

Collier's

ALL ABOUT ME

BETTE DAVIS TELLS HER CANDID STORY OF HOLLYWOOD

NOVEMBER 25, 1955

FIFTEEN CENTS



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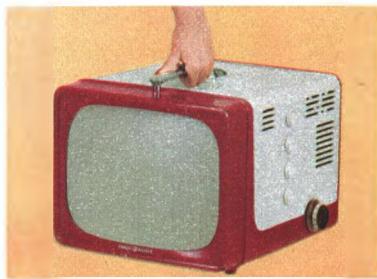
THE \$64,000 THANKSGIVING DINNER

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FOLY VALERIE



Means more to him than a million dollars...

yet costs only \$99.95



Only \$99.95 for Model 14T007 in cordovan finish (main illustration). Smart, two-tone series with chrome plated handle, priced slightly higher. Model 14T009.

HIS own G-E Portable TV! A million dollars wouldn't cause half as much excitement on Christmas morning. And, it costs so little, G-E TV is now a practical gift for everyone. For students, bachelors, shut-ins. Ideal second set, too, for the whole family. Put an end to TV traffic jams...family squabbles over which show to see.

Lightweight—just 32 lbs....takes 1/3 less space than conventional portables. Travels with you—upstairs and down; indoors and out. And, the picture quality of this G-E is sensational!

Other outstanding features include G.E.'s exclusive Dynapower speaker; 2-way interference protection; built-in antenna. See G-E Portable TV at your dealer's now. General Electric Company, Radio & TV Department, Syracuse, N. Y.

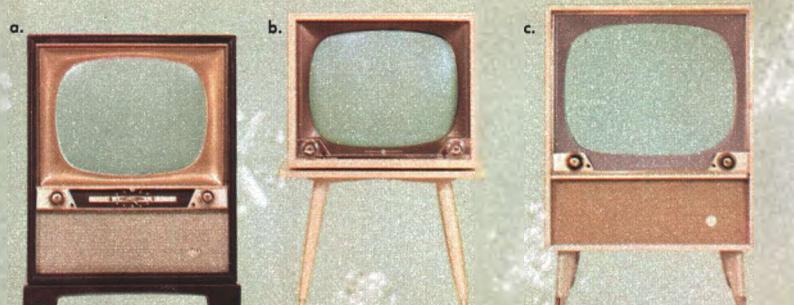
See G-E on TV:
"Warner Bros. Presents" (ABC-TV) and "The 20th Century Fox Hour" (CBS-TV)

Progress Is Our Most Important Product
GENERAL  **ELECTRIC**

a. **Clock TV Console Model 21C113.** Turns on and off automatically—wakes you in the morning—signals favorite programs. Portable clock Model 14T010 also available.

b. G-E Pacer Model 21T042. Feature-packed TV at new low prices. "Daylight Power" picture for lights-on—shades-up viewing. Wide choice of cabinet styles.

c. G-E Giant Screen Model 24C181. 24-inch TV in cabinets slimmer, trimmer, smaller than most conventional 21-inch sets. Table models and consoles—choice of veneers.



Prices include Federal Excise Tax, one-year warranty on picture tube, 90 days on parts. UHPP slightly extra. Prices subject to change without notice. Slightly higher West and South.

THIS AD WAS WRITTEN BY TELEPHONE USERS

These days a great many people write us about the pleasure and satisfaction they get from Long Distance calls. Here's what some of them say:



"The other day my son called from New Orleans to announce. 'You have a baby granddaughter, Mother. And you know how funny most new babies look. Well, not this one. She's beautiful!'"

The quickest, cheapest way to spread good news is by telephone.



"I haven't seen my youngest daughter and her family for almost three years. The other night they called me on the telephone. You can imagine how wonderful it was hearing their voices again."

The family's never far apart when you visit regularly by telephone.



"Recently our daughter married a naval officer at Annapolis, Md. We arranged for the wedding reception, flowers, caterer and almost everything else by Long Distance. Thanks to the telephone, things went very smoothly."

Telephoning is such a satisfying way to settle details across the miles



"My son called from out of town and talked with me, his two sisters and his brother. It was really the high spot of our last week together before the kids scattered to school and college."

To keep in touch with your children away at school, call them regularly.

When you're thinking about somebody out of town or there's something you want to get settled... don't wonder, don't worry. Call today and be sure. You'll find Long Distance is quick. Personal. And the cost is small wherever you call.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM



LONG DISTANCE RATES ARE LOW

Here are some examples:

Cleveland to Pittsburgh . . . 45¢	Atlanta to Chicago \$1.05
Boston to New York 55¢	Philadelphia to Miami \$1.35
St. Louis to Cincinnati . . . 75¢	Los Angeles to Washington, D. C. \$2.00

These are the Station-to-Station rates for the first three minutes, after 6 o'clock every night and all day Sunday. They do not include the 10% federal access tax. CALL BY NUMBER IT'S TWICE AS FAST.



The passing of "the medicine show"

... a hopeful message about ARTHRITIS

Some of us can remember the colorful "medicine show" of yesteryear . . . and the persuasive, but deceptive, oratory of the self-styled "doctor." The remedies he offered were fantastic, especially his "sure cure" for arthritis . . . or rheumatism as it was always called in those bygone days.

Fortunately, the old-fashioned "medicine man" and his "sure cures" are on the way out. This is because nearly all of us now know the folly of relying on any treatment for arthritis other than those authoritatively approved.

This enlightened attitude is all to the good. For arthritis, if it is to be successfully controlled, must be precisely diagnosed and treated according to the needs of each *individual* patient.

Even though there are as yet no specific cures, much can be done for the more than five million people in our country whose cases have been diagnosed as arthritis, in one of its many forms.

For example, *osteoarthritis* or degenerative joint diseases . . . the type associated with aging . . . need not cause severe disability if diagnosed early and if the patient follows the doctor's advice.

Indeed, this kind of arthritis usually responds well to treatment based on rest, weight control, mild exercise and avoidance of both mental and physical factors that may aggravate the disease.

Another common type of arthritis . . . *rheumatoid arthritis* . . . is a more serious disease because it involves not only the joints, but the entire body. Moreover, it is not associated solely with old age. Rather it affects people of all ages, most frequently young persons and adults in their prime.

Fortunately, certain hormone extracts and other medications have brought great benefits to many who have this type of arthritis. It is not yet known, however, how permanent the effects of these treatments will be.

The greatest good to be derived from any method of therapy for any type of arthritis depends not upon the doctor alone, but upon the patient as well. It is of the greatest importance for the patient to cooperate fully with the doctor, especially in regard to continuing treatment for as long as it may be required.

In fact, when rheumatoid arthritis is recognized early and treatment is carried out faithfully, well over 50 percent of those who have this condition can be spared serious disability and will obtain marked improvement.

Metropolitan's booklet, called *Arthritis*, gives a concise, helpful and encouraging account of this disease, including safeguards against it. Just clip the coupon below and a free copy will be mailed to you.



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



Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
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Please mail me a free copy of your booklet on Arthritis, 1255-C.

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How to remove WINTERTIME DANDRUFF with just one shampoo!



ONE SHAMPOO with Fitch removes ugly dandruff flakes, even in winter when dandruff is worse!

BRIGHTEN YOUR HAIR UP 35% at the same time!



NEW, MILD FITCH is so gentle, you can use it every shampoo—not just to remove dandruff!

Only FITCH guarantees dandruff-free, brighter hair...or money back!

These winter days embarrassing dandruff is at its worst. Dry, overheated rooms make your scalp flake off more. Tight-fitting hats may interfere with circulation. Glands are also overactive.

So, in cold weather, you *really* need Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo. It's the *only* shampoo specially made and guaranteed to remove flaky dandruff with *one* shampoo—or money back! Of course, when Fitch removes dulling dandruff flakes, it brightens hair up to 35% too!

Get Fitch Dandruff Remover Shampoo at retail counters today. If one shampoo doesn't leave your hair free of "wintertime dandruff"—at the same time brighter, more beautiful—return unused portion for full refund from Fitch. Also ask for professional application at your Barber or Beauty shop.

Also available in Canada!



Appointment with O'HARA



By JOHN O'HARA

ARE you knocked for a loop when you are told that NBC has paid \$500,000.00 (might as well put in the pennies) for the TV rights for a one-shot performance of *Richard III*? Are you knocked for an Immanuel bank when you are further informed that NBC wants \$900.00 for the film?

The half million for the three-hour Olivier-Rank-Korda film is probably not a bad deal—although "probably" is as far as I'll go. It seems like an awful lot of money to pay for one showing of a new movie, but I suppose Rank and Korda figured on losing a potential movie audience to an even more potential TV audience. And what NBC figured I have no idea. I do not pretend to know what goes on in the minds of TV executives, as they dearly love to be called, and I am not helped by the gobbledegook prose that is spoken by NBC's Sylvester-Pat Weaver. Weaver, at least in his quoted utterances, never says anything plain when it can be made obscure, and I sometimes wonder if the wrong Weaver got nicknamed Doodles. But since NBC has not yet announced itself to be a charitable organization, we can assume that in making the *Richard III* deal, the NBC executives were influenced by the profit motive. (Four hundred G's is not bad to start with.)

Well, that's perfectly all right. We are still operating under a capitalistic system more or less—more less than more—and under that system you get what you can while you can. And deliberately to misquote Lincoln Steffens, I have seen capitalism, and it works. But as a sharp student of public relations I have a few doubts about the advisability of making a big thing of the price tag before showing the people the merchandise. Nobody in show business believes that the salaries said to be paid Las Vegas entertainers are the salaries paid Las Vegas entertainers. And at least a small part of the fun of the circus is the ballyhoo. There was always more glamor to a barn covered with the announcement of Forepaugh Brothers & Sells than to a cowshed inviting you to try Carter's Little Liver Pills. But you know when you leave for Las Vegas that you are going to be taken, and when you visit the circus—even my friends, the North Brothers', caravan—you do not waste much time checking the product against the ads.

However, the broadcasting outfits have been so busy institutionalizing themselves in the mind of the public that we hardly ever doubt their word when they announce facts and fig-

ures. Oh, we may deduct a cipher now and then, or pencil out a "stupendous," but usually we do not question their announcements.

I have a theory to explain our acceptance of the broadcasters' broadsides: the television people, unlike the old-time movie people, are somehow associated in the public mind with Science. The founding fathers of the movie industry were thought to be, and were likely to be, graduates of the garment industry, vaudeville, or even less awesome training schools; while the TV bigwigs are vaguely identified as MIT alumni, scientists first, businessmen second and showmen third.

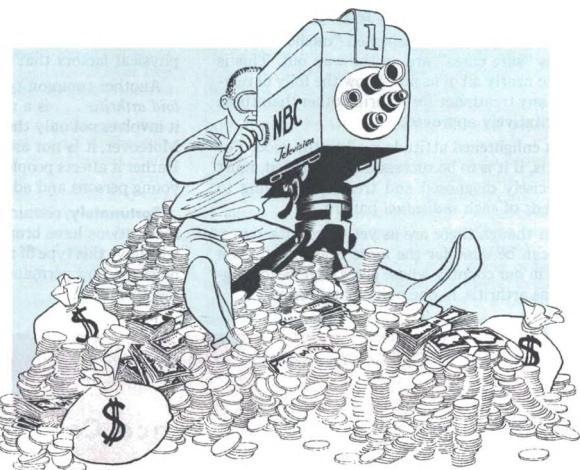
Now I know, and maybe you know, that one of the biggest guys in TV started life in the cigar business, but the years of his activity in TV and radio have almost convinced me that he goes for long walks with researchers in the electronics field which result in technological advances that you and I cannot dream of, let alone understand. There are men who, my hunches tell me, could not diagnose a short circuit in a pocket flashlight, who nevertheless have become scientists-by-association. Accordingly, when they issue statements, I almost forget that their knowledge of physics is no more profound than mine, and mine consists entirely of the word fulcrum.

Thus when a statement from a Vice-President in Charge of Vice-Presidential-Type, or Not Quite Top, Policy Announcements announces that a TV show is going to cost X

dollars, I believe him. I believe him because I have been led to believe that he can sit down and smoke a pipe and chat on equal terms with, say, Norbert Wiener, a man whom I admire by instinct. My instinct in such matters is almost always sound, so I accept the Vice-Presidential utterances with a deplorable lack of skepticism.

But my acceptance of their facts and figures does not carry with it an automatic approval of the projects and expenditures. Remember, now, I said I believe the statements. When I read an announcement that a million, or any considerable part of it, is to be spent on a TV show, my reaction is, "It better be good." Now experience has taught us that there is a very good chance it won't be good. The casualty list of TV shows costing more than \$200,000 is long and disgusting, and I want to tell you something: when you blow a wad on a movie, you get some of it back; when you shoot it all on a TV show, it's gone forever. The money is gone, and so too, for a while, is the attractiveness of the people who appeared in it. And that's tough.

So, far from glamorizing the people and the show, the vulgar boasts about how much the shows cost simply make you expect too much. I think they create hostility or indifference. Having been around and in show business most of my life I find myself doing some cost accounting: so much for the sets, so much for the chorus boys, so much for the

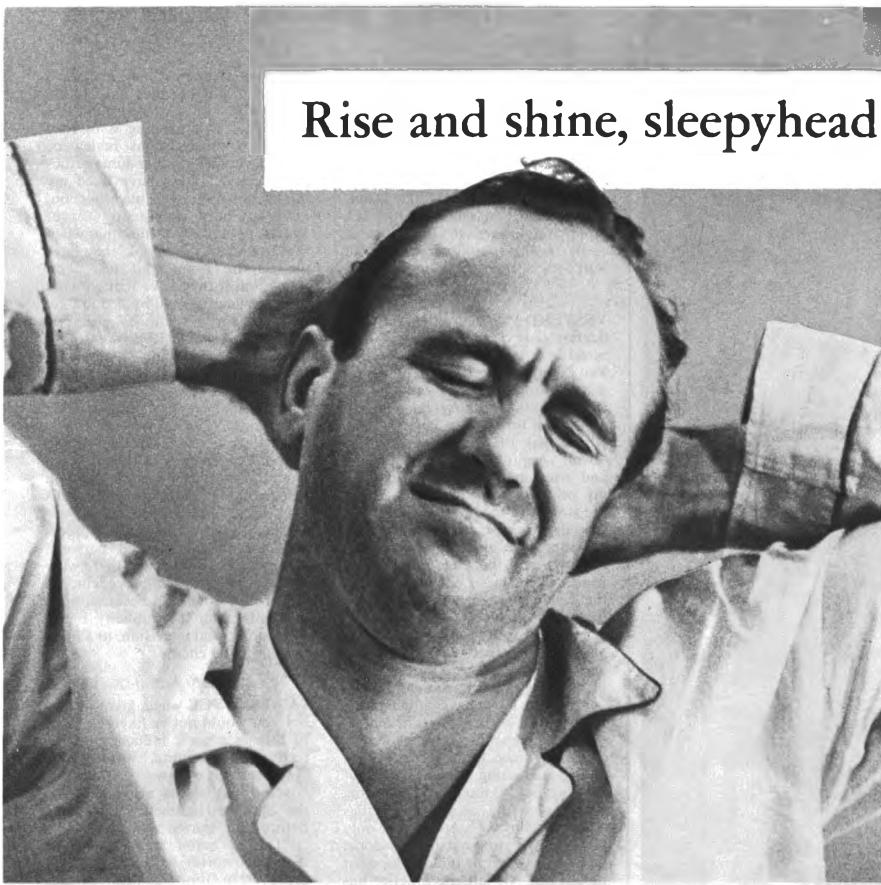


AL HIRSCHFELD

The vulgar boasts about what TV shows cost make viewers expect too much

7

Wake up



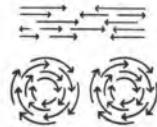
to electric
shaving's
first
basic
improvement
in 21 years!

*It's like having your own
personal barber!*

NORELCO with ROTARY BLADE ACTION

1. Built to shave according to your beard's natural growth—makes clumps and whorls disappear first time over.
2. No whisker pull. Norelco's 12 revolving blades shave off whiskers with the same stroke as a barber's blade.
3. No skin irritation, no painful nicks, no matter how heavy your shaving touch. Norelco's silver-steel blades g-i-v-e as you bear down.
4. Face needs no break-in period. Exclusive skin-stretcher upends each whisker, gives you great shaven from the very first.
5. No repair-shop blues. Lubricated for life. Self-sharpening blades. Self-starting brush motor.
6. Easiest shaver to live with. Quietest of all 4 leading shavers. Designed to fit the hand. Cleans in a jiffy.

Here's why **Rotary Blade Action** has made Norelco* the largest-selling electric shaver in the world—fastest-growing shaver in the U. S.



All other electric shavers shave you like this: as if your whiskers grew in rows, like corn.

Only NORELCO shaves you like this: the way your whiskers really grow.

15 day **FREE** home trial. No obligation. Offered by most dealers. Norelco's a great gift, too!

\$24.95

AC/DC
Model SC 7759
with travel case

Norelco®
Rotary Electric Shavers

For feminine grooming—the Lady Norelco electric razor (Model SC 7767).

For outdoor men—the Norelco Sportsman battery electric shaver (Model SC 7750).

*Known as PHILISHAVE in Canada and throughout the rest of the free world

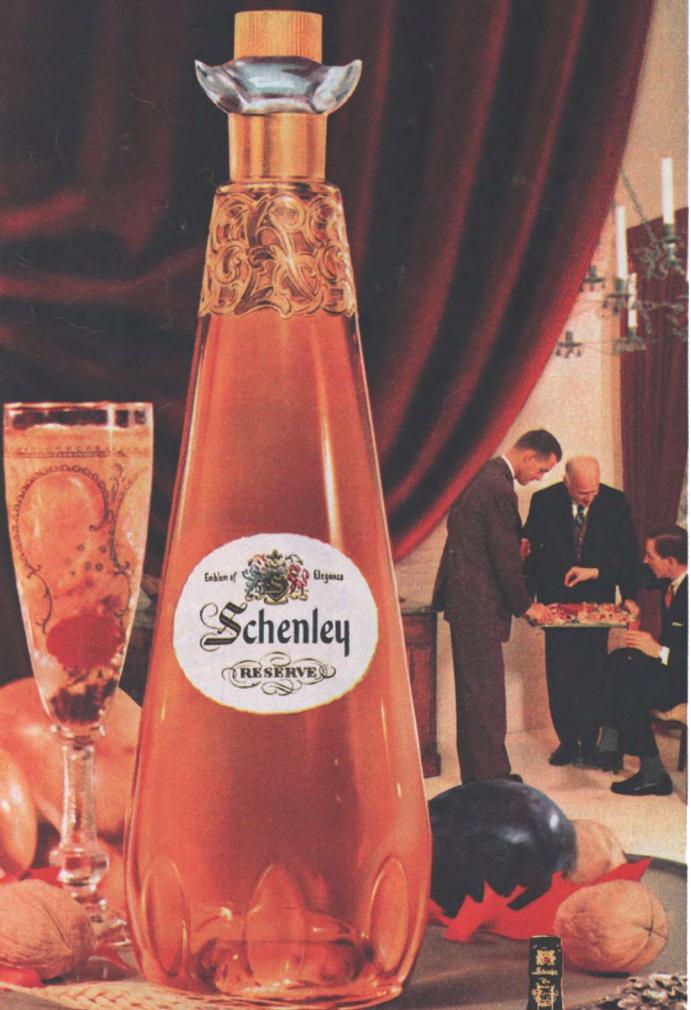
NORTH AMERICAN PHILIPS COMPANY, INC., 100 E. 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y. Other products: High Fidelity Radio-
Phonographs, Research and Control Instruments, Electron Microscopes, Medical X-ray Equipment, Electronic Tubes and Devices.



THIS IS IT—

*the Golden Age of
Elegance in whiskey*

Schenley
RESERVE



News in gracious living. This traditionally elegant whiskey now comes to you in a sleek 1955 holiday decanter, at the same price as the regular round fifth. Sorry, limited supply only.

SCHENLEY DISTILLERS CO., N.Y.C. BLENDED WHISKEY, 86 PROOF, 65% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

8

APPOINTMENT WITH O'HARA continued

grips and juicers, and so very little sense or time or taste on the script. Production too often seems to have been placed in the hands of educated illiterates. Television and radio are packed with men who are less concerned with sense and taste than with thinking up words like "communicator." A "communicator" is a radio announcer. It could just as easily mean typhoid carrier, but at NBC it's a radio announcer.

* * *

YESTERDAY—going by the publication date of this issue—my new novel was published. It is called *Ten North Frederick*, the publisher is Random House, the price is \$3.95. The locale is Gibbsville, a fairly mythical town in Pennsylvania which was the scene of my first novel, *Appointment in Samarra*, and also has been used in some of my other books. The story is the life story of a member of the Gibbsville upper crust, his family (going back into the nineteenth century), his town and the time in which he lived. The title, of course, refers to the house in which he was born, lived and died.

I don't want to say too much about the content of the novel, at least not now. If you are a reader of the New York Sunday newspapers you must have noticed that in the past 10 or 15 years almost every play opening is preceded by a signed piece by the playwright, telling something of the history of his play, but all too often explaining the play to the people and critics who have not yet seen it. Not only does he explain what he has done; he explains what he did not do, what he left out. Of late the practice has been taken up by novelists.

In both cases I disapprove. I believe that when you write a novel or a play, it should not need further, outside explanation. You have had your chance to say what you wanted to say in the way you wanted to say it, and if you blow the chance, you take the rap. Those extra explanations and apologies are, I think, strictly from fright, getting ready to retreat to a previously prepared position. I think they're crybabies and dishonest, so I am not going to try to tell my readers what I tried to do—and did or didn't do. My book was more than 10 years in preparation, in the sense that I have been thinking about it at least that long, and it shouldn't make any difference how long it took me to write it, or think it. Ideally, an author or playwright should go into hiding the moment his book is bound or his play produced, and he should not be released until the book or play has become an established success or failure.

Three of my novels have been "No. 1 best seller" for varying lengths of time, so I won't be completely surprised if *Ten North Frederick* does as well. There are two critics who would not give me a good review if I wrote another *War & Peace*, and their comments can be anticipated. From the standpoint of critical integrity their reviews can also be dismissed, since they review me and my past performance, and not my novels as novels. Their re-

views are of interest only because I like to see whether they have found any new ways to say they don't like me. What is interesting is to read the more conscientious reviewers, among whom I number some critics who over the years have liked my books and some who have not, but have not been consistently for or against. Naturally I think that when they are against my book, they have missed the point and lost their touch, but if they have written what I call respectful reviews, I don't get quite so sore. I am, as everyone who knows me has every reason to believe, only human.

I suppose I am at the moment a little like a senior who has played in The Big Game every year, winning and losing. The experience you've had before is reassuring only to the degree that the only thing you learn from the study of history is that you learn nothing from history. If that's reassuring

There is, of course, ample precedent for this large-sized personal commercial. But even if there were no Shawian or other precedent, I'd feel free to speak up because, after all, look at all the publicity I give television. And television, to a book author, is the enemy.

* * *

JAMES JOYCE was a great writer, but you would not be likely to think of him as a great influence on detective-story writing, would you? And yet in his own words I have discovered that he was an advocate of the Spillane-Hammett school long before they started writing.

"I liked better some American detective stories which were traversed from time to time by unkempt, fierce and beautiful girls."

Those are Joyce's words, in a story called *An Encounter*, which was included in his collection, *Dubliners*. Now *Dubliners* was submitted for publication exactly fifty years ago, when Spillane was not born and Hammett was a teen-ager. Think of the pleasure Joyce might have had on discovering an unkempt, fierce and beautiful, gut-shot, bleeding and love-hungry doll, especially if her name happened to be Brigid O'Shaughnessy, friend of Sam Spade.



Fifty years ago James Joyce came out in favor of Spillane-type mysteries

Collier's for November 25, 1955

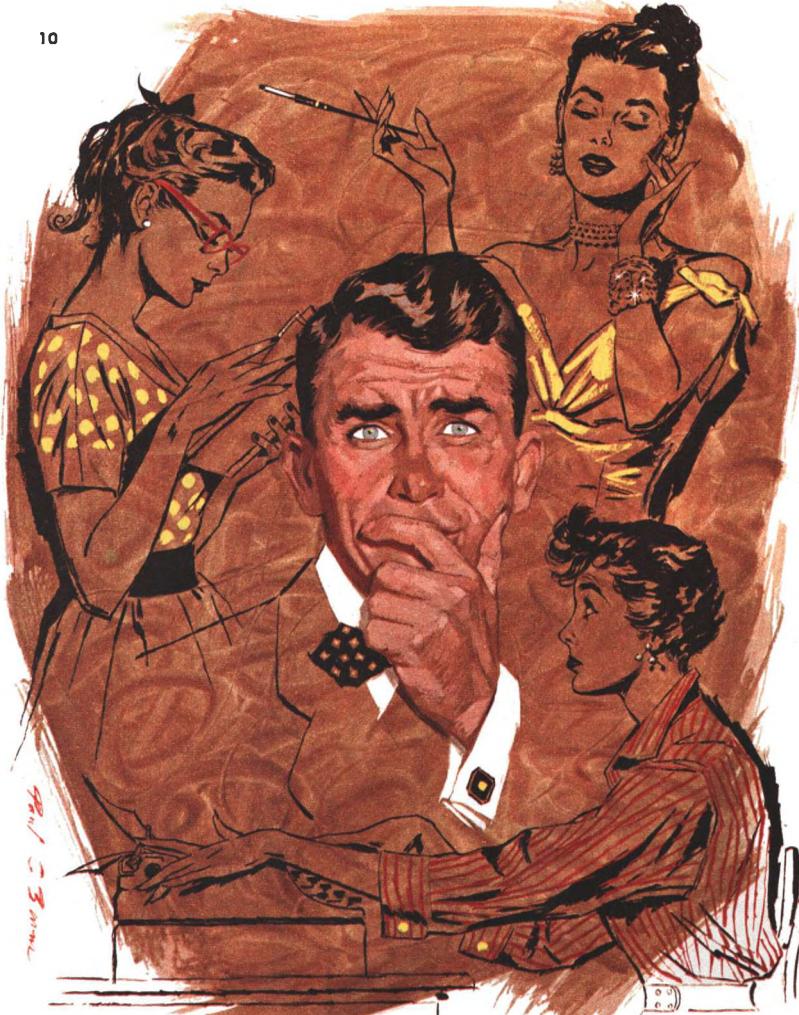
The New American Tradition...

Be Prepared

Convair is now producing in quantity the supersonic, delta-wing F-102A. With this day-or-night, all-weather Interceptor the U.S.A.F. Air Defense Command will be prepared to better fulfill its mission — the discouraging of attack through the effective protection of America! Through **engineering to the Nth power** Convair continues to be prepared to help assure peace and freedom by producing aircraft with the capabilities of the F-102A.

CONVAIR A DIVISION OF
GENERAL DYNAMICS CORPORATION





They were just small-town girls, but they knew more about me than I did

Don't Tell Me about CITY WAYS

By ARTHUR MYERS

I GUESS I was about ready to settle down when I moved to Millerstown, up in the northwest part of the state. I mean, a fellow plays the field just so long and then he feels as if he's drifting around, and suddenly he wants to find one girl and raise a family and do his duty as a member of the human race. When I got to Millerstown I was ready to do my duty as a member of the human race.

I couldn't have found a more likely place to start. Millerstown is one of those New England towns whose industry has gone down South and whose

young men have gone somewhere else too, leaving a lot of sweet, eager girls growing up and nobody to marry them. I'm an insurance claim adjuster, and I came to the town as manager of my company's local office.

The office staff, like about everything else in Millerstown, turned out to be three quarters female. There was Charlie Adams, an adjuster who'd been there since the year one and was twice a grandfather, and there were Dolores, Helen and May. The last three were secretaries—young,

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT

good-looking, unwed, eager. Charlie was an easy-going type who'd wandered over from upstate New York thirty years before.

He asked me where I was staying. I told him the hotel.

"Oh," he said, "suppose you'll be looking for a house to move the family into."

"I'm not married."

There was a stirring in the ranks, as though I had thrown down a challenge.

But what with getting control of the new job I didn't have time for that sort of thing for quite a while. The preceding office manager had quit in a huff, and things were really messed up. It was almost a week before I began to see daylight.

The particular shaft of daylight I saw happened to be falling on May Horton. She was sitting at her desk in the outer office busily typing away, her forehead wrinkled in concentration. A lock of brown hair slipped down over one eye and she pursed her mouth and tried to blow it back before giving up and breaking the rhythm of her typing to brush it back with her hand. She looked pretty darn' cute, and I thought it was time I quit working so hard and got down to business.

I ambled out into the big office. When she saw me coming she stopped typing and grabbed her shorthand pad.

"Never mind that," I said, and went into a pitch about how I'd like to see the surrounding country and would she go for a drive with me Saturday afternoon. She would.

ON SATURDAY we drove out into the Berkshires and stopped at one of those breath-taking spots where you can see fifty miles in any direction. There was a telescope you could look through for a quarter, which we did. I bought her a hot dog. We sat on a bench and May clasped her hands in her lap and looked down at them.

"Don't you find it dull here after Boston?" she asked.

I was finding it pretty pleasant after Boston, but it's funny, when people cast you in a certain part, first thing you know you find yourself playing it. "Oh, I don't know," I said, but the way I said it made it sound like Millerstown was the jumping-off place.

"You must know lots of interesting people in Boston," May said.

Most of the people I'd dealt with in Boston were irate claimants, and as a group they are the most uninteresting people I know of. But I gave May a long-suffering, enigmatic smile that put over the idea that here I was in this wilderness, far from the gay, brilliant society of The Hub, but bearing up nobly.

"We're pretty small-townish here, I guess." May said, still beating herself over the head. "I've been to Boston and New York, but just on visits. I've never lived anywhere but Millerstown."

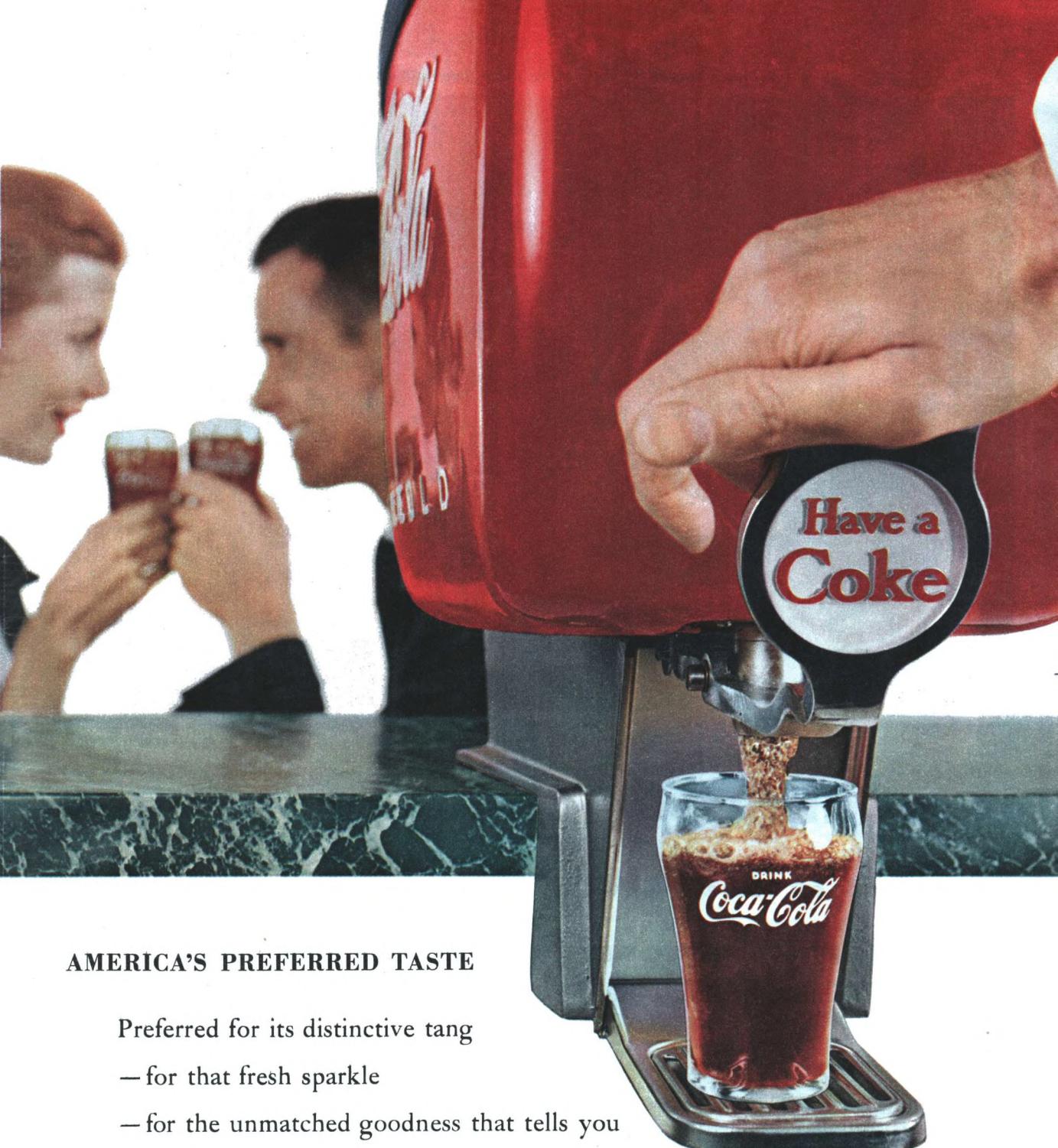
Well, by the time we drove back to town we'd got around to talking about other things than my big-city ways—like movies, what we liked to do on vacations and the other people in the office.

"Dolores and Helen are my best friends," May said. "We went through school together. And Mr. Adams is a dear."

One thing about May, I never heard her say a mean thing about anybody.

I went on with May like that for about a month, getting to like her more and more. I noticed the other two girls in the office were treating me as May's special boy friend. I suppose it was part of the local ground rules—in a place like Millerstown there had to be some rules to prevent complete chaos, maybe even mayhem. Nevertheless, it made me sort of uneasy. Maybe I wasn't quite as ready to settle down as I thought.

On the nights I wasn't (*Continued on page 14*)



AMERICA'S PREFERRED TASTE

Preferred for its distinctive tang
— for that fresh sparkle
— for the unmatched goodness that tells you
"there's nothing like a Coke."

Almost everyone appreciates the best.



*The Pause
That Refreshes . . .
Fifty Million
Times a Day*

An Advertisement Presented in the Public Interest by New York Life



During the past fifteen years there has been tremendous growth in the number of accounts in commercial banks. This growth has brought 200,000 more people to work for banks and has created a vast need for executive leadership.

Should your child be a Banker?

by **FRED F. FLORENCE**

President of the American Bankers Association and of the
Republic National Bank of Dallas, Texas (As told to MORTON SONTHEIMER)

On a street corner in the little town of Rusk, Texas, a 15-year-old newsboy pulled out a copy of the *Dallas News* for one of his regular customers. As usual, the man stopped to exchange a word with the youngster. This time, though, he studied the lad for a moment and said:

"Son, I've been thinking—how would you like to work for the bank?"

The question seemed to require an immediate answer. Thoughts raced through the boy's mind—the bank looked like a comfortable place, cool in summer, warm in winter; the job would mean a regular salary; besides, banks were important and working for them carried a certain amount of importance, too.

"I'd love it, Mr. Wightman," the boy replied.

"All right, we need a messenger. You can start on Monday."

From the day 48 years ago when John S. Wightman, Cashier of the First National Bank of Rusk, hired him, that boy has always been a bank employee of one sort or another and has never wanted to be anything else. I can vouch for that. I was that boy.

Banks are still cooler in summer and warmer in winter than street corners, but there are many more facts available to young people and their parents today on which to base a decision about banking as a career. In this article I would like not only to set forth some of those facts, but to tell about the many personal satisfac-

tions that working in a bank can bring. I am confident that they add up to stronger reasons than I had for making the fortunate choice I did.

A most important fact—one that even bankers find hard to realize—is the tremendous growth of banking in the past 15 years. Since 1939 the number of accounts in commercial banks has doubled, and the amount of deposits, and of bank loans and investments has tripled. Today 90 per cent of the nation's business is transacted through checking accounts in banks. Banks are transferring nearly two trillion dollars annually.

All this has not only brought 200,000 more people to work for banks—an increase of 65 per cent in 16 years—but it has created a vast need for executive leadership. New banks and branches blossom out all over the land, and there must be new managers and executives to run the new offices. American banks keep extending their foreign interests, and the call goes out for young executives to go to Cairo, Rome, Beirut, Manila, Paris—to foreign offices all over the world.

There are 15,000 banks in this country. Just in the ordinary course of events they require about 1,000 new presidents a year. Approximately 5,000 officer-positions open up every year. The point to remember about that is that no other business brings so many executives up from the ranks.

The American Bankers Association recently made a survey that tells the story with a few simple figures. Out of more than \$25,000 employees now in banks, about 95,000 or 18 per cent are officers, ranging from assistant cashiers and assistant treasurers to chief executives. In

other words one out of every five and a half employees holds an official position.

But for the young person bent on a banking career the chances of reaching executive status are better than that. Almost six out of every 10 bank employees are women, and the majority of women employees leave to get married. This means that the remaining men, although a minority, get most of the executive jobs. One statistician has figured that two out of every three men employees of banks must be prepared for officership.

At the same time, the opportunities for those women who do remain are greatly increased. Before World War II one rarely saw a woman entrusted with the responsibilities of a teller's position. Today they have gone far beyond teller's status. Many women have advanced to officers' positions, particularly in the smaller and medium-sized banks and, on a national average, one out of every ten officers is a woman.

Modern banks conduct carefully planned programs of learning and advancement for their employees. The courses of the American Institute of Banking are preparing thousands of members of bank staffs for better jobs, and many banks are supplementing these courses with study plans of their own.

From banking's earliest beginnings, when the Seventeenth Century London goldsmiths issued warehouse receipts for the gold deposited with them and the customers began circulating the receipts as currency, there has been an aura of prestige to the banker's calling. Some years ago there was a tendency to let this prestige suffice for a better salary. It gave banks a reputation for low pay that has lingered long after most of them have adopted realistic salary schedules.

A young person entering banking today should be able to find a job that will easily match the starting wages of other lines of white-collar work. Once he reaches officer rank, it is difficult to generalize about his salary because circumstances and geography may affect it largely. In most larger towns and cities, however, he could expect to earn from \$8,000 to \$15,000 a year. And if he later attains a senior executive position, he can look forward to a substantially larger income. Some bankers even have six-figure salaries.

When I started on that first bank job of mine, I found that the salary was five dollars a week. Life was so simple then that I could figure on walking out of the bank every Saturday with five dollars of my own. But in this age when salary is one thing and take-home pay is another, young people have to look beyond the basic wage to



It's a far cry from the stuffy, brass-grilled bank of the early 1900's to the modern and highly convenient "drive-in" shown above. And a woman at the teller's window was something almost unheard of even twenty years ago!

other financial advantages that the tax collector does not reach so readily. Banks as a group offer their employees more of the so-called fringe benefits than any other industry, according to a United States Chamber of Commerce survey.

These benefits may be in the form of pensions, bonuses, profit sharing, sick leave, paid vacations, hospitalization and medical services, life insurance, educational courses, separation pay, and loan funds. The bank employees in the survey were found to be receiving \$28.70 in non-wage payments for each \$100 of salary—ninety dollars higher than the average for all industries.

Important as such considerations may be, though, it seems to me there is a far more compelling attraction to the career of banking. It is an intangible that the uninitiated would hardly expect, but young men or women of imagination will sense it early in any banking career. There are no words that describe this quality better than romance and adventure.

The banker shares the triumphs, the tragedies and the intimate emergencies of people in all walks of life. He has a part in all the important undertakings of the community. The progress or stability of a whole area may depend upon his judgment, and often he himself sets the pace for progress.

There is a quiet excitement for him, a sense of real achievement, in preserving the wages and profits of his neighbors when disaster threatens, in transforming a town or a whole region from lagging lassitude to thriving prosperity. The spice of variety flavors all of banking today. Banks are lending money for dental bridges and drawbridges, for carports and for airports, for kitchen ranges and for cattle ranges. No sensitive person can sit in the midst of all this without feeling the vital surge underlying a bank's operations and without being stimulated by it.

Right now banks are engaging about 100,000 new employees each year, from high schools and colleges everywhere and, still occasionally, from "off the street" as I was employed. A few years back I enjoyed seeing my own bank employ a young man who made a good impression as a Western Union messenger boy. He is one of our executives today.

The young man or woman who is aiming at a position of leadership and responsibility should have a college education. It doesn't have to be specialized, although a



The banker shares the triumphs, the tragedies and the intimate emergencies of people in all walks of life—and derives great personal satisfaction from his ability to give them financial advice and aid.

business administration curriculum with a major in banking offers the best training.

The young person who chooses a banking career may have an important decision to make before he begins—whether to work for a small bank or a large one. Some 250 banks in this country have more than half of all commercial banking resources and employ about half of all banking personnel. Generally they pay higher salaries and promote more rapidly. But the ratio of officers to employees in the big banks is about one to nine. In smaller banks it is nearer one to three. In each case, the wisest decision depends on individual consideration.

Any young person can apply for a bank job in person or by writing to a bank official in charge of personnel. Many banks employ young folks during the summer school holidays. The experience gained this way or by working in school banks is a great advantage to the young man or woman seeking a full-time job.

The qualities that make a good banker are the qualities that make a good man or woman—honesty, mental alertness, imagination and vision, drive, decisiveness, creativity, leadership, courage when it is called for, kindness, understanding and consideration, a personality that makes friends and inspires confidence, humility enough to use personal power graciously, and a knack of quickly grasping unfamiliar problems. If your son or daughter has a fair share of these attributes, there is a place for him or her—and very likely a bright future—in banking.



HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD HAVE THE CAREER HE WANTS

Many factors will enter into your child's choice of a career: his interest, his ambitions, his abilities, the counsel he receives from teachers, friends and family. But, most of all, it will depend on his opportunities to get the training he needs to enter the field of his choice.

Even though his college days are still years away, it's never too soon to start making sure that your child will have the opportunity to continue his education when the time comes.

Your New York Life agent has chosen as his career the business of helping families plan for the future—for education, for retirement, for all the things which life insurance helps make possible. Through training and experience he has become a highly qualified specialist. You'll find him both able and willing to help you.

Booklets available on many careers

This article on Banking is one of a continuing series on career opportunities for young men and women. Thus far, similar articles have been prepared on Newspapering, Law, Medicine, Accounting, Teaching, Architecture, Aeronautical Engineering, Electronic Engineering, Public Service, Farming, Chemistry, Selling, Nursing, Starting a Business of Your Own, Pharmacy and Dentistry. Each is available in booklet form and will be sent to you on request. You'll also find additional help in our free booklet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Just drop a postcard to:

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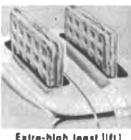
Makes toast the way you want it... light, dark or any shade in between

Now you can buy the toaster with the simplest, most dependable automatic toasting mechanism ever developed, for the low price of \$19.95!

This is the toaster that brings you a 6-position control for toast just the shade you want... an extra-high toast lift... and an extra-large snap-out, snap-in crumb tray.

See it at your G-E dealer's now, and you'll find it's everything we've said it

is and more. (Available with ivory color base at only \$21.95*) General Electric Company, Small Appliance Division, Bridgeport 2, Connecticut.



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GENERAL  **ELECTRIC**

COLLIER'S SHORT SHORT continued

with May I took to wandering around, met quite a few girls—none of whom I liked as well as May—but then . . .

Of course, in a town that size your every movement is known. One day at lunch Charlie Adams brought the subject around to May. "There's a swell girl," he said.

"Oh, yes, she is," I said, a trifle defensively. I knew he'd heard I was slipping the tether.

"Couldn't find a nicer girl," he said.

"No," I said, "you couldn't." I was feeling confidential though, and couldn't let it go at that. I had to explain. "Except . . ."

"Except what?"

"Well, she seems kind of small-townish. Kind of—ordinary."

Charlie paused with his fork halfway to his mouth and gave me a look. I could see he thought I was a darn' fool. I felt like one, in a way. Still, if I had so many opportunities, I was thinking, why should I throw myself away on the first girl in town I met?

I guess Charlie's attitude made me sore, because about then I stopped taking May out altogether. She took it well—no sulks, no recriminations—she was an awfully good kid, but I was looking for someone a little fancier. After all, I was from the big city.

I guess the girls looked on me as office property, and they were darned if they were going to let me get away. Anyway, it was about then that Dolores Mattingly began to laugh at my jokes, and so I asked for a date.

DOLORES was different, all right. She had that small-town inferiority complex too, but her reaction was different from May's. She acted as if she were born on Park Avenue and brought up in Greenwich Village.

Dolores was tall, very well developed, had black hair, and was pretty sophisticated. And it seemed to me that once we started our romance she kept getting more and more sophisticated.

She wore big gaudy bracelets, and every time I saw her they reached a little farther up her arm. It was kind of fascinating, in a way, waiting for them to hit the elbow. She had a cigarette holder just under two feet long, which she waved as she talked. And she talked! Oh, my, she talked!

"Dahlings," she'd say—it was always *Dahlings*—"I hear there's a cool combo at the Governor Clinton—straight from Fifty-second Street."

And over we'd whip to Albany, getting back just in time to go to work. Or down we'd zip to Springfield, where some refugee from a Paris deadfall was doing a one-night stand. We'd sit there in the smoke, jammed in with the rest of the cats, and nobody would clap when the act was over because that would be square. We were too awestruck, or too blasé, I never was sure which.

And gay! Oh, that girl was gay! You had to take everything *BIG*, you know. You had to *LIVE!* It sure was tiring.

One day at lunch Charlie asked me how I was getting along with Dolores.

"Great gal!" I said, waving my fork and almost putting his eye out. I was even beginning to act like her.

Charlie gave me sort of an odd smile. "Yes, she is," he said. "She sure is."

I think I gave up on Dolores out of pure exhaustion. Over to Albany, down to Springfield, up to Burlington

—I just couldn't take that pace and run an office too. So after about a month I put Dolores out to pasture and went to prowling the bars.

That was when Helen Whitfield moved in. I couldn't figure out how the girls worked it. Alphabetically, maybe. Anyway, it was Helen's turn. Helen was a small-town girl with a difference, too. She was Intellectual. Cultured? You never saw a female so cultured. But since she was a looker, I couldn't figure out why she had to act so brainy. For a guy who didn't know Kafka from corn syrup she was quite a handful.

HELEN wore red pixy glasses, a pony tail, read literary quarterlies, played the cello, not only read poetry but wrote it, and drank red table wine that she bought from the farmers for a dollar a gallon.

"My spiritual home is Paris," she was always saying, and it was the Left Bank this and Montmartre that until a guy didn't know where he was.

I had never had so many intellectual discussions in my life as I did during the weeks I courted Helen. Like with Dolores, I was all over the map—but instead of being *gay*, we were being *intelligent*—down to Tanglewood for music, up to Breadloaf for poetry, over to Jacob's Pillow for the dance. Those hills were crawling with culture.

I was sitting in my office one afternoon, reading Kierkegaard's *Sickness unto Death* and thinking about football. Charlie Adams was out soothing a woman who had been chased by one of our client's bulls, thereby suffering collectible mental anguish. Dolores and Helen were taking a coffee break down at the Bijou Tea Shoppe. May was sitting at her typewriter in the outer office, her forehead wrinkled in concentration. A lock of brown hair slipped down over one eye and she pursed her mouth and tried to blow it back before giving up and brushing it back with her hand. Suddenly it hit me like a slab of marble. Darn it, I was in love!

I went out and grabbed her and kissed her, and when we came up for air I said, "I'm a darn fool, May, but would you marry me anyway?" "Yes," she said, dropping her short-hand pad.

One thing about that office, we had *esprit de corps*. No hard feelings for Dolores and Helen—in fact, they were May's bridesmaids. And Charlie was my best man.

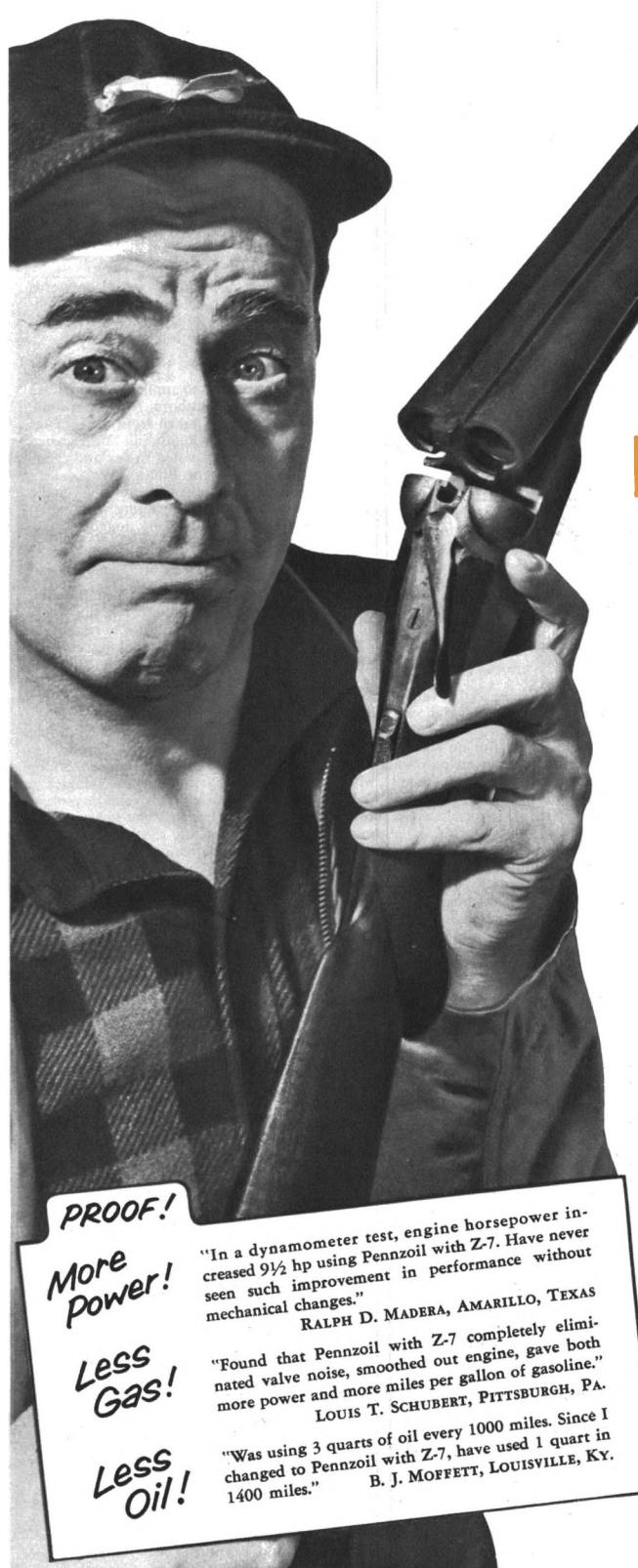
THAT was two years ago. Since then both the other girls have got married, no small feat in Millerstown. But it seems they bad boy friends stashed away in the Navy. A few nights ago we had a party. I couldn't get over how domestic Dolores and Helen had become. No bop, no Kierkegaard—just recipes and babies.

"How those girls have changed!" I said to Charlie.

He put one finger against his nose and winked at me, swaying slightly. "Nuts," he said, "they were just putting on an act. We wanted you to get to appreciate an average, lovely girl like May. Of course," he added hastily, "she didn't know anything about it."

So don't tell me about city ways. These small towns are hotbeds of intrigue, and never forget it.

—ARTHUR MYERS



MOTORISTS:

Take a tip from a rusty shotgun!

Get rid of binding "engine rust" to
UNLOCK HORSEPOWER in your car

Who would let a beautiful shotgun get so full of rust and dirt that its action is impaired? Practically no one.

Yet, many owners leave their cars open to the ravages of "engine rust". This ruinous combination of rust, water and acids clogs vital parts. Then friction develops, affecting valves, valve lifters, bearings and piston rings. Timing is impaired and the engine loses power, wastes gasoline, starts to wear out.

You can stop the harmful effects of "engine rust" once and for all by simply changing to Pennzoil with Z-7. This different Pennsylvania motor oil keeps contaminants away from vital parts, lets *the Tough Film* lubricate under perfect conditions. You can actually hear and *feel* the difference: Instant response to the throttle, smoother, quieter operation, better gas mileage—because Pennzoil with Z-7 *unlocks* horsepower.

Prove it to yourself next time you change oil. Specify Pennzoil with Z-7!

PROOF!

More power!

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"In a dynamometer test, engine horsepower increased 9½ hp using Pennzoil with Z-7. Have never seen such improvement in performance without mechanical changes."

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"Found that Pennzoil with Z-7 completely eliminated valve noise, smoothed out engine, gave both more power and more miles per gallon of gasoline."

LOUIS T. SCHUBERT, PITTSBURGH, PA.

"Was using 3 quarts of oil every 1000 miles. Since I changed to Pennzoil with Z-7, have used 1 quart in 1400 miles."

B. J. MOFFETT, LOUISVILLE, KY.

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BETTER DEALERS IN EVERY STATE
FEATURE PENNZOIL® PRODUCTS



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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

In the deluge of important news that has swamped you in the past few weeks, no attention seems to have been given

neighbor. "Good heavens," or words to that effect, said customer to neighbor, "did I already drink?" Replied neighbor: "Mine too, yet."

* * *

Let us pause to applaud Sheriff Jesse Hinson, of Goldsboro, North Carolina. The sheriff has taken from the inmates of the Wayne County jail all miscalled comic books devoted to sex and crime and given them Bibles. Works fine. The boys reading every word. Even the begats. Cell block ringing with exclamations: "Well, I'll be doggone . . ." and "Whaddaya know?"

* * *

Not much from Mr. Yea Bascom, in San Francisco, California, this week. He does mention there's a restaurant there that boasts of cooking chicken 43 ways. And one, says Mr. Bascom, even tastes like chicken.

* * *



IRWIN CAPLAN

to what happened in that southern California nudist camp beauty contest. The losing lady finalist got so mad she put her clothes on.

* * *

Thinking we had that raucous rivalry between Texas and Oklahoma raised to a higher plane, we looked elsewhere for trouble spots. But no sooner was our back turned than an oil-drenched citizen of Tulsa collided verbally with a petroleum-polluted resident of Dallas. The Oklahoman produced records to show that more tourists visited Sooner than Lone Star parks last summer. "Don't doubt it, brother, don't doubt it for a moment," replied the Texan in a well-modulated roar. "But in my state we have hotels, motels and tourist camps for them to sleep in."

* * *

With becoming decorum, a commission has started its deliberations to organize the World Fair Celebration of the 400th anniversary of the landing of the English on Roanoke Island, North Carolina. There will be none of your helter-skelter in the commission's conversations, no last-moment headaches caused by forgotten details. The commission voted unanimously at its first meeting to place a ban on all hasty decisions. The celebration is to be held in 1985.

* * *

Sorry we lack details but this social note clipped from a newspaper and sent posthaste to us by Mr. Joseph Mouser, of Dover, Delaware, says plainly that "the bride's dress ended in a short rain." Next time she'll know better than to get married outdoors.

* * *

In our naive way, we're trusting to the fairly well-known reliability of Mr. Elmer Byers, of the Marion (Wisconsin) Advertiser, for what happened in Mr. Gust Rindt's tavern. Mr. Rindt, we're told, installed one of the latest machines for extracting moisture from the air in his oasis. It worked so well that it evaporated the beer in a fresh seidel while a customer exchanged a few words about the weather with his



ing involves hammering and sawing Ten-buck fine. Furthermore, the city commissioners now have up for consideration a snore patrol to discourage noisy sleeping.

Collier's for November 25, 1955

THINK

©CARLING BREWING COMPANY, CLEVELAND, O. BELLEVILLE, ILL. ST. LOUIS, MO.

...and you'll drink

Red Cap

FIRST, think of the lightest, driest beer you ever tasted.

NEXT, think of the extra flavor and "heart" that only **fine ale** can give.

NOW, think of them both together. That's **RED CAP**, the *light-hearted ale!*

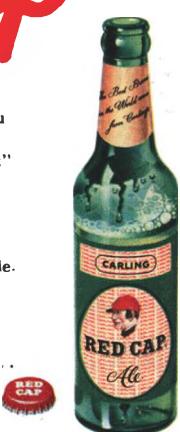
Next time you're thirsty, think—and drink **RED CAP**, Carling's Red Cap Ale.



I am thinking . . .

so now I'm drinking Red Cap . . .

Carling's **RED CAP** Ale



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FULL CASH REFUND
WITH UNITED OF OMAHA'S **20** PLAN

SAVINGS PLUS PROTECTION

The money you spend for insurance protection over a 20 year period represents a small fortune. Now, with United's 20-20 Plan you get this same family protection for 20 years and at the end of that time—you get a FULL CASH REFUND of all your annual deposits. Or, you can take advantage of one of the optional benefits. Check the chart below and see how your money does TWO jobs when invested in this new 20-20 Plan. If you can save \$2, \$3, \$5, \$10 or more a week, here is the low cost way to get *both* savings and insurance protection with *every* dollar.

HERE'S HOW THE \$5 A WEEK PLAN WORKS

IF YOU ARE AGE	CASH REFUND AT END OF 20 YEARS*	INSURED PROTECTION FOR 20 YEARS	INCREASED CASH FUND AVAILABLE AT AGE 65
25		\$8012	\$7114
30		\$7338	\$6515
35		\$6580	\$6001
40		\$5591	\$5563
	\$5200		

PLUS OTHER OPTIONAL BENEFITS. Instead of a full refund, you can take part of your money in cash—and continue the insured protection for the rest of your life without further deposits. Or, you can choose increased life insurance without medical examination... your savings will continue to grow without making further deposits until you are 65 or older.

*Based on Annual Deposits

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MAIL TODAY

LETTERS

Pay TV

EDITOR: Bill Davidson did a magnificent job of exploring and presenting a most complicated and difficult subject in Will You Pay for TV? (Sept. 16th). I am very grateful for the impartial treatment he gave to pros and cons of subscription TV and for his accuracy in presenting Zenith's views . . .

E. F. McDONALD, JR., President, Zenith Radio Corp., Chicago, Ill.

. . . It is unfair to compare pay television with "present" television. The latter is changing every day, steadily improving, and we think it will continue to do so. Given time, television will bring us the very programs Pay Television is asking us to pay for. With advertising, television must improve in order to survive . . .

BILL TREADAWAY, Lamesa, Tex.

. . . One thing is being overlooked—there are a lot of us who are not craving culture. Let the well-heeled high-brows who want opera and the ballet, the Passion Play and the Old Vic players go where they can hear and see these things. I am supposed to be reason-

ably well educated, have spent 40 years in schoolwork, lived in six different states and traveled in 30 others. But a lot of us want to enjoy the simple, ordinary things . . .

FRED L. SLOOP, San Fernando, Cal.

. . . Toll-TV offers too great a temptation to watch programs I couldn't afford. As it is I pay for entertainment when I can afford it. When I can't, I stay home and watch television. That's why I bought the contraption . . .

JOHN R. FRANKINSON, Jackson, Miss.

. . . Who will pay the tolls for hospitals, schools, invalids and people who can scarcely afford the set alone? Also myself and my friends would rather go to a theater at our own time. Will Pay-TV provide air conditioning, popcorn, wide screen, hifi sound? . . .

MIKE HOLLAND, Tulsa, Okla.

. . . Apparently two programs can be transmitted at the same time from one station on the same channel. Why not transmit a sponsored (or lousy-but-free) program for those who want it at the same time as the Pay-TV program instead of showing the trailer for the

Pay-TV program? It should not take long to determine where the public preference lies . . .

J. D. HUGHSON, Rochester, N.Y.

. . . The article said that presently only 14 of 252 authorized educational channels are being used. The great cost of television is probably holding up many of the others. Could Pay-TV systems be used by educational channels exclusively to bring in the extra income needed for them to go on the air? . . .

JOSEPH T. RIGO, Portland, Me.

Many-Gendered Thing

EDITOR: I hope John O'Hara finds a taker for his story, I Used to Be a Boy (Appointment with O'Hara, Sept. 2d). What puzzles me, a normal female past fifty, is why these unfortunates we read about in the papers all want to be girls. Don't the Christines know what they're going for? Beauty shops, dieting, girdles, high-heeled shoes, runs in stockings. Whereas a male can be sloppy, homely, shapeless, jobless—yet some woman will want him . . .

MRS. JOHN P. LUBKING, Delano, Cal.

Hopalong Runs Again

EDITOR: "Ohio State's Hopalong Cassidy (40) running against Illinois"—

that's the caption to one of the pictures in your article, The Arm and the Leg (Oct. 14th). The picture shows Cassidy blocking for a teammate. Cassidy is running, there's no doubt about that (during a football game all 22 players are running); but when you say a back is "running," you should mean he is running with the ball. . . .

R. H. WOODS, Los Angeles, Cal.

We'll recover our fumble with the picture below. It shows Cassidy (40) running against California with the ball.



Flying High

EDITOR: You got many comments on Bill Mauldin's article, The Manpower Problem in the Air Force, which were printed in your Letters column (Sept. 30th). An Air Force wife said she had to scrape by on \$300 per month, but

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CONTROL YOUR DIET



CURTISS
ASSORTED
FRUIT
DROPS

PLEASANT WAY TO

BOOST YOUR ENERGY

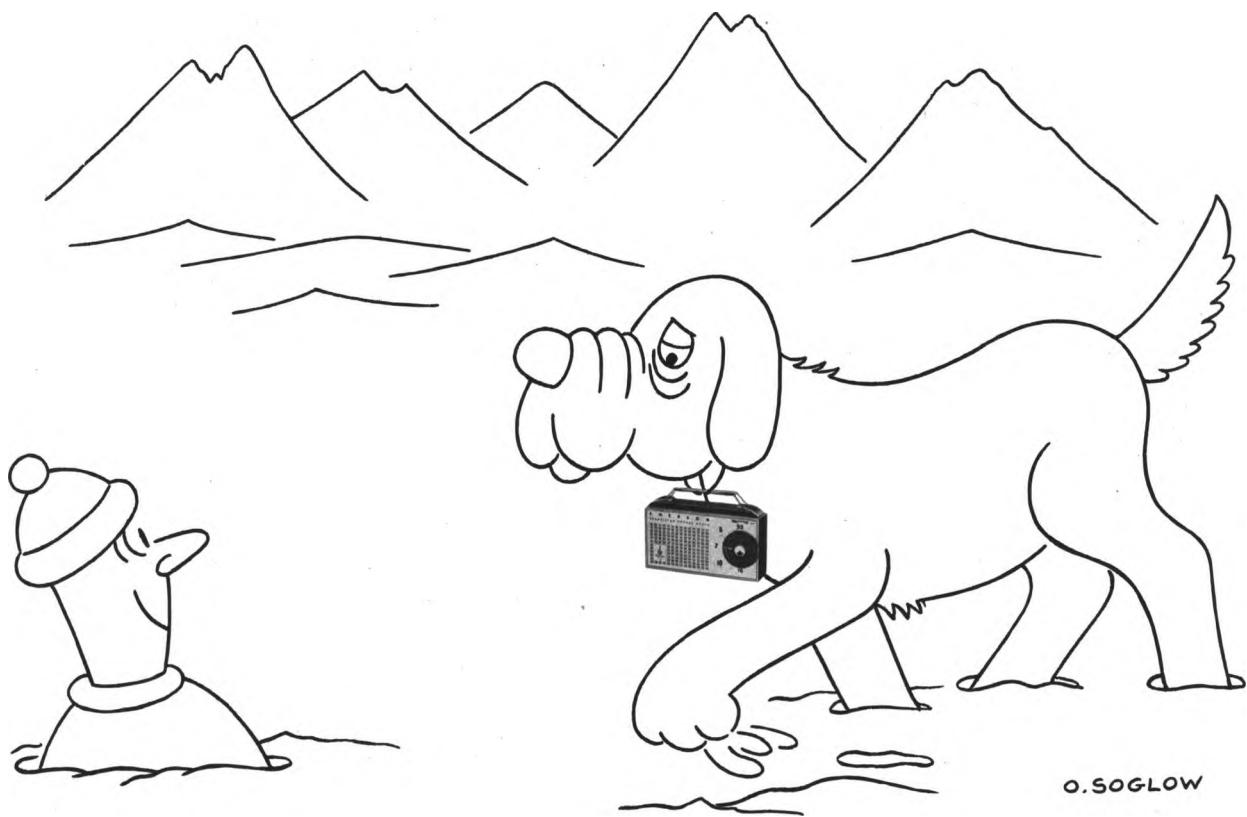


*the little sweet that
goes a long, long way*

A few delicious low-calorie Curtiss Fruit Drops eaten an hour or so before meals curb one's appetite and provide the system with blood sugars so necessary to help maintain normal energy and activity.



CURTISS CANDY COMPANY Otto Schnering, Founder **CHICAGO 13, ILL.**



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Snowbound...or wherever you're bound...a man's best friend is the tiny 1956 Emerson Transistor Pocket Radio® Model 838. Here's peak performance in music and fun—for this midget marvel performs in the grand manner...full toned, smooth, with volume enough (if turned up) to shake the icicles off a glacier. You can hear it over 300 feet away! It's the world's first Pocket Radio® now equipped with truly

remarkable, tiny transistors that *never* burn out. Emerson combines transistors and sub-miniature tubes for richer sound, more volume than any set of comparable size.

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Tiny: 6 in. wide, 3 1/2 in. high, 1 1/4 in. deep. Weighs about 16 ounces.

LETTERS *continued*

this hat says Thanksgiving



your Lee says Thanksgiving, too

There's something about these November days, a kind of "great-to-be-alive" feeling in the air that makes a man feel his best . . . and want to look his best.

Try the Lee Trinity. There's a crispness, a newness about the Trinity . . . from the narrower brim to the new pinched-front and neat bound edge. Bump it—dent it—it just snaps back into shape with the flick of your finger. And, like all Lee Hats, it's DuPont water-repellent treated.

You'll thank the Trinity for making your holiday that much more joyful.

Only \$10.00. Other Lee Hats
\$7.95 to \$40.00.



The Frank H. Lee Company, Fifth Avenue, New York

she neglected to mention that a good portion of this \$300 is nontaxable. How many Collier's readers would welcome a salary of \$300 a month free of union dues, life- and medical-insurance deductions, unemployment and Social Security deductions and transportation costs? Also the serviceman can retire after 30 years service with $\frac{3}{4}$ pay. In the same issue, you stated that the average pay in the high-paying auto industry was \$84 a week—\$365 a month . . .

ROBERT A. HAUSLEN, Clifton, N.J.

. . . All of the comments were gripes, save one and that was mighty weak. My husband is making the Air Force a career. We have a late-model car, a large new house trailer, all the conveniences, and we can afford all the pleasures and entertainments we want. We've met nice people everywhere we've gone. We've seen and plan to see more of the world than we ever could at our own expense. How many civilians think they're earning what they're worth, wouldn't like a better home? How many know they will have their job with periodic advancement and regular pay raises? . . .

MRS. WILLIAM A. COUCH,
Port Tampa City, Fla.

Poor Teachers

EDITOR: Howard Whitman's article A New Way to Pay Teachers (Sept. 30th) does not tell the whole story. Teachers have become the victims of more than low pay and lack of financial incentive. They have been the compulsory agents of educational fads produced by the brilliant, but inept practically, professors whose acquaintance with the world is slight. And competence in teaching is based almost solely upon college credits on the pay side of the ledger and upon meek acceptance of the new "liberalism" on the teacher's side . . .

KARL E. BRANDT, Wilmington, Del.

. . . As a dedicated teacher and a comparatively well-paid single girl, I think the root of the problem lies in

the teacher shortage. One incompetent teacher makes a school board reluctant to grant blanket increases, yet it is impossible to discontinue contracts of incompetents when there is no one to fill the vacancies. So after three years of teaching, many teachers who would otherwise never qualify have tenure and all the ensuing advantages . . .

JOAN CATE, Pueblo, Colo.

. . . The article was unfairly composed of examples of nonaverage communities.

When you describe Grosse Pointe with its high per capita wealth, Ithaca with its quasi-campus relationship to Cornell, Evanston township with the Northwestern U. influence, you are not detailing the plight of the average American community . . .

LOUIS VRETROS, West Boxford, Mass.

Pure Vanilla

EDITOR: The Fish (Sept. 16th) contains a glaring error. It is stated that "the fossil fish became an important export of the impoverished isles like . . . artificial vanilla." The island of Comoro produces much of the world's finest vanilla beans from which a pure and natural vanilla extract is made, not artificial vanilla. The prehistoric coelacanth may have survived the ages by going ashore periodically and feeding on the vanilla vines, which were recognized as a health food . . .

A. J. HANTEN, Wilmette, Ill.

. . . I could not help wondering about the several references to the "dramatic new proof" of the theory of evolution. On the contrary, the coelacanth is one more scientific find which bears out the account of creation in Genesis which says that every creature reproduces after its own kind. This fish has continued to reproduce itself down through the ages so that the present-day specimen is the same as those whose fossils are believed to date from the beginnings of time . . .

J. M. CHASTAIN, Vancouver, Wash.

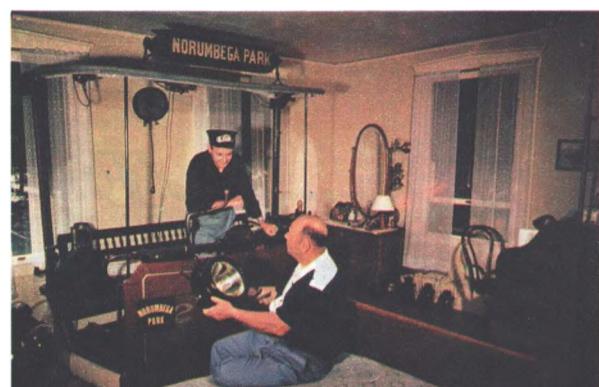
Desire for a Streetcar

EDITOR: The Massachusetts man's fire-fighting collection was such an awesome gallimaufry that I don't blame you for neglecting to show us a picture in your article (Bong! Bong! Bong!, Oct. 28th) of the streetcar in his son's bedroom. But I'm going to wait on this

corner till that streetcar shows up . . .

N. D. LONG, Jasmine, Cal.

Herewith, the streetcar (actually the front of a 19th-century trolley) with Lawrence Clark, the fire-fighting collector, and his son, Norton.



All the things that help him grow up...



like camping in summer...a dog of his own... and LIONEL trains for Christmas!

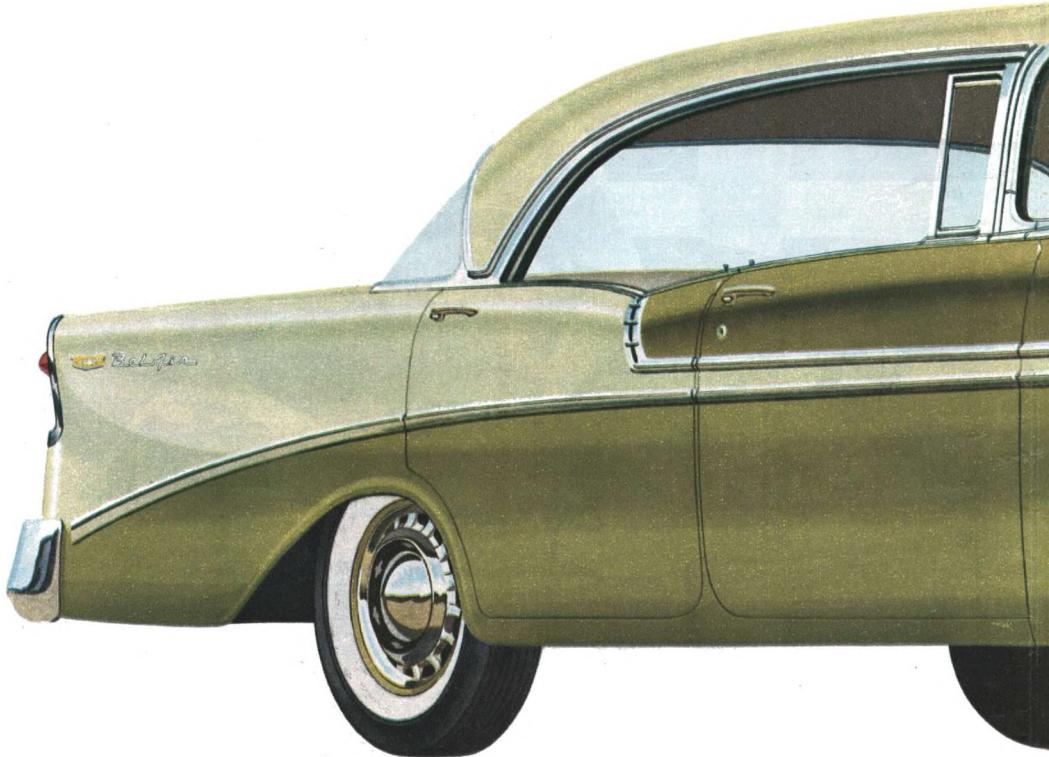
Quite a guy now, that son of yours! Quite the guy you promised yourself he'd be. Knows how to pitch a pup tent and teach tricks to a puppy. Ready, at last, for his next boyhood step...his first very own set of Lionel Trains. It's so much a part of growing up—the confidence he gains as he guides his real, smoke-puffing Lionel Locomotive up and down grades and 'round the sharp curves...with *Magne-Traction* holding his cars snug and steady on the tracks.

It's so much a part of a boy's training—making split-second decisions to lower the gate, couple and uncouple cars, whistle at crossings, direct the operating Lionel freight cars—all by remote control! Sure, this is *the* Christmas to give him his Lionel Train set. And this is just the right time to visit your nearest Lionel dealer, while choice selections of Lionel sets and accessories are still available.

LIONEL® Trains with
Magne-Traction

The hot one's even

'56



THE BEL AIR SPORT SEDAN—one of two new 4-door hardtops.

The new 9-passenger Bel Air Beauville



The new "Two-Ten" 2-door Sedan



hotter! Chevrolet

It's the new 1956 Chevrolet—with bold new Motoramic styling . . . frisky new models . . . more of the dynamite action that's zoomed its way into America's heart!

They're here—and even *hotter!* That's the word on the new '56 Chevrolets.

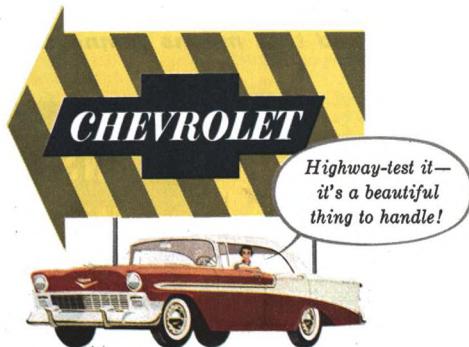
They offer new higher horsepower—ranging up to a top of 205! This is the car, you know, that smashed the Pikes Peak record! That's *proof* of the kind of performance that puts more safety and fun in your driving.

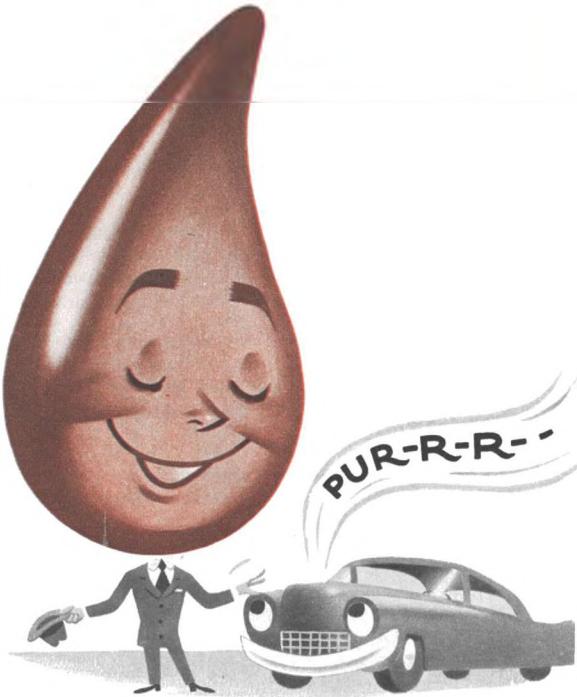
And look at that sassy new Motoramic styling—the lower, longer hood, the bold new front-end and sweeping chrome. See the new flared fender openings and high-fashion taillights. (The left-side taillight hides the gas cap!)

The fun's at your Chevrolet dealer's. So, why wait? . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.



The new Bel Air Convertible





Your motor will smile back with a grateful pur-r-r

There are several kind things you can do for your car's engine. But the kindest—and the one for which it will show the most appreciation—is to give it the best motor oil you can buy.

To millions of motorists, new car dealers and service station owners, this means a brand of Pennsylvania motor oil.

Pennsylvania motor oils are refined from nature's finest crude oil. With this head start from nature, they just can't be beat.

**Today's BEST Oils
Start with Nature's BEST Crude
...and that means Pennsylvania!**

**PENNSYLVANIA
Motor Oil**

INSIST ON A BRAND OF



PENNSYLVANIA GRADE CRUDE OIL ASSOCIATION • OIL CITY, PENNSYLVANIA

COLLIER'S CREDITS..

JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY, now serving his first term, is the third Democrat to represent Massachusetts in the Senate. It would be fitting if Daniel Webster, about whom Senator Kennedy writes in this issue, were one of the other two. But history just didn't work out that way. When Massachusetts sent Webster to the Senate he was an aristocratic member of the Whig party, and he didn't like Democrats any more than most other New Englanders did. Today a lot of Yankees must feel differently. In 1952, Kennedy received more votes than any candidate for Massachusetts senator ever has.

No one can accuse Kennedy of lacking Webster's brand of political courage, though. One of his most important acts as a freshman senator in 1954 was to become the first member of either house from Massachusetts ever to support the St. Lawrence Seaway, which was bitterly opposed by some of the most powerful and influential forces in his state. He delivered an address in support of the seaway on the floor of the Senate and a Boston newspaper accused him of "ruining New England." This year Kennedy supported the Eisenhower highway bill in opposition to the Democratic-sponsored bill urged on him by his party's leadership.

So Webster couldn't be *too* displeased with his latest successor.

IT'S a natural for the movies, somebody told us on reading C. William Harrison's Petticoat Brigade, starting in this issue. All those good-looking, brave Western girls in a lonely prairie cabin with a handsome young Texan as their leader (the women all think they hate him, see?), and surrounded by Comanche Indians painted for war.

Well, it didn't take Columbia Pictures long to jump on this one.

Harrison is not too surprised. In his forty-two years he has sold over a thousand stories and 16 novels. "I've lived in West Texas, New Mexico, Arizona and now in California, and most of my 20 years of writing have been given to stories of the frontier West. I suppose all this qualifies me to consider myself an author, in spite of James Whitcomb Riley. My Indianapolis-born wife, Nancy, lived across the street from and was bounced on the knee by Mr. Riley. Regardless of how I compare with him as a writer, I'm the better knee-bouncer, I'm told."

★ ★ *

WE CORNERED Marine Captain Richard S. McCutchen in Associate Editor Eugene Rachlis's office. One of them had recently won \$64,000 on a television quiz program.

But when we found them they were discussing steaks in Paris back in 1952 and '53, when they first met. McCutchen was officer in charge of the Marine Security Guard at the U.S. Embassy and Rachlis was senior information officer of the Mutual Security Agency. The dialogue:

RACHLIS: One thing I don't like is a well-done steak. We agree on that.

MCCUTCHEON: One thing I don't like was something I ate in Korea: paddy

crabs. Crabs they catch in rice paddies. Koreans pull out the raw meat and serve it with red-hot pepper sauce and you expect to see it pulsating like a brain, it's so awful-looking.

RACHLIS: In Spain I ate squid cooked in its own ink and loved it.

MCCUTCHEON: You know, what with being a Navy son and a Marine, I've had Thanksgiving dinner in Korea, the Philippines, Panama, aboard ship and in a hospital at Camp Pendleton—among other places. And I've *always* had turkey and all the trimmings, too.

RACHLIS: Say, Mac, did I ever tell you how I won ten silver dollars from Dr. IQ in the balcony of a Washington, D.C., theater in 1946?

★ ★ *

WHEN I was eight," writes James Skardon, with his wife author of the pipe-organ piece, "my father decided it was high time I learned the value of a nickel (the price of Collier's in those days) and shooed me out onto the streets of West Chester, Pennsylvania, with a bag filled with copies of your magazine.

"Now, some 25 years later—after Yale, the U.S. Army and Columbia School of Journalism—I finally made the book and, of course, it took a wife to help me do it. We've collaborated on numerous articles as well as on Mary Hope, 20 months, and James Todd, four months. The latter was very much involved in the pipe-organ piece: he arrived two days after we finished writing. We *didn't* give him the name one of the pipe-organ men suggested: Grand Diapason Skardon."

★ ★ *

THE bleacher seats were hardly cool after the World Series when we heard from Chester Lewando, of Long Island City. "I think Tom Meany's knowledge of baseball is encyclopedic," he wrote on a post card.

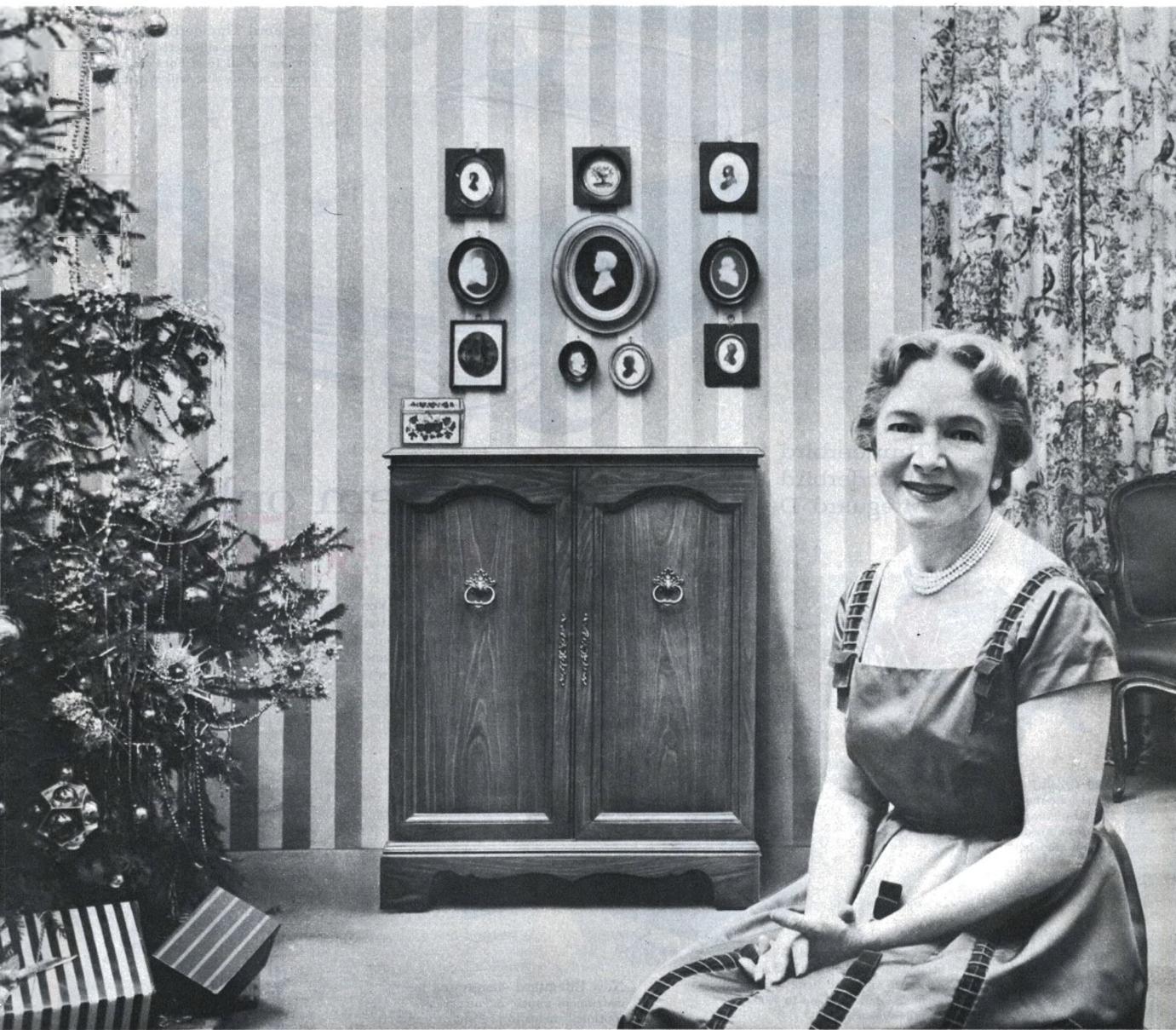
Tom Meany, you see, is the man to whom we say each winter: Tell us how the teams will finish in each major league and who will win the Series. Now we see what Mr. Lewando means. We find that in the American League the first five teams have finished exactly where Tom Meany (in our issue of March 4th, mind you!) said they would. Tom then wrote, "The Yankees and Dodgers will meet in the World Series and the Dodgers will win."

Gosh! —JEROME BEATTY, JR.



Eugene Rachlis (l.) talks turkey and trimmings with \$64,000 Marine

This Christmas...follow the stars to Magnavox



Top billing in Helen Hayes' home goes to Magnavox television. A surprise to no one, because Magnavox instruments have been the first choice of critical audiences for many years. You expect to pay more when you buy the finest. But Magnavox instruments are priced no higher than ordinary television sets. Here's why—Magnavox sells direct to dealers. The savings in costs are passed on to you in the form of more built-in quality features. Your dealer's name is listed under Magnavox in the television section of your classified telephone book. The Magnavox Company, Fort Wayne 4, Indiana.

Miss Hayes' 24" Normandy has a Chromatic Optical Filter and Reflection Barrier. High Fidelity audio system combines a 10-watt amplifier with a 5" and two 12" speakers. In Cherry, \$425 (VHF). This is only one of a wide selection of television cabinet styles available from Magnavox. Prices start at \$149.50.

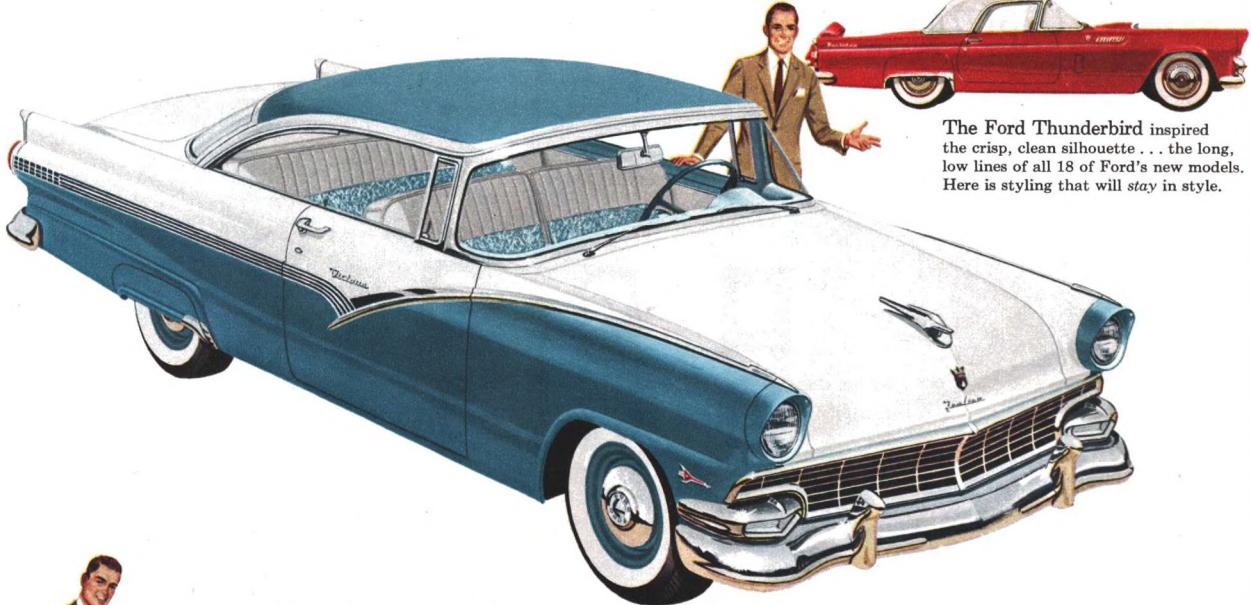


The Constellation—a superb 21" TV with top convenience tuning and large speaker—available in a variety of finishes. In Cordovan, only \$199.50 (VHF).

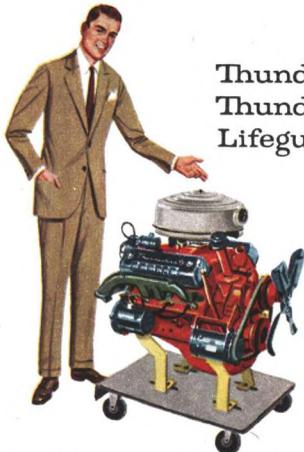
**The Magnificent
Magnavox**

High Fidelity Television • Radio-Phonograph

Prices subject to change without notice



The Ford Thunderbird inspired the crisp, clean silhouette . . . the long, low lines of all 18 of Ford's new models. Here is styling that will stay in style.



Thunderbird Styling
Thunderbird Power
Lifeguard Design....

You get them only
in the **NEW '56 FORD...**

THE PRIDE YOU FEEL in the long, low Thunderbird lines of your '56 Ford . . . the confidence you get from the new 202-h.p. Thunderbird Y-8 engine purring beneath the hood . . . the reassurance you enjoy,

knowing that you have given your family the added protection of Lifeguard design . . . these satisfactions can be yours in Ford and Ford alone! Let's look, now, and see what they can mean to you and yours.

The 202-h.p. Thunderbird Y-8 with all its mile-melting magic, all its split-second passing power can be yours in any of Ford's Fordomatic Fairlane or Station Wagon models.



New Lifeguard cushioning for instrument panel and sun visors (optional) helps to prevent or lessen injuries from impact.



New Ford seat belts (optional) are designed to keep occupants securely in their seats. They are anchored firmly to the floor and can resist up to 4,000 pounds' pressure.



New Lifeguard steering wheel has a rim mounted high above the recessed steering post on three equally spaced spokes. This deep-center construction acts as a cushion in the event of an accident.

Ford's new Lifeguard door latches have a double-grip design to reduce chances of doors springing open under impact.

But this is only the beginning of Ford's story for '56. At your Ford Dealer's you will see new colors, new interiors, and many other fine-car features . . . quality materials and workmanship throughout. You will learn why Ford is truly—



the fine car at half the fine car price!

Collier's
November 25
1955

27



all about ME

By BETTE DAVIS with Bill Davidson

At last, one of Hollywood's greatest actresses tells the story of a spectacular, stormy career. In her own words, she was an "incorrigible rebel for 25 years . . ."

HOWELL LOHANT





WIDE WORLD

Her hair shaved off for the filming of the picture *The Virgin Queen*, Bette Davis wears an Elizabethan cap to present Marlon Brando with 1954 Academy Award as year's best actor

THEY say a bullfighter faces "the moment of truth" when he enters the arena and confronts his destiny before the eyes of thousands of people. Well, I faced just such a moment last March as I stood in the wings of the Pantages Theater in Hollywood waiting to present Marlon Brando with his Academy Award for the best acting performance of 1954.

There were many reasons why this was such a difficult moment for me. It was three years since the motion-picture colony had seen me. I had been desperately ill, and the gossip columnists had spread the rumor (later retracted) that I was dying of cancer of the jaw. So I felt I just had to walk out on that stage to prove that I wasn't on crutches, and that my face—such as it is—was still all there.

A second reason for my uncertainty as I stood in the wings was my appearance. My head had been shaved so I could realistically play the bald Elizabeth I in *The Virgin Queen*, and to cover my bare pate, I wore a specially designed replica of Elizabeth's three-cornered nightcap. Also—let's face it—for three years I'd been a Maine housewife and I hadn't indulged in massages and face-liftings. Not that I would have anyway, for I subscribe to the theory of writer-director Dan Taradash, who says, "How many times can you have your face lifted before your eyes fall out?" But a lot of people were still in love with Margo Channing, the glamorous actress I had portrayed in *All About Eve*, and at this point I didn't feel anything like Margo Channing.

Third and most important, I had no idea how I'd be received by the movie bigwigs seated in the theater, and by the 40,000 people looking in on their TV screens. As far back as 1939—when someone hit me with a rock as I rode in a Hollywood Christmas parade—I had learned that when people dislike me they really detest me. In that theater were actors and actresses with whom I had tangled, and film executives to whom I had been an incorrigible rebel for 25 years. Now, as I faced them again—after three long years of absence—I wondered what their reaction would be.

Then, through the noise and haze, I heard master-of-ceremonies Bob Hope announce me. I stepped onto the stage and a vast wave of sound rolled over me. I realized it was applause; later I was told it was the biggest ovation of the evening. I felt as if I were going to burst into tears, but I held them back and I said to myself: "You're a professional. Don't break down. That's a cliché, like thanking your mother for your Academy Award."

That was one of the key experiences of my life—more important, perhaps, than the two Academy

Awards I had won myself. I felt a strange kinship with Marlon as I stood up there with him. Both of us were nonconformists, battlers for realism and individuality. We had refused to allow ourselves to be cast in the artificial mold set by Hollywood. We were loyal but not craven subjects of the Absolute Monarchs who ruled the town—and yet they had come to honor us on our own terms. I was flattered the next day when my good friend, actor Paul Henreid, told me, "It was fitting for you and Marlon to share that moment together. He is what you are and were twenty years ago. People like you have helped make the American motion picture far better than it would have been."

I would like to believe that Henreid is right—that I have made some contribution to the improvement of the medium—because my life in Hollywood has been tempestuous, to say the least. It would have been far easier to knuckle under. If I had always been the obedient little daughter that the Great Fathers of Hollywood wanted me to be, perhaps I would have escaped the personal tragedy and unhappiness that stalked me for twenty years. Perhaps I would not have undergone long bitter periods of sitting about idly, without pay.

But on the other hand I would not have become the first and only woman to be elected president of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences. I would never have attained the box-office position that led people to call me "The Fourth Warner Brother" in the 1940s.

Most important, I like to feel that my stubbornness, my battles for principle, my willingness to endure punishment and unhappiness may have helped pave the way for the situation which finally is leading to a decent, more respectable relationship between Hollywood's executives and their stars.

My main battles have always been for realism and honesty in films. I suffered innumerable suspensions during my 25 years in Hollywood—mostly because I refused to do things that I felt were patently phony. At Warner Brothers, I had a friendly competition with Jimmy Cagney in this respect. We kept a box score, and when we both left the studio in the 1940s we were tied at 16 suspensions apiece.

In a picture with Paul Muni called *Bordertown*, for example, I was supposed to awaken suddenly in the middle of the night and rush out into the street. When it came time to do the scene, I emerged with my hair in curlers and no make-up on my face. The director, Archie Mayo, looked at me askance. "You can't appear on the screen like that," he said. "The hell I can't," I replied. "This is exactly how a woman looks when she gets up in the middle of

"I felt a strange kinship with Marlon. Both of us were nonconformists, battlers, who had refused to allow ourselves to be cast in the artificial Hollywood mold"



Left, the actress as she appeared in *The Virgin Queen*—her first film since *All About Eve*, which had been made three years before

the night." The matter finally was resolved in my favor by Hal Wallis, head of the studio. Later the cameraman on the picture complained, "Why do you persist in looking horrible, Bette? It makes me look bad. My cameraman friends think I'm losing my grip."

Picture after picture was like that. Even in my latest release, 20th Century-Fox's *The Virgin Queen*, I shocked my fellow actors by showing up with my head shaved. Even so fine an actor as Lee J. Cobb (then making *The Left Hand of God* with Humphrey Bogart) was having trouble on the lot because the studio wanted him to shave the few remaining fringes of hair around his naturally bald head in order to play a Chinese war lord. Perc Westmore, Hollywood's ace make-up man, was then using an electric razor on my head every morning, and I wanted to send the following message to Cobb: "Give up your five hairs. I'm sacrificing ten million every morning." But my message wasn't necessary. Lee's own sense of realism won out and he finally appeared in the picture as bald as a cue ball.

Other people have other foibles on this score. Darryl Zanuck, for one, has an obsession against hair on men's chests, and every time my husband, Gary Merrill, does a picture for 20th Century-Fox, the manly foliage below his neck must be removed.

MY CLASHES with the movie moguls began when I was signed to my very first contract by Universal Pictures in 1930. No sooner was the ink dry than they insisted on changing my name. (My full name is Ruth Elizabeth Davis, but I had been called "Betty," spelled Bette—the French way—since infancy.)

"And what name do you have in mind for me?" I asked.

"Bettina Dawes."

"Oh no you don't," I flared. "I'm not going through life being known as 'Between-the-drawers.' " And that was the end of that.

From then on I always fought for everything I thought was right. In *Marked Woman*, I played a clip-joint girl who was horribly beaten up by a Luciano-type mob. I not only was pummeled savagely for about five minutes but the assault ended with a kick in the face and a cross cut in my cheek. Imagine my amazement, therefore, when my makeup the next day called for a little extra eye shadow and a cute little head bandage that looked like a nun's headdress. I snorted in disgust and stalked off the lot.

I went directly to the office of my physician.

"I'm supposed to be beaten to a pulp," I told Dr. Noyes. "I'd like you to fix my face exactly as if I'd come to you in that condition." Immediately he fell into the spirit of the thing. He put plugs into my nose to make it shapeless and he puffed out my cheeks with cotton wadding. Then he bandaged my face and head in authentic emergency-ward style. "Thank you," I said. "Not at all," he replied.

As I passed the main gate of the studio I could see the guard turn white. He reached for a phone and said into it, "Bette Davis has just had a terrible accident." When I arrived at the set, the director and actors clustered around me, asking, "Can you work in your condition?"

"Of course I can," I said. "This is my make-up."

They couldn't believe it, and there are many movie executives who still don't believe in that type of realism to this very day. The result is an air of phoniness in many American films which audiences sense, rather than feel, and which, I believe, has been partly responsible for the decline in movie-going in recent years.

I don't mean to imply that I've always been infallible in my crusade for realism. In one of my early pictures (I've made 67 to date, so I don't recall exactly which one), I became furious because the make-up man used drops of glycerin on my face to simulate perspiration. "I'll show you *real* perspiration," I declared. I stormed into a room where the heat was turned on full. I exercised violently for about 20 minutes until the sweat stood out all over my forehead. Then I triumphantly returned to the set—only to find that perspiration doesn't photograph like perspiration at all. Only glycerin can give you the desired effect.

SO I'VE BEEN WRONG many times in my constant difficulties with the Kings of Hollywood—Zanuck, Goldwyn, Warner. But on the whole I've had profound respect for them. These are the world's greatest gamblers; when they make a picture they risk millions of dollars, and the fact that they are still in business is an indication that they know what they are doing. On occasion they display great courage and integrity.

Also, there are many directors and producers who feel exactly the way I do and fight for the same things. A good example is director William Wyler. Once, when a cameraman told him he couldn't shoot a certain staircase scene realistically, I heard Wyler reply, "We'll shoot it that way if we stay here all week." Another case in point is Julian Blaustein, the producer of my newest film, *Storm Center*. The picture, which will be released early in 1956, is about a small-town middle-aged librarian who was persecuted because she refused to remove a controversial book from the shelves.

Blaustein heads an independent company affiliated with Columbia Pictures, and he must watch his budget carefully. Yet he shot the film in Santa Rosa, California, because the library there provided an air of authenticity which he felt he couldn't duplicate on a set. He used local people throughout the production and I heard him bawl out a wardrobe mistress because my dowdy, oversized dress had been altered to be beautifully form-fitting and had been perfectly pressed.

Many of my hassles with the big shots of the industry have been on two scores: casting and what I call the "dad-ism" of Hollywood. The casting misfortunes arose from the evils of a contract system in which the movie makers, as businessmen, felt that they had to get their money's worth out of the people they were paying every week. One of the funniest miscastings I remember was Humphrey Bogart playing a nineteenth-century romantic lover with me in *The Old Maid*. In the opening scene, he appeared in a flowing black cloak, running through a railroad station trying to catch up with me. As he pursued me along the platform he looked so sinister that he seemed for all the world like a thug trying to kidnap me—rather than a hero trying to express his devotion. The entire cast became hysterical with laughter, and when we finally subsided, Bogey said to director Edmund Goulding, "I guess you'll have to get yourself another lover-boy." Goulding nodded, and that settled that. Bogey was replaced.

On the other hand, many of my own miscastings did not have such fortunate endings. In *Fashions of 1934*, I played a fashion model in a long blonde wig and with my mouth painted almost to my ears. Imagine me as a fashion model! It was ridiculous. My leading man, William Powell, thought so too. Fortunately, most of these epics of my early years have long been forgotten.

MY SECOND bone of contention—the matter of "dad-ism"—was even longer lasting. It persisted through the years when I got good parts and became a box-office attraction. I call it "dad-ism" because the Kings of Hollywood were fathers to people like myself. They took us in as children. But then we grew up and they wanted to keep us babies because babies are easier to manage. Long after I had won two Academy Awards, it was not unusual for Jack Warner to approach me at a private party, smile sweetly, and announce: "It's ten o'clock. There's shooting tomorrow. Better get home." When I got to be about thirty-five such treatment didn't sit too well, to say the least.

Usually, however, I had most of my trouble with lesser lights—the untalented people who, given a

little authority, delight in throwing their weight around. It is they who have managed to spread the legend that I am temperamental on the set and impossible to work with. For a long time there was no better cocktail-party conversation than for an assistant director to show up and say, "Boy, did I have a rough time with Bette Davis today! But I know how to handle her." When I came to Warner Brothers, I heard the same stories about Paul Muni and Ruth Chatterton, but when I worked with them I found them both to be thoroughgoing professionals who were too mature to indulge in childish tantrums on a set.

I cannot, of course, pretend that I have not, on occasion, spoken up in rather loud and forceful tones. Testimony to this is borne by my three-year-old son Michael, who visited me on the set with my husband while I was making *The Virgin Queen* last March. I was doing a scene in which I, as Queen Elizabeth, had to rant and rave at Sir Walter Raleigh, played by Richard Todd.

After a few minutes of listening to my tirade, Mikey turned to Gary with a puzzled face and asked: "Why is Mummy yelling at that man instead of you?"

(Continued on page 98)

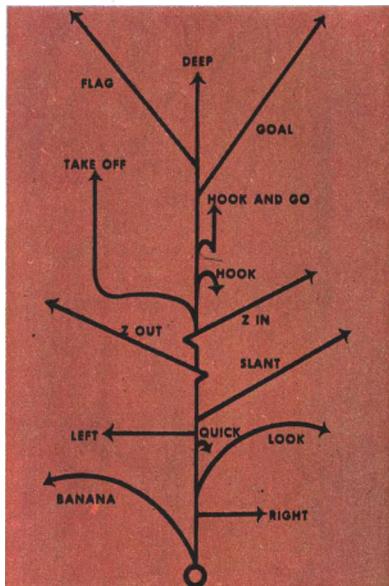


"THE ONLY REAL FEUD I ever had was with Miriam Hopkins—and that was a beauty." Here are the two actresses in film, *The Old Maid*, in which Miss Davis was supposed to slap Miss Hopkins—and did, hard

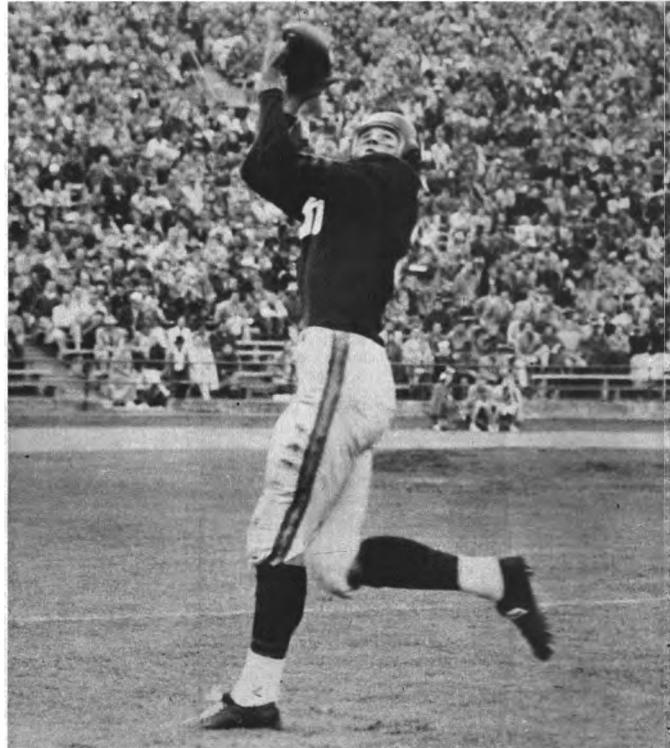
Few people ever heard
of Harlon Hill when he played for
Florence State Teachers. Now he's pro
football's most spectacular pass
catcher—and the Chicago Bears' favorite . . .

TOUCHDOWN TARGET

By BILL FAY



Racing from scrimmage line, Hill uses one or another of these 14 maneuvers to outwit foes and snag passes



FRED MATTHES-INTERNATIONAL

ASSISTANT coach Clark Shaughnessy of the Chicago Bears met an old friend at the 1953 Blue-Gray All-Star football game at Montgomery, Alabama. The friend, a Southern college coach, said: "Clark, here's a tip. Check on an end named Harlon Hill. He plays for a small Alabama college—State Teachers at Florence—and he's the best prospect in the United States."

"If Hill's so good," Shaughnessy asked, "why isn't he playing here?"

"Because the promoters invited only name players from the big schools," his friend explained. "They're interested in All-Americans who draw at the box office."

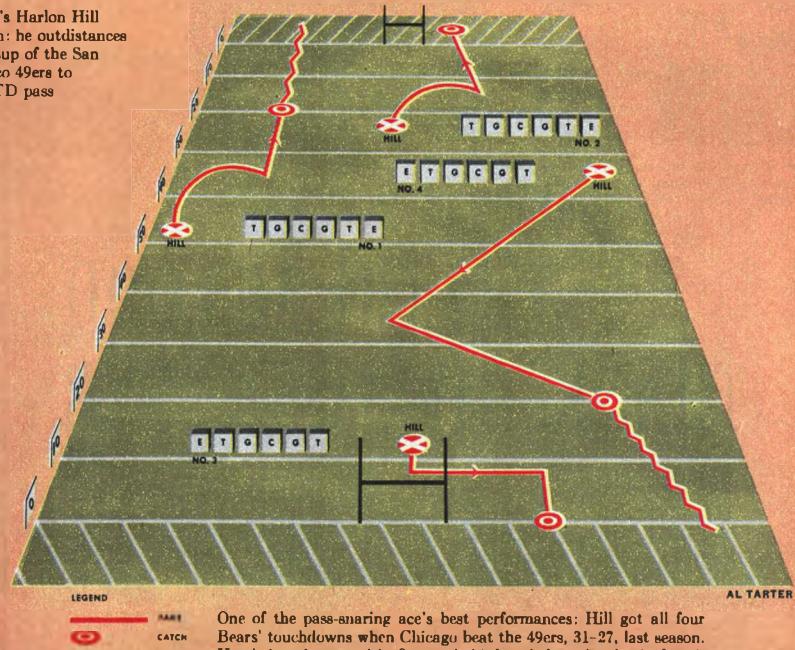
On his return to Chicago, Shaughnessy wrote to Hal Self, the Florence coach, and obtained a movie showing Hill in action against Troy (Alabama) State Teachers. Hill scored three touchdowns: by intercepting a pass, by blocking a punt and by catching a 45-yard pass. After reviewing this versatile performance, coach George Halas of the Bears observed: "That kid can't be as fast as he looks, but let's sign him anyway."

Halas never made a more fortunate decision. Last fall, unheralded Harlon Hill joined the Bears—and almost overnight developed into the most spectacular pass catcher in the National Football League. During the season, he grabbed 45 passes good for 1,124 yards and scored more touchdowns (12) than any other N.F.L. player. This year, clubs meeting the Bears employ special "Stop Hill" defenses, but gridiron critics predict Harlon will eclipse even his brilliant '54 performance.

Hill's abrupt transformation from an unknown small-college performer into pro football's top touchdown target can be traced in part to a switch in the Bears' offensive strategy. "When Hill first reported to training camp," Halas recalls, "it was evident he had all the physical qualifications for a great receiver. He was sure-handed, plenty big enough at six three and 198 pounds, and tremendously fast. So, instead



Chicago's Harlon Hill in action: he outdistances Bill Jessup of the San Francisco 49ers to grab a TD pass



One of the pass-anaring ace's best performances: Hill got all four Bears' touchdowns when Chicago beat the 49ers, 31-27, last season. Here's how he scored in first and third periods and twice in fourth

of stationing him shoulder-to-shoulder with our left tackle like a conventional blocking end, we moved him out toward the left side line about 12 yards and put him to work as a 'flanker.'

"When Hill moves out wide, he doesn't have to waste two or three seconds fighting his way past those defensive line-backers who bump and delay your potential receivers near the line of scrimmage. From his flanker take-off spot, Hill starts downfield the instant the center snaps the ball. Consequently, he's got extra time to set up his fakes, and he can use his tremendous speed to break loose from covering defensive halfbacks."

Hill usually zigzags downfield in one of the 14 pass patterns diagramed on the opposite page. No matter which pattern he happens to be running, he follows the same basic strategy. "The real trick to breaking loose is to run at the back who's covering you instead of away from him," Harlon says. "Once you move on top of him, you make him run with you for a stride or two. Then you leave him by turning on a sudden burst of speed or by cutting away sharply."

But Hill's greatest asset is his endurance. On every play, he hustles 25 yards from the huddle to his flanker post, then races downfield anywhere from 10 to 60 yards—depending on his assignment—and double-times back to the huddle some 16 yards *behind* the line of scrimmage. Overall, Harlon covers an average of 80 yards per play, and the Bears run approximately 70 offensive plays per game. Thus Harlon runs 5,600 yards—roughly, 56 lengths of the field—in an average game.

"Every pro team uses a flanker at least part time," Halas points out, "but those other flankers can't match Hill's effectiveness because they can't maintain his grueling running pace. Harlon runs top speed on every play, regardless of whether he's the intended receiver or just a decoy."

"Take the way he beat San Francisco last fall by grabbing a 67-yard touchdown pass with only 35 seconds left. The 49ers knew we had to

pass. They put John Henry Johnson—one of the league's fastest backs—at safety to cover Hill. Johnson was rested and fresh; Hill had been running hard all afternoon. Even so, Harlon opened up a four-yard lead on Johnson, caught Ed Brown's 55-yard heave on the 20, and breezed into the end zone!"

Altogether, Hill caught four touchdown passes as the Bears upset the 49ers, 31 to 27. Halas, who played end for the Bears when the National League was founded 35 years ago, calls Harlon's four-touchdown performance "the greatest pass-catching exhibition I've ever seen."

Hill, who's only twenty-three, grew up on a small farm near Killen, Alabama, and made his gridiron debut as a high-scoring halfback on the Rogersville High eleven. "In the fall," Harlon recalls, "they always dismissed classes for six weeks so we could stay home and gather the crops. We'd work on the corn and cotton all day, then hitchhike about 15 miles over to the high school and hold night football practice. Hardly ever got back home before one o'clock in the morning."

After graduating from Rogersville, Hill received scholarship feelers from the University of Alabama, Itawamba Junior College, at Fulton, Mississippi, and Florence State. The Alabama coaches finally decided Harlon (then six feet and 160 pounds) was too small, so he registered at Florence (enrollment: 1,076) because "it was bigger than Itawamba and had more girls."

During his junior year, Harlon became engaged to a lovely blonde coed, Miss Virginia Ann Sellers, of Birmingham. They were married in 1953 and have a one-year-old daughter, Gwendolyn Ann.

Looking ahead, Hill hopes to play pro football for another six years, then go into college coaching in the South. No more farm work for him, Harlon says. "Sometimes I get a mite tired chasin' those passes," he admits, "but it sure does beat choppin' cotton!"

THE END



Capt. Richard McCutchen, wearing civvies, picks turkey (above) for meal he writes about below. At right, he gives wife, Betsy, the first taste

MENU

Consommé Madrilène
Turkey, chestnut dressing,
giblet gravy
Mashed potatoes
Marshmallowed sweet potatoes
Lima beans
Fried white corn
Avocado citrus salad
Banana flambé
Cranberry jelly Currant jelly
Relishes
Cider
Coffee

THE \$64,000 THANKSGIVING DINNER

The winner of TV's \$64,000 prize asks the questions about a U.S. feast—and gives all the answers (and his own menu)

By CAPT. RICHARD S. McCUTCHEON, USMC

In a brief, but spirited, eating career I have tasted raw land crabs in Korea and dined on pressed duck in France. I have known the delight of trout grilled within minutes of the time they were caught and of hot dogs at a ball game, of enchiladas in Mexico and sukiyaki in Japan. Every country in the world has made its contribution to good eating. Nor is it surprising that the best known of a nation's dishes are usually linked with national holidays.

And here, in the United States, good eating and good companionship are tied to the great national holiday we call Thanksgiving. You could pay 64,000 dollars, yen, drachmas, francs, guilders or pesetas, but, for me, the gastronomical joys of the last Thursday in November in the U.S. cannot be equaled anywhere else in the world.

As the crispness of an autumn day brings appetites to needle sharpness, the food parade starts across the table: the soup to tease the appetite; the turkey, golden brown, the dressing oozing a bit as though the plump bird were about to burst; the vegetables adding gay color and mouth-watering aromas to make it all a bit more than the senses can manage; the relishes strutting their piquancy; and finally, at a slower pace, the salad, dessert and coffee.

This traditional feast was a way of celebrating a successful harvest. I feel that we should extend this 300-year-old concept by introducing to our menus the foods of our modern, year-round, world-wide harvest—such as tropical fruits, leafy vegetables in winter—made possible by farmers, packagers and shippers operating with mid-twentieth-century tools and methods.

We all, of course, have our preferred ways to prepare our favorite foods for Thanksgiving dinner. Collier's has asked me to give its readers mine. At the top of this page is a Thanksgiving menu that I think is true to the American tradition, and on pages 34 and 35 are some of my ideas on how to prepare those dishes. This is a meal for six people.

Meanwhile, as an appetizer—not for \$64,000 nor even 64 cents—here is a quiz which is based on the menu. Knowing the answers may not make you a better cook, but I hope it may put you in an eating mood. And if you get too hungry waiting, the answers are on page 72.

The Captain's Own Quiz on Cuisine

1. Consommé comes in many forms and can be identified in many ways, but the distinguishing feature of Madrilène is its color, which is:

a. red b. gold c. brown d. green

2. The climax of the Thanksgiving Day meal comes when the master of the house starts to carve the turkey. If he knows his job, he will first:

a. remove a wing b. remove a leg
c. slice the breast d. remove the neck

3. On either side of the turkey's backbone, in line with the thigh, are two delicate pieces of meat, prized by connoisseurs, known as:

a. the loins b. the kidneys
c. the chops d. the oysters

4. This information won't make your bird taste better, but it is a historical fact that a strong case for the selection of the turkey over the eagle as the American national bird was made by:

a. George Washington's cook b. Thomas Jefferson
c. Tom Paine d. Ben Franklin

5. Whether toasted over an open fireplace to be eaten sweet, sticky and black, or gently placed in a nest of sweet potatoes, manufactured marshmallows are essentially nothing more than a confection of gelatin and sugar, but the true marshmallow is:

a. a sluggish fish b. a vine
c. a fruit d. a plant

6. Delicious recipes by the hundreds are known for preparing Lima beans, sweet potatoes and white potatoes. Not many people know that all three of these vegetables have a common birthplace, which is:

a. Asia b. South America
c. Africa d. Australia

7. The word corn means wheat in England and maize in America; in Scotland it means:

a. oats b. barley c. peas d. beans

8. Central Americans were aware of the pleasures of the avocado long before North America discovered it; and they use the fruit in much the same way as we use:

a. potatoes b. butter
c. tomatoes d. celery

9. The avocado tree, which grows to a height of 60 feet, belongs to one of the following families of trees:

a. beech b. laurel c. citrus d. rose



PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN STEWART

10. Grapefruit has come a long way from the cartoonist's notion of a fruit with a tendency to squirt juice in the diner's eye. It is now eaten in a variety of ways, none of which can change the fact that it has its peculiar name because:

- a. its juice also can be made into wine
- b. it grows in bunches
- c. it is in the grape family
- d. it grows on vines

11. Mayonnaise, the silky-smooth salad dressing which is one of America's favorites, was invented by:

- a. Dolly Madison
- b. the maître d'hôtel of the Duke of Richelieu
- c. the chef of Louis XIV
- d. a man named Appolonari Mayonari

12. In southern Europe, wine is the principal source of vinegar; in Great Britain the main source is:

- a. cider
- b. malt
- c. anise
- d. hops

13. Bananas grow by the "stem" and are now usually sold by the pound, although until recent years they were sold by the:

- a. batch
- b. stalk
- c. hand
- d. bunch

14. One of the most famous of hard-cider distillates became very popular among American GIs who landed in Normandy during World War II. It was:

a. Cuccio Cavollo
c. Calvados

b. armagnac
d. pernod

15. The cranberry, which was first grown in America in 1820 in Massachusetts, is harvested by:

- a. hand
- b. clippers
- c. rake
- d. pruning shears

16. Coffee, our morning awakener and afternoon relaxer, derives its name from:

- a. it was first used in Corfu
- b. it was a folk remedy for coughs
- c. it was originally imported in coffers
- d. the Arabic word, kahwah

Answers to quiz on page 72



THE CAPTAIN COOKS . . .

Consommé Madrilene

3 cups canned consommé or
chicken and beef bouillon cubes sufficient
to make 3 cups
2 cups of tomato juice
2 or 3 cloves

1/2 teaspoon of saltless celery seasoning
1/2 teaspoon of pepper
1/4 teaspoon of onion powder

Consommé Madrilène, chilled into a jelly, is best known as a summer appetizer. But in cold weather it can be also served hot with its scarlet warmth brought to contrast by a garnish of thinly sliced lemon. For me it is a favorite start for a big meal because its spicy tang prepares the taste buds for the food to come.

Madrilène may be bought prepared or be made as follows:

Pour the canned consommé (or three cups of the

chicken-beef bouillon made according to the manufacturer's directions) into a saucepan and add all the remaining ingredients. Bring them to an easy boil, then reduce to a simmer and leave for about 20 minutes.

Before serving, strain either through cheesecloth or a fine mesh sieve so that only the clear liquid remains. Garnish each bowl with a thin slice of lemon and/or a sprinkle of chopped fresh parsley.

Turkey, Chestnut Dressing, Giblet Gravy

TURKEY

10-12 lb. hen
butter
thyme
salt and pepper

CHESTNUT DRESSING

2 lbs. chestnuts
1 large loaf stale white bread
2 medium onions
1/2 lb. butter
salt and pepper

GIBLET GRAVY

turkey's giblets and turkey neck
flour
bay leaf
thyme
salt and pepper

My personal preference is for a ten- to twelve-pound bird because it brings to the table the optimum weight—a bird that is just meaty enough, properly fatted and economically a bargain because of the follow-up dishes that can be made from leftovers. It probably will be cleaned and ready to stuff when you buy it, but rinse it out with cool water. Coat the turkey's outside surfaces with butter, best applied at room temperature with your hands. This should be a fairly thick, golden shroud sprinkled with a pinch of thyme for a hint of pungency, a smattering of black pepper, and just enough salt to satisfy the tongue's appetite for man's oldest seasoning. In roasting turkey allow roughly 20 minutes per pound and baste every 20 minutes with the melted butter and fat.

Oysters, sage, corn bread—all produce pleasant complements to the turkey and each has its partisans. There is one main consideration about the dressing: that is, whether it merely should impart a small amount of flavor to the bird or whether it should share equally in importance with the bird.

I tend toward the latter. For me, the meaty, slightly sweet chestnut bounces its nutty flavor against the onions, and the whole blends with the rich juices of the turkey.

To prepare this dressing, score each of the chestnuts with a cross on either side and boil 15 or 20 minutes. Drain, peel by tearing with a sharp knife at the score marks. Chop half the chestnuts coarsely, and put the remainder through the fine blade of a food chopper. Chop the onions fairly fine and sauté in the butter until golden. Tear the bread apart with your hands and put the pieces in a large wooden bowl; mix in well

first the puréed chestnuts, then the chopped ones. Pour into the dry mixture, in small amounts, the onions together with the butter. Add salt and pepper, then toss until the butter is well absorbed and the other ingredients fully blended.

Most of the dressing will fill the forward cavity of the bird and round out the plumpness of the breast as the cooking progresses. The remainder should go into the main cavity.

Is turkey turkey without giblet gravy? I ride with tradition and say no. The gravy uses the last drops of goodness of the turkey and adds its savory seasoning to dressing, mashed potatoes and the meat.

The giblets, neck and trimmings should be placed whole in a deep saucepan with the bay leaf, thyme, salt and pepper. Cover with from four to six cups of water and simmer the whole over a flame to reduce. The combined aromas of the simmering giblets—which pop golden globules of fat to the surface of the water—and the tang of the turkey's hot juices is torture in the kitchen.

When the turkey has been removed from the pan, pour off all but about four tablespoons of the drippings. Return the pan with the drippings that remain to the top of the stove over a low flame. Gradually add an equal amount of flour until all the thick juices have been blended in. Stir constantly until the whole becomes an even nut brown. Then gradually add, as you stir, the strained reduced giblet stock, still hot, until you have the desired thickness. Taste for salt, then add the finely chopped heart, liver and gizzard to your finished product. Pour into the gravy boat, place on the table, and fight off the children.

Mashed Potatoes

2 1/2 lbs. of medium-sized potatoes 1/2 to 3/4 cup of warm milk 1/8 stick of butter salt and pepper

I have found that plain mashed potatoes concealed under a blanket of gravy are the most abused item to be found on many a menu—public or private. Costumed with names like *purée de pommes de terre* or whipped white potatoes, they deceive the diner who is presented with a gumminess more suited to a paper hanger's purposes or resembling a lumpy mass of glop from a potter's wheel. Our own household was guilty of this abuse until the French came to the rescue with the following method, which is basic, but results in a creamy foam so light it helps the diner to raise his fork to his mouth.

Scrub and peel medium-sized potatoes and cut into

one-inch cubes. Boil in lightly salted water until mealy. Drain the water and pour the potatoes into a food mill or ricer. Replace the pan over a low flame and either grind or "rice" the potatoes back into it. Add the butter and start whipping. When the butter is blended pour in a little warm milk, whip vigorously, more milk, more whipping; repeat until the potatoes are creamy, then whip, whip, whip until it's necessary to cap the pot to keep the fluff from flying skyward. The whipping is the secret because you are diluting the milk, the butter and pulverized potato with good old air.

And a large P.S. Don't oversalt.



Sweet Potatoes with Marshmallow

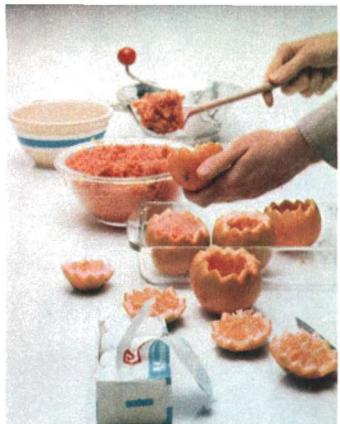
2 cans (1 lb. 7 oz. each) of sweet potatoes in syrup
6 marshmallows

The sweet potato and the yam, though alike in appearance, are two different plants, the former coming from a creeping vine, while the latter comes from a climbing vine. But yam or sweet potato, they are New World delicacies and either can be a most fitting part of the Thanksgiving dinner. Personally I prefer sweet potatoes. They may be bought either fresh or in cans, and while I have given some recipes that call for laborious old-fashioned methods of preparation, I do not feel that starting from scratch with raw sweet potatoes adds anything to the final dish. The syrup in the cans is basically brown sugar, and has a subtle rather than strong sweetness, and does not cloy. In

$\frac{1}{4}$ stick of butter
6 large thick-skinned oranges

this recipe, I find that the use of oranges adds a tangy tartness.

Melt the butter in a skillet, and empty in the contents of the cans of sweet potatoes, using all but a little of the syrup. Sprinkle with a very small amount of granulated sugar, and heat. Meanwhile, cut off the top third from each of the oranges. Squeeze the juice from each of the larger sections and scoop out the pulp. Scallop the edges of the empty rind bowls. Stir in a bit of the juice of the oranges to the sweet potatoes when mashing them. Fill each scalloped shell liberally, top with a whole marshmallow, place beneath the broiler flame and brown.



Fried Corn

2 medium cans of whole-kernel white corn

The origin of the grain we Americans call corn is lost in antiquity. It has been eaten fresh or preserved in various forms the world over, but in few countries has it attained the importance that it has in the U.S. Our forebears found the Indians growing its varicolored ears for food. It was eaten roasted, dried in whole grain or pulverized to flour and formed into cakes or bread (called pone). We know that it was included in the first American harvest feast and that the Indians showed the early settlers how to plant it in mounds, each of which contained a fish for fertilizer. In short, it is an American as any food we eat.

Sweet, juicy corn on the cob baptizized in butter and

$\frac{1}{8}$ stick of butter

salt is a summer treat. Canned or frozen corn may be bought the year round and served in many ways. This recipe uses not the well-known strains of yellow ears, but the white grain known as "Country Gentleman."

Drain both cans of corn and empty the contents into a skillet in which the butter has been melted. Maintain a low fire and jump the corn around from time to time so that it won't stick or burn. It is cooked until it becomes the color of aged ivory. Although the corn has been fried or sautéed, the taste is the nut-sweet flavor of roast corn when it has been cooked in their husks in coals.



Avocado Citrus Salad and Mayonnaise

SALAD

3 small avocados
orange sections
grapefruit sections
lettuce

MAYONNAISE

1 egg yolk
1 cup olive oil
juice of half a lemon or
1 tablespoon of wine vinegar
 $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. salt and $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. white pepper

Some people think that salad with Thanksgiving dinner is a break with tradition. Actually, it is in the finest of traditions. Remember that at the time the first Thanksgiving feast was served, the summer fruits and vegetables had ceased to be and that the feast was based on what had been "safely gathered in," that is, those foods that could be preserved from early September to November or which would ripen in the meantime. We should remember and perpetuate the tradition by partaking not only of the traditional foods, but also of those that we are able to obtain through the benefits of modern farming and new methods of preservation and shipping.

Not too many years ago grapefruit in the late fall was an expense beyond reason; oranges, though obtainable, were dear; avocados, due to a complexity of growing seasons and slow shipping, were rare. Now, grapefruit and oranges may be had fresh at moderate cost all year around. Or they may be bought, pleasantly prepared in sections, either canned or frozen, for a moderate price.

Avocados are grown across the winter growing belt of the U.S. as well as in Mexico and Cuba, and shipped, at fair prices for so exotic a fruit, to any part of the United States.

A small ripe avocado peeled, halved and sliced in

half-inch cross sections, interspersed with alternate sections of orange and grapefruit, green, gold and silver, does more than just tease the eye. The salad is a memorable contrast of sweet-dry taste against the dry and subtle seasoning of the bird and trimmings. The sweet pungency of the citrus fruits contrasts with the rich, dry oiliness of the avocado and leads the appetite to seek further taste sensations.

Mayonnaise is the perfect topping for this salad. If you want to take the time-consuming effort to make it, here is my favorite recipe:

Put the egg yolk (warmed to room temperature), the salt and pepper into a shallow bowl and beat with a silver fork. When these ingredients are thoroughly mixed, add the oil very slowly, beating constantly. More or less oil may be needed, depending upon the degree of oiliness desired and whether the sauce has reached the state of being able to hold its own shape. Add the lemon juice or vinegar gradually, beating all the while. Care must be taken not to add the oil too quickly because the sauce will curdle. If it does, add it gradually to a second egg yolk in another dish, beating all the while. The sauce will have the color of spring sweet butter. A more golden effect can be achieved by adding a dash or two of paprika to the first stage, a trick that will not affect the taste.



Banana Flambe

6 ripe bananas

butter

sugar

dark rum

Flaming gloriously as the last offering to the harvest celebration comes the banana. For me it makes a perfect end to a meal when offered swimming in rich butter, sweetened with sugar and rum, browned to autumn gold and flaming blue.

Split each banana lengthwise, dot with sweet butter and sprinkle lightly with granulated sugar, place on a cooky sheet or in a shallow cake pan and put beneath a medium broiler flame to brown. When golden,

remove from the pan and arrange on a heated platter or in a chafing dish, spooning over them all the butter and juices. At the table pour in half a cup of warmed rum, set afire with a match and ladle the flaming nectar over each banana.

To those who have qualms, a bit of solace: the fire will consume all but a most negligible amount of the alcohol and will leave behind a hint of the tropic lushness of the West Indies.





TOUGHEST MARCH

A Collier's writer tastes adventure with crack Army jungle troops on the "world's toughest march"—eleven grueling days in Panama's snake-filled, mountainous back country, across the Spanish gold road to the sea

By BILL STAPLETON

Portobelo, Panama



The author

will be twelve thirty soon."

The colonel nodded. We had just finished an excellent meal, a going-away gesture to the 74 officers and men of the 33d's Provisional Reconnaissance Company, a special jungle unit, before it started on a march that probably hasn't been matched since World War II—50 miles overland, across the Isthmus of Panama to Portobelo, one-time bustling gold seaport of the Spanish Main, over mountains, across rivers and through some of the worst jungle terrain in the world.

The Republic of Panama had given the Army permission to cross its territory. The route would intersect the fabulous 450-year-old Camino Real, the old King's Highway, over which the conquistadors of Spain had shipped millions in Peruvian gold to the Atlantic. Today, some of the ancient road lies underwater, parts have disappeared entirely, but some sections remain, deep in the jungle.

This hike was a test—of the troops' performance, of new equipment and (not the least important) of the local maps. Could soldiers find their way through the Panama wilderness using the available charts? The Army had some new lightweight uniforms, weighing only five ounces, cooler and quicker-drying than the old; how would they stand up under field conditions? Could men be effectively supplied in the jungle by air drops? Those were some of the questions we would try to answer. The Army had tried similar hikes in the past (about a year before, Lieutenant McDonald, whose home is in Huntington, New York, had led a smaller column of the 33d through southern Panama, along Balboa's route), but nothing this rugged had ever been attempted before.

I was going along at my own request. At the Pentagon some weeks before, I had heard experts speak of this hike as "the toughest march in the world," and I had asked for a chance to see for myself. First I spent 10 days at Fort Kobbe in the Canal Zone, taking intensive training that included climbing a practice mountain 1,400 feet high three times in one week. But no training could have prepared me for what was to come.

This, I was to discover, was not ordinary jungle. It had the usual bugs, deadly snakes, poisonous plants and malaria, but it also had abrupt cliffs, murderous ravines and rushing rivers. It was hot, it was dirty, it was dangerous, and most of the time it smelled bad. We figured it would take about a week to slog our way through. It took 11 days of some of the hardest hiking I've ever done. Along the way, several of the men were hurt. One man

was almost drowned. All of us were exhausted. I lost 15 pounds, and when I swapped my Army fatigues for my own suit again, I found that nothing fitted me any more.

It was precisely twelve forty when the column moved out over Madden airstrip, an abandoned World War II fighter-bomber base, toward the jungle. The brush was deceptively thin at first, and we walked for a time with the mile-eating stride of veteran infantrymen. At the end of the first hour, McDonald held up his hand and we stopped for a ten-minute break. We had just climbed a high sloping hill and everyone was winded.

The pacers reported—a tall man, a medium-sized guy and a shorty. They averaged out their clocked paces, to reconcile ground distance with map distance. We'd tramped 3,990 paces. For an hour's walk, it didn't seem like much, and I said so. Three days later I had to eat my words when we totaled only 680 paces in three hours.

Break over, we started up again, in single file. Altogether, that first day, we covered eight miles—but only five miles as the crow flies, as estimated by Sergeant First Class José A. Vega, of Quebradillas, Puerto Rico. Sergeant Vega knows the jungle intimately. He was continually scrapping, making the land feed him, picking up nuts or fruit, like the huge *limón*s which look like grapefruit but taste like lemons. He showed me how to find and identify water vines, which are filled with drinkable liquid, and where to look for wild pineapples.

He knew what to avoid, too. He showed me the *hucho de gato*, which looks like a beautiful small apple, but whose stringy white meat is highly poisonous. He warned me to avoid getting near the woody pods of *pica-pica* or cowitch; it has hairs which penetrate the skin, causing itching which lasts as long as 24 hours. And he mentioned the alarming giant sandbox tree, whose fruit explodes with the violence of a hand grenade, scattering hard shell fragments in all directions.

Our first night's bivouac area, happily, proved free of all of these. It was typical jungle otherwise, cleared by swinging machetes. Corporal Thomas Rosiar, of Petoskey, Michigan, helped me rig my jungle hammock. Then we feasted.

When we left Madden, we had been burdened by 21 cans of rations each, plus accessory packets. Most of the men also carried spices, condiments, sandwich spreads, instant tea, soup powders and the like. One man had a small tin of popcorn. Everyone was loaded with bouillon cubes.

I joined Sergeant First Class Lloyd Grigor, of Las Vegas, Nevada, in a real spread. We split a can of crabmeat (definitely not government issue), then fixed some prepared French onion soup in our canteen cups. Then I had a can of ham and Lima beans (issue and good), while Lloyd polished off a can of hamburgers and gravy (also issue, also good). We finished with cookies and tea. It had been a rough day, but that windup was pure luxury.

After dinner, everyone turned in early. Darkness fell fast; there was no twilight. As I lay in my hammock, I could see the three big fires around our perimeter. They were kept burning all night, by sentries with loaded shotguns. Other than the shotguns, the machetes and the .45s carried by officers

and noncoms, we had no weapons. There were rifles, but they were not loaded and were carried for training purposes only.

I shifted my weight in my hammock—and catastrophe struck. There was a twang like a banjo string and I pitched to the ground head first. Stunned, I fumbled with the zipper tabs on my built-in mosquito net. Finally I got the zipper open and rolled out onto the ground, hoping no scorpion or tarantula was waiting for me. My face rammed into one of my own size-12 jungle boots. I recoiled and stood up, cracking my head smartly on a tree limb. That so startled me I lost my grip on my flashlight and it rolled off into the weeds, unlit.

There I stood in the darkness, shivering in a pair of undershorts, somewhere in a Central American jungle, with my house all fallen down around me. I blinked. "To hell with the United States Army and its indispensable jungle hammocks!" I bawled into the blackness.

"Don't get shook, old boy," said an amused voice nearby. "Have you fixed up in a twinkling?"

It was First Lieutenant Ildefonso Lombana, Jr., of El Paso, and he was as good as his word. He had my hammock rigged, lightweight GI blanket inside, and my flashlight recovered, in a matter of minutes. I crept gingerly back into the khaki monster—and didn't move again all night.

At four thirty the second morning we were up and moving again. The going was tougher now. We climbed a 700-foot hill, paused momentarily on the crest, then scrambled down the other side into a rushing mountain torrent.

Our destination was the Chagres River, our first major check-point, on the other side of a tangled mountain ridge. The machetes came into play and we began to hack straight up the side of the hill. It was hard, sweaty work; at the head of the column the cutting parties were changed every 20 minutes. It was dangerous work, too. Panamanian style, the lead men used a small stick to push or pull the vines and *kunai* grass, then swung the machete, keeping their bare hands well out of harm's way. You never



Forced to cross Rio Chagres three times, soldiers used native canoes. On last crossing, one boatload turned over and only swift rescue action prevented a drowning



Company commander, Lt. James McDonald, checks map en route. Maps proved inaccurate

grab blindly in dense jungle, I learned. What looks like a vine may be a snake.

At last, sweaty, panting and bushed, we flopped by the banks of the Chagres. The Chagres is both an important and a historic river. It operates the Panama Canal, feeding its lakes, generating the Canal Zone's electric power and providing drinking water from the 22-square-mile Madden Lake, downstream from where we were. The lake covers part of the Camino Real. Both Sir Francis Drake, in the sixteenth century, and the pirate Henry Morgan, in the seventeenth, followed the route of the Chagres to raid the coffers of the Spanish kings. Now we decided, after a conference, to follow it ourselves to the next check-point, the isolated Chico Hydrographic Station, deep in the jungle.

First we had to cross over. Fortunately, there are a few native settlements scattered along the banks of the Chagres, and at one of them we arranged to rent some log canoes, called *cayucos*. Cost: \$11. But there were only three six-man *cayucos*, and there were 75 of us. We had to move in shifts. One *cayuco* struck a submerged rock and splintered like a matchbox, dumping everyone into the river, which luckily was only a few feet deep at that point. Another tipped over as it was being loaded. And because of numerous shallows and sand bars we had to wade and push against the current.

It took from ten in the morning until dusk to move barely three miles. We camped that night, wet and miserable, on the left bank of the river.

Bad luck really began to catch up with us the next day. Private Thomas Walker, of Syracuse,

Bone-weary, Pfc. Joseph C. Pitts, Detroit, and Cpl. Wayne Fero, Portland, Ore., tend fire on bivouac. Shotguns were carried to protect against poisonous reptiles. Seven snakes were killed during the march

One 10-mile stretch of jungle took three days to cross—which helps explain why the author lost 15 pounds on the long march

New York, slipping on a rotten log, crashed into thick brambles. A stout tree limb caught him across the eyes, knocking him cold and giving him a severe nosebleed. A few minutes later, Pfc Olton Choate, of Jeanerette, Louisiana, strained his back badly when his hand slipped on a rope while we were climbing a steep hill. Medics cared for both casualties, and they were able to continue.

Once again we waded the Chagres. Then, wet and muddy, we climbed a 1,000-foot ridge. Slipping and sliding, we went down the other side, splashed across a noisy mountain stream, hauled ourselves up another 800-foot hill, then came panting down to the Chagres again. Now we had to cross it for the last time.

Just above Chico station, the river runs swiftly. The best fording place was just below a waterfall and rapids. We got hold of a couple of large *cayucos* and also made a rope trolley across the river by tying our climbing ropes together. Then we started over. For a time everything went all right. Then near disaster struck one boat. In the swift water, the *cayuco* tipped, throwing its six passengers into the river. The current rapidly swept Private Joe Rowen, of Philadelphia, downstream—and suddenly he began to shout, "I can't make it, I can't do it! My legs won't work!"

His head went underwater and he began to fight to keep himself on the surface. Pfc "Big Casmir" Abramski, of Newark, New Jersey, began to swim furiously to Rowen's side, while on the riverbank, where a few of us were still waiting, Sergeant First Class Ted L. Allen, of New Haven, tore out of his pack harness and ran toward the river, yelling: "Get him, Abramski. Damn it, get him!" He dived in and swam for Rowen.

Both Allen and Abramski got to Rowen in time, and the medics tended to him ashore. Allen thereupon wheeled on the other five occupants of the boat and ripped their hides off for upsetting the *cayuco*. Then he set them to diving for lost packs and rifles. All the equipment was recovered.

Despite all that had happened, the toughest part of the trip still lay ahead. North of Chico station is a virgin tropical wilderness, populated chiefly by giant bushmasters, venomous snakes which sometimes attain a length of 12 feet. The region is also home to crocodiles, giant sloths and black panthers. Tapirs and peccary scutter through the tangled foliage.

age. The lizards come in all sizes. The total width of this mountainous wilderness, which had been described to us before we left as "the wildest bush you'll ever see," was about 10 miles—no more. It took us almost three days to cross it.

I started having my worst troubles that afternoon. We were climbing a hill, cutting through nets of vines, all of us soaked with perspiration; I can't ever remember being hotter. Suddenly I collapsed, my head spinning. The medics revived me and propped me up again. I tottered on.

That march was a nightmare. Huge flies buzzed around our heads and bit hard enough to draw blood. When we stopped for a break, great black beetles would crawl over us. All through the jungle were trees called black palms, with two-inch thorns which repeatedly stabbed us—and almost always the wound festered.

Sickness, or the possibility of sickness, was now a real worry. We were maintaining occasional contact with an Army liaison plane (its code name was Funnybone, and Lieutenant McDonald could talk to it through the portable radios we carried), but a helicopter would have been required to get a really sick man out of that jungle—and it would have taken three days to clear a landing space. Most of us had minor cuts, scratches, bruises and infections, but at least one soldier had begun to suffer from an ailment not so minor—a neck infection that was causing the medics genuine concern. McDonald himself needed some medical aid; shrapnel in his right leg, which he had picked up in the Ardennes as a nineteen-year-old infantry sergeant, was beginning to work its way out through the skin under the stress of the marching. Nevertheless, Mac kept going without a murmur. So did the fellow with the bad neck.

Nighttime had its own terrors. Unseen animals, prowling for food, went crashing through the jungle. Fruit bats fluttered from the trees. There were strange, scary noises on every side. Sleep would have been almost impossible if we hadn't been so tired. We slept, incidentally, in our clothes. Everything got so damp during the night that nobody could stand putting on his clothes in the morning.

Despite the dampness, we were beginning to suffer from a shortage of water—and other rations as well. The discovery of a tiny spring flowing out of a rock helped; the soldiers blasted the little opening with an aerial flare to increase the flow.

At last, McDonald asked Funnybone for a ration drop. (We needed penicillin, too, for the man with the infected neck.)

"Have you ever seen one of these free drops?" asked Lieutenant Lombrana as the plane's engine became audible in the distance. I said I hadn't. "Well, boy, you get behind some tree," said Lombrana, "because if you ever get hit with a flying can of C rations you'll never see another."

Lombrana thereupon took his own advice and ducked behind a huge mahogany tree. I found myself another—and then, with a roar and a crash, 320 pounds of canned rations were upon us. Beef stew and hash sang through the air like mortar fragments. Large cartons slammed into the ground at better than 100 miles an hour. Cans went ricocheting past. But no one was hurt.

It was just short of a week after our departure when we finally emerged from the jungle—about three days behind schedule, with some rugged (and dangerous) traveling still ahead. First we had to climb the 2,000-foot Mount Isace. The climb up was gradual, the climb down precipitous. We slid and tumbled down the side of the hill, grabbing at vines and trees for support. Occasionally a vine would snap, and a man would tumble headlong down the mountainside, shouting and swearing.

But at last we were out of the jungle and soon afterward we camped by the side of the Pequeni River, tired, beat-up and dirty.

The next day was Sunday and we spent it right



where we were, resting, swimming in the stream, shaving, mending equipment, and, in general, preparing for the ordeal that remained.

The following day we hit the gold road, which looked for all the world like some kind of drainage ditch with the pipes removed. It was sunk a good six feet below the surrounding terrain and was about the width of a span of mules. It was overgrown with creeper vines and second-growth trees, but underneath all this shrubbery the cobblestones remained. Four hundred and fifty years ago, when the treasure flowed overland, the blood of the natives who carried it had washed every mile of the Camino Real. The Indians were chained together and lashed constantly by bull whips of overseers. Hundreds were murdered. Even today, many Indians refuse to go near the road after dark. They say one can still hear the shrieks of the gold carriers. (We didn't hear a thing.)

Thus far, we had traveled through some of the most snake-infested country in the world, and hadn't seen a single snake. But now, as we approached the end of our journey, we made up for it.

Several hours after leaving the gold road we ran into our first bushmaster, a pregnant female, coiled and ready to strike, lying just off the trail. It was just rising to the attack when First Lieutenant Patrick E. Cross, of Atlantic, Iowa, noticed it. He whirled, grabbed a shotgun from the soldier behind him, and blew the snake's head off.

Then, on our last night of the march, while we were seeking out a bivouac area, a machete flashed just ahead of me, and Sergeant Joe Ellis, of Birmingham, Alabama, cried, "I got him, I got him!" It was a small bushmaster. As we moved farther into a spooky-looking grove where giant creeper vines dangled, Private Max S. Brady, of Gassaway, West Virginia, spoke quietly to Sergeant Darl Stevens, a medic from La Fontaine, Indiana, who was walking in front of him. "Doc," said Brady gently. "Don't put your hand on that tree."

The tree was one we'd all been leaning on for help on a tricky incline. Stevens' hand froze in mid-air. A vicious eyelash snake glided around the trunk. Brady threw his bayonet, stunning the snake, and then machetes finished the job. Ten minutes later, Pfc James Prosser, of North Angel, Oregon, killed another.

The night was quiet, but in the morning the snakes returned. At first light, around 5:00 A.M., a four-foot boa constrictor fell out of a tree and onto the shoulders of Corporal William Leeth, of Hanceville, Alabama, who was bent over tying his shoe. There were a few moments of the wildest excitement before Leeth, with another man's help, killed the snake. Later, after we had moved out, Corporal Clarence Goddin, of Pineville, Kentucky, killed another tree viper with his machete and Corporal Raul Torres, of Sabana Grande, Puerto Rico, dispatched one of the largest coral snakes I have ever seen.

That about ended the snake menace. We were getting out of snake country now, in closer to civilization. We were beginning to meet a few people along the road.

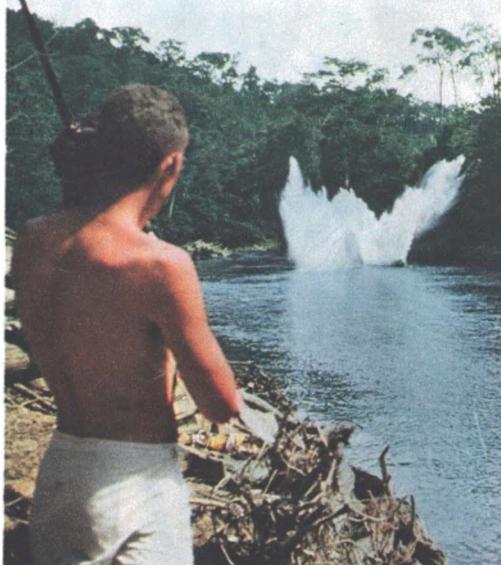
The drone of a plane overhead announced the presence of Funnybone. The pilot, First Lieutenant James E. Clauch, of Tacoma, threw radio procedure to the winds when he found out where we were. "You've got it made, Mac," he radioed McDonald. "Portobelo is only 10,000 yards away. You'll be there this afternoon. They'll have steaks and clean clothes for you. Congratulations."

At 3:35 P.M., 11 days out of Madden airstrip, we finally came in sight of the city. It had been a rugged experience; if the experts wanted to call it the toughest march in the world I wasn't prepared to argue the point. I had lost weight at the rate of better than a pound a day, the soles of my GI boots were worn thin, and I ached in every muscle.

Near Portobelo, the soldiers got into formation and went swinging down the road in cadenced step, looking rough, hard and capable.

The only other excitement was provided by a farmer living near the road. It had been a long time since he'd seen troops tramping along that highway, and he came running out, all in a flutter. He thought a new war had been declared.

THE END



Supply drop. Rations thrown to marchers from plane plummet into Rio Pequená. Man at left sends instructions to pilot on walkie-talkie



Sgt. Bob Simmerson, St. Augustine, recovers medicine after supply drop



Four-foot boa constrictor dropped onto one soldier's shoulders as unit neared finish of 50-mile jungle hike



Medic Ed Sprague, Boston, aids Pvt. Tom Walker, Syracuse, who was knocked out by fall against tree



Cpl. Terry Marshall, Tell City, Ind., and Pfc Albert Starr, N. Reading, Mass., killed otter with shotguns



Fruit called *huebo de gato* somewhat resembles a small apple—but its stringy white pulp is poisonous





A Great Day in AMERICAN HISTORY

By U.S. Senator
JOHN F. KENNEDY

It was March 7, 1850—eleven years before the Civil War. Yet the South had just threatened to secede rather than give up slavery. Now it was up to the Senate's finest orator, Daniel Webster, to reply for the North. Would he accept the South's challenge? Or would he attempt appeasement? The big chamber was hushed as he began: "I speak today for the preservation of the Union . . ."

This re-creation of one of the most dramatic moments in the history of the U.S. Senate was written especially for Collier's by Senator Kennedy of Massachusetts. It is based on a chapter from his forthcoming book, Profiles in Courage, scheduled for publication early in January by Harper & Brothers. The illustration above and that on page 42 were painted by the well-known historical artist, Henry Pitz of Philadelphia, after painstaking research. However, to underscore the tense drama in the scene above, he has moved both the principals into the foreground



Spectators, including women, overflowed onto the Senate floor as Webster (left) answered South Carolina's ailing John C. Calhoun (right center, in coat)

THURSDAY, March 7, 1850, began like any other day in the dusty country village called Washington, D.C. Not that there was any lack of subjects for conversation: the Postmaster General had announced the establishment of a new post office in Wabashaw County—out in the wilds of the Minnesota Territory. Stevens, the haberdasher, advertising in that day's *National Intelligencer*, described his 1850-model hat as one to please "the most fastidious . . . at the old price, \$4." A nearby Virginia plantation owner, James A. Reid, had posted a \$50 reward for the return of his runaway slave, Isaac. The National Temperance League was concluding its convention with a parade down Pennsylvania Avenue. Several F Street merchants swore at a luncheon meeting that they would give up newfangled gaslighting if it failed them once more. The sky was overcast, the air was muggy. In nearly every way, the 7th of March began much like innumerable other Washington days.

But there was something different, something else in the air. Perhaps it was the threat of national disunion. People gathered in little knots to talk about it—by the firehouse, in front of the White House, around the open produce markets. Only three days earlier, Senator John C. Calhoun of South Carolina, leader of the South for more than 30 years, had told the world that "the South will be forced to choose between abolition and secession. . . . The Southern states . . . cannot remain, as things now are, consistently with honor and safety in the Union."

Although Calhoun, with bristling hair and eyes that burned like coals, still looked (in the words of the English spinster Harriet Martineau) like "the cast-iron man who had never been born and never could be extinguished," he would be extinguished before he saw the fulfillment of his dire prophecy. Indeed, he had sat by too feeble to speak on March 4th while a fellow Senator had read for him his bitter attack on the Compromise of 1850 proposed by Henry Clay, who sought to hold the Union together by perpetuating its half-slave, half-free status.

But there was no lack of younger Calhoun followers ready to secede—and to fight, if necessary. A preliminary convention had urged a full-scale convention of the South at Nashville for June of that year to popularize the idea of dissolution. During the month prior to the 7th of March, six Southern states—each to secede 10 years later—had approved the aims of the Nashville Convention and appointed delegates. The Columbus (Georgia) *Sentinel* editorialized: "Let the Nashville Convention be held and let the undivided voices of the South go forth . . . declaring our determination to resist even to civil war."

Such was the perilous state of the nation on the morning of the 7th of March, 1850. Yet it soon became apparent that still something else was stirring in Washington on that cloudy morning. Visitors from as far away as New York were pouring into the city, crowds were seen making their way, on foot and by carriage, to Capitol Hill. The word had spread

Webster was denounced in the North as "a traitor" and "an apostate" after his 7th of March speech. But modern historians acclaim it as his "last great service to the nation"



Webster

that, on that afternoon, John Calhoun would be answered—answered by the North's most renowned statesman, the American bar's most skillful advocate, the nation's most brilliant orator and the only Senator deemed capable of checking Calhoun: Daniel Webster.

DANIEL WEBSTER—the very mention of the name drew crowds hurrying to the Senate chamber. A slow speaker, averaging hardly 100 words a minute, Webster had combined the musical charm of his deep organlike voice, a vivid imagination, an ability to crush his opponents with a barrage of facts, a confident and deliberate manner of speaking and a striking appearance to become the greatest orator ever to speak in Congress, ever to address hushed throngs in Massachusetts, ever to appear as an advocate before the Supreme Court. Stern Chief Justice John Marshall was reported to have been visibly moved when Webster, making his famous defense in the Dartmouth College case, declared: "It is, sir, as I have said, a small college—and yet there are those who love it." After Webster's oration on the 200th founding of Plymouth Colony, a young Harvard professor wrote: "I was never so excited by public speaking before in my life. Three or four times I thought my temple would burst with the rush of blood...." And the peroration of Webster's reply to Senator Robert Hayne of South Carolina, when secession had threatened 20 years earlier, was now a rallying cry memorized by many a schoolboy—"Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable!"

Certainly half the secret of his remarkable oratorical power was his striking appearance, which convinced all who looked upon his face that he was one born to rule men. Although less than six feet tall, Webster's slender frame contrasted with the magnificent sweep of his shoulders to give him a theatrical but formidable presence. But it was his extraordinary head that contemporaries found most memorable, with features which the brilliant essayist Thomas Carlyle had described for all to remember: "The tanned complexion, the amorphous craglike face; the dull black eyes under the precipice of brows, like dull anthracite furnaces needing only to be blown; the mastiff mouth accurately closed." One contemporary called Webster "a living lie, because no man on earth could be so great as he looked."

The truth is Daniel Webster was not as great as he looked. Familiar to many of us today as the battler for Jabez Stone's soul against the devil in a Stephen Vincent Benét story, Webster, in his own lifetime, had many battles against the devil for his own soul—and some he lost. The flaw in the granite was the failure of his moral sense to develop as acutely as his other faculties. He could see nothing improper in writing a note to the president of the Bank of the United States—at the very time when the Senate was debating a renewal of the bank's charter—reminding him that "my retainer has not been received or refreshed as usual." When he tried to resign from the Senate in 1836 to recoup speculative losses through his law practice, his Massachusetts businessmen friends joined to pay off all his debts to retain him in office. Even at his deathbed, it is said, there was a knock at his door, and a large roll of bills was thrust in by an old gentleman with the words: "At such a time as this, there should be no shortage of money in the house."

Webster took all that was offered him, and more. What is difficult to comprehend is that he saw no wrong in it, morally or otherwise. It never occurred to him that by his own free choice he had sold his services and his talents—however extraordinary they might have been—to the people of the United States, and no one else, when he drew his salary as United States Senator. Daniel Webster, as one of his intimate friends once wrote, was "a compound of strength and weakness, dust and divinity"—or,

in Ralph Waldo Emerson's words, "a great man with a small ambition."

There could be no mistaking he was a great man—he looked like one, talked like one, was treated like one and insisted he was one. With all his faults and failings, Daniel Webster was undoubtedly one of the most talented figures in our Congressional history, and the crowd gathering in the Senate wing of the Capitol on the 7th of March knew that at last the great man and the great issue of the century were about to meet.

But what would the Senator from Massachusetts say? Self-styled political experts argued on the Senate steps over the pressures Webster had felt in the past few months. The abolitionists, who were particularly strong in Massachusetts, had been urging him to condemn the Clay Compromise and to let the South secede. Massachusetts newspapers, the majority of his constituents, the leading members of the Whig party, which he had helped to found—all had admonished him strongly not to waver in his consistent antislavery stand. One feature of the Clay Compromise would have organized the lands recently won from Mexico as the territories of Utah and New Mexico, without legislation either for or against slavery—thus undermining the declaration by most Northerners that slavery would be forever prohibited in the new territories. And Daniel Webster was being reminded that he had told the Senate in the Oregon Debate: "I shall oppose all slavery extension and all increase of slave representation in all places, at all times, under all circumstances, even against all inducements, against all supposed limitation of great interests, against all combinations, against all compromises."

But to the North, by far the most objectionable provision of the Clay Compromise was the section calling for a more stringent fugitive slave law, to guarantee the return to their masters of runaway slaves captured in the North. The Fugitive Slave Act was the most bitterly hated measure—and, until Prohibition, the most flagrantly disobeyed—ever passed by Congress. Massachusetts had even enacted a law making it a crime for anyone to enforce its provisions in that state. Surely Senator Daniel Webster of Massachusetts would not support such a compromise!

* * *

As the growing crowd sweltered in the stuffy confines of the Capitol, Daniel Webster sat calmly in the library of his comfortable Washington home, polishing up the notes for his address and chatting amiably with a friend whom he had invited from Boston for the occasion. Realizing after months of insomnia that this might be the last great effort his health would permit, he had stimulated his strength with oxide of arsenic and other drugs. Now he was relaxed—until his conversation was excitedly interrupted by the Senate sergeant at arms, who told him that even then (two hours before the Senate was to meet) the chamber, the galleries, the anterooms and even the corridors of the Capitol were filled with those who had been traveling for days from all parts of the nation to hear Daniel Webster. Many foreign diplomats, and most members of the House of Representatives, were among those vying for standing room. Urging the sergeant at arms to save two choice seats for his wife and guest, Webster completed the final preparation of his notes.

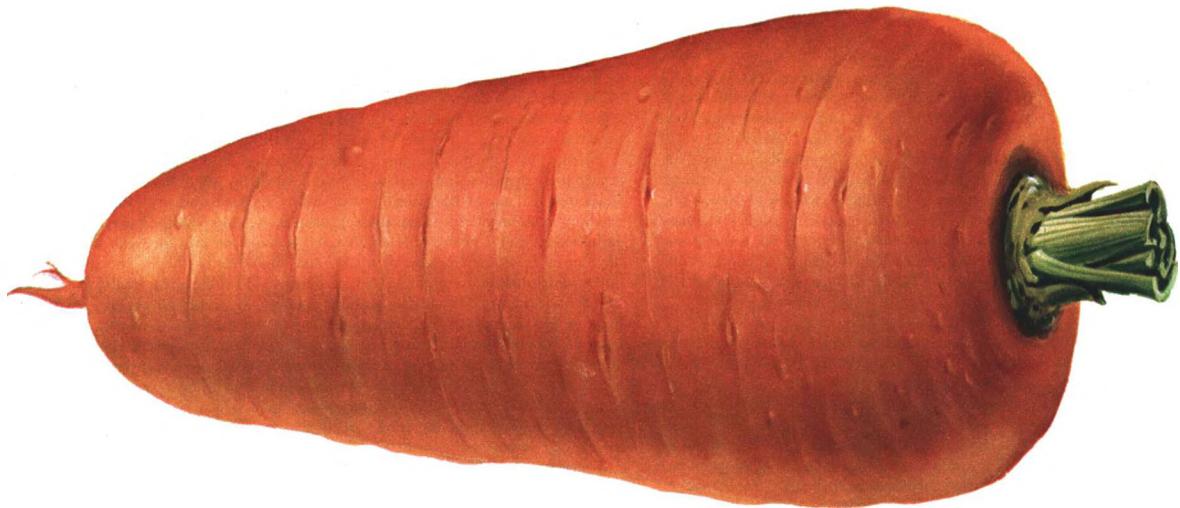
And so the United States Senate met at noon on the 7th of March—the only day in history which would become the title of a speech delivered on the Senate floor. Few people know today—few even recalled the following year—what formal title Webster gave to his address, for it became known at once as the "7th of March" speech much as Independence Day is known as the Fourth of July.

Senators could scarcely walk to their seats through the crowd which had filled the Senate floor itself as well as the galleries. Spectators, side by side with Senators and members of the House, sat on temporary benches made of stacks of public documents. Most Senators gave up their seats to ladies and stood in the aisles awaiting Webster's opening blast. Everyone perspired in the close, foul air of the Senate chamber.

As the Vice-President commenced the session, Senator Isaac Walker of Wisconsin, who held the floor to finish a speech begun the day before, told the chair that "this vast audience has not assembled to hear me, and there is but one man, in my opinion, who can assemble such an audience. They expect to hear him, and I feel it to be my duty, as well as my pleasure, to give the floor therefor to the Senator from Massachusetts."

The crowd fell silent as Daniel Webster rose slowly to his feet, all the impressive powers of his extraordinary physical appearance—the great, dark, brooding eyes, the wonderfully bronzed complexion, the majestic domed forehead—commanding the same awe they had for more than 30 years. In his moments of magnificent inspiration, as Emerson once described him, Webster was truly "the great cannon loaded to the lips."

Garbed in his familiar blue-tailed coat with brass buttons, and a buff waistcoat and black breeches, he deliberately paused a moment as he gazed about at one of the greatest assemblages of Senators ever to gather



*We may seem a little extravagant
with the Campbell Carrot*

Ever notice the care that a good cook takes when she's expecting somebody important for dinner? That's the way we try to work every day here in the Campbell Kitchens.

Take carrots, for instance. No two carrots that come to Campbell are exactly alike. So the only way we can make sure of removing every last little flaw and discoloration is to trim them by hand. And that's just what we do.

On the average, 15 to 18% of the carrot is cut away in the process. This may seem a little extravagant, we think it's well worth the cost to make sure that nothing but the best goes into the soup.

Hand trimming is only a small part of the treatment we give every carrot. Each one is rinsed, washed, inspected, diced, and inspected again.

Then Campbell's skilled chefs cook the carrots so that the rich orange color stays in.

The over-all care Campbell takes with every carrot is typical of the lengths to which we go to make sure you can serve every food from the Campbell Kitchens with confidence and pride. It's the only way you can do things when you live by this creed:

"To make the best, begin with the best—then cook with extra care."

*"We blend the best with careful pains
In skillful combination
And every single can contains
Our business reputation."*



Campbell's

Soups • Tomato Juice • Pork & Beans
V-8 Cocktail Vegetable Juices
Franco-American Products • Swanson Products

in that chamber: the ailing Henry Clay of Kentucky, still flourishing his traditional large silk handkerchief; the proud Thomas Hart Benton of Missouri, with his cloak wrapped about him like a Roman toga; Sam Houston of Texas, quietly whittling on a stick of pine; Jefferson Davis of Mississippi, not yet dreaming he would one day be president of the Confederate States; Stephen Douglas of Illinois, soon to combat Abraham Lincoln in a series of powerful debates; William Seward of New York, who would become a famous Secretary of State in Lincoln's Cabinet; Salmon P. Chase of Ohio, who would later ascend to the Cabinet and then to the exalted rank of chief justice; Lewis Cass of Michigan, John Bell of Tennessee and John Hale of New Hampshire, all of whom were at one time or another Presidential nominees—and many others.

ALL eyes were fixed on the speaker, and no spectator save his own son knew what he would say. "I have never before," wrote a newspaper correspondent, "witnessed an occasion on which there was deeper feeling enlisted or more universal anxiety to catch the most distinct echo of the speaker's voice." What would he say? As the North's leading spokesman and orator, would he stand four-square for abolition? Or would he commit political suicide by coming out for the hated Clay Compromise? Not a chair creaked, not a skirt rustled as Daniel Webster began.

"Mr. President," said the Senator from Massachusetts, "I wish to speak today not as a Massachusetts man, nor as a Northern man, but as an American and a member of the Senate of the United States. . . . I speak today for the preservation of the Union. 'Hear me for my cause'"

Webster had spoken but for a short time when the gaunt form of John Calhoun, wrapped in a voluminous long black coat, was dramatically assisted into his seat, where he sat trembling and scarcely able to move, unnoticed by the speaker. After several expressions of regret by Webster that illness prevented the distinguished Senator from South Carolina from being present, Calhoun—who had risen from his deathbed to pay one of his last visits to the Senate for the momentous occasion—struggled up, grasping the arms of his chair, and in a clear but ghostly voice proudly announced: "The Senator from South Carolina *is* in his seat." Webster was touched, and with tears in his eyes he extended a long, low bow toward the black figure of Calhoun, who sank back exhausted and feeble, eying the Massachusetts orator with a sphinxlike expression which disclosed no hint of either approval or disapproval.

For three hours and eleven minutes, with only a few references to his extensive notes, Daniel Webster pleaded the Union's cause. It was clear now that he had deliberately chosen the unpopular course, that he had decided to support the Clay Compromise as the only alternative to division of the country and perhaps civil war. "The imprisoned winds are let loose," he said. "The East, the West, the North and the stormy South all combine to throw the whole ocean into commotion, to toss its billows to the skies, and to disclose its profoundest depths. . . .

"I have a part to act, not for my own security or safety, for I am looking out for no fragment upon which to float away from the wreck, if wreck there must be, but for the good of the whole, and the preservation of the whole. . . . I speak today out of a solicitous and anxious heart for the restoration to the country of that quiet and that harmony which make the blessings of this Union so rich and so dear to us all."

Summoning for the last time his spellbinding oratorical ability, the Massachusetts Senator abandoned his previous opposition to slavery in the territories, abandoned his constituents' abhorrence of the Fugitive Slave Law, abandoned his own place in the history and hearts of his countrymen, and abandoned his last chance for the goal that had eluded him for over 20 years—the Presidency. Daniel Webster preferred to risk his career and his reputation rather than risk the Union.

Relating the grievances of each side, he asked for conciliation and understanding in the name of patriotism. The Senate's main concern, he insisted, was neither to promote slavery nor to abolish it, but to preserve the United States of America. His theme was the theme which in later years Abraham Lincoln would express in these memorable words: "My paramount object is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery. . . ."

With telling logic and remarkable foresight, Webster bitterly attacked the idea of "peaceable secession": "Sir, your eyes and mine are never destined to see that miracle. The dismemberment of this vast country without convulsion! The breaking up of the fountains of the great deep without ruffling the surface! Who is so foolish, I beg everybody's pardon,

as to expect to see any such thing? . . . I would rather hear of natural blasts and mildews, war, pestilence and famine, than to hear gentlemen talk of secession. To break up . . . this great government! to dismember this great country! . . . No, sir! No, sir! There will be no secession!"

Finally, his audience hanging on every word, Webster brought his speech to an inspiring and colorful climax: "And now, Mr. President, instead of speaking of the possibility or utility of secession, instead of dwelling in these caverns of darkness, instead of groping with those ideas so full of all that is horrid and horrible, let us come out into the light of day; let us enjoy the fresh air of liberty and union; let us cherish those hopes which belong to us; let us devote ourselves to those great objects that are fit for our consideration and our action; let us raise our conceptions to the magnitude and the importance of the duties that devolve upon us; let our comprehension be as broad as the country for which we act, our aspirations as high as its certain destiny; let us not be pygmies in a case that calls for men. . . . Let us make our generation one of the strongest and brightest links in that golden chain which is destined, I fully believe, to grapple the people of all the states to this Constitution for ages to come. . . ."

There was no applause. Buzzing and astonished whispering, yes, but no applause. Perhaps his hearers were too intent—or too astonished. A reporter rushed to the telegraph office. "Mr. Webster has assumed a great responsibility," he wired his paper, "and whether he succeeds or fails, the courage with which he has come forth at least entitles him to the respect of the country."

Daniel Webster did succeed. Even though his speech was repudiated by many in the North, the very fact that one who represented such a belligerent constituency would appeal for understanding in the name of unity and patriotism was recognized in Washington and throughout the South as a bona-fide assurance of Southern rights. Despite Calhoun's own intransigence, his Charleston Mercury praised Webster's address as "noble in language, generous and conciliatory in tone. Mr. Calhoun's clear and powerful exposition would have had something of a decisive effect if it had not been so soon followed by Mr. Webster's masterly playing." And the New Orleans Picayune hailed Webster for "the moral courage to do what he believes just in itself and necessary for the peace and safety of the country."

AND so the danger of immediate secession and bloodshed passed. As Congressman Robert Winthrop of Massachusetts remarked, Webster's speech had "disarmed and quieted the South [and] knocked the Nashville Convention into a cocked hat." The Journal of Commerce was to remark in later months that "Webster did more than any other man in the whole country, and at a greater hazard of personal popularity, to stem and roll back the torrent of sectionalism which in 1850 threatened to overthrow the pillars of the Constitution and the Union."

Undoubtedly this was understood by many of Webster's supporters, including the business and professional men of Massachusetts who helped distribute hundreds of thousands of copies of the 7th of March speech throughout the country. It was understood by Daniel Webster, who dedicated the printed copies to the people of Massachusetts with these words: "Necessity compels me to speak true rather than pleasing things. . . . I should indeed like to please you; but I prefer to save you, whatever be your attitude toward me."

Yet it was not understood by the abolitionists and Free Soilers of 1850, who included in their midst an unusual array of brilliant literary men. Few politicians have ever had the distinction of being scourged by such talented constituents. The Reverend Theodore Parker of Boston, heedless of the dangers of secession, who had boasted of harboring a fugitive slave in his cellar and writing his sermons with a sword under his inkstand and a pistol in his desk "loaded and ready for defense," denounced Webster in merciless fashion from his pulpit, and would continue the attack even after Webster's death. "No living man has done so much," he cried, "to debauch the conscience of the nation. . . . I know of no deed in American history done by a son of New England to which I can compare this, but the act of Benedict Arnold."

"Webster," said Horace Mann, famed both as a Massachusetts congressman and an educator, "is a fallen star! Lucifer descending from Heaven!" Henry Wadsworth Longfellow asked the world: "Is it possible? Is this the Titan who hurled mountains at Hayne years ago?" And Ralph Waldo Emerson proclaimed that "Every drop of blood in that man's veins has eyes that look downward. . . . Webster's absence of

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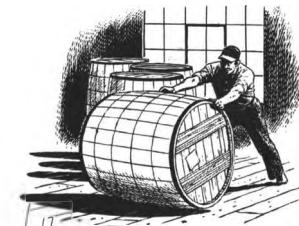
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Webster's Union plea wrecked his White House chances

moral faculty is degrading to the country." To journalist William Cullen Bryant, Webster was "a man who has deserted the cause which he lately defended, and deserted it under circumstances which force upon him the imputation of a sordid motive." To James Russell Lowell, the poet and diplomat, he was "the most meanly and foolishly treacherous man I ever heard of."

Charles Sumner, the Massachusetts lawyer who would succeed him in the Senate, enrolled the name of Webster on "the dark list of apostates. Mr. Webster's elaborate treason has done more than anything else to break down the North." A mass meeting in Boston's Faneuil Hall condemned the speech as "unworthy of a wise statesman and a good man," and resolved that "Constitution or no Constitution, law or no law, we will not allow a fugitive slave to be taken from the State of Massachusetts." As the Massachusetts legislature enacted further resolutions wholly contrary to the spirit of the 7th of March speech, one member called Webster "a recreant son of Massachusetts who misrepresents her in the Senate"; another stated that "Daniel Webster will be a fortunate man if God, in His sparing mercy, shall preserve his life long enough for him to repent of this act and efface this stain on his name."

Edmund Quincy, a prominent Bostonian, spoke bitterly of the "ineffable meanness of the lion turned spaniel in his fawnings on the masters whose hands he was licking for the sake of the dirty puddings they might have to toss to him." And finally, Daniel Webster was humiliated for all time in the literature of our land by the cutting words of the usually gentle John Greenleaf Whittier in his immortal poem Ichabod:

*So fallen! so lost! the light withdrawn
Which once he wore!*

*The glory from his gray hairs gone
Forevermore! . . .*

*Oh, dumb be passion's stormy rage,
When he who might
Have lighted up and led his age,
Falls back in night. . . .*

*Let not the land once proud of him
Insult him now.
Nor brand with deeper shame his dim,
Dishonored brow. . . .*

*Of all we loved and honored, naught
Save power remains;
A fallen angel's pride of thought,
Still strong in chains.*

*All else is gone; from those great eyes
The soul has fled:
When faith is lost, when honor dies,
The man is dead!*

*Then pay the reverence of old days
To his dead fame;
Walk backward, with averted gaze,
And hide the shame!*

Years afterward Whittier was to recall that he penned this acid verse "in one of the saddest moments of my life." Surely, when Daniel Webster—the arrogant, scornful giant of the ages who believed himself above political rancor—read those words it must have been one of the saddest moments of his life. To some extent he had attempted to shrug off his attackers, stating that he had expected to be libeled and abused—particularly by the abolitionists and intellectuals who had previously scorned him—much as others before him had been abused. To those who urged a prompt reply, he merely related the story of the old deacon in a similar predicament who told his friend: "I always make it a rule never to clean up the path until the snow is done falling."

But he was deeply saddened by the torrent of insults which blackened his name in his own home state, and he remarked: "Since the 7th of March there has not been an hour in which I have not felt a crushing weight of anxiety. I have sat down to no breakfast or dinner to which I have brought an unconcerned and easy mind."

Moving from the Senate to the Cabinet of President Millard Fillmore, but once again disappointed in his hopes that he might move from there to the White House itself, Daniel Webster lived to see the fruition of his 7th of March address in the passage later that year of the Clay Compromise. But, although he noted sarcastically that many of his colleagues were now saying that "they always meant to stand by the Union to the last," his own popularity in the North never recovered from the blow which his own address had dealt it. At the 1852 Whig Convention, he not only failed to receive a single Southern vote but was rejected by many of his Northern friends as well. And when the Boston Whigs urged that the party platform take credit for the Clay Compromise, of which, they said, "Daniel Webster, with the concurrence of Henry Clay and other profound statesmen, was the author," Senator Tom Corwin of Ohio was reported to have commented sarcastically: "And I, with the concurrence of Moses and some extra help, wrote the Ten Commandments."

Daniel Webster, aging and ailing, could not foresee on the 7th of March that his beloved Union ten years later would snap the ties which he had sought to strengthen. He could not foresee that many historians would condemn him for appeasing the South in 1850 when eventual secession would have been inevitable anyway. But neither could he foresee the long-range effect his speech would have in preserving the Union.

Had the South seceded in 1850—when there was no Abraham Lincoln in the White House, when every avenue of conciliation had not been fully exhausted—the Union would have been permanently split. The United States of America would not be what it is today. Delaying war for ten years narrowed the issues between North and South, and the spirit of conciliation in Webster's speech gave the North the righteous feeling that it had made every attempt to treat the South with fairness. The 1850 Compromise became a thing of the past soon after its passage. Clay and Calhoun, as well as Webster himself, passed from the scene. But the very existence of such a compromise agreement, and the very knowledge of the conciliatory approach for which the North's leading spokesmen had pleaded, helped delay secession for ten years and helped unite more strongly the defenders of the Union against what they felt to be Southern violations of those compromises a decade later. Even from the military point of view of the North, postponement of the battle for ten years enabled the Northern states to increase tremendously their lead in popularity, voting power, production and railroads.

But it is doubtful that Daniel Webster, harangued and harassed by the greatest array of constituent talent ever to condemn a Senator, foresaw the full implications of why modern historians would rank the 7th of March speech as "the highest statesmanship" and "Webster's last great service to the nation."

In 1852 he died—disappointed and discouraged, his eyes fixed on the flag flying from the mast of the sailboat he had anchored in view of his bedroom window. To the end he was true to character, saying to those gathered around his deathbed: "Have I—wife, son, doctor, friends, are you all here?—have I, on this occasion, said anything unworthy of Daniel Webster?"

To the end, too, he was true to the Union, and to his greatest act of courageous principle; for in his last words to the Senate, Webster had written his own epitaph: "No man can suffer too much, and no man can fall too soon, if he suffer or if he fall in defense of the liberties and Constitution of his country."

THE END

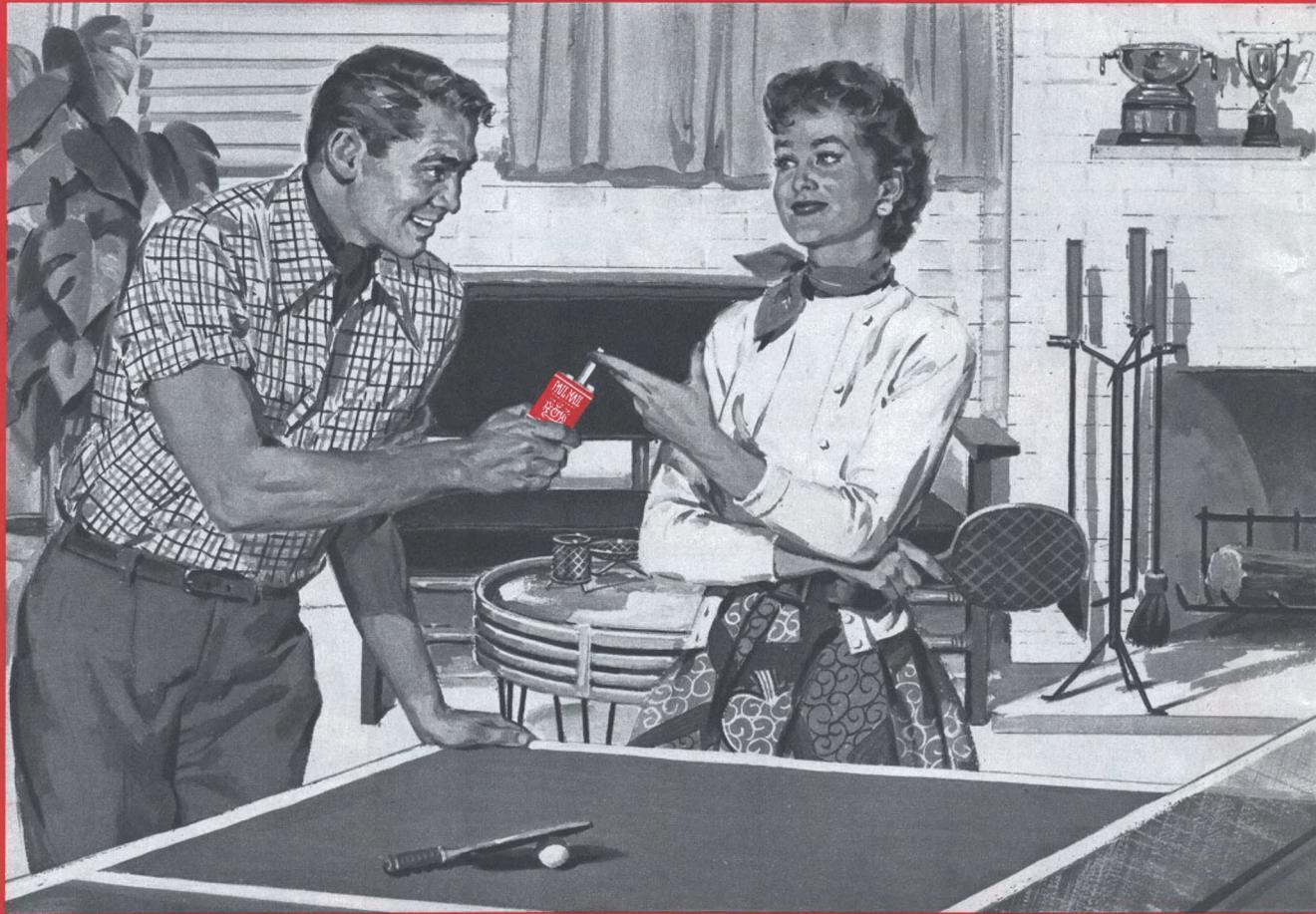


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The old guard said later: "An odd shadow was perched on the garden wall. When I fired, it leaped down, and I saw it was a man"

Revenge of the Bedouin

By CHARLES B. CHILD

At the time of the murder, a bloodcurdling cry had been heard in the night. Chafik knew the victim had not uttered it; and that was the telltale clue

THE early sun of Baghdad, focused on the wrought-iron grille of the window, cast a curious, patterned shadow over the body on the bed. The police inspector was moved to say, "I trust this is not an omen."

He looked at his sergeant, a dour and excellent man, who said seriously, "No, sir—it is murder!"

Inspector Chafik did not smile, for it would have embarrassed his subordinate, but the Inspector's thin and swarthy face softened as he turned away. He was a small man conservatively dressed in a cool white suit and meticulously groomed. A black *sidarah* crowned his sleek head, proclaiming his Moslem faith.

"How cosmic is the sunrise!" Chafik said. "Really, so inconsiderate of Mr. Kedayer to present himself as a corpse when Baghdad has made herself up for him! How did he die, Abdullah?"

"Sir, he died by the knife," the sergeant said. "A clean job—one flick! I do not remember a neater throat cutting."

"And what motive is there for this murder?"

"None is apparent, sir. Revenge is a possibility. The deceased was a very hard man," said the sergeant.

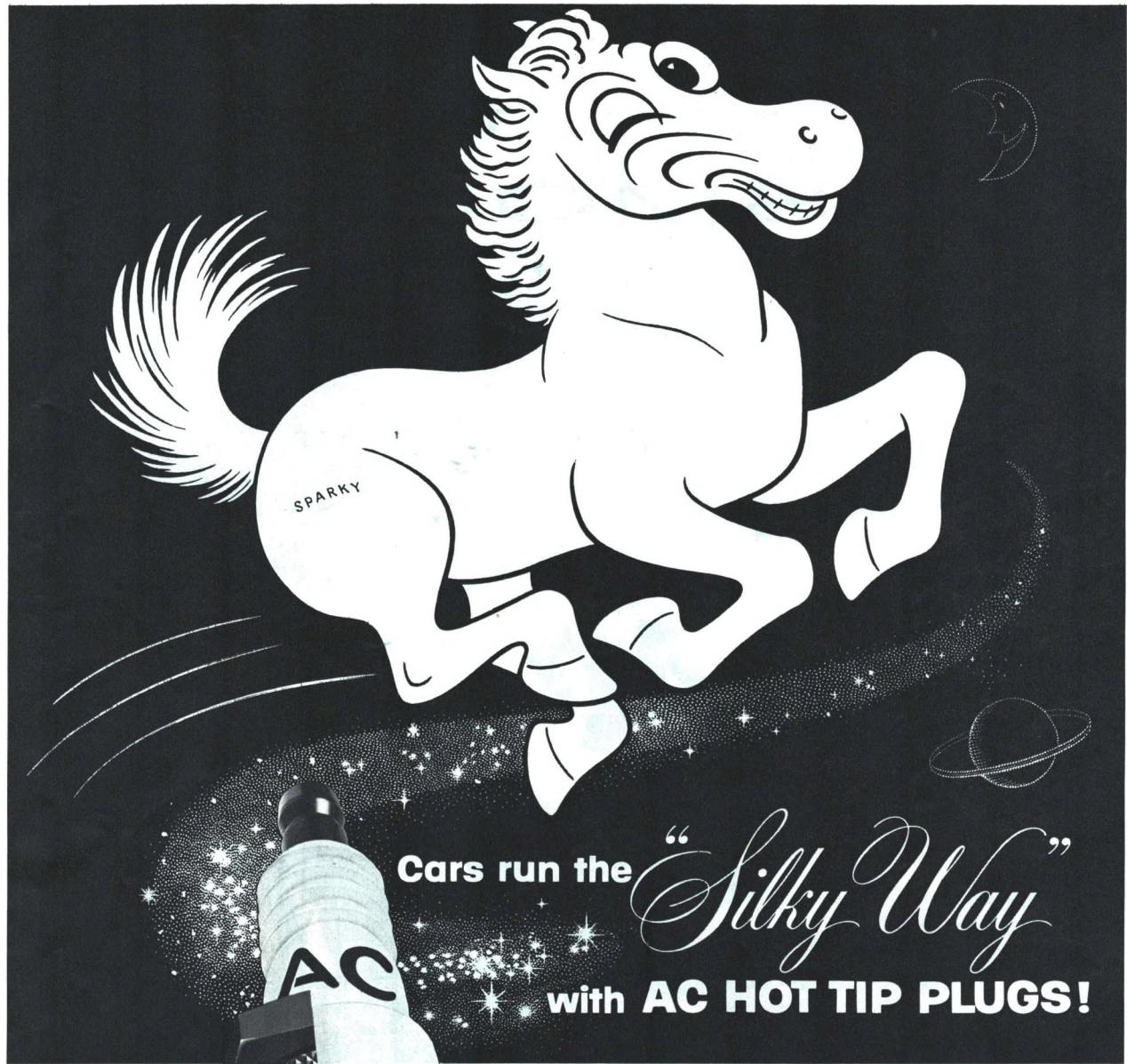
Inspector Chafik nodded. "Kedayer, named Yusif," he said. "Age about sixty. Wealthy. Estates near Lake Habaniya. A parliamentary deputy. Three unsuccessful marriages. At present married to Nadra, daughter of Sheik Saadi al-Kifri, deceased. Yes, yes. I know much about Mr. Kedayer!" Then for the first time he went and studied the corpse, and after a moment said briskly, "Well, Abdullah? What evidence have we got?"

"Nothing but a cry, sir. And a very remarkable cry, so I am told!"

"The deceased could have uttered no cry," said the Inspector.

"But observe his eyes are open, sir! He saw his assassin. I submit that as the knife was drawn, he—"

"Observe the reposed position of the body and the hands," Chafik said. "This man died too quickly to voice protest. (Continued on page 54)



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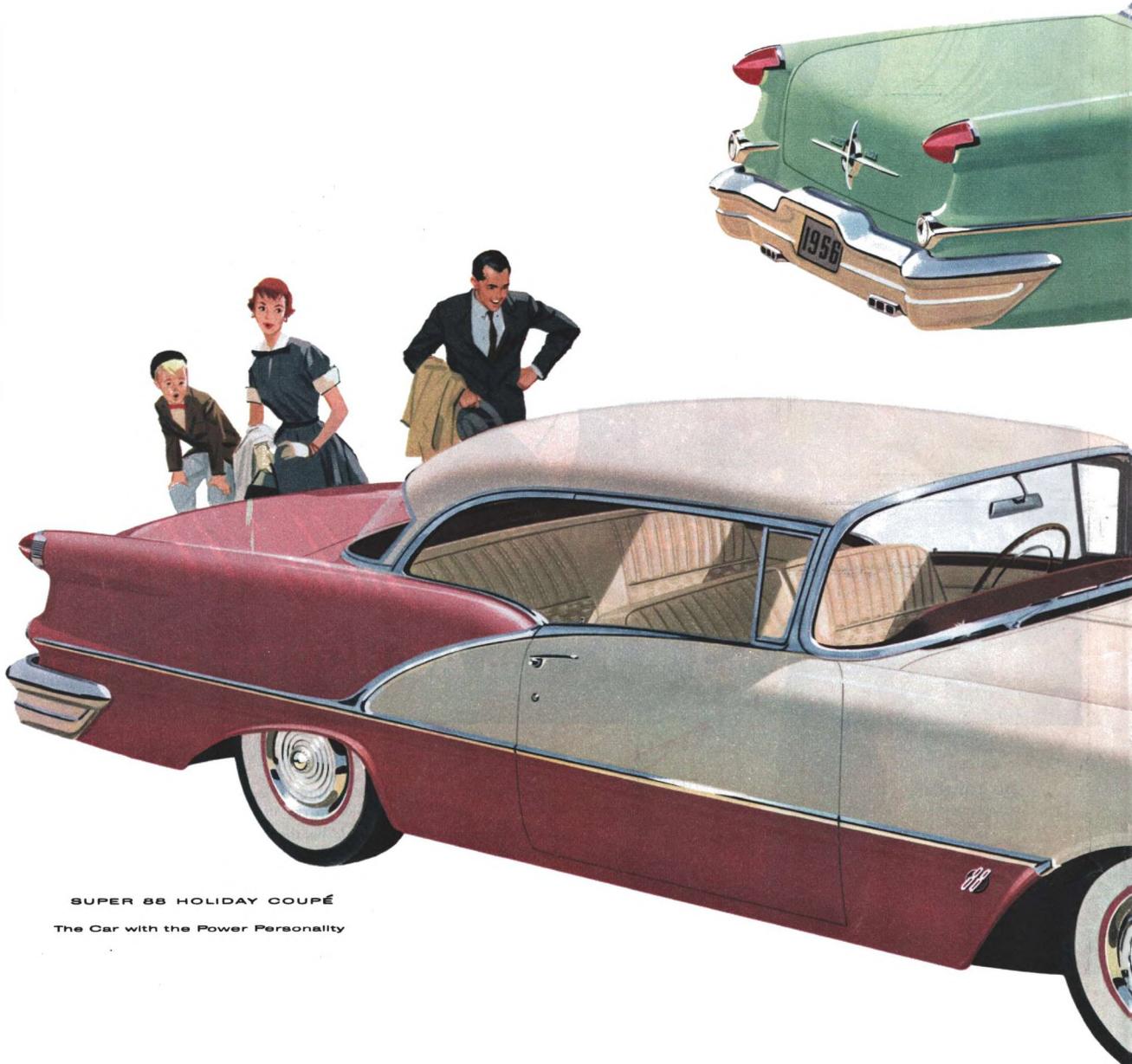
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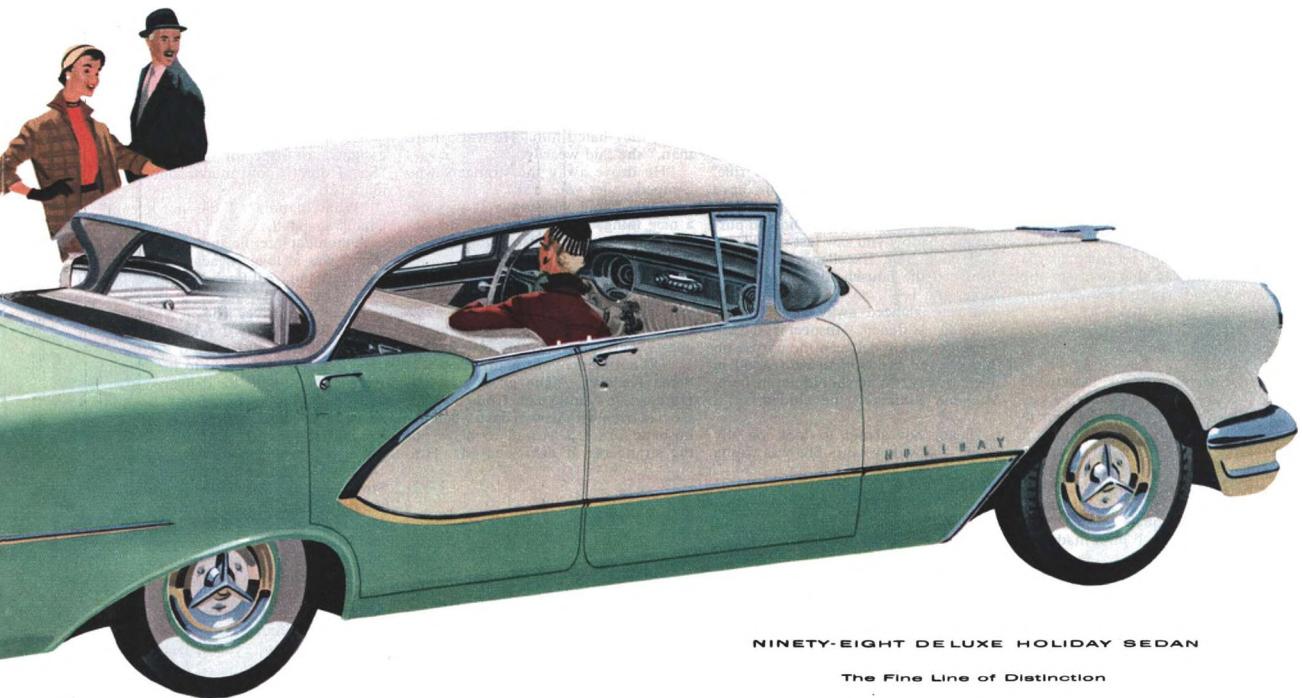
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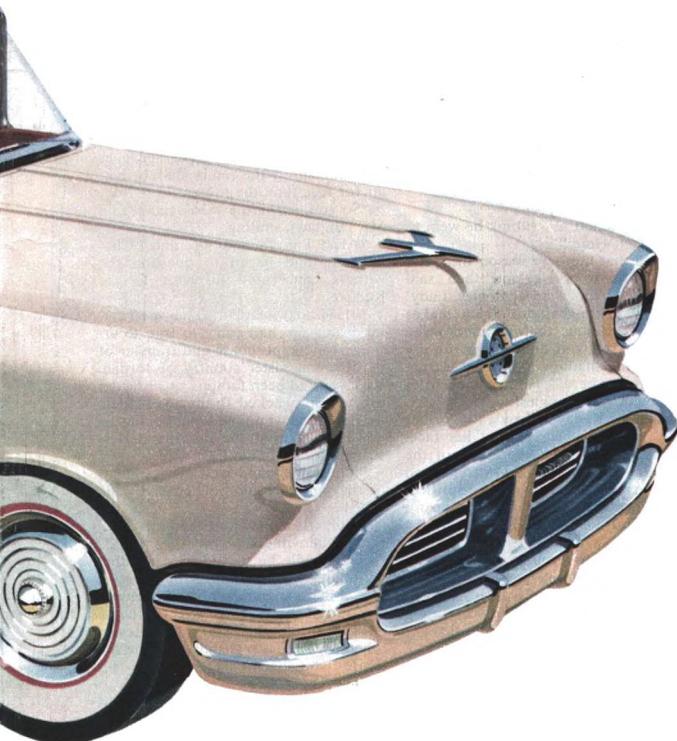
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(Continued from page 50) Whoever shouted, it was not he!"

"There was a cry," said Sergeant Abdullah stubbornly.

Shortly thereafter, the sergeant produced a witness. The man's name was Murad, and he was the night guard of Kedayer's house on the riverbank. Murad stood with his rifle at his side as he said, "I was his slave."

Chafik replied, "The days of slaves are over; nevertheless, I will note your loyalty on your dossier. Now report to me, as you would have done to your master, about the night."

"Excellency, it was moonless and very still," Murad said. "I killed two scorpions in the garden and one snake. I did my patrols and returned to the foot of the stairway that leads to my lady's rooms. There I keep constant watch."

"Why?"

"The master's orders."

THE Inspector looked closely at the bearded old man. What he saw in the round dark eyes caused him to say absently, "Middle-aged husbands of young wives too often dream of young men prowling." He heard himself and, as always, was annoyed by his habit of thinking aloud. "Come to the dawn hour," he said brusquely.

"At that hour an evil jinni made my eyes heavy."

"Perhaps it was your years," Chafik said in a kinder voice. "What awakens you?"

"The cry."

Sergeant Abdullah's mahogany-colored face broke into a triumphant smile. Irritated, Chafik said, "So there was this cry, was there? What was it like?"

"A high shout, Excellency. Like a trumpet sounding. I went to investigate. There was an odd shadow perched on the garden wall—"

"How odd? What did it resemble?"

"A great bird. I challenged and fired, and when it leaped from the wall I saw it was man-shaped. Alas! I am no longer the marksman I once was!" the old guard said sadly. "Otherwise, surely I would have killed that thieving nomad."

"To what nomad do you refer?" asked the Inspector.

"The one that killed my master, Excellency! A few days ago people came and camped within our shadow. They were tribeless wanderers, the kind that come with the swallows, plant their crops, harvest, and are gone. Bedouins!" Murad said with a city man's disgust, and he spat.

Chafik nodded. These fleeting visitors came to Baghdad in the spring of the year, and their crude shelters mushroomed overnight. They would turn their cow or goat to graze on the grass that sprang from the rain-fed dust, and plant crops on the islands of silt that appeared when the river went down after the floods; the fertile soil was considered a gift from God, and so was legally free.

"What happened to these unfortunate?" the Inspector asked the witness.

"The master asked me to drive them away."

Murad went to the window and pointed. Beyond the garden was the parapet of the river wall and a thirty-foot drop. The waters of the Tigris had receded and left a beach. Here a few boats were drawn up, and there was the wreckage of a lean-to and other signs of habitation including the vines of a bean crop recently torn up and destroyed by fire.

"It is my work to drive them away," said the old man without pride.

"Your master was indeed hard."

"Yes, Excellency. Always he would clench his fists at these landless ones. I remember long ago when we lived on the estates at Lake Habaniya, there were just such nomads, and—It does not matter now," Murad said abruptly, dismissing unwelcome thoughts. "The ones I drove from our walls yesterday killed my master!"

The old man's voice was hard and flat. His hand tightened on his rifle, and Chafik thought of what must have happened on the estates at Lake Habaniya. He said sharply, "Did you pursue the shadow you saw last night?"

"I could not, Excellency. My shot disturbed the household, and the lady came, and I—"

Murad glanced away and then he suddenly stiffened. Inspector Chafik stepped quickly between the corpse on the bed and the woman who stood in the doorway. "You should not be here, Madame Kedayer!" he chided. . . .

"I am not afraid to look on my dead," the widow said. She was young

"I saw nothing—nothing!"

Her voice was shrill and he noted the way her hands were clenched—as if she held a secret, he thought. Aloud he said, "Had your husband enemies?"

"A man without enemies is not a man," Madame Kedayer said.

"Then that makes me all man!" Chafik said wryly. "So many hate policemen!"

Madame Kedayer did not smile. "Yes, they hated him. He was a hard man," she said wearily.

"He drove away the strangers who camped under your wall?"

"Murad told you that? It was not a nice thing; they were such sad people. And it was so distressing for our guest . . ."

"There is a guest here? Why was I not told?" The Inspector looked angrily at his assistant.

"Sir! I was never told there was a guest!" Sergeant Abdullah protested.

"Do not blame your man," said Madame Kedayer. "The guest was Mr. Hindawi, a gentleman from Jordan. He had been with us two days when my husband ordered Murad to drive out the strangers. It distressed Mr. Hindawi."

Chafik sat in the back of the police car that returned him to the city. "Yes, yes, she has a brother!" he muttered to himself as he flicked ash from a cigarette. "Name, Raouf. Only son of Sheikh Saad al-Kifri. Raouf is nineteen and she's older. He's a difficult, troublesome young man and a bit of a political firebrand—suspended from law school because of some speeches he made. What do you think of him?"

The driver of the car, who was newly assigned to Inspector Chafik, replied, "Sir, I don't know much about these matters."

"What matters? I did not speak!" Chafik snapped.

A moment later he announced, "And Raouf was at loggerheads with his sister's husband. All Baghdad knows that—didn't you?"

The police driver said in a resigned voice, "Where may I take you, sir?"

Inspector Chafik squared his shoulders. "When I ask to go to the Regent Hotel, I expect to be delivered there with less grinding of gears," he said. At once he added sheepishly, "So I've been talking again? My foolish voice is not always intended to be heard."

They stopped at the hotel on Rashid Street and the Inspector inquired for the man who had been Kedayer's guest. Mr. Hindawi was dark and bearded and wore the yellow *kuffia* that was the headdress of his country; otherwise he was in European clothes. "I was informed about what happened. I expected you," he said gravely.

"I always come after Death has called," Inspector Chafik said apologetically.

THEY sat in the garden and looked at the river. Terraces went down to water's edge, and there were neat lawns and many flowers. The sun shone behind groves of date palms, and the day was not yet too hot.

"It is very pretty here," remarked Mr. Hindawi.

"For the moment," Chafik said.

"One is reminded," continued Mr. Hindawi, "of those early hours, and of the night when it covers with darkness, and of the Lord who has not forsaken you, nor has become displeased—"

"You quote," said Inspector Chafik, "from the Koran. That passage goes on: 'And surely the future shall be better for thee than the present.' "

"So you, too, are a theologian," said Mr. Hindawi, smiling.

"Alas! I am first a policeman," Chafik said, and began to question the witness concerning his visit to the Kedayers.

Mr. Hindawi explained he was a cattle dealer and had come to Iraq to arrange for the purchase and transfer of herds to the sister country of Jordan. Kedayer had been famous as a breeder of the humpbacked Brahmans, which, as Mr. Hindawi pointed out, could sustain themselves on the almost waterless plains of the Middle East.

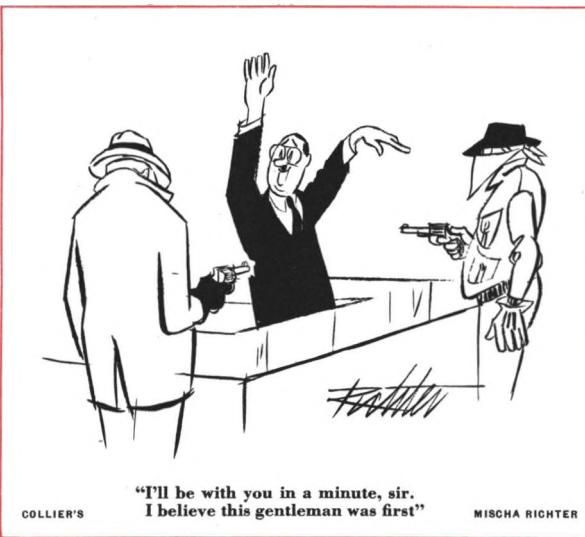
"You understand well the problems of the Bedouins, do you not?" Chafik asked.

"I myself came from the tents," admitted the witness.

The profile he turned was like that of a hawk, and the Inspector thought: Yes, a Bedouin, but he no longer enjoys the simplicity of that way of living.

"I was told that you were present when Mr. Kedayer dismissed some nomads who had camped under his walls," Chafik said.

"It was not a gracious act," said Mr. Hindawi. "Nor a wise one," he added thoughtfully. (Continued on page 58)



and dark, and the looseness of her gown did not hide that she was with child. Her pride denied grief, and the Inspector was reminded that she was of the tents, a Bedouin daughter of a desert prince. He salaamed out of respect for her.

Her self-control of grief distressed the Inspector. He was a man who cried when he was sad and laughed when he was happy. "Madame," he said. "Some times when our river is heavy with flood it is wise to break the levees to reduce pressure."

"You mean I should waste tears?"

"Madame!"

"Tears do not bring vengeance," said Madame Kedayer.

The Inspector frowned. The code of these desert people was earthy, and recognized by the legal statutes of the country. He checked his own distress and said officially. "Very well, then. Help me fill in the gaps in the evidence your husband's guard has given me. Did you hear the cry Murad talks about?"

He was sure she hesitated before she answered. "I heard only the shot."

"You didn't see the shadow?"

dawi and he left us. I think he went to the Regent Hotel."

"Was that the only reason the guest left?" Chafik asked, and then said quickly: "A thousand apologies, Lady! My very detestable profession makes me so suspicious that I cannot even assure myself you didn't hear the cry and see the shadow! Ah, what a casket I have up here!" He struck his forehead with his knuckles.

Madame Kedayer drew a fold of her robe over the lower part of her face. It was not usual for a princess of the tents to veil, and Chafik was concerned because she was so obviously disturbed. He remembered she would soon bear a child, and he said with tenderness. "You have a brother—isn't his name Raouf? I advise you to send for him at this difficult time."

The young widow's eyes widened. "Raouf must not come here!" she cried. "Not here!" she repeated, and fled.

Inspector Chafik watched her go. "Chafik! J. Chafik, may you be forgiven for the pain you have unwittingly given her!" he said in the humble voice he used when he talked with his God in the mosque.



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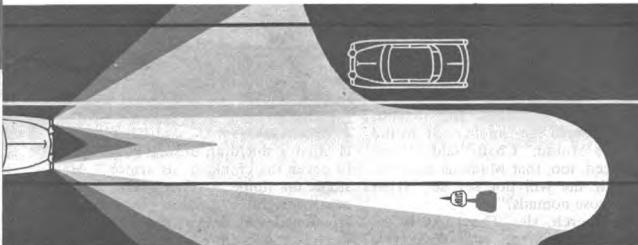
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(Continued from page 54) "You mean it provoked murder?"

"I mean it was cause for a judgment!"

"I am not an expert there: my concern is only with Kedayer's body," Chafik said. "Do you think these nomads were capable of killing him?"

"They were so poor and helpless they even apologized to live! But surely they had the right."

"What right? No man has the right to kill another!"

"Then you have forgotten your Koran," said Mr. Hindawi severely.

He rose and paced slowly with hands clasped before him. Although a big man, he had the noiseless grace of a cat. His voice was deep and resonant as he quoted: "Retaliation for bloodshed is prescribed to you—"

Chafik stopped him, saying, "As a policeman on duty I am unclean, and my ears are therefore profane. So, sir, speak the Word only to yourself."

"You are right," agreed Mr. Hindawi. The resonance went out of his voice and he said flatly, "I am afraid I cannot help you, Inspector. I did not know the Kedayers until I came to Baghdad."

"But perhaps you have met Madame's brother, Raouf?"

The witness shook his head. "It is strange you should ask, for so did Kedayer's lady, and it caused a most unpleasant scene."

"In what way?"

"The man used very harsh words about his brother-in-law, although the Koran tells us to be generous with our near of kin and the orphans and the needy and—" Mr. Hindawi stopped and then said sternly, "Oh, surely there was a judgment on Kedayer!"

THE day was at its hottest when the Inspector returned to his office, and he felt relief as he closed the door. Grass mats covered the windows and were kept moist by a sprinkler system, which cooled the air and the little man's temper.

"I almost got involved in a theological argument," he confessed to Sergeant Abdullah. "The witness turned out to be one of those pietists, and thick-headed at that!"

Chafik hung up his coat and sat at his desk to read the various reports on the case. The pathologist, he saw, had confirmed his belief Kedayer had died too suddenly to have uttered the cry that had awakened the guard.

"Possibly a night bird," suggested Sergeant Abdullah.

"A very coincidental and raucous bird to disturb the slumbers of an old man like Murad," Chafik said. "I am convinced, too, that Madame heard it, although she will not say so. What about those nomads?"

"We search, sir. The party is described as a man, emaciated; two women, one decrepit; three small children, all sickly; one goat, mangy; and a few chickens. It would appear—"

"Mr. Hindawi was right about them, then," interrupted Chafik. "Nevertheless, a desperate man, however emaciated, can use a knife. The party must be traced. I also wish to see Madame's brother, Raouf."

Sergeant Abdullah said grimly, "I have a report about him here, sir. It was not passed to us earlier because it was considered routine."

"More political trouble?"

"Domestic, this time. Three nights ago Raouf created a scene at his sister's house, and Mr. Kedayer had the local police remove him. The report-

ing officer states violent words were exchanged."

Chafik sat and twisted the heavy signet ring on his little finger, his expression remote. "Your thoughts are noisy, Abdullah," he said at last. "Go find Raouf—and tell Records to send me everything they have about Kedayer."

"Kedayer, sir?" asked the sergeant.

"I cannot interrogate his corpse," the Inspector said dryly. "This is the only way I can find out about his life. Death sometimes has roots in the rotten soil of old years."

THE records department of the Baghdad police provided a mountain of papers that concerned the dead man, and Chafik worked through the rest of the day. A pyramid of cigarette butts built up in the ash tray at his elbow, and his incoherent voice buzzed in the room like a swarm of bees.

"So many enemies, so many reasons for killing," he announced.

Sergeant Abdullah, who had just returned, said, "Sir?"

"What? Are you still there?" shouted Chafik as he looked up. "I told you bring me Madame Kedayer's brother!"

"That was seven hours ago," said the sergeant. The room was dark and he turned on the lights. "As for Raouf, sir, I had trouble tracing him. He fled Baghdad . . ."

Chafik was not listening. He jabbed at the papers on his desk. "This Kedayer was not a nice character, and reading his life story has distressed my stomach. There is a report here about what happened."

The sergeant persisted. "Sir! You asked me to find the brother of the dead man's lady and I have—I found him in Baquba. He does not come willingly to the interview and is very arrogant. In his formative years, the parental hand was not applied to his understanding."

"What? Oh, yes. But you forget. Abdullah, the father died when Raouf was a child. Bring him in."

The sergeant ushered in a tall youth with a thin dark mustache. He was in a temper and struck the Inspector's desk and shouted. "Why am I dragged here like a common criminal?"

"Are you a criminal?" Chafik asked mildly. He offered Raouf a cigarette and stood to light it. "Where were you last night?"

"You ought to know everything!" the youth said contemptuously.

"Alas! Only God is infallible. Tell me why you are frightened."

"Frightened? What makes you think I'm frightened?"

"Your arrogance," said Chafik. "It is often a shield an unsure man raises to cover the chink in his armor." He stood on tiptoe to match the young man's height. "And if you weren't frightened, why did you run away from Baghdad at a time when your sister needed you?"

The Inspector was shocked by the way Raouf's sullen, small-boy face crumpled. Tears filled his soft eyes, so much like those of Madame Kedayer; he stumbled to a chair and sat with his face in his hands. "Nadra won't see me!" he said in a muffled voice.

"Why?"

"I don't know! I don't know!" The youth looked up, lost and terrified. "She wants me to go away—never wants to see me again! My sister—all I have! She's all I've ever had. I don't remember my father and mother. I've never had anybody but Nadra. And he—took her from me!"

"You mean your brother-in-law?"

Was that why he ordered you from the house? Kedayer told you to leave Nadra alone, didn't he? Not to get her mixed up in your political intrigues, eh?"

"He poisoned her mind against me! I'm glad he's dead!" A childish cruelty and spitefulness were reflected in the young man's face.

Chafik frowned. "This brother-in-law took your political effervescing too seriously," he said with compassion.

"An excuse!" cried Raouf. "An excuse to separate Nadra from me! He said I clung to her all my life. He said it was time I stood alone. He said Nadra would soon mother his child, and it was time she stopped mothering me!" The young man's mouth trembled. "I hated him! I hated him!"

"Perhaps you did cling to your sister too much, and perhaps she did spoil a boy left without parents; yet your hatred is understandable; Kedayer had no milk of kindness in him," said Chafik. Then he added softly, "I do not like your Mr. Kedayer."

"He was a beast!" Raouf's dark Bedouin face flushed with rage. "He set Murad as watchdog over my sister—that old man was his slave! But nothing will stop me from seeing Nadra. Not even Kedayer's ghost!" the youth finished shrilly.

He turned to run from the room and Chafik signaled Abdullah to let him go. "Even passion must sometime stop running to catch breath," Chafik said.

WHEN Raouf had gone, Chafik lighted a cigarette and picked up the report he had been reading when the young man arrived. The papers were yellow with age; he glanced at them and pushed them away distastefully. "Abdullah," he said, "when we were interrupted I was telling you about this—the story of what happened at Lake Habaniya twenty years ago. You remember the guard, Murad, referred to it when giving evidence this morning?"

"I remember something historical, sir," the sergeant said.

"It concerns a party of Bedouins who trespassed on Kedayer's estates on Lake Habaniya," Chafik went on. "There was a man, his wife, an aged male retainer and a small boy. They tried to water a flock. Kedayer ordered them

off and they wouldn't go. Is it necessary to continue?"

"Who died in this uneven battle?" Abdullah asked grimly.

"The man and his servant. The woman, who was ill, died later."

"And the boy, sir?"

"He was adopted by a tribe going up into the western desert. The report is sketchy—it was all hushed up. Kedayer had friends in high places."

"A shocking story, sir!"

"An example of Kedayer's ruthlessness, and why the youth who has just left is not unpitied by either of us. But this Raouf must be watched!"

"Yes, sir," said the sergeant.

"He too is a Bedouin, like those of long ago—and those driven from the river wall the day before yesterday. There is a surfeit of Bedouins in this case," the Inspector said. "These desert people are fierce in defense of family, Abdullah."

The Inspector took his *sidarah* from a peg, set it squarely on his sleek head, adjusted his polka-dotted tie, and went home.

He lived on the Street of the Scat-terer of Blessings in a small honey-colored house that overlooked the river. His well-loved wife, Leila, and their adopted son awaited him, but this night he saw them as shadows. He took off his shoes, put them under the hall table and went, as was his wont, on stockinged feet to his chair. So enthroned, they fed him and he remained silent and eventually went to bed.

The telephone called him in the very early hours. He heard a nightingale trilling in the garden as he lifted the receiver, and he said to the voice that greeted him, "You do not sing like a nightingale."

"No, sir," agreed Sergeant Abdullah. "For whose death do you croak this time?"

"For the old man who was guard at the house of Kedayer. Murad, sir—he too has a slit throat!"

Chafik was silent. Then he said, "Alas, for that too-faithful servant! And now what else, Abdullah?"

"The patrol that watched outside the house took a lurking man—"

"His name?"

"Raouf, sir," the sergeant said in a voice of doom. . . .

Another day was ended and Inspec-



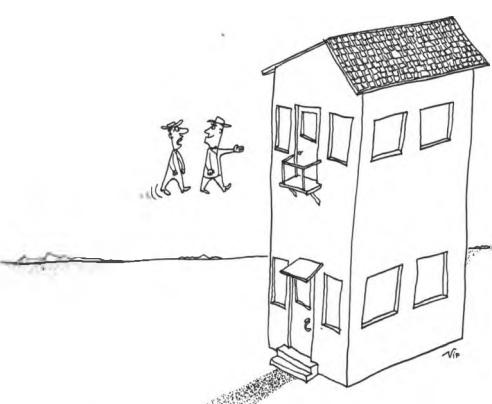
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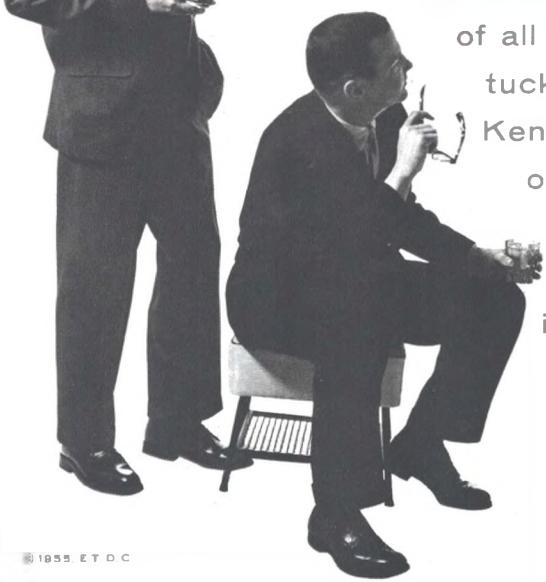
... But you promised to let
me in on the ground floor

VIRGIL PARTCH



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EARLY TIMES

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KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON WHISKY—EARLY TIMES DISTILLERY COMPANY, LOUISVILLE 1, KENTUCKY—86 PROOF

tor Chafik sat once more in his chair in the house on the Street of the Scatterer of Blessings. He had been through so much that Leila had sent their small and dynamic son, Faisal, to friends.

LEILA, who had understood her husband for twenty years, arranged a cushion for his head and said softly, "You are tired, my man."

"It is my lot," he said and sighed heavily.

"And mine!" Leila murmured and went on hastily, "I quite understand you are not happy about catching Mrs. Kedayer's brother, yet it was a dreadful thing he did! And all because he was stopped from seeing his sister, and he loved her, and—"

"And? And? You talk like our son, wife!"

Crouching on the stool at his feet, Leila said, "I try to help."

"And you do!" Chafik exclaimed and touched her dark head. "And now, madame," he continued formally, "about this Raouf. I cannot make a true case against him without the confession so essential to our law. He does admit he was near the house at the time of both killings, but he claims he was there only to try to see his sister."

"And what does Mrs. Kedayer say?" Leila asked.

"I could not interrogate her. Two killed on successive nights—it was too much for her in her delicate condition. But obviously she thinks Raouf is guilty. She tried to send him away and denies she heard the cry. It was heard again last night when Murad was killed, and now we know what it was."

Leila waited.

"One of my officers who watched the house is a man of the tents. He recognized it and called it the Bedouin death chant."

"And what is that, my man?" Leila asked.

"Madame, these medieval desert people have a curious code of honor," Chafik explained. "They cannot kill a sleeping enemy, so they warn the victim with a shout before they draw the knife."

"Horrible! So Mrs. Kedayer thinks her brother obeyed the law of their people and cried the warning before he killed her husband?"

"Yes, and the guard."

Chafik became lost in thought for several moments. Presently he said, "If Raouf thought Murad had seen him, he would have returned to kill again, to protect himself. Oh, it makes up a shocking case! That poor lady, has she not suffered enough? Must it be her brother who—"

"Hush, my man," Leila said soothily. "What about those people who camped under Mr. Kedayer's wall? They were Bedouins and they had reason to kill him. Haven't they been found?"

"No, but they will be," said Chafik. "Nobody can escape my good Abdullah—a perfect example of the American machine age, or possibly a reincarnation of the jinni that sprang from Aladdin's lamp!"

Leila smiled. "Come, my man," she said, and coaxed her husband to bed.

He woke in the night and said, "As Hindawi says, there was a judgment on Kedayer. But who shall judge a simple old servant whose master's word was law?"

"Who is this Hindawi?" Leila asked. "A would-be saint," Chafik said. "He comes from beyond the western desert, from Jordan."

"He is in Baghdad?" she asked.

"Yes. He leaves tomorrow."

"And he said what?" said Leila.

"Oh, things that annoyed me! Such a rigid mind—he takes the Koran too literally. He even built up a case for killing, based on the passage that says: 'Retaliation for bloodshedding is prescribed to you—'"

The Inspector's voice faded. Suddenly he sat bolt upright.

"Husband! What is it?" Leila demanded.

He did not answer. He got out of bed and stood with arms swinging at his sides, a ridiculous figure in a long nightgown. And then he began to chant: "O believers! retaliation for bloodshedding is prescribed to you: the free man for the free, and the slave for the slave, and the woman for the woman . . ."

The Inspector turned to his wife; his face was expressionless. "Don't you understand?" he shouted.

"My man! You terrify me! You—"

"Didn't Murad describe himself as Kedayer's slave? And haven't we had the master—the free man—killed first, and then the servant? The way it happened at Habaniya two years ago! And he's a Bedouin too, and—" Chafik struck his forehead. "I forgot the rest of it—the woman for the woman!" A woman died then, so now—and he goes away tomorrow! That means—Leila! My shoes!"

The Inspector threw on his clothes and rushed from the house. His wife went to the window and watched with frightened eyes as the car vanished in a cloud of dust.

Chafik forgot caution as he drove, cut corners and slammed by the occasional carriage that failed to get out of his way. His lips moved, sometimes in prayer, sometimes in a curse.

IT WAS almost dawn when he reached the house of Kedayer. He was challenged there by a patrol and so met Abdullah, who was on an inspection tour. The sergeant saw his superior's face and was alarmed. "You are ill, sir?" he asked.

"Ill with apprehension, Abdullah! The truth just came to me. I am afraid for Madame Kedayer!"

"She is safe enough, sir. I have per-

sonally kept watch, and nobody has gone in or out of that house."

"The one who may have passed you walks like a cat and is cloaked with night. Even Death is less silent," said Chafik. "We are going in. I do not need the men—the clump of their boots would disturb him. Hurry, Abdullah!"

They ran to the house and silently climbed the wall into the garden. Frogs croaked in the irrigation ditches and awakening birds chirped in the trees. Somewhere a nightingale trilled.

Chafik led the way to the stairs that went to Madame Kedayer's rooms. An archway opened onto a gallery, and here he stopped with his hand on the sergeant's arm.

They saw the shadow and heard the click of the opening door. The beginning of the dawn was reflected in the blade of the knife.

Abdullah felt for his gun, but Chafik stopped him. In silence the Inspector reached to the shoulder holster under his left arm and took out the automatic he so rarely used.

Then he threw back his head and gave an extraordinary cry, high and thin, a warning and a challenge.

Inspector Chafik shot Mr. Hindawi as he turned.

THEN Chafik was kneeling by the dying man. The house blazed with lights, the police hammered at the gates, and Sergeant Abdullah went about his business. Chafik was aware of nothing but the graying face and whispering voice of the dying man.

"So proper!" gasped Mr. Hindawi. "So proper—to warn me!"

"Your interpretation of the Koranic law was not accurate," Chafik said quietly. "However, that will be explained to you in another place. Just now, tell me one thing: Were you the boy who was left orphaned at Habaniya twenty years ago?"

Mr. Hindawi nodded.

"I do not believe in coincidence," said Chafik. "Did you come here to kill Kedayer?"

The man nodded again, and then forced himself to speak: "I waited my chance—all these years I thought of nothing else. But then I found that his lady was good, and I thought perhaps I would not take my just revenge, but he—" Hindawi struggled for strength to go on. "I saw Kedayer drive those poor people away—knew he hadn't changed—as the judgment decreed he had to die . . ."

"So you left Kedayer's house because you couldn't be the guest of the man you intended to kill?"

"It would have been improper, dishonorable."

"Ah, you Bedouin!" said Chafik.

He bent to listen as the whispering voice came again: "You remember the garden of the hotel, where we met? I was reminded of the night when it covers with darkness, and of the Lord, who—Speak to me the words that follow!" gasped Mr. Hindawi.

Chafik put his lips to the man's ear. "The Lord hath not forsaken thee . . . And surely the future shall be better for thee than the present . . ."

"There is so much comfort in the Koran," the Inspector said then, as he covered Mr. Hindawi's face.

—CHARLES B. CHILD



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Jimmy shot this picture of me on the *Giant* set. He loved photography, and he was good at it. When I had my camera on him, he'd call it "that sneaky eye"

The Late JAMES DEAN

Here is a warm, close-up glimpse
of a star who shone briefly—
but brilliantly—on the theatrical horizon

Photographs and Text by SANFORD H. ROTH

ON SEPTEMBER 30th, James Dean, a brilliant, moody, twenty-four-year-old actor, was killed in a collision on a California turnpike. He was on his way to take part in the weekend road races at Salinas, driving his new Porsche Spyder sports car. I had gone along, a lap or two behind in Jimmy's station wagon, to complete a photographic essay about him which I'd been working on for a couple of months. The highway patrol came quickly, and I was there when they took Jimmy out of the car.

His death was front-page news. But the stories were something more than a tribute to a newcomer whose career stopped at the edge of greatness. They were also testimony to the pressures that today keep youngsters like Jimmy in constant warfare with the *status quo*.

Dean was what Hollywood loosely labels a nonconformist, an individualist of the Brando stripe. He wasn't easy to know. But the weeks I spent trying to record the subtleties of his personality convinced me that, while he was intense and shy (he sometimes sat for hours in his car outside a friend's house waiting for other visitors to leave), he was at the same time dedicated to his career. He had played several notable TV roles; he won Broadway's coveted Donaldson and Perry awards for his part in *The Immoralist* in 1954; and as the tortured twin son in the film *East of Eden*, he stirred up the sort of critical speculation that comes with the emergence of a star. Since then he played in Warner's *Rebel Without a Cause*, and had just finished portraying Jett Rink, the fast-living oil tycoon in Edna Ferber's *Giant*, a part some movie people think may bring Dean the first posthumous Academy Award.

Jimmy's professional life was coming sharply into focus. Off stage he was still an enigma—or a trial—to more prosaic folk. But a photographer is sometimes allowed a certain insight. Dean has been described as a meteor, a great Dane puppy, a crazy-mixed-up kid, a poet. He was all of these things and—at the same time—none of them. His laugh was a

*In my home, Jimmy met my cat, Louis XIV, and decided to buy a cat of his own. Elizabeth Taylor, his co-star in *Giant*, gave him a Siamese kitten soon after this picture was shot. He called it Marcus. "I've always hated to get up early," he said. "Now I'm up at 7, just to give Marcus breakfast!"*



In his own home, a place he rented in San Fernando Valley, Jimmy would relax in the shadow of a bronze eagle he called Irving. He was nearsighted . . . glasses made him look owlish



Serious-minded as he was, Jimmy loved to play pranks. Once, on the set, he swung out a lasso, caught Liz Taylor by the legs and had her tied up like a calf in three minutes flat

*While *Giant* was being filmed, Jimmy was constantly busy between takes. Often he'd practice gun tricks, and he became a pretty expert twirler. There was so much he wanted to learn . . . once he said that even if he lived to 100, there wouldn't be time for everything*



Jimmy rehearsed the banquet scene from *Giant* carefully with director George Stevens. He portrayed a 50-year-old millionaire delivering a drunken monologue to an empty room. It was a tough scene and Jimmy was magnificent. He had every worker on the set practically in tears

Dean respected skill. He tried to excel at whatever he did. Usually he succeeded

half-silent chuckle, as though he were embarrassed by exuberance. Yet his enthusiasms were huge: they ran through the whole spectrum of human interests from motorcycles to classical music, to jazz, to bullfighting (he practiced with a cape in his home), to cats. He had the austere good sense of an Indiana Quaker (which he was), and the defense mechanism of a turtle. In his case, the shell was his own private world: the music of Bartok and Schonberg, the polished steel innards of his new racing car, the writers he'd recently discovered—Jean Genet, Curzio Malaparte and Gerald Heard. He had no time for reporters. But at least one, columnist Hedda Hopper, really loved Jimmy, and says, "He was like quicksilver. He had a sure instinct for drama. Yet, what I remember most is the little-boy quality shining from behind those thick glasses of his."

The project of the moment absorbed Dean completely. And he held skill in high esteem. I was talking to him one day about a sculptor I know in Italy—one of the great ones—about his way of working and his philosophy of life. This prompted Jimmy to tell me he, too, was a sculptor, of a very minor grade. He'd had no formal study, but worked with clay, using old toothbrush handles and spoons for tools. He wanted professional advice and criticism, and I suggested he see Pegot Waring, a friend of mine and a fine sculptor. She took him on as a student and was astonished at the ease and agility with which he worked.

His work with Pegot gave Jimmy's confidence the sort of boost he needed. "Acting is just interpretation," he said. "I want to create for myself." After making three films during one year, without respite, he also needed time for himself. My wife and I were planning to go to Europe next spring. Jimmy, who had never been there, was coming with us. He wanted to walk down the Boulevard Montparnasse in Paris, to study sculpture there, to buy crazy sweaters in Capri and to meet Cocteau and Miro. He knew the world was round, but he never stopped trying to prove it to himself.

Meanwhile, M-G-M hoped to get him for the *Rocky Graziano* story. It was to roll in January and be completed in March. But on the road to Salinas, Dean's destiny caught up with him. And he will never make the film *Somebody Up There Likes Me*.

THE END



This was the last picture taken of Jimmy alive. I had snapped it en route to the Salinas races, just about one hour before the tragic accident



At home, Jimmy would often put some wild African recording on his hi-fi outfit and accompany it on a bongo drum. Professional musicians considered him quite a hand. He loved classical music, too; he'd stretch out on the floor and listen for hours



Baxter High School had an end run that was pure murder. Our halfbacks were having to make almost every tackle

Most Valuable Player

By W. L. HEATH

All my life I'd wanted to win that gold cup. This was my last chance, and now this flashy new halfback was dazzling everybody, even the coach

THE coach was talking. We were all dressed and ready, sitting around the locker room. Through the window above Billy Foxx's head I could see a square of blue sky, and I could hear the crowd noises and the sound of punting, which meant the Baxter team was already on the field.

"Remember," the coach was saying, "football is only a game. It's not a life-and-death matter, and I don't expect anybody to go out there and kill himself for Morgan High School. All I expect is for each of you to play the best you can, and keep it clean. You've heard me say before that it's not the game—it's the way you play it. That still goes

"Now, these fellows from Baxter are big and they're fast. They haven't dropped a game this season. But remember this: when they're hit hard—and hit clean—they go down just the same as anybody else. We can take them if you boys play the kind of ball I know you can play."

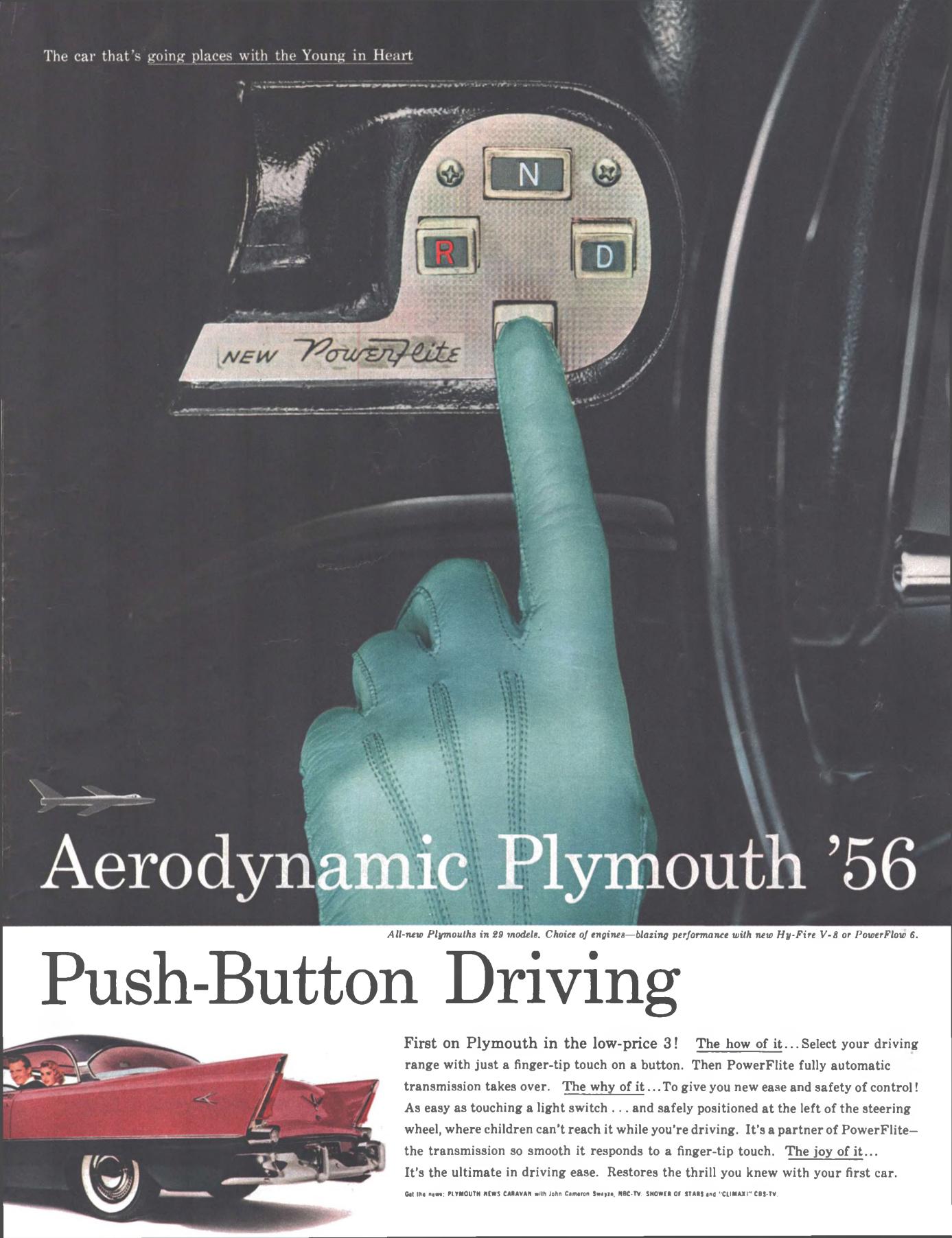
Our coach's name is Chip Stallings. He's a gray-haired man of forty-five, but in his day he was quite a football player. He was an All-America

halfback at Virginia—the first of the climax runners, they called him. If you follow football you know what a climax runner is: he's the guy they feed the ball to in the clutch; he's the guy that can do magic when the biggest fullback on earth can't make a nickel. Breakaway runners, they sometimes call them.

But while I was sitting there in the locker room listening to him talk, I was thinking of how one November afternoon twenty-seven years ago he sat in this same dressing room and heard another coach say the same things he was saying now. You see, Chip Stallings wasn't only an All-America at Virginia; he was also the greatest player Morgan High ever had. This was his own team. He played his last high-school game against Baxter—just as I was about to do—and after that game they voted him Most Valuable Player. They gave him a gold cup, which still stands on the mantel in his living room. I know, because Chip Stallings is my father.

The noises coming through the open window got louder. Somebody

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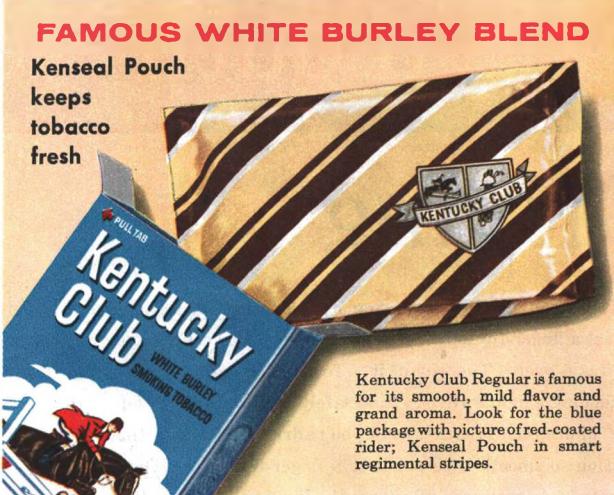
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was thumping on a drum, cowbells were clanking, and now and then there'd be a ragged cheer—girls' voices mostly, it seemed.

I thought of Patsy Lloyd out there, leading cheers, and I felt awful. But Patsy was just *one* of the things that had gone wrong for me in the past month and a half. My luck had turned sour in a big way; and now, at game time, troubles seemed to be piled up to where I couldn't see over them. "Stay relaxed," Dad told us. I was about as relaxed as a steel trap.

"Pete!" It was Dad talking straight at me this time. "Pay attention to what I'm saying."

"Yes, sir," I said. "Sorry, Coach." Where football was concerned he was the coach, not my father.

He had dragged a blackboard out in front of us, and now in big thick letters he wrote: *PASS 22—PITCHOUT 22*. I knew what he was going to say.

"This is our ace in the hole, fellows. This is the combo that will beat Baxter, if we can hold them till the fourth. We'll save it for late in the game because it probably will work only once, and it's got to pay off in points when we do use it. As you all should know by now, this one is an option. Both ways it begins the same: Marx going shallow, Jones deep and Foxx in motion. Pete, when you take the ball from center you can either throw to Jones or pitchout to Foxx, whichever looks best. That will depend on how their defense shapes up. It's my opinion that the pitchout to Foxx is your best bet, but you're the quarterback, so it'll be up to you. Just use your head." He looked square at me when he said that, because he knew what I was thinking—about Foxx.

"Remember," he went on, "you don't have to decide what to do with the ball until the play is actually in motion. I want you to look, decide what's best, and then do it quick. That clear?"

"Yes, sir," I said.

He pushed the blackboard away, dusted the chalk off his hands and

grinned at us. "All right, gang. Let's go get 'em!"

We trotted out through the doorway, cleats clattering on the concrete. As we went through the gate and onto the field a tremendous roar went up from the bleachers, everyone yelling for **Billy Foxx**.

Sure, I thought, cheer for Foxx, you nitwits. Forget about the rest of the team. Cheer for the great glamor boy.

I don't mind saying that **Billy Foxx** stood pretty near the bottom of my list, and for more reasons than one. And it all went back to Dad and the gold cup on our mantel.

DAD loves football the way some men love horses, or airplanes, or playing golf. It's been an obsession with him all his life. And so it was only natural, when I was born, that he started right in to make me the same kind of player he'd been. As things turned out, I'm an only child; and I've heard Mom say that if I'd been a girl, she believed Dad would have jumped right out of the hospital window the day I arrived. As a baby, the first toy I ever had to play with was the little gold football on Dad's watch chain.

Maybe you're wondering why Dad was just a high-school coach, instead of with some big college. I asked him about it myself one time. "What I like most about football is the spirit of it, Pete," he said. "High-school ball has ten times the spirit college ball has. Why, I'm prouder of that gold cup they gave me at Morgan than I am of making All-America." And that was a fact.

Anyway, Dad started right in to make me a great player like himself. All through grade school he worked with me. He taught me to pass, to kick and to run; year after year he kept working with me, but never pushing me too hard, just easing me along, polishing the rough spots. Many a time, after we had worked out in the back yard, we'd go into the house and Dad would point to the gold cup on the mantel and *(Continued on page 72)*



"I hate to break our date, Harold, but . . . Reggie!
Stop! . . . I have a perfectly terrible headache!"

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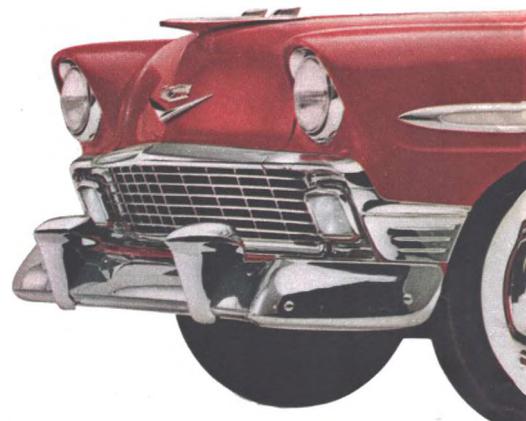
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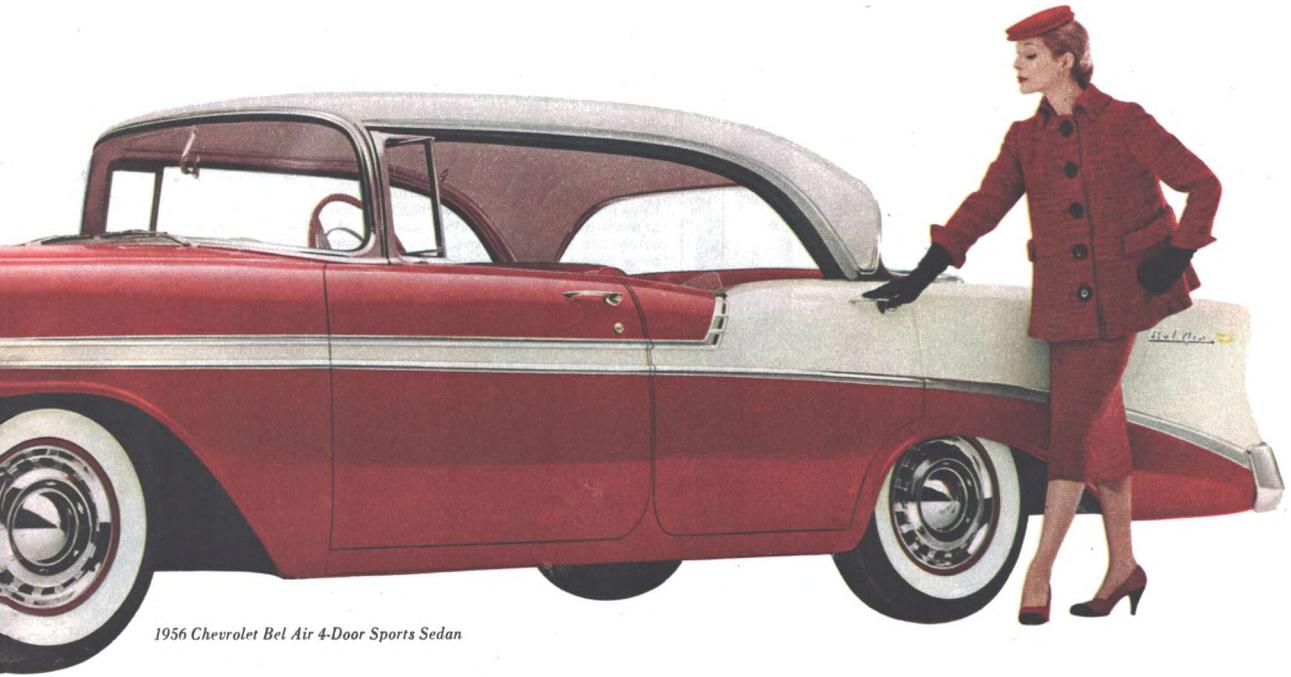
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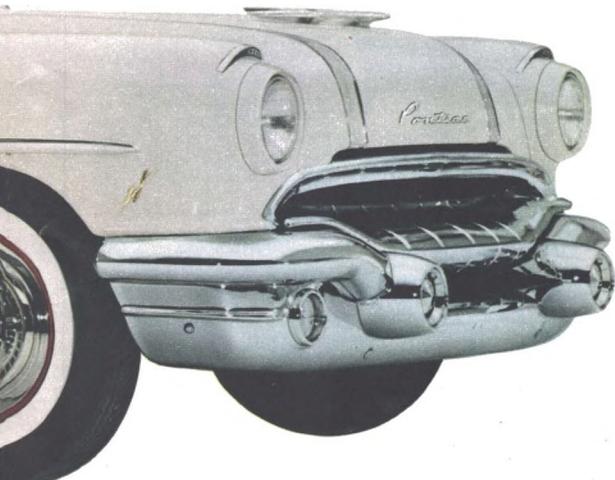
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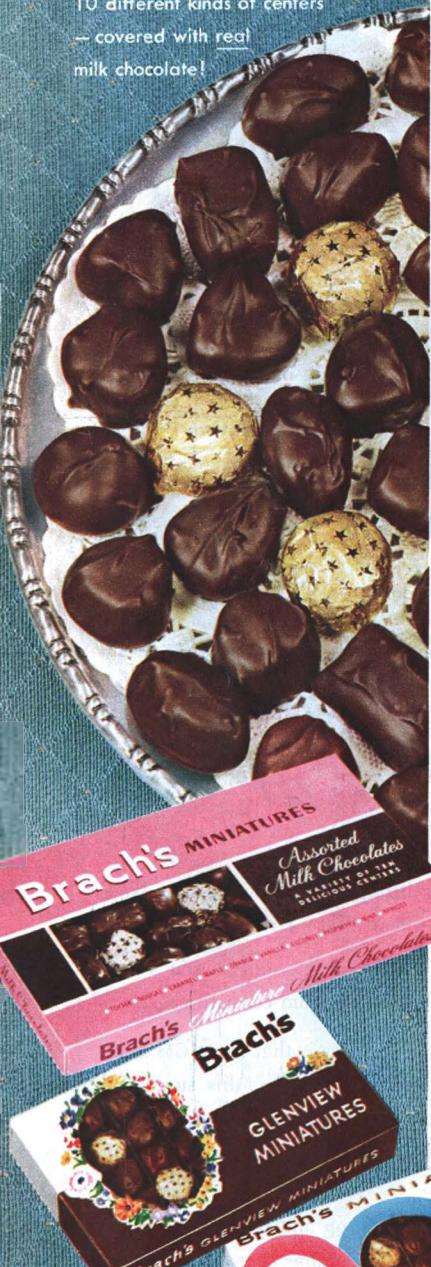


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Brach's

A Great Name In Candy



72

(Continued from page 68) say, "Pete one of these days you'll get a cup of your own to set up there beside mine. It'll say: *Peter Stallings—Most Valuable Player*. And I'll be mighty proud."

My sophomore year in high school, I went out for the varsity, and I made the team at quarter. I was pretty light that year, and pretty young, but Dad had begun to use the T a lot, and he said I was just the ball handler he needed. To tell the truth, I don't think I was much good, though I did manage to throw a couple of touchdown passes before the season was over. But I'll never forget the first game that year. We played Fairbanks High, and they beat us—on a fumble that was my fault. But when that game was over, Dad acted like I was a hero. "You played fine, Pete," he told me. "Everybody fumbles now and then, so don't let that worry you. You played hard and clean, and that's the main thing."

THE next year I had gained twelve pounds. Dad shifted me to left half so I would have the ball more, and for three games I was the hottest thing you ever saw. I couldn't do anything wrong, and if I threw a pass with my eyes shut it fell right in somebody's face for a score. I was lucky. For a while it looked as though I was going to set that gold cup on the mantel a year ahead of schedule.

But then a bad break came. I turned my ankle in dummy scrimmage and I was out for the rest of the season. A fellow named Steve Wallace won the cup that year, with Dad casting the deciding vote.

That brings us to this year. And, brother, if I thought my luck went rotten last year, I had a book to learn.

To begin with, I was still gaining weight. The ankle was all right, but I was up to 170. That isn't too much weight for some fellows to carry, but for me it was; it had slowed me down plenty. And I couldn't seem to shed a pound no matter how hard I worked.

But my real headache wasn't the added weight. It was a fellow named Billy Foxx, who had moved to town that summer. Foxx was a tall, slender, blond-haired guy who had never played

football in his life, and he took a liking to me. "Lend me a hand, Pete," he said. "I think I'd like to play too. You could teach me enough so I could go out for the squad."

I taught him. Good old bighearted Pete Stallings. I taught him way too much. He not only made the squad; he made the line-up at right half.

Billy Foxx had a talent—I won't deny that. He wasn't too hot on defense, because he was a soft tackler: but he was shifty and he was fast, and he had the best instinctive judgment of any broken-field runner I ever saw. Most of all, the crowd loved him—he had flash. If I made seven yards, the crowd cheered; if Billy Foxx made seven, they went wild. He made it look good, don't ask me how.

We lost our first game 28 to 21. Billy Foxx made all three of our touchdowns, and he made them from beyond the thirty-yard stripe. I piled up more yardage than he did during the game, but his paid off. He made a sixty-yard punt return (he went over standing up); a forty-five-yard pass interception (he ran through the entire team); and a forty-two-yard off-tackle waltz that sent the crowd into hysterics.

We won our next three games without any trouble, and at the end of the fourth, Billy Foxx had piled up more points than yards, I'll bet. He was stealing my thunder, but good, and that gold cup was getting harder and harder to set on my mantel.

How was Dad taking all this? He was taking it hard. But Dad was above all a square shooter, and when Foxx started showing up good, Dad gave him the breaks. He was going to do the right thing by the team, no matter what. Pretty soon he was hatching new plays that featured Foxx. And he had stopped talking to me about the Most Valuable Player award.

Then, after the Bridgeport game, the real crusher came. Dad and I were walking home from practice one afternoon and he said to me, "Pete, I'm going to shift you back to quarter and give the left-half spot to Billy Foxx. He's faster than you, and I think he ought to be there."

It was like getting a blow on the

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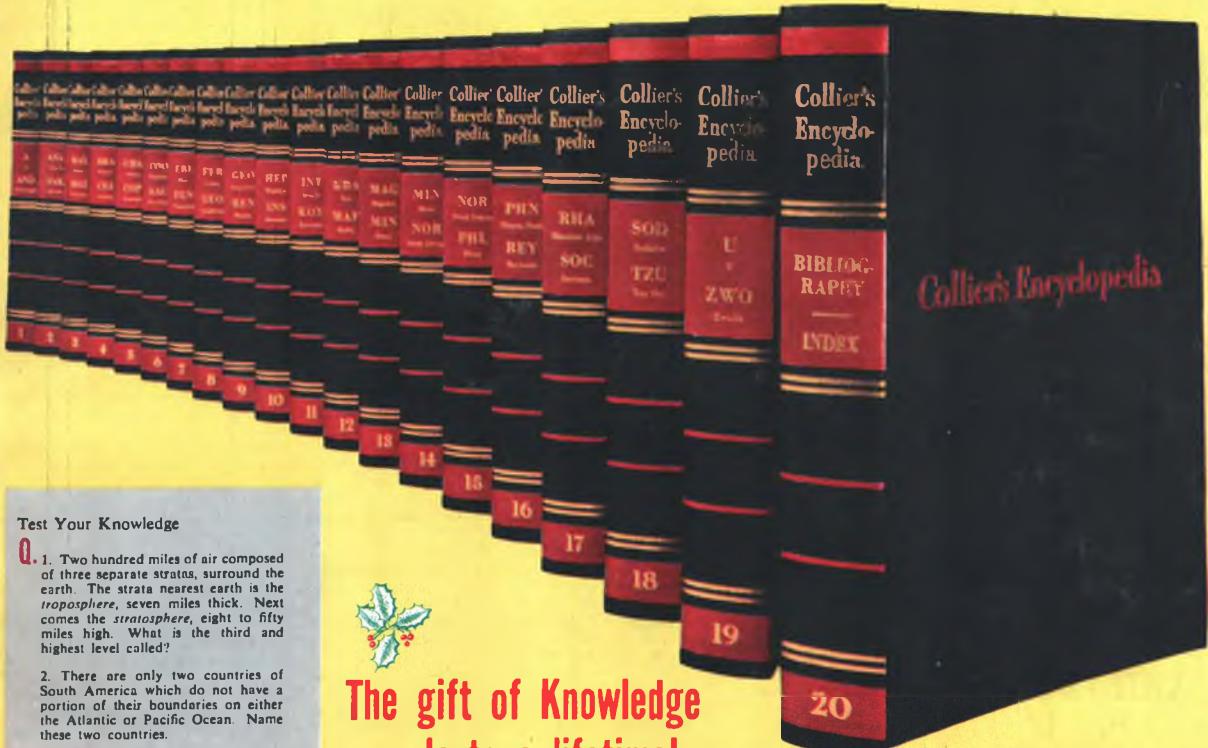
Here are the answers

to the quiz on pages 32 and 33:

1. a. red	7. a. oats	12. b. mall
2. b. remove a leg	8. b. butter	13. c. hand
3. d. the oysters	9. b. laurel	14. c. Cabados
4. d. Ben Franklin	10. b. it grows in bunches	15. c. rake
5. d. a plant	11. b. the maître d'hôtel of the	16. d. the Arabic word, kahwah
6. b. South America	Duke of Richelieu	

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Test Your Knowledge

Q. 1. Two hundred miles of air composed of three separate strata, surround the earth. The strata nearest earth is the *troposphere*, seven miles thick. Next comes the *stratosphere*, eight to fifty miles high. What is the third and highest level called?

2. There are only two countries of South America which do not have a portion of their boundaries on either the Atlantic or Pacific Ocean. Name these two countries.

3. The Aphrodite of Melos is perhaps the most famous piece of sculpture in the world. Presented to Louis XVIII by the French ambassador at Constantinople, who had purchased the fragments from peasants. It was acquired by the Louvre (Paris) in 1826. What is the more familiar name of this statue?

4. While a student of Oberlin College, Charles Marin Hall formulated an electrolytic method of producing large amounts of a now vital material. It is used in cooking utensils, furniture, shingles, and building facings. It is essential in airplanes, and automobiles. It is a fine insulating material and a useful wrapper for foods. It is effective in signs and making radio condensers. It is used in paints and incendiary bombs. It is used for a great variety of purposes where lightness, strength, and durability are desired. Name this material.

5. What is the name of the largest of sea birds? Its wing span has been measured at over eleven feet. This bird is mentioned often in Samuel Taylor Coleridge's "Rime of the Ancient Mariner."

6. The covered wagon is a distinctively American means of transportation originated by the farmers of eastern Pennsylvania. The original wagons were officially named after the valley in Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, in which they were made. What were they called?

A. 1. Ionosphere 2. Solids and Liquids 3. Atmosphere 4. Wind 5. Atmosphere 5. Atmosphere

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head, but somehow I felt sorrier for Dad than for myself. I knew that he knew what this meant: I was out of the running for the gold cup now. Billy Foxx was in. But that was Dad for you—he was determined to be fair.

WELL, we won two more games before this one with Baxter High—me at quarter now, like the fourth horse in a three-horse race. I worked hard on my passing—that's about all a lead-footed T quarterback can do—and I was connecting occasionally for some nice yardage. But judging from the crowd, Morgan deserved only one player a game: Billy Foxx. "Foxx the Fox," the newspapers called him. I got to where I could hear that in my sleep. Oh, he was quite the boy all right, and you could tell he was plenty proud of himself. I began to despise the guy. When I thought of how I'd helped him along, and how he'd elbowed me out, I went green around the gills.

And then there was the business about Patsy Lloyd. This may seem silly, but I was crazy about Pat, and until Billy Foxx came along she and I went steady. But one afternoon—just four days before this Baxter game, in fact—I caught her walking home from school with Foxx. I got mad clear through, and that night I dropped around to her house and picked a fight.

"How are things with you and Foxx?" I said, as if I was asking about the weather.

"What do you mean?" she said.

"I mean, I see him walking home with you practically every afternoon, and I figured maybe you two had got up a hot case together."

She looked at me for a long time before she said anything. We were sitting in the swing on her front porch, and her mother was sitting by the parlor window, probably trying to hear what we said. "Well," Pat said finally, "I guess it's true after all."

"What's true after all?"

"What everyone's saying about you. How you're so jealous of Billy Foxx you can't see straight anymore."

"The prima donna," I said. "The All-America of Morgan High."

"Billy's a good player, and you know it. He's one of the best players Morgan ever had, and there's no reason for you to act the way you're acting."

"Look," I said—I had completely lost my temper by now—"if you love this guy so much, why don't you wear his class ring instead of mine?"

She looked at me a minute longer, and then she said, "Maybe I will." She took the ring off and gave it to me and went into the house.

And that was where things stood when we lined up for the kickoff against Baxter High—the biggest game of the year and my last game for Morgan. I'd lost my girl, lost my chance at the gold cup and, worst of all, I'd let my dad down. That was the part that hurt more than anything else: Dad had so wanted me to take that cup.

BAXTER HIGH won the toss and elected to kick. They had a big tackle that did their kickoffs for them, and he put the ball in the end zone. Chuck Simmons, our right half, took it and managed to get back to the twenty, though I don't know how. Dad had told us these boys were big and fast, but that was an understatement. They got down there before the ball, practically, and when they hemmed old Chuck in and started to nail him down, you could have heard the pads popping in the next county. He was lucky to get up.

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CHRISTMAS SEALS

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First play from scrimmage, I gave the ball to Foxx on a split buck and he lost a yard. Then I gave it to Horton, our fullback, and he lost two yards. I dropped back and punted on third down.

Exactly four plays later, Baxter High had scored seven points. It was so fast I don't even remember how they did it.

A big bush fell over the crowd. When we lined up for the second kickoff I took a look toward the bench. Dad was sitting there as cool as a cucumber.

This time the kick fell to me, and I was none too anxious to get it. I ran it out to the twenty-four. Then, first play from scrimmage, I passed to Jones, connected, and we moved up to the thirty-three. Then I carried it myself on a quarterback sneak for two, which gave us a first down on the thirty-five. The crowd gave a cautious cheer.

Horton again failed to gain, and on second down I called for an end run, with Foxx carrying.

Foxx lost seven yards and came within an ace of fumbling.

I called another pass, throwing to Marx this time, and connecting, and

that brought us back to where we had started the series. But it was fourth down now and I had to punt again.

This time we managed to stop them, but not before they had worked it down to the ten. They had an end run, these boys, that was pure murder. It started like an off-tackle, then suddenly they'd all break wide and come thundering around poor old Jones like a herd of elephants. The halfbacks were having to make every tackle.

But we did stop them at the ten. I tried Simmons and Foxx, and they both failed to gain. So I punted again. I was kicking the socks off that ball.

On the next play Sam Barnes, our left guard and team captain, went out of the game with a broken rib. But he had got it in a nice way: he had recovered a Baxter fumble on their thirty-five. This looked like a break. I called for Foxx to carry over right tackle. Foxx lost two yards.

BY NOW a little idea had sneaked into my head. Billy Foxx, the great star, the great glamor boy, had yet to make his first yard. This Baxter crew had his number. They were laying for him, watching him like a hawk. They were playing every down for Billy Foxx. So what did I do? I called a fake spinner and threw a long one down the side to Bert Jones. He went over standing up.

We lined up as if to kick the point, but instead of kicking I passed to Jones again and the point was good. The score: 7 and 7. I had thrown four passes so far and hit my receiver every time. I had scored a touchdown and an extra point with nothing but my good right arm.

At the end of the quarter a big cheer went up. "Stallings!" they yelled. "Hurrah for Pete Stallings!" It sounded mighty good. The second quarter didn't amount to much. We slugged it out around the fifty, and I held off on the passing—didn't want to push my luck. At half time Dad was beginning to look nervous. "You boys are playing a whale



COLLIER'S

"Is that man annoying you?"

SYD HOFF

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of a game," was about all he said. Billy Foxx sat in the corner with his head down.

But in the third quarter they got away from us again. They camped inside our twenty and finally, just before the horn, their fullback punched it over from about the four. They kicked the point and went out front, 14 to 7. It looked like a mighty big lead, because we'd crossed their thirty only once all afternoon.

The third quarter ended 14 to 7.

THE fourth quarter went slow for a while, and I decided if I was going to pass any more I'd better get started. I threw one to Simmons in the first and he got past their left half and down to the thirty-two. That was five completions for me without a miss.

On the next play I gave to Foxx and he got loose for the first time that afternoon. He went over with two men hanging on his belt. Naturally, the crowd went wild.

And that's where I made my first mistake. Instead of kicking, I decided to pass for the point—and it was batted down. A tremendous groan went up from the stands, as if I had tossed the game away all by myself. We wouldn't even have been in that game if it hadn't been for my passing, but did the crowd see it that way? Not on your life. I even heard a few people yelling, "Take him out." I was sick and mad and more disappointed than I have ever been in my life.

The game rocked on toward the last two or three minutes with us trailing, 13 to 14. Then the Baxter team got its steam roller working again and went down to our five. But we stopped them there—stopped them with plain old

guts, because that was about all we had left. I thought it over and decided there was no sense in kicking out, because the game was already as good as lost. I called for an old forgotten play, with Horton carrying around right end, and I'll be darned if old Horton didn't shake loose and stagger all the way out to the fifty. He'd have gone all the way if he'd had the strength to put one foot in front of the other. But he didn't. The Baxter safety man came over and blew his breath on him, and old Horton folded like somebody had hit him with a broadax. He was just plain pooped.

Well, this was the break. We still had time to score, if there was anybody left with the strength to run that last fifty, and that late in the game a single tally—whether we made the point or not—would probably put the game on ice. Baxter was just as sore and tired as we were.

I knew that now was the time for the option play Dad had mentioned, that ace in the hole that we hadn't yet had a chance to use. I took a look toward the bench and saw Dad walking back and forth like a caged lion, his overcoat flapping behind him. "The pitchout to Foxx is your best bet," he'd said. But was it? I wondered. Foxx had got loose only once all afternoon, whereas I'd completed every pass I'd thrown but one. If I could toss in the winning score, I felt pretty sure I'd win the cup Dad wanted me to have. It was a decision I hated to make, and I hoped Dad would send in a sub with orders on how to play it, but he didn't. He was leaving it up to me.

In the huddle I looked around at the gang, and they were a sorry sight: beat, bruised, dirty and sweaty. Jones had a bloody nose and Oscar Sims had one



"Ah, food! Unappetizing, of course, but still food!"

COLLIER'S

GARDNER REA

eye swollen nearly shut. "You want to go out, Sims?" I said. He shook his head; this was his last one for Morgan High too.

Then I looked at Foxx. I knew what he was thinking. He wanted that ball worse than anything else in the world. He wanted just one more crack at it, and it was written all over his face. But he didn't ask. If he had, I'd have turned him down. But that was the

trouble: he didn't ask. He just stood there, stooping over with his hands on his knees, staring at the ground.

"Pass twenty-two—pitchout twenty-two," I said. "And let's hustle, fellows. This may be the last play of the game."

When we lined up, I honestly didn't know whether I was going to risk another pass to Jones or pitch out to Foxx. As I called off the signals, Foxx stepped out and trotted toward the

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In the next
COLLIER'S

On Newsstands, November 23

right end. It was so quiet in the stadium you could have heard an empty popcorn bag fall. I had the feeling that everyone was on their feet, watching me.

"... thirty-three, twenty-seven, twenty-two, *hike!*"

The instant the ball touched my hands I knew what I was going to do. Foxx dug in and whirled, coming behind me like a shot out of a gun. I faked to Horton, then stood straight up and spotted Jones, way down there, running for all he was worth. I cocked my arm and threw. But I didn't let go the ball. Instead I brought it on around and fired it underhand to Foxx. I'd had a hunch he could do it, and he did.

I didn't actually see him cross the goal line, because by that time I was lying flat on my back with a two-hundred-pound Baxter guard on top of me. The last thing I saw was Jones mowing down their safety while Foxx did a little magic through the secondary. Then the thunder broke loose in the stands, and I craned my neck around to see Patsy Lloyd out there in front of the rooting section, jumping up and down.

The game ended 19 to 14, our favor. "Foxx!" they screamed. "Hurrah for Billy Foxx!"

I SHOWERED and got dressed as fast as I could, keeping out of sight from Dad. When I went out through the gym I stopped at the table where the team manager was passing out little strips of paper. I voted for Billy Foxx—Most Valuable Player—and dropped my ballot in the slot. The banquet was to be held that night.

Somehow I got home before Mom and Dad did, so I went up to my room and sat down in the dark. I don't really know how I felt. I didn't feel good, that's for sure—but I didn't exactly feel bad, either. I guess I just didn't feel anything. I was tired, numb.

After a while I heard them come in, and pretty soon Mom came up to my room. She switched on the light and smiled at me. "You played a fine game, Pete," she said. "We're proud of you."

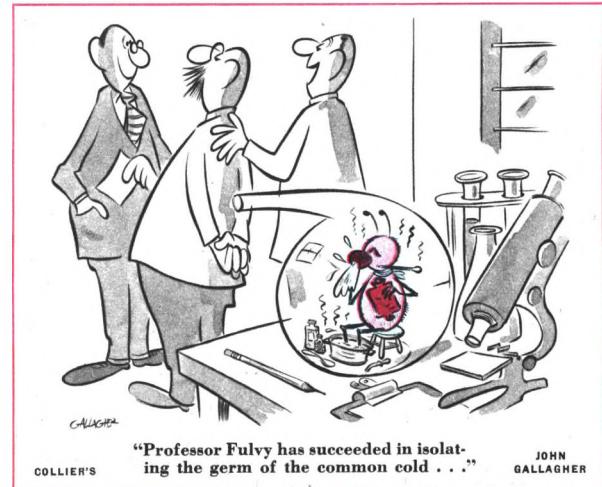
"Thanks, Mom."

"Say," she said, "you should be getting dressed for the banquet. Mustn't keep Patsy waiting."

"Patsy isn't going with me," I said.

"Really?" She tried to act surprised. "Her mother said she was going with you—that is, her mother said if she went at all, she was going with you."

I looked up and I couldn't keep from



"Professor Fulvy has succeeded in isolating the germ of the common cold . . ."

JOHN GALLAGHER

grinning. "Is that some sort of message, sent by way of women?"

Mom smiled. "I think so. You'd better run down and call her right away. I understand she's pretty upset."

I ran downstairs to call Pat, but when I got to the foot of the stairs I saw Dad sitting at his desk, counting the ballots for the award they were going to give Billy Foxx that night.

When he saw me he got up and put out his hand. "Fine game, Pete," he said, grinning from ear to ear. "Best game you ever played, son. I'm proud of you."

"Thanks, Dad," I said, trying to smile. "By the way, who—who wins the cup?"

"Billy Foxx," he said.

I was expecting that, but still it came hard. Suddenly I was sore about it. "Tell me something, Dad," I said. "Do you really think he played better than I did today? Do you really think he's a better man out there than I am?"

Dad frowned a little and lighted a cigarette. "Let's put it this way," he said. "Billy is a more stylish player than you are, Pete. He has a great love of the game and a terrific ability to come through when it counts most. *Someday* he'll be a much finer player than you. *Someday* Billy Foxx will be great. Another thing you've got to realize, Pete: Billy's the kind of player the crowd loves to watch. He's a climax runner; he gives them thrills, and after all, that's what they pay their money for."

"I see," I said. "I really don't care so much—it's just you, Dad. I know how you wanted for me to win the cup, and that's what hurts most, disappointing you."

"I'm not disappointed, Pete," he said. "As a matter of fact, I couldn't be prouder of you or I'd bust. You played the very best game you could, and when the time came, you made an unselfish decision. That was the main thing that worried me. For a while, after Billy came along, I thought you were going to be a poor loser. Now I know you're not."

Suddenly I felt a lot better. I felt like somebody had lifted a ten-ton load off my back. "Tell me something, Dad," I said. "Just how many votes did I get?"

"You got only two votes, Pete. Two out of twenty-nine. You got Billy Foxx's vote—and you got mine."

When I left the house that night to pick up Pat, I felt better than if I had won that cup.

—W. L. HEATH

A dream comes true for America's hard-of-hearing

NOW! A tiny, light, full-powered hearing aid ...only \$50 complete!



FINEST-QUALITY 4-TRANSISTOR ZENITH "50-X"

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Ever since the miraculous discovery of tiny but expensive transistors, Zenith and its dealers have shared a dream with America's hard-of-hearing.

It seemed an impossible dream. A vision of superlative hearing aid efficiency, clarity, convenience, operating economy—and all at a price so very low that these benefits could be enjoyed by every hard-of-hearing person, in every walk of life.

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Operating costs, too, are amazingly low. Just one tiny dry-cell battery, available

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Please mail me free literature on the new Zenith "50-X" and local dealer list.

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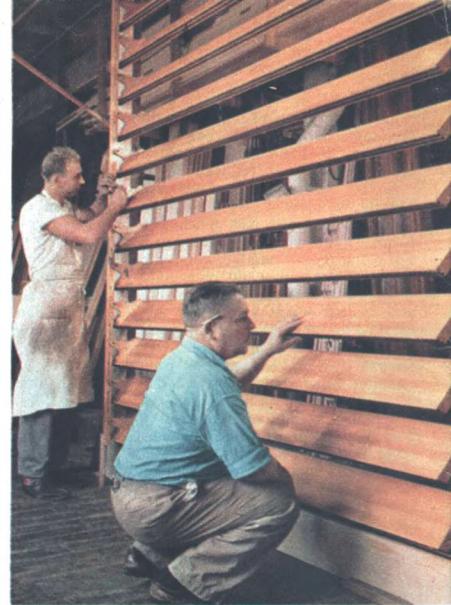
Zone . . . State . . .



Ralph Bolton of Aeolian-Skinner Co., Boston, tests tone of a set of pipes, called a "stop," on special voicing machine



Hector Noterman (r.) drills hole as part of the process of making wooden pipe while carpenter Paulo Fonduro watches



These slats, called "swell shades," regulate the volume of an organ by opening and closing like Venetian blinds



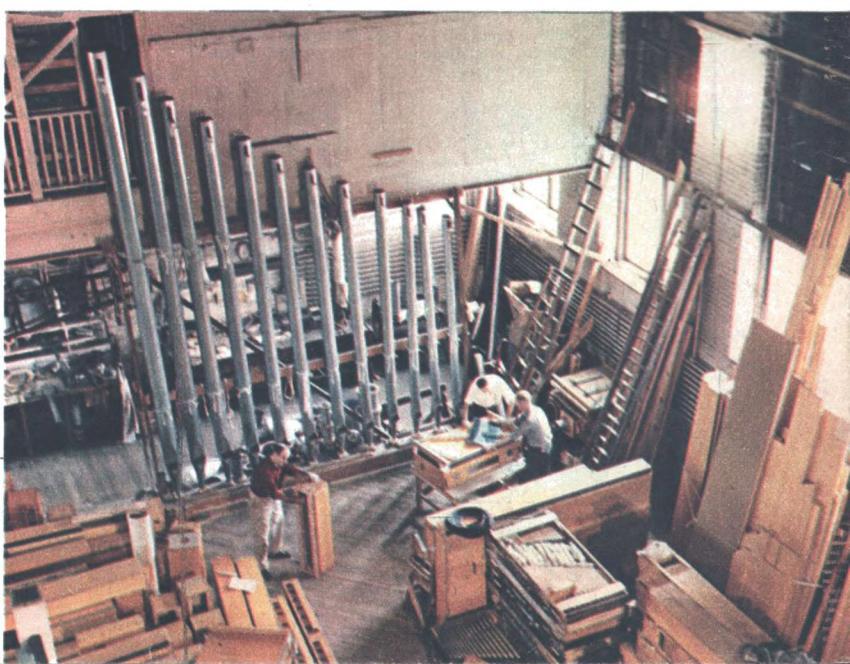
Air to make organ sounds is stored in chambers called reservoirs, shown being built by Omer Vann. There are many old-timers in the business: Vann's been at it 35 years



Bill MacKenzie, known as a "flue voicer," checks tonal characteristics of a set of pipes on a voicing machine. Note difference in size between pipes he's testing and those in the background



Pipe maker John Robinson soldering a set of pipes, which can be made of metal or other materials. Skilled pipe makers and voicers are profession's top-paid workers



Every Church Needs an Organ

... And the boom in church building has
brought the organ industry—once almost extinct—
the richest period in its 100-year history

By JAMES and MIRIAM SKARDON

RECENTLY a representative of one of America's oldest, smallest and most quixotic trades—pipe-organ building—stopped to look at a new church in a Texas town. While chatting, he and the minister were joined by a member of the congregation, a woman who mentioned casually that she had been thinking of giving an organ to the church as a memorial to her husband. She asked how much an instrument would cost. The organ man told her, more out of politeness than with any thought of making a sale, that the price would run somewhere between \$80,000 and \$150,000 for the organ the church needed.

"Well," the woman said, "I have to get a tea and haven't time to talk; but you just go ahead and build us an organ." With that she handed the minister a check for \$90,000, picked up her things and left, as the organ builder stood shaking his head over the miracle of having done in 10 minutes more business than he used to do in a year.

His amazement is understandable; for, shod to the verge of extinction by the depression and World War II, when many of the companies simply closed up or made such items as airplane wings, the American pipe-organ industry is now enjoying the greatest surge of church-organ building in its 100-year history. Many companies have doubled their output in the last 10 years, booked orders for two to three years to come and are months behind on deliveries, even though plants are working overtime.

The cash is rolling in because the American people, enjoying today's prosperity, not only have money to spend on themselves, but are giving it to their churches in record amounts. As a result, church building is booming. More than \$750,000,000 will go into new church construction this year, with many of the new churches buying organs at prices running from \$5,000 to \$150,000 and perhaps more. It is estimated that by 1975, 105,000 new churches will have been built in the United States—all prospective pipe-organ purchasers, with the exception of the smaller churches, which often buy electronic organs. In addition, many of the 300,000 existing churches are having their organs repaired or replaced.

For almost any other industry this would add up to a bonanza to be capitalized on by expanding production schedules, building new plant space, adding to sales staffs and short-cutting production techniques. But not so with the organ business. The dilemma of this quaint industry is roughly equivalent to what Stradivari would have faced had he suddenly been called upon to mass-produce his violins.

An organ is more than a manufactured product. It has a personality and being of its own. Builders refer to it as "speaking" rather than playing. They mention its "mouth," "lips," "tongue" and "ears"; its "body," "brain" and "soul." For centuries the great pipe organ has provided the musical accompaniment to man's life story. He worships by it, is christened by it, is married by it and is buried by it. Thus, to knock it to

gether in a slam-bang fashion just because a lot of buyers are waiting on the doorstep would seem sacrilegious to some of the men in the shops. For them, each completed instrument is another act of their own faith.

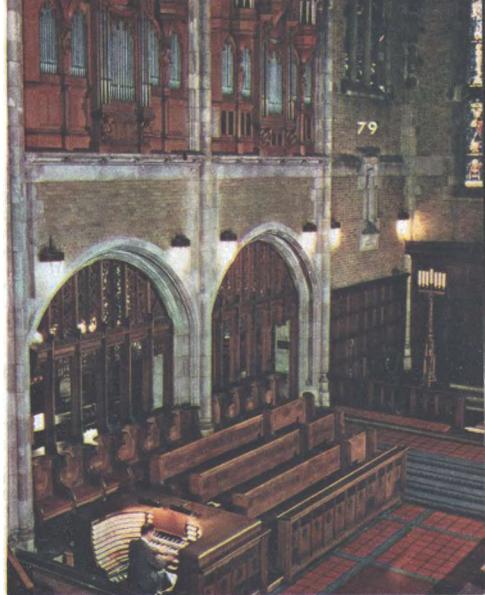
Not that organ builders are averse to making money. Rather, they are somewhat desperately trying to take advantage of the big new market without sacrificing their chief stock in trade—their integrity and the quality of their product. Aging executives who don't realize that you do things differently when your production is forced to double and triple are working themselves to the point of exhaustion trying to do seven things at once. Production, sales, planning, administration and personnel are on the same informal, somewhat haphazard basis as always, with the result that as the pressure increases the system crumbles and cracks around the edges.

Since an organ is built 65 per cent by hand, the organ business is one of the last of the true craft trades in the United States. It is made up of some 50 companies spread across the country, with the concentration in the East and Midwest. Among the leading builders are: M. P. Möller, Inc., of Hagerstown, Maryland, biggest in the field; Austin Organs, Inc., of Hartford, Connecticut; the Reuter Organ Company, of Lawrence, Kansas; the Aeolian-Skinner Company, of Boston; the Wicks Organ Company, of Highland, Illinois; the Schantz Organ Company, of Orrville, Ohio; the Kilgen Organ Company, of St. Louis; the Holtkamp Organ Company, of Cleveland; and the Schlicker Organ Company, of Buffalo.

A number of these companies are old and family-founded, -owned and -run. M. P. Möller, Jr., is president of the company his father, Mathias Möller, founded in 1875. And there are two grandsons in the business. The family approach carries over to the men in the shop. Old Mathias knew all the men by their first names, and his office door was always open to all employees. Much the same is true today, not only in the Möller Company, but in most organ companies.

Building an organ requires the work of varied craftsmen such as machinists, toolmakers, furniture finishers, cabinetmakers, carpenters, pipe makers, assemblers, console makers, draftsmen, electricians, engineers and installation men. Finding the skilled craftsmen is today the major headache of the industry. "We could hire ten new men this week if we could get the right ones," says Percival Stark, vice-president of the Austin company. "American boys just don't want to learn jobs that require skill. They can make more money somewhere else."

The "right" man for organ work doesn't exist in any great numbers. Take a composite of the qualities various builders claim they want and you have a man who is young and mechanically inclined, has some musical aptitude and has "an enthusiasm for the product." Some youngsters who get into the business, as well as many of the executives, play



Famed West Point chapel organ is played by J. Davis, Jr., successor to Frederick C. Mayer, who had organ made to his own specifications



Merry Christmas



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An organ built for Episcopalian requirements would

either the piano or the organ. A few have even built organs at home.

With the shortage of young men so acute, women have been brought into the shops and oldsters have had to carry on. Eighty-year-old William C. Otto, who works at Austin making cables and small parts, has been with the company since 1903. Möller has 10 men with a total of 480 years of experience. Per Peterson, a chest layout man with Aeolian-Skinner, is seventy-nine. Marshall Grout, ninety-two, has been with the Estey Organ Company, in Brattleboro, Vermont, for 76 years.

The average age of the employees in one plant, Aeolian-Skinner, is fifty-five. "And actually," says company president G. Donald Harrison, "the skill of the older fellows is such that it helps make up for the decline in their physical powers. The older men avoid false moves and thus produce as much as the younger men, in the long run."

Harshest to get, and creating a serious bottleneck by their scarcity, are the elite of the organ shop—the pipe makers and the men called "voicers." It is practically impossible to hire these skilled men in the United States. As a result, some of the companies regularly send scouts to Europe to bring them to this country.

Pipe makers and voicers, who make from \$75 to \$125 for a 40-hour week, regard the other workers with a certain amount of condescension. They are true "artists." Once they have reached the top in their departments they have no more ambitions. They have made it.

A Veteran "Voicer" Explains

Following a process fundamentally unchanged for nine centuries, the pipe maker fashions pipes of lead, tin alloy, zinc and wood. Then the voicer takes over to work on the mouths and other tuning areas of the pipe to bring them into harmony with the other pipes in the particular group, called a rank or stop. There is more to this work than just tuning, as sixty-five-year-old Fred (Skeets) Carty, who has been voicing pipes at Möller's for nearly 50 years, will tell you. What it amounts to is setting the fundamental tone of the pipe, and it sometimes takes hours, depending on the nature of the "raw" pipe and the requirements it must meet.

On the kind of pipe you see in church with a "mouth" in the middle, voicing requires attaching around the opening certain little strips of metal called the "ears" and "lips." By a process called nicking—cutting tiny indentations in the edges of the lip—the voicer establishes the tonal characteristics of the pipes.

The voicer works from the plans and specifications of the job, and sometimes on the basis of his own observations at the church. Carrying in his head the tone he wants to achieve, he first sets the middle C pipe of the stop, either by ear or with the aid of a kind of miniature organ that helps him get the right quality. Then he or his assistants voice the remaining pipes in the stop.

Organs must be planned and voiced differently for the different kinds of buildings, choirs, music and faiths. An organ for a Catholic church is usually not so large as an instrument in a Protestant church, because music is not so varied in the Catholic service. Yet an instrument for Catholic use must be versatile enough to range from the

sober Requiem Mass to the brighter, more joyous Christmas and Easter music. The requirements of the Episcopal church, because of its broader musical repertoire, are even more comprehensive. A Christian Science church, which features soloists in its services, must have an organ whose tone is essentially accompanimental and centralized. An organ for a Baptist or Methodist church should be able to cope with evangelistic music, while Jewish synagogues, more of which use organs than formerly, need instruments that can accompany solos and chants.

The church organist is in many ways a staunch ally of the organ maker. But there is no greater threat to production schedules and cost estimates than the strong-minded organist who has dedicated his life to a single instrument and is determined to have it built and expanded in his own musical image.

In the case of the organ built for one of our larger churches, the organist made a trip to Europe and became infatuated with a fine old instrument. Determined to have it duplicated in his own church, he spent weeks gathering the specifications, even down to the formula for the pipe metal. When the organist got home, he hired an organ builder and demanded that he follow these specifications. Under duress, the builder complied, even though it meant many time-consuming and costly extra operations. Finally, when the day for dedication of the organ came—usually a happy day for everyone concerned—the organist stepped proudly to his bench and prepared to play. Before he could press the keys, the builder, sitting in the front pew, stood up and delivered an impassioned speech disclaiming any credit or blame for the instrument. As he predicted, the organ was regarded as a costly failure.

One of the outstanding examples in organ-building history of an organ conceived by one man is the chapel organ at West Point, which was developed under organist Frederick C. Mayer from a \$10,000 instrument to one estimated to be worth from \$350,000 to \$500,000. Mr. Mayer, who is now retired, had the West Point organ expanded according to his own theories. Even the foot pedals were placed at intervals he figured out to be the best. And the new console, so complicated that it has been called the "brain" of the

instrument, was built mostly to his specifications.

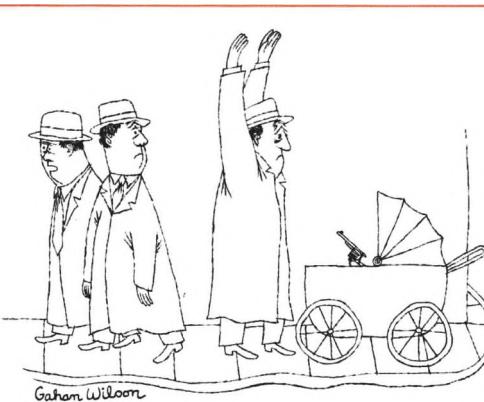
When Möller contracted to build this elaborate organ "switching center" in 1946, it was figured that the cost to West Point, which pays for all its organ improvements through contributions, would be about \$23,000. By the time 1950 rolled around and all of Mr. Mayer's requirements for the new console had been fulfilled, the cost was \$47,000. Some of the difference was made up by a sliding-cost arrangement; but the Möller Company claims it lost more than \$20,000 on the operation.

Jobs That Rarely Show Profits

Taking losses on specialized jobs is the rule rather than the exception for organ builders. One claims that he loses money on at least two out of 10 jobs. Along these lines, they tell the story of an old builder, who, looking over his books one day, found that he had made a profit on a recent job for a nearby church. He rushed over to the church to find out what his men had done wrong. "They couldn't have done it right and ended up ahead of the game," he reasoned.

Whether they are bad businessmen because they are in the organ business or the other way around, most builders are inclined to get carried away by the challenge and the possibilities of a particular job and end up putting more time and money into it than they had originally figured. As Aeolian-Skinner president Harrison describes it, "We get started on something and keep going on it until it satisfies us artistically. Sometimes that can be an expensive way of doing business, from the short-run point of view."

Mr. Harrison, a white-haired, ruddy Englishman who came into the organ trade some 40 years ago and worked with the American industry's outstanding early pioneer, Ernest M. Skinner, now retired, is considered the leading "artist" in the organ business today. He is Aeolian-Skinner's star salesman as well as its chief organ planner, designer and finisher—the man who carefully adjusts the instrument after it has been installed. When he is working, late churchgoers are often astounded by the sight of the tall, professorial Mr. Harrison and his young assistant, Joseph S. Whiteford, vice-president of the com-



COLLIER'S "You wonder where it's all going to end" GAHAN WILSON

never do for the Baptists—or any other denomination

pany, walking around, stamping their feet, clapping their hands and singing in a rough imitation of a rank of diapason pipes. They are doing what organ men call "feeling" a church—studying its acoustics, figuring out how much or how little the ceiling, windows, pews, cushions and walls absorb or reflect sound. Their findings will determine the kind of organ they will build.

Since an organ, unlike a violin, for example, doesn't have its own resonance chamber, it must use the whole church to give fullness to its tones. Acoustics is one of the modern organ builder's biggest problems. Unlike the old craftsmen of Europe, he doesn't have the vast cathedrals with their heavy stone walls and stained-glass windows to give his instruments resonance. Instead he works in buildings with steel beams and walls and ceilings lined with sound-deadening materials that absorb some of the organ's tone.

Next to poor acoustical qualities, lack of space is probably the organ builder's biggest design headache. The industry keeps pleading with church people and architects to consult the organ makers before final plans are set for a new church; but in the end the organ builder usually has to scrounge for enough space to give his organ a chance to "speak" as he thinks it should. As a result, few organ layouts are the same.

A basic organ includes a console—with its manuals or keyboards—and the necessary stop controls and connections to activate the electrical system, which in turn opens valves under the pipes and sends columns of air into the pipes themselves. Power is provided by electric motors and the wind is drawn in from the outside by electric blowers, and pumped through conduits to the reservoirs and then into wind chests, sometimes called the body of the organ. The vibration of the air in the pipes, located directly above the wind chests, makes the sound. The quality and pitch depend on the length and width of the pipe, its shape, material and opening. On the section of the organ known as the swell organ, the loudness of tone is regulated by shutters that open and close like Venetian blinds. The pipes of other sections can play only at the volume for which they are constructed.

Two "Schools" of Organists

The area of tone quality is where infighting gets brisk in the organ fraternity. One group of organists and several manufacturers advocate a return to the music of Bach and his time, which calls for clear, brilliant sound. This means building organs in the European tradition, with such characteristics as unnickled pipes and low wind pressure. Opposing these classical purists are the organists who like to mix into their repertoire the music of Mendelssohn, Liszt and the flashy nineteenth- and twentieth-century French composers. This is the romantic period and its music requires versatility—a lot of flutes, reeds and special stops imitative of instruments in the orchestra such as the French horn, the English horn, the bassoon and the oboe. These are called "color" stops.

The present pressure toward the classical music and organ is a reaction against the romantic extremes of the twenties, best exemplified by the instruments built for the movie theaters.

These organs were big and had large pipes with "mushy" sounds and all kinds of gadgets, including such stops as full-sized grand piano, harps, xylophones, timpani, many other kinds of drums—and in one case, in Springfield, Massachusetts, rows of brass bells strung out into the theater lobby. Today, organ builders recoil painfully when the theater era is mentioned. They made their last big money then (before the present boom), but they feel the instruments they built were hardly worth it in present-day chagrin.

A Neat Trick If You Can Do It

Although the average person doesn't see it, an organ usually consists of several organs, sometimes as many as 10 or more. An organist, if he so desired, might play one tune with his left hand, another with his right, and a third and fourth with his feet. The range of the pipes of a large organ is greater than that of a whole symphony orchestra, producing from 16 cycles to 18,000 cycles of tone per second.

When a stop of pipes is labeled eight-foot it means that the lowest pipe in that set (usually 61 pipes representing just one source of tone, such as the flute) is eight feet long and the pitch will be the normal one corresponding to middle C on the piano keyboard. Consequently the 32-foot pedal pipe is an octave and a half lower than the bass viol, and the one-foot stop is higher than the violin. One of the smallest pipes is about as big around as a pencil and three quarters of an inch long. Ten people standing head to foot can fit into some of the larger pipes.

The "soul" of an organ is that unique foundation tone provided by pipes called the diapasons and duplicated by no other instrument. Other families of pipes are the reed, which gets its quality and pitch from a metal strip called a "tongue" vibrating over an opening; the wooden flute pipes; and the metal string pipes which, like orchestral strings, have a bright sound emphasizing the upper tones. And there are hundreds, and perhaps thousands, of variations on these basic groups.

Parts of a single organ often exceed 100,000 in number, made of wood, zinc, lead, tin, silver, leather, plastics, ebony, ivory and brass. The largest organ in the world is in the Atlantic City, New Jersey, Auditorium. It has 33,000 pipes running up to a record 64 feet, 9 inches in length and there are ten 32-foot stops. The wiring in the instrument is long enough to go around the world an estimated five and one half times, and 225,000 board feet of lumber went into its construction. This organ's volume is said to be greater than that of 25 brass bands, and it takes four and a half hours just to walk through it.

Other large and well-known organs include the 30,067-pipe instrument in Philadelphia's John Wanamaker store, the 70-ton organ at West Point, which now has more than 14,000 pipes, the 12,809-pipe Austin in the St. Matthew's Lutheran Church at Hanover, Pennsylvania, the new 10,000-pipe Riverside Church organ, largest in New York City, and the far-famed organ of 10,746 pipes in the Mormon Tabernacle in Salt Lake City.

This last instrument has so intrigued people from all over the country that once trains through the city would schedule a special two-hour stop so

that passengers could see and hear the noted pipe organ. Rebuilt in 1948, but originally constructed of materials hauled to Salt Lake City by oxcart, it was played for the first time in 1867. It has been heard in daily recitals for more than half a century and with the Tabernacle Choir has been presented on a national weekly radio program since 1929. The tone of this organ is considerably enhanced by the tabernacle's huge wooden-beamed ceiling, which gives the building excellent acoustical properties.

The United States church organ with the largest number of pipes is in the Mother Church, The First Church of Christ, Scientist, in Boston. It has 13,389 pipes and its construction involved the use of about four tons of tin, four tons of lead and five tons of zinc.

Like some other out-sized things, many supersized organs have proved impractical. They have grown haphazardly into all nooks and crannies of their buildings, and are therefore very difficult to maintain. It takes, for example, three men working 40 hours a week just to keep the West Point organ playable and it still has 2,000 pipes that won't play. As maintenance man William J. Deveau points out, it would take seven months to tune the complete instrument, and when you were finished, the pipes you worked on first would be out of tune again.

A Truant's Strange Hideaway

Organ maintenance men often find bats, birds, squirrels, mice and rats caught in organ pipes. But the most unusual find of all is reported by George Grathwohl, who has been with the Odell Company, of Yonkers, New York, for 42 years. Poking around in the pipes of an organ at a boy's school in New England, he was surprised to see freshly discarded tin cans, peach pits and bits of bread and paper. He glanced up and saw, stretched out atop the wind chest, a boy who had been missing from classes for several days. He had been hiding out in the organ and stealing food from the kitchen at night. After the boy was collared, the organ was its old self once again.

Although some organ builders would like to ignore it, the industry is plagued by the nagging question of money. Costs of organ-building have gone up an average 49.5 per cent since 1947, and while prices have gone up correspondingly, many builders are not making a profit—and few make more than three per cent.

One of the steps toward increasing income already adopted by some companies is to avoid the risky experimental jobs. Another will probably be an effort to build more higher-priced organs. The price now is around \$1,200 per stop, or between \$10,000 and \$25,000 for the average adequate organ.

Moneywise, even in these boom times, the organ industry has attracted little outside investment—possibly because only a few men have got really rich in the business. But old-timers stay in the trade anyway. Why? "It gets into your blood," more than one will tell you. Or, "I grew up in it. My dad talked nothing else at the table." As G. Donald Harrison puts it, "It's a business from which you can't retire. Old organ makers, like General MacArthur's old soldiers, don't quit or die: they just fade away."

THE END

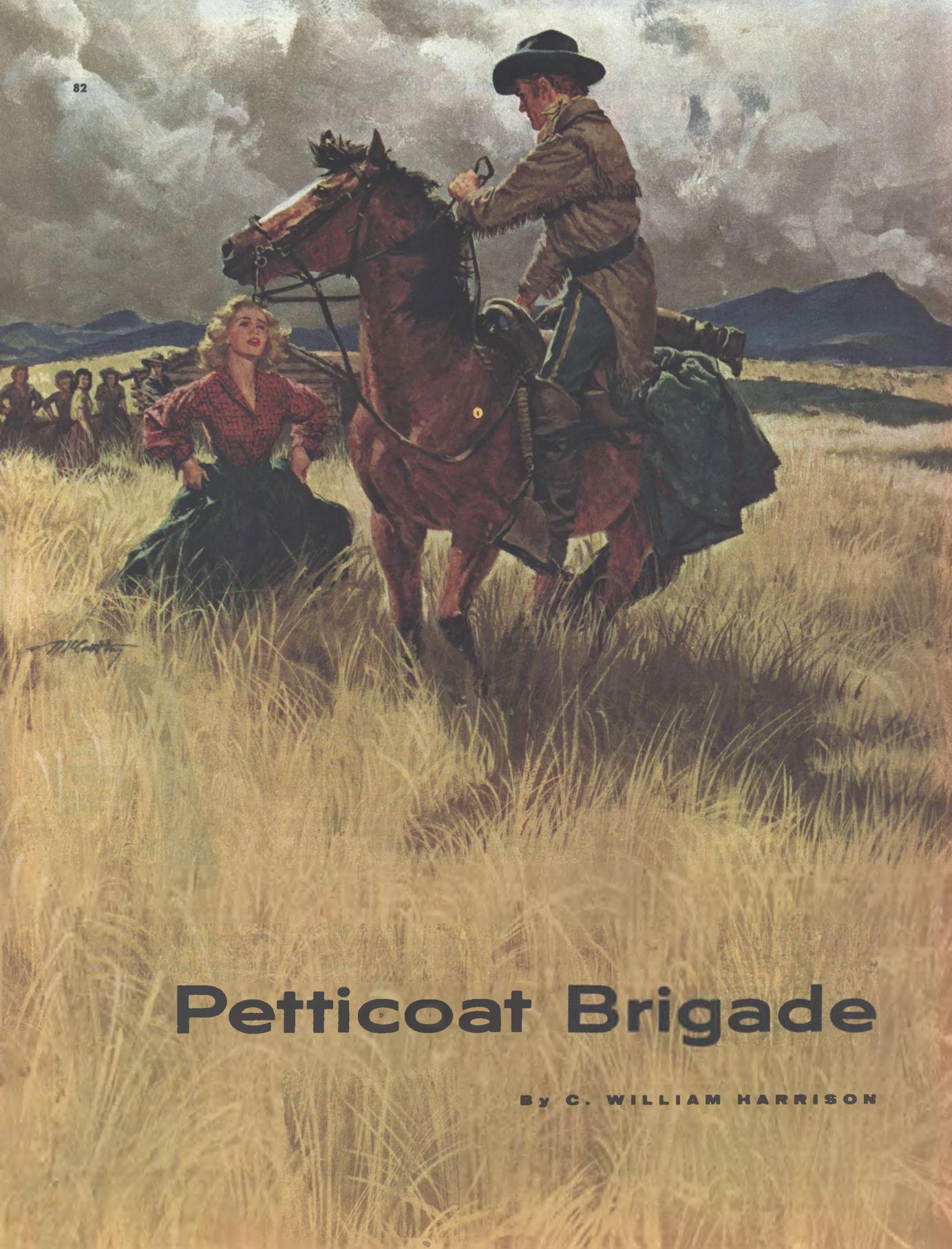


His Kaywoodie is the finest pipe made. Its beauty is rare, indeed, for only the choicest imported briar is worthy of Kaywoodie. The density and close grain assure the world's sweetest, coolest smoke. And Kaywoodie's Drinkless Fitment in the stem completes your enjoyment. This exclusive feature screens irritants, condenses tobacco tars, prevents clogging. That's why your Kaywoodie draws so easily. Treat yourself royally with a Kaywoodie. A regal gift, too.

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World's Finest Pipes Since 1851



Petticoat Brigade

By C. WILLIAM HARRISON

A vengeful Comanche war party was coming and Hewitt was alone—except for twenty-two distrustful, defenseless women

BEGINNING A NEW TWO-PART SERIAL

HE CAME riding out of the north, this Frank Hewitt, mounted on a claybank mare. Both man and horse were dust-stained and exhausted from long miles of hard travel. When they topped the slant of a low hill, Hewitt let the mare come to a halt. This llano was a parched land and Hewitt had no water for the animal, nor for himself. Since early morning, seven hours and better than thirty miles ago, he had been tormented by thirst, for his canteen had been ripped open by a Comanche bullet.

He sat tall in his saddle, and in his eyes there was unrest. Time crowded him—the hard hours he had put behind him and the uncertainties of those yet to come. He shifted his weight in the saddle and leather creaked against the silence. He could not bring ease to his body or to his mind. Across those haunted miles behind him was the senseless and inexcusable slaughter at Sand Creek. It was a crime to be condemned, a crime that would demand an answer. There would be a reckoning. This Frank Hewitt knew and feared.

The Sand Creek massacre would not be forgotten. The Arapaho warriors who had returned to find their women and children murdered, their animals slaughtered, their camp burned—they would not forget; and the Comanche scouting party Hewitt had met proved that other tribes had been alerted. There were blameless whites living all across this llano who were yet to die. The price was yet to be paid.

The hill sloped off to the south, belly-deep with grass burned to a tawny yellow by the late autumn's drought. The sky was clear, the sun bright. The air was sharp with the aroma of ripe hay. This was a world unfenced and untamed. In all that vast land, that flowing sea of grass, there were no cattle to be seen, there was no rising drift of chimney smoke to mark a settler's cabin.

Yet Hewitt knew there was a cabin; it was somewhere along that distant creek marked by the faded green of cottonwoods. It had been there three years ago—Matt Letham's soddy—but Hewitt also knew there was nothing so fugitive and impermanent on this hard-knuckled land as the imprint of a settler. Restlessly, Hewitt turned in his saddle and looked back across the low hills and shallow valleys behind him. There was no movement, and he smiled at his futile searchings—a thin touch of wry humor.

In this great silent land, Hewitt knew it was what a man did not see that killed him. The Comanche he had left dead seven long hours of riding behind him testified to that. Whether or not the rest of that scouting party had yet come across the body of the dead one, he had no way of knowing. He could only search with vigilant wariness and pray that time would not run out before he had finished this job he had set out to do.

He nudged the mare forward. He rode steadily down the long ramp of the hill, and when he reached the bottom land he angled toward the creek.

As he rode across the llano, Hewitt seemed to blend with the tough land. He was wearing a buckskin jacket which was stained and grimy, and his cavalry-man's pants were faded almost beyond recognition. His trooper's boots and his black campaign hat were dusty and scarred. Wind and sun had burned his face, and beneath his hat his rough, heavy hair showed a deep coppery cast.

As he rode along the sandy channel of the creek, he passed cottonwood stumps all but lost among willow saplings. None of the cuts were fresh, and he thought of three possible answers: Matt Letham had given up his dreary struggle against the land, or the Comanches had raided him out, or he had gone

**"Stealing their horses has just made the women hate you more!" Ann cried.
"They'll know why I did it when they see what I've brought," Hewitt said**

away to the War between the States, as had so many other Texans.

Then a gust of wind fanned past him, carrying with it the faint odor of wood smoke. For a moment Hewitt was excited, and then he remembered the cavalryman's gear he was wearing and thought: If Letham is home, there may be trouble. Letham had not taken kindly to Hewitt's—or any Texan's—going over to the North. It was Letham who had said: "I see you again, mister. I'll kill you."

HEWITT stopped his horse and found a hole through the screening thicket of saplings. He could see the crude sod house, a brush-and-pole corral out back and an old flat-bed wagon. A woman was working tiredly in a small garden near the house.

Hewitt remembered Stella Letham as a tall, strongly made woman who had possessed real beauty, and he was shocked by what he saw now. The beauty was still there, but across it had fallen the look of dull and deadened despair of a woman who had been left alone too long on a harsh and pitiless land. Her rich, black hair was tied in an untidy knot on the back of her head. Her dress was drab and colorless, showing no sign of a handsome woman's normal pride.

Seeing her as she was now, Hewitt thought: Matt has gone off to the war. She's stopped caring how she looks. He lifted the reins, about to urge his horse out of the thicket, when he heard the creaking of a wagon wheel turning on a dry axle. He settled back into his saddle, his hand resting on his Navy Colt.

Stella Letham lifted her head, the hoe forgotten in her hand; and inside



the sod house a small boy's voice cried out: "Mommy, someone's coming!"

Stella Letham dropped her hoe and began smoothing out her dress and working swiftly with her hair. Into her eyes came a shining glow of anticipation that stood frantic and desperate against the agony of her loneliness.

The wagon, drawn by a pair of plodding oxen, came around the flank of the hill, and Hewitt saw Stella Letham

go running along the path to the weed-filled road, too impatient to wait. A stolid, hunched-over man sat on the high plank seat; beside him was a blonde girl, erect, slim and confident of her fresh beauty. The wheel kept up its grinding squeal on the dry axle, but Stella Letham's voice came clear and distinct.

"I'm Stella Letham—Matt's wife. It would pleasure me no end if you folks would stop over for a spell."

The man in the wagon didn't even glance at her.

"It's so seldom that folks pass by this way," Stella said. She began walking beside the wagon, eagerly looking up at the man and woman.

"My man's been gone for most of two years now," she said, a kind of frantic friendliness in her voice. "Matt joined up and went warring against the North. Out here a body can't get many letters. Have you folks maybe heard of Matt Letham?"

The girl in the wagon said something in a low voice to the man, but he frowned and shook his head.

Mrs. Letham said, "You're rolling on a dry axle, mister. If you'd care to stop over for a spell, you're more than welcome to grease up out of my man's stock."

"Got grease of my own," the driver answered.

Mrs. Letham made a distracted gesture with her hands. "I didn't mean to sound unseemly. I was only trying to be neighborly."

"Makes no never mind."

"But it would only take a short time," Mrs. Letham cried. "Just an hour or so. It would give the lady a chance to set and rest."

"Got miles to make while we've still got light."

THE girl in the wagon turned to the driver. "Please, Mr. Luckett. I am a little tired. If we only stopped for a few minutes—"

The driver slapped the oxen with his lines, giving no answer at all.

Mrs. Letham turned to the girl, and now she was almost crying. "I suppose I should be ashamed, acting like this. I know I look awful, my hair and such.

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Collier's for November 25, 1955

But I've been so lonely. Maybe it should be enough to have my son with me while Matt's gone. That's my boy standing off back there. Bax is five; he's been poorly since back around calf-dropping time. The lonesome sickness, I guess."

Mrs. Letham brushed a hand across her eyes. Her voice was frantic in its pleading as she trotted along beside the wagon. "There's a time when a woman needs her own kind to talk to. You must know how it is, lady. Out here when your man's gone away to war and a body don't know anything from month to month, all she can do is wonder and worry. It's the wondering and worrying that hurts, and not having any other woman to talk to. My nearest neighbor, a Mrs. Creasey, is twenty miles from here and I haven't seen her for a year now."

The girl looked at the man beside her. "Please, Mr. Luckett, just for a short while."

The man seemed to bunch tighter over his lines, his face sour with stubbornness. "I was paid to carry you to Ed Harroll's place. Wasn't paid to let a pair of women set around and gossip."

The wagon drew away from Mrs. Letham, leaving her alone in the rutted road, softly crying. The wagon passed the willow thicket and Hewitt saw the driver tap his temple with a big-knuckled finger.

"Tetched in the head," he said. "Happens every now and then to females in this damn' country. A woman's got to have rawhide in her to be worth her salt to a man in this part of Texas. A Mex or a squaw will outwear three like that's back there."

The wagon was gone, the sound of its squealing wheel fading off to the south. Hewitt reined his horse around and rode out of the willows, heading toward the sod house. . . .

The house had been dug into the shoulder of the hill, with thick blocks of sod used to build up the front walls and to cover the roof. This was the quick and simple way to build a house; on this harsh and demanding range, a

man had to give his time to his cattle rather than to his own comforts.

Standing in the soddy's doorway, Stella Letham gave no sign of recognizing Hewitt. There was only a look of quiet hate in her eyes. She said, "Damn' Yankee!"

Hewitt said, "Strong talk to make around the youngster, ma'am."

She stared up at him, a proud woman defiant against a man who wore the uniform of an enemy, and then she turned abruptly to her son: "I think Bossy strayed down to the creek bottom, Bax. You'd better go bring her in. It's almost time for milking."

AS SOON as the boy was gone, she said, "No Northerner is welcome on this land. You'll oblige me by leaving here at once."

"Ordinarily that would be enough to start me making tracks, ma'am," Hewitt said, "but my horse has been pushed too hard today. I don't reckon Matt would begrudge a man water for his horse."

He saw the woman's eyes widen. "You know my husband?"

"Yes'm." He swung a long leg up over the pommel and slid to the ground. "I guess you don't recognize me. I'm Frank Hewitt."

There had been a look of dread in her gaze, dread that he brought bad news of her husband, but now she grabbed a shotgun up from its place behind the door, her face white with uncontrolled fury.

Hewitt lunged forward, twisted the shotgun out of her hand and took a short step back from her, holding the gun at ready. He said, "I didn't come here to make trouble. Give me a chance to talk, Mrs. Letham."

She raised her head defiantly. "What have you got to say for yourself?" she asked bitterly. "A turncoat Texan who went over to the North while my husband is fighting for the South!"

Hewitt had known coming back here would be like this. No ranch on this land would forgive him for the uniform he was wearing. "Matt's fighting for

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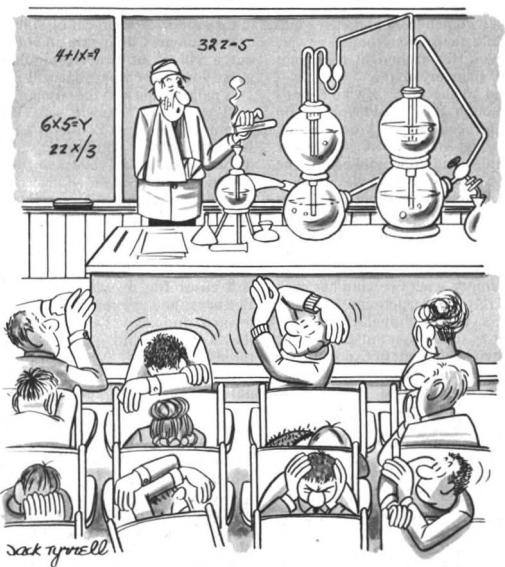
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"Catholics," they have heard it said, "go to church because they are obliged to do so. The priests keep telling them it is a sin if they don't... that they risk eternal damnation if they don't obey the Church. Catholicism is a religion of fear."

It may be possible to "fool all of the people some of the time." But is it not unbelievable that literally *billions* of people could have been deceived over a period of nearly 2,000 years? Could Catholicism have held the loyalty of eminent philosophers, scientists and other intellectuals down through the centuries if all it offered was a doctrine of fear and superstition?

No, your Catholic neighbor does not go to Mass and Confession and participate in other religious devotions merely because of an obligation imposed by the Church. It is, he believes, an obligation imposed upon him by God; and it isn't fear, but the desire to serve God that prompts his religious life.

Religion to a Catholic is not merely a worthy and virtuous activity. It is an absolute duty. It is, we believe, the means provided by God for the fulfillment of the God-given purpose of our lives. It is the channel through which we acknowledge our utter dependence upon God, and by means of which we give expression to our love, faith and gratitude.

Catholics believe further that we must honor God in the way revealed through



his true Son, Jesus Christ, Who commanded that we "...hear the Church." We believe that Christ established the Catholic Church and that it bears all the distinguishing marks which Christ said His Church would bear. We accept the teachings of the Catholic Church, therefore, because we believe that it is Christ's Church. It isn't fear or superstition that impels us to do this, but clear historical fact and our own reason and intelligence.

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"One thing about Zach—he certainly has a sense of humor"

COLLIER'S

DORIS MATTHEWS

his beliefs; I'm doing the same for mine, Mrs. Letham."

When the woman neither moved nor spoke, Hewitt leaned the shotgun against the wall of the house. "You're low on firewood," he said. "I'll go and chop up some."

IT WAS some time later when Hewitt set down the ax to rest his lean, full-muscled body. He had been saddle-weary before, but now he felt oddly rested. Work tired him, but in a lusty, good sort of way. Turning, he found young Bax Letham watching him, squatting on his bare heels. The boy was blond, and thinned down from his sickness.

"Are you a damn' Yankee, stranger?" he asked abruptly.

Hewitt smiled. "That's what your ma called me."

"She hates you, doesn't she?"

"I guess she thinks she has a good enough reason to, Bax."

"If I was big, I'd fight you!"

"So? Why would you want to fight me?"

"Because you're a damn' Yankee."

Hewitt looked at the sod house, and then across the sea of yellow grass; out there other women lived in dreary loneliness while their men fought a war. These wives, Hewitt thought, their fight is tougher than any man's.

He said to the boy, "Reckon that's reason enough, Bax," and he picked up the ax and began to work once more.

He worked steadily. A man's war was simple and uncomplicated, he thought. He went away, was given a gun and an enemy to shoot at. But it was the woman he left behind him who had the bitterest enemies to fight: drudgery, waiting and fear. And there was the endless silence of this land, the vast empty spaces forcing her each day to retreat deeper into herself. Loneliness, Hewitt thought, could destroy just as surely as a bullet.

And then he thought of Colonel John Chivington's massacre of the Arapaho village on Sand Creek. The women and children and old men who had been murdered there would be avenged. The women in this thorny corner of Texas would not escape the butchery that was coming.

Behind Hewitt, Mrs. Letham said, "Your supper is ready...."

After supper, Hewitt stood beside the fireplace, the flickering light casting his tall, lank shadow on the sod wall behind him. Silence piled up in the room. The woman kept staring at him,

the blond boy at her side mirroring her hostility.

"Abruptly, the woman said, "You've watered your horse and had your meal. I'll thank you to leave now."

He shook his head slowly. "There's a few facts I've got to tell you first. For one, there was a Comanche I tangled with this morning. He was painted for war, and he had his mind set on collecting me. I was lucky."

Stella Letham said, "I'm sorry he didn't get you."

Hewitt looked at her without expression. "You hate me that much?"

"You're one of the reasons my husband went away from his wife and son to fight a war," she said. "Every other manless woman on this range will feel the same way about you. You wear the uniform our husbands are fighting. You're worse than any other Northerner. You're a turncoat Texan who went to war against his own people. Why did you ever come back?"

He moved his shoulders. "To try to help you and the other women around here." He ignored her bitter laugh and went on: "There's something you've got to know. A few days ago there was a massacre along Sand Creek, up in Colorado. A regiment of volunteers under Colonel Chivington all but wiped out a village of peaceful Indians. I guess you know what that will mean."

A pallor came into the woman's face. "I was there," Hewitt said. "Lieutenant of the First Colorado Cavalry. It wasn't pretty. Chivington did what he had set out to do. His men cut loose with no warning at all—killed old and young, women and children. I've never seen worse slaughter."

"You must be proud of yourself."

HEWITT winced. "I make no excuses for myself, Mrs. Letham. I've never had any reason to feel kindly toward Indians. I've seen ranches they'd burned and people they'd tortured and killed. I've seen enough to hate them all. But this Sand Creek business was different. Those Indians had made their peace treaties. They were in their lodges and causing no trouble. It was dawn; they were asleep. I tried to stop Chivington, but he wouldn't listen. His mind was made up, and nothing would change it. He said the only peaceful Indian was a dead one. When he gave orders to open fire, it was more than I could stomach. I pulled out."

"Deserted!"

"That's what the Army will call it."

"I suppose it's your hope to justify your desertion by claiming you rode

here to warn the people on this range." Then she added with bitter malice, "Or was it your intention to scare the people off this range so you could later claim it as your own?"

Anger overwhelmed Hewitt. "Let me speak plain to you," he said harshly. "What you think about me makes no never mind. But what you think about your son and about the other women and kids on this land does matter. The news of that Sand Creek massacre will spread from Mexico to Canada. It won't be only the Arapaho striking back. What Chivington did that day will set loose all the tribes—and I've seen enough to know the Comanches are already out. I tangled with that scoundrel this morning. What is it you want, woman—to see your son's head bashed in by Comanches simply because you hate me too much to believe what I say?"

She stared up at him, her face white. "What should I do?"

"Hitch up your team and get to Bufalo Corners as fast as you can."

She shook her head. "It's abandoned."

"Then go to Ed Harroll's. That log house he built up on the mesa is practically a fort. It's the only other place where a stand could be made."

She said, "I can't leave. Matt worked so hard for what little we have. I promised I'd look after everything while he was gone."

Hewitt picked up his hat. He said, "I'll be around if you need me." And when she gave no reply, he spoke again: "Best for you to be ready to leave before dawn. You'll have to warn as many other ranchers as you can on your way. And tell every woman you see to bring all the guns and powder she's got."

When Frank Hewitt was gone, Stella Letham sat on the bench beside her son. She looked at the small glass window that had miraculously survived the endless brutal miles of their journey across this broken land, and she remembered her husband's proud smile the day he had set it into the sod wall. It had been a mark of distinction to him, a symbol of dignity and a better life to come.

Not many other homes on this range could boast the elegance of a glass window light. Most had only stretched-cloth windows, which never let in much light and always leaked rain during a storm. Recalling this, Stella squared her shoulders. Whatever her man's faults, there was no better provider on this range than Matt Letham.

She thought of the Comanches who would come lashing across the land to ravage and destroy, and she picked up the shotgun and rammed it through the window.

PACING his horse carefully, Frank Hewitt made his long loping swing across the ranches to the west and to the south, and by near sundown he had completed his day's hard circuit. And then he headed for Ed Harroll's place, to give his horse some rest. There was a limit to the endurance of one man and one horse, and fresh mounts were a scarcity on this war-drained range.

Behind him were encounters with a dozen ungrateful ranch wives who had looked at his uniform with bitterness and hate. Remembering the unforgiving spite of those women, he rode with a dark and moody sense of rejection. His only consolation lay in the fact that he had done what he felt he had to do. That was his code. He admired Jeff Davis no less than Abe Lincoln, and a Rebel trooper no less than a Federal—in his book, a man did what he thought was right, and kept fighting until he was proved wrong.

Now, less than a mile ahead, he could see Ed Harroll's house, a squat, sprawling structure on top of a steep-sided, flat-topped hill. The only approach to the house was a long, gentle ramp slanting up from the north. Riding up this, he turned around in his saddle and gazed off to the northwest. There he could see a great dark blot moving rapidly across the land—buffalo.

As Hewitt wondered what could have caused the herd to stampede, there was a slashing rush of sound close over his head, followed instantly by the crack of a rifle shot. He jerked around in his saddle and saw the black haze of smoke above the open door of the ranch

"Greetings to the family!"



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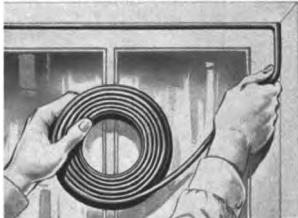
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house. Hewitt shouted: "What is this?"

"Plain enough, Yankee. You're not welcome here." It was a woman's voice, hard and defiant, with no edge of fear in it. He could see her now in the shadows, a slim, kneeling figure holding the rifle.

He yelled. "Now you look here—"

He saw the rifle's burst of flame, and heard the bullet pass inches above his head. He dropped low in the saddle and yanked the horse around, kicking it into a plunging run toward the rear of the house.

When he was at the side of the house, he spun the horse around, hauled in the reins and hit the ground in a run. His maneuver had drawn the girl to a rear window and now he went in through the front door.

He saw the girl's back and he said savagely, "You've got a few things to learn, lady."

She whirled and fired in a single frantic movement. The bullet was close; Hewitt felt the sting of splinters from the door beside him. As he winced, she threw the empty rifle at him and grabbed for a revolver on the floor beside her.

Hewitt threw himself at her in a plunging, head-on drive. The weight of his body carried them both to the floor, but she twisted out from under him quickly, breaking free. She slugged at him with the gun barrel, as a man would. In a burst of temper he drove his fist at her, but something halted the blow before it hit her.

He shoved her roughly away and stood up. "Damn it, woman, cool off, give me a chance to talk!"

She scrambled to her feet, striking him, and he grabbed her arms and spread-eagled her arms against the wall.

ABRUPTLY the girl stopped fighting him. "Oh, damn you, damn you, damn you!" she cried.

"Listen to me, lady—"

"I should have killed you when I had the chance. You damn Yankee—"

"Look, lady," Hewitt said, breathing hard, "if it was a woman I wanted, there are easier ways. You can stop worrying about—"

He tore her right hand from his grip and grabbed for his holstered gun. He caught her wrist roughly and pinned it against the cabin wall.

"You little spitfire," he said softly. "I told you I'm not going to bother you. Why do you want to shoot me?"

"The uniform you're wearing is reason enough."

A wry grin broke through Hewitt's anger. "Lady, if Jeff Davis would give guns to females like you, he'd have old Abe on the run in no time." And then his eyes slowly widened. "Why, you're the one in the wagon!" he said. "The one at the Letham place."

He suddenly remembered the driver of the wagon, and he asked warily, "Where is that driver—the fellow who brought you here?"

She gave him no reply.

He said with sudden roughness, "Look, lady, I've had about enough for one day. First it was Stella Letham pulling a gun on me, and then it was a dozen or so other women treating me like a dog. And now you. I'm tired and fed up, and I want an answer. Where is that driver?"

"He's not here," she said sullenly. "He was hired to bring me here, and when his job was finished he left. You've no reason to be afraid, mister soldier."

"Why did he bring you here?"

"That's no affair of yours."

"That's where you're wrong, miss. Are you Ed Harrill's woman?"

She raised her head arrogantly. Early in the afternoon he had thought she was a pretty girl. Now he saw she was truly beautiful, the kind of woman a man remembered forever.

"My name is Ann Templin," she said, her voice coolly remote. "I've come from Tennessee to wait for Ed Harrill. I'm going to be his wife. What do you know about Ed Harrill?"

"I'm Frank Hewitt. I was his neighbor," Hewitt said. "I was once his friend."

"Ed wouldn't have a man like you for a friend," she said, looking up at him. "A man who deserts, a man who fights a lone woman."

Holding her arms pinned against the cabin wall, so close to this angry, rebellious beauty, Hewitt felt a sudden, overwhelming desire for her and he abruptly released her. He said curtly, "No more trouble from you, now. I've got my limits."

"Is that a threat?"

"Call it a promise. Just stop crowding me, woman."

She laughed softly.

His controlled patience snapped and he reached out and pulled her to him. Holding her locked close against him, he saw the fear that came into her eyes. This was all he had wanted, but suddenly he was carried away by passion too long restrained. He knew clearly what he was doing but could not stop. He bent her body back and forced her face up, and he kissed her. It was not enough. His hand moved, and he felt a shock as he touched the softness of her body. It broke the spell, bringing his reason back to him as suddenly as he had lost it.

He stepped back from her and she leaned against the cabin's wall, her face taut and pale. She didn't move. She didn't speak.

"Never tease a hungry man, Miss Templin," he said angrily. "That is what I meant for you to learn."

She straightened the bodice of her

dress. "You must be very pleased with yourself," she said contemptuously.

A look of wry amusement came into her eyes. He grinned and said, "I sure am. I collect women like other men collect cows or money. A woman just ain't safe when I'm around. I rode a mighty long track today, just to add you to my list."

He saw a quick flash of anger in her face and he stepped back from her. He said shortly, "Enough of this wrangling. Miss Templin. There are a few important matters I want to talk over with you, and then we're going to spend a quiet night—me in the loft and you down here."

IT WAS nearly noon of the next day when they saw the first wagon coming up the long ramp of the hill. It was Stella Letham with her son, Bax. Hewitt turned to Ann Templin and spoke his first words of the day: "No matter what happens, I want no more trouble from you."

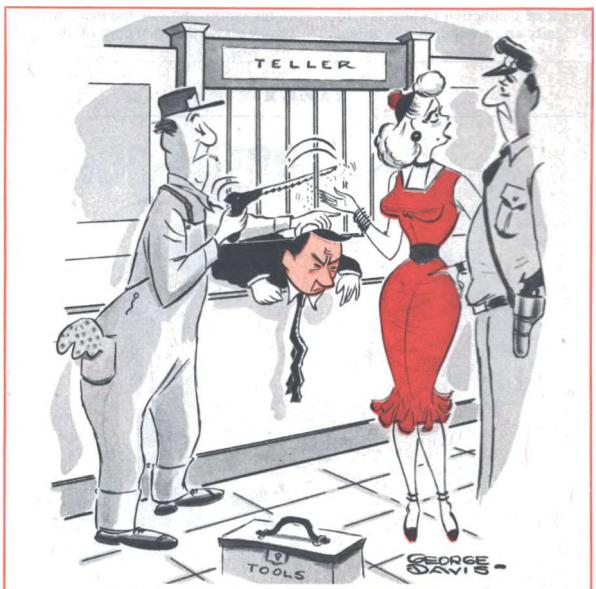
The girl ignored him, running ahead to greet Stella.

All that day the women came in, driving buckboards and wagons that carried their most prized possessions, or traveling on horseback with only a few meager provisions. They came from the far corners of the range, dusty and worn, with fear haunting their eyes.

Hewitt was surprised to see no children, except for Bax Letham, and no old people. The women came alone. He asked Stella Letham about this and she explained that the women, remembering the previous winter's hardships, had sent all the children and old folks south, to the nearest post. Bax had been too sick to travel.

These women who kept arriving at Ed Harrill's were the young and the not so young, the hopeful and the despairing. They were women without men—the women of the land.

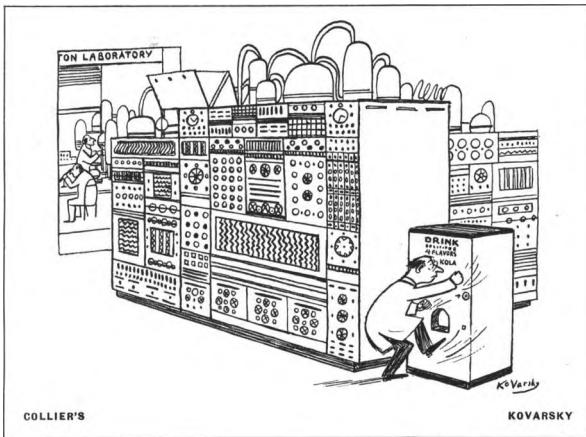
The first to arrive after Stella Letham were Letty Hibben, Vinnie Eccles and Hazel McCasslin. Entering the big



"I didn't see it happen. I was bending over at the time getting some money from my stocking."

GEORGE DAVIS

COLLIER'S



room, they eyed Hewitt with distaste, and then immediately turned away to get acquainted with Ann Templin . . .

Throughout the day Hewitt stood looking out across that vast tawny land in which murder could so brutally strike. With each arrival at this great sprawling fortlike house, he felt a surge of relief that was, in fact, a silent prayer of thankfulness. Comanches were tricky; they were all the more deadly because of their craftiness. A man could believe only what he saw, and then not place too much trust even in that.

Late in the afternoon, Jessica Creasey and Cora Melavin drove up to the house, followed an hour later by Harriett Cooney in a rickety buckboard

that was ready to collapse. Along toward sundown Margaret Tanner, Hannah Lacey and Sara Clelling, haggard and weary, arrived.

By dusk twenty-two of the twenty-three women who lived on the range were there at the house. Only Molly Ernshaw had stubbornly refused to abandon her home.

"Nothing I could say would change her mind," Stella Letham said. "All Molly would say was that she had promised her man she would hold his land for him. She'd promised him that when he came back he'd find his home just as he'd left it. She wouldn't leave."

Watching them, Hewitt saw the other women in the big room take this as an

indictment against their own courage and steadfastness.

"Molly lives the farthest out of us all," said Hannah Lacey, a tall, headstrong woman. "If she's not afraid to stay way out there, I guess that's enough for me. Tomorrow I'm going back."

Hewitt looked at the women and saw guilt and shame in their eyes. Speaking quietly, he said, "Because one woman digs her own grave, is that reason for you all to do the same?"

Hannah Lacey turned angrily on Hewitt. "I don't recollect any of us asking advice from a turncoat Texan."

Hewitt smiled. He expected scorn from these defiant women, but he couldn't resist saying, "No, but you're all here."

"Only because of Stella Letham," said Mrs. Lacey.

"Why you came makes no never mind, ladies," he said. "It's that you're here that matters. Ed Harrill knew what he was doing when he built this house. It's the closest thing this range has to a fort. Don't throw away what little security you have simply because of one woman's foolishness."

Harriett Cooney, a small, round-bodied woman, snapped. "Foolishness? That's a traitor's definition of loyalty, I suppose."

Hewitt looked at the taunting, angry women, and suddenly his own temper grew thin. "I'm going to lay it on the line for you," he said. "You've been told about the massacre on Sand Creek and you know what the Comanches will do when they come raiding through here. If you don't listen to reason now, all your husbands will find when they get home is your remains."

Jessica Creasey said scornfully, "Scare talk from a damn Yankee!"

"And tell me," Hewitt said, "just how brave are you going to be when you're left staked out on the ground after the Comanches are done with you?"

It was a brutal thing to say. It hit them hard. Hewitt went on, all anger gone from his voice. "Molly Ernshaw is a brave woman. But she is also a foolish one. If she is on her land when the Comanches come . . ." His words trailed off. The women knew what he'd left unsaid.

The women knew, but they were defiant. One woman had made a rash and senseless stand against danger, and now they were all determined to do the same.

"Tomorrow I'm going home," Hannah Lacey said. She lifted her head a little. "Tomorrow we're all going home."

FOR a moment Hewitt looked at them, and then he shrugged. "You will find it very easy to die," he said.

He opened the door and stepped out into the night.

The air was clear and cold. He thought: You did your best, but they wouldn't have any. Then the hell with all this! It's time to think about your own hide for a change.

He went around the house to the shed at the back and was shaking out his blankets when he heard a quick light step behind him. He swung sharply around, his hand dropping to his gun. It was Ann Templin.

"I hope you're happy now," she said. "I don't have to be horned by a steer to know I'm in the wrong place, lady," he said.

"Those women have no reason to like or trust you," she said, "but I've



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been thinking—there is danger from the Comanches, isn't there?"

Hewitt smiled ruefully. "That's what I've been trying to tell all of you for the last two days."

After a moment, Ann Templin asked, "Just what would you have the women do?"

"Store water and food in the house. Clear away all the sheds the Comanches could hide behind when they come. Dig rifle pits and sharpen up their shooting. Make all the preparations a troop of men would make before a fight."

"You could show them what to do?"

"I could have. But they won't listen to the likes of me. They've made up their minds to go back home, and that's what they're going to do."

"I'll talk to them."

"Won't do any good."

"If Molly Ernshaw had come they would have stayed here," Ann said.

"But Molly didn't come," Hewitt said bitterly. "She was a fool, and now they'll all be fools. Molly will be killed, and all the rest will scatter and be killed. That's how it will be."

She reached out and touched his arm. "Don't leave. They hate you, but they need you."

The nearness of the girl, the desperation of her appeal to him, and her soft beauty in the pale moonlight disturbed Hewitt.

"Ann?" he murmured.

"Yes?"

He drew her to him gently. She did not resist. He felt the softness of her against him, looked down at the enchanting sweetness of her face, and then he kissed her. It was a brief kiss, full of the ache of wanting—and of final parting.

Stepping back from him, she said, "Why did you do that?"

He could not answer for a moment, and then he said, "Something to remember."

As soon as Ann Templin had gone back to the house, Hewitt got his saddle

and walked carefully down to the pole corral, trying not to spook the animals inside. He found his claybank mare and saddled up. And then, putting a gradual pressure on the horses, he herded them out of the corral at a walk, pointing them down the long ramp of the hill away from the house.

Several miles away he came to a gorge where he'd once found several storm-strayed cattle, and he drove the women's horses into it. Then he dragged up brush to seal off the mouth of the gorge, remounted, and rode off. He was none too satisfied with this maneuver, but a man did his best with what he had when he was making a long and dangerous gamble.

AT DAWN, still riding steadily north, Hewitt scanned the horizon anxiously, but there was no smoke against the sky to mark a habitation. He rode on through the morning, seeing nothing but an occasional steer—strays from the herds the women had been unable to maintain.

Hunger and thirst tormented him, but he ignored them. However, the deep, dredging fear that grew with each wasted hour was another matter. And then, after noon, he saw the tracks of an unshod horse in the sand of an arroyo, and a chill of apprehension rose in him. He urged his horse on, and finally he reached the brow of a low hill and saw below him the Ernshaw house.

The roof of the sod house was caved in, the walls had been pulled down, and the chimney stood like a monument over a grave. The body of a woman was staked out in the worn, hard-packed doorway.

A wrenching sickness filled Hewitt and he cursed the Indians who had done this. And then he thought of Chivington, whose blind zeal and arrogant stupidity had set loose this destruction and murder. He damned that man with his mind and his heart and with all the sickness that was in him.

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It was late afternoon when Hewitt rode up the ramp to the Harroll house. The sound of his horse's hoofs on the hard earth brought the women out of the house, Hannah Lacey in the lead. She yelled, "It's that devil-damned turncoat!"

"Turncoat! Traitor! Judas! Coward!" the others called.

Hewitt saw Ann Templin running toward him. "Why did you do it, Frank?" she asked softly, desperately. "Stealing their horses has just made them hate you more."

He dismounted stiffly. "I'm sorry, Ann, but I had to. It's been a bad day. It's going to be worse."

He started toward the house, leading his horse at a slow walk.

"Frank! No!" Ann gasped.

He knew she had noticed the blanket-wrapped body behind the clay-bank's saddle. "Keep out of this, Ann. This is how it has got to be."

He stopped in front of the knot of staring, scornful women, and then turned and loosened the ropes holding the body. Gently he lowered the body to the ground and drew the blanket back. He heard a choked scream and a smothered cry of protest.

He slowly straightened and spoke quietly: "This is Molly Ernshaw. This is how I found her—the way the Comanches left her."

Someone was sobbing, a broken, tearing sound. It was Jessica Creasey. Then Hannah Lacey's coarse voice said, "Damn you! Did you have to do it this way?"

"There's nothing nice about a Comanche war. I tried to tell you, but you wouldn't listen to me. You had to see for yourselves. Now you know what you're up against."

Stella Letham was crying softly. "Only yesterday I saw her and tried to warn her . . ."

Hannah Lacey said, "You've showed us, damn you. Then what should we do?"

Hewitt spoke flatly: "It was a scou-

ting party that got Molly Ernshaw—only a few of the men who are coming. You've still got a few days, maybe enough to get south to the nearest town. I'll get your horses for you, but I wanted you to see this first."

"How much of a chance do you think we've got?" Hannah Lacey asked.

"I don't know. Who can tell about Comanches? Chivington turned the country inside out at Sand Creek, and there's no telling what we'll find between here and town. It's a blind man's gamble."

HANNAH LACEY turned suddenly and faced the group of crying women. Her voice was harsh, covering emotion, as she said, "Hewitt tried to tell us, but we wouldn't listen. There's no right in saddling him with what we should decide for ourselves. He did what he could; now it's time we dug our feet into the dust. We'll stay where we are."

Thank you, Sergeant Lacey, Hewitt thought. And then, watching the women as they silently gave Mrs. Lacey signs of agreement, Hewitt felt the fear and despondency that had been threatening him through his long ride begin to fade.

Hannah Lacey turned to him and said in her crusty, unfeminine way, "You'll have to tell us what to do."

Hewitt saw humor in the situation he was about to create, but there was no time to give way to it. He said, "You're going to stop being women. From here on in you're going to be men. Troopers. Fighting men. You're going to learn to take orders and be cussed out if you don't. You're going to forget who I am and what I am. You understand?"

No one spoke.

"You're going to prepare a stock of food and store water for a siege. You're going to knock down every shed and fence the Comanches could use for cover. You'll dig rifle pits, and sharpen up your shooting. And when the time



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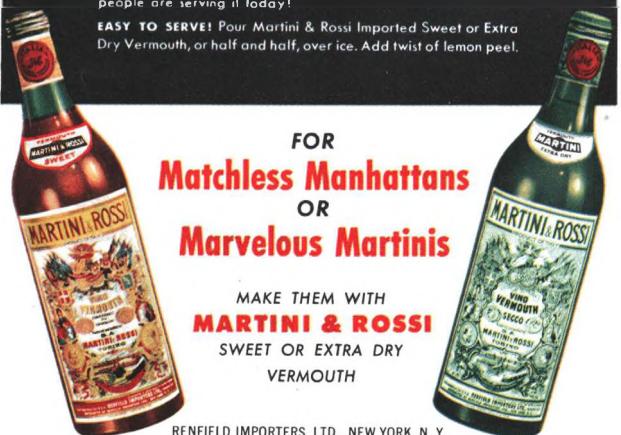
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comes you're going to fight, and some of you will die."

He heard some of the women gasp, but he went on, his voice like the impact of a fist: "If I'm rough it's because I want to stay alive just as much as you do. If I demand everything you can give, and then more, it's because I don't want to be worked over by the Comanches any more than you do. If we don't fight together we're finished. We're dead."

Hannah Lacey spoke with the crispness of an old trooper. "Your orders, Lieutenant?"

"You'll be sergeant of this outfit. Appoint yourself a corporal."

The Lacey woman turned to Mrs. Letham. "You, Stella."

Hewitt remembered Stella Letham's anger and defiance when he'd come to her cabin and knew Hannah Lacey had made a good choice. "See that sentries are placed around the house, Sergeant," he said.

Mrs. Lacey squared her shoulders. "You heard the orders, Stella—"

"Corporal Letham, Sergeant!" Hewitt snapped. "This is a troop of fighters. Please remember that."

"You heard the orders, Corporal Letham." She turned. "Anything else, Lieutenant?"

"Nothing else for tonight."

Mrs. Lacey hesitated. "What about Molly Ernshaw? With the Lieutenant's permission . . ."

Hewitt nodded. "I'll make a place ready for her."

LATE that night they stood grouped around the grave while Cora Melavin, a devout woman whose husband had preached for the Iloano people, read the service. When she had finished, the women turned away and walked silently toward the house. Only Ann Templin remained in the darkness near Hewitt.

"She's only the first, Ann. There will be others."

"Don't think about it, Frank."

"I can't help it. It's—"

"You're crying, Frank." She came to him and put her arms around him.

"I'm scared, Ann," he said. "These women, they don't know what's ahead of them. I've seen this before. I know how it's going to be. I can't help it, Ann. I'm scared . . ."

The day dawned gray and chill. The air was still and the sun gave no heat.

Hewitt walked stiffly around the doorway, working the ache out of his joints. He studied the pattern of the surrounding land, seeing in his mind the probable course of the Comanches' attack. Harrill's house stood on a mesa, three sides of which were steep enough to make trouble for horsemen. These sides were gutted by erosion and barbed with outcroppings of rock. The fourth side was the gradual slope slanting off to the north, and it was from this direction that the Comanches would make their initial strike. Knowing this, Hewitt began to make plans.

RIGID organization was his only hope for breaking the back of the overwhelming weight that would be thrown against the house. A sense of despair came over him; so much to be done, and so little time.

This was a fight for a troop of seasoned men with the best of modern firepower. But all he had was a handful of women with outdated weapons: shotguns and single-shooter muskets—not a dozen repeaters in the lot. Hannah Lacey had a Volcanic rifle. Margaret Tanner had brought a revolving carbine; the Creasey woman a Whitby .69 which would probably kick her shoulder off when she fired it; Mrs. Clelling a weighty four-barrel Golcher her husband had left with her, Heaven only knew why.

Cora Melavin owned an excellent Sharps, but she was so devout she swore she would never break the Lord's commandment by killing a fellow human, even a Comanche Indian howling for her scalp.

All that day Hewitt was nagged by the fear that he was using poor judgment in the orders he gave to the women, that he was weakening their effectiveness with too many duties. Sharpening up the skill of the women with weapons was of vital importance, but good shooting was only one link in the chain. Unless all protective cover was cleared off around the house the Indians would be able to sneak in close enough to set fire to the building or take a murderous toll with short-range sniping.

Food had to be prepared in advance so that all the women would be free for fighting, and water had to be stored. There were bandages to be prepared, bullets to be molded and patches cut for the muzzle-loaders. A hundred other things had to be done, and all





COLLIER'S "Go ahead and laugh, but he gets \$85 a hat" JEFF KEATE

of them vitally necessary. The pressure of them crowded Hewitt and made him harsh and cross-tempered, and he saw resentment rankle the women as he drove his orders at them.

He rode out and killed a steer, and set Harriett Cooney to the job of butchering the beef. He sent Vinnie Eccles and Jessica Creasey down to the creek bottom to snake out firewood. When they were slow to return he rode down and chewed them out for their inefficiency with an ax.

"Put your weight behind those axes, you two. You've both got the beef, so use it!"

The two women bridled. "Now look here—"

"Let a man do the job," Hewitt said, and reached for an ax, but Vinnie Eccles slammed him back with a flat-hand blow.

She was a big woman, heavy of shoulder and hip, her face beet-red with wrath. There was a jolt to the wallop she gave him. "No damn' Yankee can do anything I can't do," she snarled. "Get out of my way, Hewitt. I'll show you a thing or two."

They came up to the house an hour later, snaking behind Hewitt's horse a load of wood three men could not have cut in that short time.

"Now what?" they snapped at him.

They needed rest, but he knew they would not accept it. Nor was there any time for rest.

"Get your orders from Sergeant Lacey," he answered curtly. "She's got a crew knocking down the sheds."

Young Bax Letham came whooping around the corner of the house, shooting down a horde of imaginary Comanches with an imaginary gun. Hewitt called sharply: "Does a man play games, or does he work, Letham?"

The boy stopped; his eyes filled with tears.

Stella Letham came across the yard, her anger plain in her face. "You can crack your whip at us, Lieutenant. But you leave Bax alone. He's only a boy."

Hewitt looked down at Bax. "How about that, soldier?"

Bax stood erect, his thin arms held rigidly at his side. "I ain't a boy, Mom. I'm a real soldier, just like the lieutenant says."

The anger left the woman. She was careful not to smile as she said, "Sure you are, Bax."

Hewitt grinned down at the boy. "You gather kindling and I'll promote

you to corporal," he said. "Careful, though. I don't want any of my troopers getting themselves hurt." . . .

For the next two days Hewitt drove the women as mercilessly as he would a troop of seasoned men. When he saw them on the verge of rebellion he scorned them, goading their pride. Anger and hate, he soon learned, were the most potent of stimulants.

He would not let them rest, or give them time even for thought. He heard their thorny grousing as they labored, and he silently cheered for them. He laughed joyously to himself as he heard these women give vent to the same curses he had heard from bowlegged veterans of a score of bitter battles.

The sheds and shacks surrounding the house had been torn down. Water had been stored in the house in every available container. Stocks of food had been prepared, bullets molded for the muzzle-loaders, patches cut, bandages made ready for the time when they would be needed. Rifles were cleaned, loaded, and kept constantly at hand.

IN THE chill dawn of the seventh morning since his arrival on the llano, Hewitt sat up in his blankets to see Ann Templin coming toward him from the house. Watching her, he was aware of the slackness of her shoulders and how thin she had become. But he was proud of her. Not once had she complained. She stopped near where he lay. "Frank?"

Hewitt got up slowly. "Or should I say 'sir'?" she asked. "Don't whip the dog that loves you, Ann," he said.

She blushed. "I'm sorry. But you've been so harsh, Frank, so—so cold and severe these last few days."

"I guess you know why."

She nodded.

He said quietly. "Strict discipline and rigid organization—they're the only things that will see these women through what is coming, Ann. That's why I've had to be tough."

"I know. But you've got to stop riding them, Frank. That's what I came here to tell you."

"When they're dead or have beaten off the Comanches I'll stop riding them. Not until then, Ann." His voice was bleak. "I've got to do this my way, or not at all. I told them that at the beginning."

"But there's a limit, Frank! They've



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"Comanches fight by their own rules, not according to the whims of a bunch of females."

Ann looked up at him defiantly. "I came here to warn you, Frank. You push them today, and they're going to rebel."

"Like hell they will!" Hewitt retorted. "You listen to me, Ann. There's no halfway to this business they've taken on. They get their backs up now, and they're dead!"

At that moment the house door opened and the women came toward him. Rebellion was plain in their walk.

"We've followed every one of your orders, Lieutenant," Hannah Lacey said when the group reached him. "We've done a good job for you, but

we've reached our limit. Today is going to be our own."

Hewitt said nothing.

"We're going to take off to get a little rest. We're going to mend our clothes and eat decent food and take baths."

Hewitt said, "I doubt if the Comanches will have much appreciation for your clean bodies."

The women gasped and someone said, "You damn Yankee!"

Hewitt yelled: "Now hear me, all of you! I don't like this mess any more than you. When I joined the Federal Army, Ed Harroll gobbled up my ranch. I didn't leave a wife and kids behind me. I've got nothing here to die for. I came back here because I didn't want to see you women slaughtered by the Comanches. I'm here, and as long as I am, you're going to do what I say."

"All we want is three or four hours," Stella Letham said.

"Maybe you think the Comanches will hold off that long when they come?"

"They're not here yet. Maybe they won't come at all."

"That's just what Molly Ernshaw thought. It was what killed her," Hewitt said and turned to walk away down the hill.

BEHIND him he heard scorn in Ann's voice as she spoke to the women. "My home was a plantation near Memphis. We had servants to do all our work. I never knew what it was to get as filthy as I am now. But I want you to know this: I would rather be dirty and alive than clean and dead."

Hewitt was standing a quarter mile from the house when Ann joined him,

carrying a spade. "What is it you want me to do, Frank?"

"I need rifle pits dug for a dozen shooters," he said.

"All right," Ann said, and set at once to dig in the hot-baked earth.

Mrs. Lacey came up, carrying a shovel. Then there were other women, tired, hard-eyed, grim women who voiced no apology as they set to work.

Hewitt called out, "I'll need rifle pits for a dozen shooters, space them four yards apart on a line. Don't tramp down the grass."

He turned to Hannah Lacey, giving her his orders in a crisp flat tone: "Send a crew to cut five-foot posts out of the strongest corral rails you can find. I want the posts set into the ground forty yards farther on down the slope, Sergeant, thirty yards apart across the hill, with two feet above the ground. Tamp

The Manikin that "Breathes" and "Bleeds"



Top: Captain J. Victor Niiranen uses superrealistic manikin he helped develop to demonstrate casualty treatment methods to group of Navy medical personnel. Left: Robert Geoghegan and Thomas Haynes (r.) prepare to assemble first of the new models

THE first member of a highly important new military contingent goes on active duty this month: a six-foot, 145-pound artificial man so true to life it breathes, has a pulse beat, even "bleeds." Eighteen months in the making, this synthetic patient, plus 19 others now in production, will be used by the armed forces as a uniquely effective teaching aid for personnel of the medical services.

The plastic manikin is amazingly realistic. Pulse beat and blood flow have been achieved by hooking a pair of pumps to a small, stainless-steel internal tank containing a solution which resembles blood in color and consistency. The liquid is pumped to various parts of the body through a network of surgical tubing.

By means of a control panel outside the model, an instructor can regulate the pumps to simulate various injuries and allied reactions. The pulse rate, for example, can be varied from 50 to 130 beats a minute. "Blood" may be made to drip or gush from wounds in the limbs, chest, abdomen or head, vividly duplicating either venous or arterial bleeding. Emergency surgical procedures can be practiced on the model. The handling of fractures demonstrated and blood transfusions made. The use of pressure points and proper bandaging will stop bleeding on the manikin just as surely as they do on a living person.

The model patient first was conceived at the Naval Medical Center in Bethesda, Maryland, in 1950 by Dr. J. Victor Niiranen of the Dental Corps. William Young, a civilian artist who directs Navy medical exhibits, developed a functional multipiece body. Sculptor Louis di Valentin fashioned molds for the individual body parts. Bob Geoghegan and Tom Haynes of the Rogay Models company, which has won a contract to assemble the finished dummies, helped Niiranen and Young to develop the intricate mechanical innards. A prototype finally was completed in 1953. A year later it was decided to produce a perfected model under the supervision of the Navy's Bureau of Medicine and Surgery for distribution to all the military services.

Admiral Bartholomew Hogan, the Navy's Surgeon General, has stated proudly of the final version: "This manikin represents a major accomplishment in the field of medical training."

Civilian doctors are equally impressed. Professor Othmar Solnitzy, of Georgetown University's School of Medicine, was able to capitalize on his school's Washington location to borrow the manikin recently for an anatomy class. "The model is so beautifully done and so dramatic," Dr. Solnitzy reported, "that even though the students knew it was artificial, some fainted when it started to bleed."

—EDWARD W. BIRD, M.D.



"...let him speak now, or forever hold his peace"

COLLIER'S

BILL HARRISON

them down so they're in solid, and string ropes between them, tight. Don't disturb the grass any more than you have to. I don't want the post and ropes to be seen by the Comanches when they come."

Hannah Lacey asked, "Your plan is to make a stand this far away from the house?" Her tone told him she didn't approve.

"My plan, Sergeant," he said, "is to outjump, outguess and outrick the Comanches every way I can. These are the best ways of staying alive in a fight like this is going to be."

He stood hip-deep in the yellow grass, his gaze searching the plains. There was never an end to this vigilance, this search for the inevitable. In the far distance to the north Hewitt saw a faint discoloration, a thin gray pencil line etched above the horizon. He pointed to it and said, "Corporal Letham, that will be your place—or Vinnie Eccles'. It'll take them another two or three days to work their way down here. They'll be thorough out there, just as they'll be when they get here."

He saw Mrs. Letham's face lose some of its color. He saw the tightening pinch of Vinnie Eccles' lips, but neither woman spoke. They bent again to their spades, gouging in dogged silence at the hard brown earth.

THE rifle pits were dug and ready. Farther down the slope and concealed by the tall grass were the solidly embedded posts with ropes stretched tautly between them. It had been brutal work and it was only noon of the seventh day. As they ate cold meat and beans, they saw the smoke from another fire. It was, Hewitt knew, Letty Hibben's belongings going up in flames; he could hear the soft sobbing of the woman.

"You're out of order," he said. "Get a hold of yourself, Hibben."

He saw the flaring resentment in the eyes of the others, but he ignored it. He had to be hard, he had to be tough. Only the wrathful and the hating could fight and be hurt and keep on fighting. Only the indomitable could ever survive.

"The furniture Sam made," Letty Hibben cried, "my mother's cherry wood chest—everything . . ."

"You're not the only one, Hibben," he said.

Stella Letham looked up from com-

forting the woman. "She has a right to cry."

Hewitt looked at Letty Hibben sitting in the dust, her shoulders shaking. Organization and discipline could be shattered by the weakness of one person, he knew, and he said, "It was Comanches who burned your house, Hibben. Those same Comanches will be here tomorrow or the next day to try to kill you. That's a good rifle on the ground in front of you. When you want to put a bullet into a target you line the front sight tight into the notch of the rear sight. You'll have a lot of targets when the Comanches come, but they won't make themselves easy to hit. We haven't got much time left. Are you going to sit there crying, or are you going to do what you can to sharpen up your shooting?"

The woman sobbed. "I'll—I'll try." "You're going to do more than just try," said Hewitt savagely. "You're going to learn how to be mean. You're going to imagine every target I'm going to put in front of you is a Comanche who will kill you if you don't get him first. You're going to—" Jessica Creasey came toward him, her face red with anger. "You're always pushing us. You're always using a whip. What do you know about the way we feel? We're the ones being hurt. You haven't lost anything here."

Looking at her, Hewitt knew he had to change his attack. Anger and brutality would no longer affect these women. "You think I haven't suffered?" he demanded. "Twenty-two females here and one poor damned man—and three days ago we had to go and tear down the backhouse!"

This was what he'd needed, a touch of humor to break the bleak monotony of too much drudgery and danger. The women stared at him. And then suddenly laughter burst from them, a bright and shining lift of spirits that instantly honed sharp the fine hard edge of reliance he had fought for and failed to get with toughness alone.

"All right," Hannah Lacey shouted. "Let's show the lieutenant we're not quite as bad at shooting as he thinks."

They were not bad on the targets, but they were not good—not good enough. They lay sprawled in the deep dust of the firing line along the rim of the hill, and with each volley Hewitt checked their shots, trying to correct errors.

"You, Eccles, pull down finer before you cut loose. You're shooting



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at a Comanche, not the side of a barn. Don't yank on that trigger, Cooney! Ease it back—squeeze it. Stop battering your eyes when you fire, Tanner; you're shooting at Comanches, not flinging with them.

"If you're scared of that rifle, Creasey, then give it to someone who ain't."

When he corrected an error of technique once, he expected it to take. If it did not and the error was repeated he turned cranky, chewing out the offender with the same derision he would have used on a man.

"That's real fine, Clelling. Close your eyes and yank the trigger just like a gun-shy female. You'll never hit any-one, but you'll sure scare 'em to death!"

HE STUNG them with his scorn, but they did not fight him back in angry resentment. The women had changed toward him. They had given him a place among them.

They volleyed, reloaded, and volleyed again. The black bursts of smoke stained their faces. Hewitt saw the huge Whitney .69 that Jessica Creasey was using kick her shoulder brutally with each slamming report. He could have stuck his thumb into the bore of

that miniature cannon, and he knew how cruel its recoil was.

But the woman no longer flinched as she squeezed off her shots. She was learning. Some pony-hugging warrior was going to change his ways when she cut loose on him with that big-bore weapon.

"That's better, now. Squint, squeeze, and watch 'em fall. As easy as that, McCaslin."

There was toughness in women. In their way they could be far tougher than any man. This Hewitt came to know as the afternoon dimmed into dusk. He was prouder of those ranch wives than he had ever been of a troop of hard-bitten cavalrymen.

They had seen two other widely spaced columns of smoke during the afternoon—Margaret Tanner's place first, and then the Cooney ranch two hours later. Neither woman had spoken out, but their shooting and the shooting of the others tightened down, promising retaliation.

With blankets across the windows to kill the lamplight, Hewitt watched them clean their rifles that night. His smile was pleased. These women had learned well. They had fitted them-

"How's about this one, you guys? What's stubborn as a mule, has a foghorn voice, is very stupid, and has lots of stripes?"



"...A zebra... Get it?"

HARRY LYONS



"Looks like Claney's taking the long way round to the station house . . ."

COLLIER'S

VAHAN SHIRVANIAN

selves to the task that lay ahead of them, and the will was in them to see it through. A man could ask for no more than that of his fighters.

There were Comanches alive tonight who would regret ravaging the land of these women, of that Hewitt was certain. It was a satisfaction. It was worth all that he had given.

He got up and went out into the darkness. The night air was sharp with the smell of winter in it. He would have been thankful now for the worst kind of blizzard, knowing that a storm would cramp the efforts of the Comanches, but the night was clean and clear. Its stars coldly etched against the sky.

"Frank?" It was Ann Templin. "It's been a long day," she said.

"But a good one."

"Yes. The women are all behind you now. They have a chance, don't they?"

"Yes."

"How much of a chance, Frank?"

"Who knows?" he said. "It's not very important after all, is it? They're going to stand together and fight. They've learned about everything I could teach them, and they'll put up a good fight. If they don't come through this, at least they'll go down trying. I figure that's the important part."

She took his hand and raised it to her lips. "Thank you, Frank. Thank you for all you've done—no matter what happens."

He turned to her and took hold of her arms. "I love you, Ann," he said. He heard her breath catch. "You know that, don't you?"

"Yes, Frank."

"Then what is the answer, Ann?"

She moved within his grasp. "I promised Ed Harroll I'd wait. I—"

"I don't care about Ed Harroll," he said. "Ed was my friend once and I'd like him still to be if I live through this fight. But I don't care about him. Maybe he's even dead now—"

"Don't say that, Frank!"

"I'm thinking of myself, Ann. I'm thinking about you. You care about me or you wouldn't stand here and let me talk like this. There may never be a tomorrow. There's only tonight, Ann." He pulled her to him, her face a pale blur. He kissed her.

She turned her face away. "No," she whispered. "No, darling!" She turned and ran toward the house. . . .

The Comanches were methodical, searching out and thoroughly destroying each ranch house as they drove relentlessly across the range. During the long hours of the morning Hewitt saw smoke roll upward from the Lacey ranch, and then in rapid succession from the Bassett and Melavin places. The Indians were picking up momen-

tum and now Hewitt could figure their progress—they would reach the Harroll ranch before sundown.

He saw Cora Melavin looking at the distant cloud of smoke, and he spoke to her with deliberate malice: "How about that, Melavin? What are you going to do about it—turn the other cheek?"

She had weather-reddened, craggy features. Her very homeliness gave her a distinct and striking quality of attractiveness. Hewitt decided it was her inner strength and placid courage that gave her this strange illusion of beauty.

"The Lord was plain enough in His commandments about violence and bloodshed, Lieutenant."

"It seems to me He also spoke plainly about taking an eye for an eye."

"You read the Book your way, Lieutenant; I'll read it mine."

Hewitt said nothing more. Of all the women, Cora Melavin was the most accurate at shooting. But she was firm in her beliefs and nothing he could say would change her. He stopped trying.

HE DEVOTED the few remaining hours to schooling the women in the tricks of attack and survival. Their fight might not be made entirely from the protection of the thick walls of the house. A flaming arrow could drive them out into the open, and with this possibility in mind he put the women through their final strenuous paces.

He had them racing across the ground and throwing themselves flat, with their rifles instantly thrust forward and up for a shot. But now they did not fire. Their ultimate skill would have to be learned on targets that would come raging at them to strike and to kill.

"You, McCasslin! Have that gun up and ready when you hit the ground! A Comanche won't stand around waiting for you to get a line on him."

Another column of smoke boiled upward from a ravaged house. This time it was not more than a two-hour ride away. The pressures tightened in Hewitt, and he looked at the sky. There were about three hours until sunset.

He barked orders harshly at the women. "Zigzag when you run. Keep low—hit the dirt! You, Eccles, get down! You're just asking for a bullet in the back of your lap, and that's a hard place to tie on a bandage!"

The sun sank low in the sky. Movement took shape far out on the plain, a flowing column of flecked colors rolling across the folds of the land toward the house on the hill.

"Here come your gentlemen friends, ladies!" Hewitt yelled hoarsely. "All paint and feathers and howling hell. Get ready to receive them!"

—C. WILLIAM HARRISON

(This is the first of two parts)



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ALL ABOUT ME *continued from page 29*

FASHIONS OF 1934, with William Powell. "I played a fashion model in a wig, with my mouth painted almost to my ears. Imagine me as a model!"

OF HUMAN BONDAGE. "I never worked so hard preparing for a role. I hired a British wardrobe mistress to live with me just so I could study her Cockney accent. The picture turned out to be one of the best of all time."



DANGEROUS won her an Oscar "but it's common knowledge that it was a delayed reward for 'Bondage'"



ALL ABOUT EVE, with Gary Merrill, now her husband. Character Miss Davis played resembled Tallulah, but reports of a Bankhead-Davis feud were untrue

Actually, I have had only a few fracases on a set in my 25 years of movie making. Usually they happened when someone tried to deceive me and I found out about it—as, in one instance, when a director ordered two inches cut off a wig I was wearing and then tried to convince me it was the same length as before. Although this director has been peddling lies about my temperament for years, the pay-off came at a party held at the completion of a picture we did together. The crew gave me a beautiful silver vase as a gift. Their gift to the director was to throw him into a swimming pool with all his clothes on.

It is the same smalltime tyrants of Hollywood who have created the myth that I constantly feud with other female stars. To tell the truth, I'm terrified of crossing verbal swords with some of the women I'm supposed to have tangled with. They're much too intelligent and quick-witted for me. Also, off screen, I'm the lousiest actress in the world. No deceiver I. I'm too straightforward for feminine repartee.

Typical was the case of Tallulah Bankhead, with whom I was allegedly engaged in a deadly vendetta (especially after I portrayed a Tallulah-like actress in *All About Eve*). The only time I came face to face with Miss Bankhead on nonnamicable terms was when she sidled up to me at the bar at a party in Jack Warner's house. She leaned on her elbows on the bar and said, "Dabbing, you've played almost all the parts on the screen that I've played on the stage. And dabbing, I've played them all so much better."

I said: "I certainly agree with you." (And I did—and do.)

She looked at me curiously, moved away, and I never saw her again that evening.

Most of my other so-called feuds were the products of press agents or the imaginations of the rumormongers. I was reported to be in violent conflict with Constance Bennett and Ida Lupino, and I scarcely knew either woman. The only real feud I ever had was with Miriam Hopkins—and that was a beauty.

I had known her slightly when we both played in a stock company in Rochester, New York, in 1929 (she was a leading lady and I was an inexperienced young ingenue). I thought of her as a lovely person. I even wrote in my scrapbook at that time: "Very good-looking—and nice to everyone." So I was hardly prepared for what happened some years later when we played together in two pictures—*The Old Maid* and *Old Acquaintance*.

THE FIRST DAY we began shooting *The Old Maid*, she swept in wearing an *exact replica* of the gown I had worn in my Award-winning picture *Jezebel*, in the same role she had played on the stage. It was a grand entrance to end all grand entrances—weeks of planning had obviously gone into it—and it undoubtedly was calculated to make me blow my top. As fate would have it, the entire sequence was cut out of the film.

After that, nearly everything she did seemed to be designed to throw me off stride. If I had a long difficult speech, she'd break in with, "Oh, I'm so sorry. One of my buttons came unbuttoned." In one instance this tactic forced me to make 20 takes of a single scene.

There was one sequence in *The Old Maid* where we both were elderly ladies. The day we began shooting this sequence she was properly made up for a woman of about sixty, but every day after that she became younger and younger as she added the false eyelashes, and so on. When the director, Edmund Goulding, remonstrated with her, she batted her baby-blue eyes and drawled in her charming Georgia accent, "Why, what do you mean, darlin'? I haven't done anything."

But my day of reckoning arrived. There was a scene in the script where I was supposed to slap her. The whole Warner studio knew when this was coming up, and the morning we shot the scene the set was crowded to the rafters. Dozens of actors and technicians all knocked off to see the great denouement.

Finally the cameras began to grind for the fateful scene, but Miriam wasn't licked yet. The most

Watching the actress's first screen test, one top Hollywood executive reportedly held his head and moaned, "Where did you find that horrible-looking creature?" But later he starred her

realistic way for an actress to absorb a blow is to be as rigid as possible, but Miriam went limp. As I tried to shake her she was like an empty sack. But she couldn't escape the moment of retribution forever, and at last I got in a perfectly timed swat. I can only report that it was an extremely pleasant experience. She spent the rest of the morning weeping just beyond camera range in what I assume was one last attempt to disconcert me.

MORE TYPICAL of my relations with female stars, I think, was a series of events in which I was involved with Laura Hope Crews, one of the great ladies of the theater a few decades back. In 1928, I was a very young apprentice appearing with her in the play, *Mr. Pim Passes By*, at the Cape Playhouse in Dennis, Massachusetts. While we were rehearsing she informed me that "a really trained ingenue must never, never move her hands on stage." The reason for this, I suppose, was that I might distract the audience's attention and provide competition for her. I tried to heed her admonition, but at dress rehearsal I forgot myself and unconsciously let one of my hands flutter. Whereupon, without warning, Miss Crews slapped my hand back in place. I didn't count 10, I counted 30.

Years later, when I was a star and Miss Crews an elderly woman, she was signed to play a small part in one of my films, *The Man Who Came to Dinner*. Her slap had rankled for years, and this was my chance for revenge. I thought it over. What was the greatest revenge? I decided to go out of my way to be as kind as possible to her. I saw to it that she had a chair at all times, and so on. When the picture was finished, she gave me a little box. In it was a gift, a beautiful French watch, and a note. The note was an apology for what she had done to me 13 years before and an expression of thanks for not making her life miserable on the set, as I could have. I have never been so happy about anything I have done. For, about a year later, Miss Crews was dead.

All in all, I pride myself on being too much of a professional to engage in shenanigans on a set. We Yankees are taught from early life that a bargain's a bargain—and that's why I've always felt obligated to give everything I'm capable of, so long as my employers play square with me.

I think my early upbringing has endowed me with many other things as well. My mother, Ruth Favor (the family name was originally LeFevre), gave me the sentimentality and effusiveness of the French. My father, Harlow Morrell Davis, a paternally lawyer, brought me the rebelliousness and straightforwardness of the Welsh. My parents were divorced when I was very young and I never knew my father too well. One of the few things I remember is that once he promised me a dollar if, after a year, I learned to laugh like a lady. I never collected.

I had a fairly normal New England childhood in Lowell, Massachusetts, where I was born, and in various other New England and Middle Atlantic communities where my mother later lived. In Massachusetts my younger sister, Bobby, and I went through Newton High School and Cushing Academy in Ashburnham. In our early years we were very much under the influence of our uncle, Dr. Paul Favor, an Episcopalian minister, and we attended church and Sunday school with the fidelity of Puritans. We were reared in the strict New England manner, with one eye always to God.

It was at Cushing that I first decided to become an actress. I had only been inside a theater twice in my life, but I loved it, and I managed to wangle parts for myself in all the school plays. Then, during a summer vacation in Peterborough, New Hampshire, I was taken on as a free pupil by Roshanara, the Anglo-Indian dancer, who was conducting summer classes there. My first appearance before a paying audience was on July 23, 1929, when I was seventeen. I was a Dancing Fairy in

a production of *Midsummer Night's Dream*. The show starred Alan Mowbray, Richard Whorf and Frank Conroy.

It was Conroy who started me on the road to the theater. He told my mother, "Throughout my life I have religiously refrained from telling any mother to put her daughter on the stage. But Bette has something. She has that quality that draws an audience to her. If she works hard, I think she can become a good actress."

That was all my mother had to hear. Soon after I graduated from Cushing she arranged an appointment for me to see Eva Le Gallienne. The noted actress was then running a drama school at the Civic Repertory Theatre in New York, and Mother hoped she would accept me as a pupil. The interview was a disaster. Miss Le Gallienne cast a suspicious glance at my mother in the outer waiting room, then asked me to read the part of a seventy-year-old Dutch woman in a play she had on her desk. I was scared and bewildered. She ended the interview by saying, "I'm sorry. You're a frivolous little girl and you'll never make an actress."

For months after that I was crushed. Finally my mother said, "I don't care what money it takes. You're going to have a chance to study for the theater—or else." She enrolled me in John Murray Anderson's school of the drama in New York. Mother—whom I've always called Ruthie—went to work as a housemother in a private school to pay my tuition. It was at the Anderson school that I really learned my trade. We appeared in plays with improbable names like *Gas, Air and Earl*, and were lectured by such theater notables as George Arliss, who told me one thing I've never forgotten. He said, "Learn the right speech but never overdo it. American actresses talk the way they *think* the English speak. The important thing is to get the sectionalism out of your voice—so that people can't tell whether you're from the North, East, South, West or Brooklyn."

AFTER I GRADUATED, Frank Conroy got me a job as the ingenue with a stock company run by George Cukor in Rochester, New York, where I played with Wallace Ford, Miriam Hopkins and Frank McHugh—all of whom were destined to become movie names. But again I suffered a crushing blow. After one season I was fired. I didn't know that ingenues in stock companies were supposed to party as well as work. Instead, I would leave the theater each night with my mother.

I couldn't get an on-stage job for the summer of 1928, so I went to work as an usher at the Cape Playhouse in Dennis, Massachusetts. Before the season was over, however, I got a part in *Mr. Pim Passes By*, the play in which I was slapped by Laura Hope Crews. This summer also featured my falling passionately in love with leading man Henry Fonda, who didn't even know I existed. Years later, when we played in *Jezebel* together, I kidded him about my crush. "You blighted my life," I said. "I lost my love for you when I discovered you hated steamed clams."

That fall I got the female lead in a play called *The Earth Between*, which was presented at an off-Broadway theater, The Provincetown Playhouse. I got \$50 a week and respectable reviews from critics Burns Mantle and Brooks Atkinson. This led to my going on tour in the spring of 1929 with Blanche Yurka in Ibsen's *The Wild Duck*. Here, too, I got good reviews, including one that gave me a special measure of satisfaction, considering my bitter experience with Eva Le Gallienne. Washington critic John J. Daly wrote: "A young lady who resembles very much Miss Eva Le Gallienne, and plays in the Le Gallienne manner, has the part of poor little Hedvig, and does well by it. She is Bette Davis of the soulful eyes."

I finally reached Broadway in November, 1929, when I got the ingenue lead in a play called *Broken Dishes*. Almost prophetically, I played the role of

a rebellious daughter. Again the critics treated me kindly and after the play ran for 178 performances I was signed for another play, *Solid South*, in which the great Richard Bennett—the father of Constance and Joan—was starred. Bennett's first comment to me was, "You're just like my daughters. You've got big blue eyes and you think you can act." I answered him respectfully, and he left me alone after that.

Old Mr. Bennett was a magnificent actor, but he put on an incredible performance when the show opened. At one point, he noticed that a stagehand had neglected to put a cigar on a table on stage. He stopped in the middle of a line and roared, "Stagehand, where's my cigar?" A bit later someone in the audience coughed. He stepped down to the footlights and said, "All right, now, everyone cough at once and let's get it out of our systems."

I was having a wonderful time, but three weeks after *Solid South* opened, it closed. I had been offered a Hollywood contract and off to California I went.

Those were the days when the talkies had taken over from the silent films, and movie executives began a wholesale raid on the New York stage for promising young talent. It was fertile territory. In a comparatively brief period they signed Clark Gable, George Brent, Jimmy Cagney, Joan Blondell, Spencer Tracy, Ginger Rogers, Humphrey Bogart, Franchot Tone and a score of others.

While I was in *Broken Dishes* I had been screen-tested by Samuel Goldwyn for the feminine lead



ZINN ARTHUR
Latest Davis movie is *Storm Center*, in which she plays a small-town librarian involved in controversy

Bette Davis spent \$103,000 fighting the old Hollywood contract as "a form of slavery"—and lost her case. But Hollywood ultimately changed the contract

opposite Ronald Colman in *Raffles*. But Goldwyn turned me down. While viewing the test, he reported to have held his head and moaned, "Where did you find that horrible-looking creature?" (I had the last laugh on *him* eleven years later when he gave me \$300,000 to appear in *The Little Foxes*.) A few months after the Goldwyn fiasco, however, Universal Pictures signed me to a short-term contract, chiefly to play in a picture called *Strictly Dishonorable*. That's when I left the cast of *Solid South* to head West. I was twenty-two years old.

I REACHED Hollywood with my mother on December 13, 1930. The studio was supposed to have sent someone to meet us, but as we stood on the platform of the Los Angeles railroad station absolutely no one approached. We waited around for about an hour and finally took a cab to a hotel. I phoned the studio as soon as we checked in. The publicity director seemed surprised. He said, "We sent a man to the station, but he said he didn't see anyone who looked like an actress."

That was my introduction to a miserable year. Carl Laemmle, Jr., the studio's top executive, took one look at me through the door of his father's office, blinked and closed the door again. Almost immediately he canceled his plans to use me in *Strictly Dishonorable* and substituted a girl named Sidney Fox. Then they made a screen test featuring my legs; to which I submitted after strong New England protests. They tried to remake my face with Garbo-type make-up. In another screen test I merely had to lie on a couch while 15 men in succession came in and embraced me passionately.

Finally, they put me in a picture. It was called *Bad Sister*, and I played the second lead—the *good* sister to the star, Sidney Fox. The film was unbelievably bad. I was unbelievably bad. I also became the butt of an interesting studio joke during the shooting of this masterpiece. Conrad Nagel found out that in one sequence the prim little newcomer had to wash a naked infant and he saw to it that it was a boy baby. While he chortled off stage during the shooting of the scene, I flushed deep red. In the film, you can actually see my face turn dark gray. Later I asked for a print of *Bad Sister* (the only other print I have is *Of Human Bondage*). For years, I showed it to discouraged young actresses to demonstrate to them how hopeless I was in my first picture.

After *Bad Sister*, Laemmle, Jr., took to calling me "The Little Brown Wren" and "Slim." My agent overheard him telling a casting director that I was known as Slim because I had no more sex appeal than Slim Summerville (an angular, homely, comic actor of those days). I was pretty defeated by this for some time to come—and pretty puzzled. I had never, prior to my arrival in Hollywood, been exactly a wallflower. Later, when I visited the photographic gallery of Hollywood beauties in Warner Brothers' greenroom, I realized the reason for Laemmle's lack of enthusiasm for me. Every photograph in the room was the same face—the perfect-featured Jean Harlow type. It was impossible to tell one from another. I vowed: "They're going to accept me for what I can do, not for how I look." I have never regretted that resolution. Another young actress—Katharine Hepburn—took the same oath at about the same time, and we're still around, while some of those greenroom faces have been forgotten.

Despite my resolution, things went from bad to worse at Universal. They loaned me out to other studios to make pictures such as *The Menace*, in which all I did was pull corpses out of closets. In this movie, my New England background came to the fore once again. An electrician on the set suddenly shouted: "Get that broad out of the way!" I flared up. "He can't talk to me that way!" I screamed. I then was informed that a "broad" is the Hollywood term for a certain kind of light. A fine British actor named Murray Kinnell was work-

ing in the picture and he took pity on me at that point. At least he began to notice me. I didn't realize it at the time, but that was one of the turning points of my career.

It soon became obvious that I was reaching the end of the trail at Universal. It therefore came as no surprise when they failed to renew my contract at the end of the first year. I was all ready to go back to New York when I got a call from George Arliss. He asked, "Can you come over to Warner Brothers to see me? Murray Kinnell tells me you might be right for the leading lady in my new picture, *The Man Who Played God*."

I could scarcely believe it, but I rushed over to see Arliss and got the part. I turned in my first decent Hollywood performance, and was signed to a long-term Warner Brothers contract. I got better cameramen and make-up artists, and I was no longer called "The Little Brown Wren." But soon it was the same dreary routine as at Universal. I played in a succession of miserable pictures like *Bureau of Missing Persons*, *Parachute Jumper*, *The Man in the Black Hat* and so forth. By now I was rebelling in earnest. I complained bitterly about my parts and my scripts and my directors. My suspensions became more and more frequent.

Early in 1934, director John Cromwell saw me act effectively with Richard Barthelmess in a good picture called *Cabin in the Cotton*. I played a rural Southern charmer in that film, and it contains my favorite line: "Ah'd love to kiss ya, but Ah just washed mah hair." Cromwell, then with RKO, tried to borrow me to play the part of Mildred, the licentious Cockney waitress, in *Somerset Maugham's* classic, *Of Human Bondage*. Jack Warner refused to let me go. But I went to see him about it nearly every day, and after six months Warner gave in. "Okay. Do it," he finally said. "Just don't come in and pester me any more."

I never worked so hard preparing for a role. I hired a British wardrobe mistress from the studio to come home and live with me just so I could study her faintly Cockney accent. I called every man I knew and asked him, "Did you ever know a girl like Mildred? Tell me what she was like." By the time we started to shoot, I was ready. The all-British cast was amazed that I hadn't been born in London's East End, and the picture turned out to be one of the best of all time. I didn't get an Academy Award that year, but the following year I won with *Dangerous*, a far inferior film. It's common knowledge that I got this first Oscar as a sort of delayed reward for *Of Human Bondage*.

AT THAT POINT I thought I had finally licked the system, but went right back into the stinkers again—*The Girl from Tenth Avenue*, *Front Page Woman*, *Special Agent*. At length I couldn't stand it any more and I decided to take the boldest step of my life. My long-smoldering resentment flared into open revolt.

I had had seven major suspensions up to then. Some lasted as long as 10 weeks, and all the non-working time was being added on to the end of my contract. I could see myself in bondage for years, with no choice but to work in bad pictures and with bad directors—so that soon I would have no career at all. The final blowup came when they tried to make me play a lumberjack's sweetheart in a picture titled *God's Country and the Woman*. I went home for three months (in those days the only way an actor could register protest was to sit home and starve).

At the end of the three months, I made one last appeal to Jack Warner. He said that if I was a good little girl and did what I was told, he had a nice part for me. "I've taken an option on a wonderful book," he said. "I want you to play the lead, a woman named Scarlett O'Hara. The book is *Gone With the Wind*." I was almost beside myself with rage. "What's that?" I asked—and didn't wait for an answer. A year later I found out.

Since I got nowhere in that last conference with Warner, I made my move. A British producer named Toeplitz had offered me \$50,000 to work in two films in England. I decided to accept. This meant jumping my Warner contract. I knew they could get a court injunction to prevent me from leaving the country, so I had to plan a cloak-and-dagger escape. I left Hollywood by plane at 12:01 on a Sunday morning (legal papers can't be served on Sunday) and flew to Vancouver. I wore a Garbo-type hat pulled down over my eyes. Every time the plane stopped in the U.S. I felt like a convict. Actually the Warners didn't even know I had made my escape until I landed in England after crossing Canada by train and sailing from Montreal by ship.

BUT WHEN they found out, they wasted no time. They hired Sir Patrick Hastings (one of England's most famous lawyers, now dead, who is supposed to be the inspiration for the current hit play *Witness for the Prosecution*). Within a few days, Sir Patrick applied to the British courts for an injunction to prevent me from working for anyone else but Warner Brothers. Then my British manager, Ernest King, provided me with equally illustrious counsel, Sir William Jowitt, who later became Britain's equivalent of the Chief Justice of the United States.

Sir William was a tall, kindly man with iron-gray hair and a furrowed, intellectual face. I had little money and I was alone, living in the cheapest inside-court room I could find at the Savoy Hotel. I was then married to my first husband, orchestra leader Harmon O. Nelson, and he had chosen just that moment to go back to America to look for work. But despite the fact that I couldn't pay Sir William his \$10,000 fee in advance (the British custom), he took the case anyway.

From the opening gun, Sir Patrick's strategy became apparent. He introduced a letter I had written to Jack Warner, in which, among many other things, I had mentioned the word "money." I had contended that the Hollywood contract was a form of slavery. Sir Patrick thundered, "This slavery has a silver lining because the slave was, to say the least, well remunerated. I venture to suggest that this is the action of a rather naughty young lady who simply wants more money."

I became almost uncontrollably angry at this because money was the last thing I was fighting for. But Sir William put his hand on my arm and calmed me down. "He's deliberately trying to make you angry," he explained. "He wants you to blow up on the stand so he can point out to the judge that you're an unstable, irresponsible woman."

The next day Sir William unveiled his strategy. He addressed the judge. "M'Lord," he said, "I am calling no witnesses." There was stunned silence in the court, then Sir Patrick did the incredible. He took off his wig and slammed it on the floor. That's how furious he was at having me, his prey, slip through his fingers.

Sir William then began his attack to prove that the Hollywood contract was indeed a form of peonage. He got Jack Warner, under cross-examination, to admit that the standard contract requires an actress "to assist in commercial advertising, such as the use of a face cream or eating a particular kind of oatmeal for breakfast"; that he could order me to make personal appearances anywhere, even at a Republican convention, though I was a Democrat; that he could insist I could not divorce my husband for three years. Sir William showed Warner a movie poster in which I was drawn practically nude. He asked, "Would you like to see any woman that you were fond of portrayed to the public like that?" Warner replied, "If she is a professional artist it would be part of her duty."

Sir William's summing up the next day was magnificent. He said: "She is a chattel in the hands of the producer. I suggest that the real essence of

slavery is no less slavery because the bars are gilded. Even if she decides to wait until 1942 (the termination date of the contract) and not work for anyone else, there is a clause whereby the period will never have come to an end. It is, therefore, a life sentence . . .

"As the contract stands, she cannot become a waitress, an assistant in a hairdresser's shop in the wilds of Africa—if they have hairdressing establishments there—and cannot engage in any other occupation, whether for love or money.

"She cannot allow her husband to take a snapshot of her in the back garden, because that is 'an appearance' of a kind. There are penalties for absence. If she becomes a mother, the employers have the option of terminating the contract, or adding to the end of the contract the period in which she is unable to act."

At that point, we thought we had won the case. But a week later, on October 19, 1936, the court granted Warner Brothers an injunction "for three years or for the duration of the contract, whichever is shorter." It was a bitter defeat. I had to pay the Warner court costs as well as my own. All in all, my fight for principle cost me \$103,000.

I didn't know what to do. I was thinking of making films in other countries where the power of injunction couldn't reach me, but then George Arliss came to see me. He said, "My advice to you, my dear, is to go back to Hollywood, and say nothing, and do your work. I somehow don't think you'll have to do anything you don't want to do."

I took my old friend's advice. I went back to New York alone. Warner Brothers had ordered that no one was to meet me, and I had to battle hordes of reporters on my own. I spent most of my time in my hotel room, crying. But in Chicago, a wonderful thing happened. A single Warner Brothers publicity man, Ted Todd, defied the studio's orders and came to the railroad station to help me. I've never forgotten Ted for that—he is now with 20th Century-Fox—and he's remained my friend all these years.

WHEN I FINALLY got back to Hollywood I realized that George Arliss was right. I never again was forced to do a picture I didn't want to do, and I began working in the long series of good films that brought me to the top of my profession. Also I soon realized that, even in defeat, I had actually won a victory. The last thing the movie moguls wanted was to have the harsh terms of their contracts revealed to the public, and my case had done just that—for the first time.

It gave heart to others to carry on the fight. In 1943, my good friend Olivia de Havilland rebelled against the long series of sweet, simpering roles she had been forced to play, and when Warner Brothers insisted on adding 25 weeks of suspension time to the end of her contract, Olivia sued in the California courts. The courts ruled in her favor saying that it was "bondage and peonage" to keep an actor on suspension for refusing a role and not count this as contract time, since by this method they could "ruin a career" by eventually forcing the actor into submission. At about the same time, Robert Cummings and Gene Autry won similar decisions. So less than ten years from the day that I started the fight, the old Hollywood "life-sentence slavery contract" went out of existence.

I have found that nothing I have done has brought me greater acclaim among my fellow professionals. The story of my battle penetrated show-business circles everywhere. I'm proud of that.

Perhaps that's why one of my most cherished possessions is a letter I received from Anna Magnani, the great Italian actress. It reads:

My dear, dear Bette,

I feel very near to you, very similar to you as a woman. As an artist, you know what you represent for me. Continue always to defend your art. Defend always your artistic freedom against everything and everybody.

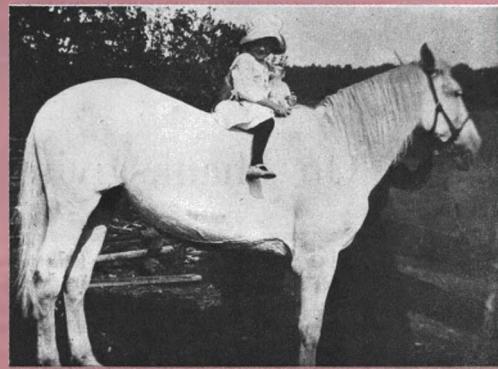
I always will remember you.

ANNA



FIVE YEARS OLD. Bette, left, with sister Bobby at family summer home in Ocean Park, Me. Photo and the two just below are from the film star's personal scrapbook

WITH ANIMAL FRIENDS at the farm of her great-grandfather in Damariscotta, Me. This is one of Bette's favorite childhood pictures



SIXTEEN, on the beach at Ogunquit, Me. Born in Lowell, Mass., she was raised in New England



ON BROADWAY for the first time: ingenue lead in 1929 play *Broken Dishes*. Actor is late Donald Meek



The concluding installment of Miss Davis's story will be in the Dec. 9 Collier's, out Nov. 23

Collier's for November 25, 1955



HARVE WOBBE

Collier's Comment

times feels it is bigger than all the rest of the Union put together; for the legs of American girls, which are prettier than those of any other country, bar none.

Let us give thanks for the faces of little children who give back to us the wonder of the world which we sometimes have forgotten; for the wicked delight in a small boy's eyes when he fools you, and for the calculated coyness of little girls who want a favor.

Let us give thanks for the Gettysburg Address and the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution and the Bill of Rights; for all the words of Americans engraved in marble on monuments and public buildings; and for the billions of words spoken in honest, productive controversy in legislatures and courts and public halls, in village store and private parlor. Let us give thanks that we are not a population of citizens waiting to do as we are told, but a nation by tradition and temperament of powerful dissenters; that we have built on the right of free and open debate a national unity and strength far greater than that of any nation which has tried to shackle the minds of its people.

Let us give thanks that when fainthearts among us told us to retreat and move backward, we moved ahead; that when things were tough in peace or war, we didn't lie down but kept trying; that when we have been most fearful we have never succumbed to the luxury of despair. Let us give thanks for the dream each man carries privately in his heart and mind.

And finally let us give thanks that we live in the present, in this year of 1955, a time of turbulence and change and struggle and excitement—for the present is always more adventurous than the past.

On Thanksgiving

BEFORE WE CARVE the turkey let's take a moment to tote up our blessings, big and small, to give thanks humbly for what we have and what we are. It is an old American custom, and a good one.

Let us give thanks, first of all, that in a fitful world we have survived another year without major war; that whether it is caused by the "spirit of Geneva," or by the threat of mutual annihilation or simply internal Soviet strains, we have moved away from war instead of toward it; that if durable peace is still only a distant goal we at least have come together to parley and to talk.

Let us give thanks for the land we live in—for the fat fields of Pennsylvania, the white villages of Vermont, the dreaming tidewater of Maryland, the high sky over Wyoming; for the Mississippi and the Colorado and the Grand Canyon of the Snake; for Pikes Peak and Mount Hood and the rampart of the High Sierra; for the soft dark ridges of Virginia, the blazing space of Kansas, the tall cool forests of Oregon; for the harsh energy of Gary and Scranton and Galveston; for the thousands of Main Streets, alike yet different, across the country; for protected wilderness areas still untouched. (And pray God, give a strong right arm to those who defend our sanctuaries against exploitation and reckless encroachment so that our children's children may still glimpse the splendors of our country as our fathers' fathers saw it.)

Let us give thanks for those who found this land, and shaped America, and made us what we are; for the men and women, living and dead, known and unknown, who have spoken the thoughts we shared, who have sung the things we felt, who have built the things we dreamed; for Thomas Jefferson and Mark Twain and Jimmy Durante; for Frank Lloyd Wright and Louis Armstrong and Johnny Appleseed; for Henry David Thoreau and Carl Sandburg and Marilyn Monroe and Tom Paine and Johnny Podres. (Lord, it wasn't Johnny's right arm that counted but you gave him a mighty southpaw and it did just as well!)

Let us give thanks for the 11,785 practical philosophers who drive the cabs in New York City, and the San Francisco cabdrivers because they are men in love with the loveliest of American cities. Let us give thanks for Salk vaccine and the new steeple atop Boston's Old North Church and New Orleans jazz; for madrone and mesquite and maple; for Brunswick stew and blue point oysters and apple pie and Cheddar cheese and newfangled double-breasted turkeys that are mostly all white meat; for the state of Texas even if it some-

Decline of a Hero

EVER SINCE WALT DISNEY dusted off Davy Crockett and made coonskin caps the accepted headgear for any boy under ten, every back yard in America has been the wild frontier. The battle of the Alamo has been fought and refought in all its high drama. Imaginary bears without number have been grinned to death by unnumbered urchins. But now there are reports that Davy is on the wane, that he is about to join that mellowed company of half-real, half-fabled heroes who have marched into the bright sunlight of Young America's fancy and then passed into the shadows beyond.

In recent months some scholarly sticklers for fact have also pointed out that Davy wasn't really all that he was cracked up to be, that he was nine tenths myth. Instead, the historians offer Daniel Boone as an example of the frontier hero. Although Boone had the misfortune of dying in bed at the age of eighty-five, he was, according to the scholars, the genuine article. But we suspect that the learned gentlemen have missed the point. Children don't select their heroes on the basis of the exact historical record. And who can say that Daniel Boone is any more real an American hero than Pecos Bill or Paul Bunyan or Huckleberry Finn?

In any case, we haven't heard of any historian courageous enough to call Davy a fraud in the presence of the small fry. Not that the debunking would alter the child's belief, for children have an unshakable, if temporary, loyalty to their heroes. Furthermore the child is sometimes wiser than the grownups. It is he who makes the hero real, who by some childhood magic can turn a stick into a horse. Whether he wears a coonskin cap or cardboard armor, whether he is grinning bears to death or saving damsels in distress, he knows that the real hero is not Davy Crockett or Galahad, it is himself. It is he who is searching for the Holy Grail, the cup of gold, the rainbow's pot. Heroes may come and go—a poor, seedy and all-too-human lot. It is that fellow with jam on his face, battling redskins or knights on the back porch, who is always larger than life.



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IT'S A PSYCHOLOGICAL FACT: **PLEASURE HELPS YOUR DISPOSITION**



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Winston-Salem, N. C.

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