he had a plane to catch. He had just returned from Boston, or he was leaving for Florida, could she drop him at the airport?

He was a sales engineer involved in heavy construction, and his territory was the Atlantic seaboard. Linda felt that if he ever stood still long enough for her to get a good look at him she might be quite impressed. She was still feeling that way when she walked down the aisle of the church and saw him waiting at the altar for her, a frozen smile on his face which had turned to a pale shade of green. Something didn't look right about him, she thought, and as she walked toward him, she realized what it was. He didn't look natural without a brief case in his hand.

He had left it in the vestry, as it turned out. They had a small reception there and then left for Newark airport. Dave had his arm around her in the cab and the brief case was on his lap. Linda thought it was like all the other times; she was sure that at the airport he was going to kiss her good-by, shout that he would phone her, and then rush off toward his plane.

"What's in the brief case?" she said. She blushed—maybe it was an indelicate question.

"Just some stuff," Dave said. He had recovered his color by then. "Long as we're flying South for our honeymoon, I brought it along. Customer I want to see in Florida. Building a sewage-disposal plant."

Linda had an urge to yank open the cab door, jump out onto the highway and thumb a ride back home. She repressed the impulse; her mother and father would be too embarrassed.

As it turned out it would have been a regrettable impulse. The honeymoon was all it should be and Dave forgot about the customer until Linda reminded him. The bride and groom returned North and rented a couple of dreary rooms in a suburban town. Dave said he was on the road so much there was no hurry for them to find a permanent place to live.

Linda knew then why he had the entire Eastern seaboard as his territory. Dave was a man of vision and imagination, and it would have been hard to confine him to, say, a small state like New Jersey. She hated the ugly little rooms they lived in, especially when Dave was away. He probably had a mansion in the back of his mind, she thought. Linda was more realistic and finally she was unfaithful to Dave to the extent of riding around furtively with various real-estate agents. . . .

Dave blew in from Boston and he was going to be home for all of ten days, reporting to the home office in Newark. She took him riding the next day, pausing eight blocks later before a small and shabby house wedged in between a number of Victorian mansions that all looked haunted.

"It's for sale, cheap," Linda said. "I know it's run-down but we could fix it up ourselves. There's a sweet little garden out back. If you want to walk around the yard I can get the key from the agent. Be back in five minutes."

Dave didn't get out of the car. "Wouldn't touch it," he said. "Look at the neighborhood." He seemed angry. "Honey," he said, "what kind of a guy do you think I am? Do you think I'd let you live in a place like this?"

"We're not exactly at the Waldorf now," Linda pointed out. "We'd have a place of our own—"

Dave was staring down the block at the school. "Look at the crummy-looking school. What a place to send kids."

"We don't have any children," Linda said.

"Probably will someday. Baby, you have to take the long-range viewpoint. This whole neighborhood will be torn down in ten years; probably put a bunch of garages in here. People be banging at your front door wanting to know if you fix flats. It's out."

She didn't really mean to, and actually Linda didn't feel that unhappy about it. But she couldn't help herself; a lone tear rolled down one cheek. Dave stared at her, astounded.

He took her back to their two dismal rooms and for the first time he seemed to see them for what they were.

"I should have realized," he said. "When I'm here you're here and the place looks swell to me. You sit around here alone. What a hole! I ought to be shot."

"I like it," Linda protested, and right then she really did. Right then a cave would have been fine.

"We're getting out," Dave declared. "I have an idea. Been kicking it around quite a while now but didn't want to say anything to you until it jelled. Didn't want you to be disappointed if it fell through. You ever hear of Lake Tennyson?"

Linda smiled brightly at him. "I think so. In England, isn't it?"

"It's in New Jersey," Dave said. "Up in the hills. Wonderful country. Come on."

AN HOUR and a half later they were there. The lake nestled at the foot of a circle of hills. There was a cluster of stores on the road leading down to the lake and in the distance Linda could see cottage roofs poking through the green of the background.

"Very high-class summer resort and they have quite a year-round colony as well," Dave said.

Linda held her breath as they collected a real-estate agent, followed her shore road a half mile around the lake, then turned sharply right and parked before a white cottage looking down over the water. Linda turned first to look at the view and the flower borders, then went in to inspect the house. Dave and the agent started down cellar with a flashlight.

"Thing is," he said, "I'm not a (Continued on page 62)

"You know," Dave said, "if we took the good stuff in this house along with the good stuff in the Florida house, we would have a nice house"



Don't Count on

A grim air of despair and apathy hangs over the people of the Western

By WILLIAM ATTWOOD



Peter Berhausen (r.) favors stand against the Reds but won't fight. Christian Iven is a pacifist

Rudi Josten (l.) and Ferdinand Elfgang insist Germans would be sacrificed first in any war



Remagen, Germany

HERR WILHELM ROTHE, grizzled proprietor of the Central Hotel, backed through the door of the smoky *Weinstube* with another trayload of beer steins, set them down on our table and looked meaningfully at the clock.

It was past midnight and we were the last customers in the place—14 young Germans and myself. For two hours we'd been discussing a subject that affects every one of them personally: German rearmament.

My neighbor, a twenty-year-old student named Paul Krahfurst, leaned back and laced his hands behind his head. "So far as I can make out," he said, "the problem is really quite simple. We just don't want war. If you Americans have to fight the Russians, go ahead, but *ohne uns*. Don't count on us."

I glanced around the table—at Rudi, the ex-officer with five years' service on the Russian front; at Karl, whose parents were killed in an Allied air raid; at Georg, who was a child of fifteen when Hitler put him in uniform to man Germany's crumbling defenses.

These three, and the others too, were nodding at Paul's words and looking at me, some blandly, some defiantly, some with faint mockery.

"Isn't it true," said Karl, "that you need German soldiers to cover your retreat to the Atlantic? What proof have we that you intend to defend our country?"

I cited last fall's declaration of the Big Three Foreign Ministers that any attack on Free Germany would be considered as aggression against the whole Western World, and I reminded them of General Eisenhower's statement while in Germany this winter: "For my part, bygones are bygones. . . . As one gang we will build the strength necessary to protect ourselves."

"You ask us to believe Eisenhower!" Karl almost shouted, his face suddenly red. He yanked a piece of crumpled paper from his pocket and shoved it across the table. It was an American surrender leaflet of 1945, signed by General Eisenhower, that promised German soldiers good treatment if they gave up. "Lies!" said Karl. "I have friends who died of starvation in your camps. You want me to trust your Eisenhower?"

"Moment!" Rudi spoke sharply; the other fell silent. "Now wait a minute, Karl. Those charges can't be proved. They're beside the point anyway. We must give some kind of answer to our American friend. At least he's taken the trouble to consult us, which is more than the big shots have done. Now, does anyone have anything positive to suggest?"

"Who wants to be a rear guard for the *Amis*?" Karl said sullenly.

"If the Russians come and find me in uniform, it's a firing squad or Siberia," said Willy, a farm hand. "My brother's there already. Who'll support my parents?"

"The American here says a big Western army will secure peace," Karl went on, turning to the others. "Where have we heard that before?" The others laughed.

I finished my beer, glanced at my watch and stood up. We shook hands all around, cordially, and they thanked me for the beers. I settled the bill, then put on my coat to go out for a breath of fresh air. Rudi was waiting in the vestibule.

"I hope you don't feel too discouraged," he said as we went into the frosty night. "At least we all

spoke frankly. And can you really blame us? After 10 years of war and the consequences of being beaten?"

A moment later, on a bluff overlooking the broad, swirling Rhine, we gazed down at the broken stanchions of Remagen's bridge—the bridge the *W.ehrmacht* didn't blow up in time and across which our armies poured into the heart of Hitler's Reich just six years ago.

"It's funny," said Rudi. "If we'd destroyed that bridge you might have been held up at the Rhine for weeks, long enough for the Russians to take the rest of Germany. Then there wouldn't have been any German rearmament problem for the West."

We walked back through the town. The narrow streets were empty at this hour. Silhouetted against the starry sky were skeletons of ruined buildings, ghostly in the moonlight. Here and there we passed heaps of rubble, or a bomb crater, reminders that to the Germans war never seems so far away.

But we also passed bright new buildings and spick-and-span, freshly painted store fronts, their darkened windows filled this winter with an assortment of goods. Here were the fruits of peace, the first most Germans have tasted in a decade.

Seeking Draft-Age Men's Opinions

This was Remagen, population 6,097, as typical a small town as you'll find in West Germany today. I'd come two days before to find out how its draft-age young men felt about the problem stumping Allied diplomats, the problem of getting the Germans to participate in the defense of the free world.

The seminar in Rothe's *Weinstube* was just part of my survey. I'd started out by calling on Remagen's burgomaster, an affable, vigorous man named Hans Kemming, who had held office under Hitler, gone through "denazification" proceedings, and was now back in his former job.

Remagen, he told me, after we'd exchanged cigarettes, was having its troubles. One out of every five houses in town had been totally destroyed or badly damaged during the war; the tourist trade, once a major industry here, hadn't come back, and the town's four furniture factories didn't provide enough jobs even for Remagen's depleted male population. "Ach, but we're no worse off than most German towns," he added.

I told him the purpose of my visit. He nodded and consulted the ledger. "We have 926 young men in the town between the ages of 17 and 30. You'll find many cynical, perhaps defeatist. But do not be too concerned with what they tell you." He paused. "If the Allies will give full authority to the Germans who know how to run Germany—the ex-Hitlerite slapped the desk hard—"then we'll make our young men march!"

My next stop was at Remagen's biggest factory, the Pomp Moebelfabrik. *Herr Direktor* Paul Pomp, stern and stout and crippled in both legs by war wounds, told me I could interview as many of his 120 workers as I wished. "If you want my own opinion, as an officer who fought in both wars," he added, "I would never serve again so long as German officers are being held in jail as war criminals. And I saw how rottenly the Americans behaved who took Remagen." His mouth tightened, then relaxed. "*Mensch*, but I've had a bellyful of wars! Talk to my men—you'll see they feel the same way."

Pomp was right. In his (Continued on page 75)

GERMANY to Fight

zone. "We've all had enough," they say. "Let those who want to wage war do the fighting . . ."



Hotel owner Wilhelm Rothe and group of army-age men. Youths told writer the West wants Germans to serve as cannon fodder against Russians

Furniture manufacturer Paul Pomp, officer in two world wars, says: "I would never serve again so long as German officers are held in jail"



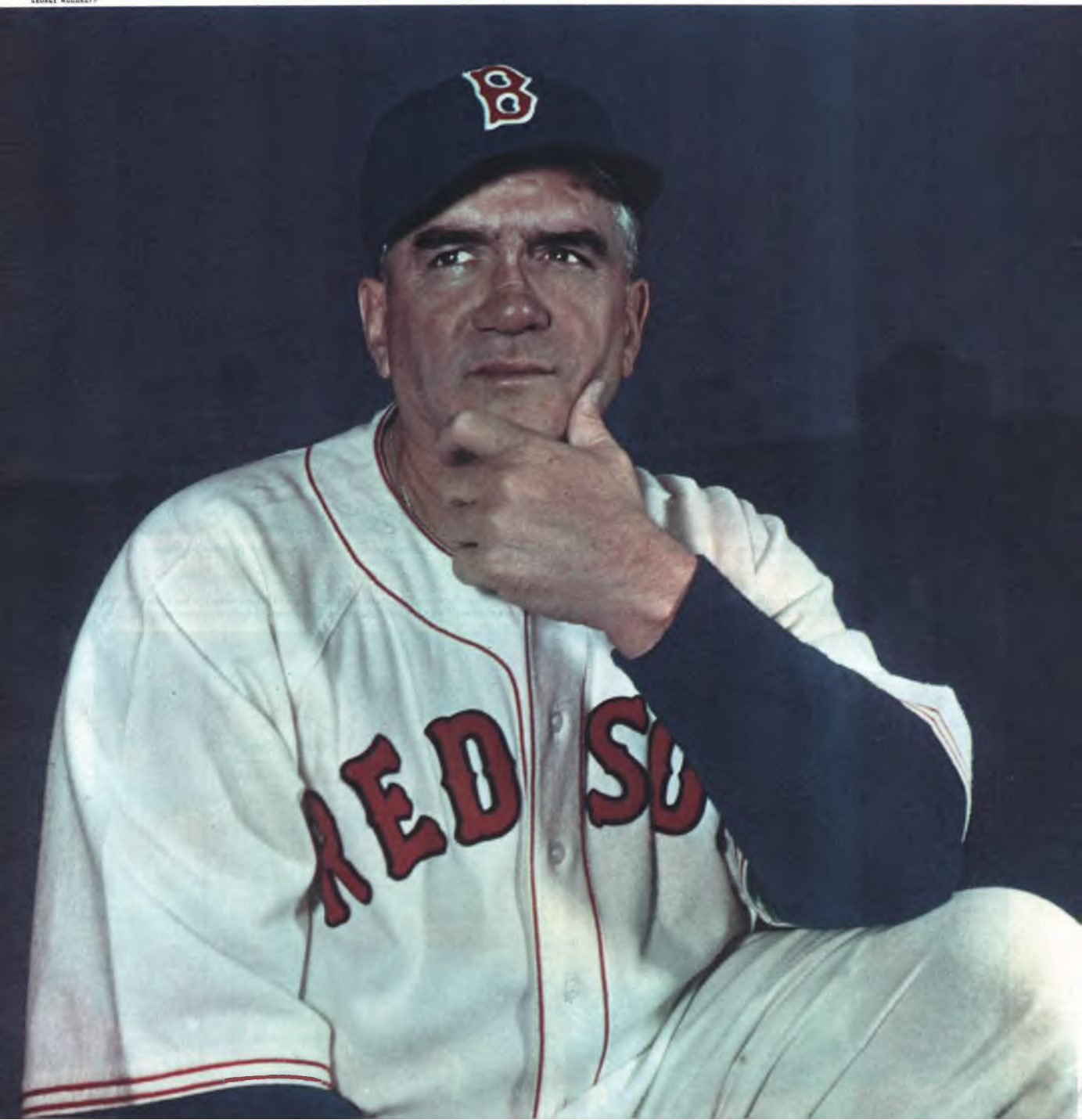
Mayor Hans Kemming, ex-Hitlerite, says if "Germans who know how to run Germany" were given control, they would force young men to serve



BASEBALL'S HOTTEST

It's never a tea party for the incumbent manager of the Boston

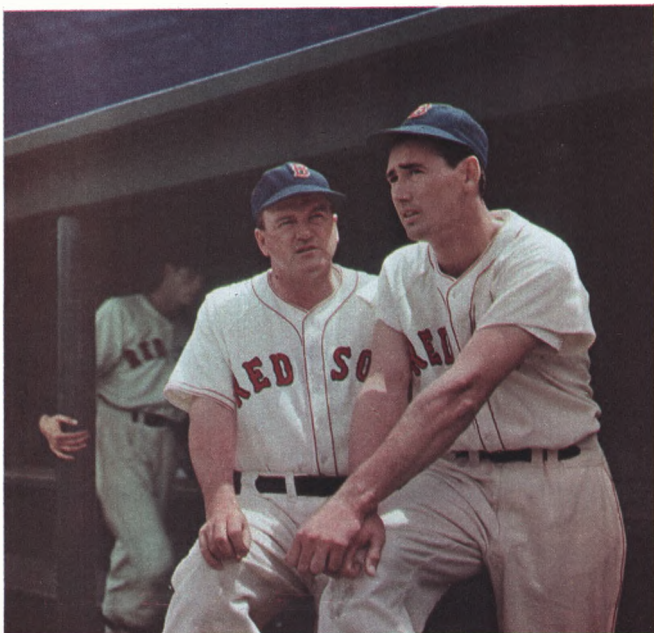
GEORGE HODGSON



SEAT

By TOM MEANY

Red Sox. The trouble lies with scoop-happy sports writers and second-guessing fans



DAVE PERLIN
Steve O'Neill, latest Boston pilot (left), stepped into the hot spot Joe McCarthy (bottom) vacated last season. Above: Ted Williams talks with Joe Cronin, Mac's predecessor, who escaped by becoming general manager



ACME

STEPHEN FRANCIS O'NEILL is a very large and jovial Irishman who never hollered "copper" or called for help in his baseball career, which runs through more than four decades. But then Steve never before managed the rich Boston Red Sox. He is currently expected to win the American League pennant—that's all. And, after winning the pennant, he is expected to win the World Series as well, although Red Sox fans tolerantly allow as how they'll settle for the pennant first.

Stout Steve picked up the pieces when Joe McCarthy turned in his pilot's license last June and then got by the remainder of the season peacefully enough, principally because the Red Sox adherents were too busy debating whether (a) the Red Sox had martyred Joe or (b) Joe had sabotaged the Red Sox. Now, as the snows of another winter melt from Fenway Park, and Marse Joe remains in monastic seclusion on his farm in upstate New York, O'Neill must prepare to receive the undivided attention of the hundreds of thousands of assistant managers who make the business of the Red Sox their business.

This winter, when Lou Boudreau was released by Cleveland and signed by the Sox, O'Neill heard the first hints that now there was nothing—absolutely nothing—standing between him and the 1951 American League pennant. There was also the intimation that should O'Neill falter on the pennant path, Boudreau would be a right handy chap to assume the burden. Lou's qualifications as a manager at Cleveland were listed and it was recalled in many quarters that O'Neill for a spell had been Boudreau's assistant with the Indians.

Thus, O'Neill was hardly warm in the managerial chair at Fenway Park when it had generated enough heat to let him know he had the hottest seat in baseball. Ted Williams, baseball's greatest hitter and most baffling personality, stepped off a plane at Miami en route to some winter fishing, and told a wire-service reporter he didn't intend to play in as many exhibition games as he had last spring and that he was going to handle his own conditioning program. To those who know Ted, this meant exactly nothing; but to Red Sox fandom it was a full-fledged revolt against O'Neill's authority and that of General Manager Joe Cronin as well.

It is no tea party in Boston to be the Red Sox manager. Joe McCarthy found that out, as did Cronin before him. One Joe fled to the isolation of his country home, the other to the comparative sanctuary of the general manager's office where, though an occasional target for snipers, he is shielded from full-dress artillery barrages.

The popular conception is that the Boston press is responsible for making it tough on Red Sox managers. This is only partly true—not nearly true enough to support the quip of a scribe visiting Fenway Park last summer, who called the Red Sox writers "Boston's modern minutemen—because they fire the manager every minute."

After playing 154 games in 1948, the Red Sox finished in a tie with Cleveland for first place, the first such tie in American League history. In the play-off game, Boudreau's bat belted the Red Sox out of competition. After playing 153 games in 1949, the Red Sox were tied with the Yankees for first place, and on the final day the Yanks, after Vic Raschi had protected a 1 to 0 lead through eight innings, went on to win the game and the pennant by a score of 5 to 3.

The second of these unhappy endings prompted the Boston Globe to observe that it was a mystery "how the Red Sox lost the pennant two years in a row on the last day of the season with the best team in baseball." The mystification of the Globe is really the key to all of the Red Sox problems, including their generally poor press, because it starts with the false premise that the Red Sox did have "the best team in baseball" those two years.

Most of the writers who travel with the Red Sox are sincerely convinced that the Red Sox have been a super team and certainly all of the fans are. The fans may be pardoned for their assumption, since they rarely see Tom Yawkey's club lose at home. In 1949, the Red Sox won 61 games and lost 16 at home; but on the road won only 35, while losing 42. In 1948, the figures weren't quite so disproportionate but were still out of line: 55-23 at home, 41-36 on the road—the poorest road record of any first-division club in the American League that season.

The overwhelming strength of the Red Sox at home and their balancing ineffectiveness on the road is part of what military tacticians term a "calculated risk." The Red Sox have been built with a loving eye on Fenway's inviting left-field fence, which is sound strategy since the Sox play 77 games on their home grounds. And it must be remembered that the 77 games played away from home are played in seven different ball parks, 11 to the park. So, although the schedule compels the Sox to play as many games away from home as at Fenway, the Sox actually play seven times as many games at home as they do in each of the other American League parks.

What the Red Sox need—and haven't been able to find since 1946 when Tex Hughson, Boo Ferriss and Mickey Harris all had uniformly good seasons—is a pitcher who can win low-score (Continued on page 36)



COLD DAY, COLD FEAR

THEY lay side by side in the ditch. There were a few inches of water in the ditch. A thin layer of ice formed on the water and was pulled away by the soft current.

Eli could see his hand under the water; the blue skin was wrinkled, the thumbnail was dead-white; the veins stood out massive and purple. He tried to close his hand and nothing happened. He squeezed again hard and in the shimmering water he thought his fingers wavered and started to close, but then he had no more strength.

My God, Eli thought, the inside of my head feels like my hand looks, but that's just because I'm scared. Fear is just like the cold, just exactly.

He looked up and saw Kee's head close to his. There were only the two of them in the ditch. Two out of thirty. He wished suddenly he could cry. He was only eighteen; that was young enough to cry. Instead he told himself to move before he froze.

With a delicate and quiet motion he heaved himself up. He curved his body into a bow of cold muscle and carefully brought his right eye to the edge of the ditch. Next to the ditch was a small

hummock, perhaps six feet high. Nothing moved, and Eli could see no one, so he crawled up the hummock. Again, and more carefully, he brought his eye to the edge of the hummock and looked over it. They were still there. Twenty-five yards away in a grove of young trees were four trucks and fifteen Communist soldiers. They had bent the young trees down and woven them into an expert camouflage. Even from that close Eli could barely make out the soldiers sitting on the running boards of the trucks and smoking.

As Eli watched, a two-wheeled wagon drawn by a pony came down the narrow road. It was loaded with howitzer shells cradled in hay. Following it was a Russian M-4 tank. The tank looked incredibly huge and dangerous. Eli felt the hair rise on his neck. The tank's gun was pointed down and it nosed along like some deadly prehistoric beast prowling a ruined landscape.

Two miles away was the main highway along which the Communists were advancing. That road was solid with vehicles and troops. Every few minutes an American jet plane would come skimming

into the valley at Eli's right, make a swooping climb, and then start a run along the highway. The vehicles would stop, the men would scatter. The plane would launch its rockets, and a few trucks would begin to burn. Most of the Communists would come back to the trucks, leaving a few tiny sprawled figures on the snow. The uninjured trucks would push the burning trucks aside. Like a vast brown indestructible worm, the column would start again down the highway.

High above the highway a slow-flying L-17 liaison plane was circling. This was the plane which directed the fire of the attacking jets. It flew in slow circles. Eli wished with a terrible intensity that he could signal the plane, ask it for help. He felt the tears of self-pity start into his eyes. I'm too young, he thought, too young to die in this damn' gook country.

It began to get dark slowly, the blackness gathering in the mouths of the valley and then sliding gradually out into the plain. Eli pushed a bit higher, started to swing his eyes to the left, and then stopped.



Maybe they were too young to be soldiers, but they had been made into soldiers, and, like all soldiers, they could be lost and cold, and afraid to die ●

By EUGENE BURDICK

Go ahead, he told himself. It's darker now. It won't be bad.

He could see them plainly. They were piled around the foot of the hummock. They looked like carelessly piled logs. Except that some of the logs ended in fingers, or clenched fists, or a GI boot. The piled bodies were motionless, turning stiff with the cold and four hours of death.

Eli heard a stirring in the ditch. He looked down and saw that Kee was grinning up at him. Kee always grinned, so it didn't mean anything. It was like a nervous twitch; Kee just could not get the soft, mechanical smile off of his face.

"Come down, U.S. private," Kee said.

Eli slid back into the ditch. Eight weeks ago, when Kee had been one of the South Koreans incorporated into Eli's company, he could not speak a word of English, and even now there were only a few words he knew. For some reason he had attached himself to Eli, and, although Eli had resented it at first, in a few days he had grown to like Kee and then to become dependent upon him. Kee was Korean and he knew how to live in Korea,

even a Korea that was at war. He could look at a hill and tell if troops had passed over that day; he could cook rice with wood that made no smoke; he could dry hay, arrange it in layers inside a jacket, very carefully, and the jacket would keep you warm on a freezing night.

Once he had shown Eli how to load a rifle in a field which had only an eighteen-inch fringe of rice seedlings for cover. You rolled over on your back and laid the gun flat on your belly; without looking down, you ejected the old clip, put in a new one, rolled over on your belly again, and were ready to go. Little thing, but there were seven dead Americans in the field who had tried to reload by hunching up on their knees and jamming the clip in. Kee didn't learn these things, he just knew them. He made the small decisions, then the larger ones, and finally Eli felt restless when Kee was not around.

"Wait, Eli," Kee whispered. "Very hard, but we wait. Wait long time, maybe."

Eli felt his body relax quietly back into the icy water, felt it push into the soft layer of mud. He began to think of the past days, and the fear he had

felt for the last four hours began to soften somewhat.

He recalled events from the past year. The memories came like bubbles rising to the surface of his mind. Each memory held for just a few seconds and then faded away.

There was a day in Santa Barbara. It was just before he came overseas. All the family was sitting in the back yard. At the end of the lawn, oranges hung from waxy green trees. His father came out of the house and gave him a can of beer.

"Well, here's to the soldier," he said in an embarrassed voice.

It was the first drink his father and he had ever shared. After the beer they had potato salad, sliced ham, salad eggs, a freezer of ice cream. The bubble of memory burst, and another came up from the black depths of his mind.

It was the unloading at Pusan. They stood at the rail of the ship, looking at the dirty town, the hordes of men, the mountains of equipment. A sergeant yelled at them, desperate with haste and fatigue.

"All right, gentlemen, (Continued on page 66)

ALL ABOUT JOE

By FRANK S. NUGENT

When a writer-director gets raves from both critics and audiences he's a real Hollywood rarity. Joseph Mankiewicz does it all the time, using this formula: Nothing's too adult for the movies

THERE'S a Mr. Manley to see you. Says he's your cousin." Hollywood's Joseph L. Mankiewicz shrugged resignedly and reached for his checkbook as his secretary ushered in the visitor. The stranger spoke volubly in a clabber-thick Middle European accent, tracing distant family connections in Germany and Poland and concluding, as Joe had foreseen, with a request for a little loan—say \$200? Joe started to write the check. "Tell me," he asked. "Why did you change your name to Manley?"

The visitor spread his hands expressively. "You know how it is," he said apologetically. "How can anyone get ahead in America with a name like Mankiewicz?"

So Joe signed the check.

For a man with a name like Mankiewicz, Joe has done all right. Writer and director of *All About Eve*, which already has won the New York

Film Critics' scroll as last year's best picture, he is an odds-on favorite to pick up at least one and maybe two Oscars at this year's Academy Awards party. He left the Academy affair last year with a golden Oscar in each fist—one for writing, the second for directing *A Letter to Three Wives*.

Other writer-directors have copped two awards at a time: Leo McCarey for *Going My Way* in 1944, Billy Wilder for *The Lost Weekend* in 1945, John Huston for *The Treasure of the Sierra Madre* in 1948. No one has won twin Oscars twice in a row; no one has ever stood as good a chance of it as Mr. Manley's cousin.

Joe came to Hollywood 22 years ago as a \$60-a-week junior writer; his last five-year contract was at the rate of \$4,000 weekly. As prophet for his Columbia College Class of 1928, he predicted he would wind up as a bum on a park bench; this year he went back to Columbia to receive an award from

his classmates for distinguished contribution in the field of literature. As an undergraduate he was girlish; today a bevy of Hollywood glamor girls, including all his leading ladies, unite in calling the chubby-faced, forty-two-year-old director "the most charming man" they've ever known. (Joe's quoted reply that most actresses are emotionally rewarded has only endeared him to the species. Each, of course, is certain she is the exception.)

His wife, former Viennese actress Rosa Stradner, ruefully acknowledges his way with women, and concedes Joe's brilliance as a domestic tactician. She had decided, two months before the event, to call their first-born Knute. "Knute Mankiewicz?" Joe echoed in tones of understandable shock.

Most husbands would have lowered their heads and charged into a debate. Joe, instead, went to a nearby kennel and purchased a great Dane, a gift for his wife. She was delighted. "Its name," Joe

Rosa and Joe with sons Tom (l.) and Christopher. Latter's birth caused family crisis: Mrs. M. wanted to call him Knute



added carelessly, "is Knute. Here, Knute!" The dog galloped over. The Mankiewicz first-born is Christopher, now ten, the second is Tom, eight.

At the Metro studios they still recall with awe Joe's phoenixlike rise from the ashes of his first film production. He had been begging for a chance to direct. Louis B. Mayer insisted he serve a term as a producer first. "You've got to learn to crawl before you can walk," said the M-G-M headman sagely, thus putting producers in their proper place.

Joe's first assignment was a B-budgeted version of *Three Godfathers*—not the recent John Ford edition, but an earlier one starring Chester Morris and Lewis Stone. The picture was previewed at Grauman's Chinese Theater. In Joe's own words, "It was so bad the footprints walked out of the cement in the forecourt."

No one spoke to him when he left the theater, and heads were averted—in Hollywood it is bad luck to look at the dead—when he was summoned next morning to Mayer's office. Mayer awaited him, flanked by his production chief, Eddie Mannix. The frost was an inch deep on the desk and icicles dripped from the ceiling. Joe beat Mayer to the punch. "I hope you're satisfied," he said reproachfully. "I told you I couldn't make B pictures."

An hour later the studio was electrified by the news that the producer of its current flop henceforth was to make only A-budget pictures.

Success in Hollywood, as in the prize ring, frequently is a matter of footwork. Joe has been caught flat-footed on only one recorded occasion. It happened at his first Academy Awards dinner.

He had just turned twenty-three and he had been nominated for an Oscar on the basis of his script of *Skippy*. All the nominees had been placed at a long table on a dais. They tried to look nonchalant while the dinner progressed and the ballots were being counted in an upstairs room. That was the year Vice-President Charles Curtis spoke for two and a half hours and the president of the academy called on the assembly to rise and drink a toast to his wife on the occasion of their twentieth wedding anniversary. It was a night of horrors.

Curtis was about halfway through his speech when Joe's producer, who had a pipe line to the teller's committee, sidled alongside and whispered, "You better be thinking up your speech, kid. You're way out front." Joe's knees began to quake and he heard nothing clearly until Waldemar Young arose to announce the writer's award. Young winked in Joe's direction as he moved to the microphone.

The Speech Had a Surprise Ending

It gave him great pleasure, he said, to make this award because the winning writer was a personal friend. (Joe had never felt friendlier toward Waldemar.) Because the winner had not been long in the industry. (It has been a great year, though, Joe thought.) Because the story was so completely American. (Good old *Skippy* and his dog, mused Joe.) "And so, without further ado, I present the award . . ." and Young's hand flapped toward Joe. Mankiewicz stood, shoved back his chair, smiled at the assembly and then heard Young complete his sentence: ". . . to Howard Estabrook, for *Cimarron*!"

Estabrook had been sitting across the table from Joe.

Last year, when the name of Joseph Mankiewicz was called as winner of the writer's award, Joe didn't budge for a full five seconds, then he turned to his wife. "Are you sure?" he asked. Only when she nodded did he get to his feet.

Joe is young enough to rate Hollywood's pet descriptive, *Boy Genius*, but he is more apt to be referred to as a Quiz Kid. The distinction is important.

A *Boy Genius* is born on a cutting-room floor, teched on a camera and exercised on a microphone boom. He takes his first steps on a stund stage, learns to spell from an old shooting script and gets his math from a study of picture grosses. Usually apprenticed—if not related—to some old cinema squire, he attains maturity the day he knifes his patron in the back and gives himself the loudest fanfare when the credits go on the screen. A Quiz Kid, on the other hand, is any imported, or non-Hollywood, product whose brains, gall and luck—in whatever order—have made him a success.

Joe has always been something of a Quiz Kid. Born in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, son of a colliery's for March 24, 1951



All About Eve, which Joe wrote and directed, put him in line for his second double Academy Award in a row. He is shown here with the film's star, Bette Davis

lege professor, he breezed through high school when he was fourteen and had to wait a year before Columbia would admit him as a freshman.

His grades there were good but not spectacular and he had the distinction of receiving the only F-minus ever given in Physics B-1. Joe protested the mark, arguing that nothing could be lower than a straight F for Failure. His professor agreed in principle, but insisted there should be some special recognition of the worst paper he had seen in his long years of teaching. Joe at that point abandoned his earlier notion of becoming a doctor and set his sights on a career as a teacher of English literature.

It was with this in mind that he went abroad after his graduation, lured by visions of Oxford and the Sorbonne. Somehow he never got beyond Berlin, then in its theatrical heyday. In three months he was broke. To keep himself going, he got a job with the German film studio, UFA, translating subtitles into English for the American market. This was his only movie experience when he went to Hollywood in 1929.

His brother Herman, Joe's senior by 11 years, had preceded him there and, as a \$1,250-a-week writer at Paramount, had just enough influence to have his kid brother hired for \$60.

The talkies had come to stay when Joe arrived, but not all theaters had been converted to sound. Joe's assignment was to write subtitles for sound pictures being shown in silent houses. Being a Quiz Kid, he recognized a dead-end job when he saw one; he also observed that six other junior writers were similarly occupied. Finding they were taking an average of four weeks for each film they titled, Joe proceeded to title six pictures in eight weeks and still found time to write and submit a story a week to B. P. Schulberg, the studio boss.

None of the ideas was accepted, but Schulberg gave him a pat on the head and a chance to polish dialogue on a Jack Oakie comedy. Its name, prophetically enough, was *Fast Company*. Mankiewicz soon was traveling in it.

Skippy's Academy nomination in 1931 won Joe a five-year contract calling for annual raises which

would have brought him to \$350 a week, but he still was getting only \$75 when he wrote *Million Dollar Legs* and part of *If I Had a Million*.

Paramount is now a highly prosperous studio, but at the time it was in the throes of bankruptcy. When Joe's first \$25 raise came due, the studio's new prexy, Emanuel Cohen, sent for him. With tears in his eyes and speaking as a father to a son, he reminded Joe that Paramount was in receivership, that it was the duty of every loyal employee to make sacrifices, that money wasn't everything, that he ought to be grateful to the studio for giving him his opportunity. His final gesture was to make Joe take his place at the executive desk.

"Now you be me—struggling to save this studio from ruin," he said, "and I'll be you, asking to have my salary raised."

Joe shuffled the papers on the desk and glared at his boss. "I'm a busy man, Mankiewicz," snapped Mankiewicz. "You ought to know better than to bother me about a lousy \$25 raise. You have it. Now get out!"

"No, no, no!" screamed Cohen. "That isn't the right answer!"

But Joe got the raise. He never did get beyond \$250 a week at Paramount, however—possibly because Cohen never again trusted him behind his desk.

Joe fared better at Metro. They started him at \$650 a week in 1934 and knew they were getting their money's worth when he coined the line (for Robert Montgomery in *Forsaking All Others*) about starting a fire by rubbing two Boy Scouts together.

In no time at all he was the studio's specialist in stories about madcap heiresses and pixy newspapermen—not to mention shopgirls in sables and debonair young architects with hideaways in the Adirondacks. After such works as *Forsaking All Others*, *Manhattan Melodrama*, and *I Live My Life*, Joe (now at \$1,250 a week) was deemed sufficiently under the influence of Leo, the M-G-M lion, to rate a producership.

The *Three Godfathers* (Continued on page 68)



A flock of ducklings waddles across the Corwin farm. Their ultimate destination is the oven, but it's a good life while it lasts



Jim Miller, 47, has worked with ducks for a quarter century. Miller, in charge of breeding for Corwins, is shown collecting new-laid eggs



Lloyd Corwin candles batch of eggs before placing them in incubator. After almost a month, eggs are moved to hatcher where birds emerge



Henry F. Corwin and his granddaughter Janet hold ducklings at various stages of growth: after one day, one week, two weeks and four weeks



Mabel Stegner, left, is a consulting home economist and publicist for Duck Growers Marketing Co-operative. Her assistant is Julia Lawwing
Collier's for March 24, 1951

Pampering Your DINNER DUCK

By JOHN W. RANDOLPH

Long Island breeders, world's largest, use assembly-line methods to coddle their fowl—and your taste buds

SOME decades ago a few shrewd citizens living on New York's Long Island discovered that the best way to make a duckling grow fast was to make him happy, and that the best way to make him happy was to pamper him with lots of duck-pampering machinery.

Already satisfied that their watery corner of the country was the best of all possible duck worlds, they proceeded, with notable efficiency, to machine-pamper these perpetually astonished birds literally to death—by the millions.

The result is that this Easter Week the first of a year's crop of some 5,000,000 Long Island ducklings will go to market—not casual barnyard waddlers, but belt-line factory products, bred, fed and bled in a clocklike operation that would do the automobile industry proud. This first spring production, hatched eight weeks ago, and the millions of ducklings to come during the summer and fall, will bring about \$10,000,000 to a tight little empire of 68 duck operators who still fondly call themselves farmers, although their establishments are really duck factories.

The owners of these factories—where at one time you may see as many as 50,000 snow-white Pekings swarming garrulously over less than 50 acres—may differ sharply about the relative merits of various incubators, air-conditioning units, mechanical pickers, or even feeds. But they form a solidly unanimous admiration society for the natural duck-raising advantages of that 15-square-mile tip of Suffolk county around the Eastport-Riverhead section of eastern Long Island, where their enterprises are concentrated.

The sandy soil, covered largely by pine and scrub oak, is just right for their purposes. So, in their eyes, is the brisk climate, the pure air and the pure water. So is the merely commercial, but undisputably helpful, fact that they are only two hours by rail from New York City, the greatest duck market in the world.

Whatever the natural and strategic advantages, men and machines have done the rest to make the Long Island Peking the happiest duck ever seen. Mechanics make his life a blissful little idyl that is never interrupted, although swiftly terminated.

Great electric incubators and hatchers bring him on exact schedule into a warm world. Central heating plants, air conditioning, and immaculate quarters keep him comfortable, safe and healthy (with emergency generators at hand in case anything slips).

Thousands of tons of scientific feed are shunted onto private railroad sidings, moved onto private grain elevators by mechanical conveyers and transported right to him by private narrow-gauge railway without a human hand ever touching it. This, aided by constant electric light, keeps him eating 24 hours a day. Trucks, rolling on runways through his quarters, regularly carry away his straw litter, and everything that fumigation, soap and water and paint can do keeps him and his surroundings clean.

Oh, the Peking lives a fine life, eating and luxuriating and socializing all the time. Not because his owner is an overwhelmingly tender man (though more often than not he is really fond of ducks), but because a gloomy duckling will never weigh six pounds when he is exactly eight weeks old. A happy one weighs pretty close to that, and then he can be killed, picked, washed, cooled and shipped—by machine, of course.

It is not hard to keep an individual duckling happy for eight weeks. He is not the intellectual colossus of the animal kingdom, and his range of interests is somewhat limited. He is not wildly imaginative, and rarely conceives difficult whims or desires. He is not overly introspective, and spends very little of his free, or noneating, time brooding in corners over his own insufficiencies.

In short, the fact must be faced that the duck is a good-tempered, greedy, talkative slob who wants nothing more than plenty of food and water, safety, comfort and other ducks to associate with. Give him that and he will eat and thrive and gain weight like mad, which is his duty and his pleasure.

It is reasonably easy to do all this for a couple of dozen barnyard ducks. But Long Island duck men raise about 60 per cent of all market ducks in this country. A big duck plant may have 60,000 or 70,000 Pekings of all ages marching and gabbling to-

Spear (who never raised a duck in his life), it is nearly a unanimous proposition—64 of the 68 Long Island duck operators belong to it, pay it one cent for every duck they sell, and back it aggressively.

The co-op helps the operator get from 28 to 31 cents a pound for his ducklings. When he gets 30 cents, according to Spear's figures, the housewife pays about 40 cents in New York, 42½ in Chicago and 45 in San Francisco. The co-op also runs a pool of 55 members who freeze about 10 per cent of total production every fall and hold this off the market until the big-production period is over and the year-end surplus begins to fade off the market. And that is about a million dollars' worth of duck meat.

In addition, the co-op keeps under fee a New York consulting home economist, Mabel Stegner, whose staff peppers newspapers, magazines, the radio, TV and every other conceivable publicity outlet with duckling recipes and any other data that might promote the sale of ducks. The United States government helps in this promotion job through its Production and Marketing Administration, whose marketing boss in New York, Chester Hannan, is Marshall Spear's father-in-law.

At its headquarters in Eastport the co-op operates, with Cornell University and the state, the Long Island Duck Disease Research Laboratory, a five-room affair staffed by Dr. Ellsworth Dougherty, Cornell veterinarian, and Milton R. Budd, laboratory assistant, both of whom are paid by the state.

Nearly all the co-op members are in the Eastport area along the bays, creeks and inlets on both sides of Long Island where Great Peconic Bay splits it into two fingers. They each raise from 50,000 to 250,000 ducklings a year, and for most of them their present production is their capacity. The empire is not likely to grow very much, since the difficulties of establishing a duck factory are apparent. You can summarize them this way: It just costs too much.

Take, for example, the plant of Henry Frank Corwin and his son Lloyd W., who raise about 200,000 ducks a year for market. They have a 50-acre place with a half-mile of buildings; a 2,000-foot private canal; a mile of miniature feed-carrying railroad; a picking plant; a self-filling feed elevator and warehouse; batteries of incubators and hatchers, and from eight to 20 workers, depending on the season.

Though Henry Frank Corwin started in 1910 with only 30 breeding ducks, a couple of sheds and some fencing, it is hardly likely that his establishment could now be bought for half a million dollars. The Corwins, who will talk to anybody any time about ducks, are not men to trumpet their financial affairs. But it is easy to reckon that they sell more than \$350,000 worth of ducks every year and spend more than \$200,000 on feed alone.

The family has been around Long Island since 1640, when Matthias Corwin came to Southold. Born in England, he had already been a "freeman and landowner" of the Massachusetts Bay Colony and had also helped found New Haven, Connecticut.

The Corwins moved to Aquebogue, near Riverhead, in 1773. They are there now, eight generations later, on the same land along Meeting House Creek. There Henry Frank. (Continued on page 71)



Milton Budd (left), Dr. Ellsworth Dougherty at Long Island Duck Disease Research Lab

day in the spring sunshine of its yards and the fluorescent light of its buildings.

Between now and November 15th such an establishment may raise as many as 200,000 of the creatures for market.

To do that, the duck factory every day has to feed its charges about 2,000 tons of prepared pellets, a task not to be confused with scattering a few handfuls of cracked corn. It has to have pure drinking water in all of its buildings all the time and pure swimming water outside, a complicated and expensive matter in itself. It must provide uninterrupted tranquillity, gentle handling, and no excitement. It must maintain a vigilance in sanitation and hygiene that hospitals might copy; any disease that gets into a duck plant is Black Death.

To make sure that all this shall not be in vain, the duck men have organized themselves into the efficient and powerful Long Island Duck Growers Marketing Co-operative, Inc.—one of the smallest and most self-contained co-ops in the country. Headed by a dynamic lawyer named Marshall



Gentlemen's Award

In spite of years of rich living, Joe the Cat was neither a heel nor a snob. And for a friend—like the frightened little boy

LUCAS had it first from Eileen Sampson, who lived next door. "You've seen them, of course," Eileen said.

"Them?" Lucas was sitting in the sun beside the pool, watching her young son, Thomas McCoy, scuttle about on the grass. Young Thomas bumbled to himself. Joe, the McCoy cat, and Vincent, the McCoy monkey, sat at a safe distance. "Seen who?" Lucas said.

"Our new neighbors. Their name is Baker," Eileen said. "They've bought the Robertson house." "That's a nice little house," Lucas said. "I've always admired it." She thought about the house, her eyes on young Thomas. "What's the matter with them?"

"Well," Eileen said. She lifted one plump shoulder. "They both work, for one thing." Her tone stated clearly her opinion of wives who worked. "And they have a small boy. He runs around loose." She paused and looked meaningfully at young Thomas. "I don't want him playing with my Jennifer," she said. "And John agrees. And if I were you . . ." She left the sentence unfinished.

Lucas mentioned the incident to her husband, Tim, that evening. They were having their customary highball in their bedroom. "That's a fine, neighborly way to behave, isn't it?" she said.

"It is indeed." Tim had a publicity folder in his hand. He waved it at her. "I got this in the mail—" he began.

"She doesn't even know them," Lucas said. "And suppose Mrs. Baker *does* work. So do you. So does Eileen's precious John."

"Not John. He sits and looks important." Tim waved the folder again. "There's going to be a cat show, sponsored by the town," he said, "and my name was given to somebody as a cat lover." He shook his head, grinning. "Joe, in a cat show. Can you imagine the shambles that would be?"

"I'll bet he's a nice little boy," Lucas said. Tim lowered the folder slowly. He stared into the bottom of his highball. "Who?"

"The Baker boy!" she said violently. "Tim McCoy, you haven't listened to a word I've said."

Tim put the folder on the bed. "We'll start all over again," he said. He held up his empty glass. "Another?"

"Not now. You go ahead." She sat there, brooding. "Tomorrow, I'm going to see if I can find him and see for myself."

"Good hunting," Tim said.

He went out into the pantry and mixed himself another highball. Then he went into the kitchen and heated milk in a pan and laced it heavily with

dark rum and poured it into the white bowl. Cook, at the sink, said, "They've eaten."

"This is dessert," Tim said. He went out through the back door and called.

Vincent, the monkey, came first, cantering across the lawn and up the steps. He rubbed against Tim's leg and squeaked mightily and then settled down at the bowl.

And then came Joe, moving slowly and with vast dignity, his stub tail high. He chirruped.

"How'd you like to be in a cat show?" Tim asked.

Joe chirruped again. He moved in beside Vincent and fell to.

THE next day, which was Wednesday, did not even begin well. Tim cut himself shaving and bled persistently, staining a face cloth and a bath towel and two fresh white shirts.

"You would think that you'd cut your arm off," Lucas said. "Tim! It's started again, and that's the third shirt!" She lunged for Kleenex and stubbed her bare foot against the leg of the bed.

In the nursery young Thomas dug deep with his spoon and catapulted mashed banana past Miss Henderson's cheek and onto the wall.

In the kitchen, Cook, whose temper early in the morning was rarely serene, broke eggs into the fry-



By RICHARD STERN

who was new in the neighborhood—there was nothing he wouldn't do

ing pan, discovered in them bits of shell, which she endeavored to remove with a fork. She broke the yolks. "They'll have them scrambled," she said, "and like it." And she snarled at Vincent who sat on top of the refrigerator waiting patiently for his breakfast. . . .

It was after breakfast, and Tim was gone, and Lucas nursed her sore toes, and Miss Henderson, the nurse, wondered if the spot on the wall was really permanent. Vincent had long ago decided that he had taken all the abuse that a small monkey was expected to. Joe alone remained unperturbed.

He sat among the carnations, sniffing their fragrance, feeling the sun warm and pleasant through his fur. He saw a small grubby boy on skates approach the driveway and pause, almost fearfully. Then the boy skated up the driveway.

Joe stood up. He chirruped. He trotted forth, and the small boy saw him and skated eagerly across the lawn. They sat down together.

"I missed you," the boy said. "I waited an' waited, but you didn't come."

Joe's expression was grave. He twitched his whiskers and thrust out his big head. The boy's fingers scratched gently behind Joe's ears.

"I brought you someth'n." He burrowed in his pocket and brought out a piece of cold and greasy Collier's for March 24, 1951

pork wrapped in brown paper. He unwrapped it carefully. "Dinner last night," he said. "It was good." He proffered it hopefully, and his face, beneath the camouflage of dirt, was tense and eager.

Joe eyed the gift. He tested it with his nose. His whiskers twinkled in horror. And then, with the air of a man unable to let a friend down, he fell to and devoured the thing, which took more than a bit of doing. He got it down at last. He swallowed four or five times to make sure. Then he set up a small purr, a poor feeble thing indeed, but sufficient for the purpose. The boy's eyes glowed. He patted Joe's head. He dug his fingers into the thick fur on Joe's shoulders, felt the heavy muscles beneath. The purr rumbled and throbbed.

"Golly, you're big an' strong," the boy said. And there was no mistaking the awe, the worship in his tone. Joe's purr rumbled like thunder high in the mountains. His chest seemed to swell. He lifted one great forepaw and then the other in a small dance of delight. It was then that Cook, on the way to the trash barrel, hove into sight.

Cook had just finished paying for her error in venting her morning temper upon Vincent. Thrice she had thwarted his efforts at retaliation. She had driven him from the kitchen, relaxed her vigilance for only a moment, and (Continued on page 42)

Concluding: *The Personal Memoirs of Herbert Hoover*

The Life of an Ex-President

By HERBERT HOOVER

EVEN former Presidents deserve recreations, and, after March, 1933, they were easy for Mrs. Hoover and me to develop. As I was known to like fishing and Mrs. Hoover motoring, we soon had invitations from friends all over the country with fishing camps or boats. Gradually we established a route by plane or automobile.

For trout and bass, we visited California, Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Montana, Wyoming, Colorado, New Mexico, Wisconsin, Minnesota, British Columbia, Connecticut, Massachusetts and New Jersey, New Hampshire and Maine; for salmon, Washington and New Brunswick; for big-game fish, Florida, Texas and Lower California.

Fishermen are always good company. They are optimistic, or they would not be fishermen. They are patient of the weaknesses of men and fish alike. The only drawback was the local political leader who insisted on sitting on the bank or getting into the boat and pouring out local frictions or the wastes and injustices of "Planned Economy."

Our motor trips each year washed one's soul after winters in the intellectual hothouses of the great cities. Stopping overnight in auto camps brought contact with the carpenter, the plumber and the grocer on holiday with their wives and children. One learned again the depth of real patriotism in this America.

There could be a whole new set of Canterbury Tales about the life of the newly constructed Western highways. Born of the automobile, they have developed a world all their own.

There is the life of the road builders, the truckmen, the travelers of serious purpose, and the holi-

day makers. There is the life of the hundreds of thousands who live by supplying the roadside service of food, shelter, gas and repairs. There are the hot-dog stands, filling stations, garages, auto camps and campgrounds.

And there are the traffic officers who bob up unexpectedly everywhere. They are tough, but only to red-handed malefactors who want to argue that their misdeed is not so.

On one occasion when I was driving alone up the Salinas Valley, I suddenly heard the traffic officer's siren. I pulled up with a sinking feeling that I was headed for the inevitable national publicity attendant upon the lawless conduct of a former President. The officer came alongside and said: "Excuse me, sir, but I have wanted to shake hands with you for fifteen years, and I hope you don't mind."

My spirits rose to such a degree that I was glad to see him.

Another time Allan and I were driving across California at night to avoid the heat, each taking turns at the wheel while the other slept. It was my turn along the great straight highway when we came to a village with all the lights out and obviously everybody safe in bed. I did not slow down. The call of the siren sprang out of nowhere. I pulled up to the side.

The officer asked for my license. I showed it to him. He examined it under his hand lamp, then re-examined it under the headlights. Then he came back. The conversation ran:

"Are you that guy?"

"I am the guy."

"Do you get any joy out of driving at 60 miles an hour at four o'clock in the morning?"

"I do."

"Pass on, brother, but look out for my mate, he is camped this side of King City."

On one occasion I stopped overnight at a "dude ranch" in Wyoming. Among the guests was a professor of law from an Eastern university, looking the dead end of awkwardness in new blue jeans, top boots and spurs, and carrying a five-gallon hat. He sat down at my table and communicated to me the horror of this his first experience in the West. His special dislike was being herded every morning to ride a horse. Every item of the life jarred his nerves and the clothes the proprietor had induced him to buy did not add to his self-esteem. Out of pity, I suggested that as I was driving to the coast, I would be glad if he would keep me company, starting early in the morning—provided he did not wear those clothes. He lightened up at once.

At dusk the next evening, as we were motoring along the cement path between the tall trees of the Shoshone Forest, a lady standing lonesomely beside the road signaled for a ride. We stopped. As she climbed in she said, "The Lord will provide." I thereby knew her vocation and at once suggested to her that the professor needed some spiritual help, but that I had to drive. She went to work immediately, inquiring as to his spiritual state and delivering sermonettes between questions.

I could feel the professor becoming more and more restless. Finally, as we came into sight of an auto camp, he suggested it would be a good idea for the lady to stay there (*Continued on page 54*)



Ardent angler Hoover sets out on a fishing expedition from Miami in the winter of '36



Visiting Berlin in 1938, Hoover got an urgent invitation to call on Adolf Hitler. He did not want to meet the Nazi chief, but consented at the insistence of U.S. Ambassador Wilson

Collier's for March 24, 1951



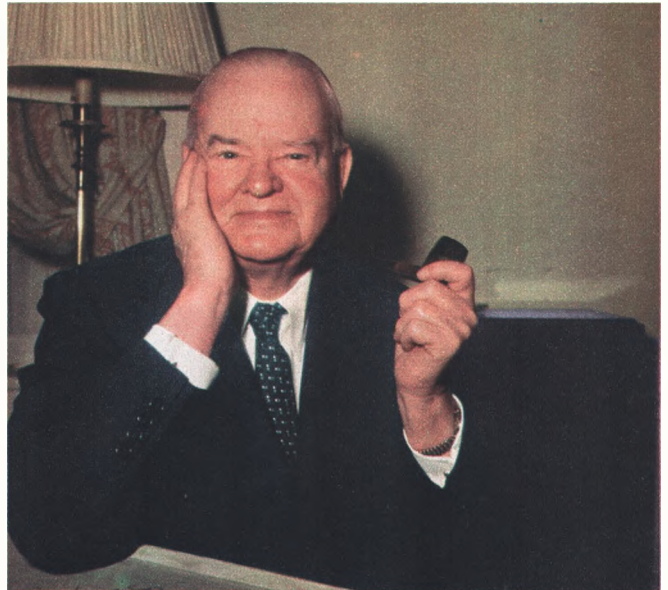
JOHN FLORER

Studying history in unique Hoover Library at Stanford are Capt. T. R. Frederick (rear), Dr. H. H. Fisher, chairman; Capt. C. E. Crombe



JOHN FLORER

War destruction in England, France and Germany left the Hoover Library as sole repository of many historical records Collier's for March 24, 1951



RICHARD BEATTIE

A recent photograph of Mr. Hoover, taken in his New York apartment where he is completing his memoirs of public life to begin in Collier's later in 1951



Tom Marwick

The Corpse was in the Countinghouse

By **ERLE STANLEY GARDNER**

Neil's wild hunch had paid off: at last he had a clue to the murder. But it was useless to him, for now he was a prisoner—a victim of Dr. Lancaster's mysterious power

The Story: Overnight a young businessman, NEIL ANSON, had been turned into a desperate fugitive. The police suspected him of the murder of FRANK CRENSHAW and the holdup of Crenshaw's bank. Neil was determined not to surrender until he could prove that both he and ELLEN JASPER, the girl he loved, were innocent. In his search for clues, he had met GLADYS LELAND, who owned a beauty shop in town. She believed in Neil's innocence and offered to hide him. She put him up for the night in an empty apartment across the hall from hers, but the police traced him there and Neil had to run again. Gladys gave him the key to her beauty shop and told him to hide there. When she came in the next morning, she told Neil that ALVA KENTON, a lie-detector expert, whom the bank hired to screen employees regularly, would be testing them that day—in a spare room in her shop. He always rented this room for his tests, she explained. Hiding in a closet next to this room, Neil was able to eavesdrop on the tests. He heard GEORGE DURANT, the bank teller who had been held up by the robber, arguing with Kenton about taking the test, and when Kenton left the room for a moment, Durant hurriedly phoned a Dr. LANCASTER. He told Dr. Lancaster that he would be sending a man, whom he called G.D. 62, to his office to be "immunized." Neil slipped out of the beauty shop, took a cab to Dr. Lancaster's office and, playing a wild hunch, told the nurse that he was G.D. 62. She nodded, left the room, and came back a moment later with a hypodermic. Before Neil realized what she was doing, she had plunged the needle into his arm. Soon Neil felt a great sense of lassitude and well-being. Dr. Lancaster came in then; and, almost without realizing what he was doing, Neil admitted his identity to him. Then he saw that the physician was drawing closer to him, fixing him with a hypnotic eye, and Neil felt consciousness slipping away from him.

IV

NEIL woke up in what seemed to be a basement room. It had no windows—air came through a grating in the concrete walls—and was softly lit by fluorescent light. It seemed to be soundproof.

Somehow he felt strangely rested. It was as though all the cares and worries had left his mind. He might have been returning from a six-week vacation.

But when he woke up he had the feeling that there was something he must do, some one thing which must be disposed of.

Then Neil noticed the table. A reading lamp flooded a pad of paper with brilliant light. There was a desk pen by the paper, and a chair was drawn up to the table.

The door opened suddenly. "All right," Katherine Gloster said. "Get them up!" She thrust out a foot and kicked the door closed

Almost mechanically, Neil walked over to the table and sat down. He had a sudden urge to put words on the paper.

He picked up the pen and began writing: *I, Neil Anson, make this confession entirely of my own volition and for the purpose of easing my conscience.*

With a start, Neil caught himself. He had been on the point of writing "robbed the bank and murdered Frank Crenshaw."

He threw the pen down. He grabbed the sheet of paper and tore it into small fragments. Then he looked around the room for a place to throw the scraps. There was a door which led to a bathroom, and Neil carried the shredded bits of paper in and flushed them down the toilet.

He was trembling and bathed in perspiration. He knew something of posthypnotic suggestion and its power, and he steeled himself to resist it. He would not yield to the posthypnotic suggestion which he now knew had been planted in his subconscious mind. He would not write out a confession.

For a while he felt better, felt that he was, at least for the moment, master of himself. Neil's mind was clear now. He had always thought that it was impossible to hypnotize a person into doing something which shocked his sensibilities. However, what he had learned about hypnotism in a general way had been based upon experiments with subjects who were normal and in their right minds. The unknown drug which Doctor Lancaster's nurse had injected into his arm apparently made all the difference.

He was feeling entirely well now, ready to fight. He would resist any more hypodermics, resist any more hypnotic treatments.

Neil noticed the fountain pen on the floor. He picked it up and put it back on the table. Then he tried to turn off the annoyingly bright reading lamp and found that there was no switch. And the lamp was screwed tightly to the desk.

Neil looked around the room. The bed he had been sleeping on was soft and comfortable. There was only one chair, the one in front of the table. It was a swivel chair which was anchored to the floor so that it could not be moved away from the table. There was no other furniture in the room.

Neil wondered what time it was and glanced at his wrist. He found that his watch had been taken from him. He had absolutely no idea whether it was day or night. He might have been in a hypnotic sleep for an hour or for a day.

Neil fought against the invitation of the illuminated paper on the desk. He paced the floor for a while, then settled down on the bed. He was full of contempt for Doctor Lancaster. He was going to fight it out.

He heard an odd sound, apparently inside the concrete wall. Then suddenly, as though a catch had been released, a slab of concrete swung down on hinges revealing a tray of steaming food.

There was a thick steak, a stuffed baked potato,

a steaming cup of coffee, bread and butter and a small plate of spinach.

Neil realized that he was ravenously hungry. He wanted very much to eat the food, but he knew that his hunger could be another posthypnotic suggestion. It was possible, too, that a drug had been put in the food—a drug which would rob him of his will power again.

Neil particularly wanted to drink the coffee. Even as he felt himself drawn toward it he suspected that this was a posthypnotic suggestion and that the coffee contained the drug.

Neil decided to try just a few mouthfuls of the steak. It would give him strength, and it would be less likely than the coffee to have a drug in it. He cut it and found that it was juicy, tender and cooked just as he liked it.

He ate the meat, ignoring the vegetables, tried a piece of bread, and then, before he realized what he was doing, he picked up the coffee cup and brought it to his lips.

He tried to put the coffee cup down. It was a struggle. The smell of coffee was in his nostrils. Nevertheless he managed to put the cup back on the saucer. Once more he felt himself trembling.

He wolfed the steak now, tried the stuffed baked potato and found it delicious. While he ate, he tried to figure out a plan of escape. The hole in the concrete through which the plate of food had been delivered was too small for him to get his shoulders through. He knew that there must be a hidden door in the cell, but he had not yet been able to find it.

Thinking about the door, he ate almost automatically until he suddenly realized that the tension he'd been feeling was gone. He was horrified to find that he had been sipping coffee without being conscious of it. The mere act was what had relaxed him.

There was one thing (Continued on page 46)



THE DESERT IN BLOOM

STRETCHING north out of Mexico and southwest Texas beyond the southern borders of Idaho and Oregon, and west out of Utah to southern California, lies the Great American Desert area. To most Americans it seems a hot, awesome and unlovely wasteland, punctuated by gaunt clumps and pillars of cactus. Few of us realize that the desert is capable of producing amazingly delicate beauty, that many a forbidding cactus plant bears flowers that bloom in the spring.

Lovely, delicate, weird and often supremely beautiful, desert flowers bloom from March to August, popping out of thorny pillars and prickly balls of cactus which seem to bear no relation to earthly plants.

In spring and early summer, the desert becomes a flower garden as colorful as any blooming on more fertile soil. Most conspicuous of the plants in this strange garden is the saguaro, or giant

cactus—the tall, gaunt, multifingered tree which has become a symbol of the entire Southwest, and the state flower of Arizona. When full-grown, the saguaro is 40 to 50 feet tall, but it takes almost 100 years to reach that height and, except when it is blooming, it is simply a barren, fluted column staring blankly at the sun.

But the saguaro is not the only cactus that blooms on the desert. There are hundreds of species which put forth flowers in the spring. Some, like the queen of the night, may be as large as salad plates; others are no bigger than pint cads.

Yet, perhaps even more unbelievable than the flowers themselves is the fact that they burgeon in heat that is for months at a stretch above 100 degrees, and in areas where annual rainfall rarely is more than six inches—or little more than a single pitcherful for a full-sized plant. On this page are six of the loveliest of desert flowers, all of them as bewitching as a springtime dream.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY C. R. PROCTOR



Yellow Torch—In southwestern Texas it blooms in lilylike beauty far from water



Barrel Cactus—Desert-wise travelers know it holds some rain water even in the driest seasons



Giant Saguaro—The official flower of Arizona. The waxy blossoms give way to a large edible fruit

Queen of the Night—A lovely flower, each blossom of which opens for one night

Prickly Pear—Its three-inch flowers bloom in reds and yellows, as well as mixtures of both

Desert Sand Dollar—Most common of desert flowers, it looks like the sea shell of the same name



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WESTCLOX



Products of Corporation

Baseball's Hottest Seat

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

games on the road. They had three such men in 1946, and Cronin was able to win the only pennant the Red Sox have achieved in 32 seasons. When the Red Sox are hitting, the pitching doesn't matter; but when their right-handed batters are hitting long pop flies on the road instead of home runs it becomes a matter of prime importance.

Boston fans who wept into their beers when Boudreau hit two homers, a double and a single in the play-off game of 1948 at Fenway Park recalled that bombardment with joy when Lou was added to the Red Sox payroll this past winter. Yet, actually, Boudreau merely strengthens the Red Sox where they didn't need strengthening—at home. He can belabor Fenway's friendly left-field wall along with Walt Dropo, Vern Stephens and Bobby Doerr; but there is no proof that Lou can hold the slipping Sox on the road.

Boudreau's real value to the Sox may be inspirational. He proved that quality through the years as Cleveland's field leader. The Sox have never had an honest-to-goodness "take-charge guy" such as Eddie Stanky of the New York Giants. The closest approach the Sox have had to a critic within the ranks was Birdie Tebbetts, the voluble catcher, and Birdie only became really articulate about his mates after he knew his number was up. He knew when the 1950 season ended that it was his last in the Yankee livery. He was right: the Sox sold him to Cleveland.

O'Neill may squirm in his hot seat but it is doubtful if he will yield to the heat. Steve has been through it all before, in Cleveland where a columnist wrote him an open letter advising him to "get mad and stay mad" and in Detroit where he lost the 1944 pennant on the final day of the season. Far from elephant-hided, O'Neill can remain fairly imperturbable in the face of printed bars.

One of the reasons for the heat generated by the Boston press is that there are so many papers there—and so many baseball writers on each paper. Counting those which have morning and afternoon editions, there are nine daily journals in Boston, compared to seven in New York and four in Chicago. It is no unusual sight for one of the Boston papers to be represented by three or more writers in the Fenway Park press box or to have two writers with the Sox when the club is on the road.

How Red Sox "News" Is Made

Baseball, and particularly Red Sox baseball, is a great circulation-getter in Boston. And the competition among the nine papers is so keen that routine baseball stories often are built into headline stuff on somewhat questionable foundations. Witness, for instance, the "exclusive" carried by the staid Boston Post early this year when it announced that Williams was to be traded by the Red Sox to the Philadelphia Athletics. The basis for this story was that an anonymous chap in Miami bet an equally anonymous friend \$1,000 that Williams would not be traded by the Sox. The Post carried its story according to this devious reasoning: The unknown who had taken the bet had friendly connections with the Athletics' front office and would not have accepted the bet unless he had inside information! This story, of course, was old hat to Colonel Dave Egan of the Boston Record, who was able to announce, also exclusively, during the 1946 World Series that a trade for Williams was in the making.

It mustn't be inferred from the foregoing that all of the literary travail of the Red Sox stems from the sports writers. When the late Jack Conway of the Boston American threw open his pages on Sundays to his readers so that they might air their opinions on the Red Sox, the letters ran on and on, for columns and columns and weeks and weeks. Dave Egan, one of the few Mc-

Carthy defenders in the Hub last summer, allowed his customers to have their say on the very day Joe left the Red Sox bench for the last time, June 21, 1950. The Colonel found himself bitterly assailed for defending Marse Joe.

With satiric irony worthy of his own—and that's no mean praise—one reader told Dave he was willing to admit McCarthy was the greatest World Series-winning manager of all time, a claim which Egan had made for Joe and one which the record book substantiates. "In fact," went on the disgruntled fan from Dedham, "McCarthy did more than win one pennant for the Cubs and eight for the Yankees—he won the 1948 pennant for Cleveland, the 1949 pennant for the Yanks and is in the process of winning the 1950 pennant for Detroit." (Casey Stengel and the Yankees fooled this fan by overtaking the Tigers and copping the flag.)

Boston's auxiliary press corps is even more formidable than the home guard. From all the outlying towns—indeed, it seems from every Middlesex village and farm—come writers to spread the alarm when the Red Sox show is slipping. Reportedly it was due to one of the outlanders that a ban was placed on access to the Boston clubhouse at the start of last season. Reporters were barred from the Red Sox dressing room before each game and for 30 minutes afterward, although this term later was shortened to 15 minutes possibly because the athletes could dress and leave in 10. The Sox players, headed by Dom DiMaggio, had asked for these restrictions but McCarthy took the rap.

Because of the extensive coverage given the Red Sox by Boston papers, there had been practically a stenographic report of the clubhouse chatter. The lack of privacy made the players—and McCarthy—uneasy, but the straw which brought down the iron curtain was a suburban reporter who used to arrive at the clubhouse at 10:00 A.M. and remain in a corner until the game was almost ready to start. Since he was in the clubhouse before McCarthy or the players, Joe assumed he was an employee until Johnny Orlando, the clubhouse attendant, disclosed that he was a reporter.

Quite possibly the locker-room shutdown contributed more to the anti-Red Sox feeling than any other single factor. The reporters quite understandably rebelled at what they considered a freeze-out of a legitimate source of news. The reverberations carried all the way to the office of Commissioner Chandler, who side-stepped by saying, "The manager has complete authority over the clubhouse."

"But this was the players," said Bill Cunningham, columnist of the Boston Herald. "The manager has charge of the players," said Commissioner Chandler.

Ex-Catcher on a Tough Spot

In any case, locking out the reporters dropped the club's public relations to an all-time low. The Sox still had their supporters among the writers, but many who had been neutral jumped to the side of the active hecklers. Larry Woodall, an old-time catcher in charge of public relations for the Sox, found himself called upon to handle more curve balls than ever he had in his days behind the bat with the Detroit Tigers in the twenties. The Hub sports writers are old pros when it comes to making a pitch.

On the day in 1948 when the Red Sox met Cleveland in the first play-off game in American League history, the Boston Globe had a first-page story on the dismissal of Phil Troy, assistant general manager. The tone of the story was unusual, to say the least.

"In typical Red Sox fashion," ran the first paragraph, "it was learned last night without the help of the Sox front office that Phil Troy, assistant general manager and former traveling secretary, had been given his traveling papers."

After reviewing Troy's career in Boston, the Globe then concluded, "The big surprise of this announcement was that it was learned in Boston and did not emanate from Cleveland or someplace else as has been the case with Red Sox announcements lately."

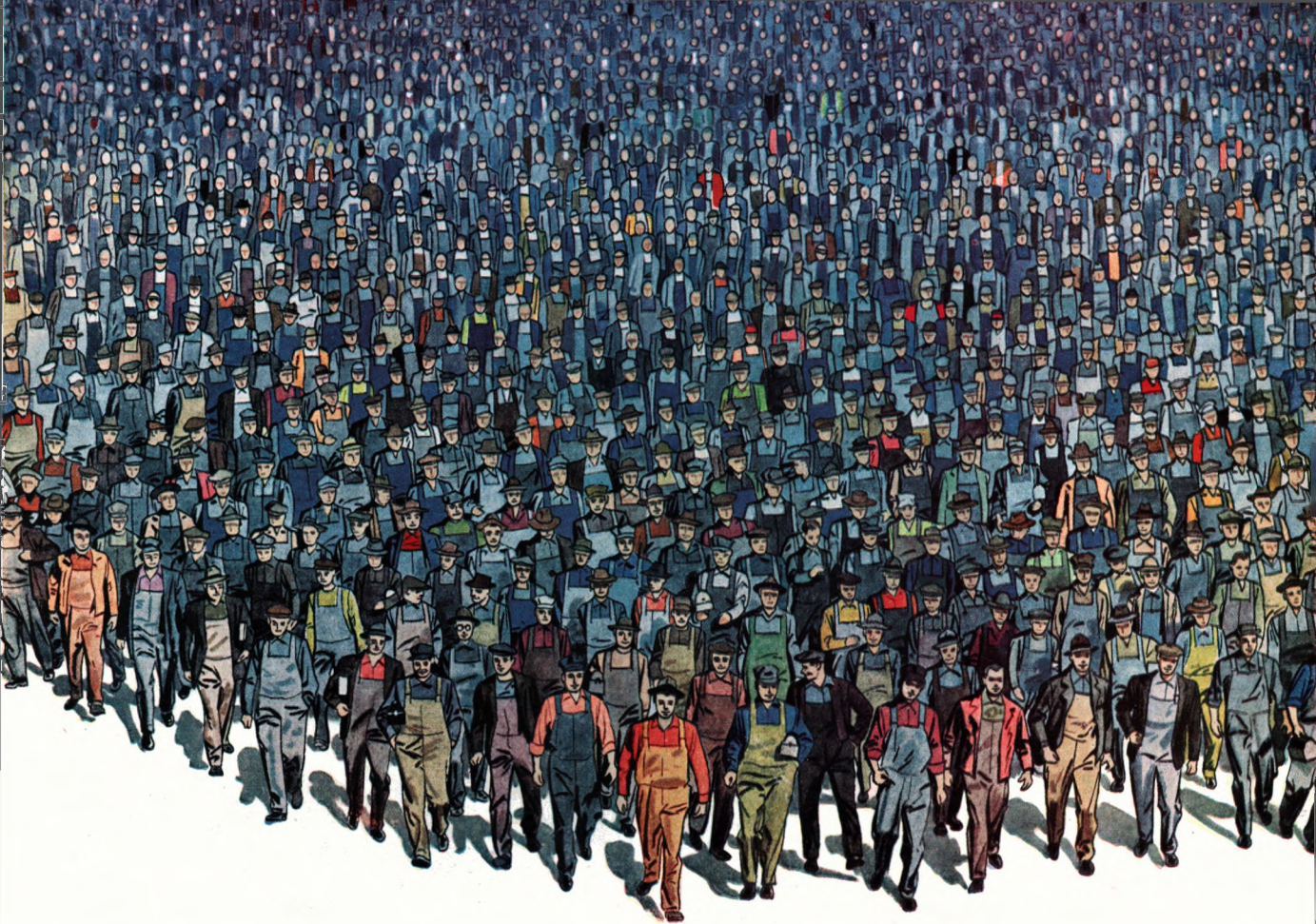
After the Sox lost the play-off game to the Indians, the Globe carried a two-column head on page one: "McCarthy Reported



"Then I invested thirty thousand in oil properties and cleared half a million after taxes. Then—or am I boring you?"

COLLIER'S

KATE OSANN



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Out as Sox Manager." This had its genesis in the fact that, within a few minutes after the defeat by Cleveland, a clubhouse reporter asked Joe, whose contract had another year to run, if he thought he would be back with the Red Sox the following spring, and McCarthy had testily replied, "It's a little early to be thinking of that, isn't it?"

When the Yanks beat out Boston for the pennant on the last day of the 1949 season, a reporter approached McCarthy and asked him if he were going back to Boston with the team, the implication being that now that the Sox had lost the pennant, there was nothing left for Joe to do but dissociate himself from the club. McCarthy replied, "This is hardly the time to quit."

Like the Writing on the Wall

However, this didn't prevent one Boston writer from reporting that Joe's job was in jeopardy. He reasoned ingeniously that a year before, when Tom Yawkey and Joe Cronin had been asked about the continuance of McCarthy as manager, they had replied, "Joe can manage here for the rest of his life if he wants to"; but that when the same question was put to them this time, they had given what he considered a highly qualified endorsement by saying, "That's up to Joe."

Somehow the Boston writers never cottoned to McCarthy, a condition which was practically mutual. Many regarded him in the light in which Al Hirschberg of the Boston Post saw him, to wit: "A sour, disillusioned man, he looks upon the world with the jaundiced eye of a violinist about to change a tire." Hirschberg was by no means turning in a minority report, for letter-writing Sox fans supported him in the proportion of about two to one.

Obviously, managing a club with the potential of the Red Sox puts the boss on a spot when he doesn't take all the marbles. Even if the Sox aren't the best club in baseball—though a great many New Englanders insist they are—they certainly are good enough to be there or thereabouts, as the racing phrase has it. When a team loses the pennant by one game, there are countless opportunities to audit the books for mistakes during the season, any one of which could have cost the flag.

On the other hand, nobody bothers to

second-guess a manager who finishes a cool 30 lengths out.

Harold Kaese, a scholarly and able author who was by no means a McCarthy adherent, was on Joe's side in the final game of the 1949 season. In his column in the Globe, under the heading "McCarthy's Strategy Defended," he wrote, "Before the Red Sox corpse had cooled and *rigor mortis* had set in, they were saying that McCarthy literally gave the Yankees the game when he removed Ellis Kinder for a pinch hitter with one out in the eighth and the Yanks ahead, 1-0."

Kaese explained how the Yankee pitcher, Raschi, had blanked the Sox for seven innings and McCarthy's immediate problem was to score some runs, since the season was to end precisely five outs later. The hitch was that the Sox did not score in the eighth and that the Yankees, facing a new Boston pitcher, then came up with four runs in their half. In the ninth, the Sox finally broke through Vic's service to score three times. McCarthy's critics took the stand that had he allowed Kinder to remain in the game the Yanks would never have scored those four runs in the eighth.

Yet, despite Kaese's stalwart defense of McCarthy's orthodox tactics, his column the following day was headlined, "Well, Why Not Put the Blame on McCarthy?" O'Neill, who finished out the season last year after McCarthy quit, read the Boston papers frequently enough to know that it wasn't entirely one-sided against Joe.

Dave Egan, whose column in the Record has caused more than one Boston manager to awaken screaming in the middle of the night, wielded his trenchant pen in favor of the Red Sox manager, whom he reverently referred to as "Joseph the Just." Dave placed the blame for the near misses of the Sox upon the players themselves. In one column he suggested that the athletes didn't punish themselves in competition nearly as much as the greyhounds which raced nightly at nearby Wonderland Park in Revere, concluding with the tart observation that the greyhounds probably were more intelligent than the ballplayers.

When McCarthy finally called it a career, Egan rose to rhetorical heights, which can be likened perhaps to Antony's oration over the body of Caesar.

"He was struck down from behind in the last hour of his professional lifetime,"

wrote Dave, "by members of his own forces and, to be very explicit on the subject, by Ted Williams, Mel Parnell, Ellis Kinder and Maurice McDermott."

The column then went on to list what Egan considered the defections of the players named and concluded with this eulogistic tribute: "They stabbed him to death, these men who owed him so much, and both baseball and Boston are the poorer for it."

McCarthy was not the first Red Sox manager to have a hard time of it, nor will he be the last. Boston is a predominantly Irish city, but Joseph Edward Cronin felt the sting of public disapproval before Joseph Vincent McCarthy, just as Stephen Francis O'Neill is likely to feel it after him. An ironic thing about the trio is that all of them won American League pennants before coming to Fenway Park—Cronin in Washington, McCarthy in New York and O'Neill in Detroit.

Wittingly or unwittingly, Williams has been the seed from which has sprouted many a Boston rhubarb. Nobody is neutral about Ted. In the left-field stands at Fenway Park he has a hooting delegation all his own. When his wife gave birth to a baby in Boston while Williams was on a fishing trip in Florida's Everglades, the town was divided into two camps on the subject of whether Williams should have been at his wife's bedside at the time. Overlooked in the discussion was the fact that the baby had been born a week earlier than expected.

When McCarthy was named manager of the Red Sox, the more sadistic of the fans rubbed their hands gleefully as they awaited the first clash between the new boss and Williams. To the disappointment of this faction, there were no flare-ups. In fact, at the end of the 1948 season, after the playoff game with Cleveland had been lost, Joe called Ted into his managerial cubicle, closed the door behind him, shook his hand and said, "I guess we really fooled those guys, didn't we, kid?"

No Spats with Ted Williams

The only inference to be drawn from this is that McCarthy figured, even though he had lost the pennant, he had won the first round of the cold war. There had been no spats between the boss and the star during the first year of McCarthy's stewardship; nor, indeed, were there any while Joe was in Boston.

When Cronin first became manager of the Red Sox, he had to run a triple gantlet. Joe was on trial as a manager, fielder and hitter.

The fans could attack McCarthy only on the grounds of his tactics, which is the only target O'Neill will present. Still, a single target is better than none when the second guessers are on the prowl—and nobody knows it better than Steve, as the following example will illustrate.

When McCarthy, ill, took to his bed in Chicago last June, it was assumed in the press box that in Joe's absence the Sox would be run by Earle Combs, his first lieutenant. Combs ran the club on the first day of Joe's illness, but it was noted that O'Neill was in charge for the second game. Steve originally had been hired as a scout by the Red Sox and was elevated to the status of a coach only after the sudden death of Coach Hazen (Kiki) Cuyler. It was taken for granted he didn't have the "rank" possessed by Combs.

The first public acknowledgment that O'Neill was in charge—this was at a time when McCarthy was expected to rejoin the club in four or five days—came in the following paragraph from one of the writers traveling with the Red Sox.

"Steve O'Neill took charge of the Sox tonight, instead of Earle Combs," ran the squib. "It was thought by many that Combs acted too hastily yesterday in lifting Ellis Kinder."

O'Neill may hold baseball's hottest seat, all right, but Combs must hold the all-time Red Sox managerial record. Although he opened and closed in one, Earle didn't escape without at least one singing. THE END

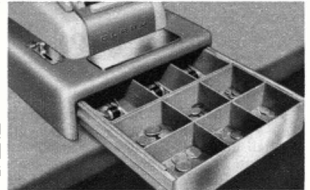
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LOUIS S. GLANZMAN

The Love Story of Dr. Poloski

By WYATT BLASSINGAME

WHEN Dr. Poloski fell in love with Miss Ivy Marshall, the new librarian, it was the joke of the campus. But later, after Miss Marshall inherited her uncle's fortune and Dr. Edwin Glenn began to pay her court, the affair was no longer funny; indeed, it contained all the elements of classic tragedy.

Dr. Poloski was a small, shy man. He had been married for years to a large, good-humored woman who loved him devotedly, mothered him, and was very much loved in return. After her death he seemed lost, but somehow he carried on with his classes and with his translations of Polish poetry, which he could not bring himself to submit for publication for fear they would be rejected.

In our college there was small demand for courses in Polish literature. But Dr. Poloski was so gentle and shy that he couldn't bear to fail any student who had shown enough interest in his course to register for it. And there are always some students in need of just such a course.

As the years passed, Poloski retired more and more into his work and into himself. Without Mrs. Poloski to look after him his dress became careless. Occasionally he arrived at class without a tie.

Then Miss Ivy Marshall became chief librarian. Edwin Glenn called the change in Poloski to my attention in the faculty dining room one day.

"What is it all about?" I asked him.

"You haven't heard?" Dr. Glenn has a snigger I have never liked. "Dante and Beatrice, Porphyro and Madeline, Dr. Poloski and Miss Marshall." I stared at the man. "You are mad," I said.

"It's the talk of the campus. Everyone, except possibly Miss Marshall herself, knows all about it."

And, so it seemed, they did. I overheard two of

my girl students discussing it. "I don't think he even talks to her," one of them said. "He just sits across the library and—and drools."

"I think old Poloski's taken to living in the library," the other one said.

I joined the conversation: "For years Dr. Poloski has been accustomed to spend time in the library. It's a practice more students might emulate."

"Only now he doesn't stay in the basement," one of the girls said. (The Polish collection was housed in a cubbyhole there.) "Yesterday Miss Marshall was working in the periodical room and Dr. Poloski sat up there for three hours, holding a magazine."

"Good Lord!" I said.

"He's sweet," the girl said. "Kind of cute, really. But he's the last person I ever thought would be causing gossip."

And, of course, he was the last person to realize there was gossip. "Though Miss Marshall is aware of it," my wife said later. She sighed. "I think she's fond of him. And it's tragic, really, because he's much too shy to ask her to marry him."

"He was married," I said.

"Yes. And Mrs. Poloski always joked about how she had to propose."

"Then it will be up to Miss Marshall," I said. Only Miss Marshall, a quiet, rather pretty woman, was just not the type to ask a man to marry her.

"She'd make such a good wife, too," my wife said.

So the matter drifted, and might have gone on forever—Miss Marshall waiting and Dr. Poloski trying to summon the courage to propose. But then an uncle of Miss Marshall's died, leaving her a considerable fortune, and shortly thereafter Dr. Edwin Glenn began to pay her court.

I do not say that Dr. Glenn's interest in Miss Marshall was motivated solely by the money she inherited; that would be slander. He was the most eligible bachelor on our faculty—handsome, with an air of perpetual youth emphasized by his penchant for practical jokes. Over the years many coeds had fancied themselves in love with him, but the devotion of none of them could compare with his own devotion to himself, and he had remained single. When he began to pay court to Ivy Marshall, we knew Poloski's chance was gone.

It was Dr. Glenn who first made Poloski aware of the gossip about him. He and I were crossing the campus and we overtook Poloski going toward the library. "Morning, Doctor," Glenn said. "Going over to work at your translations?"

"That is right," Dr. Poloski said.

"You mustn't work too hard," Glenn said. "The students tell me you spend all your time in the library. They say you do everything but sleep there."

"Vot?" Poloski said. He had been in this country for thirty years but he still had a bit of an accent. "Vot do you mean?"

"Just student gossip," Dr. Glenn said, laughing. "I'm sure Miss Marshall understands. Though she may find it a bit embarrassing."

We went into the library. "Excuse me, please," Poloski said. He scuttled down the stairs to the basement, not even glancing toward the open door of the office where Miss Marshall sat.

After that Poloski kept to his basement room.

THERE was a concert and Miss Marshall came alone. Dr. Poloski did not come at all. It was the first musical event he had missed in years. Dr. Glenn drove Miss Marshall home. Dr. Poloski missed a second concert; Dr. Glenn and Miss Marshall came together. There was talk that Dr. Glenn had driven to the city for a ring.

Then one night Dr. Poloski got locked in the library. I can imagine how he must have felt, coming out of his basement room into the darkness, knowing, even before he had groped his way upstairs and tried one door after another, that he could not get out. Usually someone came to tell him when it was closing time, but tonight no one had.

He must have stood there a long while, trying to decide what to do. He could turn on a number of lights, make a commotion, and wait for the night watchman. Or he could simply stay there until morning. But the students who roomed at his home would miss him. Probably there would be a search. Either way the story would be all over the campus by morning. He would be the laughingstock of the university, and Miss Marshall along with him.

He must have been close to utter despair. What he did is proof enough of that.

There was a sound at the main door; a key rattled in the lock. Dr. Poloski must have decided that when the door opened he would rush out and escape before he could be recognized.

The door opened. There was the sound of steps. Dr. Poloski rushed. He must have rushed too soon, for he ran head on into the person coming through the door. There was a scream. Dr. Poloski recognized the voice of Miss Marshall.

The night watchman said later that he heard a scream but that he hadn't been sure where it came from. After checking on the science building and Reynolds Hall he came to the library. The door was open and he flashed his light inside.

"My God!" the watchman is quoted as having said. "What's going on in here?"

As Poloski had feared, the story was common gossip by morning. It has never been proved that Dr. Glenn was responsible for Poloski being locked in the library, but it is known that Glenn had been in the library at closing time and had volunteered to tell Poloski of the hour.

Certainly, however, Dr. Glenn was responsible for Miss Marshall's presence. He had driven her home and, parked in his car before her apartment, had proposed. She told my wife later that she had given him no definite answer but when he had gone she'd returned to the library in a state of extreme mental agitation, hoping that in this place where she felt most at home she might reach a proper decision.

Apparently she did. For when the watchman flashed his light through the door, Dr. Poloski turned like a lion to face him. "It is quite all right," Poloski said. "The lady has consented to be my wife."

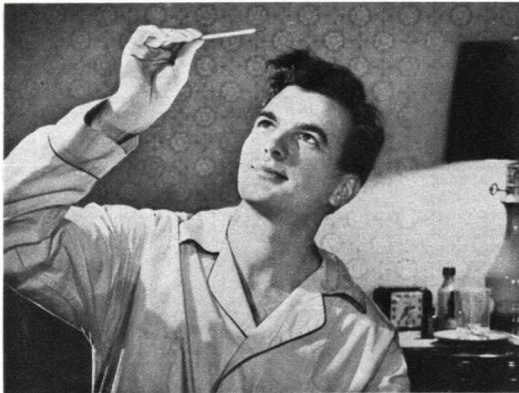
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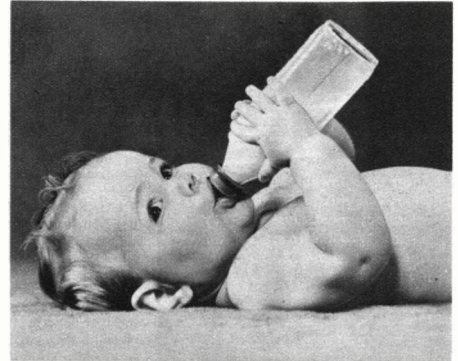
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Gentlemen's Award

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

then, unknowing, shut him in the refrigerator amid all manner of delicacies. Cook's mood was savage. She saw the small boy and the tracks his skates had made on the lawn.

"You!" she said. "What're you doing here?"

The small boy looked up, but he didn't say anything.

"You haven't any business here," Cook said. "Go on home." She stared at the small dirty face, at the shaggy hair. "If you have a home. Go on!"

Joe stood up. His purrs had ceased. He looked at Cook. His big head lowered and his whiskers tucked themselves flat against his cheeks. His stub tail twitched. He stared, unblinking, and deep in his chest a new sound began, a sound which Cook had heard before.

Cook's day seemed destined to end in frustration. "Well," she said, "he hasn't any business here."

Joe took one slow step forward. Cook stepped back. "All right," she said, and her voice slid a little up the scale toward falsetto. "All right, but you'll see. I'll tell the missis, an' then you'll see." She turned abruptly and fled for the house.

LUCAS was in the bedroom when Tim came home that night. He gave her her highball, and he kissed her, and then he sat down on the edge of his bed. "What's up?" he said. "Cook—"

"Eileen was right," Lucas said. "I don't like to admit it, but she was right." All day she had been brooding, the temper of the morning long since faded away; and doubts—uncomfortable doubts—about the ethics of her behavior had begun to plague her. Perversely, the doubts only strengthened the conviction that she had been right. "I sent him away," she said. "He wouldn't obey Cook and I had to go out and tell him to go away."

"Who?"

"Tim McCoy; you just don't listen!"

"Oh," Tim said, "that one. The Baker boy." He smiled into his highball. "What'd he do?"

"Do? Do?" There was the rub; he had done nothing, really. The tracks were not serious. When she had gone out to speak, he had merely sat and looked at her, stubborn and silent. Then he had gotten up and skated off down the long drive, small and shaggy and lonely—unbelievably lonely.

"He won't say anything," Lucas said, "and he's dirty, and—"

"Most small boys are, and if they aren't—"

She switched the argument to safer ground. "Do you want your son associating with—with just anybody?"

"Thomas?" He thought of young Thomas, on hands and knees, scuttling here, scuttling there, burbling to himself. "Oh, be reasonable."

"Tim, it's important!" Lucas began.

"Okay," Tim said. "It is. I'm easy to get along with." He sat there, frowning into his highball, finding more here than met the eye, finding, as he had found so many times, that the tortuousness of feminine reasoning was far, far beyond him.

"I'm sorry," Lucas said. "I didn't mean to jump on you."

He studied her for a moment. "You look tired," he said. "Things are tough all over."

"Yes," Lucas said. "They are." . . .

The next day was Thursday. Cook went through her breakfast chores in a mechanical fashion, her mind filled with a depression which she could not explain. Joe came in. He eyed Cook warily, prepared for any aggression, major or minor. He watched her go to the refrigerator, take from it a small package wrapped in waxed paper, and go to the stove. He sniffed, unbelieving, at

the aroma that rose from the frying pan. And then a plate was set before him—not his bowl—a plate, and he investigated it at close range. The evidence was unmistakable. Chicken livers. He fell to with vigor and enthusiasm, rumbling pleasurably to himself.

Cook said, "You might as well eat them. They'll just spoil." Which was manifestly untrue, and Cook knew it. But she felt better, and some of the depression faded away. The picture of the small boy skating slowly down the drive—this, too, faded a little. "I guess you can have some rum, too, if you want it," she said.

Joe came out into the bright sunshine. The world seemed pleasant. He sat down among the carnations, sniffed their fragrance, and began to wash himself carefully. Vincent came, bearing a grasshopper. He set it down and prodded it gently, and it took off in a magnificent leap.

Joe watched it for a moment and then resumed his bath. Vincent retrieved the grasshopper. He held it in his small hands and he jumped up and down, squeaking, painting vivid pictures of the sport the grasshopper would provide. Joe washed on. The small boy, his friend, with the worshipful voice and the friendly scratching fingers would appear—right here by the carnations where he had appeared yesterday. Joe, like most cats, distrusted children, but there were exceptions. Joe washed on and waited, his confidence deep and sure.

Tom was gone to the office. In the nursery, Miss Henderson and young Thomas were well embarked upon their morning routine.

Lucas came into the kitchen. "We'll have the chicken for tonight," she said, and— She sniffed. "You're baking."

Cook's back was turned. Her voice was almost truculent. "Been a long time."

"A cake?" Lucas said.

Cook rattled pans in the sink. "Cookies. They've got little bits of chocolate in them."

"Oh," Lucas said. She studied Cook's broad back. "Cookies."

"They're nice to have around," Cook said, and her tone asked clearly whether Lucas wanted to make something of it. Cook's conscience itched unbearably; she stuck to her guns. "Everybody likes cookies."

Particularly small boys, Lucas thought. Her back stiffened. Through the window she could see Joe sitting in the carnations, and Joe's head was lifted and he appeared to be listening, waiting. It was a conspiracy. Lucas turned away and left the kitchen.

The small boy, Danny, did not appear.

DINNER that night was a quiet, somber affair. Tim said, "Where's Joe? He wasn't around when I came in."

"He hasn't been here all day."

"Oh?" Tim studied Lucas. He was frowning a little. Lucas concentrated on her plate. "What's the trouble?" Tim said. "What gives?"

"Nothing," Lucas said.

"Then why the martyred—?"

"There's nothing wrong, Tim. Eat your dinner." First Cook sulking, then Joe disappearing, and then Vincent following her about all day like a lost soul, squeaking at her, demanding comfort and solace for his loneliness. As if it had been her fault; as if there had been anything else she could have done. "Eat your dinner."

Tim served himself some chicken. He frowned at the platter. "What happened to the livers?" he said. . . .

After dinner, in the living room, Vincent clambered up into Tim's lap and sat there and looked, saying nothing. His small fingers plucked at a button on Tim's shirt.

Joe turned up for his breakfast the next day. He gobbled it hungrily, tossed off his rum, had a brief bath in the sunshine, and then, stub tail high, trotted off down the drive. Vincent accompanied him as far as the sidewalk, where the sounds of traffic and the distance between trees, and the vast, unfamiliar openness of it all were entirely too much to dare.

He sat down and whimpered softly to himself. Joe, unheeding, trotted on up the sidewalk, past the house where the fox terrier dwelt, past the home of the Doberman, past the fat dachshund dozing on his front lawn, past the grand house where the two Siamese lived, pausing for none of these, pursuing his errand with single purpose. He did not return that night.

Tim woke up early Saturday morning. Vincent was sitting on his chest, and one of

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Vincent's small forefingers traced an intricate pattern on Tim's cheek and probed experimentally into Tim's ear.

"Okay," Tim said, "I'm awake. Knock it off." He reached for cigarettes and lighter on the night stand.

From the next bed Lucas said, "What is it? What's the matter?" Her sleep had not been pleasant. It had been filled with strange, tormenting dreams: with fingers pointing at her; with images of Cook, her back turned; and with large pans of enormous cookies going to waste. She lifted herself on one elbow.

Vincent stood up. He assumed his oratorical stance, arms widespread. He faced his audience and began his speech, which was long and sorrowful and punctuated by many pauses. He sat down at last and looked at Tim. "I guess it's my move," Tim said. "Whatever it is I'm supposed to do."

Vincent whimpered softly. On all fours he crawled up Tim's chest and onto the pillow. He huddled there against Tim's neck. "You all right?" Tim said.

"He's lonely," Lucas said. "He never comes in this early unless—" She stopped there. "It's Joe. Something's happened to Joe."

"Now, relax," Tim said. "Just take it easy." He threw back the covers. "I'll go and see." He got into his dressing gown.

There was no sign of Joe. Tim called. He beat up the carnations. He went into the tool shed. He searched the lawn. He went back into the house.

Lucas was already dressed. "Tim—" "Now, look," Tim said. "This is silly." "It's my fault," Lucas said. "It's all my fault."

"What is?" "I warned you," Lucas said. She hadn't. "That first night, I warned you."

"I don't get it." Tim sat down on the bed. "But whatever it is, forget it. Joe'll turn up."

"He won't. I drove him away."

"Joe?"

"That awful little Baker boy," Lucas said. "He's probably got Joe."

"You don't know. Be sensible." But Lucas was already gone, out of the room. And Vincent remained on the bed, a small huddle of unhappiness. Tim looked at him. "You, too," he said. "Oh, hell!"

TIM dressed himself and went in to breakfast. Cook set it before him in silence and returned immediately to the kitchen. Her voice drifted plainly into the dining room. "He's always in by now," Cook said, "squal—asking for his breakfast. I put out his rum."

"Something's happened to him," Lucas said. "Vincent was almost crying when he came in and woke us up."

"They always know," Cook said. "Animals, I mean. They have a seventh sense, like." She added ominously, "And some people don't like cats." There was silence.

Tim put down his coffee cup. He went into the study and called Information and got the number he wanted and called it. The phone rang for some time before a man's voice, sleepy and not overly friendly, answered. "Baker," Tim said. "My name's McCoy. Have you seen our cat?"

"Cat." The voice spoke slowly, with determined calm. "No. I have not seen your cat."

"Well," Tim said. He wondered how he had gotten himself into this. "I'm sorry to bother you. Good-by." He hung up and went slowly back to his breakfast.

In the kitchen a new voice had been added. Miss Henderson said, "He used to come in and see us in the morning, too. He liked the smell of Thomas' baby oil." All past crises were forgotten. "Thomas used to look forward to seeing him."

Tim stood up and went into the kitchen. Lucas, Cook and Miss Henderson watched him in silence. "Come on," Tim said. "I'll get the car out."

Lucas said, "Where can we look?"

"The animal shelter," Tim said. "The pound. We'll try there."

Lucas said, "The Bakers. Those people." "The Bakers are asleep," Tim said. "Or at least they were asleep when I phoned them. They don't know anything."

"Oh," Lucas' voice was small, undecided. "Come on," Tim said.

AT THE animal shelter they drew a blank. The pound attendant shook his head. "Mister," he said, "if we tried to round up cats—" He spread his hands. "Dogs are bad enough, and they can't climb trees."

"Thanks," Tim said. He went back out to the car. He started slowly for home. "Maybe he's there by now."

Lucas sat silent for a time. "Tim." She hesitated. "How did Mr. Baker sound?" "What the hell!" Tim said. "He sounded sleepy. How else would he sound?"

"I just wondered. Maybe—" She stopped and sat up straight and pointed, catching Tim's elbow with her hand. "Look. The sign! The cat show! Do you think Joe might have wandered over—"

"And found new fields to conquer?" Tim said. "Somebody's Persian? Somebody's prize Siamese? That would be great." He pulled over to the curb. "We'll have to leave town."

"He wouldn't," Lucas said.



"Wouldn't he?" He had his door open and he was out of the car. "Come on."

It was not a large show. Improvised stalls had been set up around the ring, and in each stall there was at least one cat. "Look at them," Tim said. "Good Lord, look at them!"

They were of all shapes and colors and sizes, each one sleek and haughty, beautifully pampered. They were sitting or lying, dozing or watching, thinking their inscrutable thoughts while their owners bustled about with brush and comb, with gentle hands, with small, delicate words spoken in soft voices.

"If Joe strolls in on this," Tim said. He was almost convinced now. He shook his head. "Look at that fat Persian on the cushion. Joe would—"

"Tim," Lucas said, "don't look now, but there's Joe." She paused. "And the Baker boy." She pointed, and Tim just stared.

Joe was in one of the improvised stalls. He was lying on a piece of sacking, just lying, one forepaw folded and the other straight out before him. Around his neck there was a faded and soiled ribbon tied in a clumsy bow; one loop stuck out rakishly behind his ear. He stared straight ahead, unblinking; and Danny stood beside him, hunched over, whispering urgently, and patting his head. In the stall to Joe's left was a smoked Persian; in the stall to Joe's right a seal-point Siamese on a blue satin cushion. Joe's attitude was that of a man

at a charity bazaar, doing his duty by the community.

"Now I've seen everything," Tim said. He started forward.

"No," Lucas said.

Tim stopped. "What do you mean no? Look at him."

"I know," she said, and her eyes were very bright. Her hand was on Tim's arm, holding him back.

"Now, look," Tim said.

Lucas shook her head. "No. Wait." The judges—there were three—were moving slowly along the row of stalls, making their inspections, whispering their conclusions, making their notes on small pads of paper.

They reached the seal-point Siamese and they paused there. The Siamese stood up on his satin cushion, moving in an indolent manner; made a complete circle, like a model on display; and then lay down again and looked at the judges with his bored blue eyes. They conferred solemnly. They nodded their heads and made their notes and moved on.

Danny had turned. He was facing the judges, one hand half hidden behind him, resting on Joe's shoulders. He swallowed, and from clear across the room Lucas and Tim could see how nervous he was. One of the judges spoke, and Danny nodded and moved a little aside. Joe looked up from his sacking.

THERE was a silence. The three judges looked at Joe. Joe looked at them. One of the judges said something to Danny, and Danny answered, and the judges and the owners standing around began to laugh. Danny shrank, almost cringed.

"Why, damn them—" Tim began, but Lucas' hand was still on his arm, and he made no move, just stood there watching Danny and hearing the laughter.

Joe stirred himself. He got to his feet, moving slowly, without haste, the ribbon loop protruding ridiculously from behind his ear. His stub tail was high, twitching ominously, and his head was lowered and the bunched muscles of his shoulders stood out in great humps. His eyes—even from this distance they were plain—gleamed like polished stones, unblinking, opaque. He swung his head slowly, taking in all three judges and the owners standing around. He made no other move. He crouched there, staring them all down, and the laughter died away, bit by bit.

One judge fumbled with his pad of paper. One just stood. The third judge half extended his hand and then thought better of

it and drew it back in haste. Joe watched them as they moved quickly to the next stall and paused there only briefly and then hurried on.

"Come on," Lucas said. "He's crying. See?"

"Joe?"

"Tim! Will you come!"

LATER, in the McCoy kitchen, Joe crouched on the floor, tucking into a bowl of milk and rum, lapping it up with a steady, practiced beat. Vincent, beside him, sat quietly, squeaking only occasionally, stretching out a small hand to touch Joe's great shoulders. Vincent was content.

Lucas stood to one side. In her hand was a plate of cookies, and she was looking down at Danny, smiling a little, not minding the dirt that was on his face. She felt confused and a little embarrassed.

Danny looked at the cookies. He looked at the floor. The tears, temporarily stifled, were very close again. "I wanted him to win a prize," he said.

"I know," Lucas said. Behind her, Cook clutched the rum bottle firmly and coughed with a thunderous sound.

"They laughed at him," Danny said. "He's better'n any of them, an' they laughed at him."

Lucas shook her head. She hunted for words, but words sometimes are difficult things. Cook coughed again and waddled forward and sweetened Joe's punch with more rum. Joe indicated approval.

"He's better'n all the fancy ones," Danny said. "He could of whipped them all, but he didn't." The cookies were unimportant. "All of 'em," he said.

Lucas nodded. Her smile was easier now, and, somehow, her thoughts had gotten themselves untangled. "Joe is a gentleman," she said. She saw Danny's head rise, and some of the worry was gone from his face. He nodded in agreement. "But they didn't bother to find that out," Lucas said. "They just looked once—"

"An' then laughed."

"Yes," Lucas said. Her voice was soft, gentle. "Some people are like that," she said. She was thinking of Eileen, and of herself. "Here." She pushed the cookies closer. "You're a gentleman, too, Danny."

Cook stamped over to the sink on her large feet. She muttered to herself. Lucas said, "Maybe your father and mother—"

She stopped there, seeing Tim's eye upon her. "After all," she said, "we're neighbors, aren't we, Danny?"

"I think I'll have a cookie, too," Tim said.

THE END



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The Corpse Was in the Countinghouse

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

which Dr. Lancaster in his posthypnotic suggestions had overlooked.

He ran to the bathroom and stuck his finger down his throat. He retched up much of what he had eaten.

Neil washed his hands. While he was drying them, he caught sight of his face in the mirror. It was not his own face. There was a haggard, drawn grimace about it, a wide-eyed stare that startled him. Suddenly Neil felt the resistance ooze out of him. It was useless. He was fighting himself. Filled with a sense of depression, Neil left the bathroom. The tray was gone, the concrete slab was back in place.

Neil looked around for a possible temporary advantage. He had drunk the coffee but he had been able to get rid of most of it. Dr. Lancaster would think that his patient had been drugged into mental receptivity again so he could readily be hypnotized, and Dr. Lancaster would probably come to the room.

Neil looked around for a possible weapon. He realized that he should have kept the knife that came with the steak. Of course if he had, they'd have noticed that it was missing when the tray came back. Even so, he would have had some weapon. Neil walked slowly around the room, examining the wall for some sign of a door. There were tiny rectangular cracks in the concrete, marking the place where blocks had been fitted together, but he couldn't be sure that any of these outlined a door.

He made another fruitless search for something that could be used as a weapon. The towel rod in the bathroom was too fragile even if he could detach it from its supports in the wall. There was nothing else movable in the bathroom. In the bedroom there were only the table, the bed and the chair which was anchored to the floor. Perhaps he could pull a drawer out of the table and throw it at the doctor when he came into the room.

Neil tried the drawers in the table. They were locked shut.

He looked under the bed and found that the bed had no metal springs. The mattress rested on a web of ropes.

COMPLETELY discouraged, Neil lay down on the bed and stared up at the bare white ceiling. After a moment he saw a small trap door opening above his head. Dr. Lancaster's face appeared in the opening, his eyes staring down at the bed.

"You are tortured by conflict," came Doctor Lancaster's voice. "Sleep. Resolve your problems while you are at rest. You are drowsy. You are sinking into slumber."

Neil struggled to sit up, but before he could, the man who had once before hypnotized him was able to do so again.

"Sleep," came the command, and once more Neil felt himself sinking into unconsciousness.

When he woke up, he knew that he had lost the battle.

The table with its desk lamp, the plain sheets of white paper, the pen, were all waiting.

Neil fought with his subconscious urge while his body shook as though he had a chill. Perspiration oozed out on his skin. Then, as though he had been drawn by some invisible magnet, he went to the table, picked up the pen and wrote:

I am Neil Anson. I am making this confession entirely of my own volition. It is my free and voluntary act. I murdered Frank Crenshaw. I also arranged for the robbery of the bank. After I had murdered Crenshaw I went to the side door, took out the keys and gave them to an accomplice who was waiting at the door. I had studied the habits of the guard and knew he would be down at the safe-deposit vault at that time.

My accomplice took the keys, unlocked the door of the countinghouse, put on a mask and held up Durant. He opened the

alley door and passed some two hundred thousand dollars out to me. I put the currency in my brief case and walked away. Everything went as planned until Durant managed to kick the burglar alarm.

My accomplice exchanged shots with the guard and was wounded in the right wrist.

I am making this confession to ease my own conscience. I must have been crazy to have ever thought up such a scheme, but I hated Crenshaw and I needed money for my business.

Neil Anson signed the confession, and addressed an envelope: *Chief of Police, Pleasantville.*

The strange part of it all was that Neil now felt more than half convinced that this was exactly what had happened. He put the pen down and felt a delicious drowsiness creeping over him. He knew now that he had discharged the obligation of the posthypnotic suggestion and that while he had been hypnotized he had been told to sleep as soon as he had finished with the confession.

WHEN Neil woke up, he had no means of knowing how much later it was. He saw, though, that the paper on the table was blank. He had no way of knowing whether he had only dreamed about making a confession or had actually made one.

The door of his cell was now standing wide open. There seemed to be nothing to keep him from walking out.

He felt his jaw with the tips of his fingers and realized from the stubble that he had been in the cell for at least twenty-four hours, perhaps longer.

Neil walked to the door and looked out. The corridor, dimly lighted by electricity, led the length of what apparently was a cell. There was a flight of stairs, then a door to the outside standing wide open. Looking out through this door Neil could see that it was night.

He went up the stairs and stopped to take stock of his personal possessions. He found to his surprise that everything he owned was back in its proper place. His wrist watch was on his wrist. His wallet, fountain pen and automatic pencil were in his pocket. He found his handkerchief, his knife and his small change in his trousers pocket.

Then his fingers felt an unexpected bulk in the left-hand inside pocket of his coat. He pulled out a sheaf of bills.

In the dim light from the passageway he

counted the money. It came to a thousand dollars.

For hours now, Neil had been concentrating only on escape. Now that the way of escape was open he felt a sudden impulse to stay and fight. As he stood in the doorway, deciding what to do next, he saw a figure outdoors running toward him.

Ellen Jasper's voice reached him. "Neil, oh, Neil."

She was running across the driveway. He could hear the crunch of gravel under her shoes. Then she was on the steps leading to the cellar door. The light shone on her anxious face.

"Ellen," he said, "what in the world are you doing here?"

"Are you all right, Neil?"

"Yes."

"You look—you look like a wild man." "I've been through a lot."

"Are you coming with me, Neil? I can hide you, I can—"

"Wait a minute," Neil Anson said. "Come on back in here with me."

He took her arm and led her down the stairs, back into the dimly lighted passageway.

"What is it, Neil?" she asked, keeping her voice in a cautious whisper. "What do you want? What's the trouble?"

Neil said, "First I want to find a weapon; then I want to find a place where we can talk."

"Neil, tell me, what's the trouble?"

He found an unlocked door in the passageway which opened to a furnace room. Neil led her into the dark shadows. He groped around hoping to find a poker near the furnace.

AT LAST his fingers closed upon a round iron bar. He straightened up. "How did you happen to find me here?" he asked.

"I had to take the lie-detector test," Ellen explained. "I decided to have my hair done while I was waiting and I was under the dryer when you walked out. I saw you hail the taxi."

"Did Gladys Leland see me, or know that you saw me?"

"No, I don't think so. I didn't say anything to anyone."

"But how did you find me here?"

"I got hold of the taxi driver. He didn't have any idea who you were, of course. He told me he'd taken you here, that you'd told him to wait, but that after a while a



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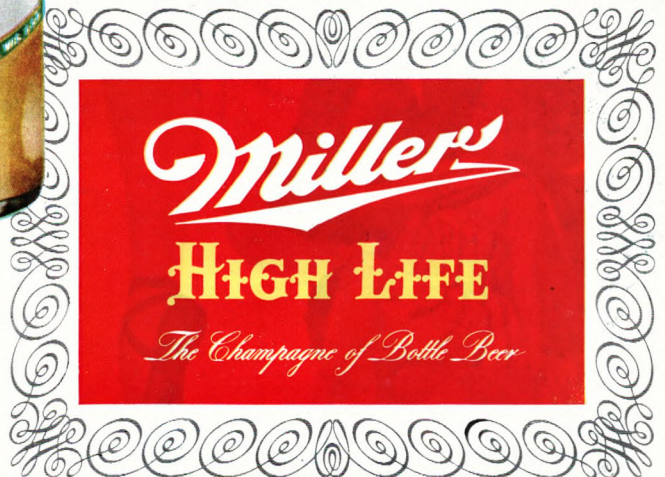
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nurse had come out and told him you'd be longer than you'd expected and that he was to leave. She paid him off."

"Go ahead," Neil said.
She said, "I kept wondering and—Neil, I don't know. I think George Durant is a complete phony. I knew he had called Dr. Lancaster two or three times from the bank. I knew he had done work for Dr. Lancaster, getting him located here. I was sure you couldn't be in any kind of business relationship with Durant and tonight I got nervous. I made up my mind I'd come here and look the place over. I thought of going in the front door and asking Dr. Lancaster about you."

"But you didn't."
"No. When I came here, there was something about the place that frightened me. It was dark and—sort of sinister. I started walking along the grass by the driveway and I saw that open door and the faint light in the passageway. I was wondering whether I dared to go in and look around and—there you were! Tell me, Neil, what happened?"

Neil said, "Dr. Lancaster is a hypnotist. He's probably a darned good one. He uses drugs to help rob you of the ability to struggle against the hypnotic influence and he uses posthypnotic suggestion."

"But why, Neil? What's it all about?"
"That's what I want to find out," Neil said. "He used a posthypnotic suggestion to force me to write a confession."

"A confession!"
"Yes."
There was dismay in her voice. "Oh, Neil! I would have sworn that you—oh, you couldn't!"

"I'm afraid," Neil said, "that it's impossible to explain what happened. I don't think anyone would believe me."

"I'll believe you."
And, standing there in the furnace room, his voice hardly more than a whisper, Neil told her what had happened.

"What was the drug he used?" she asked.

"I don't know," Neil said. "It's probably one of the barbiturates."

"Could a drug do that, even if a man were fighting against a hypnotic influence?"

"I fought against it," Neil said. "Of course, I didn't know exactly what was going to happen until after the drug had been given to me. We must remember that most of the people who come to Dr. Lancaster do so because they want to be hypnotized."

"Didn't you know what was coming?"
"No, I didn't," Neil said. "I knew we were in a jam. We had to do something and I thought Dr. Lancaster might be the key to the solution. I thought I'd find out. Well, I walked into a trap, that's all."

"Couldn't you have gotten up and walked out after you were drugged?"

NEIL explained: "Sure, but I didn't realize what had happened until the drug began to take effect. After all, Ellen, you know the barbiturates are classified as hypnotics. They use sodium amylal and sodium pentothal as truth serums. Dr. Lancaster doesn't use the hypnotism itself except as a basis for a posthypnotic suggestion. After the suggestion is planted in someone's subconscious mind, he is at war with himself until he obeys the subconscious urge."

"But never mind that for a moment. Tell me about you, Ellen. What happened when they gave you the polygraph test?"
"I flubbed it," she said.

"How?"
"They asked me if I—oh, it's a mess, Neil."

"Go on," he ordered. "Tell me about it."
"Well, they asked me if I had any guilty knowledge of the murder or if I had helped to conceal any information from the police, and questions like that."

"And what happened?"

She said, "I kept thinking of you and how you'd been in my apartment and I'd kept that information from the police. It turned out later that they knew that anyway. I don't know how they knew it."

"They were tracing your calls. Go on. What happened?"

"Well, they knew I was lying. That is, they said the lie detector showed I was lying on some of the questions. I got terribly excited and nervous and I guess I didn't make a good test. They say I have to take another tomorrow after my nerves have quieted down."

Neil said, "That's Harman's idea. He thinks that—well, he feels that if I'm innocent then you must be guilty."

"Of what?"
"Crenshaw's murder."
"Good heavens, why?"

"Because there wasn't time for anyone else to have gone into the private office, killed Crenshaw and then left before—"

"I'm beginning to think so, too," she interrupted hastily. "Neil, do you suppose that I could have been drugged, that someone could have managed to hypnotize me and plant one of these subconscious impulses so that I would have done anything like that?"

"I don't think so."
"That's what you say, but you don't sound entirely convinced."

"No, no," he protested, "I'm sure that—"
"But why, Neil, if a posthypnotic suggestion could make you sign a confession to something you didn't do, why couldn't it be used to make me do something I didn't want to do?"

"Nothing like committing a murder," he said, uneasily. "Besides, you didn't even know Dr. Lancaster, did you?"

"I'd seen him once or twice."
"Where?"

"He'd been in the office."
"Doing what?"

"Talking with Mr. Crenshaw. He was arranging some loans."

"He didn't want any loans," Neil said; "he wanted a chance to get into the bank. Ellen, did he ever—" He broke off as they heard the sound of steps.

Through the partly open door they could look out into the corridor. A shadow showed in the hallway. Then the nurse in the starched uniform walked quietly past the door and down the corridor.

"Going down to my cell," Neil whispered. "They want to make sure that I've left."

They stood silent in the furnace room, Neil tensed for action, Ellen with her hand resting lightly on his arm.

AFTER a few moments the nurse came back down the dimly lighted corridor. Then, after she had passed, they heard the slam of the outer door, the shooting of bolts.

A man's voice called a question from somewhere above.

"He's gone," the nurse answered. Neil felt a surge of excitement. Ellen asked, "Why didn't they turn you over to the police?"

"I think," Neil said, "that they want me to escape. They want me to leave the country. They gave me money so I could. They're undoubtedly mailing that confession to the police. Anything I might say after that would seem like a lie to explain away the written confession."

"Neil, what are you going to do now?"
"Look around. We might even manage to get that confession back."

Holding the iron poker, he moved cautiously into the corridor, turned toward the outer door, which was now locked and barred with heavy bolts on the inside, and climbed another flight of stairs leading to the first floor of the house.

There was a door at the top of the stairs. Neil tried the knob. It was unlocked.

Ellen dug her fingers into his arm. "I hear a car coming," she whispered.

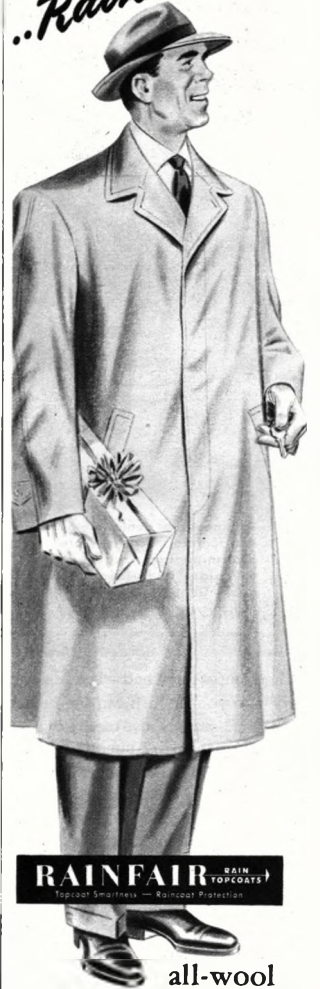
They waited, tense and silent. They could hear tires crunching on the gravel. Then there was the sound of a jangling bell.

Low-voiced conversation was audible on the other side of the door, then steps in the corridor. After that, the house seemed completely silent.

Neil gently turned the knob, pushed the door open, and stepped into the same reception room which he had seen earlier in the

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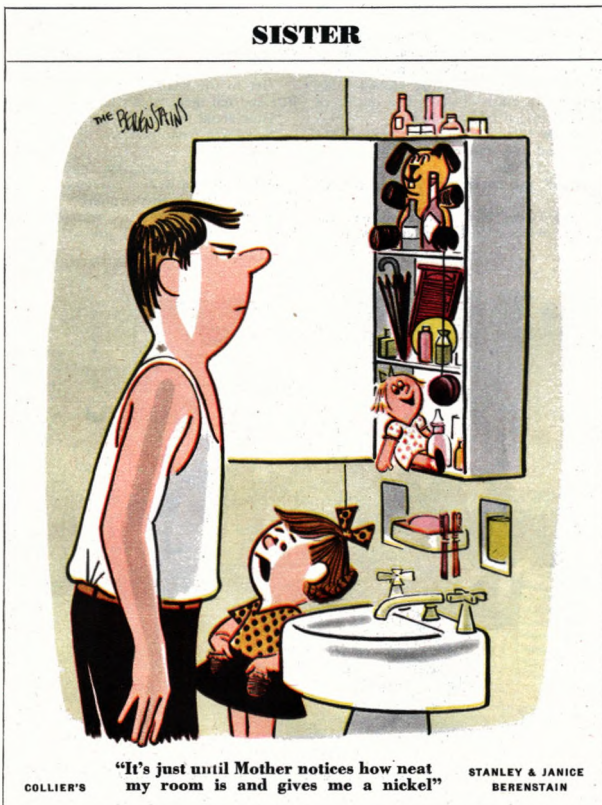
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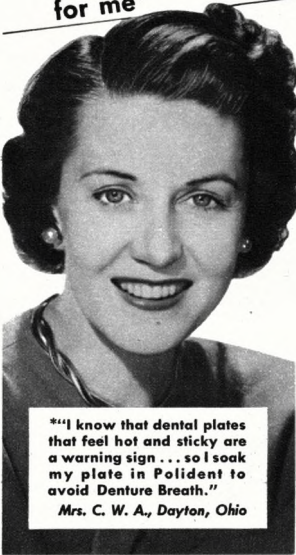


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day. There was no sign of the nurse, no sign of Dr. Lancaster. The big house was wrapped in its gloomy silence.

After a few minutes, Neil beckoned to Ellen and led the way on down the corridor. A door was slightly ajar and Neil, holding the poker ready, pushed the door open a few inches on a room some eight feet square. The only furniture was one chair.

Abruptly, a door opened somewhere behind them, and Neil pulled Ellen into the little square cubicle and quietly closed the door. He saw then that the chair faced a window into another room, and through it they could see Dr. Lancaster standing over a man who was relaxed in a deep chair.

But neither Dr. Lancaster nor the man in the chair seemed to see them.

"One of those trick mirrors," Neil whispered. "It's a window from this side, a mirror from that side."

The door of the other room opened. The white-uniformed nurse stepped in and said to Dr. Lancaster, "G.D. 62 is on the telephone and—"

"I can't talk to him now," Dr. Lancaster said.

The sound of voices came through the room as though they were being heard from a radio loud-speaker.

"Microphone," Neil explained. "We can see and hear everything that goes on, but they can't see us or hear us."

"Tell him to call back in twenty minutes," Dr. Lancaster said, without taking his eyes from the man who was sprawled in the chair.

The nurse went out.

The patient looked up at the doctor expectantly.

"As I understand it," Dr. Lancaster said, "you have been instructed to take security screening tests in order to get a job in a nuclear fission plant?"

"That's right."

"Have you had previous experience with the lie detector?"

"Yes."

"What happened?"

"It trapped me."

THE nurse returned with a hypodermic. Dr. Lancaster helped the man take off his coat and gave him the injection. Then he drew up a chair, sat down, and watched the man's eyes.

After a few minutes, Dr. Lancaster began talking in a reassuring voice.

"When I have finished with you," he said, "you will have complete control of your anxiety about your connections with any foreign government or any Communist leanings. Do you understand?"

The man nodded.

"If there are any other subjects on which you wish to be made immune from detection, you must tell me. Otherwise they will trap you. How about personal honesty? Have you ever stolen money?"

"No. Never. What the hell are you insinuating?"

"Don't get upset about it," Dr. Lancaster said. "You must relax, and put yourself in my power. I had to know about your past. You must have complete confidence in me and you must co-operate with me. You want to put your mind under the complete control of my mind for the one specific purpose of keeping you from any inadvertent self-betrayal on this one matter. Do you understand?"

"Yes."

"Look me in the eyes then. Hold your eyes on mine. Concentrate on sleep. You will lose all of your cares and worries."

"Your eyelids are beginning to droop," Dr. Lancaster went on. "You feel an overwhelming desire to withdraw from the cares of the waking world. You are drifting into unconsciousness. You are sound asleep."

There was a moment's silence; then, with complete assurance, Dr. Lancaster went on, "You are now completely subject to my suggestion. You will do exactly as I say. "First, you will remember that no one will be able to hypnotize you except me. From now on, if anyone tries to hypnotize you, he will fail."

Dr. Lancaster waited for that to sink in. Then he went on, "There's no need for you to have any fear that the lie detector will at any time in the future be able to discover your affiliation with the Communist party or any allegiance to any foreign government. The lie detector will register no physical signs of anxiety because you will have complete subconscious assurance. There will be no increase in blood pressure, no change in respiration, no change in the resistance of the skin. You will be immune. You will know unconsciously that you are immune from discovery and that will give you complete tranquility when questions are asked you on this subject."

"Now you will sleep for fifteen minutes. After you wake up, you will remember that under no circumstances will anyone else be able to hypnotize you. However, I can hypnotize you at will."

Dr. Lancaster abruptly turned and strode from the room.

Too late, Neil realized what was going to happen next.

He pushed past Ellen to start for the door. "What's the matter?" she asked.

"He'll come in here to watch him when he wakes up," Neil said, and reached for the knob of the door.

It was too late. The door opened and Dr. Lancaster started in, saw Neil, and stopped in surprise. Neil went for him.

"Janet!" Dr. Lancaster called sharply, jumping back and fumbling inside his white smock.

Neil lunged forward and rammed the end of the poker into the doctor's stomach.

Out of the corner of his eye, Neil saw the nurse coming down the corridor. She had a small automatic in her hand.

"Stop!" she said. "Put up your hands!"

Neil estimated the range. It was a good thirty feet.

Dr. Lancaster was drawing a .45 automatic. Neil made a pass at it with the poker.

The nurse fired.

Neil heard the bullet whiz past his head. Dr. Lancaster stepped nimbly backwards so as to avoid Neil's poker.

Neil lunged, slashed with the poker, and caught the end of Dr. Lancaster's weapon, spoiling his aim. Neil's ears rang with the roar of the explosion. A second later, there was a crash of glass as a mirror or window tinkled into fragments.

He saw Ellen running wildly toward the nurse and saw the nurse point her gun straight at Ellen.

"Stop!" the nurse said, spitting out the word.

"Stop, Ellen!" Neil shouted, and he made another swipe at Dr. Lancaster. Just as the

doctor fired for the second time, Neil jerked his arm with the crook of the poker and Lancaster dropped the gun.

Neil dropped the poker and dived for it. Dr. Lancaster kicked at his head. His foot struck Neil a grazing blow on the temple, jarring him. He grabbed for the doctor's foot, caught it and jerked. The doctor came down on top of Neil. Neil, groping with his fingers, found the gun.

He was conscious of two sharp explosions over his head, then he flung Dr. Lancaster off and got to his knees. Ellen Jasper was lying face down on the floor.

The nurse was pointing her gun at Neil.

COLD with rage, Neil pulled the trigger on the doctor's automatic without aiming. The nurse fired. Her bullet hit the floor and ripped up a long splintered trail of white wood beneath the waxed finish.

Dr. Lancaster grabbed Neil's gun arm. Neil slashed out with his left, his fist catching Dr. Lancaster in the mouth.

The nurse turned and started to run.

Neil, on his knees, caught Dr. Lancaster on the jaw with his fist. Then he was running to Ellen Jasper.

"Ellen," he said, "Ellen, are you hurt?" She was struggling to her hands and knees. "Ellen, what happened?" he asked. "Did she hit you?"

"No, I ducked in time. Oh, Neil, are you hurt?"

"No, I'm all right. We've got to get out of here. We—"

"There he goes," she shouted.

Neil turned. Dr. Lancaster was springing for a door.

"Stop!" Neil shouted.

The door was a swinging door. Dr. Lancaster hit it like a football player plunging into the line. The door slammed open and swung shut.

"Well," Neil said, "there we are. Maybe it's just as well he got away. He's hypnotized me twice and he might be able to do it again. I don't know."

"Let's get out of here, Neil," Ellen said. "Somebody must have heard all that shouting, and—"

"I know," he said. "Listen, Ellen, you're going to have to do something for me."

"Anything, Neil."

"Get to the nearest telephone, call the FBI and tell them what's happened here."

"How about the police?"

"Stay away from them."

"Why?"

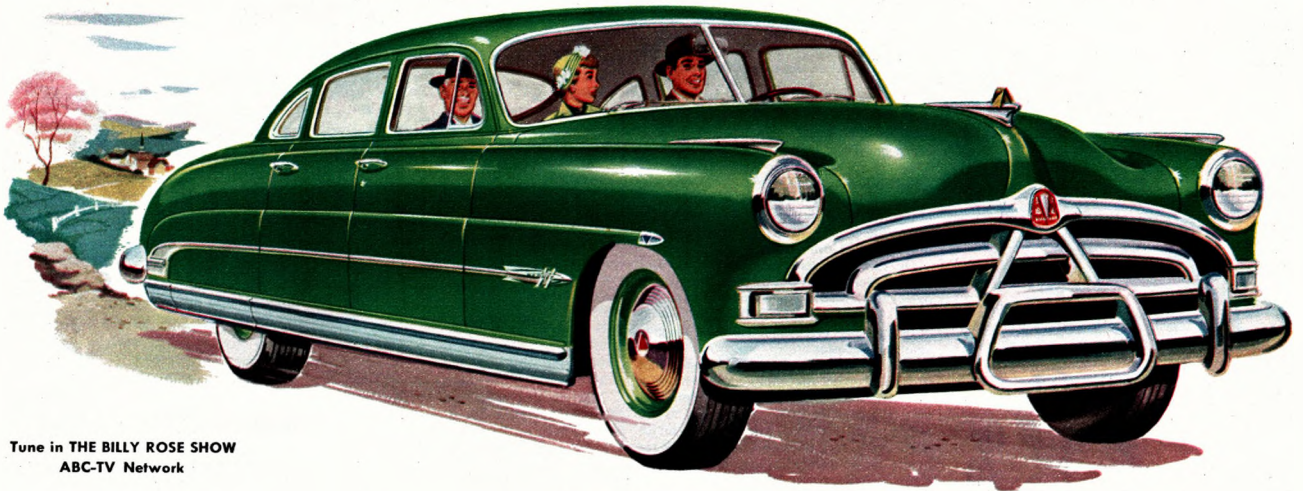
Neil said, "Dr. Lancaster knows who I am. He got that written confession out of me. He'll send it to the police."

"Well," she said, "can't you tell them how it was made? Can't you—?"



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"They won't believe me," Neil said. "They'll think I'm just trying to repudiate my confession. I doubt if Dr. Lancaster recognized you, and I doubt that he'd dare make any complaint to the police."

"Neil, what are you going to do?"
He said, "I'm going to try and work this thing out to a solution."

"Neil, can't you go to the police?"
"Not yet. The way things shape up right now, if I'm innocent of the murder, then you must be guilty. Besides, pretty soon they'll have my written confession. I can't afford to get caught now."

"But if George Durant was mixed up in this thing and—?"
"How are we going to prove he was mixed up in it?"

"He called Dr. Lancaster and sent Nathan Edwards out to see him."

"Suppose he says he didn't?"
"But you heard him!"

He smiled at her and said, "That's just it. Don't you see, Ellen? We need something besides my word. Now if you can get the FBI on the job, investigating this business of using hypnotism to beat security tests, then they may be able to get a confession out of Dr. Lancaster. Come on, let's go."

"Neil, where are you going? Can't I stay with you?"

"That would be the most dangerous spot on earth."

"Well, where are you going?"
Neil grinned. "I'm going to call on a woman. I've just remembered where I've heard her voice before."

SIRENS were screaming before Neil Anson was three blocks from Lancaster's house. He knew then that Lancaster had called the police. Probably he'd told them that Neil had robbed him.

Dr. Lancaster had been clever. He had wanted Neil Anson out of the country. He had even planted escape money on him. The signed confession, plus Neil's flight, would outweigh any evidence Neil tried to give against Lancaster.

And, Neil realized, Dr. Lancaster had probably taken the numbers on the big bills that were in his pocket and would be able to give a list of those numbers to the police. But since Neil knew that he might need every cent of cash he could put his hands on, he decided to take a chance and keep the money.

Two police cars passed Neil as he walked along; and it took all his self-control not to run. But he kept plodding along; and fifteen minutes later, he was at the Redfield Apartments.

Neil got the lower door of the apartment house open by ringing the bells of two top-floor apartments. The buzzer opened the outer door. He climbed the stairs to the third floor and tiptoed down to Apartment 321.

He pressed the buzzer button on the side of the door.

There was no answer.
Neil tried the door. It was unlocked. Neil turned the doorknob and stepped into the dark apartment. He stood on the threshold a moment, then switched on the lights. The apartment was in confusion. Someone had been searching ahead of him.

A drawer had been pulled out of the desk, and papers lay scattered over the floor. The top of the desk was pulled down. The contents of the pigeonholes were strewn about. The bottom two drawers of the desk, however, were closed.

Neil walked across the room and opened the bottom drawer. It was filled with papers, newspaper clippings, envelopes tied together, canceled checks, receipted bills—all in perfect order.

He opened the drawer above. It, too, was filled with papers, and was in perfect order, contrasting with the wild disorder of the other drawer and the top of the desk. Either whoever had been searching the desk had found what he wanted in the top drawer and therefore had no need to search further, or Neil's visit had interrupted someone. The lights in the apartment had been off, but whoever had been at the desk could have been using a flashlight.

Neil stood for a moment, his back to the door, watching the reflection of the room in a mirror on the opposite wall. Behind him the mirror showed the bathroom door gently opening.

Neil whirled and jumped toward the door.

The door swung open so abruptly that it slammed hard against a doorstop. For a moment the figure that rushed toward Neil struck him with horror. It was a masculine figure with a gaunt, gray face—a demonic face filled with menace. As Neil lunged he realized that this face was a plastic mask, completely covering the man's features.

Neil's punch jarred the man back on his heels. For a moment the man staggered, then he lunged forward once more, swinging the blackjack viciously.

Neil tried to block the blow, but the blackjack came down on his left forearm, and for a moment the pain paralyzed him.

Then Neil lashed out with his right. Once more he caught the man, this time on the right side of the head. The man staggered back.

A key turned in the door.

my back on the bathroom door, I saw, in the mirror, that it was opening. I turned around just as a man jumped out with a blackjack. He took a couple of swipes at me and I hit him a couple of times. Then your key made a noise in the door and he went out fast."

"A nice story," she said sarcastically, "if I believed it. All you had to do was come in here, unlock the back door to the service porch, leave it open so you'd have a good alibi, and start searching."

"For what?"
"For whatever you wanted to find when you came here in the first place."
He had no answer to that.

SHE said, "According to all the authorities on the subject, you're supposed to put your hands up when I point this gun at you. You won't do it. I haven't the nerve to shoot you just because you won't do it. But if you try to rush me, I will shoot you. Now I'm going to telephone the police. You're wanted for murder and I'm going to let them come here and take you. Don't move or I'll pull the trigger."

Beginning Next Week:

Stairway to an Empty Room

By DOLORES HITCHENS

Monica Marshall had never had anything to do with murder. And now she suddenly found herself in the middle of a terrifying conspiracy. Her sister, Biddy, had been brutally murdered, and Biddy's husband would soon be executed for the crime. Monica had come all the way across the country to take care of their child, Winifred—the bright, troubled little girl who kept insisting her father was innocent and drove Monica into dangers more frightening than any she had ever known.

The masked man ran swiftly to the kitchen door, pushed it open and vanished.

The hall door opened and Katherine Gloster stood in the doorway, transfixed with surprise, her door key still in her gloved hand.

She dropped the key, opened her purse, and took out a small revolver.

"All right," she said. "Get them up!"

"Don't be a fool," Neil said. "He went out through the kitchen."

"Who are you trying to kid?"
"No one."

She thrust out her foot, kicked the door closed behind her and said, "Open the kitchen door. Don't make any sudden moves."

NEIL walked ahead of her and pushed open the kitchen door with his right hand. The kitchen was dark, but the back door had been left open.

"Turn on the light," she commanded.

Neil found the light switch and clicked on the lights.

He started toward the back door.
"No you don't," she snapped. "Stay right here."

She went quickly to the rear door and looked down the back stairs. Then she closed and locked the kitchen door. She faced Neil. "Start talking."

Neil said, "I came here. You weren't home. I got in."

"How?"
"The door was unlocked."

"Then what?"
"I found it just like this," he said. "I turned on the lights. It was dark when I came in. I noticed that the desk and the upper drawer had been ransacked. The other two drawers seemed to be in order. I thought that might mean either that the person who was searching had found what he wanted, or that he had been interrupted."

"And so?"
"I looked around the room. As I turned

She crossed the room to the telephone.
"Wait a minute," Neil said. "I can prove I'm telling the truth."

"How?" she asked.

"You can see where that blackjack hit me on the left arm. I'm just getting so I can move it."

He slipped the coat off his right shoulder, then held his left arm straight down, wiggled his shoulders and let the coat slide to the floor. With his right hand he unfastened his cuff and pulled up his sleeve.

On his left forearm, the mark of the blackjack could be seen plainly.

She studied the arm for a moment, then said, "What did you want?"

"I wanted to find out why you were interested in George Durant."

"Find anything?"
"I just got here."

"And you didn't do any searching?"
"No. I saw the top drawer was in a mess and the others weren't, that's all."

"And you weren't looking for any specific thing?" she asked skeptically.

Neil smiled and shook his head. "I think it's time we understood each other a little better," he said. "What's your connection with Alva Kenton?"

She said, "I'm not free to talk."

"I'm free to talk," Neil said. "You're certainly free to listen. When Alva Kenton was giving that lie-detector test, I heard you whispering with him about George Durant."

She couldn't keep the surprise from showing on her face.

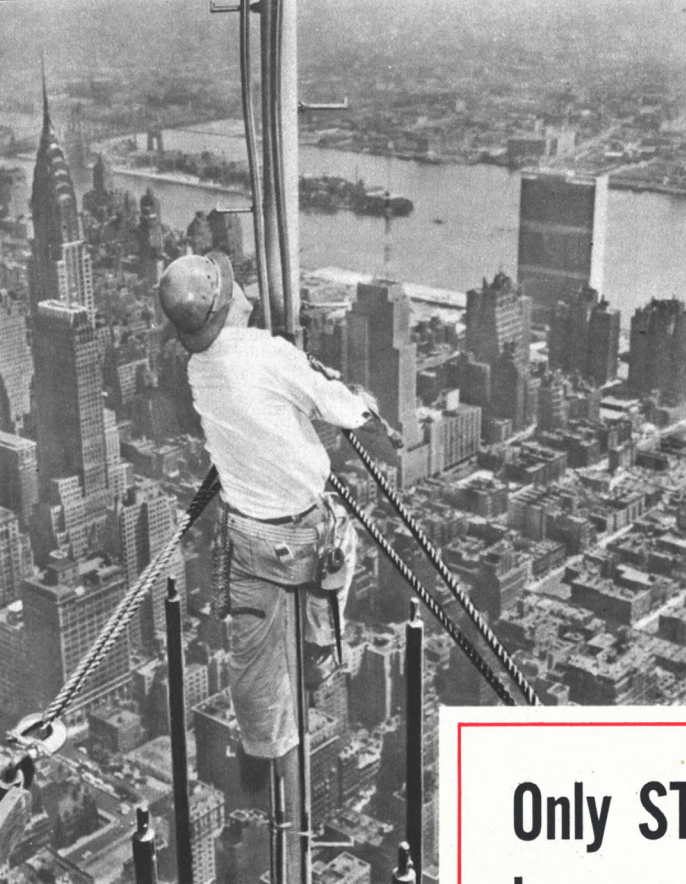
"So," Neil said, "I thought we might just as well pool our information. If you're interested in how Durant beats the lie detector, I think I can tell you."

"What—what do you know about all this? Who's been talking to you?"

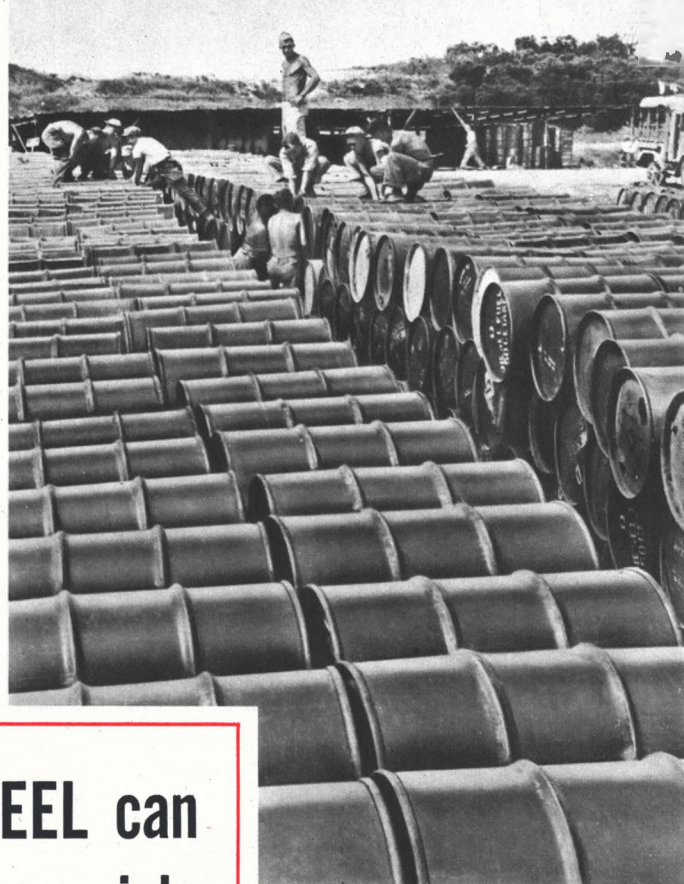
"The point is," Neil said, "do you want my information or don't you?"

"All right," she said after a moment. "I want your information."

(To be concluded next week)



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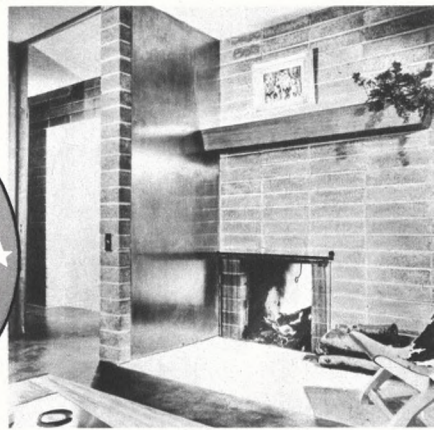
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The Life of an Ex-President

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30



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overnight. I opined that we did not know the character of the place and that we had better take her farther, and suggested to the lady that she not be discouraged, for the professor's skepticism ought to be broken down; that she must renew her efforts. This she did among moans from the professor.

After another hour we came to an auto camp that I thought would do, and we let the lady out. She again remarked, "The Lord will provide"—the greeting of a group of women evangelists who at that time hitchhiked along the highways, laboring with travelers and auto-camp inhabitants. The professor would not speak to me until a good breakfast and the gorgeous mountain views had melted his indignation.

New Deal vs. The Common Man

Motoring the highways also revealed some of the more somber sides of the trials through which the American people were passing.

Once Mrs. Hoover and I stopped overnight at a neat-looking camp above Ouray, Colorado. There were a dozen other over-nighters. In the dining room they at once fell to asking national questions of me. One visitor, an obvious New Dealer, repeated the contemptuous reference that "you could not eat the Constitution."

Near me sat a grizzly, elderly man and his wife who had taken no part. At once he rose and delivered the clearest and most inspiring discussion of the relation of the Constitution to the daily life of the "ordinary man"—as he called him—to which I have ever listened. After he had finished, I asked him what his job was. "I am a carpenter," he replied.

In 1934, during the NRA, Mrs. Hoover and I were motoring home from fishing on the Rogue River. We were driving at night to avoid the heat, and about midnight stopped in a northern California village at the only hot-dog stand still open. We were waited on by a wholesome woman who, after she served us, blurted out:

"You are Mr. Hoover! I am in great trouble. Would you tell me what to do?"

She poured out a torrent to the effect that she and her husband had had this place for 10 years, keeping open 18 hours a day to catch enough of the traffic to make a living. They had bought a small farm from their savings and had paid 60 per cent of the cost. The tenant on the farm paid only the taxes and interest on the mortgage.

A frail old woman relative—nearly eighty—had come to them destitute. They had given her lodging, food and \$2 a week pin money to putter around and help with what little work she could.

Now the NRA Compliance Board, upon which sat a representative of their competitors, had ordered them to keep open only 12 hours a day and pay a minimum wage of \$11 per week to the old lady. They had explained that it meant ruin, but the board had given them until noon the next day to comply or be closed up. What could they do?

About this time the husband, a husky-looking Vermonter, came in. His immediate contribution to the conversation was:

"Do I have any rights? Hasn't an American some rights?"

The whole Bill of Rights rose in my mind. I asked if he had ever heard of it. He hesitated, and I surmised he was wondering if it was some other bill to pay. I told them to go to the high-school library in the morning, get a copy of the Constitution of the United States, and read the first ten amendments, which were the Bill of Rights. They would find that the spirit of six of these rights had been violated by the Compliance Board—although some sharp lawyers might deny it.

I wrote out a list of the violations, told them to go before the board, read it the Bill of Rights, tell it in no uncertain tones

where it was violating the Constitution and then defy its orders. They were then to report to me what happened and I would advise the next step. I had in mind a lawyer in the county seat who I knew would handle the case for the glory of it.

A few days later I received a letter from the woman:

"We did just what you told us. When my husband finished defying them with that Bill of Rights, I told them where they got off. They haven't dared do anything to us since."

Another instance among many was a woman who owned a small filling station. On my pulling up for gas she looked at me and broke out:

"You are Mr. Hoover! What are these New Dealers doing to us? Haven't I any rights any more? I voted for Roosevelt and this is what I get."

She showed me an order from the local NRA enforcement officer telling her to reduce the price of gas two cents a gallon at once or be closed up. She explained that she made about \$3 a day and had three children to support and that this order did not leave her enough with which to buy food for the children.

I told her that the NRA had no right in morals or law to issue such an order, gave her the name of a leading lawyer friend in San Francisco who would charge her nothing and told her that if they molested her again to refer her to this lawyer and defy them.

This she did; the NRA wanted no such test case in the hands of such a lawyer and she did not hear from them any more.

Going by some weeks later I stopped for gas again, and she gave me a present of a cactus in a pot. The symbolism was a little confused, but she volunteered she would vote the Republican ticket until she died.

As literally hundreds of appeals from such injustices came to me, I established a system of volunteer lawyers—old friends—who would advise. In no case did the authorities persevere against such a threat of exposure.

I have read much editorializing on what to do with former Presidents. I realize that they are a kind of menace chiefly because people must at times listen to them talk on public questions. But I deal here with extra-curricular occupations, equally serious but less painful to the public.

Educational Work Resumed

After leaving the White House, I at once resumed active participation in the management of a number of organizations with which I had been actively connected before the Presidency. In various capacities as trustee, director or chairman, I took part in the work of Stanford University, the Huntington Library, Mills College, the Carnegie Institute, the Boys' Clubs of America, the American Children's Fund, the Belgian American Educational Foundation and a host of other boards and committees.

In those cases where there were substantial endowments (a total of over \$100,000,000), my first effort was to secure the investment of part of such funds in common stocks instead of all in bonds and prior lien securities. I was confident that sooner or later the inevitable consequence of "Planned Economy," with its managed money and credit, would be decreasing purchasing value from the income of prior lien securities. While common stocks were no guarantee that income would keep up, they at least had a chance.

The institutions with which I was connected converted from 25 per cent to 40 per cent of their funds into equities. In every case both their income and capital greatly profited by the conversion.

It was necessary for me to devote a good deal of time to raising funds for these and other scientific, educational, public welfare

Collier's for March 24, 1951

and relief institutions. I must have taken part in raising 50 to 75 million dollars for such purposes after leaving the White House.

There was also the Library on War, Revolution and Peace at Stanford, based on a collection of historical documents which I had begun in Europe during the first World War. The French, British and German libraries of this character were practically destroyed by World War II. Stanford alone has these records.

After the second war we expanded hugely into the collection of materials of economic, social and political order from every part of the world. The collections on Communist Russia, Nazism, the Vichy regime, the development of Communism in China and Asia, the political developments of Japan, India and all Asia in this period are unique to this institution.

The library contributed to winning World War II by being one of America's major sources of vital military experience, maps and information from World War I. Whether it will contribute to winning the peace is more problematical. It has copies of the peace treaties of the past 35 years; peacemakers may easily secure the lingo of peace from these documents.

The library has been financed over the years by more than 10,000 contributors to an amount exceeding \$3,500,000. Today, more than 100 graduate and research students are on its rolls. The Army and Navy have officers constantly in its stacks.

Over the years I had received numerous invitations from European countries to visit them that they might publicly express appreciation of the service they felt I had performed for them during World War I. I had no taste for such demonstrations, but as most of all of central and eastern Europe had abandoned the liberal governments established at Versailles, I thought it of importance to get a firsthand look at the causes and methods of these revolutions.

Moreover, as war was looming, I wished to be better able to advise the American people in respect to our relation to that possible event. Early in 1938, I accepted these invitations and visited some 15 countries over a period of three months.

The journey gave me opportunity for personal discussions with 22 Presidents, Kings and Prime Ministers, 15 Foreign Ministers, a host of Cabinet officers, editors, professors, business and labor leaders. I have prepared for future publication—when the confidences of these men can do

them no harm—an account of these conversations in their historical setting from notes taken at the time.

Aside from the international phases of the world situation, I was particularly interested during this journey in another major question. By what causes and by what procedures had each of the 12 new representative governments established in Europe by the Treaty of Versailles been turned to some form of Fascist government?

I received no better summary of them than from President Ulmanis of Latvia. We had many contacts while he was leading the revolution for Latvian independence in 1919 when I administered American aid under the authority of President Wilson.

A Reluctant Latvian Fascist

Ulmanis was Latvian-born, had been sent to an uncle in the American Midwest when ten years old, had graduated in economics from a Midwestern university and had taught in Omaha high schools. He returned to Latvia in 1914 to get his mother and was caught in the war. He spoke English in the American idiom and with the great advantage to me that our terms and meanings in political and economic discussion were identical (which is far from the case when talking through an interpreter). Ulmanis was a penetrating student of social and economic forces all over Europe. A few years after acting as President he had been defeated by parliamentary vote and retired from office. Later on the country had fallen into complete chaos and he, together with the commander of their army, had dissolved the parliament, abolished the supreme court and had conducted the government in Fascist dictator fashion ever since. He considered it only a passing phase and hoped that later he would be able to restore representative government and the constitutional guarantees.

In reply to my request that he outline the forces and incidents which had led to these revolutions over Europe in 11 other states, his statement was:

There were two roots to revolution and several fertilizers. The first root was that few Continental people are adapted to parliamentary democracy. That form of liberalism conceives at least one majority party. When there are half a dozen, including parties on the extreme right and extreme left, both intent on destroying democracy, it is unworkable. Ministries are then formed by compromise, they are

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founded mostly on negative action—they cannot last or give strong constructive government.

The second root of revolution was the slow recovery from the impoverishment of war.

The fertilizers were the fifth column operators of the Russian Communists boring into the labor groups together with the intellectuals who believed in personal liberty but who thought you could have economic totalitarianism and maintain the personal freedoms. This stage with its "Managed Economy" at once curtailed and frightened business, from which unemployment and government spending were both increased. Finally it was taken. In reply to what steps he had taken as dictator to restore order, he said:

When with the head of the army I took possession, I thought I could preserve personal liberty by mere restoration of public order, but I quickly discovered that the fundamental cause of chaos was fear—fear in businessmen, fear in workmen, fear in farmers, fear of currency, fear of the government, all paralyzing economic and moral life. The only way to dissolve fear is more fear. I had to tell men and groups exactly what they had to do and put them in fear of the concentration camps if and when they wouldn't do it; fix prices; fix wages; order employees to start the factories, workmen to work and farmers to bring their products to market; issue new currency, and order people to take it and lock people up if they wouldn't. By and by, the system began to function again; confidence returned and the worst was over. Don't let anyone tell you that personal liberty can survive in totalitarian economics or that the preliminary stage called "Managed Economy" can ever stop short of collectivism. Today, Latvia has full employment, remunerative prices and the currency has a sound gold reserve. America with its "Managed Economy" is well on the road to chaos and the eclipse of democracy. I have been through it and am on the way out.

He had said that he hoped to restore representative government and the personal liberties.

And with a laugh Ulmanis added:

America may need expert advice later on and I will come home—I mean come back—and help.

This slip into the word "home" echoed in my mind for days, for that was the grip that America takes on men's souls.

Belgian Memories Renewed

Two years after our conversation, when Russia violated her treaties and invaded Latvia, Ulmanis was taken prisoner, and a truly great man died or was liquidated in a Russian prison.

My first visit on this 1938 trip, however, was to the Belgians. They began with an official reception at the Hotel de Ville in Brussels, presided over by my old friend, Burgomaster Max. I had had much to do with him when he was burgomaster during the war. A year after the 1914 invasion, a German general discontented with the burgomaster's conduct had come to the city hall and sent for Max. The general unbuckled his two revolvers and laid them on the council table either to be relieved of their weight or as a preliminary to negotiation. Max solemnly opened his fountain pen and laid it beside the revolvers. A little later he was taken to a German prison. He had been burgomaster again ever since his release in 1918.

But most deeply affecting was the meeting called of our old committee which had co-ordinated relief work inside Belgium. This committee had been composed of the leading Americans in the Relief Commission and 90 prominent Belgians of every political, religious, economic and geographic group.

Each surviving member occupied his old seat at the original meeting place—the board room of one of the large banks in Brussels. The chairman, with a formality

that for the moment covered his emotion, declared that the agenda for the day had but three items—to call the roll; to honor the dead; to renew friendships builded in time of trial.

I have seldom been more affected than by that roll call and the frequent reply, "Mort," both as to Belgian and American members. More than two thirds of the chairs were empty. Many were occupied by men feeble with age. It was then I realized that while I was in my early forties during that war, our Belgian colleagues had been mostly twenty years my senior.

We all had difficulty speaking.

A lighter incident arose out of the Belgian astronomers' discovery of a planet shortly before my visit. They put on a ceremony naming it for me, but later the International Astronomers Union ruled this out on the ground that planets must be named after the Greek gods. I was not surprised at this action, for in 1921 Austrian astronomers had discovered a new planet, named it Hooveria for me, and met the same fate. So I lost two planets, and had to move off of Olympus.

In Berlin we expected to remain only a day, but were detained by urgent invitations of the Nazis, including Hitler. I was not enthusiastic about seeing Hitler, as I had long since formed a great prejudice against the whole Nazi faith. The American ambassador, Hugh Wilson, felt, however, that there was no escape; in fact he was delighted, as he had never seen Hitler except in parades.

We were supposed to be with him for a few moments' formal call, but he kept us for considerably over the hour. My impressions were that he was forceful, highly intelligent, had a remarkable and accurate memory, a wide range of information and a capacity for lucid exposition. All this was contrary to my preconceptions based on books which tried to make him out a dummy.

I was soon convinced that this was the boss himself. My adverse reactions to his totalitarian aspects were, however, confirmed by minor items. From his clothing and hairdo he was obviously a great deal of an exhibitionist. He seemed to have trigger spots in his mind which when touched set him off like a man in furious anger.

The conversation touched on Communism, whereupon he exploded and orated. I silently agreed with his conclusions so did not mind. A moment later the discussion spread to democracy, and he began to explode again, whereupon I remarked that I could not be expected to agree as I was one of those myself. The subject was dropped and we went on to some less controversial topics.

I of course did not then know that Hitler had already determined upon his barbarous

invasion of Austria four days later. He certainly did not confide in me.

Later we went to lunch at the American ambassador's with a number of high German officials and Americans. I sat next to Baron von Neurath who, until recently, had been the German Minister of Foreign Affairs. A few chairs down was an Undersecretary of State, Paul Schmidt, who had checked the interpretation at the Hitler interview. This gentleman proceeded in undertones to give Von Neurath an apparently amusing account of the minor clash between these two "high priests" of rival faiths. I noticed two American newspaper correspondents at the opposite side of the table, listening intently. They hardly waited to be civil in their excuses for departure.

Newshounds Were Too Eager

I did not at the moment know what their haste was about. But they had smelled from the Schmidt-Von Neurath conversation that a fight had taken place between myself and Hitler and proceeded to telegraph such a story to the American press. The next thing I knew Schmidt came to see me, much perturbed, and asked me to make the statement that my impressions of Hitler had been most favorable. Schmidt's anxiety was, of course, for himself. I could not assist him. He later squared himself by giving the impression that the story was manufactured by Paul Smith, one of my secretaries—who was not present at the meeting at all.

I received an urgent invitation from Field Marshal Goering to attend a luncheon at his hunting lodge, Karin Hall, some miles from Berlin. The American ambassador was all for it, for he had never seen the No. 2 Nazi either, except in parades.

The only affinity of Karin Hall to a shooting lodge was the imitation shingles on the roof. It was an immense structure, with rooms half as large as a Waldorf dining room, crammed with hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of furniture, paintings and art, including two or three busts of Napoleon. Goering came from an impecunious military family and had never legitimately enjoyed more than a general's salary.

When our cars entered the courtyard we were stopped by a sentry for no apparent reason. In a few moments there emerged from a side door 12 or 16 men dressed as huntsmen and armed with French horns. They played the Siegfried's Hunting Call the most beautifully I have ever heard it. I certainly knew we were in a Wagnerian atmosphere.

We went to lunch each attended by at least one butler and a footman. Perhaps some were secret service men in livery to prevent visitors doing bodily harm to our host. In any event some of them were always within reach. In the middle of the



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masterpiece, it is a priceless example of American engraving. Exquisitely handwrought by Gustave Young, the decoration took a full year to complete — each delicate line handsomely embellished with gold and silver inlay.



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Timely Tips by Little Lulu

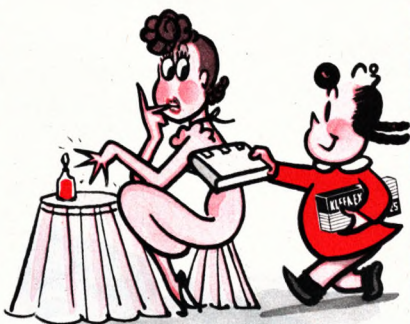
HOW DO YOU SCORE ON THESE HELPFUL WAYS TO SAVE ?



To save baby's neck, should you—

- Buy a fur-lined bib Sandpaper his shoes
 Pad the bathtub

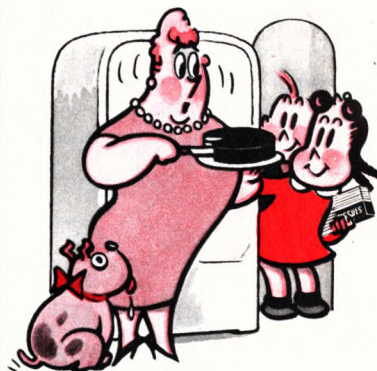
Make tiny toyles' new shoes skid-proof! Sandpapering the soles prevents many falls. And keep soft, moisture-lovin' Kleenex handy around baby. Super to use for bibs . . . applying baby oil . . . patting on powder. Soothing Kleenex tissues save his delicate skin, save you many a laundering chore.



For a thrifty manicure, try—

- Nail biting The book technique

Steady does it! When using polish, cover a book with Kleenex tissues; rest fingers on top, wrist on table. Avoids smudging, so lacquer lasts longer. Use Kleenex to remove excess polish. Absorbent! Sturdy! Trouble-saving! There's always a tissue at your fingertips with that handy Kleenex box. No fumbling. Helps prevent smudges.



What helps keep cake from drying out?

- An apple The refrigerator
 Leave it to the kids

Eat your cake and keep it—fresh. Put an apple in the cake tin. And "save" that apple-cheeked complexion, with Kleenex to wheedle weary makeup away gently! Invitingly smooth; extra soft (through a special process)—Kleenex has just-right strength, too, for crumble-proof beauty duty.



Can you cut down surplus weight with—

- A new girdle A deck of cards
 Goosy desserts Hypnotism

Want less "waist"? Toss a deck of cards into the air; then pick up one at a time. These 52 bends and trotings-around can help save your figure. To stop waste, save your budget—use Kleenex. Only with Kleenex can you pull one at a time (not a handful!)—the next pops up, ready to use.



When hanging pictures, what protects walls?

- Use cellophane tape Wear gloves

Plaster needn't crack when you drive that nail. Protect wall with small square of cellophane tape, before hammering. Saves repair bills. And see how many ways soft, strong Kleenex can save as it serves you, around the house. For dozens of uses—you'll find no other tissue's just like Kleenex!



Does every school-going youngster need a—

- Lunch box Serv-a-Tissue box Pencil box

Especially in sneezin' season, school-timers need Kleenex—to help keep colds from spreading. Kleenex comforts anifle-sore noses. Saves hankies, messy washing. And unlike "just tissues," Kleenex has that thrifty Serv-a-Tissue box. Handy for small fry to keep in their desks . . . useful so many ways.

Kleenex* ends waste - saves money...

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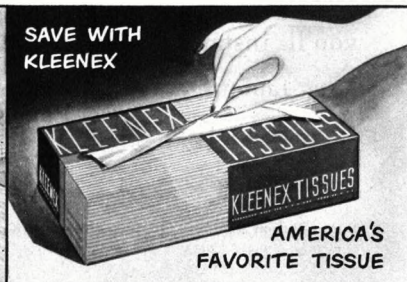


table was a life-sized bust of a lady wearing a string of pearls. Curiosity drew my eye to it in contemplation of whether it was brass or gold.

Goering noted this and remarked, "My first wife. It's pure gold." His second wife, Emmy, was somewhere in the house.

An encounter which had some personal implications, was my long conversation in Vienna with President Miklas of Austria, Finance Minister Neumayr, President Kienboeck of the Austrian National Bank and three University of Vienna economics professors. I asked their views as to the underlying causes of the European economic collapse in 1931, which had been touched off from Vienna. I was certainly interested because the most disastrous of the woes of my administration, the great depression, really had its worst blow with the financial collapse of Europe beginning in Austria. World War I had also been sparked in Austria.

Their views were the same as those expressed by corresponding leaders in all the other countries I visited. In sum, my notes record that the Austrians said:

"There were several primary and a num-

ber of secondary causes. The primary causes were, first, the weakening of the economic structure of every nation in Europe by the war; second, the economic consequences of the Treaty of Versailles which had divided the Danube Valley among five states, each of which had set up trade barriers by tariffs, discriminatory rail rates, quotas, etc., and thus weakened and impoverished the productivity of that whole great area. This had impoverished and paralyzed the great financial and trade center of Vienna with its skills and former resources.

"Seventh, the attempts of governments to provide for this unemployment by public works drove budgets into further deficits with a train of foreign and domestic borrowing, kiting of bills and disguised inflation. From all this flowed government controls of imports and exports in an effort to protect currencies and gold reserves, all of which created more unemployment. The collapse was delayed somewhat by the flood of American loans and credit, but it was inevitable. The whole of the process was an aftermath of the World War and the Treaty of Versailles. If there had been no war, there would have been no world depression.

"The crack started at its weakest point, that is, in Austria, and was widened when the French demanded payment of short-term bills as a pressure measure to prevent the proposed economic union with Germany in 1931.

"The panic spread to the Germans, who had flooded the world with short-term bills they could not meet."

It did not seem to occur to these gentlemen in Europe that I was personally responsible for the world-wide depression—as Mr. Roosevelt so repeatedly charged.

In Finland, the last night of three days of receptions at Helsinki was given over to an honorary degree from the University of Finland. The university had conferred very few in 400 years of its history. The elaborate ceremony took place in the university auditorium with 2,000 people present in full evening dress, and with addresses in Greek, Latin, Finnish and English in which my past life was recounted and improved upon. That being done, I was called up onto the stage. A part of the ceremony consisted of bestowing on me the "Sword of Truth." I had been through many honorary degrees and thought I could manage my part successfully, but the sword was a new feature. As I continued to hold it in my hand the rector, a former Harvard professor, said (*sotto voce*):

"Please put it on."

"I (*sotto voce*) have no belt."

"Can't you (*sotto voce*) fasten it on your suspenders? I must have your two hands to take the oath."

The sword carried a tassel. I pushed up my tail coat and vest and moored it under my suspenders as best I could, amid good-humored snickers. We then proceeded with the Latin oath to intellectual and spiritual freedom with my hands upon the "Golden Book" of the university. As each phrase proceeded the sword slipped a little more. Just as I finished the oath, the whole works slipped and it clattered down the steps of the platform. I was embarrassed enough without the expressions of joy from the audience. I went down the steps, gathered it up and returned.

For once in my life I had a thought before an extemporaneous speech instead of afterward. I recounted that I had been raised in a religious faith of such strictness that as a boy I was not allowed my one great wish, which was to have a wooden sword; that I had served for a short time with the American Army in battle and was not given a sword then; that I had been commander in chief of all the Armies and Navies of the United States and again was not allowed to have a sword; and that having come all the way to Finland to get my lifelong heart's desire I did not propose to lose it.

For the balance of that speech I held the sword fast in my fist.

My visit to London on this European



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COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

ber of secondary causes. The primary causes were, first, the weakening of the economic structure of every nation in Europe by the war; second, the economic consequences of the Treaty of Versailles which had divided the Danube Valley among five states, each of which had set up trade barriers by tariffs, discriminatory rail rates, quotas, etc., and thus weakened and impoverished the productivity of that whole great area. This had impoverished and paralyzed the great financial and trade center of Vienna with its skills and former resources.

"Third, the reparations and intergovernmental war debts which had distorted all finance and exchange and through pressures had forced the export of goods into unnatural channels. Fourth, the economic isolation of Russia by the Communist destruction of her productivity, thus stopping the flow of food and raw materials into Europe and closing a large part of the market for European manufactured goods in Russia.

"Fifth, immediately after the treaty and despite the League, military alliances and power politics had steadily increased armaments with their inevitable unbalanced budgets.

Collier's for March 24, 1951

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journey was the first in 20 years. I find a letter of mine to Mrs. Hoover:

"I sneaked away on a visit of unalloyed sentiment. I stole out of the hotel alone, found a cab, told the driver the old formula —'Kensington High Street, Horton Street to the Red House.'

"At the door I automatically fumbled in my pocket for the key. I rang the bell. A stiff manservant answered and I asked if I might see the lady of the house, explaining that I was an American who had lived in this house many years ago, was in London only for a day, and would like to walk through the rooms and the garden again. He seemed nonplused, but came back after some minutes, and through the partially opened door announced, 'Her Ladyship is not in.' I was prepared for this with a tenshilling note, sufficiently exposed, and suggested that perhaps he would let me see any part of the house not in use at the moment.

"To the left was the oak-paneled library with its fine fireplace and its leaded-glass bookcases—the same as ever. I imagined again sitting on the opposite side of the desk from you, with the manuscripts and reference books of Agricola piled between us as we worked over the translation of De Re Metallica. Again I saw 'Pete' at the little table in the corner, making marks and announcing that he was writing a book too; and 'Bub' clambering into his mother's lap and demanding to know what the book said. The living room had been redecorated from its old neutral tints to modern white and was a repellent stranger to me. The century-old mulberry tree, which we had nursed for years with steel I beams, was gone and replaced by some formal bushes.

"By now the man was standing on one foot and filled with anxieties—and to finish him, I shook his hand, which I guess no 'gentleman' had ever done before.

"Your old grim-faced parlormaid came to Claridge's (hotel). She asked me to thank Madame for sending her a nice card every Christmas and especially for the 'elp you had given her from the White 'ouse in the 'unemployment times, and she inquired after the 'ealth of the 'young Masters.

"I thought, perhaps she had come for more 'elp, and not wanting to offend her, I remarked that if she got in a tight place again she should write to the 'Madame.' She replied at once: 'Oh, no, I 'ave a nice place with a family in 'yde Park, but they are not the likes of Madame, and besides when I sent the money back to Madame, she would not take it and told me to put it in the bank in case 'ard times come again and then I 'ave it.'

"So you will see she has never yet been able to place her H's and I have discovered your secret transactions. I directed one of the boys to take her down to the afternoon tea then going on in the hotel with the fashionables of London and to treat her like the real lady she is in her heart."

An Offer by Governor Dewey

In the years after leaving Washington, Mrs. Hoover and I found that we had to spend much time in the East. In 1934 we took an apartment at the Waldorf-Astoria Towers in New York where we spent a good part of the fall and winter months. Gradually the intervals of our living in California became shorter and shorter.

In time I removed my voting residence to New York. In 1949, Governor Dewey did me the courtesy of offering me the appointment of United States Senator to succeed to the unexpired term of Senator Robert F. Wagner. I felt it necessary to refuse. It was in my view desirable to confer the honor on a younger man. Moreover, I felt

my greatest remaining service would be to maintain my independence from political harness.

My sons had long since established their own homes. I had always wanted some daughters. Herbert and Allan brought us two girls whom we would have been proud to have as our own daughters. In time we were to have six grandchildren who were an unalloyed joy. Two of them are now married and have two children of their own.

Herbert had expanded his engineering field and reputation until his professional income had far exceeded that to which I had attained in that profession. He, however, lived in an age when the government took most of it in taxes. One time or another, he was consulting engineer to many governments, and was called upon for advice by the British government.

He had the satisfaction of having his laboratories selected for development of vital instruments for detection of submarines and the development of airplane instruments for the Army and Navy in World War II. The success of these instruments and their contribution to the services were noted by the Army and the Navy by the conferring of their "E." After Mr. Roosevelt's time, he was called upon by our government for advice for management on great projects.

Allan had adopted an occupation of mixed farming and mining. On his own account and on behalf of others he expanded to the management of some 12,000 acres of irrigated farms in the San Joaquin Valley.

Encounter with Henry Wallace

One night during the thirties he telephoned me saying that he had two news reporters in his ranch house; that during the day Secretary of Agriculture Wallace in Washington had informed the press "off the record" that the former President's son Allan, as biggest owner of the Kern County Land Company, was one of the largest recipients of federal subsidies for curtailing crops; that his subsidies were over \$20,000 per annum; that no doubt the press could expose the matter by demanding the facts from Allan. Incidentally, the law prohibited the disclosure of subsidies to individuals by government officials.

I asked Allan if he owned any part of the Kern County Land Company. He said he owned 10 shares out of its total of 1,000,000. He said he had bought them because that company had controlled his water and thus he had obtained a right to see its accounts. It seemed to me a pretty immoral attempt to smear me over the shoulders of a decent boy. I asked him what proportion of that land company's subsidy would be applicable to his ownership of 10 shares. He replied that it was about \$2.

I suggested that he explain how Wallace had misrepresented \$2 for \$20,000 and then charge the Secretary of robbing him of his honest earnings in other directions, of violating—by unconstitutional action—the law as to disclosure, and of trying to smear me. Allan did so in such language that it echoed all over the country. The New Deal left him alone thereafter.

Ultimately Allan concluded that an occupation subject to government price fixing and dictation of what he should plant and harvest was becoming a precarious business. He sold all his holdings and devoted himself solely to mining. The family tradition of producing zinc and lead cast its grip upon him—with success in his ventures.

Mrs. Hoover passed away on the 7th of January, 1944, in our apartment at the Waldorf Towers. She had been to a concert with my secretary, Miss Miller, in the afternoon and had walked part way home. Then she said she felt a little tired, and they took

a cab, arriving at just six thirty o'clock. She came to the door of the room in which I was working, smiled, waved her hand and went to her room.

A little later, two friends came to escort me to a public dinner for men. I stepped to her room to bid her good night, but found her on the floor unconscious. She passed away at seven o'clock—in the few minutes before the doctor could arrive—from heart failure. We took her to California.

I had lived with the loyalty and tender affection of an indomitable soul almost 50 years. Hers were those qualities which make a real lady: loyalty and gentle consideration for the rights and needs of others, no matter who. And these qualities brought her great loyalty in return.

Servants from Many Nations

These loyalties came from, among others, servants over many years and of many nationalities. Their very names make up a League of Nations. Quah and Troi, who stayed with us during the siege of Tientsin when most other servants fled the Settlement, and who during their lives afterward never failed to send some trifle and inquiry to her every Chinese New Year. "Lovell the Parlor Maid," "Judith the Cook," "Amy the Nurse," "Player the Chauffeur," and "Jenkins the Gardener," who were fixed parts of the London house—which they kept open for our periodic sojourns for 15 years.

Abdul the Arab and his multitudinous family in Burma were always inquiring when she would be coming back. In Washington we had had the same Negro servants for 14 years. One of the touching things at her funeral was the fact that Ellis and Leon came up from Washington to New York to attend the services. And in California there were Kosta Boris, the Serbian; Mary Gianneli, the Italian; Marie and Frank Franquet, the Belgians; Perry, the gardener; and Lee, the Chinese cook.

With World War I, we had divided our accumulated savings in order to simplify things that might result from her and my dangerous occupations. I knew little—and wanted to know nothing—of her personal expenditures. But in settling the taxes for her estate, we had to go back over many years of her carefully kept accounts. And there we learned that she had given away most of her possessions, largely in helping out individuals in trouble or in aiding the education of a multitude of boys and girls.

There were in her files many thousand dollars' worth of checks to her order which she had never cashed. They were all repayments of "loans" which she had turned into gifts by so simple a device as not depositing them in a bank. Not even I knew many of the persons who had been the beneficiaries.

She left the sweetest compliment ever given to men when, in her simple letter of a will addressed to her sons, she wrote: "You have been lucky boys to have had such a father and I am a lucky woman to have had my life's trail alongside the paths of three such men and boys."

With this installment Herbert Hoover concludes his personal memoirs. In future issues, beginning later this year, Collier's will have the honor of presenting his account of his 40 years of public life, covering his wide-ranging activities in two wars, his political career, his White House tenure and the depression of the '30s

Next Week

Russia CAN'T Take Alaska

A Reporter in Search of God

By HOWARD WHITMAN

BEGINNING: Stairway to an Empty Room



Take your choice of the many cakes and pastries your baker makes for you—fresh—delicious—nutritious.



"SUGAR 'N SPICE and everything nice" ... is it surprising that "sweet rolls" are so popular for breakfast? Your baker makes 'em fresh every day—for you to enjoy—delicious and energizing. "Eat a good breakfast" is a good rule ... and a smart one... for everyone. Tomorrow—how about "sweet rolls"?

In making "sweet goods", many bakers use pure white, sparkling dextrose to improve texture, avoid over-sweetness—and emphasize true flavors.



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The Long-Range Viewpoint

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16



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commuter who has to catch a train every day. When I'm home I can go to the office about as I please. We ought to take advantage of that."

It was too perfect, Linda thought; so perfect she couldn't have it. While she admired the inside and made plans involving a goldfish pond and azaleas and roses, Dave had probably found rotten beams or termites.

He emerged from the cellar brushing cobwebs out of his hair, and Linda said breathlessly, "How was it?"

"Not bad," Dave said. "Heating plant looks sad but it might do. Of course it's more of a summer place. My idea was we could live here from about May to October. Move into a couple of rooms somewhere for the winter. None of this two-week vacation rat race for us; we spend six months here. Of course it's almost the end of summer now; we wouldn't get much out of it this year. But that's why we can get it at a price. You like it?"

She nodded, unable to speak. "Good," Dave said. "We made a deal down cellar. It's ours if you want to sign the papers."

Nobody, Linda thought, had a right to be so happy.

THEY moved in two weeks later. The place was furnished with odds and ends the previous owners had probably discovered in attics. They bought a beautiful couch to give tone to the living room, and Linda looked at that instead of the other furnishings and made plans for the future. . . .

The summer people left and the village was uncluttered. Linda saw the year-round colony members and one of these days, she knew, she would get to know them. It was delightful to walk down to the village for the mail and groceries. Occasionally she went in to the city to window-shop and once when Dave was away she found the carpeting she had been looking for. It was much too expensive to buy without Dave's approval. She went home in a fever of impatience waiting for him, and two days later met him at the train.

He sat beside her in the car, a fatuous smile on his face. She was going to tell him about the carpeting and he said, "I have a big surprise for you. Tell you when we get home. It calls for a celebration."

They left the car in the drive. Linda sat on the couch hearing Dave fussing in the kitchen. Her feet were on the floor and she was thinking of the rug that would soon be under them, when Dave came in with a drink.

"This is something special," he said. "I don't mean to brag, but every discoverer has his moments—Fullton and his steamboat, Bell and the telephone. Baby, I have solved the economic problem."

Linda stared at him in admiration.

"What is it that everyone wants?" Dave said, pacing up and down. "Security. What is everyone scared of? His job. Worrying about the bills, if he should be fired, if the business he's in goes to pot. Baby, I have the whole thing licked—our financial worries are over."

"You robbed a bank?" Linda said.
"Baby," Dave said, "I bought another house."

The cocktail glass slid out of Linda's hand and smashed on the floor.

"Think nothing of it," Dave said. "Go out in the kitchen and smash some more. Linda, this is the most terrific idea anyone ever had. I couldn't consult you because I had to strike while the iron was hot."

"Maybe you've forgotten," Linda said.
"We have a house. This one."

"Listen to me," Dave said. "I know how you feel. Stunned. Wait until I give you the complete picture. I met this guy in Florida who was building a house and then was transferred, with the place half built. He wanted to get out from under and he gave me a price. We now have two houses, one in New Jersey and one in Florida."

"You mean one for each of us?"
"You don't have the picture yet," Dave said. "Tell me something. Where does everyone want to go in the winter?"

"Florida or California, I suppose."

"Make it Florida," Dave said. "Where does everyone want to go in the summer?"

Linda stared at him. "To a summer resort," Dave said. "To Lake Tennesson. Do you realize what we have now? We have two houses, one in Florida where everyone wants to go in the winter, and one at Lake Tennesson where everyone wants to go in the summer. Do you realize the possibilities?"

"In school," Linda said weakly, "I was pretty good at biology—"

"Wait a minute," Dave said. "The gimmick is this. We rent the Florida house in the winter. I checked around and I know for a fact we can rent the Florida place over the winter for two thousand dollars. And in the summer—"

Linda said, "We rent this house."
"We can get fifteen hundred for this place in the summer," Dave said. "Do you get the picture now? We live here in the winter. We got all the dough pouring in from the Florida house. Come spring we move down to Florida. We live in each house out of season. We take in thirty-five hundred dollars a year. We could live on these houses if we had to, if I should lose my job. Of course the thirty-five hundred is gross, we have taxes and real-estate commissions and upkeep. Say our net is twenty-four hundred a year. Do you realize what that is? Two hundred a month pouring into our laps, like a present from a rich uncle. Like an annuity. Think of all the guys all over the country knocking themselves bowlegged to come up with a retirement annuity of two hundred a month when they're sixty-five. We got it already, right now we got it and I'm not thirty until next April."

Exhausted by his oratory Dave sank into a chair. Linda looked at him and said weakly, "I guess it's wonderful." Dave smiled modestly. Her feet scraped on the bare floor and that reminded her. "I saw some carpeting," she began excitedly and Dave interrupted her.

"I'm sorry, baby," Dave said. "The carpeting is out. For the present."

"You bought the house and we're busted?"
"More than that," Dave said. "We're in hock a little. You see, we have to finish this Florida house. We have to furnish it. We have to buy a stove and refrigerator and furniture. I bought the refrigerator before

I left. One of those jobs with a freezer compartment."

Linda gave a stricken cry and leaped off the couch. "Why didn't you send it up here?" she cried. "Have you ever been in this kitchen? When I first saw our refrigerator I thought it was a wall safe. Two quarts of milk and it's loaded. Why didn't you send it up here and we could move this one down there?"

"Honey," Dave said gently, "you forget. That's your house down in Florida. It's your refrigerator."

"Oh," Linda said, staring at him. She got up and walked over to his chair, stooped and kissed him. "Thanks for the new refrigerator, darling," she said. "It's just what I've always wanted."

"Nothing is too good for you," Dave said. "Of course things are going to be a little tight for a while. We'll have to go easy."

"I'll probably get it through my head in time," Linda said. "Right now I'm a little confused. A few moments ago we seemed to be filthy rich and suddenly we're bankrupt. I've got to adjust."

"You have to take the long-range viewpoint," Dave said. "How about something to eat?"

"Certainly," Linda said. "We're having pompano—oh, excuse me. I thought I was in the Florida house. What about this winter? We were supposed to leave here and get a room."

"We'll stay here," Dave said. "I can put that heating plant in shape myself. We'll keep warm."

LINDA had a sudden premonition and two months later it came true. She was sitting in the living room near the fireplace, a blanket across her shoulders, looking out the front window at the frozen lake. The window rattled in the frame, and cold air streamed through. The floor was cold, although they had bought a rug. They bought the rug for the Florida house, because as Dave had pointed out there wasn't going to be much furniture in the Florida house and maybe the rug would keep it from looking too skimpy. People were in the Florida house now. Dave, with a flourish, had shown her the check, then he had taken it away to pay for something.

It was snowing, and Dave would be home the next day. She ought to start shoveling out the driveway. She started to get up, then sank down again. A bear was walking up the road, a great shaggy thing covered with snow, staggering and slipping from



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side to side. Linda started for the phone and then halted. The thing was at the door, the knob turned, and it came in.

"Woof," it said and blew snow all over the hallway. She recognized Dave under the hat and the overcoat.

"Got in a day early," he said. "Walked out from the station. Didn't want you to have to put chains on the car. It seems a little chilly in here."

"The furnace," Linda said. "It broke down again. I called the man but he hasn't come."

DAVE threw another log on the fire. "I can probably fix it," he said. "I had dinner in our Florida house last night. The people are nuts about it. They want to renew for next winter. You should see the place."

"I will," Linda said. "Next summer." She gave a strangled laugh suddenly.

"What's the matter?" Dave said.

"Nothing," Linda said. "I went down to mother's yesterday to keep warm. A lot of my friends dropped in. They were telling me how lucky I am. They couldn't get over it. Just a kid, they said, and I own a winter home in Florida. They were green with envy. I told them it was a summer home."

"You'd better come with me on the next trip," Dave said. "The people would probably let you go through it. Only, the pipes will burst here if we close it up."

"I'll stay here," Linda said. "I'm the luckiest girl in the world with a beautiful house in Florida I'll see next summer when the temperature's a hundred and ten."

"It isn't bad in Florida in the summer."

"You know where I would love it in the summer?" Linda said. "In the summer I'd love it at Lake Tennyson. I won't be here to see it. All my flowers will die."

Dave sat down. "I'm sorry," he said, "but the whole wonderful economic system would go ka-foeey if we lived in the Florida house in the winter and in this house in the summer."

"I know," Linda said. "My father says you're wonderful. I wish you worked in a bank. What kind of a company do you work for that they give you the whole Eastern seaboard for your territory? I used to know a salesman, his territory was Jersey City."

Dave peered out the window. "Maybe it's too lonesome here."

"It isn't that," Linda said. "I go down for mail and groceries every day. The people are starting to smile at me now. I'll probably get to know them about the time we leave. I don't object to being here in the winter, because I look out at the lake and I think how it's going to look in the spring when the azaleas and dogwood are in bloom. When will we be leaving here?"

Dave said, "I ran into a guy at the office. Wants to bring his family to Lake Tennyson next summer. He's coming out to look it over. He'll go for fifteen hundred but he has three kids. We don't have enough beds. I've been scouting around for war surplus and lined up a double-decker and a cot. We could put them in that second bedroom. There's nothing in it now."

"That will give us four beds," Linda said. "Four beds for two people. When you're on the road, four beds for one people. I'll use them one after another, like Goldilocks. When does he want this place?"

"First of May," Dave said. "We'll pull out the last week of April. You know how it is in April. Rainy, raw and chilly."

"You know how it is the first of May," Linda said. "Everything bursting into bloom. Tell them they'll have to take care of my flower beds. What difference does it make? They'll be dead when we get back in October."

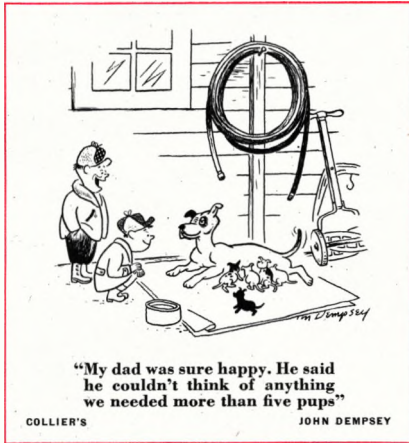
"You know," Dave said, "if we took the good stuff in this house along with the good stuff in the Florida house we'd have a nice house. The Florida refrigerator and the

couch here. If we had them all together."

"Neither one will ever be right," Linda said. "I'll be a lone, lorn woman all my life. We'll go to Florida, I'll be a stranger. About the end of September somebody will say hello to me, like for instance a butcher, and I'll think I'm making some social progress. Then I'll come back here and start in all over again smiling tentatively at the other women when I pick up the mail. Then about the time one of them breaks down and asks me over for tea I'll say I can't come, I'm leaving for Florida. I'll start making eyes at the butcher again. About the end of September I'll be able to get a choice cut of meat but by then we'll be coming back here and I'll start smiling at the women in the post office." Linda took a deep breath. "Forget everything I said."

"Okay," Dave said. "Okay. If that's the way you feel, okay."

He began walking up and down the room. "A guy knocks himself out," he said. "He comes up with a wonderful idea to make



"My dad was sure happy. He said he couldn't think of anything we needed more than five pups"

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some extra dough, two hundred bucks a month to be exact. The average guy is satisfied to bring home the pay check. Maybe only a part of the pay check. Maybe only a small part. Some guys aren't satisfied with doing that. Some guys when they marry a girl they feel an obligation to bring home more than a part of a pay check. They knock themselves out to do better. What do they get for it? A song and dance about a couple lousy azalea bushes in bloom. A couple crummy dogwoods. Two hundred a month we're getting—"

"Where is it?" Linda said.

Dave shook his head, sadly. "Women," he said. "Can't you ever take the long-range viewpoint? For a while we've got to put the money back in the houses, but in ten years—"

"In ten years both houses will need a new roof."

"I'd rather not discuss it," Dave said coldly, and went out to the kitchen to get a beer. He gave it up because the only really cold one was behind the milk bottles on top of which were balanced two dishes of chocolate pudding. He went down cellar and she could hear him muttering to the furnace. Once she heard him kick it.

SHE went upstairs to the frigidity of the bedroom, removed her make-up and started again from scratch. "I guess I'm a loser," she said to her reflection. "If a girl marries a prize fighter she learns to live with a thick ear." Linda sighed. "I married a guy with the long-range viewpoint."

She went downstairs. Carefully she lifted the chocolate pudding off the milk bottles and put them on the drainboard. She removed one milk bottle and by an ingenious contortion of the arm, which she had learned through practice, she drew out the bottle of beer. "Oh, well," she said, "in

Florida I'll have a nice refrigerator. And probably cook in the fireplace."

Uncapping the bottle she carried it down cellar where Dave sat in the gloom.

"Here," she said. "When you've finished it come on outside and help me make a snow man. Florida is for sissies."

Dave's mood had changed, the long-range viewpoint was gone. "Come right down to it," he said. "I'm a bum. I pull down a couple hundred a month over and above my salary and I think it's big dough." He sneered at the bottle of beer. "Big dough! Two C's a month. It shows you what a small guy I am, thinking two extra C's a month are big dough. It sure shows me up for a piker. You were right all along."

Linda stood very still. "A girl like you," Dave said. "With your looks you could have gotten anyone you wanted. You could have picked a guy who carries two C's a month around in his watch pocket for tips. You got me. Well, it's rough."

Linda kissed him. She got him outside and when she hit him in the head with a snowball he felt better.

"Most of our money," he said, "should probably go into the Florida house. Make the place a little bigger we could even get more than two grand for the season. Maybe rent it by the month. Five hundred a month."

The long-range viewpoint was restored, Linda knew. He was off and running again, building annexes in his mind, and this little house she loved was always going to be the orphan. Well, she thought sadly, she loved the house but she loved Dave more.

THE next week end the Lake Tennyson house client came out. He didn't say anything, but Linda objected violently to the way he looked at everything and she was glad when he left.

"He didn't like it," she said to Dave, "and I'm glad. I wouldn't want that type person in this house. I bet his children are terrible; they'd crayon on the wallpaper—"

"He liked it," Dave said. "I know his little game. He wants it for less money. In about a week he'll call me up. He'll run down the place and offer me eight hundred for the season. I won't fall for it. I know what it's worth."

Dave looked across the living room. "That couch," he said. "Go swell in the Florida house. Matches the furniture I got."

"It's the only thing in this living room I enjoy looking at," Linda said.

"It was only an idea," Dave said, but the speculative look remained in his eyes. Linda was not satisfied with that explanation.

He talked less about the Florida house after that. The winter was passing, the snow fading in unsheltered areas. Linda thought about her packing, and abandoned her elaborate garden plans.

She was lying on the couch late one afternoon when he came in from a New England trip. He kissed her enthusiastically with his old-time ardor.

"I've rented this house," he said. "Haven't signed the contract yet. Going to do it next week. Trimble's taking it and paying the price. I knew he would."

"That's fine," Linda said. "We're going to drive down?"

"Sure," Dave said. "You'll need a car there. Why wouldn't we drive?"

"Well," Linda said, "I'm sure it will be all right. The doctor said the train would be better. He's awfully nice but very conservative. Anyway it's going to be a Yankee."

"Wait a minute," Dave said. "What's going to be a Yankee?"

"The baby," Linda said. "I had the usual suspicions and I found out for sure this morning. I've been figuring it up here on the couch while I was waiting for you to come home. It will be born about next January and that means we'll be in this house

and it will be a Yankee. A couple of months later and the child would have a Southern drawl."

Dave had been glued to the chair. He was stunned, Linda thought. Maybe he hated the idea. Suddenly he leaped up and went over to kiss her. "Let me get you a drink," he said. "Better make it milk. What can I do for you?"

"I'm perfectly fine," she said.

"You're sure?" he said. He clapped a hand to his forehead suddenly. "We can't go South."

"I've thought it all over," Linda said, "and there's no reason we can't go. This year and next and every year. We won't even have to have two cribs, we can shift one back and forth. There's no problem about doctors or anything else. I've thought it all over carefully and I'm not going to let the baby upset your plans."

DAVE was sunk in a chair, staring at her. She didn't know if he had heard her. Suddenly he leaped to his feet. "I got things to do," he said, and lunged for the phone.

She heard him say to someone, "You'll have to tell Trimble the deal is off. I'm not renting this place. Not a chance."

He hung up the phone. Linda said, "I'm not going to let you do it."

"Listen," Dave said, "you got to think ahead, you have to think long-range. This is going to be our kid. You keep shifting him from here to Florida he'll feel like a displaced person. He makes friends here, we yank him down South. He'll end up a neurotic."

"That's silly," Linda said, but Dave wasn't listening, he was on the phone again.

"I don't want the damn furnace fixed," Dave said. "I want a new heating plant, the best there is. I want to know the name of a guy who does insulation work."

He hung up the phone, muttering to himself. "Storm windows," he said. "We're gonna need storm windows. I'll get 'em from a lumber yard, paint 'em and hang 'em myself. Nothing to it."

Linda said, "It isn't necessary—"

"That front window," Dave said, staring at it. "We'll get a real picture window there, double-frame to keep out the cold. You'll be lying on that couch a lot—I'll get you a view. Rip out half the wall and get us a real picture window. I'm going over to the lumber yard." He reached for his hat. "Anything you want? Got a craving for anything special? Olives? Pepperman?"

Linda shook her head. "Dave," she said, "all this is going to take a lot of money."

"You haven't heard the half of it," he said. "We'll make that second bedroom the nursery, linoleum on the floor, paint the walls." He began pacing again. "That room's not big enough for toys," he said, and snapped his fingers. "The cellar," he said, "we'll make it into a game room. Put in a bar."

Linda said, "For the baby?"

"Look, honey," Dave said. "One end of the room, a bar. The rest for the kid. A place to entertain his friends. Do it all myself, ceiling, walls, tile floor. You can paint a mural on the wall, dream up something. Maybe you better not: I hear paint smell's bad for pregnant women. See you later." He jammed on his hat and started for the door.

"Wait a minute," Linda said frantically. "The money, Dave."

"The money," Dave said and his smile was pitying. "I don't leave anything to chance. We sell the Florida house, we make money on the deal. We get out from under, we get a bale of dough. Pay for all this and more. You have to take the long-range viewpoint on this. We'll have the best house on the lake."

The door slammed behind him, then suddenly opened again. Dave peered around the corner at her.

"I just got a suspicion," he said, grinning at her. "I wonder if you double-crossed me on this whole deal."

"No, Dave," Linda said, blowing him a kiss. "But a woman has to take the long-range viewpoint."

THE END

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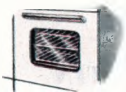
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Cold Day, Cold Fear

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

let's go," he rasped. "Down that gangplank like a line of fat birds and onto those trucks. Hop, hop, hop. Come on, come on."

In five minutes they were off the ship and onto the trucks and bouncing down a dusty road. The big, friendly ship got smaller and then vanished in the dust.

Dozens of other memories flooded across his mind, but he finally came to the events of this morning and this afternoon his mind slowed down and went carefully over the day. It seemed improbable that so much had happened that day.

THEY had been captured that morning just north of Pyongyang. The Communists came swirling up out of the snow and fell on them while they were still in their tents. They tried to fire, but the Communists were around them in waves and masses of yelling men. They were taken prisoner and loaded into trucks, and the ocean of Communists rolled off. There were thirty American and South Korean prisoners, and with fifteen guards they started for the rear.

Early that afternoon the trucks stopped in the grove of trees, well away from the main highway. The guards gave them a burlap bag of withered apples, and the prisoners split them up, three to a man. The guards gathered around their lieutenant and began to argue in low voices. They argued for a few minutes before the lieutenant raised his voice sharply, shouted a few words, pointed down the highway and gesticulated. The rest of the Communists fell silent and nodded.

The Communists picked up their burp guns and began to fan out around the knot of prisoners. They made a sort of semicircle around their captives. The prisoners shuffled together, staring at the guards. Some of them stopped eating, but a few kept munching on the apples. For a second they waited, the two groups facing one another in the cold silence of the Korean plain. Even then Eli felt no fear, only a sort of hungry, tired curiosity. The lieutenant sucked hard at the cigarette, threw the butt away, and then dropped his hand. The burp guns all started to fire at once.

Eli actually saw bullets hitting men in the front of the group. Tiny puffs of dust rose from their clothing. One man took a few steps toward the guards, and then his chest splashed with puffs of dust. The man spun in a circle, balanced erratically on one toe, and started slowly to collapse. In mid-fall his eyes glazed, and Eli knew he was dead.

It was in that second, in the time that the man's eyes glazed and turned dull white, that the fear came up in Eli. It came up out of his stomach like a green, bitter wave, so strong that he could taste it. He could feel the thud of the bullets hitting the men in front of him. He turned and started to run.

Kee and three other men turned and ran with him. In a few seconds they were running at top speed across the frozen fields. Behind them they could hear the sounds of the burp guns. Once an American started to swear and his words trailed off in a strangle. Eli began to run even faster. He seemed to be running faster and more lightly than he ever had before. He came to a ditch and felt his body lift and sail easily over. He flew over a hedge, jumped another ditch.

I can run faster than the bullets, he thought. In his great fear he actually believed it. He could hear the stitching of the burp guns, the yells, the deadly noises, but they had nothing to do with him. He looked sideways and saw Kee's face, the eternal grin almost wiped off with the strain of running. By now they were almost a hundred yards away and Eli began to feel a wild exultation.

Suddenly, however, the bullets began to come very close, making ugly whines in the cold air as they went by. He realized that the guards had finished with the rest

and were firing at them now. The whines came closer and one of the men fell suddenly. Then another man was hit twice with a sound like a melon being cracked. Bullets slammed into the ground, struck small rocks, ricocheted off into the sky.

In a dull second Eli realized that the speed and lightness were only illusions. He was really moving very slowly across the field. His heavy GI boots weighed him down, his breath burned a hot tube down his throat. It was like the nightmares he'd had when he was young—dreams of trying to escape from faceless horror. He seemed unable to move, felt as if he were trying to run through water. The skin on his back crawled as he anticipated the bullets.

He saw another ditch; they bore down on it slowly, and just as he was about to leap, Kee crashed into him and carried the two of them into the ditch. Above them the last American kept running for a few yards; then in a moment he caught the concentrated fire of all the guns. He fell in a long sprawl, white bits of undigested apple spluttering from his mouth. The bullets kicked up dust for a few more seconds and then the silence returned. Eli realized that it was Sullivan, a corporal whom he had known ever since he had landed in Korea.

Kee spun on his hands and knees; keeping low, he began to crawl down the ditch. Eli followed him. In a few yards they came to a ditch that cut across the one they were in, one branch leading back toward the trucks. Without hesitating, Kee took that turn. Eli reached out and grabbed his heels.

"Not toward the trucks, Kee," he said. "You're going toward them."
"Proper thing, surprise," Kee said calmly. "Very proper."

He was right, Eli thought. The Communists would expect them to take the opposite turn of the ditch. He wriggled off after Kee. Several times they went into other connecting ditches, but each time Kee took the one that led them closer to the trucks. Finally they were within twenty-five yards of the trucks. Kee stopped when they had the hummock between them and the Communists. The two of them lay flat in the ditch, so close to the trucks that they could hear the men talking.

For the rest of the afternoon they had been waiting, lying in the icy water, waiting for the Communists to move away. . . .

The exertion of climbing the hummock had thawed his nearly frozen body. He could move the fingers of his hand now, and for several moments he opened them and closed them. The dead-white skin and the huge veins took on a pinkish color as the blood flowed sluggishly back through his veins.

The exercise had also jarred loose the grip of the cold paralyzing fear. It was still there in his stomach, a clutching pain that came whenever he thought of the Communists or the burp guns or the tank, but it was eased when he moved, when he took some action. He turned his head toward Kee and whispered, "Kee, how old are you?"

Kee's face wrinkled in puzzlement for a moment. Eli repeated the question. Kee held up one finger, then all the fingers of one hand and the thumb of the other. He was sixteen years old.

"Look, Kee, listen hard," Eli said. "Were you scared this afternoon? Scared? Understand? Scared?"

Kee stared at him for a moment, and then Eli could tell he understood. The smile weakened on Kee's face, and suddenly Eli had his answer. Kee had been scared, but the smile was a sort of discipline, a way of keeping control. Eli reached out and patted Kee on the shoulder. It was a quick protective pat, almost paternal.

ELI rolled over on his back in the ditch; he felt the icy water flow over the cloth, soak greedily through, and settle tenaciously against his skin. He looked up into the sky for a few moments.

Two years older than Kee, he said to himself. Two whole years. As he turned the words over in his mind, he felt a new sensation. It was part shame, part anger, part a sense of responsibility. It gnawed at the cold edges of his fear and dissolved part of it, in the way that the slowly moving stream consumed the thin layer of ice. As the fear receded, his mind began to work more clearly. He found himself considering new possibilities. Five minutes passed, and Eli finally rolled over and turned again toward Kee.

"Look, Kee, it's my baby now," he said. "You've done good so far, but if I ever want to get back to Santa Barbara and you want to get to Kwantia, I'd better get hot." Kee could understand none of it, but Eli went



LITERAL LATIN

Some Free Translations of
Familiar Phrases

II

| | |
|---------------------------|--|
| Magnum opus: | Let's break out the champagne. |
| Bona fide: | Give the dog a bone. |
| Hic jacet: | Farmer's coat. |
| Ora pro nobis: | Hurray for our side. |
| Quasi: | Butterflies in the stomach. |
| Sic transit gloria mundi: | Gloria always gets car-sick the first of the week. |
| Vice versa: | Reformed. |

—DICK SHAW



"Ed carves wonderfully well. Did you ever see thinner slices than these?"

COLLIER'S

HERB WILLIAMS

on. Occasionally the fear came flickering back up, but with a careful, deliberate act of mind he ignored it. "This is a high-powered affair, Kee. You did good, but this is something special. Now just relax and let me give it a try."

Eli pulled himself to his knees in the ditch. He began to work his hands savagely, opening and closing them. Hot flashes of pain jerked up the frozen muscles, but he stayed at it. When his hands were limber, he began to spread cold mud over his clothes and across his face. The mud smelled—that rotten odor of Korea: the odor of fertilizer, of sour vegetation, of oldness. Finally he was completely covered. Even his face had a half-inch layer of the mud over it.

He began crawling back down the pattern of ditches, back to the point where Kee and he had dived into the ditch and Sullivan had been shot. When he reached the point, he hesitated a moment. Then, with a gentle push, he brought his body out of the ditch. He was now in full view of the Communists, but in the late afternoon light, and covered with mud, he knew that he must blend into the earth. He restrained his movements so that he never moved in jerks. With a slow, excruciating wiggle he moved toward Sullivan's body. He moved like a piece of slowly shifting earth.

IT TOOK him ten minutes to crawl the ten yards to Sullivan's body. When he reached it, he rolled over on his back. With his eyes on the grove, he began to feel over Sullivan's body, into the pockets, inside the shirt, around the neck. Once there was a disturbance in the grove; the saplings parted and a head pushed out and looked around. Eli stiffened into absolute rigidity. But the Communist was only looking at the L-17.

Finally Eli's hands touched a tube of cold metal fastened to Sullivan's belt. It was a flashlight and it was this he had come back for. With soft, gentle movements Eli fastened it to his own belt and then began to crawl back to the ditch. He reached it safely, slid into the cold water and mud again, and crawled to the protection of the hummock.

He took off his jacket, tore the sleeve off, and arranged the cuff of the sleeve around the flashlight. The rest of the sleeve stretched out in a long tube beyond the flash deflector on guns which makes the flash invisible to anyone who is not directly in front of the muzzle. Now he could aim the flashlight without the Communists seeing it. He pulled himself back up to the edge of the ditch, searched the sky for the L-17, and finally saw it. He aimed the

sleeve with his left hand and with his right he began to blink out HELP in Morse code.

For five minutes the little plane circled without a change in its pattern. Then all imperceptibly, the plane was nearer. It lost altitude, came close down over the hummock, then pulled back and struggled for more altitude. In the grove, the Communists began to move around excitedly. Eli knew with a cold certainty that if he did not convince the pilot of the plane that he was an American, he would die. His finger shook momentarily on the flashlight button.

Suddenly the plane veered back and a light began to blink down from it in Morse.

WHO LOVES LIL ABNER? the plane blinked.

For a moment Eli could not make sense of the words; the trembling spread from his fingers to his arms. Then the answer came easily, his hands tightened, and he blinked back two words: DAISY MAE.

ROGER, the plane blinked quickly. WHAT YOU WANT US DO?

BOMB GROVE TWENTY FIVE YARDS WEST OF US, Eli sent.

MAY USE NAPALM BOMBS. DANGEROUS FOR YOU.

BOMB AWAY.

The tiny plane did not bother to reply. The tempo of its engine changed and it started to bank and gain height. For several moments nothing happened. Then Eli could feel the tempo of the sound in the valley change. The long smooth arc of the jets was suddenly broken. The L-17 was directing them down the secondary road beside the ditch.

Eli could see the first one coming. Its nose grew from a shiny speck to a huge glistening knob. Its engine seemed to suck in all the air in the valley, condensing it into a howling power that waisted out behind the plane. The plane did not fire. It was looking over the grove first. Two more jets followed it, holding their fire.

Then the first jet came back. This time it seemed to be going slower. A half mile away the innocent-looking black tubes under its wings shot forward, a red flame showing at the back of each rocket. Eli was conscious of a high whinnying noise for a brief second. Then the rockets hit the grove. A row of trees collapsed in a red, shattering flash; two of the trucks reared up, held together for a moment, and then split into fragments. The body of one of the Communists turned over in the air like a tossed doll and fell back into the ruined, burning truck. A faulty rocket failed to detonate and went jarring down the road at an incredible speed, striking sparks from stones, and finally tore itself into shreds.

The guards began to pile into the two remaining trucks. The truck started and began to work through the grove toward the road. But the grove had been blasted open, and their movements were seen from the sky. A second jet came powering down the valley. A hundred yards away it released one of the big napalm bombs from its wings.

These were bombs of jellied gasoline. They exploded into burning, sticky fragments which consumed themselves at an incredibly high temperature. Eli felt his stomach contract as the bomb slanted toward the ground and landed just in front of the two trucks. In front of the bomb a thin tongue of flame lashed out and seared into the grove. Behind it rose a wave of fire which hung for a moment and then whooshed forward, engulfing the grove and the truck and the Communists. Edges of the wave of fire rolled up to the hummock behind which Kee and Eli were watching the attack.

THEY threw themselves backward, but only a few blobs of napalm flew over their heads and hissed out in the water in the ditch. Eli and Kee climbed back up the hummock. Three times Eli saw men run out of the lake of fire, pawing at sightless eyes, their screams lost in the roar of the burning. Each time they collapsed at the edge of the fire.

In a few minutes the jets were high in the sky, circling watchfully. The fire in the grove died rapidly; finally only the tires and seats of the trucks were burning. Everything else had been charred black. Eli and Kee walked around the hummock and stood in the road.

Five minutes later a helicopter came down the valley. Its ugly beetle shape hung in the air, occasionally shifting sideways as the L-17 directed it down on them. It came down directly over their grove. The wind from its rotors revived parts of the fire; a few trees burst into flames again, a truck burned fitfully, black cinders swirled around Kee and Eli. The helicopter slid away from the grove and hovered a few feet off the ground. Eli and Kee climbed aboard.

The pilot of the helicopter was a young Marine lieutenant whose eyes were blood-shot with fatigue. He had a cigar stub in his mouth and he chewed at it vigorously, as if it could give him some sort of nourishment. He looked sideways at them as he lifted the plane straight into the sky.

"Hard day, huh?" he said.

"Yep, a long hard day," Eli said. Had it really been only one day? he thought. Could all this have happened in one day? The day seemed to stretch out impossibly long, to reach back into the years of his life, even to extend into the future.

"Is it bad back there?" Eli asked, pointing toward the south where the American troops were retreating.

"Yep. Real bad." The young pilot looked at Eli, judging him.

"Where will we land?" Eli asked. "Just behind our own lines. They need help and I got three more rescues to make. They'll give you a gun back there."

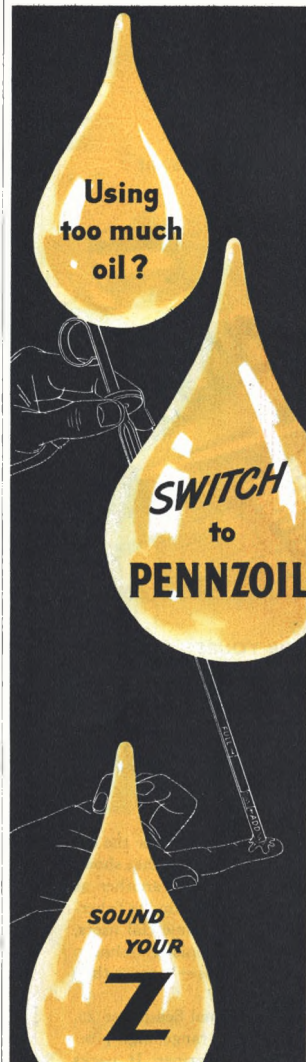
Eli felt the fear start again, felt it rage up out of his stomach. But now it was familiar and old. He fought it back and was calm. He knew it would always be there, but that it could always be subdued, kept small.

"I'd better get some sleep, then," Eli said.

"Sorry, Mac," the pilot said and this time his smile was friendly.

It was warm in the cabin; in the gathering darkness, the green glow of the cabin lights was soft. In the light Eli could see that Kee was still grinning, looking down over his hand as it slid by. Eli reached out and shook Kee's hand. Kee was not even startled. He shook hands calmly, the expression of his face unchanging. Then the two of them leaned back in the corners of the cabin and fell asleep.

THE END



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All About Joe

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

debacle was quickly overlooked, but Mayer looked grave when Joe told him he would like to forget madcap heireses for his first A-budget assignment and do, instead, a story about a lynching. Two years before, Norman Krasna had told him a play idea he had in mind. The idea was a simple sentence: An innocent man is lynched and a photographer takes a picture of the lynch mob. Joe had turned the situation over and over in his mind; he often had wondered whether Krasna's play was anything like the story line he had evolved.

Mayer reluctantly assented to the project but said it would lose money.

Buying an Unwritten Play

What happened then could happen only in Hollywood. Metro's story editor, Sam Marx, telephoned Krasna in New York and said the studio wanted to buy his lynch play. Krasna stalled and phoned Mankiewicz to confess he never had written the play, in fact had forgotten the whole thing. Joe proceeded to refresh his memory.

"You remember," he began, "it's about the ex-convict who starts West to lead a new life and . . ." In his enthusiasm, Mankiewicz overlooked the fact that Krasna had told him none of this story, that it was the one he had been writing mentally for the last two years. Krasna listened until Joe reached the fade-out.

"Look, Joe," he said. "You seem to have a pretty clear idea of this thing. Would you mind putting it down in about 10 pages?" Joe had no objections and sent his story outline to Marx.

The story editor called him back an hour later. Krasna was impishly insisting on \$25,000 for the yarn, plus \$2,500 for his agent. The sum was paid and the picture known as *Fury* went before the cameras. It was a great movie but, as Mayer had prophesied, it lost money. Joe went back to his heireses.

Until 1943, when he quit M-G-M "for reasons personal and private" and moved to 20th Century-Fox, Joe was almost exclusively engaged in the manufacture of women's garments—cinematically speaking. Among the 15 or so Mankiewicz productions for Metro were *The Gorgeous Hussy*, *Mannequin*, *The Bride Wore Red*, *Shopworn Angel*, *The Feminine Touch*, *Philadelphia Story* and *Woman of the Year*.

Censorship—much of it studio-imposed—softened and blunted the impact of his anti-Nazi film, *Three Comrades*, made in 1938 with Margaret Sullivan, Franchot Tone, Robert Taylor and Robert Young. It was the one picture, after *Fury*, in which he tried to say something. The censors held that the world wasn't ready to listen.

Joe's long-awaited chance to direct came when Fox's Darryl Zanuck signed him on a three-way deal—as writer, director and producer. Within studio limits, he became master of his movie destiny. He swore he would never do another story about the richest girl in the world and the newspaperman with his hat on the back of his head. So far he has kept the pledge.

Mankiewicz is currently considered Hollywood's most brilliant commentator on the American scene. His *Letter to Three Wives* was a witty study of the suburban set, with some trenchant observations on soap opera, the hapless state of the teaching profession and the strange insanity which overtakes women when they are expecting guests for dinner. In *All About Eve*, he took a psychiatrist's view of the theater and introduced fascinated audiences to the Freudian compulsions which drive and beset the dedicated disciples of the stage.

Impressed as much by the literateness of his scripts as by the keenness of his observation, reviewers—using words like "inscive comments" and "devastating wit"—have likened him to Noel Coward, T. S. Eliot, George S. Kaufman and Moss Hart.

The average movie-goer, whose intelligence Hollywood has consistently underrated, has responded just as agreeably to Mankiewicz' adult offerings. *Letter to Three Wives*, which cost \$1,600,000, has grossed \$3,000,000; *All About Eve*, made for \$1,400,000, is expected to top \$3,500,000. Mankiewicz is happy about this, but not altogether surprised. "I have yet to see any picture that was over the audience's head," he says. "Producers who excuse failures that way are making cheap alibis."

Joe has several notions about what's wrong with Hollywood. "The screen," he says, "habitually has considered entertainment to be something remote from the audience and made up of synthetic parts, like predestined food."

"I'm interested in people, not in plots. I think audiences have grown impatient with plotted stories. The most glaring examples are the whodunits. They race along, baffling everyone, yet interesting no one because of their complete lack of understandable characters."

"To me, drama can exist simply when a man of a certain type meets a woman of a certain type. But to make that drama come to life, the audience has to know that man and that woman. They have to be real."

Although he is president of the Screen Directors' Guild, Inc., and has won most of his laurels as a director, Joe still regards himself as a writer.

"But actually," he says, "every competent screen writer is also a director. A properly written screen play has, in effect, been directed. The writer must have had a feeling for mood and music, for the look of the set, for tempo and lighting. Therefore you have a conflict in direction when a director takes a script a writer has written and shoots it his own way. What that amounts to is a script directed by two men."

At Fox, Joe has been called upon to direct a number of scripts by other writers—*Escape*, *The Late George Apley* and *The Ghost and Mrs. Muir* among them. He was dissatisfied with the result. "It wasn't that they were bad scripts," he explains. "On the contrary. But I ran into scenes that wouldn't play for me. Had the writer been directing them, I've no doubt they would have played for him."

Plans to Write for Broadway

Under his new 10-year contract, Mankiewicz will direct only his own scripts and he doesn't intend to do more than one a year. This will permit him to move East with his family. Joe wants his sons educated on the Atlantic seaboard—he is outspoken in his contempt for southern California's school system—and he has some half-formed plans about writing for the Broadway theater. He finds it odd that, while the screen has borrowed every device used in the theater, the stage has made no real use of the motion picture as a theatrical instrument. "I've some notions about it" is all he is willing to say.

Joe has no crutches as a director. He doesn't wear a beret, throw teacups, haul visitors from his set or act out the love scenes. But he is a past master at the art of keeping his actresses happy.

On the morning the cast assembled for the start of *All About Eve* he discovered that Celeste Holm's dressing room was around the corner from the sound stage, while those of Bette Davis and Anne Baxter were more conveniently within it. He held up production until Miss Holm's trailer was trundled into the building.

Before the company went on location to San Francisco he sent for the floor plan of the hotel where the troupe was to be quartered to make sure that the suites occupied by the actresses were equally comfortable and equally well equipped, right down to the number of electric outlets.

Collier's for March 24, 1951

During his Metro days he was celebrated for his influence over some of the most temperamental stars of the studio. A personal appearance? "Call Mankiewicz." Trouble with the wardrobe department? "Have Joe speak to her." At the risk of spilling a trade secret, here's the explanation, in the words of an ex-Mankiewicz aide.

"Say she comes in to see Joe and she's wearing sables and emeralds. Up he jumps like a Von Stroheim, clicking his heels and bowing from the waist. 'Darling! You look wonderful!' he says. 'Sherry?' Like a character out of Lonsdale.

"Next day she comes in with her hair in pigtails, no make-up and wearing a pinafore. 'Hello, sis,' he'll say and the next thing they're sitting on the floor, laughing together, practically playing jacks.

"Now say she comes in wearing slacks and a sweater, with a butt hanging out of her mouth. It's her tough, sophisticated mood; the gal who's been around. So he smacks her on the fanny and he says, 'Howya doin', baby? Havin' fun these days?'

"Actresses! A different routine each day. But Joe always meets them on their own ground. Psychology!"

Mankiewicz was introduced to his present wife (an earlier marriage to Elizabeth Young had ended in a divorce in 1937) soon after her arrival from Europe in a shipment of foreign stars which included Hedy Lamarr and Greer Garson. Miss Stradner at that time spoke a precise but heavily accented English and her voice coach suggested that she improve her conversation by joining a group of Metro writers at lunch daily in the studio commissary.

There were seven writers at the table—Joe among them—and Miss Stradner was the only woman. The group soon was being referred to as Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs. That Christmas the actress gave each of her tablemates his appropriate

Disney statuette: Joe was Sleepy. When they were married in 1939, the bride received a silver cigarette case. It was inscribed, "To Snow White, who married Sleepy, from the other six dwarfs."

Miss Stradner made two pictures before her marriage—The Last Gangster with Edward G. Robinson at Metro and Blind Alley at Columbia. She played the mother superior in The Keys of the Kingdom, which her husband wrote and produced in 1944. She received excellent reviews for her performance and had several bids from other studios. She turned them down.

"It is difficult enough being an actress," she explains candidly. "But when you know people are saying, 'Naturally she gets parts: her husband is a producer,' then it becomes too complicated."

A Home for People with Money

The Mankiewiczes live in a large two-story white brick, colonial-type home on a two-acre knoll in Holmby Hills—one of the most exclusive and expensive sections of Los Angeles. The \$100,000 property is now up for sale, as a preliminary to the family's projected move to the East.

Joe and Rosa live quietly, rarely dine out, and hardly ever go to night clubs. Among their closest friends are William Goetz, in charge of production at Universal-International; director Charles Vidor, composer Franz Waxman, the Danny Kayes, director William Wyler and writers Richard Sale and Mary Loos. They spend frequent short vacations at Palm Springs, where Joe sits indoors most of the day, reading.

According to Mrs. Mankiewicz, her husband fancies himself an expert amateur cook. But she cringes every time he goes into the kitchen, for his culinary efforts usually involve the use of every pot, pan and mixing bowl in the house.

Joe's professional life has tended to crowd his private life over to the side lines, which is the occupational hazard of all Hollywood workers. But between pictures he has been a yachtsman, an enthusiastic second baseman, an indifferent golfer, a fair tennis player and a storm center over a matter of loyalty oaths.

His yachting period was brief, colorful and expensive. It began with the purchase of a 35-foot cruiser and it ended when his wife put her foot down on his simultaneous possession of an 87-foot schooner and a 55-foot sloop.

Skipper Mankiewicz of the Mad Hatter, the 35-footer, was probably the greatest menace to navigation since the Loch Ness monster. He dragged his anchor so often that the harbor master at Avalon forbade him to leave the boat until someone properly qualified had checked his mooring.

Joe was strictly a book sailor. Writer Claude Binyon was with him on a crossing from Catalina when three destroyers came racing up from the port side. Binyon yelled for Joe to give way.

"Don't be absurd," the skipper shouted. "According to the nautical rules of the road we have the right of way."

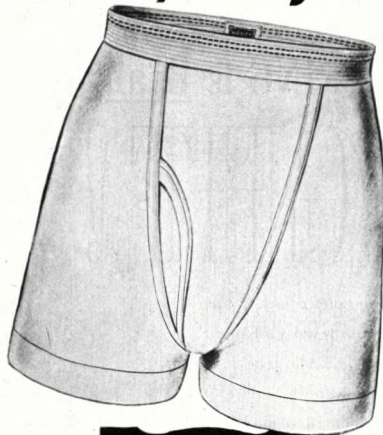
Sirens screamed, destroyers heeled over at right and left angles and wakes crisscrossed like fish netting, but the Mad Hatter held his course.

"Personally, I didn't hold a thing," Claude Binyon later reported.

Joe's other athletic activi-



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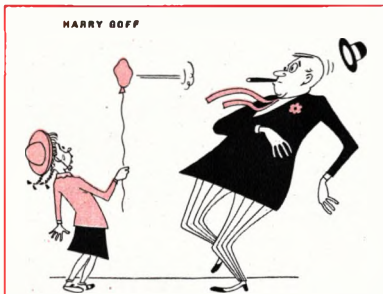
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HARRY GOFF

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VII

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JALOPY DOOR CLOSING: KA-
RANCH!

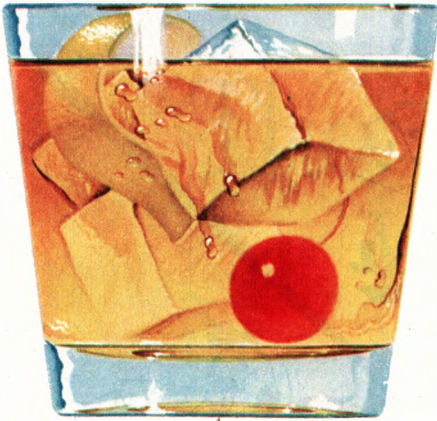
TOMCATS (2:00 A.M.): aaaaoooo-
uueeeEEEEIIIIIOOOOOOOOOO-
SCATSCHH!

STIRRING A MARTINI: chinkle—
chinkle—chlk—chlk—chinkle

LONESOME PUPPY: Ike! Ike! Ike!
ikeike—ike! owp. mowp. Ike!

PAY TELEPHONE: Sallangle—an-
gle— — — — —ting!

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ties come under the heading of weight reduction. Currently scaling 195 pounds, he has complained of being 10 pounds overweight ever since he was a svelte 150.

At least once a month he resolves to take a half-hour walk each night; once a month he does. He has a tennis court which he uses possibly half a dozen times a year and a pool into which he ventures once annually—invariably on the year's hottest day. He hates cold water; by cold, he means anything less than 80 degrees.

Joe has never ceased to think of himself as a deflected big-league baseball player. He dismisses as inconsequential the fact that he was only a substitute second baseman on his freshman team at Columbia.

Ballplayers in Silk Shirts

Annually, Joe turns out for the big writer-producer game between Fox and Metro. Last year the Fox team showed up in red silk shirts stenciled "Hughes Tool Works." This was psychological warfare, intended to disconcert M-G-M's Doré Schary who had just left Howard Hughes's RKO studio. The Metro bigwigs appeared in 1890-vintage uniforms and sported handle-bar mustaches and sideburns. Fox won, 9-7, and Schary still has his strained back.

A greater, and more serious, victory for Mankiewicz was within the Screen Directors' Guild last year on the vexatious question of loyalty oaths. As president of the guild, Joe—like all the other officers and board members—had signed the non-Communist affidavit required of union officials by the Taft-Hartley law. While he was abroad last summer, an amendment to the by-laws was circulated among the membership asking approval of a clause making it mandatory that all guild members sign a loyalty oath.

Although he had been in communication with other officers of the guild, Mankiewicz was not informed of this action and did not hear of it until he stepped off the boat in New York. By this time the ballots had been counted and the amendment carried by an overwhelming majority of the directors. Joe promptly denounced the mandatory aspect of the resolution, objected to the fact that voting had been by open instead of closed ballot and publicly announced his opposition to mandatory loyalty oaths until and unless the mandate was Uncle Sam's.

What followed then was in the best, or worst, tradition of Hollywood cloak-and-dagger melodramas. The opposing faction met secretly and decided to recall Man-

kiewicz. A certain prominent director, trench-coated and goggled, tore through the streets of Beverly Hills and Bel-Air on a motorcycle, rousing startled colleagues from their beds at 3:00 A.M. to sign the recall votes. Possible Mankiewicz adherents were not solicited. At the same time, the membership roster mysteriously vanished from the guild office, files were abstracted and the paid executive secretary and his staff suddenly went on vacation.

By morning the coup was all but complete. It took a court order to stay the count of the recall votes and give Mankiewicz adherents a chance to call a special meeting to acquaint the membership with what had been going on. The faction responsible for the recall move was discredited and Mankiewicz was overwhelmingly sustained, but not without the inevitable traces of smudge.

Politically, Joe is about as left-wing as Senator Robert Taft. Some years ago, the House Committee on un-American Activities, then headed by Representative Martin Dies, called him Communist because of his antilynching film, *Fury*. On that occasion, Joe apologized to the committee for not answering the accusation more fully; his time, he explained, was taken up by his work as head of the Finnish Relief Campaign.

Writers generally will be interested to learn that Mankiewicz, for all the facility of his prose, shares most of their nervous disorders when the time comes for him to write. He spends the preliminary weeks wondering whether to write at home or at the studio; if at home, in what room, on what paper, with what brand of pencil. (He writes in longhand always, usually in spiral-bound composition books.)

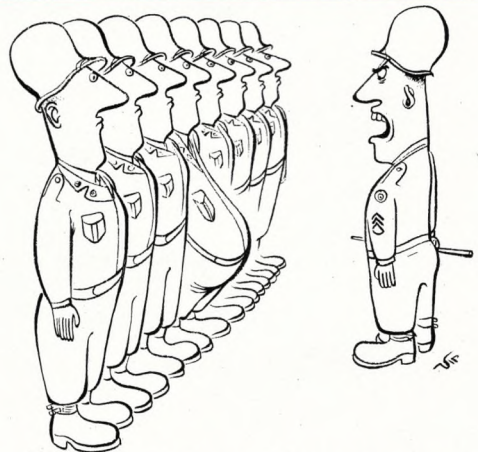
At the last minute, he reverses all previous decisions and decides he must get away. For *Letter to Three Wives* he rented a 12-room house at Malibu. His wife visited him there one week end. She found him in a tiny corner of the living room, barricaded by folding screens. Unwashed dishes were piled everywhere in the kitchen and the bed hadn't been made since his arrival.

He wrote *All About Eve* on a guest ranch near Santa Barbara. Another writer went there recently, also to do a script. The manager led her proudly to an isolated bungalow. "You ought to do well here," he said. "This is where Mr. Mankiewicz wrote *All About Eve*."

The writer fled. "Good heavens!" she explained later. "How could anyone write with Joe Mankiewicz' ghost leaning over her shoulder?"

THE END

VIP'S WAR



COLLIER'S "Vogel, you'll just have to ask your mother to stop sending you such large packages"

VIRGIL PARTCH

Pampering Your Dinner Duck

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

now eighty-two, started with his 30 Pekings when he got tired of being a carpenter. His son Lloyd, now forty-six and executive head of their Crescent Duck Farm, was feeding ducks before he could feed himself.

There were plenty of duck farms on Long Island in 1910, but the emergence of big duck factories had to wait until the development of huge and efficient electric incubators. Established breeds of duck—the Muscovy, Rouen, Aylesbury and Cayuga—had been brought to this country as early as 1800. The Peking came from China in the 1870s. It is the big-shot duck today, and the only one raised commercially on Long Island—because it is white (people just like white ducks) and grows fast.

Henry Frank had little to work with in 1910. It was years before he could buy a carload lot of feed and even then, he says,

Duckling Aquebogue

5-6 lb. Long Island duckling,
dressed weight
1 clove garlic, minced
1½ cups orange juice
2 teaspoons grated orange rind
1 tablespoon lemon juice
1 tablespoon kitchen bouquet
1 teaspoon salt
2 tablespoons sugar
1 teaspoon ginger
2 tablespoons cornstarch
2 tablespoons cold water

Cut duckling into quarters, removing neck, wing tips and backbone. Cook quartered duck, skin side down, in Dutch oven or chicken fryer over moderate heat until browned. Add garlic and let cook one minute. Blend together and add the orange juice and rind, lemon juice, kitchen bouquet, salt, sugar and ginger. Cover tightly and bring to boil. Lower heat and let simmer until duck is tender, about 45 minutes. Remove pieces of duck. Pour fat from broth, leaving broth in Dutch oven. Blend together and add cornstarch and cold water. Cook, stirring constantly, until sauce boils. Replace duck in sauce and let heat thoroughly. Serve duck over fluffy hot cooked rice, garnished with crisp water cress and accompanied by the sauce. Serves four generously.

the feed man volunteered to take a chance on him. But look what makes Crescent one of the largest and most modern of the Long Island places today:

From the top of the Corwin grain elevator in the production season you can see something like 40,000 pure-white ducks marching about the yards and paddling in the canal. The whole mass is in constant heaving motion; its racket is fearful to newcomers, but music to a duck man.

Chugging along a narrow-gauge track through the buildings and yards below is Corwin's "dinky," a hopper car driven by a gasoline engine and carrying three tons of feed pellets. Two levers drop a spout at each feed hopper and shoot feed into it. There are hoppers in every yard and every building—125 hoppers in all—and if you watch the dinky for an hour it will have filled every one of them. When it empties itself it simply chugs back to the feed elevator and refills itself by machinery. In that way it handles 10 to 12 tons of feed every day. Lloyd Corwin designed the dinky and had it made locally.

From the same vantage point you can see several Corwin trucks moving in and out of the buildings, picking up the week's soiled Collier's for March 24, 1951

straw litter, which will be sold to truck farmers for land dressing.

Just below you on one side is the railroad siding, with five carloads of feed on it. Between the tracks is a slot into which the pellets pour from the bottom of the cars. In the slot is an endless chain arrangement to carry the pellets up into the feed elevator for storage until the dinky hauls them to the hoppers.

Below you on the other side is the Corwin picking plant, where three men and eight girls can, by the use of machinery, pick, wash and place in cooling vats from 2,000 to 2,500 ducks a day.

Besides the 40,000 ducks you can see outdoors, there are some 20,000 you can't see. These are under three weeks old, and are still in steam-heated, air-conditioned buildings.

Corwin, father or son, will take you into the buildings and show you these younger ones—if you haven't been to somebody else's duck factory first. If you have, you'll be about as popular as Typhoid Mary in an orphanage kitchen.

Last summer, a photographer came to the Corwin place. The Corwins didn't know it, and he didn't think to tell them, but he had been through another duck man's buildings first. He took pictures and went away. Four days later, exactly the time it takes for the duck virus to strike, thousands of ducklings sickened and died. The photographer had brought the disease in on his shoes.

But say you haven't been duck-visiting elsewhere. You can go in and see 7,000 yellow puffballs scabbling around in one long wing of a one-story gray frame building—and already eating their heads off, though they are only a few hours old. Windows run continuously along each wall, lights hang from the peaked ceiling, and steam pipes running through the concrete flooring keep the building hot.

Luxury for the Young Ones

The ducklings are in rows of pens that extend from the walls out to a runway set up along the middle of the nursery. The runway is for trucks and the feed-carrying dinky. Pen floors are covered with about three inches of clean white sand and a thin coating of clean straw. Each pen has a huddling shelf at the wall end, under which a light burns day and night—a sort of safe, warm clubhouse.

These ducks are never going to be in the dark at any time in their lives. They will always have light, every minute—light to eat by. A Corwin will be looking in every once in a while, day or night. Neither Lloyd nor his father can stand the thought of an unhappy, nonthriving duck. So they keep checking.

Only a few hours earlier these baby ducklings were moved in from the hatchery, where, as eggs, they gave the first spectacular proof that the duck you eat is a belt-line, precision product.

Every Monday and Saturday from the first of December until mid-August, the Corwins put 4,000 eggs into one of their giant incubators. Some of them are several days old, but that makes no difference; they have been kept in a cooler at a 55-degree temperature, which has held them in abeyance.

The eggs remain in the incubator 25 days at a constant temperature of 99.5 degrees. Then they are moved into the hatcher, an electric box about seven feet high, four feet wide and eight feet deep with glass-windowed door, identical with the incubator except that the hatcher has bigger and fewer trays. The temperature here is one degree lower. Seventy-two hours later the eggs put on their dramatic efficiency performance. They all hatch together, sometimes 4,000 in four hours.

Within another hour they are ready to go

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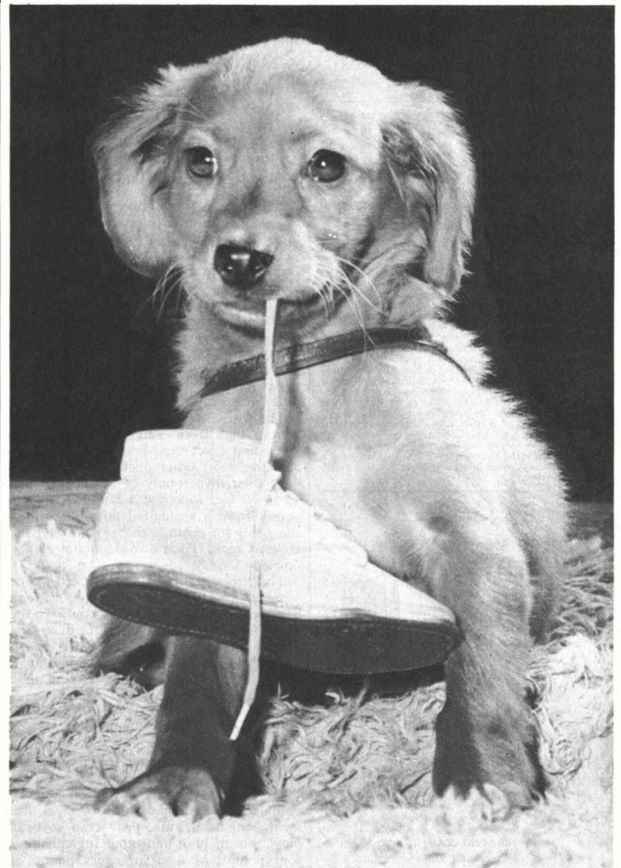
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to work: that is, to begin eating and living in absolute luxury.

After a week in the first wing of the baby-duckling building they must make room for the next hatch. But their scale of living is not curtailed; they merely go to the other wing of the building, where conditions are the same except that the pens are bigger because the ducklings are bigger. Same warmth, same light, same limitless food and water, same attitude by their human caretakers—that the duckling is always right, provided he keeps eating.

Every week of their brief life the ducklings are herded to new quarters, always pushed by new flocks behind them. As they waddle out of one wing or building, trucks roll in, the straw litter is picked up and new straw is put down for the next flock. Clean ducks are healthier, happier and hungrier.

Driving even baby ducklings is no job at all. Your domestic duck has gang instinct, and he will always go where the gang is going. A couple of men can easily drive a flock of 4,000.

At the end of their third week the ducklings move to a heatless building; they can heat it fully themselves now. If the weather is fair they are allowed outdoors—but not to swimming water yet. This first sight of the big world results in a powerful lot of surprised flapping, squawking, gabbling and hopping, but it does not result in any cessation of appetite: there are full hoppers in the yard and these ducklings already are conditioned to eat as automatically as they breathe.

They are no longer yellow puffballs, but dirty gray, gawky and silly-looking. They can eat at least five times as much as they could in the beginning and are presumably five times happier.

But they are not yet at the zenith of joy. That comes at the beginning of their seventh week, when the flock goes into a building which has a yard with 200 feet of canal frontage. For the next two weeks, or until duckling's doomsday, they live the perfect life, playing all day in the shallow water to sharpen their appetites. The duckling now has everything he wants or can imagine.

Water Makes Them Eat More

The Corwins say that ducks can be raised away from water and that it is sometimes done. But they consider it silly.

"Water makes a duck eat more, and gain faster, and be more vigorous all around," Henry Frank Corwin declares. "His feathers look clean and fresh and his eye is bright. Keep him away from water and he'll look dull and he'll be dull. He'll be a duck without any purpose and it stands to reason he won't thrive. He won't eat and gain."

No more contemptuous thing could be said about a duck.

The Corwins, like most other operators, believe that fresh water has a more invigorating effect than brackish water, and also like most other duck operators, they have their own supply of it. Their canal, 15 to 30 feet wide and a few inches deep, comes from a spring-fed pond, and flows sluggishly for about 2,000 feet into Meeting House Creek. Their own dam controls the flow and level.

The Corwins, preparing to meet the terms of a state antipollution law, have already put in a settling basin to remove the solids from the water that leaves their land and empties eventually into Long Island Sound. They are also figuring up what it will cost them to install a chlorinating plant if they have to.

A Corwin duckling gets two weeks of life with water. Then he is eight weeks old and should weigh close to six pounds—five and a half anyway. Whether he does or not, he has had it.

He should now have eaten about 24 pounds of pellets made of corn meal, fish meal, bone meal, milk, meat scrap, soybean meal, wheat, bran and other ingredients—four pounds of feed for every pound of flesh. He is never going to eat any more unless he, or she, has been selected for next

year's breeding flock of about 3,000. Otherwise, he is ready for the picking house.

Breeder or market duck, he is Jim Miller's pigeon now. Miller, who has worked 23 of his forty-seven years for the Corwins and 25 among ducks, has charge of both the picking house and the selection of breeders.

Either he or one of his helpers puts a swift end to a happy life by cutting an artery in the beak, a death as painless as possible. The rest is fast and efficient. Batteries of picking machines, consisting of metal drums whirling long rubber fingers, whip the feathers off.

Here the duck plant gets its one by-product. Feathers are worth from 60 cents to \$1.10 a pound, and are in great demand now, especially for quilted cold-weather jackets for servicemen. It takes four ducks to supply a pound of feathers. Duck men figure the feathers about pay for the picking-plant operation.

Finally the ducklings are washed by machinery, cooled in great vats, barreled and sent to one of five or six receivers in New

The vigilance comes easy to the Corwins. Neither has any interest outside ducks. They say they have no time, but it is plain they do not feel the lack of it. Lloyd has never in his life even bothered to read about sports. He has taken an occasional trip to the Midwest, but always in connection with getting new equipment, and he was both bored and uneasy about being away from his ducks.

Son May Be a Duck Man, Too

The Corwins live in a neat two-story frame house near the farm: Lloyd with his wife and children, Lloyd, Jr., a seventeen-year-old high-school boy, and Janet, thirteen; and Henry Frank with the family of another son, Halsey, an insurance man who travels a great deal. The Corwins hope and believe that Lloyd, Jr., a boy in love with his red roaster and with various sports, will be a duck man. Janet, a musician who can do all kinds of things with a piano, an accordion and a saxophone, cares little about ducks one way or the other.

Lloyd Corwin is at his little office, or the picking plant, or one of the duck buildings, by 6:30 A.M., and is working with or thinking about ducks or duck machinery until he goes to bed about 11:00 P.M. He never retires without one swing around the buildings, just in case.

Henry Frank, still healthy and vigorous, spends his whole day at the same tasks, not so energetically now, but quite as attentively as ever.

In the past the family sometimes had duck pets, especially the occasional freaks—four-legged ducks, for example—but things have grown too big now. Where is the individual among 60,000 ducks?

Both Corwins are powerful partisans of duck meat, which they also believe to be full of character. Lloyd eats duck 30 or 40 times a year and has an electric rotating spit-roaster which he believes to be the greatest cooking aid invented by man since the introduction of fire. It roasts a whole fowl, allowing the fat to drip off and leaving the bird golden, crisp and just lean enough.

The Corwins and other duck men nurse a sense of outrage that the name Long Island as applied to duckling on restaurant menus has come to mean about what "Virginia" does to ham—a fine-sounding mark-weight for anybody's product. The Long Islanders have a frustrated feeling that nothing can be done about it, but they consider it about like calling any wine fine champagne.

The duck men—and their co-op—feel a strong need to beat the drums for duck meat because it operates under several heavy handicaps. It has no national day, the way turkey has Thanksgiving. It is all dark meat, and some people have a completely perverse liking for white meat. Though there are plenty of other ways to cook duck, everybody seems to think of it solely as a roaster. And worst of all to the duck men, duck has a reputation as a luxury food.

So a promotion campaign goes on incessantly, through Miss Stegner's home-economics staff and by every other means the co-op can devise.

Hundreds of newspaper food editors get Miss Stegner's recipes, which her staff works out. And TV is a new and promising field of promotion. Several programs already have made full cooking demonstrations with ducks. Nobody can measure the effectiveness of such a visual demonstration, although two programs, one on radio and one on TV, brought the co-op more than 8,000 requests for recipes. But such programs wow Miss Stegner, who refuses to believe that a housewife could view such a captivating spectacle and callously refrain from buying a duck today.

If the Long Islanders can help it, TV may yet make duck as common a staple in the icebox as, say, ice. When that happens the duck men will, beyond doubt, be as happy as the ducks they spend their lives pampering.

THE END

Collier's for March 24, 1951



York, who sell about a third of them to wholesalers in the city and the rest throughout the country.

The 3,000 breeders which escape the picking plant are selected from among the ducklings hatched in March; they will have arrived at mating age by the start of the new production season. Every day or two Miller goes through these flocks picking out the strongest and fastest-growing, choosing 15 drakes to every hundred ducks. Miller and the Corwins believe the fastest-growing ducklings are the most vigorous, provided they also have good bright eyes, good broad backs and fine feathers. There are other attributes too, but neither Miller nor the Corwins can name them. They just know.

The selected ducks are only on probation. Miller keeps culling them and selecting anew until the last of the flock have grown.

The system must be a good one. Corwin stock, built up over the years without the bringing in of new blood, is strong, and the place rarely loses more than the 10 per cent that is considered a satisfactory rate.

Years ago a cholera epidemic hit the Long Island duck empire and wiped out hundreds of thousands of ducks. Every farm was decimated. That was the time, if ever, to bring in new stock. But the Corwins reasoned that the ducks which weathered the epidemic had the strongest resistance to disease, and stuck with what they had. They believe that is why cholera has bothered their ducks very little since. That and ceaseless vigilance.

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48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8

snout. The enraged rhinoceros then backs up, greatly dismayed. Whereupon you shoot it. However, we haven't yet digested all the details. Until we have, we shall not go around kicking rhinoceroses in the snout.

A couple of timely notes on thinking. You know—the brain churning that's always getting people into trouble. In Boulder, Colorado, speaking at the 75th anniversary of the University of Colorado, Howard Mumford Jones, who teaches English at Harvard, said: "Ours is an age which is proud of machines that think and suspicious of any man who tries to." And at Berkeley, California, Dr. Edward U. Condon, director of the National Bureau of Standards, got to talking about those astonishing digital computing machines you've been hearing and reading so much about. Said he, to the deep chagrin of us desk-bound wights: "These machines don't do brainwork. They just do white-collar work." Our secretary is now writing a rather tart letter to Dr. Condon.

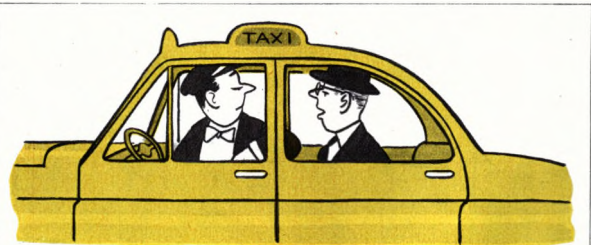
We were driving behind a truck. To General Phil Fleming of The President's Highway Safety Conference and the Inter-Industry Highway Safety Committee we pass on what we saw. On the left of the back of the truck was an arrow pointing left. Under it were the words *Passing Side*. On the right was another arrow, pointing right. Under it was one word: *Suicide*.

Mr. J. T. Munn, of Frankfort, Kentucky, is not what you might call a young man—sixty-seven to be specific. He cannot, however, understand why he should not hear

from Defense Secretary Marshall, particularly after having gone to a lot of trouble solving the Army man-power problem—at least to his own satisfaction. Mr. Munn does not tell us his entire plan but emphasizes his main point—holding operations. Holding operations are employed after ground has been taken. "I urge," says he, "that to hold ground taken by the young fellows, we senior citizens (male) be drafted. Being less agile than the kids, kind of stiff-legged to tell the truth, we won't be able to retreat. That leaves us nothing to do but hold on. When the young men take more ground, the Army can haul us forward to hold on some more. When I hear from Washington I'll let you know."

What happened to Mr. Ed Weibly in Palm Beach, Florida, arrives a bit late, but we feel as though there must be a moral of some kind attached to it. Therefore we pass it on to you. Mr. Weibly was driving serenely through Palm Beach, observing all the rules of the road, his conscience as clear as crystal. He was passing a traffic cop when he resolved to avail himself of a long-cherished opportunity. He stopped his car, got out and, in language we wouldn't think of even hinting at, told the cop what he thought of policemen in general and handed him one dollar. He was hauled in with a minimum of ceremony. Then he discovered his mistake. Wrong town. In Miami, that day, one could bawl out a cop, kiss Miss America or even shake hands with the governor provided you contributed one buck to charity. Mr. Weibly apologized, was released and was last seen headed for Miami.

With spring in his heart.



"Ten minutes to catch a train. Can you make it?"



Teddy

COLLIER'S

"Can I make it?"

TED KEY

Don't Count on Germany to Fight

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18

woodworking shop, Rudi Josten and Ferdinand Eilfgang left their lathes long enough to answer my questions: Did they favor a German army? Would they serve in it? Did they believe in the threat of Soviet aggression?

Josten, a Navy veteran and former prisoner of war in England, had no particular objection to a German army—for volunteers only. Not for him. Why? "The German mercenaries would be sacrificed first. No, thanks."

Eilfgang, dark, animated, the father of two children, agreed emphatically. "We've all had enough. A war's the worst thing that could happen. Danger from the East? I think that's a fairy tale. You could settle your quarrel with the Russians if you really wanted to."

I found no other employee in the factory who didn't feel basically the same way. All were convinced that Germans in uniform would be used as cannon fodder by the Western high command.

Too Young for Hitler's Army

At Jean Bieler's hardware store on Main Street, Reinhold Saifer and Hans Friedlich, both nineteen, were working in the machine shop in the back yard. Too young for Hitler's Wehrmacht, they'd seen enough of war as kids to know what another would be like.

"I like being alive," said Reinhold with blunt simplicity. "Let those who want to wage war do the fighting."

"But not in Germany, please," added Hans, and bent back over his workbench.

At the city hall, I found two talkative clerks Christian Iven, twenty-four, explained he was an out-and-out pacifist. "I didn't resist the Americans and I won't resist the Russians," he said. "War's just a business."

What if he were drafted?
"Read Article 4 of our new constitution," he replied. "It states that no German can be made to bear arms against his will. That's my out."

His colleague, Peter Berhausen, sounded more militant. "Without the United States, Europe is doomed," he declared. "If we Germans are given political equality with the Allies, there's no reason why we shouldn't contribute men to a European army. We must co-operate to stop Soviet aggression."

At last I was hearing a positive note. And would Berhausen serve in such an army?

"Jawohl!" he replied, "certainly—if it weren't for the fact that I'm married."

Nearby stands the shop of Anton Klute, Remagen's watchmaker. Klute, a solid, middle-aged man, was mustered into the Nazi home guard assigned to protect the bridge the day the Americans seized it. As a prisoner of war 10 days later he saw the bridge collapse under the weight of U.S. military traffic.

When I told him of my conversations around town, he nodded slowly. "Of course," he said, "and don't think the youngsters feel very differently from anyone else. Does it surprise you? For nearly five years now our Americans have been busy demilitarizing us, as you put it. You've forbidden Germans to own guns or wear uniforms or even fly planes; you've told us that making war is a crime."

"Now you turn around and tell us to hurry up and rearm. Demilitarize, remilitarize. The transition is rather sudden, *nicht wahr?*" He smiled. "At least you might make us full-fledged allies, give us *Gleichberechtigung*, before asking us to fight on your side."

Gleichberechtigung. Equal rights. A jaw-breaking catchword that Kurt Schumacher, Germany's fiery, crippled Socialist leader, used again and again last fall to attack

Chancellor Konrad Adenauer's government after Adenauer had agreed in principle to participate in the defense of Western Europe. Touting political equality as a condition for Germany's co-operation, the Socialists swept local elections in Hesse and Württemberg-Baden on November 19th.

That's when we began to wake up to the fact that most of West Germany's 45,000,000 people weren't so eager as we'd assumed to take up arms again.

At the Foreign Ministers' meeting in New York, two months before, the main obstacle to German rearmament seemed to rest on our differences with the French over how large and what kind of army we would permit Germany to mobilize.

"The Germans should be enabled, if they want, to defend their own country," said U.S. High Commissioner John J. McCloy in Washington on September 5th. "You can't say to them that they can't defend their own country if attacked."

Here in Remagen, I began to feel that "if they want" had become the most important phrase in McCloy's statement. If the young men of Remagen were typical of West Germans as a whole, I thought, then the task of making soldiers out of our former enemies will be a lot tougher than just ironing out differences between the Western Allies.

So I checked my findings with both Allied and German officials in Bonn, Frankfurt, Düsseldorf and Berlin; and wherever I went I spoke with other young potential draftees.

With minor variations, the pattern of German opinion was the same: First give us full political equality and send over enough troops to guarantee our security; then, and then only, we might consider contributing to joint defense.

Schumacher certainly knew the temper of his people when he pegged his campaign last fall on "no rearmament without guarantees."

"Remember that Germany is a convalescent country," I was told in Düsseldorf by a top British political officer. "These people have lost two wars in a generation. The last one cost them nearly 3,000,000 dead and another 1,000,000 or so still missing—to say nothing of some 4,000,000 wounded. They just don't want to take a chance of being on the losing side again."

In a Fog of Defeatism

So far, we haven't persuaded them that ours is the winning side. A wave of defeatism has swept over West Germany like a winter fog ever since United Nations forces began suffering reverses in Korea. Watching our troops driven back by numerically superior Chinese Communists, they began wondering how long the West's relative handful of infantry divisions in Germany could hold the line against at least three times as many Russian divisions now stationed in Eastern Europe. What help would it be to throw in a few hastily mustered German troops?

"Our regiments," said the influential *Frankfurter Allgemeine Zeitung* recently, "are to be there only to cover the retreat of the others to the Channel ports."

Herbert Puschmann, a twenty-eight-year-old press analyst employed by the U.S. High Commissioner's office in Frankfurt, had fought on the Russian front for two years, as an artillery noncom. "If the Russians attack," he told me as we walked along the corridors of the huge Farben building, "it wouldn't take them long to smash through Germany. We all know that. And we know that every German they found in uniform would be dealt with as a war criminal. That means death or a slave camp."

"And what if you were a civilian?" I asked.

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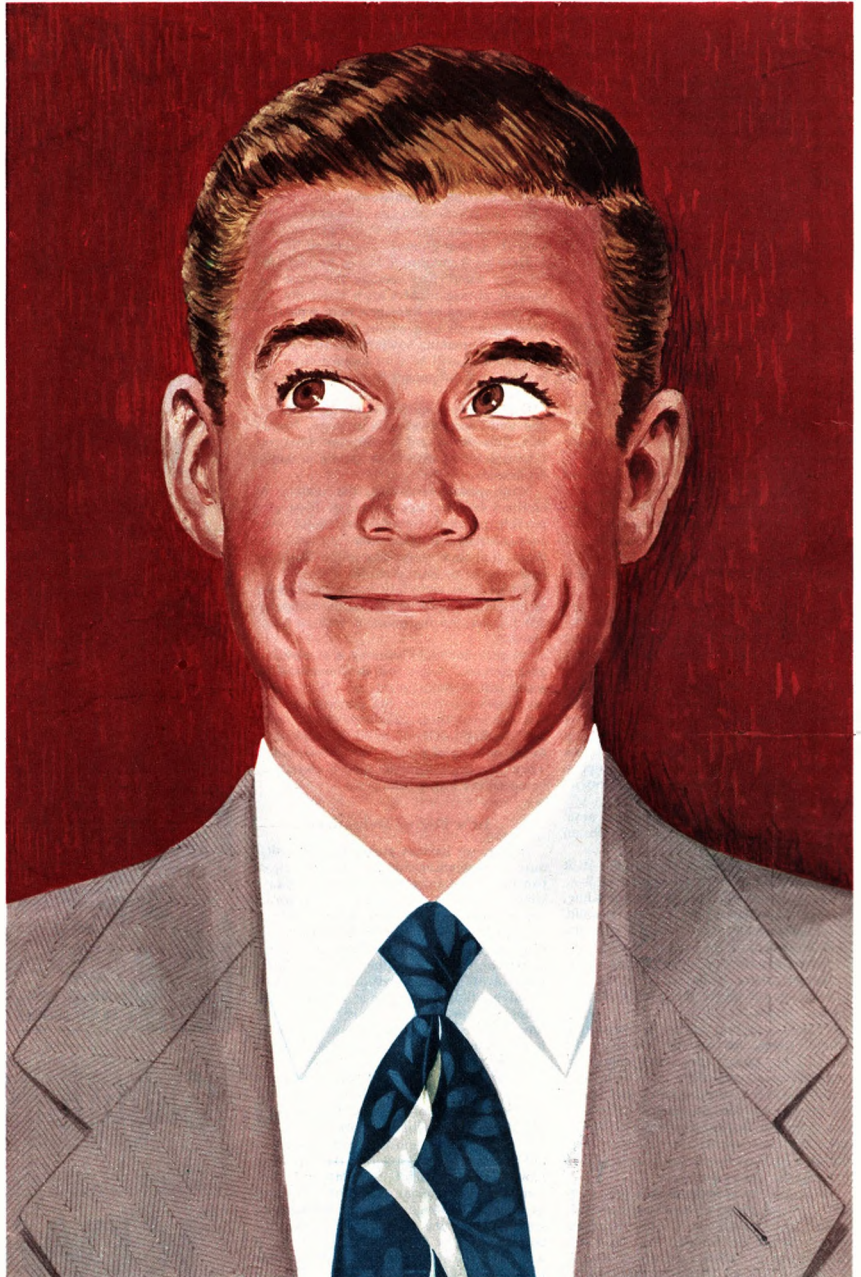
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"As a civilian, at least I could stay and take care of my family. Life would be hard under the Russians, but it would still be life."

Puschmann took my arm. "Now don't get me wrong. If I were an American I'd be all in favor of having a German army sharing the burden of defense. But as a German who would have to serve in that army—no. Maybe you think that is selfish." He shrugged. "I guess it is, but I can't help it."

If You Were Herr Puschmann

Put yourself in Puschmann's shoes. Think of the Russians being a day's march from your home. Consider that the new Soviet German "peace law" prescribes the death penalty for anyone serving in a West German army. Then ask yourself what your answer would be.

You begin to understand why German sentiment for rearming fell from 60 to less than 30 per cent between May and December, while American support for such a move, according to the Gallup poll, was rising from 34 to 63 per cent.

Needless to add, the pro-army Germans are by and large older people who would not have to put on a uniform. Of the men giving affirmative answers in a recent survey conducted by the State Department's Research and Analysis Branch, only 7 per cent said they'd be willing to serve.

"And these volunteers are the worst elements we could want in a defensive army," Dr. Leo Crespi, director of the survey, told me in Bad Nauheim. "They are the ex-Nazi troopers, the jobless, the misfits, and the refugees who want to start a war to recover their lands in the East."

According to officials of the German Ministry of the Interior in Bonn, no more than three divisions could be raised in West Germany today on a volunteer basis.

"A conscripted army is the only solution," I was told by Erich Ollenhauer, deputy chairman of the Socialist party. "But any government advocating conscription just now would be promptly overthrown. First, Germany must have a new political status, then we must discuss the details of Germany's contribution, and finally we must set up the machinery to mobilize men. All that will take at least a year."

A year. Maybe more. During this time, the Kremlin can be expected to bombard the frightened West Germans with propaganda exploiting their yearning for "neutrality," holding out the promise of a unified Germany and warning them to expect no real help from the United States.

The propaganda has already started. Statements by American neoisolationists are being bannered in the German Communist press, with telling effect. "Unity for

peace" slogans are blared over the East German radio. In December, Otto Grotewohl, Communist premier of East Germany, invited the West German government to discuss German unity as a means of keeping the nation from being dragged into war. Soviet agents and go-betweens are quietly telling Ruhr industrialists that their best markets—and future security—lie in the East.

Communist efforts are bearing fruit. Such eminent Germans as the Reverend Martin Niemoeller and Gustav Heinemann, former Federal Minister of the Interior, are now avowed "neutralists" who tell their fellow citizens that casting their lot with the West will end all hope of a unified nation. In January a new organization called the Freedom League began distributing thousands of neutrality cards in Hamburg declaring that the bearer "will fight neither for the West nor for the East." Businessmen, seeking to reinforce their ties to the East, have urged the government to treble licensed exports to the Soviet zone during 1951.

The extent to which West Germans cling to the myth of neutralism was revealed in a survey conducted in January by Dr. Crespi's staff. A cross section of thousands of Germans throughout the American zone were asked to choose between a neutral, united fatherland and participation in a Western defense system on their own terms. Answers were just about evenly divided.

"Either they don't see the Soviet menace or they don't want to see it," said Dr. Crespi. "Sometimes I think it's the latter."

Fear, confusion, defeatism. These are the dominant moods in Germany today—with one striking exception.

West Berlin Favors Defense

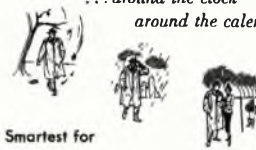
The exception is West Berlin, that isolated outpost of the free world 120 miles inside the Soviet zone. There, some 2,200,000 people who live in the democratic sectors of the city have shown by their actions and votes that they understand the Communist threat and are not intimidated by it. Saved by the U.S. air lift, they are staunch friends of America; according to recent polls, sentiment in Berlin is 85 per cent in favor of German participation in Western defense.

But Berlin, which knows at firsthand what Communism means, can't be considered a factor in defense plans. Surrounded as it is, the city would be doomed in case of a Soviet attack, as the 6,000 Americans living there know only too well. "We'd shoot with everything we have," said General Maxwell Taylor, former U.S. commander in Berlin, when I asked him how long the Western sectors could hold out. I

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COLLIER'S "It's for passing a hydrant or something" SIDNEY HOFF

Collier's for March 24, 1951



TOM HENDERSON

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saw what we have to shoot with. It isn't much.)

"What a pity," said a British colonel I met in Berlin, "that we can't move all these Berliners into the Western zone. They'd soon enough convince their fellow Germans that Communism can't be appeased."

But we can't move them; meanwhile, the fear, the confusion and the defeatism prevail. Under the circumstances, what do we do about our German "allies"?

The French have an answer. I heard it from a young French diplomat who'd invited me to lunch in his villa perched high on a bluff overlooking the Rhine. "If the Germans don't want to help defend Germany," he said, as we sipped coffee, "then we should tell them bluntly that we'll pull our troops out of their country and make our stand right here, on this river. That'll change their minds soon enough."

"What if they don't change their minds?" I said. "What if they turn around and make some deal with the Russians?"

He shrugged—an eloquent French shrug. "That," he replied, "is the risk we must take."

The risk is too great, in the opinion of British and American policy makers. Those I spoke to are convinced we cannot hold Europe, if war comes, without keeping West Germany's massive industrial plant and skilled population on our side of the line. The question is, how do we hold it? And is German rearmament the answer just now?

The Pros and Cons

There are arguments on both sides. These are the four main reasons against building up any kind of German army at this time:

- 1) On October 18th, Russia warned the Western World that it "would not tolerate" the creation of a West German army. Was this bluff? Remember that China's Red boss, Mao Tse-tung, warned us via India's Peking envoy that he wouldn't tolerate our crossing of the 38th parallel. We thought that was bluff, and discovered it wasn't. So why should we invite similar Soviet retaliation in Germany before we have the strength to cope with it?
- 2) In view of West Germany's shaky morale, no conscript army could be trusted in a pinch. If the Communists seemed to be winning, West German units might well defect to the Reds, whose East German militia is commanded by such prominent ex-Nazi generals as Lattmann, Von Weichs, Weisenberger, Mueller and Schubert.
- 3) West German soldiers, especially hot-headed refugees, would probably provoke border incidents with the Russians that could easily plunge us into a war for which we were not yet prepared.
- 4) Most Germans don't want an army.

Four arguments are advanced in behalf of setting up West German armed forces as soon as possible:

- 1) The West desperately needs man power in Europe. West Germany's potential is 35 divisions. Where else in Western Europe could we find them?
- 2) Germans are reputed to be the world's best soldiers.
- 3) We must not be intimidated by Red threats. After all, the Russians are building up a German army in the Soviet zone. Why shouldn't we do the same?
- 4) If the Communists decide to pull a Korea in Europe and launch a "liberating" invasion of West Germany with East German militia, it would be sounder, psychologically, to help repel such an attack with German troops than to do it with Allied forces alone.

Today, in view of Germany's prevailing state of mind, our policy makers are giving increasing consideration to the reasons

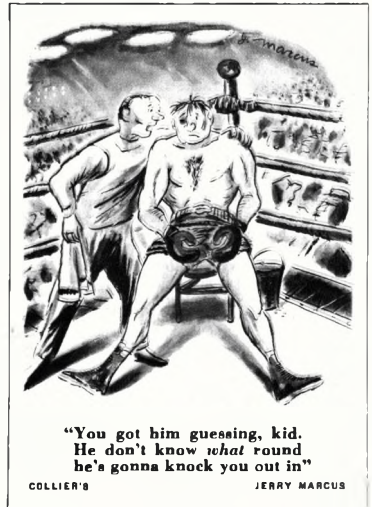
against rearmament. As has often been pointed out, our announced intention to give the Germans weapons only alerted the Russians and alarmed the already confused Germans.

The task ahead now is to repair the damage by building up our own strength and that of our dependable allies, and by giving Germans the political equality which may eventually move them to take part in Europe's defense of their own free will.

"They'll climb on our band wagon all right," said an American diplomat in Bonn, "once they're convinced it isn't going to break down."

Last December, Richard H. S. Crossman, one of the intellectual leaders of the British Labor party, and reputed to be influential in the formation of foreign policy, offered an interesting suggestion.

Writing in the American monthly, Commentary, he proposed that the West go about rearming without Germany, meanwhile pressing for an expansion of German police forces to match the strength of the



"You got him guessing, kid.
He don't know what round
he's gonna knock you out in."

COLLIER'S

JERRY MARCUS

Volkspolizei of the Soviet zone. Such a police force, he pointed out, would not invite Russian retaliation and could serve as a trained cadre whenever the time was ripe for building a regular German army.

I mentioned this proposal to McCloy when I called on him at his Berlin office. The high commissioner conceded that the Crossman formula might be a solution to a problem that has grown more and more complex ever since it was first officially broached last summer.

Germans Must Change Attitude

"Just now," he said, "we are exploring the whole defense question with the Germans. It will take time. And we won't get anywhere until the Germans come to feel that they are part of the European community—and that all of the world's problems are not exclusively German."

I asked him if he felt discouraged about the Germans' apparently negative attitude on defense.

Commissioner McCloy got up from his desk and gazed thoughtfully out of the office window.

"The Germans are a vigorous and not a submissive people," he said at last. "But they are sick, in many ways. We have got to help them get over their psychoses."

I thought of my evening in Remagen with Rudi and Karl and Georg and the others. I remembered their profound bitterness their cynicism.

"It won't be easy," I observed.
McCloy shook his head. "No," he said, "it isn't going to be easy at all." THE END

Collier's for March 24, 1951

From Vaudeo to Video via Radio

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

would be next to impossible. Through the years, they have created characters which the listening audience has come to visualize in a certain way. But now they find themselves with actors whose appearance on the television screen does not coincide with the public's impression of those characters. For example, on one radio soap opera, there's a woman of sixty portraying a young ingenue. And I know a man of forty-five who has made a good living out of doing baby cries.

No Illusions Are Shattered

In this respect, I feel that my show is very fortunate. Everyone who has seen Rochester in the movies knows that he looks exactly as we have portrayed him in radio. Dennis Day gives the appearance of an earnest but naive young adolescent. Don Wilson weighs 230 pounds, so he's all right. Mary is definitely the desirable doll type. And, of course, I don't look a day over thirty-nine.

The only one we may have a little trouble with is Phil Harris, who hasn't yet appeared on our TV shows, but may be on a future one. Unfortunately, Phil doesn't look at all like the modest, soft-spoken teetotaler we've portrayed him to be.

Once the decision had been made to use my radio format as a pattern for the television show, I was able to begin thinking about the actual construction of the program. All along, we had automatically assumed that I would do an hour show. Now I suddenly began to have my doubts. I didn't know exactly what it was, but there was something about doing an hour show that didn't feel right to me.

So, for the next three days I watched the film recordings of every big New York television show. And on the fourth day, while sitting in the optometrist's office, it came to me. An hour show, without dancers, tumblers or other extraneous acts, might be too long. On the other hand, it didn't seem right to go all the way to New York, ballyhoo my television debut all over the country, and then just give the people a half hour of entertainment. So I decided on what I thought was the happy medium of putting on a 45-minute show.

As for the cast, in addition to Dinah Shore, whom I was fortunately able to get as our guest star, we planned to use Mary, Rochester, the Sportsmen Quartet, Don Wilson, Mel Blanc and Mr. Kitzel. At that time, however, Mary was feeling particularly tired from the grind of our weekly radio program, and she asked to be left out. She said she'd come along to New York with us, but she promised that while we were working on the TV show, she would just rest. I made the mistake of giving in. Not only did everyone who saw my show miss Mary, but for weeks people constantly blamed me for keeping her off. And worst of all, from the bills she ran up while we were in New York, I found out that she did her resting in Macy's, Gimbels and Saks Fifth Avenue.

Even by recording one of my radio shows in advance, we were able to allow ourselves only six days in New York. So, before leaving Hollywood, we wrote the entire TV script, memorized all our lines and tried to work out every possible detail ahead of time. We thought we had everything calculated down to the minute. But from the moment we arrived in New York and started rehearsals, things began to happen that we hadn't anticipated.

So the Vault Scene Was Cut

For example, in the middle of a scene which took place in my Beverly Hills home, there was a sequence in which I was to go down to my vault. In Hollywood, when we wrote this routine, it had seemed hilarious. But now in New York, we found out that there was only one way to do the scene, and CBS refused to let us excavate 40 feet under their stage so the cameras could follow me down. They all fought me. The only one who was on my side was Mason Hight, so I gave up and eliminated the vault.

On the second day, we rehearsed a scene in which I call Dinah Shore on the phone to ask her to appear on the show, she tells me her price is \$5,000, and I practically faint from shock, whereupon Rochester throws a glass of cold water in my face. The very first time we tried all this, we went through

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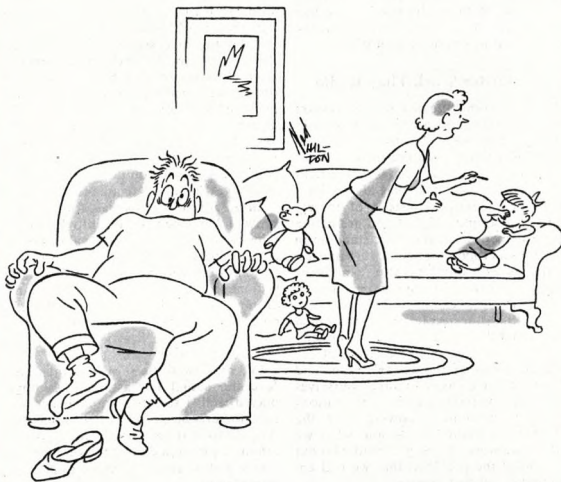
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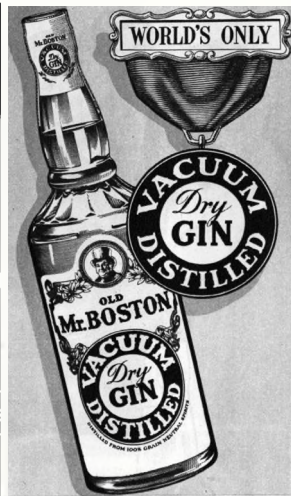
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the whole thing to the director's complete satisfaction. That is, until the part where Rochester throws the water in my face. This the director wasn't satisfied with. Every time Rochester threw water in my face, his angle was wrong or the action was out of range, and he'd have to do it over again.

Nineteen times I got water in my face before Rochester finally did it right. The director went home happy, the cast went home happy, and I went home with incipient pneumonia. For three days I was in bed with a 102° temperature, and they had to go on rehearsing without me.

Another delay occurred when the stagehands moved the furniture on stage for our dress rehearsal. At this late date we suddenly found that nobody could agree on the appearance of my living room. Should it look like the living room of the cheap miserly character I portray on the radio, with four or five cigarette machines standing around? Or should it be a reproduction of the living room that I occupy in real life? After long argument, we finally decided on the latter, and that's why you saw only one cigarette machine.

Surprisingly enough, when we actually put the show on, there was only one thing that didn't go the way we planned it. But it's just my luck that this one mistake was enough to ruin my grand finale. In order to give the show a smash climax, I had saved my violin solo for the finish. I was going to play the technically difficult but deeply stirring Hora Staccato. Then, after this selection, and purely for a gag, I was supposed to begin Love in Bloom, and the audience would get up and walk out on me.

What actually happened was that instead of waiting for Love in Bloom they all started to walk out the instant I picked up my violin to play Hora Staccato. Someone must have given them the wrong signal. By my third note, the studio was cleared. And it was such an orderly exit. Women and children went first.

It still hurts me every time I think of all the people sitting at home by their sets and waiting in vain for me to play my violin. I so hated to disappoint all those lovers of good music, people like Jascha Heifetz, Yehudi Menuhin and Mary's sister, Babe. But I guess I shouldn't feel too bad. With all the troubles we had during rehearsal, I'm probably lucky the show went off as smoothly as it did.

TV Is Harder Work Than Radio

I hope I haven't created the impression that I feel putting on a television show is necessarily confusing. It's true that a TV program will always require greater effort than a radio broadcast of comparable length and scope. The very fact that all the lines have to be memorized instead of merely read from a script, and that you are acting before a camera instead of just standing in front of a microphone, makes this inevitable. But as with anything else, experience and proper organization can and eventually will simplify the creation of TV programs.

I know that our second show was much less of a trial than the first one. We already had acquired a greater appreciation of the difference between radio and television, and we found it much easier to adjust ourselves to both the possibilities and the limitations of the new medium. Knowing from the start what we wanted to do and what we could do, we were able to go ahead with but a fraction of the problems that we had encountered in our first attempt.

During the second show I was able just to relax and enjoy myself. In contrast to my initial appearance, I wasn't a bit nervous. The bright spotlight that they had shining directly into my eyes may have had something to do with this. It kept me from

seeing Secretary Snyder in that seat in the front row.

And having Faye Emerson as my guest proved to be even more pleasant than I had anticipated. Miss Emerson is not only as charming in person as she is on her extremely popular program, but her thorough knowledge of television makes her so easy to work with. She knows exactly what to do in front of the cameras. She knows how to walk, she knows how to stand, she knows what not to wear. I'm already looking forward to having her on again in the future. However, the next time I won't bother buying her a corsage. It's a waste of money. On her, where are you going to pin it?

Controversy over Love Scene

The only real problem we had with Miss Emerson was in trying to figure out an advantageous way of presenting her. I was anxious to do something more entertaining with her than the customary dull guest interview, something that would call forth the best of our respective talents. I figured: What could accomplish this better than if we did a romantic love scene together? My writers didn't seem to agree with me. They



"So! You did remember what day this is!"

COLLIER'S

DICK CAVALLI

didn't feel that I would be convincing in a love scene. Finally, we reached a compromise. Half of my writers agreed with me; the other half I fired.

I did the love scene with Faye, but as those who saw the show may remember, after eight minutes of breaking down her resistance, I finally put my arm around her, puckered up—and my other guest, Frank Sinatra, stepped in front of me and kissed her. That took some nerve. I shook the tree and he picked up the apples. It happens every time. You don't pay a guy, and right away he takes advantage of you.

In the midst of rehearsals for this second show, I happened to run into Frank Fontaine, whose hilarious portrayal of the character John L. C. Silvokey has become so popular on my radio program. When Frank told me that Mr. Silvokey was "just hanging around New York, not doing anything," we decided to incorporate him into the show, and wrote a scene in which he visits me in my dressing room.

We previewed the show several days before the actual telecast, and although it played well, I felt that the audience would miss the presence of my valet, Rochester, in this dressing-room scene. So at the last minute I placed a call to Rochester in California and he agreed to come to New York immediately.

I'm glad now I had him on the show, but it cost me a fortune: when he got to Azusa, the Maxwell broke down and he had to fly the rest of the way.

The public's reaction to my first two shows was, frankly, a pleasant surprise to

Collier's for March 24, 1951

me. I received thousands of letters and they were very encouraging. I even got a letter from one group suggesting that I give up radio entirely. I was considering it, until I found out that this was the same group that had suggested I give up television.

Much as I'd like to please everybody, I've already made plans for two more shows this year. Whether I actually do the last of them (which will include Mary) hinges on the increasingly difficult matter of securing network time.

As early as last fall, CBS had sold all its evening TV time for the entire year. Since my few shows this season obviously couldn't be on a regular schedule, there is always a question whether or not CBS can find a time for me.

On my first show, this problem was solved only when my good friend Ken Murray graciously offered me 45 minutes of his weekly hour. For my second show I wanted to do 45 minutes again, but it soon became evident that CBS couldn't clear even five minutes for me. This time it was my own sponsor who saved the day. With the co-operation of Messrs. Clifton Fadiman, George S. Kaufman and Abe Burrows, I was able to go on in place of American Tobacco's Sunday-night program, This Is Show Business. It was only a half hour, but if not for Paul Hahn and the afore-mentioned gentlemen I wouldn't have had even that.

Arrangements have been made for the third show, but I don't know what will happen with the fourth one. If it's a warm day, I may take over the five minutes usually devoted to the frost warnings.

How Long Can an Actor Last?

This brings me to a consideration of my future in television and to a vital question which many people are asking, and which I have frequently asked myself: Is it possible for any comedian, or for that matter any dramatic actor, to last in television? It is argued that audiences love Cary Grant's clowning in two or three pictures a year, but would tire of Cary Grant if they saw him every week or every other week. Can a comedian who is accepted week after week for 10 or 15 years on radio repeat the same record on television?

Only time will tell, but it is my personal opinion that a comedian can go on year

after year in television and still hold his audience. To me, the essential quality of a great comedian is humility and sincerity, and I don't feel that this type of performer will ever tire his audience. I can compare this only to a friend who visits your home once a week. There are some people you're bored with after one visit—or 10 visits. And there are others whom you see regularly week after week for years and yet look forward to seeing on each succeeding visit.

For example, I don't think audiences will ever grow tired of the delightful clowning of George Burns and Gracie Allen, the perceptive pantomime of a Sid Caesar, or the warm, earthy humor of The Goldbergs.

There Are More Radio Fans

I feel that in the final analysis, with television as with radio, any comedian who merits an audience will have one. And I'm anxious to accept the challenge. In the immediate future the extent to which I can devote myself to television depends on my radio audience. Despite the popularity of television in the Eastern area, throughout the rest of the country, radio is still the prime source of home entertainment. The latest Nielsen figures reveal that the more popular radio shows still pull between 20,000,000 and 30,000,000 listeners week after week.

As long as I have a fair share of an audience of this size, I'll continue to do everything I can to satisfy my radio listeners.

It is now generally accepted that eventually television will completely dominate nighttime entertainment, at least in so far as the air waves are concerned. The rate of this evolution will depend on such factors as the completion of the transcontinental cable, the quantity of sets manufactured and sold, and so on. It may take two, three, possibly even five years, but when the time comes, I imagine that I'll be devoting myself entirely to television.

Looking ahead, I can see myself doing a half-hour TV show every other week, or perhaps even every week. The rehearsals may be long and tedious, the shows themselves may be a physical drain, and I'll probably long for the good old days of radio. But what can a fellow do? After all you can't quit when you're thirty-nine. THE END



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JAMES DWYER

On Your Own Front Lawn

THIS WEEK we are turning over a good part of the editorial page to Lieutenant Robert T. Fallon, a twenty-three-year-old West Point graduate. Lieutenant Fallon suffered five bullet wounds in Korea on November 14th, while in action with the 17th Infantry. A few weeks ago, while he was convalescing in Richmond, Virginia, after his release from Walter Reed Hospital, he wrote a description of the rugged winter warfare to a friend.

The friend showed the letter to the editor of the Richmond News Leader, who asked permission to publish part of it. And, with the News Leader's permission, we are going to do the same. For we think that young Lieutenant Fallon has done a quite remarkable job of literally "bringing home" the war to us civilians with a piece of vivid writing.

The lieutenant writes: "I want you to imagine for a moment that it is a very cold, wet, wintry evening. You have been sitting very comfortably by your fireside reading the evening paper. You decide to step out on the porch for a breath of air before turning in. I'm sure you've done it often. But on this particular evening, a strange sight greets you.

"There's a great hole right in the middle of your front lawn, and the dirt has been thrown up

all around it, outlined sharply against the snow. Squatting in the hole is a hunched figure.

"Let me tell you something about him.

"He's been in this area now for about three weeks, living in a dozen holes just like this one on your front lawn. The most apparent thing about him is that he is cold. Every now and then he'll grab his shovel and dig a little deeper in the hole just to keep warm. That's the only way he has, because he'll be seen if he builds a fire, and he may bring mortar fire into your living room.

"He's been cold for a long time—and wet. He can't feel his feet, and he's getting worried because he's afraid they might be frostbitten. It's going to be a long night, and it's going to get colder.

"He's very dirty. The grease from a hundred C rations is frozen to his parka and gloves, and coats the two weeks' beard which covers his face. Soot from the small fires he dares to make during the day is all over his pants and boots.

"But he's dirty all the way through. He hasn't changed his underclothes in over a month and he doesn't intend to for some time to come. It's too cold to go down that far.

"He's pretty hungry, too. They didn't get his rations up to him until after dark and he couldn't build a fire to thaw them out. He'll have to wait

until morning. A cup of hot coffee would sure taste good. He looks old with that beard and that hunched over posture. But he's only about nineteen, though not like any nineteen-year-old you've ever seen.

"You may wonder what he's thinking about as he sits there during those long solitary hours. Well, it's not much. Just how cold it is and again how nice that coffee would be. Maybe every now and then he thinks of home, but that's a long way off, and the cold, his feet and his hunger are much more immediate. You'd be surprised how those three things can fill your mind.

"You notice that he's cut a hole through your hedge and his rifle is sitting on the pile of dirt pointing in readiness through the opening. That's another thing he's thinking: When are they coming again? He gets a little scared out there all alone. He'd like to go over and talk to his buddy in a similar hole about two houses up, but it's not a good idea to go crawling around at night. He wishes they weren't so far apart, but it seems they always have a big sector to cover with never enough men to cover it.

"What would you like to do with this man? Ask him in to your fireside, get him a cup of coffee? Would you like to lend him your razor and let him take a hot shower? Give him a bed to sleep in instead of the dirt and cold of his fox-hole? Sure you would. You wouldn't think twice about it. But I'm afraid you can't. There's someone on that hill over there who wants to get into your front door, and the man was told by his platoon leader that he's supposed to take care of your house and the one next door. So he can't come in and you find that you can't reach him. He's very far away.

"But you come out in the morning and he's still there, huddled over his little fire, thawing out his hands and his rations, trying to get the feeling back into his feet. By this time the hole is pretty deep from all the digging and he's cut down a little more of your hedge. He's there again when you come home from work. While you are greeted by a comfortable fire in a living room, the soldier is getting ready for another cold night."

In the conclusion of his letter, Lieutenant Fallon makes it plain that he has written his story of the soldier on the front lawn for the sake of understanding, not for sympathy. He says his soldier is not too happy to be thought of as one of "our poor boys overseas." He's a man doing a man's job. It's a rough and dirty job, but he'd rather that people didn't get sentimental over it.

All the lieutenant asks for the men in Korea is that we at home hold up our end of the job. He doesn't specify what "our job" is, and he doesn't need to. Nor is there any need here to labor the point of his story. All of us know what we are called on to do. Probably our assignment can be summed up in the overworked word co-operation—co-operation with the government and with one another in the inescapable tasks that face us, co-operation without selfishness or bitterness or petty complaining. After all, our part in helping to protect the front door is pretty easy.

On the Dangers of Oratory

Beware of those who make good speeches. They'll talk you out of shirt and breeches.

It's also true one quickly tires

Of dull and rambling speechifiers.

The lesson of our little story:

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In yesteryears came the volunteers
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