Collier's

December 29, 1951 • Fifteen Cents

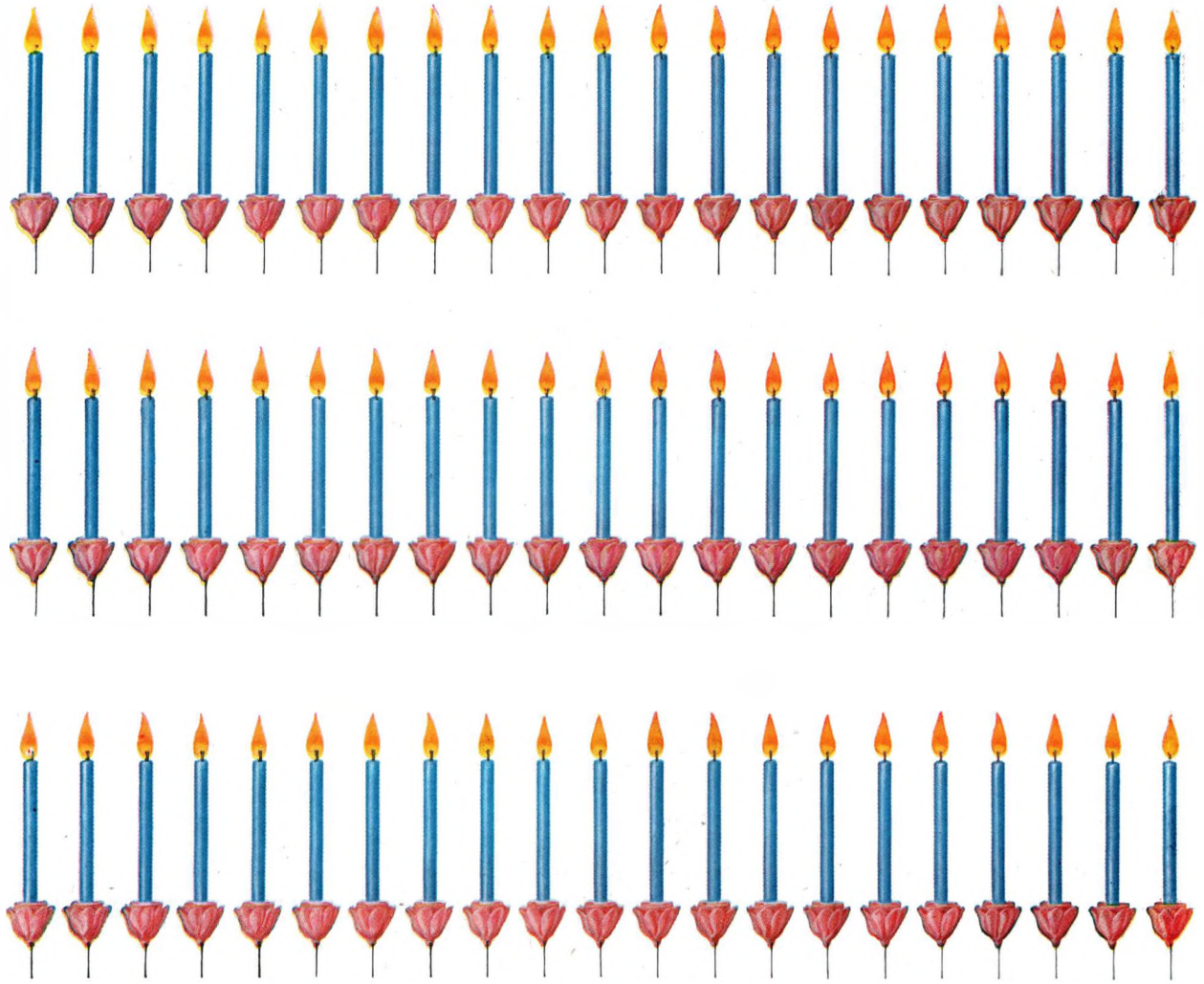
How to Stop Those Basketball Scandals
By Yale Coach Howard Hobson

PRINCESS MARGARET AND MARGARET TRUMAN

THE TWO MARGARETS I KNOW

By Elsa Maxwell

More Adventures: Journey to 4000 B.C.



IN A WAY, the familiar birthday candles represent the most important—and the most gratifying—advance of our times. In 1900, the average man lived to see only 50 of them on his last birthday cake. Today, he can look forward to a cake with as many candles as there are on this page.

This added gift of years has been made possible by thousands of men and women who work together to make and keep our country the healthiest nation in the world—doctors, dentists, nurses, pharmacists, public health workers, and others. Their work has not only increased the span of life — it has also helped to fill these years with more useful and more enjoyable living.

One of medicine's greatest problems is to get people to take advantage of the help it can offer them. And *you* are the only one who can solve this problem. Remember, every time you act on a warning that may mean trouble—every time you take full advantage of medicine's resources to build, conserve, and restore health—you increase your chances of adding more candles to your birthday cake.

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Research and Manufacturing Laboratories, Detroit, Michigan

Parke, Davis & Company are makers of medicines prescribed by physicians and dispensed by pharmacists. Among the more than a thousand products bearing the world-famous Parke-Davis label are Antibiotics, Antiseptics, Biologicals, Chemotherapeutic Agents, Endocrines, Pharmaceutical Preparations, Surgical Dressings, and Vitamin Products. If you will ask your physician or pharmacist about them he will tell you that each needs no further recommendation than the simple statement: "It is a Parke-Davis product."

Telephone Folks Will Play Santa for Thousands of Kids

As you read this, telephone operators all over the country are dressing thousands of dolls for distribution to children's homes and hospitals at Christmas.

Down in Texas, other telephone people are packing gay gift boxes for remote farm families. On December 24, the pilot who patrols Long Distance cables across the lonely plains will drop them by parachute and wave a friendly "Merry Christmas to All" by waggling the wings of his plane.

Throughout the Bell System, thousands of other telephone men and women are collecting food, candy, toys and dollars for those less fortunate than themselves.

It's a long-time telephone tradition — and a rather natural one. The spirit of service and the spirit of Christmas are pretty close together. And telephone folks try to be good citizens all year 'round.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

The Cover

Sharing the same general interests and enthusiasms, are the attractive, democratic and much-publicized Margarets—Britain's princess and Miss Truman. They were portrait-painted for Collier's by Richard Deane Taylor. For a firsthand account of their talents and traits, see Elsa Maxwell's The Two Margarets I Know, on page 7.

Week's Mail

The General's Policy Prescription

EDITOR: The article Let's Draw the Line Now (Nov. 17th), by Lieutenant General Albert C. Wedemeyer, U.S.A. (Ret.), gets my 100 per cent support. About one year ago I expressed publicly what I considered the utter futility of our campaign in Korea. It seems to me that we are doing just what Stalin wants us to do: deplete the strength of our country by killing off our youth, and expend so much money that our country will go bankrupt.

The manner in which this war is being waged by us is not consistent in that it has not been waged by us to bring it to a speedy close. Every family which has a son in this war should protest at once to our President that we should now accept a withdrawal to the 38th parallel if that will bring peace, so we can evacuate Korea and stop this foolish war which is bleeding America.

CHESTER M. WAY, Middlebury, Vt.

. . . I regret your circulation does not cover every home in the United States so that all might have the opportunity and privilege of reading General Wedemeyer's article.

Let's mourn the fact that this fearless and capable "cast-aside" general is not there where he belongs, assisting in the intelligent guidance of his own people and the peoples of the free world to a loftier place than to be eventually subjugated by the Soviet.

FELIX H. MCGINNIS, Seiad Valley, Cal.

. . . Your publication carries some very fine articles, but I consider General Wedemeyer's one of the most straightforward, honest appraisals of our situation today. It should reach the attention of all Americans.

J. C. SENN, Philadelphia, Pa.

. . . I want to pay my unqualified compliments for the very wonderful article by Lieutenant General Wedemeyer. I think that it is the most complete, sound and altogether satisfactory article on the subject of our national foreign policy that I have ever read.

General Wedemeyer's doctrine is sound and spells success, except I would wait until we get rearmed before I cut relations with the Soviet and their satellites. We should never have got into this insane disarmed situation. But now we better get ourselves out of it before we show our teeth too much.

ROBERT J. CALDWELL, Winter Park, Fla.

. . . I can't see any useful purpose of General Wedemeyer's article. His four-point program can be found in any one of several speeches by the President. His suggestion that we set out definitely what steps by Russia or her satellites would cause all-out war would give Russia complete control of the ball, and allow her to call the play whenever she wished, which would lead us to the point of no return. It would jell our foreign policy, or rather stagnate it, and would require constant and indefinite full-scale mobilization.

General Wedemeyer, who has received his education, career pay, and now retirement pay at public expense for distinguished military service, sounds incoherent when he labels as dangerous Socialism measures which assure a much lesser security to the millions who have built our country's economy, and who, as taxpayers, have been picking up the general's check all these years.

HERBERT B. HULSE, Goldsboro, N.C.

There Is So a Slippery Rock

EDITOR: I would like to take exception to your editorial of November 17th, Regulation or Strangulation? Why is it that so many periodicals wish to use the name Slippery Rock as a form of jest? We are not sure if you think of our alma mater as being fictitious or comical. We do not think it is very funny.

Slippery Rock is very definitely a recognized state teachers college, founded in 1889 in western Pennsylvania. Our football team of 1939 was rated tops over the nation in Class B football competition.

KEITH DAVISON, '53;
HUGH CROCKER, '52, Slippery Rock, Pa.

Anonymous, but Indispensable

EDITOR: I wish to express to you the joy I experienced in reading Phantom of the

Otello Ceroni, Met's Phantom

Metropolitan Opera, by Martin Abramson (Nov. 17th).

I have been a devotee of the opera practically all of my adult life, the result of being exposed to this type of music throughout my childhood via recordings and a basically musically inclined family. My "basic training" instilled within me the love for opera, as well as classical music in general.

It was most heart-warming to read this article wherein the unsung hero, the prompter, is given his just due. The backstage goings on and the important role played by the prompter make for fascinating reading. It is about time that this indispensable person was brought to the public eye, and you are to be congratulated.

ARNOLD MAGALIFF, New York, N.Y.

MP with a Heart

EDITOR: I have read Sergeant Donald Stringfellow's article I See Them Kiss and Cry (Nov. 17th), and I say three cheers to the sergeant and to his buddies who allow wives and mothers to greet their loved ones with a hug or kiss.

You see, I, too, am a Korean veteran and I know the feeling of the GIs as they come off the gangplank and into the arms of their loved ones. Yes, and the feeling of those same men when they sight the first piece of Stateside soil. It is like returning from the dead. You just can't describe it in words. Twenty-four short days ago we had been on the fighting front and now we were within sight of home soil and home people.

Believe me when I say that absence does truly make the heart grow fonder. I know, as do thousands of other men who have returned from that hell on earth that is called the Korean conflict.

CORPORAL BILLY R. WILLIAMS,
Fort Knox, Ky.

. . . I See Them Kiss and Cry is a most moving article. Sergeant Stringfellow is obviously an observant human with a large heart. Also a bouquet to Paul B. Lowney who helped do the "spadework."

W. M. SONTHEIMER, San Jose, Cal.

. . . Many, many thanks to you, Collier's, and especially Sergeant Donald Stringfellow. I must congratulate him on having a

(Continued on page 45)

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December 29, 1951

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48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Our man in Pasadena, California, went over to the Youth and Marriage Institute of the University of California at Los Angeles and listened to Dr. James Bugental, the clinical psychologist. Came out shaking his head, but sent us a report anyway. Seems Dr. Bugental said that even though they're honestly in love, the chances of a married couple making a go of it are better if they are at least twenty-two years old. That got a "maybe, maybe" on our man's report. But when the doctor said it was necessary that a man and wife who yearned to live in unity, peace and concord should have similar backgrounds in "economics, education and cultural interests," and that their views about religion, children and how life should be lived must jibe, our man left in what seems from here to have been a dudgeon. "What the tarnation does that leave for a couple to fight about?" he asks us. "Without an occasional family hassel we'd all get bored stiff. And the biggest barrier to married felicity is boredom." We're obliged to admit that last one seems to be a point. But what do *you* think?

★ ★ ★

Nothing collusive about it, of course, but citizens of both the state of Colorado and the Territory of Hawaii have decided independently that it's about time their political officeholders stayed home and paid a little more attention to local affairs. A Denver gentleman signing himself "Hon. Barney McCreary" informs us that it cost the state $908,122 during the fiscal year of 1950-'51 to keep its politicians gadding about. And Mr. Christopher Lung, of Honolulu, while giving no figures, says that within the past few weeks 23 of the Territory's officials have been gallivanting around the States at public expense. Both the Hon. Mr. McCreary and Mr. Lung are outraged. We've written them urging calm. Things could be worse. Maybe cheaper to keep them away from their desks.

★ ★ ★

Even so courteous and efficient a public servant as Constable E. A. Darr, of Atkins, Arkansas, occasionally becomes somewhat impatient. For example, he recently issued

the following notice: "There will be no more bicycle riding on the sidewalks of Atkins. One big fat lady has already been hit and a window broken."

★ ★ ★

We've been trying to get Mr. Elwyn G. Fallon on the phone, but haven't had much luck. Mr. Fallon, who lives in Bangor, Maine, dropped in on his way to Washington where, he said, he hoped to find out how the government was getting along with a few projects that have been worrying him. For example, there's that study of "tolerance for environmental stress in aged and newborn sheep and goats," undertaken by the Agriculture Department. Also the Interior Department's "analysis of the Peyote cult as a social movement among the Navajo Indians." In Maine, Mr. Fallon told us, the government is investigating "the

LOWELL HESS

interaction of social and hereditary factors affecting neuroses and instability in mammals" which, he suspects, will collide with what they're trying to find out about aged goats. All this Mr. Fallon told us, then headed for the capital. We waited until, we figured, he'd had time to do some investigating. Then we called him in Washington. Mr. Fallon's hotel connected us with his room, but all we got over the phone was a few strange animal noises and an Indian war whoop. He may drop in again on his way home. We'll let you know.

★ ★ ★

Hadn't heard from Walthall (Junior) Crowe, of Roanoke, Virginia, for months. Was just about to investigate when a letter from him arrived. Junior says he's been busy trying to earn a living. Takes time, he says. Thought we ought to know, though, that a telegrapher friend recently got married. Bride and groom embarked on their honeymoon in a bus, little knowing that in the seat right behind them sat two other telegraphers who knew neither of the happy pair. Didn't take the newlywed dot-dash man long to find out, though. One of the telegraphers in the seat behind tapped out a message to the other beside him using a pencil on the back of the seat. As intercepted by the honeymooner himself, the tap-taps went like this: "Why do you suppose a pretty girl like that would be seen with that bum?" The other telegrapher tapped back: "Maybe the mug's got dough." Tapped the first: "Suppose they're married?" The second: "Don't know, but she ought to be able to do better than that." Junior Crowe doesn't relay to us what else the two tappers said. Honeymooner told him it was too personal.

★ ★ ★

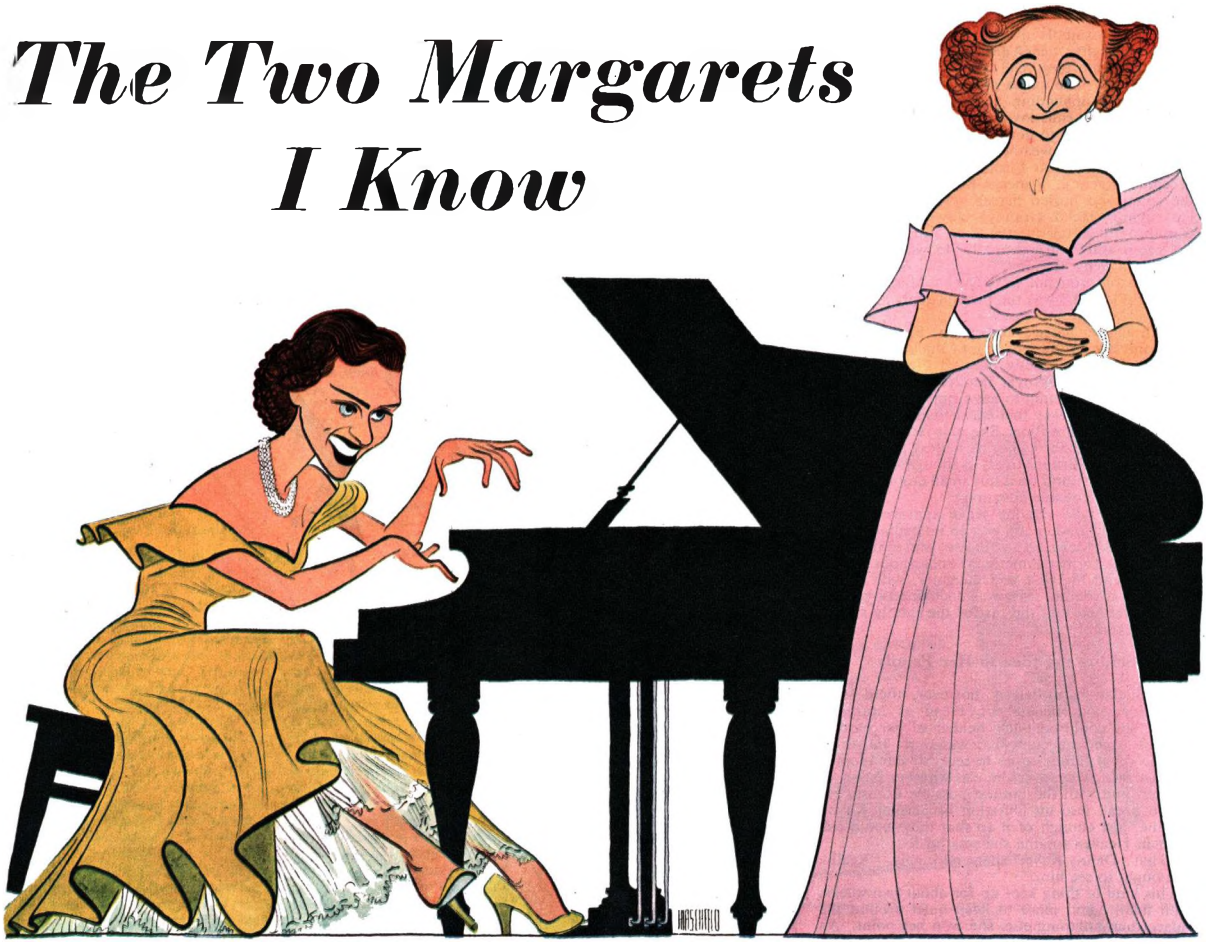
And we have a somewhat mysterious bit of information from a fellow in Fargo, North Dakota. Says he hasn't decided yet whether he'll run for Congress next year. If he does, he will make all his speeches "off the record." In this way, says the gentleman, he will doubtless draw large crowds, because "I have noticed that only those wandering jobholders from Washington who tell us in advance that they will address the public off the record get any attention. We had a guy out here not long ago from the Federal Housing Authority. Somebody asked him how much a government housing project was going to cost and who was going to pay for it. He said: 'Strictly off the record, the latest Congressional act bearing on this subject stipulates . . .' And then he went on to read the

(Continued on page 45)

PAINTED FOR PLYMOUTH BY NORMAN ROCKWELL

"Oh, Boy! It's Pop with a new PLYMOUTH!"

The Two Margarets I Know



Impasse came when Princess tried to accompany Miss Truman. Margaret Rose played only popular tunes, none of which Margaret Truman knew

Britain's Princess and the President's daughter have a lot in common: both are attractive, personable and matrimonially eligible—and both would dearly love to lead their own lives

By ELSA MAXWELL

THERE is a story that when Margaret Truman was in England last summer, she attended a party with Princess Margaret, younger daughter of the king and queen. When somebody asked Miss Truman to sing, she demurred, saying that she was on vacation and, besides, her accompanist wasn't with her. Whereupon Princess Margaret offered to play the piano for her. The princess started off on a group of American popular songs, none of which Miss Truman knew, and the impasse continued until somebody in the audience said, "Your Royal Highness, Miss Truman is a *concert* singer."

"Oh," said the princess in a small voice and stopped playing. After a moment's hesitation, she left the piano.

Whether or not this actually happened, it illustrates in a small degree both the likeness and the difference between the two Margarets, daughters of the heads of the English-speaking nations. They share many traits in common, among them the fact that in their youth neither imagined they would so occupy the public eye. And the difference between them is, in many ways, the result of the differences between the traditions of the two countries. But the comparison goes deeper than these surface, or accidental characteristics. They both adore their parents, but they are both determined to live their own lives.

Princess Margaret (christened Margaret Rose but most often called Margaret, a name she prefers) is at twenty-one the leader of what might be called the "jet set" in London. Startlingly delicate, pretty and clever, she is a brunette, barely five feet in height, and aside from being able to play the piano and dance exceedingly well, she is an exceptionally accomplished mimic. Her tastes are American; she knows most of the American dance steps, and she can sing hillbilly songs in a high, birdlike voice, adding to it the appropriate nasal twang. Her ability in this direction is more than that of an accomplished amateur; Noel Coward once remarked that if she weren't a princess, she could get a job in any show in London.

She was born with a rebellion against protocol matched only by that of her Uncle David (later, and briefly, King Edward VIII), and she has a sense of gaiety inherited from her mother, who, as the Duchess of York, was able to be much more informal than she now is as the queen. Even as a small girl, Princess Margaret rebelled against pal-

ace routine, partially because it was against her nature and partially, I suspect, because she never thought she would be involved in it to any great extent.

The best example of this happened when she was perhaps five years old and was making the usual good-morning call on her grandmother, Queen Mary. The queen mother was, and still is, a strict and unbending autocrat, and the princesses' morning calls involved a formal curtsy and a polite inquiry as to her health, with possible side remarks about the weather. On this particular occasion, after Princess Elizabeth had delivered the accepted greeting, Princess Margaret ran across the room and hurled herself into Queen Mary's lap, saying, "Hello, Granny! How are you?" She was abruptly dumped to the floor, and told to leave the room and return properly, to which her answer was, "Why, Granny?"

"Who told you not to?" Queen Mary parried.

"Uncle David," was the prompt reply. "He said it was all a lot of nonsense."

With Uncle David's abdication, Princess Margaret and her family moved into Buckingham Palace and into the strictly ordered life that is the duty of the British royal family. But that didn't stop her from wanting to have fun or from trying to have it in any way that was consistent with her newly acquired position. She enjoyed more freedom than her sister (who, as heiress apparent, is expected by all Britons to act as though she already were the queen) and used this small amount of leeway to every possible advantage.

When, in 1948, Danny Kaye appeared at the Palladium in London and was an immediate sensation, Princess Margaret went to see him in the company of the former American ambassador, Lewis Douglas, and his wife and daughter, with whom she is close friends. She was enchanted by Kaye and determined that the rest of the family should get to see him, too.

Selling the Idea to Her Family

At Buckingham Palace, however, there were other ideas on the subject. Plead as Margaret would, she could convince neither of her parents that an American comedian was quite the thing for the royal family to go to see. So she adopted another tack: whenever she was with her father or mother, and with the faintest possible excuse, she would break into an imitation of part of Kaye's routine, just enough of it so that they would ask what in Heaven's name she was up to.

"That's Danny Kaye," she would reply. "Really, you ought to see him."

This kind of thing kept up for about two weeks, until finally, and more to keep quiet around the palace than anything else, she won her point. An equerry was told to order the royal box for a certain night. But immediately the royal box was mentioned, Princess Margaret protested.

"It's on the side," she said. "You can't see him properly from there. You've got to see him full-face really to appreciate him."

There was a little argument, but not much, and it wound up by the equerry's ordering a block of seats in the stalls, from which the royal family saw Kaye. To nobody's surprise except their own, they were delighted. Princess Margaret is now a good friend of Kaye's; he is her favorite dancing partner whenever he is in London, and it is he who has taught her most of the American dance steps she knows.

As for her other male friends, she has many, although none whom she particularly encourages in a romantic way. Like Margaret Truman, she believes in safety in numbers and up to the time of this writing has not seen any one man consistently enough for romantic rumors to get a very firm foundation. She is adored by the so-called "palace guard," the young and eligible members of the nobility with whom she is permitted to associate. But there is a constant rotation in their ranks (caused primarily by their marriages to other girls). Of the original members of the palace guard, all that are now left are Lord Ogilvie and Lord Dalkeith, and neither of them is seriously considered as a matrimonial prospect.

Two others who are constant companions (although not of the palace guard) are the Honorable Julian Fane, a young and aspiring playwright, son of the late Earl of Westmoreland and Lady Diana Westmoreland; and Billy Wallace, son of the late Captain Right Honorable Euan Wallace. Young Wallace's mother has, since his father's death, married an American, Herbert Agar, one-time editor of the Louisville Courier-Journal, a gifted and remarkable man. And Princess Margaret has spent a good deal of time at Petworth, the Wallace estate in Sussex.

Billy is a charming fellow, and eligible in every sense of the word. Current rumor has the princess about to become engaged to some anonymous young man, and if there is any foundation for it, my guess would be that the fortunate young man is Billy Wallace—although London was agog last month with reports that twenty-six-year-old Prince Nicholas of Yugoslavia would be her choice. Wallace is the only one of Princess Margaret's beaux who has remained in her entourage during the past four or five years, and he is also one of the richest. This is a factor that must be considered, for the princess' personal allowance is far from ample.

As I have said, Princess Margaret's main idea at the moment is to have fun, and there is plenty of time before she need start thinking of marriage. Obviously, the men who escort her are very carefully screened and they must meet a number of rigid requirements. But so far as Princess Margaret is concerned, nobody is worth looking at who doesn't have a sense of humor. And for dancing partners she is clearly happier with men of medium height. I remember noting, at a dance given not long ago for the royal family by mutual friends, how tiny she was and how her partners towered above her. It occurred to me that this must make dancing very difficult for her.

Probably one of her closest friends in recent years has been Sharman Douglas, daughter of the former U.S. ambassador. The princess picked up many of her Americanisms through her association with Sharman. It was at the American Embassy that she learned a number of the American songs she knows, and she and other members of the royal family often used their free nights to play canasta there—canasta being the only card game in which the princess has any interest. And it was there she and Sharman and a few friends were taught a version of the cancan for an embassy party.

Perhaps more than anything else, the princess

Comedian Danny Kaye is a favorite dancing partner of the young Princess. She once virtually forced her family to go see him. They had a fine time

ILLUSTRATIONS BY AL HIRSCHFELD

would like to visit the United States, but at the moment such a move would be considered unwise. There could be no official reason for such a visit (a formal visit would defeat her purpose, anyway) and a strictly-for-pleasure trip might not sit well with those of her father's subjects whose overseas travel—because of the limited funds they may take out of the country—is so curtailed as to be practically nonexistent.

Another restriction on her freedom comes in the matter of dress. She would like very much to dress like her aunt, the Duchess of Kent, who is considered one of England's best-dressed women, but palace custom has it that the royal family must be more on the conservative side. She is therefore obliged to wear dresses that are handsome without being too chic. (British designer Norman Hartnell designs most of the princess' wardrobe.)

Once, about four years ago, she bought a strapless evening gown from Dior, in Paris, and it created such a sensation in the British press that she was forced to have straps put on it and, finally, to abandon the dress altogether. The British people see in their royal family all that they consider good and fine and British; and strapless Dior evening gowns are apparently not in that category. Never one to give up on an idea that really appeals to her, however, the princess turned up last spring at an official function, flanked by her family, in such a dress. Once again she made headlines.

So Princess Margaret's rebellion against protocol is by no means complete, and it will probably be less and less complete as time goes by. However, she has the ability to brighten up any formal gathering and to spread charm and gaiety wherever she goes. There was one instance of this, when she was at a party for which a professional pianist had been engaged—a pianist who somehow missed the spirit of the affair and was turning the evening into a dismal bore. Finally, when she could stand it no longer, the princess rose, went to the piano and said, "Do you mind?" When the pianist got up, she sat down and began to play a number of popular songs. People got up and danced, and in very short order the party had changed from a soporific musicale into a bang-up evening.

One Evening as "an Ordinary Girl"

It was only recently that she had an experience of another sort—that of being out in public and attracting little or no attention. When Noel Coward opened his one-man show on October 29th at the Casino de Paris in London, Princess Margaret went to the opening in company with the Duchess of Kent and two escorts. That was all—there was no flurry and no fanfare, and the rest of the audience at the Casino de Paris, if they thought of Princess Margaret at all, thought how nice it was of her to come to her friend's opening night. Later, when she was talking about the evening, she said, rather excitedly, "Isn't it wonderful, just to come out like an ordinary girl and have a good time?"

But Princess Margaret, pert and gay and pretty as she is (and she is much prettier than her pictures indicate), is also a real princess, in the royal sense of the word. On occasion she is required to take over the so-called "second-class duties" that her sister Elizabeth has not the time for, such as the opening of livestock fairs, inspections of orphanages and the like. These duties often include the delivery of speeches. Princess Margaret's talks are invariably direct, sober and intelligent. She impresses her listeners as being up to date politically as well as socially. She can also, when she feels it necessary, be as autocratic as her grandmother, and with the same chilling effect.

Once, at a royal garden party, a man with more nerve than brains approached her and said, "Well, Your Royal Highness, it's good to see you having fun at these stiff affairs." Princess Margaret turned slowly and fixed a cold eye on the speaker.

"I think you forget where you are," she replied icily. "This is the king's garden party."

To sum her up, I think that Princess Margaret obviously abides by the family motto: *"Honi soit qui mal y pense,"* which means, "Shamed be he who thinks evil of it." She is a living, vibrant individual, but she is also—and unmistakably—a princess. *(Continued on page 52)*

At Paris party the author attended, Gen. Ike joined lustily in community sing. Miss T., vacationing from concert stage, just hummed

Marty Jones was a tomboy, and she was proud of it. She had no use for girlish things, so why was she possessed by this sudden, shameful yearning?

Christmas Doll

By B. J. CHUTE

IT WAS three days to Christmas, and the ice skates and the hockey stick for Miss Martha Jones lay on the top shelf of the front closet, pushed well back and cunningly concealed by her father's raincoat.

Marty moved the coat just enough to assure herself that what lay underneath was what she had ordered, or rather, requested. She was not a bossy child, although at nine her pigtails, round face, and solid body gave her a look of confidence which intimidated nervous adults.

Satisfied that it was safe to boast about what she was getting, Marty climbed down and went into the kitchen, where she had left her ski jacket and an apple, then shouted into space that she was going sliding.

From upstairs, her mother, whose mouth was full of pins, shouted back with muffled good temper that this plan was acceptable and would Marty please get home in time for dinner.

"What's dessert?" Marty yelled, weighing her answer.

"Apple pie."

Marty paused in the act of putting on her jacket, and contemplated her apple. There would be one apple fewer in the pie, but that was life. "I'll be back in puh-lenty of time," she shouted reassuringly. "Where's my mittens?"

"In your pocket."

This turned out to be true, and one of them, in fact, was stuck to a half-sucked sourball. Marty worried the sourball loose and stuck it in her mouth. "Well, g'by," she said briskly, and shot out the door.

She paused to get her sled, and then, singing Hark the Herr-uld Angels Sing at the top of her lungs, she bounced happily toward Hudson Hill. It was perfect sliding weather, just cold enough, and she could see her breath puffing importantly before her into the bright clear air that smelled of snow and Christmas.

The hill, when she arrived, was swarming with that deceptively aimless activity peculiar to anthills, subway crowds and children at play. Marty lifted her sled and clutched it firmly to her middle. Then she gave a loud cry, somewhat reminiscent of one of the Valkyries on a good day, and shot off recklessly downhill.

The cold air blew in her face and rushed down her throat, since her mouth was open to shout, "Hallelujah! Hallelujah!", which seemed appropriate to the holiday season and made very good shouting. For a moment she owned the hill, the town, and the whole world, all in one burst of dizzy white speed. No one could fly so fast or so far as Marty Jones, except maybe God's angels. "Hallelujah!" shouted Marty, addressing the angels with hearty reverence. "Hallelu—" She broke off in mid-glory, her mouth ajar. The unthinkable had happened. A sled and rider had rocketed past her at breakneck speed. Marty gave a violent heave and pressed herself flatter, urging her sled to take wings and meet the challenge, but it was too late.

She arrived at the base of the hill a good two yards behind her competitor and came to a stop by dragging both feet. The owner of the rival sled rose from his glistening red-and-yellow chariot, and stood looking down at her, his hands in his pockets.

HE WAS a new boy she had never seen before, about her own age, chunky, with a button nose and a cowlick of brown hair plastered to his forehead by snow. He said, "Ya-ah," hostilely.

"Yah yourself," Marty said. "Bet you can't steer as good as I can."

"I c'n steer rings around you with both hands tied behind my back," he informed her, and, to show his superiority further, he spit grandly through a gap in his front teeth.

She eyed him jealously. "You lose a tooth?"

"Got knocked out in a fight."

This was an advantage beyond all argument. Marty herself had never qualified for a fist fight, since boys were always checked by some primeval sense of etiquette, probably batted into them by their mothers, and girls refused to fight at all. Marty returned to the attack. "What's your name?"

"Rodney," he said, and added, "Anderson" after a pause.

"Rodney's a fatheaded name," Marty said pleasantly. "Mine's Marty Jones."

"Fatheaded yourself," Rodney said.

The amenities dealt with, they fell into a brief silence. At this moment, a third sled suddenly appeared, and its rider fell off into the snow with a resigned cry. It was Tommy Egan and he always fell off, some inscrutable providence having shaped him like a butterball without any adhesive surfaces. Like the White Knight, he had acquired a fine ability for talking upside down, whether in a winter snowdrift or a summer blackberry thicket. What he was announcing this time was that Rodney was his cousin.

"Ho," Marty said gratefully, as this explained Rodney. He was visiting. Briskly she whacked snow off Tommy's rear with her mitten and told him that she and Rodney had already met.

"I beat her coming down the hill," said Rodney.

"You did *not*," said Marty, spirited if inaccurate.

Rodney eyed her distantly. "I'm going to get a new sled for Christmas," he said.

"*My* parents," Marty said loftily, "are giving me ice skates and a hockey stick."

"Like fun they are," said Rodney. "Girls can't play hockey."

"Marty can," Tommy said loyally.

Rodney grunted. It was one of those superior masculine grunts which are calculated to drive an independent female mad. It worked fine on Marty. "I'll show you exactly the kind of skates they're buying me," she said importantly. "They're in the window at Grover's store and they've got rawhide laces and everything. And there's a hockey stick goes with 'em."

"Huh," said Rodney. "My parents would give me anything in that old store window that I wanted, I guess."

"So would mine," Marty said quickly.

"They would not."

"They would so."

Tommy, who had a pacific nature, said, "You can show him the skates on the way home, Marty. We can go round by Grover's."

"All right, I will," Marty said and she gave herself and her sled a flounce that faced them uphill. "Betcha don't dare go down the other side of the hill."

Tommy looked at her anxiously. "Through the trees?"

"Sure, through the trees." She poked a finger at Rodney. "You don't dare."

"I dare anything once."

"Yah, cowardy custard," said Marty. "*I* dare anything twice." She started uphill with her sled. Rodney glared and girded himself for battle.

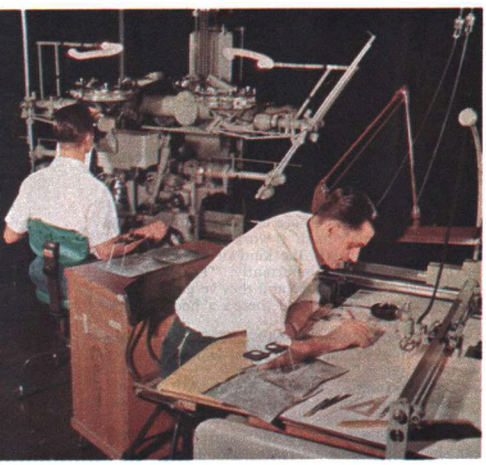
BY THE end of an hour, they had arrived at a stalemate. On home ground, Marty had a wilder way with tree trunks and overhanging branches, but Rodney had a system all his own of streaking straight for peril and then hauling his sled back on its tail like a plunging mustang. Tommy was aghast. Each downhill flight convinced him that it would be their last, and he had carted them off to hospital and broken the sad news to their parents so many times that at last even his fertile imagination tired and he sat quietly on his sled like a small, stout, and sympathetic snow man.

It was Rodney who, with calm superiority, said he guessed Marty must be tired by now, being a girl. Marty's chin jutted out dangerously. Tommy reminded them they were going to stop by Grover's. Marty grunted, jerked her sled around, and led the way, while in her mind's eye she skated victoriously to some distant goal line, wielding her Christmas hockey stick as Rodney labored to catch up, his ankles sagging.

Grover's store shone out at them through the early December twilight. Even from a distance, they could see the *(Continued on page 43)*

ILLUSTRATED BY DAVID BERGER

Army's rubber three-dimensional maps (above) are being replaced by mass-produced plastic versions



The Stereoplanigraph mapping machine analyzes aerial pictures, draws a flat contour map on paper

Collier's COLOR CAMERA

THE ARMY'S PLASTIC MOUNTAINS

THE soldier in the field depends on maps, not only for vital strategic purposes but to show him where he's going, what's beyond the ridge, what lies across the river, how high the next backbreaking hill is. Before Korea, GIs and their combat officers in the main had to use complicated flat maps for such information. But today, the Corps of Engineers' Army Map Service, under the command of Colonel J. G. Ladd, is providing our ground troops everywhere with a revolutionary new map that is in effect a miniature three-dimensional model of terrain. A soldier not only reads this map, he actually feels it. Made of molded plastic, the map is being produced cheaply, swiftly and in mass-production quantities.

Three-dimensional maps are not new. During World War II almost every major headquarters had a relief map of its theater of operations. These were made of rubber, plaster or papier-mâché. It took 800 men four years to turn out a little more than 8,000 of them. By contrast some 70 men have produced almost 100,000 of the new plastic relief maps since the fighting began in Korea.

Basic credit for the Army's current maps goes to John J. Braund of the U.S. Coast and Geodetic Survey, who suggested that sheets of vinyl plastic could be heated and stretched over a three-dimensional pattern to produce almost perfect reliefs of an area. AMS—the Army Map Service—snapped up the idea and turned it over to Charles S. Spooner, Jr., a civilian in charge of its Relief Map Division. Spooner devised the machines and developed the production know-how for the new maps.

The process itself is essentially simple. First a plaster relief map of an area is made. This is the mold. Then vinyl plastic sheets are imprinted with the flat contour map of the area. The vinyl sheets are placed over the plaster mold, at the rate of about 30 an hour, and heated to some 275° Fahrenheit. The heat causes the vinyl plastic to "sit down" around the raised and depressed portions of the mold. When the sheet is removed, it is a perfect miniature of the terrain it represents.

Remarkable as the mass production of three-dimensional maps may be, it is only one end product of the complex functions of AMS—maker of scores of kinds of military maps not only for the U.S., but, on a significant scale, for the North Atlantic Treaty Organization and for General Eisenhower's international staff at SHAPE. With its headquarters on the outskirts of Washington, AMS employs 3,000 civilian technicians and cartographers under the supervision of some 30 Army officers. Geared to the kind of production which enabled it to turn out 500,000,000 maps during World War II and to consume 8,000 tons of paper annually since the end of the war, it now uses some of the best map-making devices in the world.

Number one is a group of captured German precision instruments known as Stereoplanigraphs. Each is a $50,000 complex of gears, lenses, lights and prisms which project aerial photographs so that their operators see three-dimensional pictures of terrain. In addition, the Stereoplanigraphs measure distances, heights and depths in the photographs and transfer this information to paper in the form of contour maps, through a system of coordinated arms linked to drawing tables.

Number two among the service's machines is the American-made Multiplex. Simpler, and designed for use with low-altitude aerial views, this device is essentially a pair of projectors which cast two images on paper, one in a green light, and the other in red. Combined, the red and green images form a picture-in-depth from which an operator prepares a flat contour map. Both machines help prepare the Army's master patterns for flat as well as three-dimensional contour maps.

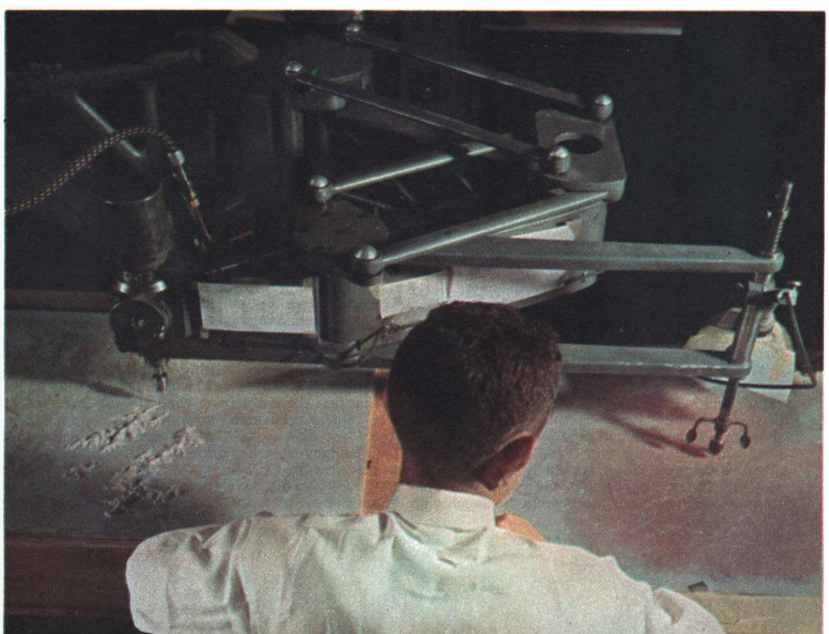
Tools like these are behind every plan made in the Pentagon, behind all top-level conferences in Eisenhower's headquarters in Paris, behind every inch of ground fought for in Korea. The foot soldier never sees the machines. He sees only the ground in front of him. But he knows where he's going, because AMS puts the signposts in his hands.

SEY CHASSLER

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY HANS KNOPF

For more map data, twin-projector shows air views in red and green, giving three-dimensional images

Manufacture of new relief maps begins when pattern is cut in reverse in plastic (left) by blade linked to a needle (right) which follows lines of contour map etched into zinc plate



C. S. Spooner, Jr., in charge of producing Army's new relief maps, looks over edge of map of Fujiyama (peak at left) area in Japan

Positive mold is obtained by making plaster cast of plastic pattern. Worker then smooths blade marks, creating realistic-looking mountains

Three-dimensional map is finished when heat makes printed vinyl sheet assume shape of plaster, and technician takes it off mold

Adventures of a Young Doctor, No. V

A COOL CUSTOMER

By A. J. CRONIN

In this chapter from Dr. Cronin's forthcoming autobiography, Adventures in Two Worlds, he tells of a phlegmatic Scot who seemed to face the threat of death without turning a hair

THE Scots are in many ways a singular people. For centuries they fought their nearest neighbors, the English, and are still a trifle hostile toward them—at least, they treasure the memory of Bruce and Bannockburn as their proudest heritage, and have lately stolen back the Stone of Scone as a gesture of defiance. Inhabiting a small, impoverished country ridged by bleak mountains and ringed by rocky coasts against which rough seas sweep and surge, they are hardy, frugal, thrifty and resolute.

Yet other peculiarities, not all of which are praiseworthy, have been attributed to them, and some of these are entirely without foundation in fact. Perhaps this injustice is self-inflicted—it has been said that one of Scotland's minor industries is the export of stories pertaining to the oddity of her native sons. Be that as it may, there is one quality which is more often and more mistakenly applied to the Northerner than any other: insensitivity. To my mind, the general belief that the average Scotsman is a cold, phlegmatic and unfeeling man is superficial, erroneous and a base aspersion upon the national character. During my sojourn in Tannochbrae, brief though it was, I met with an incident which brought this point home to me in an especially striking way.

One March evening, Willie Craig rang the bell of Arden House, where I was serving as Dr. Cameron's assistant.

"Good evening, Janet," he said to the housekeeper in his quiet, self-possessed voice. "Does the doctor happen to be at home, by any chance?"

"Which of them were ye wanting to see, Mr. Craig?"

"It doesn't matter in the least, Janet. Any of the two of them'll do me fine."

"It's the assistant's night for the surgery. But I'll let Dr. Cameron know you're here if you specially want to see him."

Willie shook his head—slightly, for all his movements were restrained and staid.

"It's all one to me, Janet, woman."

She gazed at him approvingly. Janet dearly admired a man who never got excited, and she showed him into the dining room—a special mark of favor—to wait. Willie sat down and, putting his hands in his pockets, looked with mild interest at the fiddle hung above the mantelpiece.

He was a small, slight man of about thirty-seven, clean-shaven and rather pale about the face, dressed in a neat gray suit and a celluloid collar fitted with a black, "made-up" tie. Willie was the village baker. He had his own tidy business in the High Street where his wife served behind the counter while he worked in the bakehouse in the yard. Willie Craig's mutton pies were famous, his currant cakes second to none in all the county. But though he was well thought of, with a name for good baking, fair measure and sound dealing, Willie's reputation in the town was hung upon a higher peg than these. Willie Craig was famous for his coolness.

"Aye, aye, a cool customer, Willie Craig," was the town's approving verdict.

When, for instance, he played the final of the Winton bowling championship on Knoxhill Green and won a deadly struggle by the margin of a single shot, people cheered him not so much because he won but because of the manner of his winning—pale-faced, unruffled, never turning a hair—while Gordon, his opponent, was nearly apoplectic with excitement.

In the clubhouse afterward, Gordon, with a few drinks inside him, waxed indignant on the subject: "He's not human. He doesn't feel things. He's like a fish lying on a block of ice. That's the trouble with Willie Craig. He's got no imagination!"

So Willie became known as the man with no imagination; and, indeed, he looked stolid enough, sitting there waiting to see me.

"Will ye step this way, Mr. Craig?" Janet said, returning in the middle of Willie's meditation.

He got up and followed her into the surgery.

"Sit down," I said shortly. "What's the trouble?"

I was overworked, and in a hurry, which made my manner more abrupt than usual. But Willie Craig didn't seem to mind.

"It's my tongue, Doctor. There's something on the edge o't that bothers me a bit."

"You mean it pains you."

"Well, more or less."

"Let me have a look."

I leaned across the desk and took a look at Willie's tongue. I took a good long look. Then, in rather a different tone, I said, "How long have you had that?"

"Oh, six weeks or thereabouts, as near as I can remember. It's come on gradual like. But lately it's been getting worse."

"Do you smoke?"

"Aye, I'm a pretty heavy smoker."

"A pipe?"

"Aye, a pipe."

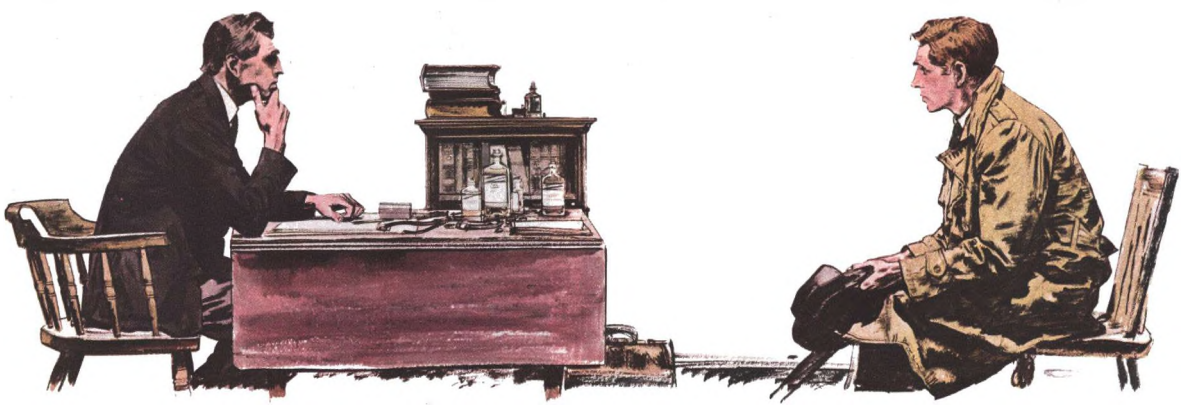
There was a short pause. Then I got up and went over to the instrument cabinet. I took a powerful magnifying glass and, with the most scrupulous care, examined Willie's tongue once again. An angry red spot stood on the edge of the tongue—a spot which was hard to the touch and full of the most sinister implication. I laid down the glass and sank into my chair by the desk.

There were two ways open, I knew, of dealing with the situation. The first, a specious pretense of optimism; the second, to tell the truth. Reflectively, I looked across at Willie, whose reputation for self-possession I knew well. Willie looked back at me calmly. A cool customer, I thought. Not much imagination to trouble him. Yes, I'll let him have the truth.

"Willie," I said, "that little thing on your tongue may be something very serious. Or it may not."

Willie remained unperturbed. "I suppose that's why I'm here, Doctor. I wanted to find out what it was."

"And I want to find out, *(Continued on page 57)*



There were two ways of dealing with the situation. The first, a specious pretense of optimism; the second, to tell the truth

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FAWCETT

The water lay but a few feet beneath him. One step, and all his wretchedness, the misery of the operation, the helplessness that lay after that, would be over

AL TARTER

A wall of cocky fighting men, well equipped and highly trained, runs along the borders of Yugoslavia, Greece and Turkey. Because Iran's boundary with Russia is unprotected, Turkey maintains heavy troop concentrations at Kars and Ardahan, poised to hit swiftly if the Reds move toward the Arab states

OUR

Tough and confident, nearly

WHEN the member nations of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization decided last September to invite Greece and Turkey into the club, the writers were lunching in Paris with an American diplomat, newly arrived in Europe. The conversation inevitably turned to NATO defense problems, and he agreed that these two Mediterranean countries belonged in the Western alliance.

"The more allies we can get, the better," he said. "But I still can't believe the Turks and Greeks are as wonderful as they're cracked up to be. You'd think they were supermen, the way some of our Army people talk about them. Whoever does publicity for them must be a great press agent."

Our companion's skepticism was a natural reaction to the rave notices our new allies invariably receive from American observers who have seen them in action in Korea and the Balkans; in fact, the phrases "rugged Greeks" and "tough Turks" are well on the way to becoming newspaper clichés.

A couple of weeks later, in Athens, we repeated the diplomat's remark to General Thrasivoulos Tsakalotos, the Greek army's able, peppery chief of staff. He laughed and replied, "It's obvious your friend has never been to Greece."

We got a similar reaction from the Turkish chief of staff, stocky, silver-haired General Nuri Yamut. "Supermen?" he said. "Sure. That's exactly what the Russians will run into if they ever attack this country."

There's more than a little swagger in the attitude of most Greeks and Turks; Mediterranean peoples have never been noted for their self-effac-

RAPHO-GUILLUMETTE

Turkish soldiers are conscripts who serve two years. They draw 11 cents a month, but do not complain, because they are raised to believe they someday will have to fight Russia

RAPHO-GUILLUMETTE

General Nuri Yamut, Turkey's chief of staff, indicates concentrations of troops near Iraq

FIGHTINGEST ALLIES

two million Greeks and Turks stand between Russia and the oil-rich lands of the Middle East

By SEYMOUR FREIDIN and WILLIAM ATTWOOD

ment. But after making a firsthand survey of both countries and talking with their soldiers as well as their leaders, we can report finding ample evidence that, man for man, they are the fightingest friends we have anywhere in the world.

Luckily for our side, they are situated just where the West needs their courage most. With the Arab states cool—or downright hostile—to joint defense plans, Greek and Turkish troops, backed up by the roving power of the U.S. Sixth Fleet, are just about the only deterrent force in the way of a Soviet thrust into the vast, squabbling, oil-rich lands of the Middle East.

Together, their standing armies number more than 500,000 men, not counting organized reserves of 1,250,000 that could be mobilized within 24 hours of an attack. During the past four years, American aid and American advisers have given them the muscle, co-ordination and mobility required in modern warfare. But equally important is the spirit that animates not only these troops, but also the civilians who back them up. Even their cocky bravado is heart-warming after the timorous uncertainty you still hear expressed in parts of Western Europe.

Back in July, 1950, when U.S. troops were holding the line alone in Korea, we were in Istanbul on the day Turkey became one of the first of the United Nations to offer troops to the common cause. A front-page cartoon in *Cum-huriyet*, the city's leading daily, expressed the feelings of all the Turks we talked to. It showed a female Uncle Sam about to be ravished by a savage North Korean; coming over the horizon to the rescue was a husky Turkish infantryman.

JOHN GERDTS

Sgt. Ziya Bura (l.), a Turk, fought Reds in Korea with Maj. Andren Gorenko of Greece

The performance of their volunteer brigade in Korea has since become a legend—and a source of deep personal satisfaction for every Turk. As one wounded veteran told us in Ankara, "For 30 years, people have said that the Turks *were* good fighters. Now they say the Turks *are* good fighters."

This man was wearing the big, black-and-yellow shoulder patch of the U.S. First Cavalry Division, the outfit to which the Turkish brigade was attached in Korea. The same patch is proudly worn by veterans of the Greek contingent to Korea, such as Sergeant George Belilis, who joined us for a beer at an Athens sidewalk café. A twenty-two-year-old farmer's son, he spoke of Korea with the kind of simple eloquence you often hear in Greece.

"We're glad to be able to fight there with the Americans," he said. "It is for the UN and for freedom. If it happens again we'll fight again. We don't want the kind of governments we see at our borders. We know what Communist rule is like."

This sort of spirit, rarer in the more sophisticated nations of the Atlantic community, is what's needed to make the Russians think twice before starting a war.

One reason you find it in Greece and Turkey is that neither country is poisoned by the presence of a Red fifth column at home. Turkey's illegal and utterly ineffectual Communist party has less than 10,000 supporters (out of a population of 21,000,000), largely because the Turks have always identified Communism with their Russian neighbor, for whom they harbor a furious hatred. They've had to fight Russia 12 times since the sixteenth century, generally to frustrate that nation's long-term ambition to control the Dardanelles. Turkish parents, when they want to scare disobedient children, say: "If you don't behave, the *Moskofs* will come and get you."

Greece licked its internal Red menace in the long, agonizing civil war that ended two years ago with the rout of the Communist guerrillas in the Grammos Mountains. As Sergeant Belilis pointed out, his countrymen know *(Continued on page 59)*

WIDE WORLD

Advisers Major A. L. Peters (l.), of Alexandria, La., and Lt. Col. F. C. Mandell, Tacoma, talk with Greek Gen. Thrasivoulos Tsakalotos

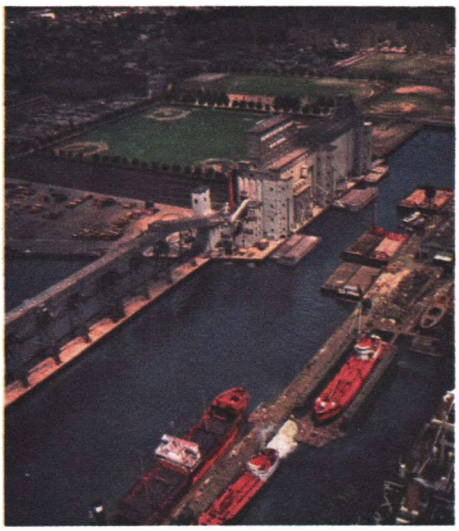
Greek soldiers in training. Lt. Col. Dan Swett, of Chicago, says these men are "very brave . . . tough as the mountains they live in"

Eight-lane George Washington Bridge has brought 111,000 cars across Hudson in a day

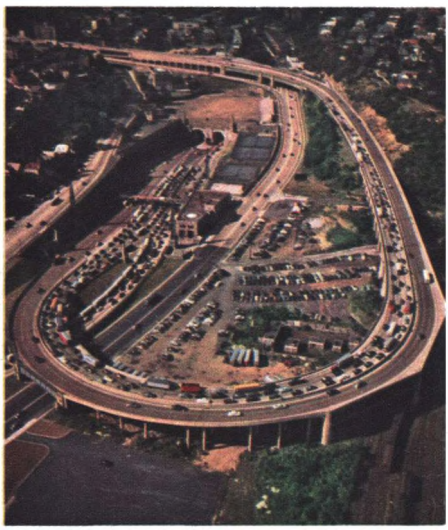
Trucks and autos whiz into the New Jersey entrance of the 24-year-old, nearly two-mile-long Holland Tunnel

Pilot Ted Leopold lands helicopter atop the Authority's Manhattan headquarters building

Busses leave and approach New York's giant terminal going over, not on, city streets



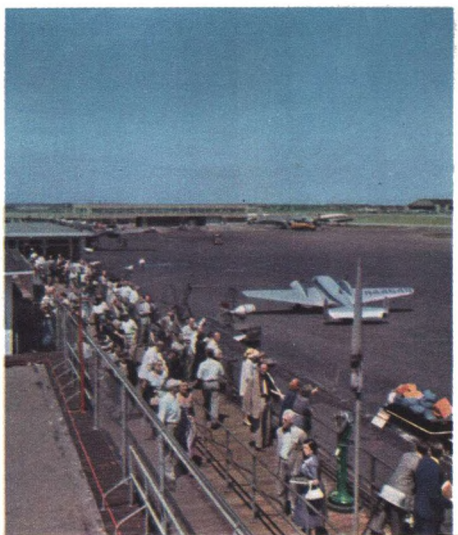
The Authority's grain terminal is at Brooklyn's water front. Its elevator has a 1,800,000-bushel capacity



On the New Jersey side, an impressive looped approach leads drivers to the Lincoln Tunnel

Built in 1928, Newark Airport handled more than 100,000,000 pounds of cargo last year

Visitors survey massive Idlewild from an observation deck. It's the world's largest commercial terminal



Sinking La Guardia Field still averages one plane arrival or take-off each three minutes

Tops in TransPORTation

By GEORGE FRAZIER

The Port of New York Authority, created to settle New Jersey–New York harbor disputes, now has a major stake in so many forms of travel, it already is thinking ahead to space ships

ONE gray day not long ago, a New Jersey-bound motorist drove up to the New York entrance to the Holland Tunnel, rolled down his window, and extended a hand in which lay the 50 cents to pay for his journey west under the Hudson River. There was nothing about the gesture to distinguish it from the perfunctory act of millions of motorists who yearly use the tunnel —except that as the car took off, the hand did too. Coming loose in the astonished tolltaker's grasp, it proved to be a prosthetic, or false hand.

Widely interpreted by the press as one man's overt act of rebellion against tolls, this prank evoked only feeble smiles in the offices of the Port of New York Authority, the tunnel's august landlord. For, squawks about the fees which the Authority charges on this and its other key arteries in the metropolitan area have long bedeviled it, despite its oft-repeated justification that tolls on one property help support other properties less prosperous, and despite its recent rate reductions for regular users of its bridges and tunnels.

The tolls it exacts are by no means the only aspect of the Authority to come under attack in its 30 years as arbiter of the world's greatest port. Set up jointly by New Jersey and New York in 1921 to reconcile their conflicting interests in the harbor which lies between them, the PNYA has been accused of excessive growth. Authorized by both states to build, buy, lease and operate properties which would improve and unify the port's terminal and transport facilities, it has been challenged for making full use of this license.

Criticism of the Authority ranges from the broadly philosophical to the minutely trivial. Seldom a day passes, for instance, without a telephone tirade by some irate transatlantic voyager who has called about his lost luggage—only to be told that, contrary to the sound of its name, the Authority is no repository for such complaints.

An officer directs traffic in and out of the Holland Tunnel over a public-address system

The Authority has weathered all onslaughts, large and small, with a blandness born of solid achievement. An aggressive, self-supporting, nonpolitical, career-staffed, quasi-public agency run like a giant corporation, it stoutly denies that it has, so to speak, grown too big for its bridges. Admittedly it has expanded far beyond the role foreseen for it three decades ago, but then, so have the problems it was set up to cope with.

Back in the infant twenties there were few farsighted enough to judge that within a generation airplanes and motor trucks would join ships and railroads as vital factors in the terminal and transport picture. But it didn't take the PNYA long to appreciate its own potential in these fresh fields. Today, no less alert, it looks forward to the time when the skies over its bailiwick will be abuzz with mail-, commuter-, and cargo-carrying helicopters, helibusses, and helicabs, and there are those in the Authority who expect its airport facilities to play host, not far hence, to space ships.

As to the interplanetary future, the Authority's dynamic executive director, Austin J. Tobin, is himself not prepared to predict. But he is explicit on what closer-to-home traffic will be like.

"Within 30 years," Tobin asserts, "more than a third of the people traveling in this country will go by air. Even people who want to travel as little as 150 miles will go by air if helicopters are put into service as quickly as they deserve to be. There is no doubt that the use of the helicopter will revolutionize travel between airports and the metropolitan centers they service. It will take no time at all to go from one town to another nearby."

PNYA air-traffic surveys indicate that in 1980 the port district will account for more than 11,000,000 air passengers as compared with 5,000,000 in 1950; that, as compared with almost 8,000,000,000 passenger-miles in 1950, domestic airlines will account for 22,000,000,000 in 1980—fully one fourth of that in and out of PNYA facilities.

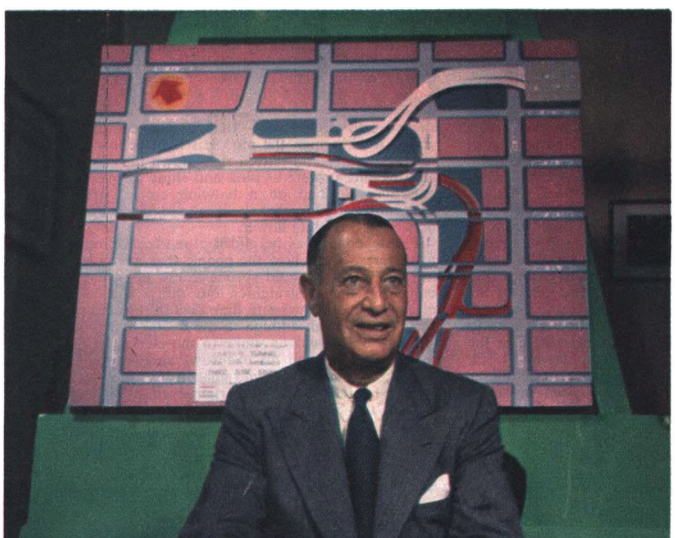
Until that time, however, the Authority won't exactly be idle. Already it presides over one of the world's most massive aggregations of properties, all of it having to do, in one way or other, with transportation, and representing a capital investment by the PNYA of $371,000,000.

Several of the Authority's holdings have, separately, made engineering, architectural and traffic history. Besides the 8,300-foot-long underwater Holland Tunnel, linking lower Manhattan and Jersey City, world's busiest vehicular tube and first of its kind to be built (in 1927), these include:

The $24,000,000 union *(Continued on page 61)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY LEW MERRIM

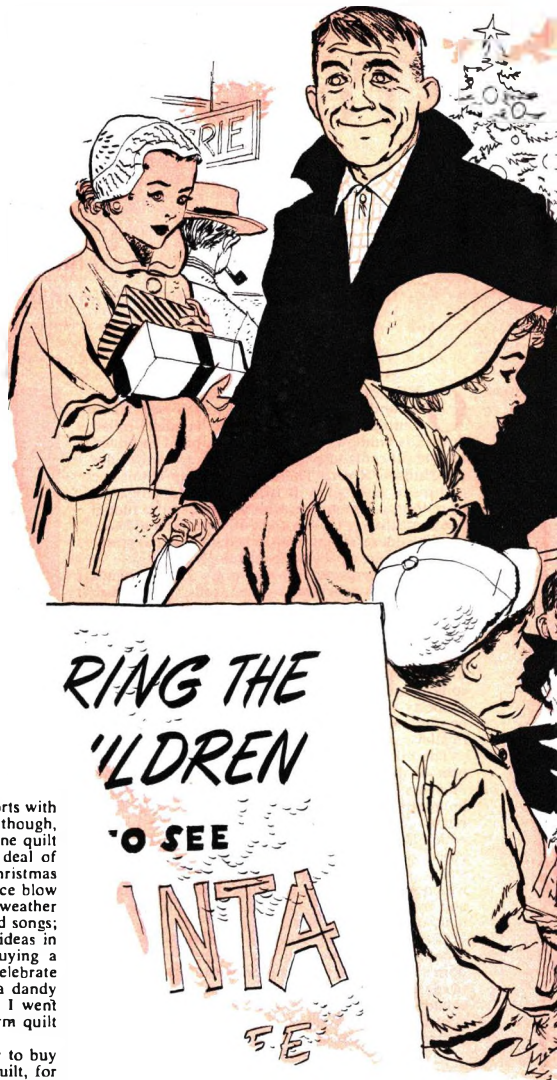
Howard Cullman, chairman of the board of commissioners, helps administer an organization that grossed $42,198,237 in 1950 and still is expanding



Key Authority officers meet. L. to r.: Mrs. Lee Jaffe, John Kyle, Jr., Austin Tobin (executive director), and Billings Wilson

A QUILT for CLAUDIE

By DILLON ANDERSON



It wasn't shaping up as a very merry Christmas for I and Claudie. He had a cold in his head, and I had no money in my pocket. I knew he had a present for me—and I didn't have a thing for him

FOR a month or more I'd been busy with plans for the winter in north Fort Worth. I'd had our old trailer house moved to the Dolly Dimple Trailer Courts near the stockyards, and I'd met some people around there with real pull; I mean such as a Texas Ranger, two notary publics, and the Champion Wild Cow Milker of the Fort Worth Fat Stock Show—Ladies' Division. Also, I'd managed to get my partner, Claudie, a position at one of the packing houses. Claudie was in charge of a Judas goat—the black one that led the sheep down a chute to be slaughtered. Then Claudie would lead the goat back for more sheep, over and over again, all day; and that was just about Claudie's speed.

The winter was mild enough at first, and the old-timers around the domino parlors spoke real often about it. "Clint," they'd say to me, "man and boy, these Texas winters ain't what they used to be." That was the talk until Christmas Eve, when a blue norther—one that our almanac hadn't said a word about, either—swept down from the Rockies to the Gulf of Mexico and put a skim of ice on every creek, pond and wet place in the whole state of Texas. It was early in the morning, an hour or two before daybreak, when the north wind struck. It rocked the trailer house and woke me up; it moaned and sighed around the eaves and whistled in through several cracks that Claudie had meant to fix but hadn't.

I braced my cot against the wall, pulled both my quilts tighter around me, and went on back to sleep. Then, along about daybreak, my teeth chattering woke me up again, and I found I was so cold I was blue-numb and shivering all over. I looked at Claudie, snoring away on his pallet, and since he looked as warm as a depot stove, I borrowed one of his quilts to see if I couldn't warm up and get in a little more sleep before time to get up. But right away Claudie's sneezing woke me back up. He sounded like the air brakes on trains do right after they stop.

Claudie was up, though; he had put on about all the clothes he owned, and he said he was the coldest he'd been since the day in Alabama when they broke the ice in Chaney Creek to baptize him. I noticed his nose was running, so I dug out some mutton suet and coal oil for him to put in it.

As Claudie went sniffling off to work without a word about the quilt, I almost felt out of sorts with myself for what I'd done. I needn't have, though, since by that time it had got so cold that one quilt more or less couldn't have made a great deal of difference. Then I got to thinking about Christmas coming only once a year and how that fierce blow out of the north had brought the kind of weather that went with Christmas in storybooks and songs; enough, all told, to put a whole batch of ideas in a man's head about stepping out and buying a nice present for somebody, so as to help celebrate such a special season of the year. What a dandy thing it would be, I thought to myself, if I went downtown and bought Claudie a nice warm quilt as a surprise for Christmas.

Now, I did not have the kind of money to buy Claudie a good quilt—or any kind of a quilt, for that matter—but I knew my heart was in the right place, and I had the whole day before me, so I set out for town on the next streetcar that came along. It was some warmer inside the streetcar—out of the wind, too—and with my mind thawed out a little this way, I worked out a fine program before I got halfway to town. If I could open up a charge account, I could buy Claudie a nice quilt on credit and pay for it later.

I GOT off the car right across from Cashman's—by far the biggest and the best department store in Fort Worth. I figured that if I was going to get credit, the best would be none too good, and it would be an honor to have a charge account at such a store as Cashman's. If, on the other hand, I wasn't going to get credit, I didn't want to be turned down by any second-rate store.

I crossed the street and looked into Cashman's show window, where tinsel, holly and little red bells were scattered all around with other kinds of gewgaws on the sparkling artificial snow. I looked over the dummy figures standing around in loose, carefree poses and dressed up in fine clothes that fit; I saw the gay, happy looks on the faces of the dummies—faces that showed no worry, no grief, and plenty of credit. I wondered how I'd take to the life of somebody like those guys there in the window, wearing new bedroom slippers and a silk smoking jacket and filling up a pipe from a big jar of tobacco by a brick fireplace. Then my teeth were chattering again, so I went into Cashman's.

It was on the ground floor that I first saw the floorwalker, and he must have seen me at about the same time because he started moving my way. I went ahead, pretending that I wasn't even noticing him, but wherever I went, he kept on edging closer to me until I found I was not liking this floorwalker at all. He was so clean—freshly shaved and dressed up—that it was enough to give a workingman the pip. His light yellow hair was very curly and parted right down the middle, and his cheeks were as pink and shiny as overripe apricots. He had on a batwing collar, striped pants and patent leather shoes, and in his coat lapel he wore a big white flower.

I watched him as he glided along from counter to counter. I saw how the people that were clerking in the store would spruce things up when he came by; they'd straighten out things that were already in even rows and flick dust off of counters that looked clean enough to me in the first place. When the floorwalker spoke to the clerks, he had a way of lifting up his eyebrows and batting his lids like a man with a wild gnat in his eye.

I was watching the pert, bright-eyed girl at work behind the candy counter when the floorwalker

Claudie walked right by the place where I had a whole passel of kids telling me what they wanted, and he didn't begin to know who I was

came up from behind and spoke to me. "To which department of the store do you wish to be referred to?" was what he wanted to know, in very elegant grammar.

"I'm just looking around," I told him. "Later on I will make up my mind what it is I wish to purchase." And I raised my eyebrows right back at him when I said it.

He turned toward the candy girl and asked, "Have the specials come down yet from the stockroom, Miss Fothergill?"

"No," she answered. "Not yet, Mr. Twilley."

Then I made my move. "Mr. Twilley," I said, "I wish to open a charge account. The name is Hightower—Clint Hightower. I live at the Dolly Dimple Trailer Courts, and—"

Before I could finish, though, he said, in a very prissy way, "That has to be taken up with the Credit Department. It's right there." Mr. Twilley pointed to a close-by sign that said "Credit Department," about like you'd point out a big red barn to somebody that had nearly walked right into the side of it. Then he offered to step over to the Credit Department with me. No, I told him, he needn't bother; but he said, with both eyebrows up, "Oh, it would be a genuine pleasure," and I knew, somehow, right then, that I wasn't going to do my best on any charge account with this sprucy character hanging around.

Well, I was right. Somehow, I never could get going with the heavy-set fellow that was Assistant Credit Manager. He had a mighty lot of curiosity, but of all the points he took up with me, the one that seemed to bother him most was that I did not exactly have a job at the present time.

AFTER he'd thought it all over, the Assistant Credit Manager turned me down while Mr. Twilley, that fancy floorwalker, stood right there hearing the whole thing. As I turned to walk away, Mr. Twilley bowed and said, "Sorry, old fellow."

I wish people in this great big world would not say, "Sorry, old fellow," and I've noticed it's even less help when it comes from hotel clerks, floorwalkers, or people that represent the United States government.

I was on my way out of the store when I passed by Cashman's Santa Claus, and I could hardly believe it when I saw the awful shape he was in. I'd thought Claudie had a bad cold that morning, but it was nothing like the cold that Cashman's Santa Claus had. His eyes were watering, and his nose, together with a circle all around and into the fringe of his whiskers, was plumb raw and about the hue of the little red wagons the women were buying for the kids close by. But Santa's cold was so plain to see that the mothers were steering the kids away from him like they would from an old well or a wasp nest.

I went up to him and said, "Listen, Santa, aren't you in pretty bad shape to be handling this particular job?"

"I ache all over," he groaned. "Thank God, it's Christmas Eve—the last day." Then he caught his breath a couple of times and sneezed his whiskers loose on one side.

I saw that under his whiskers he needed a shave, personally, and I felt so sorry for him that I said, "I believe you'd better go on home, Santa, before you catch your death of cold. You look awful."

Santa was hooking his whiskers back over his ear while all the kids around giggled and pointed to him, when I saw another fellow dressed just like Mr. Twilley, the floorwalker, coming our way. But he had a better look than *(Continued on page 46)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT BUGG

Continuing Journey to 4000 B.C.

CHRISTMAS IN KABUL

LOUIS DUPREE

Ann Dupree, wife of one of the expedition's archaeologists, relaxes in the shade of some felt bales awaiting export near city of Kabul

Group picked up many pets in Pakistan, Afghanistan. Most unusual was George McLellan's hawk, Fitzgibbon

ROSE LILIEN

Curious natives watch excavation. Village (rear) is built atop older settlements; bottom layer of mound may be centuries old

ROSE LILIEN

The expedition meets camel caravan threading through

In the Afghan capital, the Fairservis expedition observes the strangest of holiday seasons, after encountering both dangers and triumphs in the field

By WALTER A. FAIRSERVIS, JR., with BILL DAVIDSON

For years, scientists seeking the lost trail of prehistoric man had gazed yearningly toward the Forbidden Kingdom of Afghanistan, a storehouse of archaeological treasures that had long been closed to Westerners. The gates suddenly opened a crack in 1947; the first big U.S. expedition entered this mysterious land three years later, under Walter A. Fairservis, Jr., a young archaeologist sponsored by New York's American Museum of Natural History. After meeting with considerable difficulty on a preliminary survey, he finally led a youthful group of scientists into Pakistan in the summer of 1950. They headed north from Karachi to start their work in the wild border provinces south of Afghanistan

II

WE NOW were in the country of the Pathans—wild, giant, white, mountain tribesmen who live on both sides of the Afghan-Pakistani frontier. Some Pathans are so tough that they use strangers for target practice, and when we drove through the Pakistani border province of Waziristan we often kept a .38 revolver and a rifle beside us in the cab of our truck.

Doing archaeological research in the midst of a people like the Pathans can be a really dangerous business. On one occasion, these fierce Moslem warriors gave me the scare of my life, and I still shudder when I think about it.

Our party of 13 had split up. Archaeologist Louis Dupree and his wife Ann, with anthropologist George Maranjian and geologist John Zeigler, were off on a side trip into Afghanistan. The rest of us were excavating within a 200-mile radius of Quetta, capital of Baluchistan Province, devoting ourselves to the main purpose of the trip: to try to discover, for the American Museum of Natural History in New York, the lost trail of prehistoric man, which scientists have been seeking avidly for scores of years.

One September afternoon, the party's chief technician, George McLellan, and I were sinking one of a number of test excavations in a rugged section of the country. When night fell, McLellan drove the native laborers home in our truck, leaving me to finish my work at the bottom of the narrow, 16-foot pit. He was to come back later to haul me to the surface with a rope—the only way I could get out. As I worked with pencil and drawing board to sketch the debris of past civilizations locked in the walls of the pit, my flashlight batteries went dead, and I lighted little brush torches for light.

Suddenly a pebble hit me on the neck. I looked up, and there on the lip of the excavation 10 feet above my head was a towering, bearded Pathan, silhouetted against the stars. He laughed, and a dozen other Pathans mysteriously joined him on the edge of the hole. As I struggled vainly to get out of the deep cut, they all began to pelt me with pebbles—then with larger and larger handfuls of dirt. Finally, tittering wickedly, one of the Pathans grabbed a shovel and, while I stared at him in horror, *he began to fill in the hole—with me in it.*

I tried to protect myself by holding the drawing board over my head, but I began to get frantic for fear the dirt would come down faster than I could step over it. The dirt was inches high on the drawing board, and I was soaked with muddy perspiration, when I heard one of the most welcome sounds I have ever known—McLellan returning in the truck. As the headlights picked them up, the Pathans faded away into the darkness, still laughing. They thought it was the greatest joke in the world to find a "European" in a hole out in the wilderness—and bury him alive.

As quickly as possible, McLellan and I rejoined the other members of our group—archaeologists Rose Lilien, Howard Stoudt, Sadurdin Khan, Leslie Alcock and Mrs. Alcock, my artist-wife, Jan, and radio operator Lawrence Kelsey—in the more civilized agricultural area close to Quetta.

We didn't run into such extreme complications around Quetta, but there we had other problems. The finest potential site we saw—a mound at Baleli covered with prehistoric pottery washed out by the rains—was an artillery emplacement, strictly off limits to nonmilitary personnel. In the middle of the city (also surrounded by barbed wire and armed guards) was a huge arsenal built by the British in 1885; during its construction, priceless archaeological treasures had been thrown out of the ground, among them a magnificent Greek bronze statue of Hercules, a memento of Alexander the Great's conquests nearly 3,000 miles from his native Macedonia.

It's interesting to note that, in remote hidden valleys in the Bolan Pass—leading to Afghanistan and Russia—we also stumbled on abandoned R.A.F. airdromes with faded signs in English reading "Lord Roberts Hall" *(Continued on page 54)*

JOE COVELLO

Jan Fairservis examines pottery fragments found at Damb Sadaat, Pakistan. Some date to 2500 B.C.

GEORGE WOODRUFF

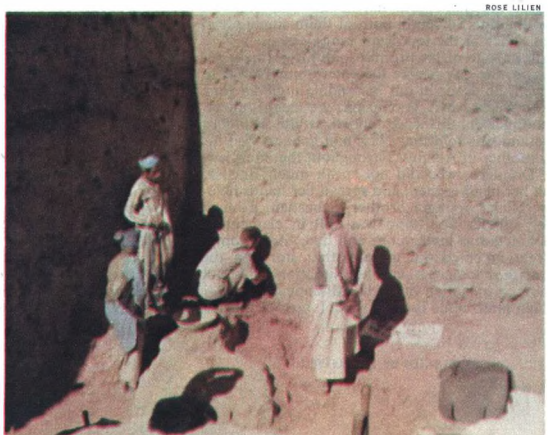
Fairservises, back home, with dogs they acquired: royal Afghan hound, above; caravan dog, at feet

pass in Afghanistan's Hindu Kush range (see map, p. 55)

LOUIS DUPREE

Howard Stoudt and native helpers working in an excavation near Quetta. Markings on sides of pit show levels of civilization

ROSE LILIEN



Pathan tribesmen of Pakistan and Afghanistan are often handsome, with light-colored hair and blue eyes

The Twisted Hand

They grew up in the midst of violence; their lives were filled with gang wars and murder. And yet, Marion was sure, they weren't really bad; they were boys who were worth saving

By LESTER ATWELL

MISS CLEARY, I brung you something." His voice, coarse yet humble, his unexpected nearness, shocked her out of a momentary daydream—she had been standing behind her desk, gazing out the classroom window—and at once everything within her seemed to rush together, to tighten and jangle; and through the sudden alarm of the class bell, she said, "Well, I don't want anything from you. Go to your seat and stay there!"

His face flamed with humiliation. The color had rushed up to her own. "The rest of you," she said, "open your books to page forty-seven." She was shaking. "To Santa Lucia. And I want you to try it with some expression, for a change." When she looked down at her desk, she saw that Joseph Scalzo had left something there wrapped in soiled white tissue paper. The creamy lace edge of a handkerchief protruded. Taking the rubber-tipped pointer she used for a baton, she flicked the soft little package with obvious distaste to the corner of her desk; then she walked over to the piano, sounded the four notes, and the music lesson began.

"Here balmy breezes blow,
Pure joys invite us,
And as we gently row,
All things delight—"

"No, no, no!" she cried, emphasizing each word with a smash of the pointer across the top of the desk. She could see the pupils flinching at the sound. "Don't drag it out so! It's not a dirge; it's a song sung by the gondoliers. I shouldn't think I'd have to explain that to you! Now begin again: 'Here balmy breezes blow.' "

Taking up the song, roaring it out, their rude, strong young voices grated her ears. More and more, everything about them riled her; their turbulent rough hair, their clumsy limbs, their wet mouths all opening in unison in their adolescent faces. What was happening to her? she wondered. How could she have been so mean, so cruel to Joseph Scalzo again? As the voices soared, there came over her a feeling of suffocation, of misery. If only I could get away from here, she thought. Get out of this school, ask to be transferred . . .

Part of the trouble, she knew and did not like to admit, arose from having Joseph Scalzo in her class this term. She could not look down at him without seeing before her eyes his two first cousins, Nick and Sebastian Dundero, without remembering how different she herself had been in those days before disillusion and a dragging sense of failure turned her years at the school into a senseless mechanical treadmill.

Though the Dundero brothers had passed through the junior high school some years before, they were still vividly remembered in the teachers' room. Nick, the elder, was especially remembered. Teachers still winced at the mention of his name.

At sixteen, Nick Dundero was a wild, clumsy, overgrown, black-haired boy whose record for insubordination and truancy ran ahead of him like a gale warning from class to class. His teachers expected trouble, and they met it at once, head on. Often the clashes were particularly violent: once, in a furious argument, he struck Mr. Spencer of the History Department and sent him crashing halfway down the stairs.

Even minor disturbances were so frequent that many of his teachers had openly confessed to a sense of relief when Nick Dundero dropped out of school and left them undisturbed for a week or two at a time. And yet, from the first moment that he appeared in the doorway of Marion Cleary's class, wearing an orangey-red satin windbreaker with *Wildcats* printed in tan letters across his chest, her interest was engaged; she marshaled her forces and rose optimistically to meet the challenge.

The difficult cases had always appealed to her, and she seemed to have a special knack with them. At that time she was in her early thirties, with dark glossy hair that had one white lock traveling back from a widow's peak. It was attractive with her steel-blue eyes and high coloring. She was trim, alert and smartly dressed, her manner straightforward and refreshing. With undiminished interest she had taught for ten years in the same junior high school, and had known from her first week there that the neighborhood surrounding it was to be her adversary.

By day it was seedy-looking, full of used-car lots, billboards, tenements, poolrooms, pizzerias, fruit stores—all innocent enough to the eye; but by night it was badly lighted, threatening, secret—a tough neighborhood. Sometimes, in the late hours, cars raced through the empty streets. Shots rang out. A body in a doorway crumpled, fell. When the police investigated, no one knew anything.

"Well, that's the way it is, I suppose," she said one day in the teachers' room, "and until they clean things up, it's our job to work about ten times harder than teachers in a better neighborhood. It's up to us to make something of these kids, and I, for one, refuse to believe it can't be done."

"Yes," said one of the other teachers, "but you have Nick Dundero this term, and we'll see what you make of him!"

"You wait and see, I'm not going to have a bit of trouble with him," she replied. "I've had Nick Dunderos before."

One thing that made it easy for her to win him over in the beginning was that he had a good voice, a powerful baritone, and he loved to sing.

"Listen, Nick," she'd say to him, "I'm relying on you now. We've got to put on some sort of an entertainment here, and I'm counting on you to close it with a bang. I have you down for one solo, and one encore, but you'll have to behave yourself and practice."

"I'll practice, Miss Cleary. I swear!"

ONCE in a while, if everything went particularly well at rehearsals, then afterward, as a reward, while the stage crew was painting scenery and there was an echo in the big dim auditorium, she'd sit down at the piano and harmonize with him on Come Back to Sorrento, both of them singing it in Italian, Nick at the top of his lungs.

Still, in spite of his promises, all his seeming enthusiasm, the day before the entertainment was to be given, he dropped out of school, and was gone for two weeks. Mr. Thompson, the truant officer, no stranger in this case, called at the Dundero house and was told that Nick had gone to visit his grandmother in Albany. Throughout the interview, Mrs. Dundero, who did not speak much English, shook her head, sighed, and spread her hands helplessly; Nick's younger brother, Sebastian, a much neater, quieter boy, who was still in elementary school, acted as interpreter, and had, Mr. Thompson felt, invented the grandmother story on the spur of the moment to ease the situation, or to put a polite construction on Nick's disappearance.

When Nick came back to school, he told Marion that after an argument with his father he had decided to leave home. He had gone down to Coney Island and had found a job behind the counter at a spun-sugar concession. He was sorry if he had ruined the entertainment, but as a peace offering he had brought back for her a brooch made of wire strung with wax pearls that he had bought on the boardwalk. Its ugliness shocked her, but evidently to him it was beautiful; and after a moment she thought it was beautiful too. Inside the oval frame, the wire and pearls were coiled and looped to spell out: *To Marion.* "I was gonna have 'From Nick' put on it," he explained, "only by then I didn't have enough money left. You pay by how many words is on it."

"Well, I'm not going to accept it, Nick. I'm not going to take any presents from you as long as you're going to act like that. What makes you *do* such awful things?"

"Aah, I dunno. I just git the urge. I feel too big for all this kid stuff. School— See, I hang around with guys eighteen-nineteen, and I hear about lots of things goin' on outside. Honest, Miss Cleary, you don't have to go to school; there's plenty of easy dough floatin' around if you just know the right guys." As he spoke, she felt the influence of the neighborhood ready to close in on him. "What's the matter, Miss Cleary? Don't you like the pin? Isn't it any good?"

"Yes, it's beautiful, Nick, but I won't accept it until you *prove* to me that you can settle down and behave yourself." She lectured him for half an hour on the value of a full high-school education.

REGRETFULLY he took back the pearl-and-wire pin, but he'd been in school only four days when he disappeared again. From a much younger first cousin, Joseph Scalzo, who lived in the Dundero household, and who used the junior high school's playground in the afternoons, there came the story that Nick had run away from home after being beaten unmercifully by his father with a strap. Nick's young brother Sebastian this time offered no explanation when Mr. Thompson called, but toward the end of the week, a letter for Marion arrived at the school.

My dear Miss Cleary,

I guess you wonder what happened to me after I promised you I would do better and settle down. I would have stayed at school but I had another fight with my father and had to run away. I couldn't take it no more from him. I hitchhiked up here and got a job at this club as groundskeeper and caddy. They think I am eighteen. I wanted to let you know I am doing okay. I can tell you because of our trust but do not let anyone know where I am. Get someone to tell my brother Sebastian I am alright so he can let my Mother know, but do not say where I am. Do not let my father know. You are the only one I trust. *Your good pal,*
Nick Dundero.

Two days after the message was relayed on to Sebastian, the door of Marion's class was flung open, and a thin, excited, middle-aged Italian burst into the room. He was dressed in shining, narrow black shoes and a wrap-around camel's-hair coat. His thin black hair *(Continued on page 50)*

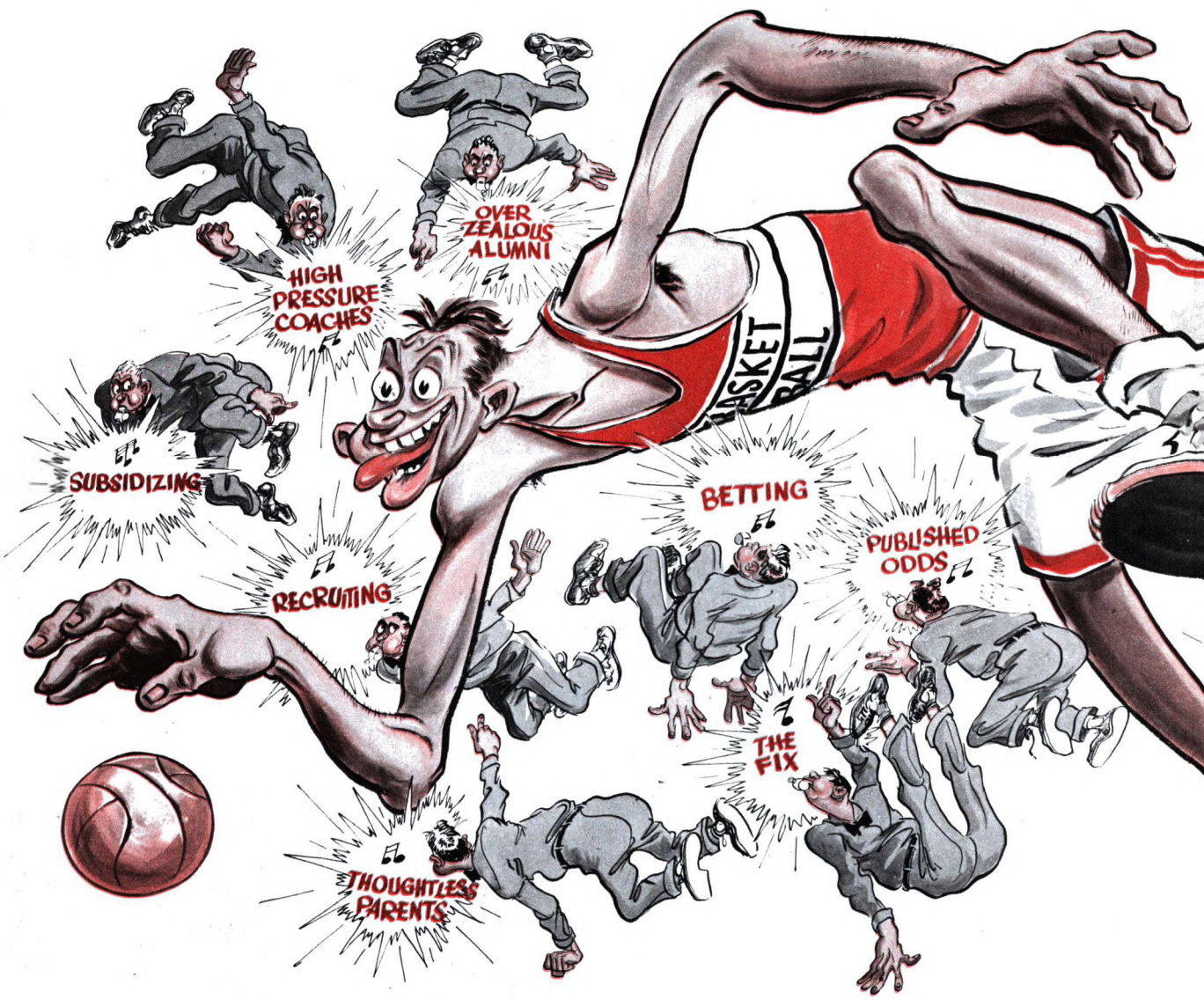
One thing that made it easy for her to win him over in the beginning was that he had a good voice and loved to sing

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL

HOW TO STOP THOSE

Rocked again and again by revelations of corruption, the college game faces a clouded future. Yale's esteemed coach offers a plan to save the sport

By HOWARD HOBSON



ILLUSTRATED BY WILLARD MULLIN

BASKETBALL SCANDALS

Hobson

Head basketball coach at Yale University since 1947, Howard Hobson is also a past president of the National Association of Basketball Coaches and he is currently a member of the Rules Committee and chairman of the all-important U.S. Olympic Basketball Committee. A gentleman who combines outstanding scholarship with exceptional athletic achievements, Coach Hobson is a graduate of the University of Oregon, where he captained the basketball and baseball teams in both his junior and senior years. He also holds a doctorate in education from Columbia University. Now forty-eight years old and in his 21st year as a college coach, Hobson's teams have captured major court crowns on both the East and West Coasts. Two high lights have been: winning the inaugural NCAA tournament in 1939 while coaching at Oregon, and capturing Yale's first Eastern League crown in 16 years with his second Blue quintet

TWO months ago, tickets for the Mediterranean Olympic Basketball Tournament at Alexandria, Egypt, were selling for 50 piasters ($1.50) each—roughly, two days' pay for the average Egyptian worker. Even so, the 12-night tournament—involving top-ranking teams from Greece, Turkey, Italy, Spain and Egypt—was sold out three weeks in advance. Total attendance exceeded 65,000 in Alexandria's new $500,000 basketball stadium (built especially for the Olympic meet) and ticket scalpers were demanding 100 piasters for a reserved seat.

Such tremendous interest in basketball outside the United States isn't merely a Mediterranean phenomenon. It's world-wide. Youngsters are practicing hook shots in back yards everywhere from Tokyo to Buenos Aires. More than 40 nations will compete for the world basketball title in the 1952 Olympics at Helsinki, Finland. And crowds? Well, 80,000 Germans watched an exhibition in Berlin last summer between the Harlem Globetrotters and another American team of professional all-stars.

Last fall, I took part in a series of basketball clinics for American troops in the European and Mediterranean theaters. I came home from that six-week tour with the conviction—shared by leading amateur athletic officials—that basketball is fast becoming the most popular international sport. Ironically, the morning our plane landed in New York City, the newspaper headlines read: "Three Kentucky Players Admit Cage Bribes."

Two of the three University of Kentucky players indicted in this latest gambling scandal—ex-All-Americans Ralph Beard and Alex Groza—were star members of the 1948 U.S. Olympic squad. (The third was Dale Barnstable, captain of the '49-'50 teams.) Their admissions climaxed a prolonged investigation of bribery and "point shaving" in college basketball, directed by District Attorney Frank S. Hogan of New York City. Since last February, Hogan's agents—and other officials—have uncovered evidence linking gamblers with a total of some 30 players at schools noted for their outstanding basketball teams—City College of New York, Manhattan College, Toledo University, Long Island University, New York University, Bradley University and the University of Kentucky.

Admittedly, the magnitude of Hogan's exposé was shocking. Apparently, the district attorney's revelations disillusioned many influential sports writers, including my good friend Irving Marsh of the New York Herald Tribune. Commenting on the Groza-Beard revelations, Marsh declared flatly: "Basketball is through as a big-time sport." This pessimistic prediction echoed in the columns of many other sports writers across the country.

The pessimistic critics may be right. Perhaps college basketball is through as a major intercollegiate sport. But I don't think so. I don't know of any other coach or responsible college official who thinks it is, either. What's more, I am confident that the 100,000,000 enthusiastic fans who make basketball America's most popular spectator sport want the game to grow and prosper.

What is more, they still have a sound basis for that desire. The game is fundamentally honest, as are all American sports. Headlines feature the unusual—the exceptional. Remember, there have been more than 50,000 college basketball games played in the last five years—less than 50 are known to have been fixed. In other words, though there may be some diseased limbs, the tree is not dead.

However, let's not delude ourselves. Basic changes must be made in the policies governing college basketball. Responsible officials (meaning university executives, as well as directors of athletics and coaches) must clean house—immediately. Unwholesome subsidizing and recruiting practices, which are the root of all point-shaving evils, must be permanently abolished.

How One Point-Shaving Job Paid Off

Before proposing a practical program to safeguard from gambling influences the thousands of fine youngsters now playing college basketball, let's consider the magnitude of the problem. Here is a typical example of how the gamblers operate:

On the evening of December 7, 1950, Bradley University's basketball team defeated Oregon State 77 to 74 at Peoria, Illinois. Two days later Gene Melchiorre, Bradley's All-America guard, met the pay-off man for a ring of New York City gamblers in the lobby of a Chicago hotel. From this pay-off man, Melchiorre received an envelope containing $4,000.

The $4,000 bribe was the price for "shaving" heavily favored Bradley's margin of victory over Oregon State below the 10-point spread in the betting odds which were quoted on the game from coast to coast by hundreds of professional bookmakers (who before the nation-wide crackdown handled upwards of $15,000,000 daily in illegal wagers at the height of the college basketball season). So far as the gamblers were concerned, $4,000 was a ridiculously cheap price to pay for setting up a sure thing. They put their money on Oregon State—not to win, but to lose by less than the quoted 10-point margin favoring Bradley—and "took" the bookies for an estimated $150,000. Melchiorre pocketed $2,000 and admitted distributing the remainder of the bribe money among teammates.

Commenting on this betting coup recently, one of the bribed players declared: "When the point spread is big enough—say, eight to 12 points—a small group of players can control the points without the slightest danger of being detected by their coach or even their own teammates. Matter of fact, a couple of really smart operators can win the game for their team—grab off the headlines as the stars of the game—and still make the score come out the way the gamblers want it!"

Incredible? Well, let's take a closer look at that Bradley-Oregon State game. The top sports-page headline in Bradley's home-town Peoria Star read: "Bradley Turns Back Oregon State Revival, 77 to 74; Squeak, Fred Count 21 Apiece."

"Squeaky" was Melchiorre; Fred was Fred Schlictman, one of three Bradley players who admitted sharing the $4,000 with Melchiorre (although he denied knowing of the fix in advance). According to officials, Schlictman received $500; Aaron Preece, $1,000; and Jim Kelly, $500.

Newspaper accounts of *(Continued on page 65)*


Reduction

Listen to Me, Michael

By JOAN ADAMS

How had this quarrel started? Claire wasn't quite sure any longer, but suddenly she was afraid—afraid that she would go too far and say the thing Michael could never forgive

SHE had hung up on him. She, Claire Weston, had hung up on him. Incredible! Her hand still clung to the receiver, and she let go of it impatiently and crossed the living room to the kitchenette, where she leaned on the sink, studying the pale-green Brussels sprouts in their bowl of cold water.

"No, I haven't actually started dinner yet . . ." He had been so relieved when she said it, as if it made everything quite all right! But I've done all the preparing, Michael, she thought, all the real work.

She took a roll of wax paper from the drawer. The things would probably keep until tomorrow night, wrapped and in the icebox. Capable young Claire Weston. So efficient, and so stable emotionally. Hang up on her husband? Oh no, you must be mistaken. Not Claire.

She made room in the icebox for the covered dish of minced lamb and the Brussels sprouts and mushrooms. At least he would see it all later tonight when he tried to find a can of beer at the back. See all of it but the hurrying home from work and standing in line at the grocery and trying to cope with paper bags, umbrella, purse and front-door keys. All of it but the glint of her knife peeling and stripping and mincing things in an expert rush so dinner would be prompt and their evening together long. Michael never saw things like that. The world's charming children never did.

She pushed the two salads she had prepared onto one plate and stood at the sink to eat them. By now he was eating in some pleasant restaurant near his office, with Vera across from him, and they were having Manhattans on his expense account.

Lettuce and tomato and scallions, and bottled French dressing! They were tasteless and ordinary. She scraped the leavings into the garbage pail and went through the bedroom to the bathroom. Her face felt dry. A nice enough face, she supposed, looking at it in the mirror, but so controlled-looking. No wonder people leaned. Claire can do it. Let Claire. Would Michael be home tonight if her eyes looked helpless, the way Vera's probably did? Lord! How ordinary could your thoughts get?

She scrubbed her face a long time before she made it up again. It came out smooth and invulnerable under powder and lipstick. She took her housecoat from the bedroom closet. When he came in, he would find her groomed and gracious, reading a book, the very picture of the self-sufficient wife.

That was the trouble, though. The self didn't suffice any more after three years of marriage. Perhaps if he were away longer, like the month the company had sent him to Boston—then she had felt almost whole again, except mornings, waiting for the mailman. It was good Michael had written only once a week. It was easier that way.

She hung up her housecoat again. She wouldn't be there waiting when he came in. Let him share the day's happenings with the chairs for a change, get his responses from the lamps. Absence makes the heart . . . Go ahead and think it! There was always a movie.

Leaving the movies, she passed a florist's window and glanced at a bouquet of sickly roses in a vase. The image stayed with her

She took her coat from the hall closet and turned out the living-room lamps. As she opened the front door, the light from the hall fell on the table where they always left their messages scribbled on old envelopes. Back by ten thirty. Should she write it? She looked at her watch. Seven. By now they were on their dessert and he was in no hurry. A secretary needed a little dinner of thanks for the extra time she had put in lately. A wife could keep, all wrapped in wax paper in the icebox. She went out and locked the door.

It was a revival of Lost Horizon, and the Grand Lama's saintliness siokened her this time. Only the Shangri-La malcontents had any spice, and as soon as they were disposed of in the snowy mountain passes, she went into the lobby. It was drizzling unpleasantly and she had no umbrella, but she pushed out into the night anyway.

As she passed a corner florist, a newspaper over her head to keep the rain off, she glanced at a bunch of sickly roses in a display vase, and their image stayed with her. It would have been three roses this year if Michael had remembered. But he hadn't, until too late. "Never mind," she had said when he cried out at his forgetfulness. "It's only a symbol, Michael, and you and I don't need symbols."

THE light was on in their apartment when she rounded the corner. Outside the door, she turned up her coat collar jauntily.

"Hi," he called, the minute she stepped in. The living room was dark, but the light from the bedroom made a pattern on the rug.

"Hello," she answered, rattling hangers in the hall closet.

"Where have you been?"

She waited for him to come into the living room, into the circle of light, and when he didn't, she answered, "Out."

"I know. Where?"

He had no right to sharpen his voice that way, and without answering she crossed to the living-room window and pushed it open. As usual, he had left his frosty beer can on the end table. Another ring to polish away. She walked into the bright bedroom and over to her closet without looking at him.

"Where?" he repeated encouragingly.

"A movie," she said shortly, wrenching her dress over her head. She turned her back on him, let down her slip straps, and wriggled into her nightgown. Let him work for a while, coax her back into rapport. Withdrawal was what brought people like Michael around.

She went into the bathroom and pulled the sticking door shut. Someday it would really stick and she would be trapped, but Michael would rescue her. She smiled at the thought of crying out feebly for help after withdrawing so grandly.

Really the whole thing was laughable, maneuvering this way with someone who knew you so well. Why didn't she just throw open the door and say, "You're a fright in those pajamas" or "Did Vera appreciate the dinner?" or even "Guess what! I've been in a state tonight—about you and Vera!" Get it out of her system so they could analyze it together. Michael would love that. He would peel it and shred it, look at it from all sides, trot out that fine understanding of his, concede all his faults before she even mentioned them. No, it was too easy. If Michael wanted new challenges, she would give him one—his wife.

WHEN she came out, her bedcovers had been turned down and Michael, sprawled on his bed, looked up at her, expectant, friendly. "What movie?"

"Lost Horizon." She plucked at pins and combs and watched her hair fluff out.

"How was it?" he asked. "Utopias are silly."

Really, Michael was a most satisfactory person, but she refused to be charmed tonight, and she creamed her face in silence.

"Hey, guess what!"

She leaned close to the mirror, smoothing cream on her eyelids.

"Stafford called me in first thing this morning. Left word at the switchboard I was to go right in and see him!"

"Oh."

"Yes, and you know what, Claire?"

She put the cap on the cold-cream jar and put it back in the drawer.

"Our plan clicked a hundred per cent with him. He said the suggestions were brilliant. Did you get that, Claire?—brilliant! The old buzzard. And that he'd try them out beginning next week. Said I had a real analytical grasp of the situation. Isn't that a howl? You said he'd be big about it and you were dead right."

"Apparently." She stooped for a hairpin that had fallen on the floor. In a minute he closed his book, got off his bed, and went into the bathroom, shutting the door carefully, as she had.

Because it annoyed him to grope about in a dark room, she turned out the light on the table between their beds and scrunched down under her covers. *He* could open the windows for a change, and set the clock.

How petty, though, wanting to bring him to terms this way when she hardly felt angry any more and couldn't wait to hear about Stafford. Michael never bore grudges. He was a living rebuke with that disposition of his. So agreeable, so damn' agreeable and sure of her. If only she hadn't joked with him about Winthrop and the old fool's interest in her at the office Christmas party.

The door opened, the bathroom light went off, and Michael moved cautiously across the room. He stumbled. "Damn your slippers." She smiled into the darkness and watched the green numbers on the clock face revolve crazily in his hands as he wound and wound.

"Is it too cold for both windows?" he asked.

Funny Michael, so sane and lovable, so maddening. "Suit yourself." She turned her back and adjusted the covers around her neck.

The slats of the blind clattered as he shoved on the window. Almost at once she felt the cold air around her ears. By early morning he would be all knotted up under the covers, protest and agony in every hump, when she finally nerved herself to dash to the window and shut it. Only tomorrow *he* could just get up and shut it.

His bed stopped creaking, and his sheets grew still. In a minute he would say something—something funny so that she *(Continued on page 48)*

ILLUSTRATED BY STAN KLIMLEY

BALTIMORE'S FAVORITE

By TODD WRIGHT

He's Thomas D'Alesandro, a jovial, hard-working immigrant's son who promised the ladies he'd collect their garbage—and did. He may be Maryland's next governor

UP UNTIL the eighth day of last May, Thomas D'Alesandro, Jr., was just another mayor in Baltimore's long line of chief executives. It was true he had been a good mayor; perhaps almost as good as his re-election campaign material promised he would be, but politically even his most enthusiastic backers didn't see anything more in Tommy's future than another term as mayor of the Free State's first city.

When they counted the votes, things were different. That he had been re-elected wasn't too big a surprise, but the record majority he piled up against two opponents was something else.

In almost the same breath that said "Congratulations, Mr. Mayor," Democratic party leaders were adding, "You'll be the next governor." Those should have been heady words for the son of an Italian immigrant who had labored in Baltimore City's rock quarries to support Tommy and his 12 brothers and sisters. But not to Mayor Tommy. On the contrary, they were somewhat disappointing.

His goal had been a return to Washington, where he had served five terms as a member of the House. Only this time his sights were set on the Senate. And while D'Alesandro hasn't agreed to the mounting demands, it can be said here that he has made up his mind that the detour to Annapolis, the state capital, will have to be made. Nor is there any speck of doubt in his own mind that he can be elected the next governor of Maryland in 1954.

Four years ago any mention of Tommy D'Alesandro in the governor's mansion would have been met with hoots of derision. There were many, particularly in the country-club set, who were a bit shocked that this product of Baltimore's "Little Italy" should aspire to be their mayor.

His highly unorthodox campaigning did nothing to change their attitude.

"Let me collect your garbage, I'll do it right," he shouted to the women of Baltimore at every opportunity. Though they had long been unhappy over the smelly open garbage trucks that spilled refuse over the city's pock-marked streets, such

His Honor and family at home in Baltimore's "Little Italy." On the couch with him are his wife Nancy, Franklin Roosevelt and Nancy. Nicholas is standing, Joseph in the chair and Thomas on the floor. Another son, Hector, was away when picture was made. Aware of the problems of youth, the mayor, long before the country became awake to the juvenile narcotic problem, set up a group to investigate it

SON

At 48, D'Alesandro gives America's sixth largest city a youthfully vigorous government. In four years, he has repaved 625 miles of streets, is now improving city's shabby docks

entreaties for their votes were just too undignified, many felt, for a mayoralty candidate.

Some of the city's most exclusive residential districts are encompassed in eight precincts of the 27th Ward. In these eight precincts Tommy polled only 68 votes and lost the large and populous ward.

But four years wrought considerable change.

At the height of the last campaign, the Roland Park Women's Club invited the mayor to speak at their swank clubhouse, along with the two other candidates. Roland Park is the home of the oldest and richest families of the city. It is in the heart of the eight precincts of the 27th.

Ladies Warn Mayor to Be Punctual

The committee from the club warned the mayor he would have to be there by 11:00 A.M. or he wouldn't be allowed to speak. They knew Tommy's habit of being late, with or without adequate excuses. D'Alesandro explained that would be impossible—every minute of the particular morning was filled with conferences on city business in his office.

The ladies were adamant though. The 11:00 A.M. deadline stood.

Along about eleven thirty that morning the mayor suddenly decided he might need those 68 votes again. Adjourning a meeting and grabbing an aid, he sped out to Roland Park. His two opponents had finished and just left when he arrived at the portals of the club and the chairwoman was about to summarize the candidates' platforms. The mayor got some stern looks, but after all he was the mayor, and the ladies graciously invited him to go ahead with his speech.

He apologized for being late and then added:

"After all, girls, I had to collect your garbage today."

When the laughter finally subsided, D'Alesandro promised he would make up for his tardiness by cutting his speech short.

"If you think I've been a good mayor, then vote for me. If you don't think I have, then you ought to get rid of me. And thanks again for letting me come." That was all.

He carried each of the eight precincts and polled 1,668 votes against his previous 68.

But D'Alesandro had hurdled higher barriers than that society outpost to become the first Catholic mayor in the 162 years of Baltimore's history.

His father, Tommy, Sr., only it was Tomaso then, had stepped off the rusty Italian steamer Foulta onto the docks of New York City on a morning in June, 1889, for his first look at the new country in which he hoped to make his fortune.

It looked good, much better than the small farm outside Naples where he and four brothers and sisters had worked so hard and so long for so little; and a lot better than the restaurant in Naples where he had slaved as a cook to earn the $27 steamer passage to America.

But the streets weren't paved with the expected gold. Unable to obtain anything but temporary jobs as a day laborer, he began asking about other cities, and was told that good jobs were to be had in the thriving port of Baltimore, which was then bursting at the seams with 434,000 residents.

The good Baltimore jobs weren't for uneducated immigrants, and the best Tomaso was able to find was a job with the city as a laborer in its rock quarries. He had to get up at five o'clock in the morning, spend an hour getting to the quarry across town, work 10 hard hours breaking rock and then spend another hour getting home—all for $1.30 a day.

But Tomaso didn't complain. He saved his money, became an American citizen, and soon married pretty Mary Antonetta Foppiano, a dark-eyed, black-haired widow with three children. For $15 a month, they rented a nine-room house on President Street in Baltimore's Little Italy. There was good Italian food when Tomaso came home from work at night. The house was usually warm in winter, because owners of a nearby lumber yard generously ignored scavengers. There was a day off: Sunday. Tomaso and "Aunt Annie," as neighbors soon began calling his wife, raised a family. By 1903, there were 13 children. Tomaso Americanized his name to Thomas.

He and his wife Annie did the best they could for the children, but life was hard. Papa D'Alesandro came home nightly almost stupefied with weariness. His wife saw that the children had clothes and shoes, attended St. Leo's Parochial School and Mass. Except for that, the kids were pretty much on their own.

Papa Is Questioned by the Police

Young Tommy was thirteen when the police called on his father. "I no 'fraid of police," the eighty-three-year-old and retired senior D'Alesandro remembers now. "I no do nothin' bad. I say, 'What you want, police?' " The officers told him that his son Tommy was a good boy but was much too young to be working in a neighborhood box factory. "I tella da police I no know Tommy he worka da box factory," Papa D'Alesandro recalls. "I worka alla day long in da quarry. He go over and get job. I no know. I tella da police, 'Soon now school again, and he go back.' "

Tommy, Jr., it developed, already had quite enough box-factory work to suit him, and after one more year of school he came home one night to announce that he was the new office boy for the insurance firm of Poor & Alexander at a salary of $8 a week, little less than his father earned for a week of 10 backbreaking hours of daily labor cracking stone in city quarries. Tommy switched to night school for the rest of his sketchy education. Off hours, he hung around Democratic headquarters of Baltimore's Third Ward of the Third Precinct, Little Italy's voting headquarters, a block or so from the D'Alesandro home. Soon he was ringing doorbells at election time, helping to get out the vote. Precinct bosses began to notice the alert and energetic young newcomer.

In this traditionally American manner was launched one of the promising careers of the present era in Maryland politics. Today, Tommy D'Alesandro—still youthful-looking at forty-eight—presides over America's sixth largest city.

His Honor the Mayor has a rather short, stocky figure, with a ruddy, triangular face, a small mustache, neat iron-gray hair and blue-gray eyes. Friends say he once looked much like Ramon Navarro, the actor, and there is still some resemblance. Good living has given him the beginning of a double chin. He has a moderate paunch, admirably concealed by faultless double-breasted tailoring, which also makes his 190 pounds of weight appear implausible. There is just a trace of the Roman in his strong, well-cut nose.

Tommy rarely seems vain, but apparently believes the dignity of his office demands more physical stature than he possesses. Hence, he wears "elevator" shoes, which give him added height and, incidentally, a sort of mincing walk. Wearing these, he stands just above five feet seven inches, and at a glance appears taller. The mayor chain-smokes cigarettes, sometimes a pipe or a cigar. He takes an occasional drink of straight rye whisky. At parties, he usually takes one, or at most two, then switches to soft drinks. Unlike most Italians, he cares little for wine.

In his 48 years he has earned a store of political knowledge—all of it the hard way. He has served two terms in the state legislature, a term as city councilman and nearly five terms as a congressman. He has moved so fast and in such a straight path, mostly up, that he has been compelled to resign an uncompleted term of office every time he has been elected to a new job. He was serving his fifth Congressional term when he was first elected mayor of Baltimore.

That was a hurdle even his best friends said was too high for the redoubtable Tommy. And when he decided to buck the *(Continued on page 68)*

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY TOM O'HALLORAN

GILBERT DARLING

What got me interested in his soul was a letter from Sally, who was madly in love with me

The Soul of Joe Forsythe

By B. M. ATKINSON, JR.

I STILL say the twenty bucks had nothing to do with it. It was strictly for the sake of Brother Joe Forsythe's soul. Of course, where sophomores and their souls are concerned you have to take drastic steps, and that's what I did. It was just unfortunate that he took it the way he did.

What got me interested in Brother Forsythe's soul was a letter from his fifteen-year-old sister, Sally, who was madly in love with me and every other brother in the chapter who'd ever gone home with Brother Forsythe for a week end.

The letter started out: *Dearest Wretch: When I am the sweetheart of Sigma Chi, SAE, Deke, KA, etc., you Chi Phi stinkers will rue the day you didn't invite me up for those crummy spring dances.*

It wound up: *Even though you don't have the decency to rescue a maiden fair from the vile clutches of a bunch of high-school creeps maybe you will at least stoop to helping one of your own filthy kind. My idiot brother Joe wrote Mother that unless she sent him twenty dollars before the dances he was going to destroy himself. Father told her that he was going to destroy them both if she did, so she didn't. That sounds like high tragedy but it's really a panic.*

Joe has twenty dollars right in his room at school but he doesn't know it. You know what a great churchwoman Mother is. Well, she sent Joe a Bible back in the fall and told him to be sure and read it. In the Bible at the place where it says the Lord will provide, she tucked a nice, crisp twenty-dollar bill. Every time she writes him she asks if he is reading the Bible. Every time he writes he says he is learning whole chapters by heart. She knows it's a lie because he has never mentioned the twenty dollars and if Joe ever found twenty dollars you could hear him mentioning it all over the county.

So, if it's not asking too much of you, kind sir, please get him to read his Bible. Just hint at it because I promised Mother that I would never tell him about it. Good night, Stinker.

Your Handmaiden,
Sally.

Well, when I read that, I closed my door and had a long heart-to-heart talk with myself. "Pete," I said, "the fact that you desperately need twenty dollars to go with that poor lonely ten of yours has nothing whatsoever to do with the decision you're about to make, does it?"

"Perish the thought!" I said.

"You are going to buy that Bible from him just to teach him a lesson, aren't you? Any boy who will lie to his mother about reading the holy book deserves just what he gets, doesn't he? You're doing it for the good of his soul, aren't you?"

"Yes! Yes! Yes!"

"Besides," I said, "it will teach him some respect for his elders. A sophomore should not win all the brothers' money playing poker and then spend it all wining and dining the brothers' girls, should he?"

"Horrors, no!" I replied. "Go buy that Bible immediately. Make all the world your debtor."

WELL, I went into his room and there he was stretched out on his bed. That's another one of his failings. He studies one hour a night and he's got the highest grades in the lodge.

"Brother Forsythe," I said, "you don't happen to have a Bible, do you?"

"Why, certainly I've got a Bible!" he said. "What do you think I am?"

"I know what you are, Brother Forsythe," I said. "That's the reason I want to buy it from you. Your way of life calls more for a voodoo manual."

He sat up and stared at me. "You want to buy my Bible?" he gasped. "You, Godless John Upshaw, want to buy a—?"

"All right!" I told him. "I'm on a spot. My uncle, the Reverend Philip Upshaw, is in town and he just called and said he was coming out to see me. He gave me a Bible last Christmas. I sold it and I've got to have another one because I know he will be looking for the—"

"Oh, you wretch!" he said. "Your uncle gives you a nice Bible and you sell it. How low, how degraded, how mercenary can a—? How much money you got?"

"Don't talk that way, Brother Forsythe," I said. "You can buy a fine Bible any place for a buck, so—"

"A buck!" he screamed. He reached up on the top of his bureau, got this oblong cardboard box down, blew the dust off, opened it up, and pulled out this brand-new Bible. It had never been opened.

"Brother Upshaw," he said, "my dear old mother sent me this Bible. There's a million dollars' worth of love and hope and sentiment behind this book. However, as we are brothers in the bond, pledged to one another even unto death, I'm gonna let you have it for only five bucks."

"Five bucks!" I gasped.

"Brother Upshaw," he said, "this is a horrible thing I do. I must have funds enough to drown my shame in the proper fashion."

"You're a loathsome leech on the body fraternal, Brother Forsythe," I said bitterly, "but here. Take it." I fished one of the two fives out of my wallet and handed it to him.

He snatched the Bible back. "Just what the hell is this? It just ain't right you paying me five bucks for *my* Bible when you could borrow one around the house someplace for—" He started to thumb through it. I grabbed it from him.

"There's my Uncle Philip," I gasped. "Just heard him come in downstairs. I've got to have this."

"Ten bucks," he snarled. "It's some kind of low, dirty trick but you're going to pay for it."

"Damn you, Brother Forsythe," I said, "you'll regret this!" I gave him my other five and dashed down the hall. "Coming, Uncle Philip." . . .

A half hour later I was down in the library, thumbing through the Bible for the fifty-third time. There just wasn't any nice crisp twenty-dollar bill in it. I gave it one more shake and headed upstairs for his room. He wasn't there, but this letter of his was lying on his table.

Dear Sally, it said, *Please send more Bibles. Just hooked Brother Upshaw. That makes seven dear brothers this week. A funny thing but not one of them has said anything to me or to anybody else about it. I wonder why? Write Ed and Roger next. Enclosed is twenty bucks. Ten is for you. Put the other ten in the collection plate Sunday. The Lord's work must go forward.*

Joe.

P.S. Yes, I've already written Mary Jane that although I love her above all the creatures of this earth I can't have her up for the spring dances as I have to take my dear little sister. It is hard for me to believe that such a straightforward, upstanding young man as myself could have a blackmailing sister who would threaten to expose him to his father. THE END

Once again it's time to make a bowl of Merry Christmas!

The ingredients: Here's all you need for the finest "Bowl of Merry Christmas" ever—a Four Roses Eggnog:

Six eggs; ¾ cup sugar; 1 pint milk; 1 pint cream; 1 oz. Jamaica Rum; 1 pint Four Roses; grated nutmeg.

The procedure: Beat separately egg yolks and whites. Add ½ cup sugar to yolks while beating. Add ¼ cup sugar to whites after beating them very stiff. Mix whites with yolks. Stir in cream and milk. Add Four Roses and rum. Stir thoroughly. Serve very cold, with grated nutmeg.

The delightful result: A bowlful (five pints) of the grandest Eggnog ever ladled into a cup . . . thanks to the magnificent flavor of that matchless whiskey—Four Roses.

• • •

Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York City. Blended Whiskey. 86.8 proof. 60% grain neutral spirits.

Wouldn't you rather give (and get)

Four Roses

IN ATTRACTIVE GIFT CARTON

INSIDE THE LUNCFORD CABIN, Mine Luncford (right) churns butter. Others in family are Grandmother Freelove Evilene Issacs, Charles George Washington and John Loss Luncford. Entering the hut, says Brodie, was like moving back the clock

RUGGEDLY HANDSOME, John Luncford's appearance belies usual comic-art interpretation of a mountaineer. The 50-year-old gun in his hands is his favorite; it once belonged to his father

GRANDMOTHER Issacs, 96 years old, is still vigorous. The contraption in her mouth is a crude birch-twig toothbrush, from which she sucks her snuff

DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR

Hootin' Owl Holler

By HOWARD BRODIE

Here is the first of a series of features on America and Americans by Collier's own Howard Brodie. Recently returned from a long spell in Asia (his Korean Sketchbook, a close-up view of the war, appeared in these pages), Brodie is touring the United States by auto, accompanied by his wife and child. From time to time, he will provide for you vivid glimpses, in text and art, of areas that are rarely really reported

DON'T go up into any of those Tennessee hollows," a friendly Kentuckian had warned. "It's dangerous. They don't like strangers."

So it was with a feeling of monumental uncertainty that I headed into the Tennessee hills with my wife and baby daughter. I wanted to draw some of the mountaineers in their home grounds—but I didn't want to get hurt doing it.

At Elizabethton—a town of about 8,000 away up in the northeast corner of the state, between North Carolina and Virginia—I established my family in a hotel room, and headed back alone into the hills, bearing east toward Watauga Lake, and then south on the dirt road leading to the little village of Elk Mills.

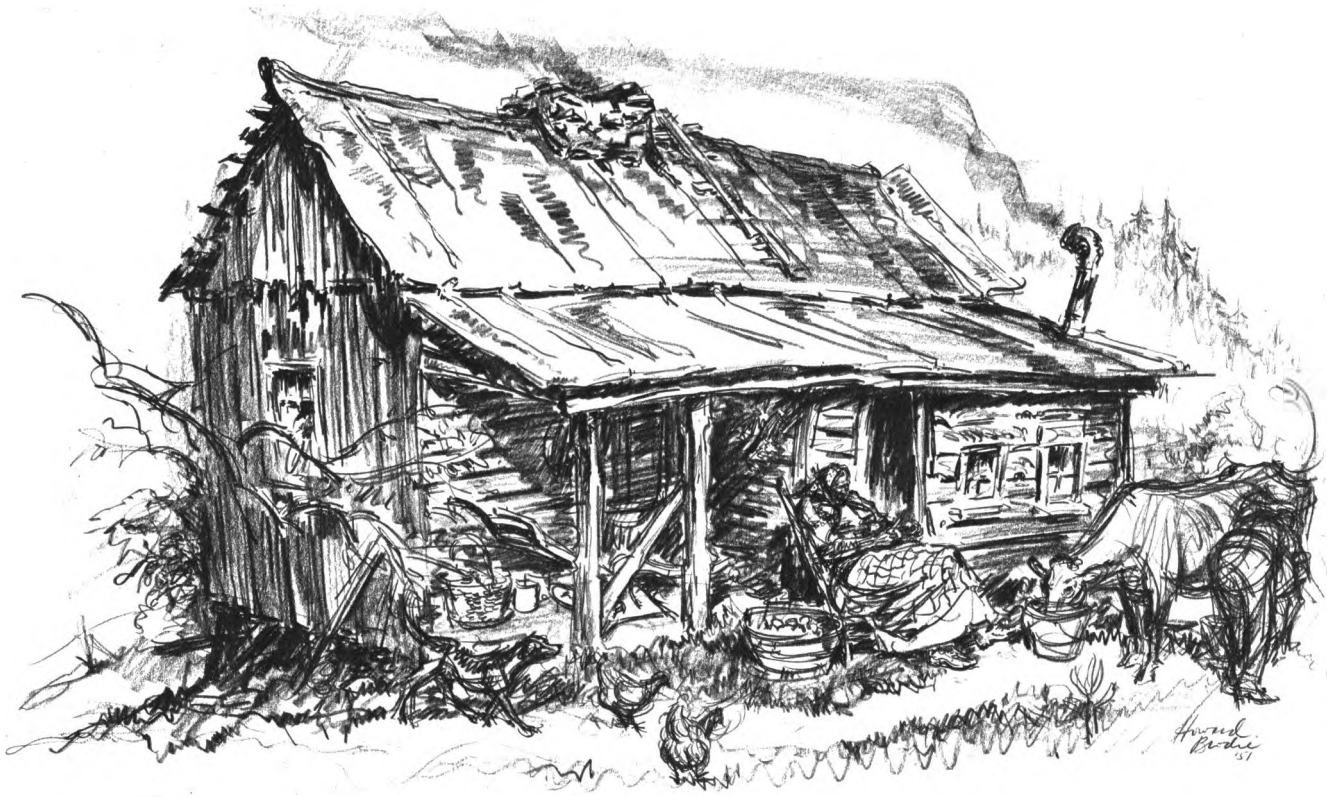
After a few miles, I came upon a shaggy-haired youth tramping along in the dust, and offered him a ride. We introduced ourselves. "I'm Charles George Washington," he said, "and I'm headed for the holler yonder." The road got rougher and rougher, and pretty soon he stopped me. "This here's where I get off," he said.

"I'll give you a lift all the way, if you like," I offered.

Charles George Washington surveyed me for a moment, then said briefly, "I guess."

We turned onto a rocky, gutted road, slowed down to let a calf clamber out of our way, and began to climb. The pines were dense and green, the countryside primitive. "What do they call this place?" I asked, shifting into low gear as *(Continued on page 67)*

FIREWOOD **to heat up the little cabin in Hootin' Owl Holler is carried in by Charlie**



NESTLED **below Lost Ridge and Stone Mountain in northeast Tennessee, this provides shelter for four adults, two dogs, two cats**

1916—The Wingfoot Express, first long-distance truck operation on pneumatic tires.

Today—too many vehicles, too few modern highways.

Modern rubber-tired contractors' machines build better highways in half the time.

We did it before

—we can do it again!

THIRTY-FIVE years ago our country faced a highway crisis almost as grave as it does today.

Motorcars were no longer a novelty. The pneumatic truck tire pioneered by Goodyear was unshackling trucks previously held down by solid rubber tires—but the development of intercity motor transportation was still bogged down by mud-deep roads of the horse and buggy era.

So starting in 1916, many organizations and government cooperated in a country-wide effort to "Get America Out of the Mud." As a nation we went to work and began building thousands of miles of hard roads to speed this new motor traffic—*roads that seemed adequate for many years to come.*

History repeats itself

But few foresaw the explosive growth of motor transportation. Today it carries 80% of all interstate passenger traffic—takes more than 50% of all workers to their jobs—speeds 90% of all foods to market and hauls most of all freight. We couldn't live without it.

Today on America's highways there are forty-one million passenger cars, eight million trucks and two-hundred thousand buses. They are jammed into a highway system now so obsolete that LESS THAN ONE PER CENT of its total paved mileage consists of modern super-highways wide enough to eliminate congestion.

Once more we are bogged down by inadequate roads. Our transportation is being strangled because highway building hasn't kept pace with vehicle production and usage.

Let's go to work again

A nation on wheels cannot afford these transport bottlenecks. Highway congestion is not a problem that can be solved by laws restricting traffic and loads. The root of the trouble is not too many or too heavy vehicles but too few modern multilane highways between our principal cities. What we need is bigger and broader highways for the traffic of tomorrow. We must start them now.

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For remember: motor transportation is the lifeblood of America's economy. The highways are its arteries—we must not let them harden!

GOODYEAR

THE GREATEST NAME IN RUBBER

Astonished beyond measure, I had flung myself on my own gun and raised it before I realized Mycroft had

KING IN SHAG

By ROBERT W. KREPPS

IN THE least-known region of continental Alaska, beyond the barrier of a hoary mountain range, lies the valley. It is one of those strange, hidden patches of earth that used to be called "fur pockets."

Shut off on the west by the great snow-shrouded range, and on the east by a lower scarp of glacier-hacked rock, it forms a long, green-brown, oblong patch about the size of an English county. Access to it may be had through either end, with some difficulty; or from the air.

If Indians ever found it, they have left no trace behind them. It is not, however, virgin soil; not unexplored. In the early years of this century, a Yukon prospector turned trapper came through the grove of balsam poplar that masks the lower entrance, cached his sled (which was later torn to pieces by wolves, who ate the leather fittings), and took his dogs over the ragged chine of rubble into the valley, where he set out a line of traps for sable marten. For a long time his skull, gnawed and polished by a family of brown bears, lay caught in the roots of an old dead willow; it may be there yet.

His dogs went wild, fought, hunted, watched their numbers grow less, and in time left the valley in a pack, to be swallowed up in the secret fastnesses of the cold country.

Forty-odd years later, another white man found the fur pocket. He read the signs of this ancient tragedy—chance-found bits of the sledge, a rotted cabin with a few poor ruined personal effects not quite moldered away, and the skull, which he thought it foolish to consider burying at this late date—and, after one trip to Nome to arrange his affairs, he moved in.

He built himself a cabin, put out traps of his own, and settled down to stay.

Every four months supplies were flown in, and pelts taken out, by a friend of this man. The plane was an amphibian, and landed on the tiny lake near the bottom of the valley.

The man who lived in the valley was named John Mycroft.

shot—not at me—but above my head. There was a huge mountain of tawny brown fur plunging over me

Do you ever wonder if there are a few mammoths left in the cold places of the world? Don't snicker—you've speculated on it. Everyone with imagination has. It's simply that you can't believe in your heart that any animal can be wholly extinct whose frozen body is still found intact

The seventh time his friend came in, he brought a passenger: Russ Langan. Me. . . .

We crossed the towering range, which stretched from horizon to horizon in shining milk-white glory and seemed so formidably boundless, as we looked down on it, that surely, I thought, it must go on thrusting up its mountains right round the world into infinity. We dropped half a thousand feet, turned in a sharp angle, and flew along the length of the valley. A few miles ahead, the blue-pink splotch of the lake appeared. Shortly we could see the big wind streaks on its surface, then the ripples, and just before the amphibian was set down, Dolly Varden trout leaping in the sun.

Kirk brought her smoothly in to a halt near the shore. He tugged on hip boots and gave me a pair. We took a box of supplies apiece and waded through bitterly cold water to the beach, which was covered with green spring sedge and the saffron-colored remains of last year's grass. We made three trips and emptied the plane. Then we sat down on the boxes, lighted our pipes and waited.

The air was chill—not bleak, but refreshing—so that after a minute or two we began to walk up and down, stamping our feet and snorting like horses eager for a run. "Makes you want to light out and stalk a moose or something, doesn't it?" Kirk said. "There's a feel in the breeze like shooting weather."

"Ah," said I, agreeing. I stuck my hands into the pockets of my hunting outfit. It had been expensive when I bought it, and was mellowed by now to a gray and serviceable maturity; over my shoulders I had draped a parka, trimmed with glossy wolverine fur, that I'd borrowed from Kirk. "So this is the valley," I said. "This is where you saw the big one."

"Couple miles to the north, yes. I only got a half-second look at it, but my God, it was big! I wasn't more than five hundred feet up, and happened to glance down, and there it was, just going into the trees. I tell you, Russ, it looked as broad as an elephant! Near as I can remember, it was reddish brown, maybe with a black cast to it, too. It must have been a brown bear, but the most terrific brown bear anybody ever laid eyes on."

"Really big, eh?"

ILLUSTRATED BY C. E. MONROE, JR.

"When I remember the size of that back, big is a little word."

"I never shot a brownie," I said. I'm not very keen on shooting for record heads, but —what a brute this must be! "I hope your friend hasn't tangled with it yet."

"Here he comes now," Kirk said, nodding inland. "Must have been watching for me. Cooee, John!"

John Mycroft waved an arm above his head. He came up, grounded his rifle butt in the sedge, and looked uncertainly from Kirk to me and back again. "Hello, Kirk," he said.

"John, this is my brother Russ. I've told you about him."

We shook hands. "Last I heard of you, you were lost in the Congo, Russ," he said.

"I wasn't lost. I was living in a pygmy village."

"And too busy to send word outside for ten months," Kirk said.

"Wasn't busy, either. Simply didn't have anything to say." It was true. I hadn't seen any sense in sending a messenger over the long, dangerous distances of the forest with a letter saying that all was well and I was having a wonderful time. My family is supposed to know I can take care of myself. John Mycroft gazed at me with approval, as though he could sympathize with my attitude.

"You've seen a host of places, Kirk tells me. I'd like to talk with you over a glass or two. Come up to the cabin?"

"John, I can't stay," Kirk said. "I've got a date in Nome tonight." He glanced at me. "But Russ here, if it's okay with you, wants to stay a while." He coughed uncomfortably. "Two weeks, if it's okay, John."

THE man's face did not change, yet there was suddenly a reluctance, almost a hostility, in him, that I could feel clearly.

Before he could speak, I said, "You can tell me no, and I'll fly back with Kirk and no hard feelings. I realize this is your private preserve."

"No, no. I don't own the place. You're welcome. I'll be glad of the company."

"I'm sorry we couldn't give you some notice. It's a spur-of-the-moment deal. Kirk's written me so much about this valley, I felt I had to see it and hunt a little in it. I'm a what-d'you-call-it—a cheechako; I'm new to the country, and you know it down to its boot soles. I'd like to team up with you for these two weeks. Any pelts I take would be yours. I don't collect trophies, and they'd be some return for your time."

John Mycroft shook his head irritably, as if the suggestion were dishonest. Leaning on his rifle, he might have been a Kaintuck hunter straight out of Fenimore Cooper. He was nearly as dark as I, and where I'm built like a stocky bear, he was long and lean and tough as a panther. He had a sinewy face with raven-wing eyebrows and blue eyes. He was dressed in furs of various kinds, some worn and others lustrously new. "You're not putting me to any inconvenience. I haven't hunted since the wolves came down last winter. It'll take the kinks out of me. And you've been in Africa," he said. "That clinches it. Happy to have you, and you can tell me all about Africa."

"Fine. But the pelts are yours. I can't agree, otherwise."

"All right, damn it!" There was still, behind his eyes, a queer reluctance that had nothing to do with pelts. "If you honestly don't want 'em. What guns did you bring?"

"A .30-'06 and a .375 Magnum."

"Good enough. There's big game to the north."

"That's what Kirk told me. Some of the biggest bears alive."

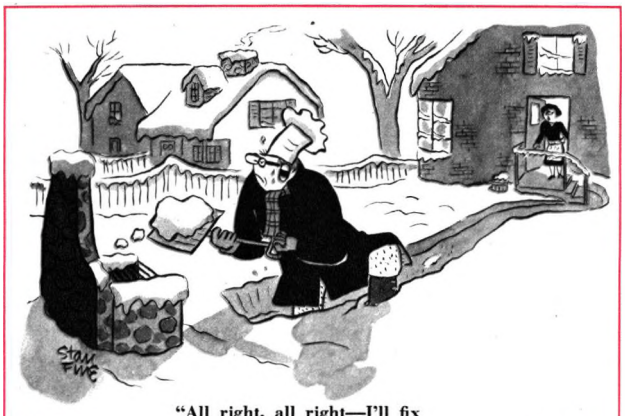
"I have to shove off," my brother said. "See you guys in fourteen days." He shook hands with us and waded out to his plane.

"Let's move this gear," John Mycroft said. "Cabin's only a quarter of a mile. We'll sit around and talk tonight. I want to hear about Africa. Know anything about climatology?"

"Nothing technical. I know it gets hot on the desert and cold on the tundra, and that almost exhausts my knowledge." I shouldered a box and slung my rifles over the other arm. "That's your work, isn't it? Climatology?"

"Yes. I'm an independent, and trap for my expenses. That's why I'm here. This pocket's a sort of phenomenon. By right, it ought to be permanently frozen halfway down to the core of the world, but it isn't. Any other valley this deep, sheltered by those mountains, would never thaw, even in summer. Yet in February the earth under the snow isn't too hard to turn with a sharp spade. I don't know, it's a funny place. It fascinates me."

We went toward the cabin, and I listened to him with half an ear while I tried to decide what was annoying him. I couldn't place the trouble, but it was there. John Mycroft was hospitable, as men are in the north and in all such lonely places. He was obviously glad to have someone to talk with; his pale, intelligent eyes were friendly when he looked at me. Still, there it was—an aura of uneasiness, a sort of awkward constraint that I could feel under my skin



"All right, all right—I'll fix the steak the way *you* like it"

COLLIER'S STAN FINE

but couldn't draw out into the light. It reminded me of the premonition you feel when there's going to be trouble in Africa. Your flesh crawls now and again, you find yourself looking over your shoulder, you start to sweat, and then at last the drums begin to throb and the trouble is out in the open.

I laughed at myself. There was a less dramatic simile that was nearer the truth. Mycroft's attitude was almost exactly like that of a man who's welcomed a stranger into his house for a fortnight's stay, and has a beautiful wife whom he doesn't quite trust. That was it. The emotion I could feel in John Mycroft was as near as could be to jealousy.

He seemed to like me well enough, he looked forward to some good hunters' talk, he wanted to show me this pet valley of his, and yet he was a little jealous of it. He'd have liked to keep it inviolate, all to himself, his virgin vale behind the ranges. Poor devil! It had been impudent of me to come in without notifying him first.

THE cabin was small and neatly made, with a meat cache jutting out beside the door. Six or seven Malemutes, heavy gray beasts with plenty of wolf in their lineage, lolled nearby. They were not tied, and came, stiff-legged and suspicious, to greet me.

"Gently, gently," Mycroft said. I put out my free hand, knuckles foremost, and the dogs sniffed at it one by one. Then they fell aside to let us pass.

That night we drank golden Scotch from one of the pinch bottles I had brought, and the talk was high and robust. We ranged over the world together, shooting lions, stalking bighorns, galloping noble stallions down through remembered gorges, walking untold miles for a glimpse of sunrise on the veld; we spoke of animals and men, and of places where nothing that lived would ever meet the eye. Nearly-forgotten words came to our tongues, words to call up beauty or violence for one another's edification. We had both been lucky enough to live the sort of life we enjoyed best, each of us free-lancing, myself as a writer and professional hunter, Mycroft as a climatologist and explorer. Liking each other more and more, we talked and smoked till the heels of our briers were soggy and bitter; and Mycroft reached for an old clay, while I rummaged in my kit and brought out my pet pipe, a little white fellow whose barrel-shaped bowl was lined with thin beaten steel.

John Mycroft raised his eyebrows, "There's a strange one."

"It's Yakut." I handed it over. "Siberian Indian. Made of fossil mammoth ivory."

"Is it, by God!" He smoothed his finger tips over the bowl. "Like satin. It could be top-grade elephant ivory."

"Well—in a sense, it is. Although this elephant was hairy and preferred a cold climate, and his tusks curled like a Manchu mandarin's nails. The old boy that grew this dentine may have died half a million years ago, or only a very few thousand. Nobody can ever know. That's part of the fascination of the piece." I took it and filled the bowl with tobacco. "I keep it by me wherever I go, to remind me that a man is pretty small potatoes, after all."

He agreed with that, and we talked a while about mammoth ivory. I told him there'd been a trade in it for centuries, beginning with the Greeks and Romans, and we talked about the whole animals preserved in ice that are found in the north even yet, on which Indians will occasionally feed their families for entire winters. I mentioned that I'd like to try a quick-frozen mammoth steak. He looked rather lofty at that.

"Great shaggy monarchs of the earth!" he said. He was perhaps a little drunk. His lean face was flushed brick-red. "Sometimes I picture them roaming the northland, chasing my remote ancestors. I love all great beasts." I remember how that sentence struck me. "I love all great beasts!" He was a fierce and solitary pagan in that moment, repudiating all his years of hunting, and giving tribute of honor to the monstrous gods that walk among us clothed in fur.

I tamped a layer of ash into the glowing tobacco, and said, "Do you ever wonder if perhaps there are a few mammoths left in the cold places of the world? Don't snicker, damn it! You've speculated on it, one time or another."

He fastened his hard gaze on my face. At last he said, "Well, yes, I admit I have."

"Everyone with imagination has. You can't help it, when you consider how many have been found frozen intact."

"It's proved that they've been dead thousands of—"

"Oh, man, I know that! It's simply that you can't believe in your heart of hearts that any animal still existing in the flesh can be wholly extinct. You say to yourself: Why not? You know that plenty of animals living all about you are actually prehistoric. Look at the brown bear. If he isn't the great cave bear, or at least a grandson of that brute, I'll eat him raw. Look at the lizards in Arizona. Look at the monstrosities in Australia."

"Not the same thing. Everyone knows they're still around."

I laughed. "Anyway, you'll admit it's a lovely notion."

"That the giants still walk the earth. It is a wonderful thought. But a little wild for a stolid climatologist, even when he's inhaled too much *tonga*." He gestured at the pinch bottle, then said, "Let's sack up. It's a long day tomorrow."

Lying awake, I blinked at the roof and mused on John Mycroft. I had never met a man whom I took to more quickly. I looked forward avidly to the next two weeks. He had apparently conquered his aversion to guests, whatever caused it, except perhaps there at the last of our talk. For a breath or so I'd felt discomfort in him. Had it been at the mention of giant bears? I couldn't fasten on it. I laughed at myself and went to sleep, to dream of a brown bear as tall as a minaret and as broad as a barn door.

FOR a week we hunted, going out every day and following a pattern laid down by my host, working the sides of the valley far northward till we were nearly in sight of the other end. We talked—how we talked! Of climate trends and Transvaal politics, of the far reaches of the globe and the philosophy of men who live with the outdoors, and always of animals. We would get back to the cabin at nine or ten o'clock, as the tail of the twilight was vanishing over the range, with our trophies (when we had bagged any) and our joyously tired bodies that ached for rest and food and a glass of something to oil the wheels of more talk. It was as though we had been comrades for half a century.

There was no more hidden reluctance in Mycroft, and already we were planning another hunt for the autumn.

On the ninth day, we went up the east side half a dozen miles to scout for bear spoor. There was a big brownie, Mycroft admitted, that had his den somewhere in the neighborhood. After an hour or so, we smoked, for my friend said he always did when he was on his trap line and the brutes were used to the scent of tobacco; and shortly after we lighted our pipes, I killed a big old lone bitch wolf, because Mycroft did not like wolves in his valley. We gave up on the brownie after that, and just loafed along, kicking at the cream-and-white reindeer moss and telling yarns.

"We're not born hunters," I said to him. "We're natural-born talkers, that's our trouble." I stopped and pointed at a birch tree near the path; the bark had been shredded and hung in strips some six feet above our heads. "Your brownie's been clawing, John. Lord, he's a gigantic devil, isn't he!"

"One of the biggest I ever saw. I've had a couple of chances at him but we've managed to keep a mutual wary respect going. I don't mind you having a whack at him, though, if that's what you're going to ask. I'm not protecting him. Just never got the urge to go after him."

"Oh. I wondered about that."

"What?"

"Well, I knew there was a thundering big something-or-other in the valley. Kirk saw it the last time he flew out. Said he only caught a glimpse of it below the plane, scooting into the woods; but he could tell the critter was enormous. A phrase he used in his letter stuck in my mind. He said it was as big as an elephant, as a hairy elephant. I realized it must be a granddad brownie, and I yearned for a shot at him. Then, when I came in, I got the impression that you were guarding something pretty

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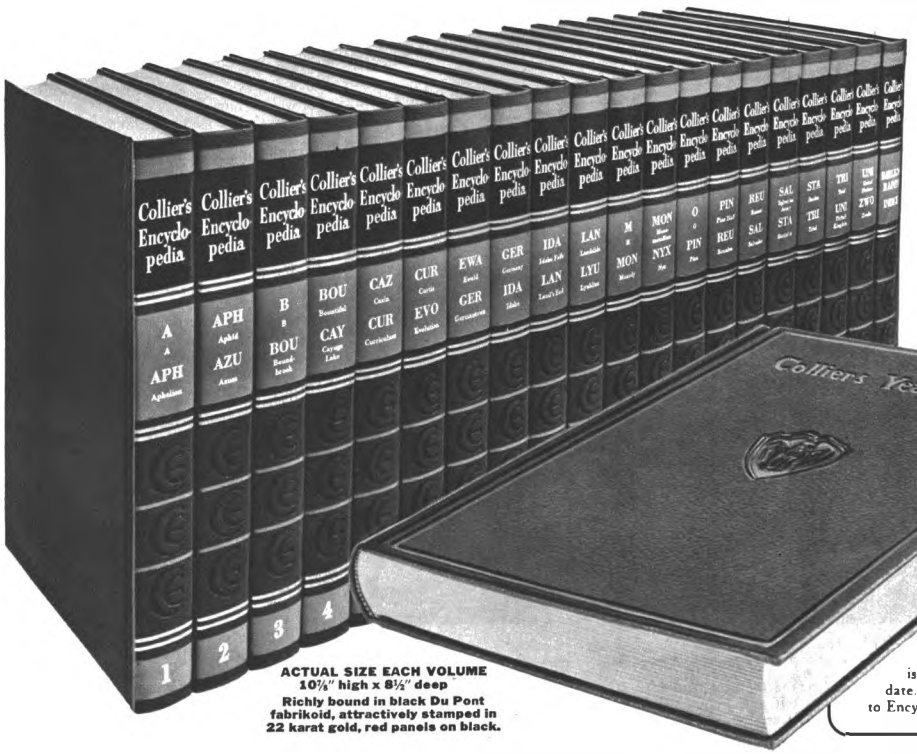

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jealously, and I figured it was the big bear. So I didn't mention it."

"That was decent of you, Russ. I didn't know it showed. I suppose I've lived here alone too long. I admit to a certain uncomfortable feeling at first. *My* valley! Like an old woman with a bunch of pet cats."

"You don't care, then, if we try for the bruin?"

"No! Not now. Not since I know you."

"Good deal. We'll sneak up again tomorrow, then."

We went home to the cabin, and everything seemed quite all right; but that evening I could have sworn that trouble was coming. All it would take was a word. I chewed it over in my mind, wondering rather desperately what the word might be. I still thought it might be "bear." Would John pretend to help me search for the big fellow, while actually steering me away from its haunts? I knew him well by now; he was no liar, yet if he had conceived a sort of lorn pagan admiration for the animal, as could have happened to a man cut off from his fellows for so long, then he was capable of lying from hell to midnight to protect the brute. "*I love all great beasts,*" he'd said.

THREE days we hunted the bear, and did not find him; and the fourth day, which was the thirteenth of my stay in the valley, a cold, sleeting rain came in that all but destroyed the hunting prospects. We endured four or five hours of it, then made for the cabin, where we cooked a couple of ptarmigan and some sweet-fleshed grayling, gorged ourselves despondently, and lay around smoking and swearing until bedtime.

The early Alaskan dawn, lifting on a world of clear-skied splendor, found us well on our way to the brownie's home grounds. Each of us carried a .30-'06. We cast about for a while and then found where a big animal had been browsing on sedge near an alder-shaded creek. "He hasn't been out of hibernation more than a few weeks," John Mycroft said. "He's still hungry for anything."

"Including us. Here's his print in the wet moss. What a monster! Let's go."

The trail took us north, away from the creek and up over a smooth glacis to a crest that overlooked meadows patched with balsam poplar. Here we plucked handfuls of dead saffron grass and tossed them up to test the wind. There was almost no movement in the air, which was clean and bright with sun. We worked down the slope and across the meadows, heading now toward the snow-cowled range through country I had not seen before that morning.

Mycroft found a great hole dug by the nine-inch claws of the brown bear.

"After a ground squirrel. Got him, too."

We passed on and came to a narrow backbone of a moraine—earth and boulders and sharp-edged rock trash discarded by an ancient and long-gone glacier. Ten yards apart, we made our way up to the top, which was ridged with a line of brush standing stiff, like a crude fence, between meadow and meadow. The bear had gone over the spine of the moraine, smashing a gap in the brush fence; I crawled up to this breach, while Mycroft, off to my right, parted the shrubs with his rifle and his ungloved hands.

Before us lay a natural amphitheater, a huge oval of earth carpeted with green sphagnum moss and ringed by spruce woods in tiers on higher ground, like a gallery; behind it, for a back-drop, rose the mighty range. I think I must have gasped at the symmetrical beauty of this colossal arena even before my eyes fell on the single actor upon its stage. Afterward, I focused my popeyed gaze on it and my mouth dropped open and my whole body began to shake—shake with wonder. It was as though the sane core of my mind fell back a little and observed me lying there among the bushes, bereft now of all reason, the poor idiot body quivering in the grip of an astonishment that was close kin to panic terror.

Indeed, the beast was red-brown with here and there a blackish cast to it, as Kirk had said. The hair was so long that in some places it nearly touched the turf, especially that of the chest and shoulders, which fell like a thick, straight cascade of mane. It stood full fourteen feet at its highest point, which was a bulky hump behind the neck; its ears were heavily furred, and its little bright eyes gleamed and blinked in the roan shag of its head. The titanic body sloped off sharply toward the tail. The legs were massive, like tree trunks.

It was just on the fringe of the woods to my right, breaking off twigs of spruce and putting them into its mouth with the delicately questing tip of its trunk. Monstrous ivory tusks, all cream and sleek, thrust out on either side of the trunk and swept up in three-quarter-circle curves, with an outward writhe to them that left the tips far out to left and right of the great head; so lightly were they carried, so graceful were their curlings and perfectly proportioned their tapering thickness, that it was almost impossible to believe that they must weigh hundreds of pounds apiece. Grotesque, enormous, unthinkable, the last mammoth browsed quietly on the tender twigs of the spruce forest.

AFTER a period of time I could not thereafter calculate, I came back to myself, closed my gaping mouth, and shook my head and pushed the rifle forward from beneath my arm. I pointed the muzzle in the general direction of the mammoth and just touched the trigger, but I didn't sight the weapon. My long-fixed hunter's craving to shoot, to bring down that magnificent trophy, was overborne and destroyed. There was a passionate compulsion in me to do nothing, to interfere in no way whatsoever with this unique being. I suppose it was half conscience and half old-Irish superstition. I knew without any doubt that the beast was the last of its race, alive by inconceivable combinations of chance and luck and providence. I could no more have shot it than I could have destroyed the last song in the world, or burned the last book.

I kept the .30-'06 aimed down at the amphitheater, because it would be a great thing to brag that I had once had a mammoth under my sights; but I took my finger from the trigger, to lie watching the primeval elephant at its feeding.

I didn't give John Mycroft more than a swift single thought, and certainly I had forgotten the bear we had been following. Of course Mycroft had known of this miracle, had been worried and jealous and fearful that I would come on it by accident. The act was done now and I felt that Mycroft would be reconciled to it. Then I forgot him entirely. I lay on the narrow moraine between the stiff bushes and filled my eyes and my heart—yes, and even, it seemed, my belly—with the shattering spectacle of the mammoth.

It passed from tree to tree along the edge of the wood, moving as an African elephant does, with a kind of ponderously graceful, drifting gait, like a weighty shadow. The gleam of its ivory against the green peat was bizarre and impossibly grand. To see it was to gaze down measureless corridors of the centuries and glimpse for a moment the golden youth of the mammalian world, when a hundred million giants such as this one had clashed their tusks from Spain to the Arctic Circle.

I did not know, I could not guess, why it was alive, where it had come from or where it had lived during the century or so of civilization in Alaska. Perhaps it had been here all along. Perhaps its remote forebears had crossed the land bridge from Asia and settled here in the valley, to peter out gradually in pride and loneliness. I did not theorize long or consciously. The existence of the beast was enough to satisfy me.

At last, the mammoth moved in among the trees and disappeared.

I sighed, shuddered from scalp to heel, wiped the clammy sweat from my face with numbed fingers, and rolled on my side. John Mycroft was standing ten feet away, his rifle trained on my breast.

We remained so for a second or two; and then he lowered his rifle. "Well," he said, "that's that."

I sat up. "You were going to shoot me," I said.

He nodded, started to speak, and then threw up the weapon and fired twice. Astonished beyond measure, I had flung myself on my own gun and raised it before I realized that he had shot above my head. I rolled and got to my knees, and there was a mountain of tawny brown fur hanging over me.

I contracted my body like a salmon attempting a waterfall, and heaved myself down the rocky slope of the moraine; somehow I kept hold of the rifle, even when my face smashed into the rubble and became all a fiery flame. Twisting over, I shot almost straight up as the brownie passed me, hitting it a maddening blow in the guts more by chance than design.

It turned from Mycroft, who was firing away methodically; and I put a slug into its chest.

We were like pygmies darting needles into a gorilla, but suddenly the huge bear halted, bloody slaver flying from its gaping jaws; it swayed, a monarch assassinated who could not realize the fact of his death. The head sank below the shoulders, the terrible incisors ground once, and the body that was now warm dead meat swung round and fell across the spine of ragged brush.

I STOOD, very shaky in the knees, and went up to John Mycroft. We looked at the vast hulk of the brown bear.

"Big old devil," Mycroft said. "Almost a record, I'd say. Never knew a brownie to charge on his hind legs," he added irrelevantly. "Queer—he must have been close to us all the time, and we never heard him or whiffed him. Hell of a note."

"You were going to shoot me," I said again, stupidly.

Without answering, he led me down to a stream of icy water, and began to wash the rock trash out of my face and clean off the blood. At last, he said, "Yes, I was."

The shock of the water had brought me to rationality. "I don't think you would've really. If you wanted your secret kept that badly, all you had to do was let the brownie take two more steps—and I'd have been red rags."

"That was afterward. Don't get sentimental ideas. You're my friend, but in that one moment, with the hunter's soul shining in your eyes, I would have killed you." He frowned, probing gently at a cut with a wet handkerchief. "I meant you to see the mammoth today, Russ. Damn it, what good's a friend if you aren't sure you can trust him to the limit?"

"And you didn't know about me."

"I didn't know about anyone but myself. Nobody ever does. I wanted to know. And then, at the last second, when your finger was on the trigger, I realized I'd shoot you if I had to, to save him." His dark cheeks reddened. "Let's drop it. Are you thinking I ought to tell the world about him?"

"No," I said. "Ouch! Go easy."

"I'm a scientist," he said harshly, trying to justify a situation that needed no justification with me. "If twoscore of 'em came with their calipers and notebooks to pester the poor brute to death, they couldn't collect half the facts I've got on him. All they could do would be to make a vulgar display of him."

We went up to the bear again and set about skinning it. After a little, Mycroft began to say something, and I interrupted him: "If you're going to give me a rigmarole about your glorious destiny as keeper of the last mammoth, you can sit on it. I know all the things you want to say. Here in this valley the final act of a titanic play is coming to its close, while everyone else in the world believes it ended in the mists of prehistory. *The Sunset of the Mammoth!* You intend to watch it to its crashing finale, and to watch it alone. You want to live with this beast that by rights should be ten thousand years dead, to have a little of his lonely glory rub off on you. If the wish is selfish, it's at least sublimely selfish. In your place I'd do just what you're doing. So quit trying to explain yourself to me." I patted the gigantean head of the brownie. "We'll show this to Kirk and tell him it's what he saw." Then I asked, "Can I come back in the fall? Or do you still resent me?"

He made a harsh sound in his throat. "You've spoiled me for a hermit." Then, grinning, he reached out a hard brown hand. "Welcome to the brotherhood of shaggy-elephant keepers," he said.

We shook hands across the carcass of the bear, staring into each other's eyes.

Then our comfortable laughter rang out over the meadow and through the spruce woods, to die away in the distances of the secret valley that lies beyond the glittering range. THE END

Christmas Doll

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

Christmas tree in the big plate-glass window, brave with lights and dripping tinsel, the mysterious red-ribboned package clustered at its base and all about it that wonderful, star-dust, plum-pudding, carol-chanting look that is both wild and holy and not possible for any other month or any other tree.

Marty savored the richness. The skates would be lying near the tree, their runners reflected in its glittering ornaments. She tasted the flavor of saying casually, "That's the kind I'm getting"; then she looked and gave a yelp of dismay. The skates were gone, and in their place, crowning frustration, there was a doll.

MARTY'S eyes, blind to dolls, skimmed over this one and lighted on a catcher's mitt, newly introduced and indicating that Grover's was not lost to all sense of decency. If there had been less snow around, she might have coveted the mitt, but her mind was on skates, and baseball could wait for spring. She muttered at the window and turned to scowl at the doll.

It was different from other dolls, being neither round, blonde, nor vacuous-looking. It had brown hair and a serene look, and it was wearing an old-fashioned dress with lace collar and cuffs. Black strapped slippers showed just below the hem.

After a minute, Tommy poked Marty with his elbow. "There's your skates," he said. "Under the tree."

"She's stuck on the doll," said Rodney.

Marty turned around and gave him a look of fury. "I am not! I was looking at the catcher's mitt." She pointed firmly to the skates. "Those are mine," she said.

Rodney admitted grudgingly that they weren't bad.

Marty didn't hear him. She was staring into the window again, and, after a moment, she pulled one of her braids around and began to chew fiercely on the end of it. Something inside her was stretching out its arms to the doll, and she felt a dreadful melting-down sensation. She said gruffly, "What'd they want to put a silly old doll in the window for?" and knew that she had hurt the doll's feelings.

Dolls didn't have feelings. She must be crazy.

Marty gave a sudden bloodcurdling whoop, whirled her sled around, and announced to the world that the last one back to her house was a black-eared baboon. Tommy said, "Gee whiz, Marty," with no more hope of making a successful protest than a corporal reasoning with a general, but Rodney had already leaped into action. Marty caught up with him at the first lamp-post and cut in front of him so neatly with her sled that he fell into a snowbank.

The incident restored her morale and cleared her head of fancy emotions so that she forgot the doll. Greatly cheered, she went into the house, which was full of the good hot smell of cinnamon and apple.

Her father accepted her hug placidly and pulled a pigtail. Her mother, whom she encountered in the kitchen, observed that she was trailing melted snow all over the house and shooed her upstairs. With a comfortable sense of being extremely welcome, Marty shucked off her snow pants in the middle of her room, started to pull off her sweater and paused on the fourth button.

The doll was back, tugging at her thoughts.

Still unbuttoning absent-mindedly, she went over and sat on the bed. Her room was messy but austere, and there was no place whatever in it for a brown-haired doll in a lace-trimmed dress.

Well, it could go on top of the bed. It wasn't absolutely necessary to have a life preserver marked S.S. Algonquin on her pillow. The life preserver could go under the bed, and the doll could—

"Oh, yah!" Marty said furiously to the empty room. "Yah, yah, yah!" What would everybody think if it got out that Marty Jones was hankering for a doll? That little pip-squeak of a Janie Darrow had told her once to act more ladylike, and Marty had kicked her hard right in the rear of her fancy pink dress. Suppose Janie Darrow saw her with a doll?

She didn't want a doll. *She didn't want a doll!* She wanted her skates and her hockey stick.

Comforted by her vehemence, Marty flopped down on the bed and lay with her nose in the pillow. Tonight they would decorate the tree and, on Christmas Eve, her skates would go under the wide branches. With a card with her name on it. No Santa Claus nonsense. Marty had mistrusted his whiskers from the age of two.

In her mind's eye, she began to unwrap the skates. She unwound the red ribbon, pushed aside the crackling tissue paper, looked at the white shiny cardboard of the lid waiting to be lifted. She lifted it.

Inside was the doll.

Marty sat up with a terrible snort and smacked her feet down on the floor. Fugitive from dreams, she ran to her closet, snatched a pair of grubby overalls off a hook and put them on. They were the toughest-looking things she owned and she felt a vast need for toughness.

She didn't want the doll. She never *had* wanted a doll, and she never *would* want a doll. That settled that.

She clattered downstairs to dinner. Mr. Jones gazed at his daughter with a kind of awe. "What did you do all day, squirt?"

"Coasted," Marty said. "Tommy Egan's cousin is visiting him. He *really* stinks."

"Marty!" The upward inflection in her mother's voice was a comment on the choice of words.

"Smells," Marty said primly. "His name is Rodney, and he thinks he can beat me sliding."

"Ah." Mr. Jones nodded comprehension.

"We came back past Grover's," Marty said compulsively. "They've put a doll in the window."

"Dolls," Mr. Jones said broad-mindedly, "are not essentially vicious."

Marty thought of the brown hair to be stroked, the lace collar and cuffs and the tiny strapped shoes. "Dolls sti—"

"Marty!"

"I don't like dolls."

"Very sad," said her father. "We bought you one for Christmas."

FOR just a second, Marty's heart gave a magnificent leap, then she realized her father was teasing. She solaced herself with two helpings of pie. It wouldn't have been *the* doll anyway.

"Marty, you'll bust."

"Are we going to trim the tree tonight?"

"As soon as the dishes are done."

The moment they'd finished them, Marty dragged her parents into the living room.

"First, the star," Marty said. "The star on top." She held it up with reverence. It was silver, sprinkled with bright specks. It was a Wise Men's star, fit to be stationary in a sky of great importance on a night of great light, and Marty always felt a little holy when it finally got into place on top of the tall green tree.

The red balls came next, then the blue, the silver and, last, the gold, trembling and bowing at the tips of the branches. Then the special ornaments: a woolen Santa Claus that Marty didn't like but that had been on Marty's mother's tree when she was a baby and therefore had seniority rights; an angel with gold wings, a halo, and an expression of impressive vacuity; a peacocklike bird of great dignity and poor balance; and, finally, Marty's favorite, a rainbow ball caged in glittering silver and powdered with gold.

By the time the tinsel hung in glittering loops from star to carpet, the whole room was lighted up with Christmas. "Every year we do it better," Marty said solemnly.

She sat down on the floor, hugging her knees and contemplating the star-crowned achievement. On Christmas Eve her parents would put their present for her under the tree, and she would be allowed to poke it. Even though she knew what was inside, there would be that pleasantly tingling feeling of anticipation. You could get that feeling just looking at the space under the tree where the package would be.

She looked at the space hopefully, and nothing happened. This was one of the best moments of Christmas, and nothing happened at all. Marty rested her chin unhappily on her knees. It wasn't just because she knew beforehand what her present would be; she almost always knew that. And she wanted the skates; she wanted them terribly. Only this morning, she had been in a passion of joy at the thought of them.

The doll rose uninvited in her mind, lovable beyond any reasonable dream. Marty closed her eyes and said "Nebuchadnezzar" under her breath, trying to exorcize the doll with strong words, but it was no use.

She opened her eyes. All her life she had been all of a piece, and now there was a stranger inside her, a stranger who wanted a doll.

"Darling," Marty said softly, making the doll welcome, ashamed to be saying it and helpless not to.

SOMEONE tapped at the window. She whirled around and saw the tip of a round nose pressed hard against the pane. Armed in the righteousness of invaded privacy, Marty stalked to the front door and yanked it open.

"Hello," Tommy said sociably. "We're going to the store for ice cream. Can you come along?"

"Nope," said Marty, "it's too late. I wouldn't be allowed."

Rodney waded up off the snow-banked lawn. "She's not old enough to go out by herself," he explained loftily to Tommy.

"I'm as old as you are!"

"You're a girl."

"Is that so?" said Marty, raging. "I can beat you running, I can beat you sliding, I can beat you at anything."

Rodney said, "I'm going skiing tomorrow. I'm going down Hudson Hill on skis."

Without stopping to think about it, Marty said, "So'm I."

Rodney briskly told her not to be silly. "You can't ski."

"I can so."

"You cannot. Tommy says you don't know how."

"Tommy doesn't know everything," Marty said darkly, implying that she had led a life of great danger in the Alps.

"It just happens," Rodney said casually, "that I'm going to ski down the *other* side of the hill."

"Don't pay any attention to him, Marty," Tommy said earnestly. "He's kidding."

"Who's kidding?" said Rodney. "I'm not scared of any old hill."

"I'm not either," Marty said quickly. "Anything you can ski down, I can too."

"Huh. You haven't even got skis."

This was true, but her father had a pair. They were in the basement, near the collection corner where she kept various things such as the large bone which her father generously agreed might have belonged to a dinosaur.

"I'll take my father's skis," Marty said grandly.

In technical possession of the field, she swaggered back into the house and started upstairs, looking over her shoulder for just a moment at the tree with its trembling shower of tinseled light and the bright glitter of the Christmas balls reflecting the room in endless enchanting miniatures.

She took the stairs two at a time and sang while she put on her pajamas. A gen-

West Pointers observe the corps's 150th anniversary

eral feeling of good will, based on the routing of Rodney, enveloped her. Her father's skis would undoubtedly be too large, but that hardly mattered.

Her father's skis!

About to leap into bed, Marty stopped and sat down on the edge of it. After a moment, she drew her feet in, pulled the covers over her and, hunching up, stared at the opposite wall.

She must have been crazy to tell Rodney she would take her father's skis. Suppose she busted them? It was perfectly possible, since she'd never been on skis before. It wouldn't help much to tell her father that Rodney had dared her.

What on earth had got into her? There must be something wrong with her. She curled up tight and buried her head in the pillow. The whole thing was the doll's fault. She'd only bragged to Rodney to prove to herself that she wasn't the kind of dope who wanted a doll. She hated the old thing. Nothing had gone right since she had seen it in the store window. If she had it here now, she would smash its head.

The image of the doll rose in her mind and looked at her pleadingly. Marty hardened her heart. She would have none of it; she would show it she didn't care. Tomorrow, first thing, she would go look into Grover's window, and the doll wouldn't interest her a particle. Not one tiny little measly bit. Deliberately, coldly, she pushed it out of her mind—the lace-trimmed dress, the white hands and the little feet, the brown hair.

After a moment, not thinking about the doll became quite easy, and she felt a sort of sleepy triumph. She would make the doll let go of her, and, rid of it, she would be herself again, all of a piece.

Her mind drowsed, slid deliciously into a picture of herself on skis, flashing in and out of trees while Rodney stood by in amazement and chagrin. The whole problem began to fade, got misty at the edges, dissolved.

Marty gave a little growl of hope and comfort, rearranged herself, and slept.

THERE were muffins for breakfast the next morning, and the Christmas tree looked beautiful. Marty announced that she was going down to the village. "I hafta," she said firmly.

"Well, if you hafta, you hafta," her mother said. "Don't stuff yourself so, Marty; the muffins won't get away."

Marty had just pushed a buttery half into her mouth and at the same moment reached for reinforcements. She grinned amiably, indifferent to etiquette, and when she left the house she had two emergency muffins in her pockets.

The good crisp air pleased her. She felt strong and confident and superior, last night's optimism and this morning's muffins making a firm foundation inside her. She was Marty Jones with no invisible fidgets.

Grover's came in sight. She put her hands nonchalantly into her pockets, hit a muffin on each side, and pulled one out. Chewing like a calm cow, she walked up to the window. Her eyes swept it with cool detachment and came to rest immediately on the doll, its skirts spread, its hands folded in its lap.

Marty's heart turned over. She clutched her muffin in helpless love. She pressed her nose against the glass of the window and, through the frosty O of her breath, the doll's beauty shone steadfastly.

She, who had thought she would never want to see the doll again, could have howled from pure frustration and longing.

A voice said, "Hullo, Marty," and she spun around, choking down adoration and muffin. It was Tommy and Rodney, of course; they were following her around. In silence she began chewing savagely on her second muffin.

"What you doing?" said Tommy.

Marty said distantly, "I had an errand. At the grocery store." She hated them both. They were always making her tell fibs.

"What were you looking at?"

"Nothing," said Marty.

Tommy, who liked speculation, waved a hand at the window. "If you could have anything you wanted in the window, what would you take?"

It was generally a good game, but this time it wasn't. The doll looked at Marty in a waiting sort of way.

"The catcher's mitt," Marty said stoically. It was like hitting a kitten across its nose, and it was no good telling herself that the doll didn't have any feelings. She glared at Rodney.

He spit through the gap in his front teeth in a businesslike way. "When you going to take your father's skis?"

"Right now," said Marty, hating him. She turned on her heel.

"See you at the hill," said Rodney.

INSTEAD of going in shouting by the back door, Marty let herself quietly in through the basement. Totally unadjusted to secrecy, she was clumsy about it, but she had no choice since, if her mother saw her taking the skis, there would be considerable trouble. Marty did not approve of having trouble with parents. They were right

"Mr. Henderson! I've never seen you looking so well!"

COLLIER'S — HERB WILLIAMS

in general, and in this case they would be right in particular. It would be hopeless to try to explain.

The skis were heavy, and her feet dragged, taking her to the hill. Maybe Rodney had changed his mind.

He hadn't. He was already there, waiting for her, with Tommy a faithful shadow. The three of them made a silent procession to the other side of the hill.

Marty, with Tommy's help, laid her skis out funereally. "They're too big for you," Tommy said.

Marty nodded. The fact seemed like a reproach, a reminder that the skis were not for her. She turned them carefully toward the brow of the hill before she put them on. Rodney kept eying her impatiently, but it was all right for him. His skis fitted.

Safely mounted, she took her first real look at the hill. Sled-borne, she knew every twist and turn of it, and the trees were no more than a bright challenge. From skis, it looked altogether different. The sudden coldness in her hands was not winter's. She caught her breath and took a quick look at Rodney.

"Scared?" he asked.

"In a pig's eye," Marty said, using a frowned-upon expression to stiffen her knees.

"Well, go ahead, then."

"Go ahead yourself."

"You don't know how to ski," Rodney pointed out. "I don't want you running into me from behind."

Tommy said, "I don't see why either of you have to go down," but his was a lost cause.

Marty swallowed hard. She shuffled her feet forward and found her knees trembling so they would hardly support her. It was because she was afraid she might damage her father's skis.

She knew hopelessly that it wasn't that way at all. She was just plain scared, the way any sissy would be. The way Janie Darrow would be, or any silly girl who played with dolls. It was bad enough to have shown off by taking a stupid dare in the first place, but to be frightened now was unforgivable.

She was face to face with the true Marty Jones at last, and it was not to be endured. At least, no one was ever going to know that she was scared!

With a fierce cry, Marty thrust herself forward over the brow of the hill.

She heard Rodney's shout. Or it might have been Tommy's. And she saw the tree coming at her, distant and black and narrow for an astonishingly long time, and then suddenly so close that the deep-ridged bark was like a map with rivers on it.

If she had been on her sled, she would have known just how to twist and scrape lightly past. But the skis refused to turn, no matter how her feet wrenched at them. The tree refused to move. The map with its rivers became bigger than the sky.

Marty yelled and tried madly to kick off her father's skis so they wouldn't break. The rivers rose up spectacularly. A big bright black star exploded with a crash and split itself into a million comets.

The world spun itself quiet.

DR. CROSBY said cheerfully, "Abrasions, contusions and lacerations." Even from a great dreamy distance, Marty recognized his voice and then her mother's saying anxiously, "Is she all right, Dr. Crosby?"

"Mrs. Jones," Dr. Crosby said, "children are indestructible. Where did you come from, baby dear? Out of the rock pile into the here." He started to make packing-up noises. Marty flickered her eyelids cautiously. "Stop peering at me, Marty," he said sternly. "Your mother's worried about you. Sit up and show her you're all right."

She sat up and she was all right, except for her head, which swam. He put a nice large cool hand on it and smiled unexpectedly. "All right, Tarzan, lie back again. I'll drop by tomorrow, Mrs. Jones. Keep her in bed. If necessary, tie her down."

Mrs. Jones smiled. The doctor left. After a moment, Marty said, "Mum," in a small voice. "What happened to the skis?"

"One of them broke."

Marty carefully smoothed the top of her sheet over the blanket. "It wasn't a very good idea to take them, was it?"

"I've heard better ideas." However, her mother gave the blanket a pat, and the blanket included Marty. "Go to sleep now. I'll pull the shades."

Marty slid down against the pillow, closed her eyes, and slept instantly. She woke in a twilit room, sat up in bed, and yelled, "Moth-er!"

Her mother put her head around the door. "You've got visitors, Marty. Rodney and Tommy. Do you want to see them?"

"Sure, send 'em in," Marty said regally, and she assumed a consciously heroic pose.

WHEN the door opened again, it was Tommy who sidled around it, his round face expressing concern. After him came Rodney. Rodney's expression was glum, and he was carrying a box.

Marty eyed it with curiosity. Rodney said, "My aunt says I shouldn't have dared you to go down that hill. She says to tell you I'm sorry."

"'S all right," said Marty, languid and queenlike.

"I brought you a present," Rodney said, still glum, and shoved the box toward her. Grover's Department Store was written on its lid.

The catcher's mitt, Marty thought. It was Rodney who maintained that girls couldn't play baseball. Triumph tasted sweet in her mouth. She broke the string and lifted the box cover.

The doll stared up at her.

It was dearer, more lovely even than she had remembered it. It lay in its nest of tissue paper, smiling gently and with its arms reaching out in the serene confidence of being welcome.

Marty's hands reached out too, and then stopped. She couldn't let them go to the doll. Not in front of Rodney.

She pushed the box away from her, not rudely but just enough to show how little she cared. The doll still smiled.

And, all of a sudden, something inside Marty stretched and grew tall. She knew now that she loved the doll and that the doll loved her. Who cared what Rodney thought?

She took the doll firmly out of its box and, holding it close to her, looked at Rodney over its head. Her mouth was a tight line and her chin stuck out. Silently, she dared him to jeer at her.

Rodney said, "My aunt picked it out for you. I told her you'd rather have the catcher's mitt, but she said no." His face was no more scornful than the doll's. "Would you rather have the catcher's mitt, Marty?"

Marty shook her head. "I like the doll," she said. "I like the doll a whole lot."

He looked puzzled but relieved, and she decided there was no use trying to explain. She loved the doll, and when she got her skates, on Christmas morning, under the star-tipped tree, she would love them too.

Loving the doll was simply a new part of herself that she hadn't met before. Marty felt a warm interest in the discovery. It was like opening a package. Sometimes you knew what was inside, and sometimes you were surprised. It was all rather unexpected, like Christmas itself, but, like Christmas too, it was very rich and secure.

She held the doll tight in her arms and bent her head to impress a kiss on the round, sweet cheek. The kiss, however, was interrupted by a novel sensation.

Marty raised her head. "Hey, you know what?" she said happily. "I think I must've knocked a front tooth loose. I'll be able to spit."

She knew her friends would be very happy for her—her with a loose tooth and a new doll on the same day. THE END

Week's Mail

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 4

heart and *showing* that he has one. My fiancé is in the Marine Corps and I have seen him off many times—and I have never yet met a softhearted MP.

Thank God that there is one alive—and in the right place, too.

MARJORIE MALATESTA, Ridgewood, N.J.

. . . I See Them Kiss and Cry really had me crying. The most touching article I've ever read. No fiction will ever top this!

MRS. H. L. QUINN, Monterey, Cal.

Patchwork

EDITOR: After reading your article on Bergdorf-Goodman ("Oh, to Be Naked in Bergdorf's—with a Checkbook!", Nov. 17th), I wonder if you would tell me where I could find some of those secondhand goldbrick labels that so help the self-esteem of the wearer.

I have just the right size moth hole in the back of my $49.50 overcoat that I wish to cover—perhaps like some million other Americans.

WILLEY-GAYLE MARTIN, Thomasville, Ga.

Dissent from Harvard

EDITOR: In view of the prominence with which Mr. George Goodman's name is connected with that of Harvard, and because his "exposé" of the Berlin Youth Festival met with a great deal of criticism at his own school, we feel that certain observations dealing with the article I Crashed Stalin's Party (Nov. 10th) are pertinent for inclusion in the columns of your magazine.

Collier's has done no service to the cause of freedom by printing an article containing such obvious facetiousness as is represented by Goodman's "reasons" for attending the conference, and such lack of comprehension as is displayed by his smug closing lines, "In 10 days, I'd received a lasting education—."

His slapdash references to such incidents as the Innsbruck affair, a sorry picture of U.S. Army ineptitude, and his referral to some traditional American folksongs as "songs of an oppressed people" indicate that Mr. Goodman has at best made a superficial examination of the political situation and its contributing factors.

Mr. Goodman had every right to go to Berlin as a self-styled spy. That he wanted to spend the summer in an aura of pulp-fiction excitement to relieve the "tranquil and serene" life at Harvard is understandable if somewhat juvenile. But what did he do either in Berlin or in his article to further the cause of freemen? Did he attempt to tell the other delegates about "the American Way of Life" of which he speaks so flippantly? Did he risk his neck to help some of the delegates escape to the Western zone, as did other anti-Communist youth? Did he make a serious study of the motives which lured his fellow delegates into an acceptance of the Communist line?

On the contrary, his every action served to diminish American effectiveness in the war of ideas. His sophomoric antics have not only jeopardized the welfare and perhaps the lives of East German and Soviet citizens who displayed their friendship toward him, but have made a farce of any serious attempt to neutralize the spurious intellectual appeal of Communism for American youth.

Whereas Mr. Goodman's professed purpose was "to expose the American delegation," he has succeeded only in exposing his own shallow motives—the all-too-transparent impulses of a small-minded publicity seeker fascinated by the prominence given to his every utterance.

ROBERT CHARLES FISHER, '51;
EDWARD TRAFFORD MCCLELLAN, '52;
LEE WHITMAN, JR., '53;
ROBERT H. STEWART, '53;
JOHN BRUCKMANN, '53;
GENE KENNETH EDLIN, '52;
STANLEY GARFINKEL, '52;
JOHN M. GREGG, '52;
ROBERT C. BORNMANN, '52.
Harvard College, Cambridge, Mass.

48 States of Mind

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 5

latest law. There was another guy from the Treasury Department who was asked when Congress would reconvene. He replied: 'Off the record, sometime early in January.' And so, if I run for Congress next year, I will campaign off the record, even on the radio."

★ ★ ★

Have just finished giving three hearty cheers for Dr. Fritz Redl, child psychologist at Wayne University, Detroit, Michigan. The reason for the cheers? Dr. Redl says: "Parents have to devote themselves to approximately eight years of hard work to produce a delinquent child. They have to work hard at it."

★ ★ ★

And our latest philosophical observation from Colonel Dudley (Silent) Haddock, of Sarasota, Florida, is that "lots of people get credit for being well behaved who haven't enough money to be anything else."

★ ★ ★

This item cannot possibly be regarded as either important or significant. Try as we will, we cannot hook it up with the national or international political situation. Nevertheless, Mr. Charles G. Gilson reports from Burlington, Iowa, that there was so much noise at a children's pre-Christmas party he looked in on that a truckload of empty milk cans and another of live ducks collided and overturned just outside and nobody inside heard it.

Girl in Boston, Massachusetts, reported for work not long ago carrying a large box of cigars. She passed them out in the office and naturally was asked how come. Whereat she stuck out the third finger on her left hand, on which was a large and completely genuine diamond. "It's a boy," said she with becoming modesty. "Six feet two, a hundred and ninety-six pounds."

★ ★ ★

We didn't ask him, but Mr. Mel Cass, of Portland, Oregon, decided to tell us anyway. "What's the difference between a dupe and a dope?" he demands. Whereat he helpfully proceeds to answer his own question. "A dupe," explains Mr. Cass, "is a guy who lets you make a fool of him. A dope doesn't need any help."

★ ★ ★

Just thought of a splendid idea about what to do the moment you've finished reading this issue of Collier's. Scurry over to the Red Cross and sign up to donate a precious pint of your blood for the men in our armed forces.

★ ★ ★

Guess that's about all, kiddies. Let's see. Yep, we've bought all our Christmas presents for this year. Got just about enough money left for smokes. And in our current busted state, that reminds us: in the face of rising prices we foresee the early date when we'll be telling one another, "What this country needs is a good five-dollar cigar."

A Quilt for Claudie

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

Mr. Twilley's on his face, so I spoke to him as he came up, and said, "I don't think Santa feels very well. Somebody ought to take his place."

The other floorwalker led Santa over toward the freight elevator, and I went right along with them. Santa was explaining that he had to go on because he needed the ten bucks they were going to pay him, when I spoke up again.

"Tell you what," I said to the other floorwalker, "Santa's got an awful cold, and he needs to go home. I'll finish the day for him. He can take five dollars, I'll take five, and it won't cost Cashman's a cent more—but I want a fresh set of whiskers."

In ten minutes, or fifteen, I was the new Santa Claus. Mr. Twilley had been so busy haunting the clerks over at the other side of the store that he never did know about the change. He didn't recognize me, either, when he came by about noon, because he said, "How's the cold, old fellow?"

I said, looking him right in the eye, "Mr. Twilley, I never felt better in my life."

About two o'clock that afternoon, they gave me an hour's relief for lunch, but I didn't even bother about any food. I got out of my whiskers, red clothes and boots, and went down to the bargain basement where they sold quilts. Right off I found some blue, silky-looking ones that I knew Claudie would take on over, but the price was way too high. I looked through them all until I found one that was a little damaged; it looked rusty on one side, and it had been torn in two places. When the little quilt saleslady agreed to mark it down to $4.98, I said, "Kindly put that one aside for me. I'll take it on the lay-away plan."

IT WAS after eight that night—and the store was going to close at nine—when I saw Claudie come in. He walked right by the place where I had a whole passel of kids telling me what they wanted me to bring them, and, of course, he didn't begin to know who I was.

I supposed that Claudie must have been there to buy me a present, so I watched him as he worked his way through the crowd of last-minute shoppers. He looked over the fountain pens, the silk pajamas, the bathrobes and the leather handbags. Then he sauntered around the perfume counter for a while, and I figured I must have been wrong, after all, about who was going to get this present. He stood there a long time, looking at some big cans of men's talcum powder—something I could use, all right, with no way to take a bath in the trailer house—but I couldn't help thinking that forty-nine cents a can wasn't much for Claudie to put into a Christmas present for me.

He wandered around some more and finally came to light at the men's jewelry counter. He got him a clerk after the longest, and I saw him pay his money. Then he left the store with a little bitty package.

I couldn't see how anything that size could do me much good, but I went right over and found out from the clerk that Claudie had gone and bought me a gold-filled, mother-of-pearl tie clasp and paid $4.98 for it. It was the shape of a beetle, and it worked the way a clothespin does. The more I thought about Claudie buying me that gold-filled tie clasp, the better I felt inside and the more stuff I wanted to promise those kids they'd find in their stockings.

At nine o'clock, the doors were closing, and I was about to go turn in my suit and collect my money when a nice little old man came up to me. He had on a black overcoat with a velvet collar, and he was holding a derby hat in his hand. His hair was thin and white, and he was a little stooped in his walk—all signs of a very old man; but his friendly gray eyes were clear and bright like you see in younger people that have always behaved themselves very well.

"Santa Claus," the old man said in a kind voice, "you must have had a busy day."

"Pretty busy," I told him, "but I'm not much tired. I'm almost sorry it's over." His nice manner seemed to make me want to talk to him, so I added, "Matter of fact, it ain't really over, because it will be some time before I forget all those kids."

I could see what a hit that made with him. He nodded and said, "Tomorrow, I wish you would come to my apartment. You see, every year I have a Santa Claus at my Christmas dinner."

"What's the pay?" I asked. I was for taking him up, being already in the groove on this kind of work.

"It's not for pay," the old man said. "I mean I want you to be my guest."

BUT I thought of Claudie having to eat Christmas dinner all by himself, so I said, "Much obliged, mister. I wish I could, but you see I've got a partner, and I'd better eat with him tomorrow."

"Bring him along," the old gentleman said. "Come to Suite 88B at the Texas Hotel around one o'clock. I'll be expecting both of you." I told him he could count on us, and he left as fast as he had come.

Then it dawned on me what a mess I was about to make of things. Why I hadn't seen it in time I could not tell. I and Claudie couldn't go to Christmas dinner and not take along a present; that was a cinch. But how? My five from the store was going for Claudie's quilt. Claudie was gone, and all the stores would be closed on Christmas Day. Then I knew that Claudie's quilt would have to wait. I rushed down to the basement and unbought the quilt; then I went shopping again for the old man's gift.

The basement clerks were putting things away as fast as they could, so I had to hurry; but I soon found exactly what I was looking for—a beautiful picture in a gold frame with a wire on the back so it could be hung up. From the time I first laid eyes on it I could tell it was just the present I wanted to give that fine old gentleman.

The picture was one of a lady playing a piano and wearing a low-cut dress, but from the way she sat in the picture, you could only see her back, all pink and soft-looking. The piano was one of those flat ones, and on it was a big vase full of flowers in all colors. The price turned out to be only $4.98, and I told them to wrap it up in the red wrapping paper with green holly. I bought it with my pay from Cashman's.

As I went out of the store, carrying the present, I passed Mr. Twilley, that dude that had been walking the floor and raising up his eyebrows all day. He said, "Merry Christmas," like he was saying to everybody that was leaving, so I said, "And Merry Christmas to you, old fellow."

When I got to the trailer house, Claudie was sitting inside with his feet in a pan of steaming hot water. He said he believed he'd got his heels frostbit a little at the stockyards. He seemed downhearted somehow, but when I walked in with that Christmas-wrapped package under my arm, you should have seen the look that came across Claudie's face. Just like a little boy, I thought, as I put the package under my cot.

It was so cold by this time that the only way to get warm was to go to bed. I gave Claudie back all his covers and borrowed an extra blanket for myself from the people in the trailer next to ours. We made it fine during the night, but next morning, after we'd had breakfast, Claudie gave me my present; and there I was, fresh out of any present for Claudie. "Christmas present!" he said as he handed me the little package.

I opened it and looked as surprised as I could. Then I thanked him and said, "Claudie, this is about the prettiest tie clasp I ever saw. I am touched by this more than you think." Claudie just stood there over by the stove, waiting, and I could tell he had already thought up what he was going to say when I gave him his present.

"Claudie," I went on—but I could not look him in the eye—"here's the way it is . . ." and then Claudie wasn't waiting any more for his present. For a man that is baffled by many a strange gate and some ordinary barbed-wire gaps, Claudie is smarter than you'd think about some things. He could tell that all he was going to get was an explanation—something you can't unwrap on Christmas morning.

He pointed under my cot. "What's in that there package?" he wanted to know.

"I was going to tell you about that," I said. "It's a present that I and you will give to the nice old man that has asked us both to Christmas dinner today." Then I told Claudie about the picture of the lady playing the piano, but I did not show it to him, since that would have spoiled the beautiful way it was wrapped.

OUTSIDE the door to Suite 88B, we got all ready to speak a Christmas greeting to the old man, and then I punched the button. The door swung open on a very classy room with several mirrors in it, and just as it opened we heard a clock inside strike one. By the door stood a colored man all dressed up in a stiff white shirt, a dark suit and a black bow tie. I said, "Merry Christmas," and the colored man said the same to us as he took our hats. I decided to leave the Christmas package with him, too, until the time came to give it. The colored man bowed and said, "Come in, gentlemen. Mr. Cashman is waiting for you in the library."

"Mister who?" I asked.

"Mr. Cashman," he said again.

"The one that owns the store?"

"That's right," he answered, with a grin.

When we walked into the library, the gray little old man was standing there alone. He had on the kind of smoking jacket I'd seen those dummy figures wearing the day before in Cashman's show window. There was a fireplace in the library too, like the one in the show window, except that this one had a real fire blazing away in it.

AFTER we'd wished him a merry Christmas, Mr. Cashman wanted to know our full names, where we were born, and a lot of things I wouldn't have thought mattered one whit to him. He was sorry about Claudie's bad cold and glad it wasn't any worse; in fact, he was so dadgummed polite and easy in his way that he made me feel almost used to this much class. When he sat down and said, "Gentlemen, it gives me great pleasure to have you dine with me today," everything was about like that part of the Twenty-third Psalm where it says, "My cup runneth over," and so on.

"It pleasures us also," I told Mr. Cashman, speaking for Claudie too, since by that time Claudie was so flabbergasted that he was just sitting there in a big easy chair, sniffling and swallowing. The colored man brought us gold cups full of eggnog, and Mr. Cashman told us about his annual custom of having the Cashman's Santa Claus in to Christmas dinner. "This is the twenty-first consecutive year I've had this pleasure," he told us.

Claudie was lapping up his eggnog too fast, and I was even hurrying a little with mine to keep him from looking plumb coarse in company that was strictly so top quality, when the doorbell rang.

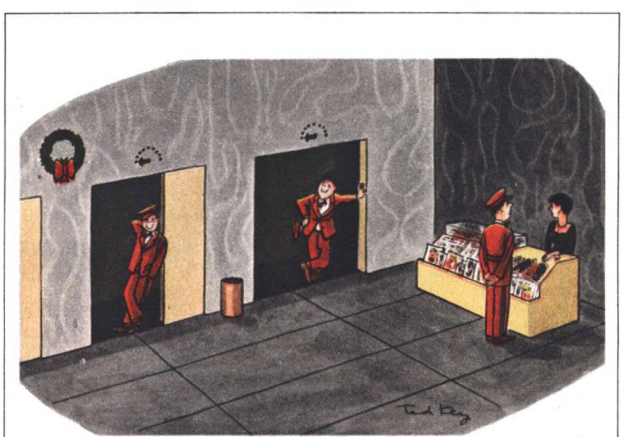
"That's Featherstone Twilley from the store," Mr. Cashman said. "I asked him to join us when I learned he was all alone today."

I looked, and the colored man was bowing that spiffy floorwalker into the library. He was dressed within an inch of his life, and Mr. Cashman introduced him to us. Claudie said he was pleased, and I guess he was; I said I was pleased too, and Mr. Twilley said, "How do you do, I'm sure."

"We're fine," I said, while Mr. Twilley looked at us like a lady in high heels might look at a horse lot she had to walk out of. But he didn't let on that he'd ever seen me before, and, naturally, I didn't let on. He turned and handed Mr. Cashman a box of cigars—Christmas-wrapped—and the old gentleman said they were his favorite brand. Mr. Twilley turned on a cocksure smile that seemed to say he'd rot before he'd produce even one cigar that he didn't already know was Mr. Cashman's favorite brand.

I figured it was time to send Claudie to get our present for Mr. Cashman, and I was about to do it when Mr. Twilley spoke up and said he simply couldn't wait to see Mr. Cashman's new Van Gogh. Claudie, who hardly knew what was going on, said, yes, he'd like to see it too. So Mr. Cashman led us into the living room, where some fresh eggnogs were served to us all.

Now that library had about everything I reckoned a room ought to have, with soft, plushy furniture all around to sit on, or in; with hundreds of books in shelves; and several pictures on the wall showing people in red coats on horseback; and over in one corner a marble statue of a woman without a stitch of clothes on. But the living room Mr. Cashman showed us was enough to make the library look downright dinky.



COLLIER'S "Lot of office parties this year" TED KEY

All four walls were lined with pictures, since, as it turned out, Mr. Cashman was a sort of an art collector on the side.

He had some very plain-looking religious pictures, and they were so old that the paint was all cracked on them. I remember, too, he showed us one of a beautiful English woman in a big hat, painted, he told us, by a fellow named George Romney. Then there was a country scene that was lit up by a little light built into the frame at the bottom, and the animals and people in it looked so real you'd have expected them to move about any minute. When Mr. Cashman told me and Claudie he'd paid eighty-five thousand dollars for another picture he showed us, I told him I thought it was worth every cent of it.

All the time Mr. Cashman was showing us around, Mr. Twilley was standing in front of a picture that I figured was about the poorest of the lot—one of a dreary-looking woman who looked like she'd had smallpox most of her life and liver trouble the rest. It turned out to be the picture drawn by the artist named Van Gogh, and Mr. Twilley was liking it so all-fired much that he seemed a little stunned. I mean he was slobbering over the picture and bragging on Mr. Cashman's taste in art, and the old man was eating it up. Mr. Twilley turned to me and said, "And do you not think it is superior, Mr. Hightower?"

Now I did not want to run down Mr. Cashman's new picture, but I wasn't about to agree with that floorwalker, so I said, "I can't tell how good it is, Mr. Twilley, since I never saw the person it is a picture of." Claudie nodded his head so as to agree with me. Mr. Cashman added that he could understand my point of view.

As we wandered around the living room, listening to Mr. Twilley drool over the pictures, I got to wondering where Mr. Cashman was going to put the picture of the woman playing the piano when we gave it to him; also, I wondered when the right time would come to let him unwrap it. I found this had been bothering Claudie, too, because when we were about to go into the dining room to eat, he pulled me off to one side and asked, "Hadn't we ought to give Mr. Cashman his present before we've et?"

"Not right now, Claudie," I told him.

WELL, we found that Mr. Cashman had some of the prettiest pictures of all in the dining room, and while we ate turkey, turkey dressing and cranberry sauce from enough plates to take care of a dozen people, Mr. Cashman told us about these other pictures. Some of them were painted in European countries several hundred years ago, he said, and Claudie allowed they were in pretty good shape to be so old.

Mr. Twilley was showing off how much he knew, when Claudie blurted out a question. "You haven't got any picture of a woman playing a piano, have you, Mr. Cashman?"

"I don't believe I have," he answered, and I stung Claudie with a stony look that kept him from going on.

As soon as the meal was over, we all went back into the library, where the colored man brought in a big tray, and on it was a silver pitcher with a long spout and several little saucers with cups no bigger than thimbles. Mr. Cashman, himself, poured us out little dabs of black coffee, and Claudie, whose hands are bigger than my feet, looked pretty funny holding his saucer up and pouring coffee in it. But he was never one to drink coffee that hadn't been saucered and blown first, and this time Claudie made it without spilling a single drop.

Mr. Cashman opened up the cigar box Mr. Twilley had brought him and passed it around. He asked Claudie to take two if he liked the brand, and Claudie took two while Mr. Twilley sat there looking like a poisoned puppy. Myself, I wanted to take two, but my manners got the best of me.

After we'd smoked a while and listened to Mr. Twilley brag on Cashman's Store, Mr. Cashman himself, and the Cashman art collection, I noticed the old gentleman yawn a couple of times—very polite yawns, though, with his pale hands held up to his mouth. There was a feel of about-time-to-go in the air, but still we had not given Mr. Cashman his present, and still it did not seem to be the right time to do it. I was worrying about this when Claudie said, "Mr. Cashman, we brung you a present."

"That's very thoughtful, gentlemen," Mr. Cashman said. "You needn't have, I assure you; but I am very grateful."

Claudie went into the little anteroom and brought back the present, still Christmas-wrapped and all. He handed it to Mr. Cashman, who stood up to take it. Claudie stood there beside him as he snipped the ribbons with silver scissors, and Mr. Twilley looked on from the red plush chair where he was sitting by the fireplace. His eyebrows were high, wide and handsome.

Poor Claudie, I thought; wait until that $4.98 picture is sprung on Mr. Cashman—a man that is used to paying eighty-five thousand dollars for pictures.

BUT it didn't work out that way at all. When Mr. Cashman saw the picture, his eyes brightened up the way they must have a long, long time before over his first Teddy bear. He said, "Gentlemen, this is a beautiful picture. It is just as I told you a little while ago; I did not have a picture of a lady playing a piano. I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

I knew Mr. Cashman must have been putting on an act, but when I looked at Claudie I could tell it was an act that was good enough for him—and then some. Claudie was grinning from one end of his long face to the other, and the whole thing started getting next to me, myself, as we stood there in the nice warm library with the weather so cold and raw outside. I forgot all about Mr. Twilley as I remembered some scripture about it being more blessed to give than to receive, and I knew I'd a damn' sight rather feel the way I did than the way I'd have felt if I hadn't received anything out of it personally except the same picture of the lady playing the piano.

I noticed the colored man was bringing Mr. Twilley his hat and coat and gloves, so I told Mr. Cashman we'd better be going ourselves. He said, "Gentlemen, this has been a very happy Christmas."

"Thank you, Mr. Cashman," Mr. Twilley spoke up. "It has been my pleasure, I am sure."

Then Mr. Cashman spoke to me and Claudie and said, "Before you go, I should like to do something for you so that you will always know how much your visit has meant to me."

"Oh, no," Claudie said, "we won't never forget it nohow."

"But, nevertheless," Mr. Cashman went on, while the colored man brought us our hats, "after all, I am established, and so is Featherstone. Yet I can tell that you gentlemen have not until now had the full measure of your success. Is there not something that I can do for you?"

"Well—" I said, and I knew I did not want to argue much more with Mr. Cashman. I looked at Mr. Twilley, who was still hanging around to see how it was coming out, and Mr. Cashman went on, "Remember, it is my sincere desire to do something for you and Claudie."

Claudie said he believed he'd like another cigar, and while Mr. Cashman was trying to talk him into taking two, I was looking down at my mother-of-pearl tie clasp and thinking. Then Mr. Cashman turned to me and said, "And you, Mr. Hightower?"

"Mr. Cashman," I said, "I believe I'd like to open up a charge account at your store. A five-dollar account will do, I expect."

"Certainly," he answered, and he turned to Mr. Twilley. "Featherstone," he said, "you will see to it that this account is opened first thing in the morning."

"Yes," I added, speaking to Mr. Twilley, "First thing in the morning, old fellow."

Then I and Claudie said good-by and left the warm place behind the door marked 88B. THE END

CHEF

By MARTHA BLANCHARD

Listen to Me, Michael

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

had to laugh. Or something they could talk out together, then forget. That was the way it was bound to be when things were fundamentally good between two people.

Michael exploded into the dark: "What is this, anyway—the silent treatment? I saw all that stuff in the icebox, and I'm sorry I phoned so late, but I'm getting less sorry every minute."

Well, at least he was reacting. She smiled into her pillow and considered sitting up in bed, holding her arms out to him. But it was too soon, too easy. Afterward there would still be the long lines in the grocery, the door handles he had been promising for weeks to fix, the bills lying unopened and unpaid in his desk drawer, the cigarette box he kept emptying and never refilling. *Darling Claire*, it had been at first, *let me do it for you!* Now it was *Good old Claire, efficient Claire, let Claire do it.* He was an irresponsible child, a fickle child moving on to new challenges, like Vera.

"I wanted to come right home," he said more gently into the dark. "I wanted to tell you about Stafford."

PEOPLE did what they wanted to, so that was silly. Nothing could have kept him away at first, but since his promotion it had been—how many?—three nights working late, and now dinner, too, with Vera.

"You might at least have warned me," she said. "There are plenty of people I could have done things with tonight if I'd known soon enough." She began listing them mentally in case he challenged her.

"I know, Claire. I should have phoned the minute the idea occurred to me. I will next time." She heard him suck up a big yawn; then her mattress jiggled as he patted the edge of it.

"I'm not your housekeeper, you know," she said bitterly.

"I should hope not!" His voice was muffled by the covers but still contrite. "Next time I'll let you know right away, hon." He jiggled her mattress again. "Night!"

Next time! She turned over noisily so he could see her face in the half-dark and be able to tell that her eyes were no more closed than the discussion. But the room was silent. He thought he had made everything right and now he was going to sleep!

She turned over on her stomach and propped herself on her elbows so he would know, if he opened his eyes, that she wasn't asleep. The room was cold, cold, and she hoped she would sneeze soon. Maybe get pneumonia. She began to cry, and didn't want to stop. She could hear the orchestra playing in the rooftop restaurant where Michael and Vera sat smiling at each other over a vase with three lovely roses . . . She could hear it and see it from the basement way down below, where she sat huddled, peeling potatoes for their dinner. She was crying now, really crying, aching for herself, and saying oh no, oh no, inside.

He raised his head at last, sleepy and curious. "What's the matter, Claire? Why are you lying like that?"

"Nothing's the matter. Nothing at all." She was a casualty at a city curb, and he was only a curious, titillated passer-by.

"Yes there is." His covers rustled and then he was feeling the side of her face. "You've been crying! Why? Don't you feel well, honey? It's not anything I did, is it? Surely not! I said how sorry I was about the dinner and everything. Next time, I'll—"

"Damn the dinner!" she said drearily into her pillow.

"Then what is it?" he repeated, taking his hand away.

"You wouldn't understand. Go back to bed. I'll get over it."

"Claire, be reasonable! I want to know what I've done. It *is* something I've done, of course. It always is."

"You poor martyr, you!" She matched the acid in his tone.

"I didn't mean to sound that way but I can't talk sense until you do." She saw the light of a match and then the fiery end of a cigarette. "So I asked my secretary to dinner tonight to show her I was grateful. Then I came straight home to find you'd gone out. Now here you are acting the wife about something. About what? Let's discuss it, Claire. I admit that I wasn't very considerate about telephoning, but—"

SISTER

COLLIER'S

"Is there any point in asking Santa for one of these?"

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

"And just when are you considerate about anything, ever?" Claire sat up in bed. Her head throbbed, and she put her hands to it.

"Well, consideration isn't my long suit, I confess."

"You confess, you confess! You're always so ready to confess, to talk and talk! But let there be something to *do!*" The cold air swirled around her, and she crossed her arms on her breast.

"What is it you want me to do, Claire?" His voice was quiet. "What exactly do you want me to be? Just what are the specifications?"

"I want you to carry your weight more, that's what I want. Fix door handles when they need it, stop staining our tables with your beer cans, tend to bills . . ." She couldn't remember what else, so she waited.

IT WAS a long time before he spoke. Then at last, he said quietly, "I'll try to be better about that. It must be the new job making me so thoughtless."

There he was, conceding defensively again, taking the starch out of her indignation.

"You're like a child, Michael!" she flung at him.

"Oh? And why, exactly?"

"Because you dance about, being charming and letting the other fellow do the dirty work, pick up after you, tend to your background—"

"Just how many apologies do you want for tonight, Claire? Shall I get down on my knees? Perhaps if *you'd* let someone do things for you occasionally and didn't always act so competent—"

"I haven't fixed the handles or paid the bills, have I? And they're still waiting."

"Maybe they are, but I've stopped running that race with you. I thought it was one you liked to win, so I've been letting you."

She wanted to hit out at something, and the violence of the feeling frightened her. Then she wanted to crumple up and cry "Oh, Michael," and creep close to him to stop herself from going on. Perhaps you could go too far, even with safe, sane Michael. Overstep some boundary and never find your way back. "You're forgetful like a child, too," she said. The blinds chattered as a gust of wind caught them.

He stubbed out his cigarette calmly, as if he had known she would go on. "I suppose you mean the roses I forgot. I expected you to throw those up to me someday. You were much too gracious at the time."

She tipped back her head to hide the hurt and watched a car light move across the ceiling. "Those, yes, though you may remember they were your idea in the beginning. And all the letters you *didn't* write from Boston. And all the nights you've worked late." She laughed airily, but somehow it just sounded theatrical. "By the time we're middle-aged, you'll be playing poker with the boys nights, and I'll be playing bridge with the girls. Just another bad-joke marriage."

His hand touched her arm. "Do you want it that way, Claire? God knows I don't."

She wouldn't go too far. She would stop as soon as Michael— As soon as he what? "Oh, it shouldn't be too painful. We'll meet occasionally, coming in or going out, and nod hello. You'll find plenty of other people to feed you attention and admiration."

"What other people?"

"Oh, lots of others, I'm sure. Vera for one."

"So! So it *is* Vera!" He stood up, took his dressing gown from the foot of his bed, and fought his way into it. Why didn't he close the window if he was cold? She smiled at his witlessness.

"What's Vera to me?" He walked up and down between the beds.

"I'm hardly the one to ask."

"Claire, this is the damnedest rot I ever heard." He stopped walking, and looked down at her. "How long have you been cooking it up?"

"I didn't have to. It came all prepackaged, like—like poppy-seed rolls." The analogy pleased her and she tried to think of another.

He threw himself on his bed, then lay back, his arms crossed under his head. There was a long silence. His bare feet stuck out from his pajamas, white and bony in the dark and she wondered how he would take it if she reached over and tickled them. She would tell him she'd thought of it when this was over, and they would laugh about it.

"It's rot, Claire—utter, utter rot," he said finally. The words drifted up toward the ceiling and back down, comfortingly, to her. "But there's a grain of truth in it, I suppose."

The words dangled from little white parachutes in the cold air above her head, refusing to come down where they belonged.

"Perhaps I *have* taken a certain interest in Vera lately." He spoke very slowly, as if he were feeling his way, as if accuracy were something to reach out and touch, and she had time to marvel as the words swayed back and forth above her. "I want to be completely honest, the way we've always been with each other."

THE words began their descent now, and she flung her head from side to side on the pillow. They were words in the darkness—she must remember that—words without a safe, familiar face to watch so you could qualify them properly and adjust the emphasis. The thing to do was keep moving so they couldn't land.

"She's nothing to me, really; she couldn't be—just a bit of fluff who chews gum and picks her nail polish—but I suppose I *have* rather shown off for her, played the junior executive."

She reached out to the night table for a cigarette and match, but she fumbled helplessly with them at first.

"Of course, saying things can put them out of all proportion, and when you're not even sure yourself, inside, of the proportion . . ."

It was all nonsense, all nonsense to be waited through, like taking a pill and waiting for the pain to stop.

"You understand how really trivial this is, don't you, Claire? That I'm exaggerating it to be perfectly honest?"

"Honesty is—" She must keep talking. Nothing could be serious if you stayed conversational. The best policy? No, that wasn't what she wanted to say—"is sometimes vastly overrated."

"Maybe, but you wouldn't want me to be dishonest. Though that's not at all the right word. It makes the whole thing sound too—"

"Let's not peel and shred, Michael." Her voice took over for her, and she was grateful to it. "You've found someone else."

"Claire, it's not that! You should know better! I counted on you to understand! It's just a nebulous little feeling."

"What kind of feeling?" She had gone too far through the mountain pass and she would never find her way back now.

"Oh, it's nothing as dignified as a feeling, really. Just that sort of awareness. You know what I mean."

"No, I don't know."

"Ssh, Claire, not so loud. Of course you know. You must have felt that way occasionally about other men."

"No I haven't. I couldn't. I couldn't!" She hadn't, had she?

"Claire darling, don't you hear yourself?

These walls are like paper. Surely you felt a little alerted when old Winthrop gave you the grand rush. Nothing serious, just a twinge of flattery and wanting not to stop it all right away. Didn't you, honestly now?"

"No, never. Never, damn it!" How had she landed here on this tiny ice floe in the middle of black water, alone, shivering?

"Well, anyway, that's what I mean about Vera, and it doesn't amount to a thing. It's just that she lets me do things for her sometimes, makes me feel significant somehow—self-important is the right word, I guess. It's nothing to what you and I have together! Why, you know, Claire, sometimes I feel that you're my gilt-edged bond, that I've put three years of my life into something that's yielding compound interest, and—"

"Listen to *me*, Michael Weston!"

"Ssh, ssh, darling. Please shush. The people under us—"

"Don't you shush me!" She grabbed at the bedcovers to steady her voice. "I'll *scream*—do you hear me?—scream if I want to. I hate you—you and your dirty awareness."

"Claire, Claire, please be quiet!" He was beside her on the bed, his hands tight on her shoulders.

"You can have your Vera and be damned!" That wasn't her voice, shrill and brittle, rattling the windows, bouncing off the walls. Not hers. "And I will not shush! I hate the sight of you and the sound! You're cruel, egotistical—and I hate myself. For being so small. Just hate myself! Oh, Michael."

He caught her to him and pressed her head into his neck. Her sobs beat against them both.

"Oh, Claire, Claire dear," he whispered. He took the cigarette from her shaking fingers; then he hugged her hard. The sobs of shame and fright wouldn't stop. She fought against them but they kept coming.

She raised her head and took a shivering breath, then another. "Did anyone, Michael—?" He caught her closer and pressed his cheek against hers. "Did anyone—do you think—hear me?"

"I don't think so. Maybe just a 'damn' or two, and I had those coming." She felt him shake his head. "What an ass I was! What a prize ass—and a talking one, at that!"

She tried to move her cheek comfortingly against his, but it was sticky with tears.

His voice was hot and harsh in her ears now. "Don't ever hate yourself for screaming at me, Claire. I need you to jolt me sometimes. I'm not grown up yet. You were right about that. Just the way I could talk on and on tonight about nothing, nothing at all, a dumb little girl named Vera. It was like a C movie the way I talked—about that genuine. Did you *hear* me? Sometimes I wonder when I'll stop playing the juvenile lead. And you said you hated *yourself!*" His hand tightened roughly on the back of her neck until she felt lightheaded.

"Once, once when we were right in the middle of it all, I felt like tickling your feet, Michael."

He laughed a little wildly. "Did you? I wish you had."

"I wanted to. Lots of times I want—oh, to be foolish like that, tell you how much I need you, and let you do things for me."

"I know you do." He rocked her slowly from side to side.

"But it's hard."

SOMEDAY she would tell him why it was, if she could—why leaning looked so risky when you were unpracticed and had never tested your full weight. But it hardly mattered now. All that mattered was that he had brought her back from an ice floe and she was warm again and safe. And she needed a handkerchief terribly. She brushed the tip of her nose against his pajama collar.

"What do you think you're doing? No, sir. Not on my pajamas!"

"I'd better get some Kleenex then." She tried to untangle the covers but he pinned them down around her.

"I'll get it. And you'll lie right here and let me."

A rough squeeze and he was gone. But not far—only to the bathroom for a box of Kleenex. Michael, bringing her a Kleenex so she could blow her nose. Michael, beloved, balanced Michael. She had tested her full weight and he had taken it. There was nothing to leaning after all. He hadn't even stumbled. Except over her slippers.

Those. In a minute now he would stumble over them again in the dark and cry out "Damn your slippers." She really must remember to kick them under the bed next time. But tonight, oh, let him stumble. Serve him right this once, him and his awareness. She dusted her nose with the sheet and laughed out loud.

"What's up?" he called from the bathroom.

"Oh, nothing. I'm just laughing. Hurry up. I want to hear all about Stafford now—what he said, what you said. Right from the beginning!" THE END

"In case anybody's interested, I always tip twenty per cent!"

COLLIER'S KIRK

The Twisted Hand

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

shone like his shoes, and there was a beading of sweat on his forehead.

"Miss Clear'? Mr. Dundero. You tell me where I find my son, Nick?"

"What?" The singing had broken off, and she was aware that through the class there was a sharp intake of breaths, a hissing of whispers; then stillness came down, an air of fright.

"You tell me where my son is, I give you two hundred dollar."

In anger she jumped to her feet. "Say, who do you think you *are?* What do you mean by bursting into this classroom? Do you have a pass from the principal's office?"

"I am Mr. Dundero! I want my son, Nick! You tell me where he is! You know where! You tell me!" The bluster, the shout, turned into a desperate plea. "Please, teach', I do not make trouble. My car is outside. You come, you bring me to my son, I give you t'ree hundred, four hundred dollar."

Her head swam. "You get out of here!" she cried.

"Five hundred. Whatever you want! *Please!* We are going away. Sailing for Italy. I cannot go without my son. You tell me where he is!"

"If it was the last thing I did, I wouldn't tell you! Now you get out of this room and *stay* out before I call someone and have you arrested!"

His lips drew back from his teeth; his eyes stared out of his head. Holding himself in check by what seemed a tremendous effort, he turned suddenly and rushed out of the room. The class sat in shocked, frozen silence; then, as the tension relaxed, the hissing whispers began again: "The Twisted Hand! That was the Twisted *Hand!"*

"What do you— What's all this nonsense about twisted hands?" Only then as she spoke did she realize that all the while he was in the room, Mr. Dundero had held one clawlike hand bent up against his chest as if it were paralyzed.

At first no one answered her question. Rows of young, closed-up faces looked back at her. Finally, with hesitation, one of the boys said, "He's a—he's a tough guy. You wanna watch out for him, Miss Cleary."

Then instinctively she knew, and her knees began to tremble. All that she feared and hated most in the neighborhood had walked into her classroom. She felt that it was important, however, not to display the slightest trace of fear before the pupils. "If there's any 'watching out' to be done," she said, "*he'd* better be the one to do it. We'll go on with the lesson." She rapped with the pointer. "'O beautiful for spacious skies . . .'"

THE following Sunday night, Mr. Dundero was shot to death a block away from his house. Considering the wild excitement, the rumors and conflicting stories that ran all through the school the next morning, the accounts in the newspapers were surprisingly small. When Marion walked into the teachers' room a little before nine, Charley Washburn, the math teacher, was reading aloud from one: "'Early today, police discovered the body of Dominic Dundero, forty-nine, a small-time gambler and racketeer known locally as the Twisted Hand—'"

"What's all this about the Twisted Hand?" She smiled; she thought Charley was making it up, but when she heard what had happened, the color, all the vitality drained out of her face, leaving it gray-white and horrified. "My God!" she whispered. "He must have been telling the truth about trying to get away! And I threw him out of the classroom! If I had only told him where Nick was, the whole family might be on their way to Italy by now!"

The bell rang just then, and they had to hurry to their classrooms. At the first recess, Marion ran downstairs, telephoned the golf club, and found that no one there knew a Nick Dundero. Was there a Nick there at all, she asked, a new caddy? He had left that morning? Said that he was needed at home? "Thank you," she said, and hung up.

Around four that afternoon, when she left the school and started to get into her car, Nick ran out of an alley where he had been waiting for her. They sat in the car and talked till almost six o'clock. Yes, he said, he had read that morning of his father's murder—he didn't use the word "death"; it was always "murder"—and he had come rushing home.

Marion told him of his father's appearance in the classroom, but Nick hardly listened. He was keyed up, cracking his knuckles, staring straight ahead.

"I'm gonna get the guys that did that." His knuckles again made that cracking sound. "I know who they are, too. They won't get away with this."

Marion could see that something deep in his blood had come to the surface and was lashing him, the oldest son, to avenge his father's murder. He seemed suddenly to be a stranger to her, one far older than sixteen.

Trembling, he cried out, "I swear to God, I'll get revenge if it kills me!"

"Nick! Don't even *talk* like that! It sends shivers down my back! If you think you know who did it, you should go to the police and—"

"No!" He turned from her roughly. "I'll do this my own way."

"I'll go to the police with you," Marion offered.

"No!"

She reasoned and pleaded with him, but he would not confide in her. Finally he told her that he knew nothing, that he had been making the whole thing up. She sat back, relieved. "Nick, try to look at it this way: you're the man of the family now, and your mother will be depending on you to help out with the others. Whatever way you go, they'll go. There are only a few weeks left before graduation, so come on back to us. Let us help you. I'll see your other teachers and do everything I can to get you through your exams. I'll work with you in the afternoons. Nick, are you listening to me at all?"

"Yes, I'm listenin', Miss Cleary."

When he stepped out of the car to leave her, he seemed calmer; he was promising to come back to school and get his diploma. Standing on the sidewalk, he bent his head down into the car window. "I'll say good-by for now, Miss Cleary, and—thanks for everything. You were swell to me." She was surprised to see tears in his eyes. "Swell. I—I appreciate it." He turned quickly and walked away.

BUT a week after his father's funeral, he still had not come back to school. Somewhere he had got hold of a gun, and, late at night, firing at someone, he was himself shot down and killed in one of the narrow back alleys of the neighborhood.

Three of the teachers went down with Marion to the wake. The house was on a rather run-down side street, but the outside of it had been extensively remodeled: the original stucco had been covered over with red brick, a high stoop with crouching white-stone lions had been added, and a tall brick wall with black iron gates surrounded the place. It looked prosperous but fortresslike. A crape with a spray of white flowers hung beside the door.

Inside, it was difficult to see what the house was like because of the enormous banks of flowers and the black drapery swathing the windows and mirrors. The men among the mourners appeared sinister, waiting for something, casting sharp glances about them. Sebastian Dundero was there, acting once more as interpreter, with no sign of emotion on his pale, neat, intelligent face. He shook hands with the teachers as they entered, then excused himself politely and left them with his Uncle Vergil, a thin, studious-looking man in his late sixties.

Yes, Uncle Vergil sighed as they gazed down at Nick's body, it was a great shame. "First the father, now Nick. Nick too young for this." Uncle Vergil was an educated man, but he was not at home in the English language, and when he sat down with them on the little folding chairs, he spoke, oddly enough, not so much of Nick as of Sebastian, telling them that Sebastian had always been the father's favorite. Mr. Dundero, he explained, had set aside a sum of money for Sebastian's education. Sebastian was to finish high school in a military academy, to go to college here, and then to medical school in Rome. "Sebastian already the leader—ahead all his class. Even now, every day I teach him his Latin. Sebastian good boy, very smart, very smart."

Sebastian returned, his manner formal as he brought his mother through the room to meet Marion. Mrs. Dundero was a small, worn, gray-haired woman, down whose pale cheeks tears had already left reddish-brown furrows. In broken English, she tried to thank Marion for the interest she had taken in Nick. At one point, she bent down to kiss Marion's hands, saying: "Good Teach' good. Friend my Nick. He tell me." Her tears started to flow faster. "Nick good boy. Teach', he good boy! My Nick! Where is my Nick?"

A few more men had come in as if to report to the others, and there was an air of furtiveness, of foreboding, of revenge being planned. The teachers remained only a short while, then got up to leave. "Thank you," said Sebastian, taking his place at the door. "Thank you. Thank you, Miss Cleary."

Outside in the twilight, the spring air was fresh on their faces. Coming down the stoop, Charley Washburn turned to take Marion's arm, and said, "God, to see that sixteen-year-old boy lying there— It makes you feel as though the whole thing's a losing proposition. We do the best we can, and it's hopeless."

Drying her eyes, Marion looked down onto the street, where some boys from the school were passing on their way home, tossing their books from one to the other, and she said, "Yes, most likely it is, but I can't help it; I'm still going to go on trying with them."

THREE years later when Sebastian Dundero came into Marion's class, he made no attempt to trade on past acquaintanceship. He was a good if not brilliant student, and seldom had anything to say to his teachers. A composition in English at the beginning of the term told that he intended to become a doctor. He had not the voice Nick had; he had none of the color, the violence, the warmth, or the humor. He was better dressed than most of the students, and there was a quiet, self-reliant, offhand way about him. Playing handball, or on the basketball court, he was aggressive and competent. His eyes were attentive and brown, and, without being too striking, his features were symmetrical, his coloring fair rather than dark.

Though he appeared to have no close friends at school, he seemed perfectly adjusted, with no need or desire for anyone to help him. It came therefore as a shock to Marion, halfway through the term to discover that the face he presented to the world was a smooth mask and that behind it he was a mass of conflicts. In one month all his marks fell; in a mathematics examination, he turned in a blank paper.

As his official teacher, in charge of making out his report cards, Marion kept him after class and asked him what was happening. She sat at her desk, and he stood beside it, looking at her. "This business," she said, "of turning in a perfectly blank paper— Surely you could have done some of the problems, or at least *tried*. There must be some reason for this sudden change."

His eyes, liquid and unreadable, did not leave hers, but a flush came up over his face. "I got a right to do what I want," he finally said in a low voice.

"Well, is this what you want to do? Fail in all your studies?"

There was a long pause. He seemed to have gone breathless, and the explanation, long pent-up, came all in a rush. "I'm sick

of being pushed, having everyone tell me what to do! I don't want to be any doctor; I just want to hang around with the guys. But my uncle is always telling me: 'No! No!' No to everything! I'm sick of going home, studying every day. I'm not going to do it any more!" The flush darkened in his face; at that moment, balky and defensive, he looked like his brother Nick. "I'm not going to any military school, or college either!"

"But why, Sebastian? What's happened to you?"

"Because it's no use! Everyone there will know about my—about my father and brother," he said, choking a little over the words. "They'll know I won't belong there with them. And I know what they'll be saying: 'Guinea gangster!' "

"No! Sebastian, I don't believe that for a moment! Really, you have the thing all wrong! To begin with, once you're away from here, out of this neighborhood, no one will know a thing about your father or—"

"But don't you think *I'll* know, that *I'll* remember?"

"What? That you had a brother like Nick? Is there anything to be ashamed of in that? I only wish you knew how much I thought of him!" At the memory of Nick standing exactly where Sebastian now was, offering her a tawdry pearl-and-wire pin, tears swam into her eyes. "As for your father, I don't know, I don't judge him. But I do know this: you mustn't be ashamed of him. He thought the world of you. He didn't want you or Nick to be any part of the life he had. You especially! He planned and saved for you to lift yourself above it, and that was admirable of him! Admirable! I admire him, I respect him for that!"

Sebastian gave her a quick, startled glance. That concept of his father was new to him, and through that, she began to reach him. It required a week of such after-school conversations before he gave in and went back to his studies, but the warm friendship that she had enjoyed with Nick never grew up between them. She did not care about that: it was his future, and the thought of snatching him from the neighborhood, that mattered to her.

Sebastian Dundero graduated that June with second honors. He was not present for the exercises. The book, Lives of the Great Italian Composers, which was to have been Marion's present to him, remained in her locker.

IT WAS not long before there were rumblings and complaints in the teachers' room about the first cousin, Joseph Scalzo, a throwback, it was said, to Nick Dundero, though fortunately on a somewhat lesser scale. With Joseph Scalzo, it was more a matter of noisiness, inattention, signing his own report cards and staying away from school for a day or two at a time. In the meanwhile, Sebastian Dundero was said to be doing brilliantly in the military academy. He had joined the debating society, and Marion saw a picture of him once, taken with the academy's basketball team. She clipped it out of the newspaper and thumbtacked it to the bulletin board in her classroom with his name underlined in red pencil, and a proud arrow pointing to his figure.

He came up to the school one Friday afternoon to see the principal about his young cousin, and one of the teachers, who happened to be in the office at the time, rushed up to tell the others, tremendously impressed. "Why, I would never have known who it was until Mr. Drew mentioned his name. He's grown so tall! And handsome enough to be a movie actor. You'd never dream he came from that awful gangster family. He's a perfect gentleman!"

Marion, though deeply gratified, was a little hurt to think he'd come to the school without even asking to see her, but all she said was: "Well, I'm glad there's one in that family who'll turn out all right. It'll make up to some extent for what happened to his father and brother."

He went on to college the following autumn. . . .

Sometimes, on a nice day, if there was a lot to talk over, Marion and the art teacher, Alice Kemp, took the "long way" going to the subway, and that brought them past the Dundero house. Age was setting in on it, but in the late afternoons it was still vaguely fortresslike and mysterious. They never knew how many people —cousins and uncles and aunts—lived in it; Uncle Vergil, they knew, had died. Once, through the black iron gates, they caught a glimpse of Mrs. Dundero, small, mournful, bareheaded, sweeping autumn leaves from the path; another time they saw Sebastian, home from college for the week end, leading his young cousin, Joseph Scalzo, up the stoop by one ear.

THEN, the following spring, on a mild March day, Marion and Alice Kemp were walking along the avenue, and outside the poolroom they saw a long, handsome car with a young man lounging at the wheel.

"Wasn't that Sebastian Dundero?" Marion asked after they had gone a few steps past the car. She turned back and said, "Aren't you Sebastian Dundero?"

Alice Kemp had walked on a few paces, feeling sure Marion had made a mistake, for the young man had looked suspicious or evasive; he had slumped down as they came abreast of him, and had turned his face away. As Alice Kemp waited, two young men, older than the car's occupant, dressed in suits with exaggerated shoulders, dark shirts and pale ties, came quickly out of the poolroom, got into the back seat of the car, and it drove away, leaving Marion astonished at the curb.

"It was!" Marion exclaimed, catching up to her friend. "But he acted so strange—almost as if he didn't want to speak to me! I was only trying to be pleasant, you know, and I said, 'What are you doing home from college?' and he said, 'I quit a month ago.' Then he seemed to get mad at me. He said, 'I found out I was right—I *couldn't* forget; I belong back here!' Then those two toughs came out and told him to get going." She walked along, seriously disturbed. "I can't understand it! He was doing so well! It's just like what happened that time he was in class! I think I'll write him a note and ask him to stop by and see me."

The note was written but never answered. Two weeks passed, and in a resurgence of gang warfare, Sebastian Dundero was shot and killed, his body found lying face down against the curb in one of the streets of the neighborhood.

The next morning before class, Marion came along the hall, her heels clicking rapidly. She walked into the teachers' room and gave them all such a cheerful good morning that for a stunned moment they thought she had not heard of Sebastian's death. There was, however, something strained and off key about her manner, and she looked ill.

"You mean about Sebastian Dundero?" she asked one of the older teachers. "Yes, I saw it in the paper. Wasn't that awful? Oh, and listen, everyone, did you see that Mary Prince is getting married? Isn't that the wildest thing you ever heard of? Will you ever forget how we used to laugh when she first came here to teach . . ." Her voice went on talking and talking; she didn't refer to Sebastian Dundero again.

Charley Washburn asked her the following day if she were going down to the wake. "Me?" she said, as if in surprise. "I should say not! I wouldn't think of it!" She was putting on her coat to go home. "So far as that goes," she added, giving them their cue, "I'd be just as glad if I never heard that name again for the rest of my life."

From that time on, she changed. The buoyancy left her; the lights went out behind her eyes. A pinch developed somewhere in her features, and her coloring brightened and dried out. She complained of headaches, of feeling tired; pleading that excuse, she gradually gave up all her extracurricular activities at the school.

"It was a lot of bother, and it's not appreciated," she confided to Alice Kemp. "Besides, you can't do anything with these kids. They're shiftless and lazy. They annoy me." She mentioned the Dunderos only by indirection. "I learned my lesson, and from now on I'm just going to go through the motions and pick up my pay check. I'll let someone else do the worrying." . . .

"Hark, how the sailor's cry
Joyously echoes nigh:
Sa-an-ta-a Lu-u-ci-a,
San-ta Lucia!"

Finishing the song, the class looked up at her, but, without comment on their performance, she merely said: "Next page. Funiculi-Funicula. I'll give you the notes." She sat lost, dully waiting till the bell rang for the end of class; then she said, completing another day, "All right, pass the books across, line up, and go." The last one out of the room was Joseph Scalzo. "Here. You," she said. "I want you to take back—whatever this is. I don't accept gifts from my pupils."

Confused, slovenly, with wild spouting hair and two straight blue lines beside the corners of his mouth where he had drawn an inked ruler through it, he came toward her, scarlet-faced, to take back his gift. When he was near her, he tried again. "Miss Cleary—*you* know who I am: Nick's cousin! Nick and Sebastian—?"

"You shouldn't be spending your money like that," she said, cutting across his plea.

"It didn't cost nuthin'," he mumbled, taking back the wrapped handkerchief and turning away.

"It didn't cost *anything!*" she snapped. He swung around, surprised, and something dropped out of the tissue paper with a light clatter. Looking down at the floor, she saw the pearl-and-wire pin with *To Marion* spelled out on it. She felt her face go hot. "Where did you get that?" she asked angrily.

"From—from my aunt. She give it to me for you. So you'd know who I am. She said you'd know." Hesitantly, he placed the pin on her desk.

MARION sat down abruptly. The Twisted Hand. This was another hand, reaching out to her, asking her to try again with this, the least promising member of the family. She shielded her eyes while she said to herself: It isn't fair! I can't be expected— I do my job, I teach them.

But there under her gaze was the pin, and a warm voice said: *"I was gonna have 'From Nick' put on it, only I didn' have enough money."* The reels of memory spun, and she saw Mrs. Dundero in tears, bending down to kiss her hands. There was the picture of Sebastian, handsome and smiling, leading Joseph Scalzo up the steps of the house by one ear. Another voice cried: *"I do not make trouble! I will give you t'ree hundred, four hundred dollar if you will bring me to my son! I cannot go without my son! We are sailing! We go to Italy!"* And his son asked: *"What's the matter, Miss Cleary? Don't you like the pin? Isn't it any good?"*

"All right," she said, looking out over the empty seats and desks. Her eyes were wet. "Tell your aunt I said all right. I understand what she means. I'll do it." Then rustily, but with something like her old manner, she said, "And listen, Joe—" He was at the door. "—before you leave, how about erasing the blackboards for me, and maybe closing the windows?"

He rushed—she saw his wide smile—rushed happily to obey. She was aware of him standing on tiptoe, reaching up with both hands on the eraser to draw it down in one long sweep, and she found herself beginning to wonder what could be done, what could be made of Joe Scalzo.

As he worked with vigor, the faint choking smell of chalk dust reached her nostrils. Her fingers unconsciously were turning over and over the cheap little brooch, and then, after a while, she opened the clasp, and pinned it to her dress. THE END

The Two Margarets I Know

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

Margaret Truman, her American counterpart, shares with her a similar sense of humor, and a love of music and gaiety. But Margaret Truman is essentially the more serious of the two. She is—and this is unavoidable, because of the difference in their backgrounds and upbringing—more human and better able to mix with people. She is, also, passionately devoted to her career, which comes first in all her considerations. And this includes men—she plays no favorites among her beaux, because romance might interfere with the development of her career; at the moment, all she wants to do is become a good singer, and possibly an accomplished actress at the same time.

I first met Margaret Truman about 10 years ago, when her father was a senator, and I liked her very much. There was no inkling then, however, of the development that has taken place in her in the last three or four years—the development of talent and poise and charm that has made her universally liked and admired wherever she goes. Her blonde hair, which used to be too long, has been cut shorter, in a chic, neat arrangement that brings out the best features of her face. She has blue-green eyes, sparkling with a lively, intelligent expression, and her good looks are accentuated by a light, creamy complexion. She is of medium height—perhaps five feet three or four—and has fine, sensitive hands. She is, at the age of twenty-seven, a very attractive young woman.

ACME

Margaret's manners, like her mother's, are perfection, and she has an ease and grace in her dealings with people that would make her outstanding even in a group that didn't know she is the President's daughter. In her relations with the press she has developed an extraordinary finesse, and she is able to parry embarrassing or silly questions without showing the exasperation she must feel. She has come up the hard way, bucking the obvious difficulty of being the President's daughter, and she has (as witness the rave notices she received on her appearance on the Jimmy Durante show over NBC on November 3d) found herself in television, and may soon find herself equally well on the stage.

It was, in fact, after the Durante show that Jean Dalrymple, the theatrical producer, went backstage to see Margaret and offered to engage script writers and song writers on the spot, with the idea of doing a musical show for her and Durante. Margaret's concert manager, James Davidson, who was standing nearby, remarked that she had too many concert engagements lined up to make the idea feasible. But Margaret smiled and said, "We will *always* consider any reasonable offer in show business."

I think that Margaret's dedication to her career comes from two things: first, the normal determination of anybody with talent to put it to the best and fullest possible use, and second—and more important—to make herself independent of Independence. She knows that she will not live in Washington forever. (As a matter of fact, the social end of Washington doesn't interest her particularly, anyway.)

I think she wants to be able to carry on on her own, after her father is no longer in the White House, and be recognized as being financially, socially and artistically independent. She admits that the public notice her concerts have received is because of her present situation, and her one desire is to receive the same—and better—notice as an artist rather than as an object of public curiosity.

Her trip abroad last summer was made at her own suggestion (it was her first trip and she financed it herself). It was primarily intended to give her a chance to meet and study European singers, with an eye to learning whatever might possibly help her in her career. As it turned out, she was one of the best ambassadors we ever sent to Europe; she charmed everybody she met, played along with the inevitable diplomatic routine extremely well, and although she probably didn't learn a great deal about music, she found out for the first time the difference between the restrictions imposed on political celebrities in Europe and the freedom she is able to enjoy at home.

Also, quite incidentally, I believe she saved Europe's social and tourist season. A great many people, worried by the international situation, had been nervous about going abroad. But when the President's daughter went for what was called a vacation tour, their fears evaporated and the transatlantic carriers were crowded the rest of the summer.

One example of Margaret's tact and diplomatic handling of the press came after she had had an audience with the Pope. The reporters gathered around her and pressed her for all the details of the meeting—trivial points such as whether she had kissed the Pope's ring, whether she had knelt in front of him and so forth. Realizing that the affair might turn into something of a side show if she gave out too much information, she answered all these questions simply by smiling and saying, "Frankly, I don't remember. Whatever I did was the proper thing, I hope." This was avidly noted, and everybody was happy. Her press conferences were miracles of timing and good taste, and the reporters were as impressed with her as was everyone else.

In England she met, and immediately liked, Princess Margaret. On the occasions when they were together, they found that they had a great deal in common; and they also compared the differences in their situations. Princess Margaret is reported to have said, after Margaret Truman had gone, "I wish my father would let me express myself in public the way Margaret Truman's father does." A wistful thought, that, and obviously a sincere one.

In France, Miss Truman was not able to do much on her own, but I attended one party, given by Ambassador David Bruce, at which I know she had a good time. The guest list was made up primarily of French musicians, composers and playwrights—all of them pleasant and gay—and the rest included a cheerfully informal group of people, notable among them General Ike and Mamie Eisenhower. The string orchestra from Monseigneur (a night club) came in and played for the guests, and for Margaret's benefit they played several of the arias she sings at her concerts. There were loud demands for her to perform, but she protested that she was on vacation. Although she didn't sing out loud, I noticed she was humming the tunes softly.

There was a certain amount of community singing later, in which Ike joined with great vigor. (I am able to report that he has a fine, clear, baritone voice. The song was, I think, Lili Marlene.) It was a very pleasant party and Margaret left, as usual, a train of admirers when she departed.

One reason she makes friends so readily is that she does small, thoughtful things—little human touches that mean a great deal to the other person. One time, for instance, I gave her a little evening case, in which were a pair of opera glasses and a make-up kit. More than a year later I saw her at the theater, sitting three or four rows ahead of me. After we had waved our greetings, she reached in her lap and held up the case for me to see. This was by no means a spectacular gesture—or a particularly important one—but by showing me that she liked the gift and that it was useful to her, she naturally made me quite happy.

Her life in this country is, as I have said, devoted to her career. When she isn't on a concert tour, she divides her time between Washington and New York. She rehearses a great deal, sees a few friends when she has the time, and is an avid theatergoer—also when she has the time. She does not care much for the night spots.

One of her favorite eating places in New York is the Barberry Room, which is restful and quiet, where the ubiquitous Secret Service man isn't too obvious in his watching of her. Mostly, however, she works—and works extremely hard. She is wonderful to work with, too—at rehearsals, that is—and she is, in every sense of the word, a real trouper. But, in spite of her fierce ambition, she also knows her limitations. One night, when I saw her at a performance of Otello at the Metropolitan Opera, I asked her if she was ever going to sing Verdi's beautiful last-act aria, Ave Maria.

"Oh, no," she replied quickly. "That's not within my range."

Shortly after her first concert, which I attended, I was on a CBS television show called Who Said That? and in the course of the show I was asked how I had liked Margaret's singing. I replied, in effect, that I didn't think she was ready for a concert career, much as it pained me to say it.

I later found out that, although some people had been highly displeased with my remarks, both she and her mother—who is, incidentally, a fine and a charming woman—had defended my right to say what I felt. I think that at the time she did misunderstand me, though, because when Helen Sioussat, of the network, asked Margaret to a luncheon that included Gracie Allen, Mrs. Warren Austin and me, Margaret replied, "I'd love to come, but I don't think Miss Maxwell likes me." Helen assured her that this was not the case, so she came to the luncheon. I hope now that she knows how wrong she was in her assumption. I also hope that someday I shall be able to say that she is a truly great singer. She is certainly everything else.

These two young ladies—Princess Margaret and Margaret Truman—share between them just about everything a person could want. Exactly how happy they are is anybody's guess, but with their potentialities there is no reason why they should not be known and remembered for themselves, rather than for their respective positions. That, I know, is what they want. Moreover, having come this far, they should be able to surmount whatever other obstacles lie before them. And they can do a great deal of good in the process. THE END

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Journey to 4000 B.C.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

and "4,000 miles to London." As this complex of military bases indicates, this was the untamed wild West of the Indian Empire, up until the British pulled out in 1947.

Waziristan, part of the bloody North-West Frontier Province of Rudyard Kipling's tales, was never finally conquered by the British in 100 years of trying, and they didn't even organize it into a political unit until 1901. Before that, so many officers were being popped off by snipers in the bazaars that in 1895, according to local frontier tales, some Indian army units formed an alliance with a hard-shooting itinerant Texan named William Remington. The idea was for Remington to engage the Pathan marksmen, Texas style, with his six-shooters.

Like Gunmen of the Old West

The Texan, a truly legendary figure, strolled about the Oriental bazaars in his cowboy boots and ten-gallon hat, and every time a rifleman drew a bead on the incongruous figure, he somehow managed to whirl and get the drop on his adversary with his pistols.

The Pathans finally gave in, out of respect to Remington's daring, after he eliminated their 11 top riflemen in a spectacular series of quick-draw gun duels; and a measure of stability returned to the area.

We soon found out that the perils of Remington's day had not diminished noticeably. We learned that it was rare for Pakistan to allow Americans or Europeans into parts of the turbulent area, and even when Sir Harry Holland—a famous British doctor who operates a hospital in Quetta—made official medical visits to such places as Waziristan, he was accompanied by a military escort. No member of the American Embassy staff at Karachi ever goes to Waziristan, and when the embassy learned that we were going there *without* an escort, a wag suggested that we carry along steel coffins for the return shipment of our bodies. As it turned out, we didn't need them—though on several occasions we weren't too sure.

On one of our side trips from the safety of the Quetta Valley, for instance, McLellan, Sadurdin, the Pakistani technician, and I decided to take a look at reported archaeological sites around Loralai, in rough eastern Baluchistan, and at Fort Sandeman, on the edge of Waziristan.

After getting special permission from the local Pakistan officials and arranging to buy gasoline from government supplies (our usual procedure in both Pakistan and, later, Afghanistan), we took off on a short cut over the mountains, following the route of noted British archaeologist Sir Aurel Stein, who had explored this wild region in the 1920s. We drove along a rocky road, winding and twisting through the mountains with 500-foot sheer drops just inches from us, and soon my back ached from struggling with the steering wheel of the truck.

We came to a patch of woods at a place called Ziarat, high in the mountains, and suddenly a covey of Asiatic partridges ran across our path. With a cry of joy, McLellan jumped from the truck, shotgun in hand, and took off after the birds. Firing as he ran, he disappeared down the road. But then we froze! There was a fusillade of rifle shots from down the road in the direction in which McLellan had disappeared.

We watched, and two strapping, bearded Pathans, armed to the teeth, came running toward us. They carried their rifles at the ready, and they were loaded down with cartridge belts. With incredible agility for such huge men, they clambered up on the bank above the truck and we found ourselves looking up at their rifle barrels. Their fingers were on the triggers and we didn't know if we were going to live through the next second. Our guns were out of reach—and McLellan was up the road, presumably dead.

There was a moment of silence and then we heard someone coming down the road whistling, "Lay that pistol down." It was McLellan coming toward us, with two birds slung over his back. The Pathans swung their rifles away from us to cover McLellan, letting loose a stream of Pushtu, their language. I yelled out, "Watch yourself, George!" and he nodded casually and tossed the birds into the truck. The Pathans seemed confused and I said, "Keep their attention and I'll grab the Winchester .30-30."

I was all set for the gun battle of the century, when Sadurdin unexpectedly started talking to the Pathans in the few words of Pushtu he knew. Suddenly, Sadurdin and the Pathans began laughing uproariously. "What is it?" I asked in utter bewilderment.

"These men game wardens," Sadurdin gasped, almost breathless with laughter, "and they mad because we shoot partridge!" It turned out that the governor of the province had planned a hunting trip into that wild area the following day—and he had sent the two Pathans ahead to enforce the local law that no one else might hunt in the region chosen by the governor.

I sagged with relief upon hearing this explanation, and after giving the Pathans the birds, plus some fruit for their lunch, we took off again as fast as we could go.

By nightfall we reached Loralai, a grim-looking outpost set on the wasteland of an eroded valley. We investigated sites all the next day and then McLellan complained of a violent toothache. It got worse, and in the middle of the night I decided I'd have to drive him back to Quetta to have the tooth extracted, leaving Sadurdin to guard our equipment in Loralai. We reached Quetta after a night of driving-horror on the same winding trail over the mountains, and after Dr. Holland had pulled the aching molar, we headed back to Loralai.

Before we realized it, it was midnight; as we reached a town high in the mountains we began to make out strange ghostly shapes just beyond our headlights. I didn't like the looks of this and I started to speed through, but McLellan yelled, "Wait! We're trapped!" Across the entire width of the village street, a chain barrier was strung between two concrete blocks and locked with a padlock. It was the center of the town's bazaar, but all the shops were closed and boarded up for the night.

I stopped the truck, and we both stared as white-burnoosed figures appeared from behind the barrier. One figure crossed in front of our headlights. His burnoose fell open and I saw a rifle. Then I saw another man in the alcove of a closed shop door. He had a rifle, too.

My mind raced, and the thought struck me that this barrier must have been set up by Pakistani soldiers to defend the town against just such marauding tribesmen as these. But where were the soldiers? I glanced back; sure enough, there was a mud-brick fort down at the end of the street, topped with barbed wire and towers and looking like something out of a movie of the French Foreign Legion. "Hold on," I shouted to McLellan. "I'm going back."

So I put the truck in reverse and slowly backed up. I had my hand on the revolver and McLellan fingered the rifle. We had to cover a total distance of only 100 yards, but it was longer than any 100 yards I ever ran as a track man at Columbia and Michigan.

"Now steer clear of the punch bowl and the mistletoe . . ."

COLLIER'S — WILLIAM VON RIEGEN

As we backed up, the ghostly figures in front followed us, and more and more came out of the closed shop doors. Soon it seemed as if hundreds of white-clad, armed figures were silently closing in on us.

When we were 50 feet from the fort, I jumped from the truck and sprinted the rest of the way. I pounded on the door, screaming, *"Havildar! Havildar!* Sergeant! Sergeant!" I heard the scrape of feet inside and a port opened in the door. I saw the face of a bristly mustached Punjabi private in the light of a kerosene lamp he was carrying. His eyes mirrored amazement as he probably said to himself, "What the devil is a European doing here?" But he let me in and took me to the orderly room.

A sergeant was lying on a cot there, and when he saw me, he politely invited me to tea. I declined hastily. Then, as he tried to understand my English, he insisted that I sign a book giving all the details of our vehicle. I had visions of McLellan being torn to pieces by the mob outside, and in my desperation I got an idea. "I do not know New York license number of car. We must go outside and look," I said. The sergeant collected two of his soldiers and we went outside. McLellan was sitting in the cab of the truck, surrounded by Pathans. He was eating raisins. "Where the hell did you get those raisins?" I said.

"One of these jokers gave them to me," he said cheerfully. "Probably my last meal."

Then the ominous silence of the mob was broken by the whispers, "Americani! Americani!" And they reluctantly parted to let us and the soldiers through. The soldiers—apparently content to let the tribesmen alone so long as they made no real trouble—drove down to the barricade with us and opened the padlock and chain, whereupon I stamped on the accelerator and kept going at top speed until the town was far behind us.

Exploring Ancient Villages

This trip was typical of our travels about the area. Archaeologically speaking, we had far less trouble. Wherever we went, we found a wealth of mounds, all denoting ancient villages. These mounds, formed over periods of hundreds of years, resulted from the primitive peoples' habit of allowing their debris (garbage, broken pots and the like) to pile up outside their houses. When, perhaps after centuries, the houses became decrepit, the villagers would fill in the rooms with dirt and build new houses on top of the old.

In this way, artificial hills rose up as much as 110 feet above the plain, and after the topmost village had been wiped out by man or the elements, Nature finished the job by blowing soil and the seeds of vegetation over the surface.

However, the rains always washed some of the debris of the centuries out of the mounds, and that's how the archaeologists can tell them from natural hills. Then, by carefully digging a pit from the top of the mound to the level of the ancient plain, the scientist can see the record of every stage of civilization that once existed there.

As we dig down, we find, at each level, the mud-brick walls of houses, the hard-packed dirt floors of rooms, the fire-pits that warmed ancient families and heated their food, the pottery in which their food was cooked, the stone and copper knives with which the men hunted, the bone needles with which the women sewed, the skeletons of infants and household pets buried beneath the floors, the bones of food half-eaten and tossed into dark corners perhaps 5,000 years ago, the paving stones of village streets and so on.

By analyzing the degree of skill in the pottery, the weapons, the art objects and the implements, we can get an idea of the stage of culture at each level. To do this, we

make full use of scientific discoveries in other fields.

For example, we know that all carbon retains radioactivity which decreases at a fixed rate; thus, we can tell, by analyzing the remaining radioactivity in the charcoal of fire pits, exactly how many years ago the last fire was kindled in each home. Also, when pottery was made thousands of years ago, pollen in the air adhered to the wet clay. So today, by dissolving the pottery and examining this pollen under a microscope, we can tell what vegetation flourished in the area at the time—and, in that way, we know something of what the climate was like.

History Read in the Soil

In the excavation itself, each level tells the story of men and women who once lived there, and the personal details of their lives. The archaeologist operates something like a surgeon, with knife, brush, toothpick and dental tools, carefully picking away at the soil to distinguish between components like decomposed mud brick and ordinary earth. When he finds black earth, he knows he has struck a place where once there was fire; red earth means the scorched soil of a fire pit; yellow could mean decayed matter, indicating a storage place for wheat and vegetables, and so on.

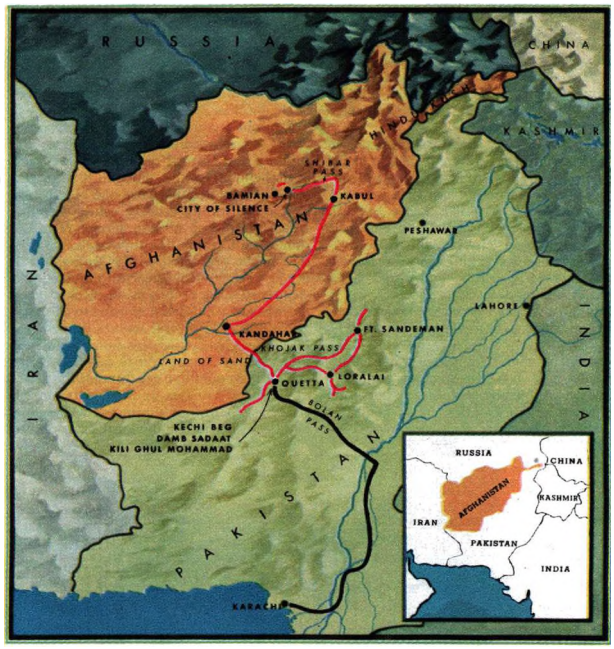
If, at any level, we find objects matching some unearthed at other excavations, and if the date of these latter items is known, we can then determine the date of the stuff *we* have found; after that, all the other levels can be identified as being before or after the fixed date. In Babylonia, for example, a tablet was found telling about an eclipse. Astronomers know exactly when each eclipse took place, so the level at which this tablet was found was positively set at a certain date. Then, in an excavation at the site of ancient Mohenjo Daro—"The City of Death"—in India, a seal was uncovered that was exactly like seals found at the level of the tablet in Babylonia. So this approximated a date for one stratum of the Indian excavation, too.

In archaeology, this technique of matching material in various excavations is called "cross-dating" and it is amazingly accurate—if you look out for things like earthquakes and graves, which upset the natural order of the levels.

Using these painstaking methods, in addition to combing each basketful of earth removed from the pit by native laborers, we made three priceless finds in Baluchistan—directly on the ancient invasion routes to and from Central Asia. At a place called Kechi Beg, we dug a deep excavation after finding a 300-year-old skeleton in a grave about 10 feet below the surface. We dug around him until he was 20 feet above our heads with one foot sticking out; beyond that point, the centuries passed like calendar pages, and at the bottom of our pit we made our first important discovery. We found the crude implements of an unknown people who had lived here at about 3500 B.C. They corresponded to the Amri cultures on the Indus River, the earliest civilization ever found in India.

The next clue in our science mystery story turned up near a village called Kili Ghul Mohammad—and it came about only because of the persistence of our twenty-three-year-old girl archaeologist, Rose Lilien. We found a promising mound but we were unable to do very much with it because it was covered with the graves of natives wiped out in an influenza epidemic in the 1930s—and we had an agreement with the government not to disturb graves.

Finally, we found a 22-foot-square area that seemed free of burial plots, but a few feet down we ran into nine graves from an earlier period, probably 200 years ago. We were ready to give up, because digging *around* graves is a dangerous procedure in which you constantly risk cave-ins resulting from the irregular nature of the walls. However, we suddenly recognized the same implements we had identified at Kechi Beg—the earliest of this period ever found in this part of the world—*and there were still several feet of buried villages beneath it.*



AL TARTER

Black line shows route followed by expedition as far as Quetta; events related in this installment occurred along route marked in red. Inset shows where Afghanistan is located in relation to Russia, India, China

I was reluctant to continue the search because of the extreme danger, but Rose Lilien was so excited by the find that she begged me to let her go on; finally I agreed, but insisted on extraordinary precautions.

Aided by Stoudt and Sadurdin, Rose dug a hole only 10 feet square; they tapered down until they worked an area a mere three feet across. The dirt was hauled out of the pit in baskets on ropes. This was a fine display of scientific courage, because as they kept digging in the narrow cut, 30 feet down from the top of the mound, it was like being at the bottom of a deep well with tons of earth threatening at any moment to bury them alive.

Traces of Primitive Peoples

Deeper and deeper they went, until they hit what should have been the bottom of the mound. But the levels of ancient villages continued below the modern plain, because the silt had accumulated around for centuries. Down they pressed, 16 feet below the surface of the surrounding countryside. The pottery disappeared completely, and the three probers got nothing but adobe walls and stone tools and charcoal. The adobe walls continued for a space, and then *they* disappeared. Finally, at the very bottom, Rose found just a layer of charcoal and stone tools.

She had gone back centuries farther than any other scientist who ever worked on mounds in this part of Asia—certainly to 4000, and perhaps to 5000 B.C. The people at the bottom of this mound had lived in branch huts. This was a permanent campsite and the future examination of the evidence probably will confirm that they were primitive hunters, just switching over to agriculture.

At our third big excavation, Damb Sadaat, we continued to make significant finds. We discovered a new culture with amazingly sophisticated pottery, stamp seals, and a series of signs that may be a rudimentary alphabet. Some of these signs are markedly similar to an alphabet of India's Indus River Valley that never has been deciphered—thus providing, perhaps, a long-sought prehistoric link between the Near East and India. The pottery consisted of tumblers, goblets, jugs and plates, covered with almost-modern black geometric designs and the running and jumping figures of animals.

On this level, about 2500 B.C., we also found ingenious little clay toy houses, beautiful, polished, bone spatulas and delicate copper razors. When you consider that Europeans, at this time, were barely out of the caveman stage and the Hebrews still were wandering around Mesopotamia under patriarchs like Abraham, the state of civilization attained here was remarkable.

On a higher level (around 2000 B.C.) we found a brick platform with drains, possibly to carry off the blood of human sacrifices; built right into the mud-brick foundation was a human skull with a high-bridged nose, possibly all that remained of a slave or prisoner of war. This level was filled with figurines of bull-gods and mother goddesses with goggle eyes, parrot noses and huge breasts. On the lower level, we found the stone implements of an extremely primitive people.

But most extraordinary of all, about halfway up the mound, we found *the figurine of a horse*—and horses are not believed by modern scholars to have existed in this part of the world until those mysterious white conquerors, the so-called Aryans, came riding out of the north to found most of the white nations and languages of Asia and Europe. Few actual traces of the Aryans had ever been discovered heretofore; this might be one of the first—and 500 years earlier than even legend had established their existence!

So here we had read the complete story of this village over a period of 1,500 years. First, we saw how a primitive stone-age people had developed a high rate of culture through invasion or contact from the Near East (the sophisticated pottery, the seals, the rudimentary alphabet). Later, the civilization developed into a highly complex religious state involving complicated ceremonials and, possibly, human sacrifice. And then they came up with works of art (the horse figurine) suggesting that the future so-called Aryan invaders of India either originated here or passed through the area.

After Damb Sadaat, we knew that we were on the trail of something big. We were beginning to find the record of prehistoric movements toward India from the Near East through Central Asia—the trail scientists have sought for years.

Also (though it was a side issue to the main purpose of our trip), we were coming across interesting signs of the Aryans—one of the most unfathomable mysteries in all archaeological science. The ancient writings of India, Persia and Egypt are filled with stories of these invaders, bringing their language, the horse and the first iron weapons, with which they easily defeated their bronze-using adversaries; yet there has been hardly any positive archaeological proof of their existence.

In the wilds of Baluchistan and Waziristan, we began to find clues—little clues that may or may not mean anything. First we dug up the horse figurine at Damb Sadaat. Then in the Bolan Pass we uncovered a burial cairn of stones, under which there were three-flanged arrowheads of a type which scientists have learned to associate with horsemen. And at Kaudani, in between the prehistoric and the Buddhist levels, at a time when this part of the world was using bronze implements—we found *iron*.

Pathans Are a Handsome Race

While we were learning new things about the ancient peoples of this area, my wife, Jan, was adding to scientific knowledge about the region's present inhabitants. She found a perfect method of doing her job, which was to sketch life among the Pathans for study by the American Museum of Natural History. She simply hitched a ride every week with Sir Harry Holland's doctor son, Ronald, on his trips to treat people in remote areas. In this way, she got to see perfect specimens of the six-foot, handsome Pathan men and their tall, beautiful women—some with blonde hair and blue or green eyes—wearing gold braid bodices, nine or ten necklaces, dozens of thin bracelets, five or six rings, and long thick hair with bangs in front and braids in the back.

On these trips, Jan ate with the native chieftains and found herself consuming things she never dreamed of before—curried goat meat, exotic Asiatic melons and buttermilk out of goatskin bags (which is self-purifying because of bacterial action).

Soon, the rest of us, too, began to grow away from the world we had known, and when we were out in the field we thought nothing of making a lunch out of an onion bought in a bazaar and *nan*, the native unleavened bread.

But as the time passed, we developed a strange hunger—for knowledge of American sporting events. We spent nights listening to faint British Broadcasting Company short-wave news reports, hoping wistfully for some word of the 1950 World Series.

Finally, in a three-week-old Karachi newspaper we saw a tiny squib that the Yankees and the Phillies had won their pennants, and we bet wildly on World Series games which already had taken place, and the outcome of which we were not to learn until months later. Then, as the weather turned cold, we nostalgically began to bet on college football games, and it wasn't until this past July that I discovered I had won $10 from Howard Stoudt on the 1950 Notre Dame-Purdue and Army-Navy upsets.

We found other things to occupy our minds, too. One day at Damb Sadaat, Stoudt and Leslie Alcock were about to jump into our excavation when, just in time, they heard Sadurdin's warning cry. One of the world's most poisonous snakes, a krait, had just killed a female caravan dog in the village and had been tracked to our excavation, where it was found coiled and ready to spring. George McLellan killed the snake for his museum collection, and we resumed our digging.

It was only then that I noticed a tiny puppy, orphaned by the death of the dog, running and yapping about my feet. The pup was bowlegged, scrawny, filthy and runny-eyed, but when I bent down to pat

her, she licked my hand so gratefully that I was lost. I named her Ghundai ("Ancient Mound" in Baluchi). She was a Pu-inda, the local Huskylike caravan dog that is the deadly enemy of jackals and wolves, and I justified the decrepit little orphan to the rest of the expedition with the argument that we never knew when we'd be attacked by jackals and wolves.

So Ghundai became the first of our pets, and I now have her in the United States, along with a later acquisition, Besyar, a magnificent royal Afghan hound from the palace of the King of Afghanistan, given to me by an American Embassy official who had received it from the palace.

In between Ghundai and Besyar came a multitude of other mascots, including a massive white rabbit named Pion-Pion, a baby hedgehog named Murgatroyd, and a vicious hawk, standing 2½ feet high and named Fitzgibbon, which McLellan proudly led around on a rope at the constant risk of lacerated legs. The most tireless collector of pets was Sadurdin, who, after he learned of Jan's love for animals, showered her with dogs, cats and assorted other fauna of the area, including a baby camel, which I had to donate to a passing caravan.

Sadurdin Presents a Problem

It was Sadurdin who provided me with one of the most satisfying experiences of the trip. For years, he had dealt with the British, who maintain a rigid line of demarcation between themselves and the natives. When our whole group was together, servants performed the menial chores around the camp; however, when Sadurdin was off on side expeditions with McLellan and myself, he began to serve us our meals —even though he was a scientific technician of standing equal to our own. At mealtimes, the following dialogue would ensue:

Fairservis: "No, Sadurdin, you come eat with us."

Sadurdin: "No, I eat later."

Fairservis: "Sadurdin, if you do not sit and eat with us, we will not eat."

(PAUSE)

Sadurdin: "You eat."

Fairservis: "No; unless you eat, we won't eat. And we are hungry."

Sadurdin: "But it is not my custom."

Fairservis: "In America it is our custom. We are all brothers."

Sadurdin: "Okay. I sit. I eat. Brother George. Brother Walter."

This protest of Sadurdin's occurred at every meal, but it became less and less elaborate until it disappeared altogether. And when we finally left him to continue our research across the border in Afghanistan, he reached up to the cab of the truck, and his final word was, "I see you again— Brother George, Brother Walter."

We said good-by to Sadurdin—and to the Alcocks, who were not coming with us to Afghanistan—on November 30th. We had worked in Pakistan for five months, but as we headed into the Khojak Pass toward the Forbidden Kingdom of Afghanistan, we knew that the most important and most dangerous phase of our expedition still lay ahead of us.

Our first glimpse of Afghanistan was breath-taking—a sight that has been seen by only a few Americans. We reached the top of the narrow pass, rounded a bend in the tortuous road, and there it was, spread out in a vast panorama below us. For miles and miles, we could see nothing but a pink-colored desert, called Registan—"The Land of Sand"—and it awed us because we knew this was the first of a man-killing chain of deserts that extended all the way up into the heart of Asiatic Russia.

We looked across the weird pink sands to the north, and what we saw there literally made us gasp. The great spinal column of Afghanistan, the towering Hindu Kush Mountains—nearly as high as the Himalayas, with some peaks 17,000 to 25,000 feet tall—stuck up abruptly out of the desert. I had never seen anything so dramatic.

As a strange anticlimax to this primeval scene, a tiny American truck was crawling, antlike, across the desert thousands of feet below us. After we had descended to the frontier and had started across the desert to Kandahar, Afghanistan's second largest city, we saw more American trucks, all belonging to Morrison-Knudsen, the Boise, Idaho, engineering company brought in to build a dam in 1947.

I had met some of the Morrison-Knudsen people on my first, trail-breaking trip to the area in 1949, and I renewed my acquaintance with them briefly before we went on. For a while, it was like being back in America. The U.S. firm's crack engineers had brought electricity into this remote region; they had such things as incandescent lights and refrigerators, and many other trappings of modern civilization.

But once we got beyond the area of their operations, we were in another world. The main road from Kandahar to Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan, was just a track in the wilderness in which, when it rained, the truck wheels bogged down time after time; and when we left Kabul, there wasn't a European or American to be seen. We could have been in the fifth century before Christ. We passed camel caravans that were exactly the same as those that plodded along the silk routes 2,500 years ago; and many of the ancient villages we excavated differed only slightly from the mud-brick hamlets which now exist on Afghanistan's arid mountains and plains.

The entire country is dotted with ruins, a number of them strangely European in appearance, rather than Asiatic. At one place farther north, we drove far off the road to look at the remains of a huge old fort still dominating the isolated countryside. When we got closer, we realized why it had attracted our attention. The fort was rectangular and surrounded by a moat on a Greco-Roman plan. It may have been an outpost of some Greek kingdom—perhaps one of those established after Alexander the Great's conquests in Central Asia—some 2,500 miles from Greece itself and probably dating back to before the time of Christ!

Wherever we went in Afghanistan, we were overwhelmed by this sense of timelessness, and often we felt like visitors to a Shangri-La. Once, for instance, we went north to visit a little hidden valley called Bamian, in which the cliff walls are covered with grottoes which once contained dozens of Buddhas—of which a stone statue 130 feet high and another measuring 85 feet still remain.

These Buddhas were one of the wonders of the ancient world and they were described in the writings of a fifth-century Chinese monk named Fa-Hien. The amazing thing is that the Buddhas of this period have faces like those on the famous Greek statues. They wear Roman-style togas, and the priests who carved them no doubt were descendants of Alexander's Macedonians.

At the mouth of the valley another ruin stands on the cliff and this citadel is called Shahr-i-Zohak, the City of Silence.

Jan and I climbed through an elaborate series of archways and passages up to the ruins of the City of Silence and we were overwhelmed by the thought that it had stood exactly like this since one bloody day in the thirteenth century when Genghis Khan massacred all its inhabitants. We shuddered to think that thousands of skeletons of the murdered victims probably still lay just a few inches beneath our feet, and we lost all sense of time as we reconstructed the story of what had happened to this city.

According to several sources in medieval literature, Genghis Khan's hordes besieged the citadel in an attempt to take the entire valley, but could not get through the series of gates and passages we had just traversed. It seems, then, that a princess whose love had been spurned by the local king went to see Genghis Khan; she said she could tell him how to capture the city. When he asked her secret, she replied, "Merely sprinkle chaff on the river."

This the great conqueror did. He noticed then that the chaff disappeared into the face of the cliff below the city; whereupon his ingenious Chinese engineers deduced that there were tunnels leading into the cliff just below the surface of the river, connecting up with deep wells that supplied the city with its water. The engineers diverted the river and blocked the tunnels, and the thirst-weakened city soon surrendered.

Then Genghis Khan killed the princess— on the ground that a woman with so pronounced a sense of vengeance might also betray *him* later on!

With such fascinating history popping up wherever we went, we also ran into a few modern surprises, which only heightened the mystery of Central Asia. In one of the crowded bazaars near Kabul, for example, I poked around among medieval-style Moslem clothing and Greek coins of Alexander the Great's day, and then I saw something that brought me up short.

Among the goatskin garments for sale on a rack in the bazaar hung a U.S. Marine dress overcoat with the "1st Division, Guadalcanal" patch on the shoulder. Alongside this curious item was a U.S. Army coat with a patch of the A.S.T.P., the Army Specialized Training Program conducted in universities in the United States during World War II. It is beyond the scope of the Western mind to figure out how they got there, but conceivably they were taken from GIs by Japanese soldiers who then were captured by the Russians, after which the trail of the coats gets lost in a web of intrigue and trading.

When we got to Kabul itself, we found that the city was full of similar ancient-modern contradictions—a symbol of the government's laudable attempt to free Afghanistan from the strangle hold of the past. After centuries of battling against Mongolian conquerors coming down from the north and British invaders streaming up through the Khyber Pass, Afghanistan became fairly stable in 1919, and a progressive king, Amanullah, ascended the throne.

Unfortunately, Amanullah ultimately was ousted and succeeded by a bloody bandit leader named Bacha-i-Saqao—"Son of the Water Carrier." But before fleeing, Amanullah did manage to open Kabul a bit to Western architecture and customs. So did the present young king, Zahir Shah, son of an Amanullah general who shot Bacha-i-Saqao and put an end to a period of hangings and tortures. The general was assassinated soon after he killed Bacha-i-Saqao, and his son succeeded him.

As the result of all this recent history, Kabul now has Victorian-style government buildings looming among its mud-brick huts, and the king's cousin lives in a completely modern house built on several levels and replete with picture windows. The streets are filled with donkeys, camels and horses, and flocks of sheep are driven directly down the main avenues of the town, but occasionally we saw a new American limousine transporting some high-ranking government official.

In this strange atmosphere, we celebrated our 1950 Christmas. It was a depressing yule season. We still had done no work in Afghanistan, and, in fact, the whole project seemed in danger because a new government Cabinet had come into power and we had to renegotiate the contract we had signed with the previous regime, permitting us to excavate in the country.

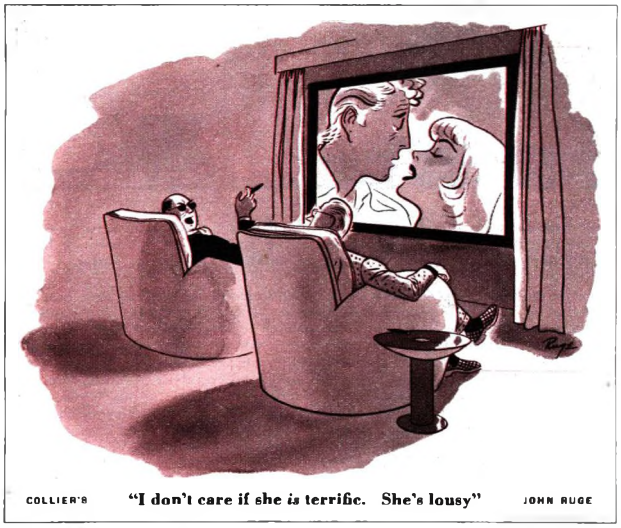
Afghan Neutrality Threatened

This renegotiation was difficult, because the Korean war had broken out since our first contract was signed, and the Afghans, like all Asiatics, now were doubly afraid of upsetting their position of neutrality between Russia and the West. Also, Senator Joseph McCarthy had labeled Owen Lattimore a Communist while the latter was in Afghanistan on a United Nations mission; this blast affected us 7,000 miles from Washington, because the puzzled Afghans were now beginning to look askance at Americans.

But we finally got the contract straightened out, and we tried to rig up as cheerful a Christmas Day as possible. We found a lone evergreen high in the mountains, and, in another of those mysteries of Oriental trade, we came on the latest American Christmas-tree lights—the kind with bubbling fluid in them—in the bazaar. We gave each other little presents, and we ate oranges and nuts that had just come from the Khyber Pass.

The high light of our celebration was the playing of a tape recording of Christmas carols, which we had made months before in Quetta, from records borrowed from a retired British colonel. Interspersed among the carols on the tape recording were our own voices, wishing ourselves good cheer.

We needed it. We were bitter cold, and homesick—and the hardest part of our trip was yet to come.



COLLIER'S **"I don't care if she *is* terrific. She's lousy"** JOHN RUGE

A Cool Customer

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

too. I'll have to take a little nick out of your tongue and sent it to the pathological department of the university for examination. It won't hurt you, and it won't take long. In a couple of days I'll have the result. Then I shall know whether this is what I'm afraid of or not."

"And what are you afraid of, Doctor?"

A bar of silence fell in the consulting room. I felt I must hedge. But, gazing straight into Willie Craig's cool, gray eyes, I changed my mind. In a low voice, I said, "I'm afraid you may have cancer of the tongue."

That bar of silence, scarcely dispelled by those few words, vibrated and again descended, lingering intolerably.

"I see," Willie said. "That's not so good. And what if it should be cancer?"

I made a diffident movement with my hands. "Operation."

"You mean I'd have to have my tongue out?"

I nodded. "More or less. But we won't face our troubles till we come to them."

For a long time Willie studied the toes of his neat, well-brushed boots; then he raised his head.

"Right you are, then, Doctor. You'd better get on with what you've got to do."

I rose, sterilized an instrument, sprayed Willie's tongue with ethyl chloride, and snicked out a tiny fragment of the little crimson spot.

"That was soon done," Willie said.

He washed out his mouth, then picked up his hat, preparing to go.

"Let me see," I said. "This is Monday. Look round Thursday at the same time, and I'll give you the result."

"I hope it'll be good," Willie remarked stoically.

"I hope so, too," I answered.

"Good night, then, Doctor."

"Good night."

I stood watching him as he went down the drive and into the road, carefully closing the gate behind him. And under my breath I muttered: "Heavens! He's a cool customer, right enough, is Willie Craig!"

THE cool customer, the man with no imagination, walked along the street, his head in the air, his chin well up, his lips set. Outwardly calm—quite calm! But inside his brain a thousand hammers beat ferociously. And in his ears a thousand voices roared and thundered. One word repeated itself endlessly: cancer, cancer, cancer. He felt himself trembling, felt his heart thudding against his side. As he turned into Church Street, a spasm of giddiness assailed him; he thought for a moment he was going to faint.

"How do, Willie! Fine evening for the Green!" Bailie Paxton, from outside his office, hailed him across the street.

Not one man, surely, but a row of them, all waving, grimacing, blurred and grotesque, shouting to him—cancer, cancer, cancer.

"A fine evening it is, Bailie."

"We'll see ye on Saturday, down at the match."

"You will, indeed. I wouldn't miss it for anything."

How in the name of God had he managed to speak?

As he moved off, a cold sweat broke upon him. The muscles of his cheek began to twitch painfully. His whole being seemed dissolved and fluid, escaping his control, defying at last his constant vigilance.

All his life long he had fought like a demon against his nerves, those treacherous nerves which had so often threatened to betray him. He had found it difficult, always—even the little things. That time, for instance, when he had won the bowling championship—so sick inside with nerves and apprehension he could scarcely throw his final wood, yet managing to mask his nervous terror with indifference. But now, faced with this awful thing—oh, how could he face it? The voices bawled and blared at him again—cancer, cancer, cancer.

HE ENTERED his house quietly, his house above the shop; he sat down in his chair and pulled on his battered carpet slippers. "Ye're early back from the Green, Will," Bessie, his wife, remarked pleasantly, without looking up from her paper.

With Bessie, he simply mustn't show anything. "I didn't bother about the Green tonight. I just took a stroll down the road."

"Uh-huh. These are awful nice hats Jenny McKechnie's advertising. A new spring line. Feathers. And only five and eleven the piece. I've a good mind to treat myself to one."

Staring into the fire, he made an effort to master himself. "It's high time ye were buying something for yourself."

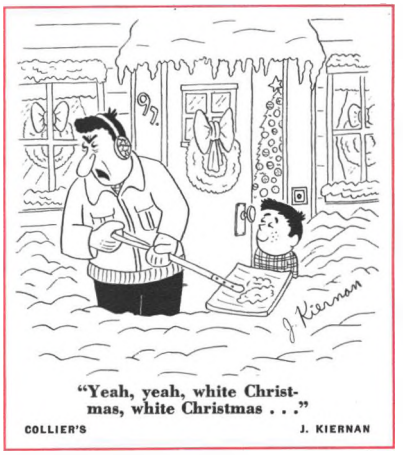
She flashed a warm smile at him, pleased by this tribute to her wifely economy. "Maybe I will, then. And maybe I'll not. I never was one to squander money on finery. No, no. I believe in something put by for a rainy day. I'm not wanting us to be stuck here over the shop all our lives, Will. A nice bit semidetached villa up Knoxhill way—what do you say to that, in a year or two?"

In a year or two! A year or two! Where would he be then? He closed his eyes, fighting back the smarting, pitiful tears that rose to them.

Rustling her paper, Bessie laughed. "A lot of difference it makes to you! Ye hardened auld sinner. There's nothing on earth would put you up or down."

He went to bed early. In the ordinary way he went early enough, never later than ten, for he had to be in the bakehouse by four in the morning to see to the ovens for the first batch of bread. But tonight he turned in at nine o'clock. Yet he could not sleep. He was still awake when Bessie came to bed, although, in order that he might not have to speak, he pretended to be asleep. Lying there with tightly shut eyes, he listened in a dumb agony to all her simple, familiar movements: winding up the clock, stifling a yawn, dropping her hairpins into the tray upon the mantelpiece. Then, quietly, for fear of disturbing him, she slipped into bed.

In a quarter of an hour,



"Yeah, yeah, white Christmas, white Christmas . . ."

COLLIER'S J. KIERNAN

her gentle breathing assured him that she was asleep. He lay quite still, scarcely breathing, clenching his hands to control himself. The darkness of the room pressed down upon him. He wanted to cry out, to ease his tortured nerves by one wild, despairing shout. He wanted to turn to Bessie, to implore her sympathy, to cry passionately: "I'm not what you think I am. I'm not hard. I never have been hard. I feel everything; I feel it terribly. And now I'm frightened, desperately frightened—like a trembling child. I've always been sensitive, always been nervous. That's why I've pretended not to be. But now I'm past pretending. Don't you hear me? Don't you understand? They think—they think that I've got cancer!" At that dreadful word, though it remained unspoken, the voices started once again, the mocking voices chanting in unison: cancer, cancer, cancer.

While his wife slept, he put his hands over his mouth to choke his sobs. His ears rang with the chords of his own despair. The dark hours of night rolled over him. Not for one moment did he sleep. Not for one second did he forget.

AT FOUR o'clock, he got up, put on his working clothes and went into the bakehouse. He had hoped that the routine of the day might soothe him, distract his mind. But it didn't. As the day passed, bringing no assuagement of his suspense, he grew more desperate. Outwardly frozen, he went through his duties in the semblance of normality. He spoke, answered questions, went here and there. It was as though he stood apart, trembling, suffering, watching the figure of an automaton. He knew now that he had cancer.

Whenever he had a spare moment, he went upstairs, and, thrusting out his tongue before the looking glass, stared at the tiny growth in horror.

Comedy or tragedy?—a grown man sticking out his tongue at his reflection in a mirror. He could have laughed at the grotesque idea. But now he had no time for laughing. He kept looking at his tongue.

Was the swelling worse? Or was it just the same? A little more painful, perhaps, since the doctor had cut into it. It hurt him now when he stuck it out like that. Or was that just his fancy? Strange that this little red flower should mean death. Terribly strange. But it did mean death. It was cancer, you see. Cancer—a thing that ate into you. Cancer, cancer, cancer—the voices started on him again. With a last stealthy look into the mirror, he tiptoed downstairs. That night again he did not sleep. At breakfast, his wife said solicitously, "You're off your food these last few days."

He protested. "Nonsense," he said, with that frozen self-possession; and, to prove his words, he helped himself to more bacon and egg. But though he ate it, he did not taste the food.

All his senses were numb now except the sense of his own condition. He was perhaps now a little mad. His imagination, working feverishly, carried him a stage further. The fact that he had cancer was accepted, proved. What was to be done, then? Operation, the doctor had said. By closing his eyes and staring into the future, he could see exactly what that meant.

He saw himself in hospital in a little narrow bed; he endured the agony of days of waiting, in one swift thought. Then, frowning slightly, he saw himself wheeled to the operating theater. The unknown terror of that place magnified its horror. What was the stuff they gave you there? Chloroform—that was it. A sickly, pungent stuff that hurried you into oblivion. But what happened in that oblivion? Sharp lancets flashed about his mouth, his own mouth. They were cutting out his tongue, cutting it deeply out by the very roots. A sob rose in his throat, choking him; and he raised his hand to his shut eyes as though to blot out the grotesque vision.

And after the operation? He would wake up, of course, in that same narrow bed, an object of sympathy and intolerable solicitude. A man without his tongue. A man who could not speak, but merely mumble and mouth his words.

Oh, it was terrible, terrible—not to be endured. He lost himself in the agony of the thought. Time swung its inexorable pendulum. Wednesday night passed. Thursday came. Willie had almost reached the limit of his suffering; such suffering as no one dreamed of; all locked and concealed within him.

AFTER lunch on Thursday, he went out of the bakehouse and walked down to the river. It was high tide, and the water, rushing past the quayside, lay but a few feet beneath him. He stared at it stupidly. One step, and all his wretchedness, the misery of the operation and the helplessness that lay after that, would be finished. The river, gurgling and sucking against the stone piers, seemed to call him.

Suddenly he heard a voice at his elbow: "Taking a breath of air to yourself, Willie, man?"

It was Peter Lennie smiling at him.

As though he were dreaming, Willie heard himself reply, "It's pretty hot in the bakehouse in the afternoon."

They stood together in silence. Then Peter Lennie said, "I'll walk down the road with you, if you're going that way."

They talked as they strolled along the stream—little bits of gossip, petty odds and ends of a small town's news. There was no escape for Willie. He had to go on. The afternoon passed. He went home and drank a cup of tea, then went upstairs and changed into his Sunday clothes. His mind was made up now. He would refuse the operation. He had resolved simply to die. He knew, with sudden precognition, that the operation would not save him. Cancer came back again in spite of what they did. Yes, cancer came back; it always came back.

At half past six he told Bessie he would take a little walk. He was afraid that she would offer to come with him, but she told him that she was going to run round to buy her new hat. She had just time before Jenny shut the shop.

The evening was fine as Willie went down the street, nodding to this acquaintance and to that. He felt as though he were walking with ghostly steps to his own funeral. His tortured imagination made him feel that none of these people was real—since none of them knew that he was nearly dead. . . .

"Is the doctor in, Janet?"

He was saying it again—that silly, senseless phrase. Yes! Willie was sitting in the dining room again, staring at the fiddle that hung above the mantelpiece.

And then he was in the consulting room once again, standing before the desk as though he stood before the judgment seat.

I looked at him a long, long time; then, rising, I solemnly held out my hand.

"I want to congratulate you," I said. "I've had the full pathological report. There isn't a trace of malignancy in the specimen. It isn't cancer at all. It's a simple irritation of your tongue. It will be gone with treatment in a couple of weeks."

Willie's senses reeled. A great wave of joy broke over him, and surged to the very center of his being. But his pale, calm face showed nothing. "I'm obliged to you, Doctor," he said awkwardly. "I'm—I'm—I'm real glad it's no worse."

"I hope you haven't worried these last two days," I said. "Of course, I'd never have let you know what I was afraid of if I hadn't been dead certain that you weren't the worrying kind."

"That's all right, Doctor," Willie murmured, with his eyes on the floor. "Maybe I'm not the worrying kind."

That quiet, self-contained smile played over his face.

"They aye say that's my trouble, ye know. No imagination!"

Then, in his composed voice, he told me all that I have just related here. THE END

Another of A. J. Cronin's adventures will appear soon in Collier's

COLLIER'S

"Junior! Have you been changing the pictures around in this album?"

JAMES WHITING

Our Fightingest Allies

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

something about life under the Reds. All but the youngest recruits in Greece's new army are veterans of the civil war. They've seen the gutted villages in the north and met the peasants whose children were kidnaped, whose homes were destroyed and whose property was stolen by the retreating guerrillas.

"For every Communist sympathizer left in our country," we were told by a village mayor, "there are at least 20 Greeks who hate them with a vengeance."

Memories of Military Glory

Another reason for the cocky, you-can-count-on-us attitude of our new allies is their national pride. In both countries the people feel they have to live up to a tradition of military prowess. The Turks never forget that their Ottoman Empire used to dominate most of the Moslem world and a large chunk of Europe. And any doubts the Greeks may have had about being as tough as their gallant ancestors at Thermopylae were dispelled during and after the last war, when they singlehandedly routed Mussolini's legions, mauled the "invincible" Nazis (even after the country fell) and eventually licked the Red guerrillas.

The innate will to resist of these two peoples has also been fortified in recent years by the fact that the average citizen in Greece and Turkey has more to fight for than ever before in modern times. Both countries have taken long strides toward democracy as we know it in America.

Consider Turkey. After 27 years of progressive but despotic government, the ruling Republican People's party—the party of the late dictator, Kemal Ataturk—did an extraordinary thing in 1950. It permitted the people to vote it out of office in a completely free election. No one was more surprised than the leaders of the newly formed Democratic party, who expected rigged elections. Today, under President Celal Bayar, the new government is pledged to a program of reduced state control of economic affairs. Of course, political activity is still somewhat crude and the Democrats tend to push the opposition around; but at least Turkey is developing the kind of democratic institutions worth fighting for.

The Greeks, who knew Fascism in the thirties under General John Metaxas, have emerged from the turmoil and violence of war, occupation and internal strife with a democratic constitution and full civil liberties. For all the political bickering you hear about, the state itself is basically stable—thanks to hard-working King Paul and his clever, attractive young queen, Frederica. Economic reforms are being pressed with the encouragement of ECA officials, and political life is unfettered. It's a tribute to Greece's political maturity that only two years after the civil war a plainly pro-Communist party (the E.D.A.) was able to campaign freely and elect several deputies to Parliament in September. (Despite this minor electoral success, the Greek Communists are weak and divided—and frequently on the outs with Moscow.)

It's no wonder that General Omar Bradley, who made a flying visit to Turkey and Greece this fall, came home with high praise for the contribution these two countries can make to NATO. About the only flaw we could find in the picture—and one which General Bradley naturally wouldn't mention—is that our newest allies traditionally have little love for each other.

Their feud dates back to 1453, when the rampaging Turks chased the Byzantine emperor out of Constantinople. Later they took over Greece, which got its independence back only in the last century. But the deepest scars of all were left by the 1922 war, when the Greeks tried to get a foothold in Anatolia and were driven into the sea by Ataturk's army. The Greeks have never forgotten this humiliating defeat and the resultant massacres of their countrymen in Smyrna; the Turks, in turn, can't forget that the Greeks attacked them when they seemed defenseless after World War I.

COLLIER'S **"Hello, dear. I've brought some work home"** HAL ANDERSON

Leaders in both nations deplore the lingering bitterness. One of them, significantly, is General Nicholas Plastiras, Greece's new Prime Minister. A veteran of the bloody Anatolian campaign, where he commanded a regiment against the Turks, General Plastiras told us, "I know the capabilities of the Turks at firsthand. It is important for us and the free world that we develop a real friendship with them."

"They'd make a great team," said a U.S. major who has served in both countries. "They've got so much in common, sometimes I can hardly tell them apart. Look at their soldiers—most of them wear black mustaches, they're all hard as nails and handy with bayonets. They even like the same kind of liquor."

Border Units Co-operate

The liquor is that potent, anise-flavored drink that the Greeks call *ouzo* and the Turks raki. We drank some with Turkish officers at the frontier city of Edirne, near the junction of Greece, Turkey and Communist Bulgaria. They told us that co-operation is increasing between border patrols on this side of the local Iron Curtain. Greek and Turkish units now exchange information about their potential foe to the north, and senior officers of both nations meet on the frontier at regular intervals.

"We've discovered one thing we have in common," said a Turkish captain, with a smile. "In both Greece and Turkey it's a terrible insult to call a man a Bulgarian."

Another thing they have in common, we discovered, is a liking and admiration for Americans. (The feeling in both cases is mutual.) The Americans they know best, of course, are the officers and men of the U.S. military missions who are responsible for transforming their creaking, antiquated, armies into efficient combat outfits.

Our mission to Turkey, known as JAMMAT (Joint American Military Mission for Aid to Turkey), has a staff of 1,250; JUSMAG (Joint United States Mission for Aid to Greece) has more than 600. We talked to dozens of Americans in both missions, and we're still looking for one who doesn't think the Turks and the Greeks are among the greatest guys in the world.

Typical of the modernization practices we've worked out for our new allies are American-advised training schools like the one at ancient Chalcis. Here on the Evripos Strait, the brains and tactical leadership for the Greek army are molded. The straits have long been famed for their puzzling tidal crosscurrents, which change direction for no apparent reason, and old men still sit here and discuss Aristotle's theories on the subject.

"History has made us a philosophical people," Colonel Dimitri Constantopoulos, director of the school's office of studies—and a graduate of the U.S. infantry school at Fort Benning, Georgia—told us as we walked toward the drill grounds. "This school will help us to protect our people's rights to discuss Aristotle, if they want to, instead of Communism, because they must."

The infantry training school at Chalcis—the only one in Greece—was established in October, 1949, just a few months after the Communist rebellion was smashed. More than 3,000 officers and noncoms have since graduated from the 12-week courses in the use of U.S. equipment and tactics.

After leaving Chalcis, the graduates impart their instruction to units from platoon level up. They also take GI slang and informality along with them—two factors, incidentally, that are helping to bring officers and men in the Greek army into a closely knit camaraderie that never existed before.

"Lead outta da pants," a calisthenics instructor's commands whipped across the drill grounds to T-shirted groups in leapfrogging exercises.

"Just like Fort Benning, eh?" Colonel Constantopoulos observed proudly.

A stocky man, wearing the silver oak leaves of an American lieutenant colonel, joined us and said, "The instructor's a sergeant just back from Korea. He's giving orders to field-grade officers and they're taking it. That couldn't have happened a few years ago. Now everyone wants to learn the right thing quickly. If a sergeant has to give the instruction, it doesn't matter."

The officer introduced himself. He was Dan Swett, of Chicago, a thrice-wounded veteran of the Italian campaign in World War II, who is so convincingly sincere and knowledgeable about the role of the modern infantry that he could probably talk a flier into becoming a doughfoot.

Colonel Swett called the calisthenics instructor over to us. Rangy, with a shock of black hair, Sergeant Jimmy Koukouvalas pointed to his combat infantry badge and 1st U.S. Cavalry Division shoulder patch.

"Got 'em in Korea," he explained in clipped, fluent English. "Got 'em when we beat hell outta the Commies." Men like Koukouvalas volunteered for Korea with scarcely time for a breather after their own war against the Communists. When they came home, they stayed on to help make the Greek army an effective striking force.

Swett uses them with his own detachment—a captain and three sergeants, all combat-wise. They spend an average of nine hours daily training students in everything from map reading to assembling automatic weapons. Man power isn't the answer to what the Red Army and its satellites can mass. Initiative, slick training and fire power make a modern infantryman worth six sloppily trained, poorly armed enemies.

Maneuvers Amid Shellbursts

We went along with Swett to a field exercise in the nearby, boulder-strewn mountains. Soldiers in full packs were strung out in the foothills. Live ammunition burst just above them and mortar shells chewed up the summits dead ahead. As agile as the pack mules burdened with ammunition, the soldiers climbed the mountains, flattening themselves when covering fire got so close you could see their faces tighten grimly.

"Look at those guys," Swett said. "The Greek soldier is a wonderful fighting man. If he's well led, he's capable of carrying out the roughest possible assignments. He's a very brave Joe and he's as tough as the mountains he lives in."

Today, the Greek army is well led and getting better all the time. American detachments like Swett's are with every branch of Greek military service, assisting them in weapons handling, logistics, repair and tactics. There's no time for relaxation in the art of defense, especially when you've enemies to the northwest in Albania and to the northeast in Bulgaria.

On the wind-swept plains of Anatolia and in the bleak mountains surrounding them, we watched other courageous, rugged men—the Turks—engage in maneuvers. They were pitted against a mythical invader, but the enemy was no myth to these soldiers. They shouted as they rushed at "invader" strongholds, and one of the angry words we heard was *"Moskofs"*—Russians.

"These people don't consider field exercises as games," American officers told us. "They know that someday there *could* be Russians up in their mountains or in their fields. Every time they go out, they act as if they firmly believe it's the real thing. It's a feeling they have because they've been looking into Red guns so long."

Morale and individual courage are essential in any army. But you can't fight tanks and guns on spirit alone. This is where America came in, as it did in Greece. Training schools, whose number is classified information, were established and operated under American supervision and have graduated more than 30,000 men.

Tanks, bazookas, artillery howitzers, jeeps—a list as long as the needs of a modern army—were brought into Turkey. The Turks had and have a large standing army (about 400,000 men), but they were inadequately equipped until the American military aid program became effective three years ago.

"The Turk learns fast," an American liaison officer, Colonel Halford Robert Greenlee, Jr., of Richmond, Virginia, told us in the capital at Ankara. "He doesn't

waste equipment. As a matter of fact, it's difficult to make him get rid of something that has outlived its usefulness."

Some American officers found that out on a recent tour of inspection. They went up to an armored unit and found some of the tanks immobile, their batteries dead.

"Those batteries are supposed to be good for two years," the Turks declared. "Equipment is valuable. We can't replace it easily." Refusing to admit the batteries were useless, they were stubbornly trying to keep them in service.

The Turks were convinced finally that such overzealousness hurts an army, rather than helps it retain its effectiveness. Their concern, however, is natural when you think that only four years ago about half the national income was going for equipping and maintaining the army.

The average Turkish soldier is a conscript who serves two years, but serves without complaint because he is raised in the unbending principle that one day he may have to fight Russia to safeguard Turkey's independence. He's usually a peasant lad, accustomed to a hard life and no frills. In the army he gets no trimmings and draws 11 cents a month as pay. But the food is plentiful and he gets the opportunity today to obtain mechanical knowledge that will prove invaluable when he returns to the farm, now that Marshall Plan machinery is becoming available.

Where the American taxpayer is concerned, the dollar buys more defense in Turkey than anywhere else in the world. It costs about $200 a year to outfit the Turkish soldier—coat, summer and winter uniform, two pairs of shoes, food and individual equipment. When he's in the army, he firmly believes his mission is to fight—a healthy view, although it often results in unforeseen complications.

Barbed-Wire Fence Was Needed

When the Turkish brigade was being assembled for Korea, Americans were puzzled to see the men installed behind barbed-wire enclosures. Around the fences hundreds of Turkish soldiers milled, talking to their comrades through the wire.

"What's the wire for?" asked the Americans of a Turkish staff officer. "Are you afraid those men will run off?"

The officer looked hurt. "No, sir," he said a little huffily. "We've got to keep the others out, otherwise we'll have at least three brigades going to Korea."

He was absolutely right. The call for volunteers brought 30,000 in a few days, about five times as many as the Turk quota, based on the number of men our supply units in Korea could equip.

Their contribution is second only to the American, proportionately; there are more British than Turkish troops in Korea, but they are drawn from all the Commonwealth nations. In the Korean fighting the Turks have suffered very heavy casualties; this is traceable to their ingrained conviction that a Turk never retreats no matter how desperate his position may be.

We were talking to a returned veteran, Sergeant Mehmet Vuridoun, about his experiences in the line at Korea.

"What did you do," we asked, "when you got pushed back?"

Vuridoun's mouth opened in wide astonishment. "What do you mean?" he replied. "We never got pushed back."

Gradually, though, the Turks are being shown by American advisers that frequently it's better to withdraw and live to fight another day. They don't like the idea, but if we say that it's a question of practical expediency and not a lack of courage, they'll buy it, somewhat grudgingly.

In concentrating on the strengthening of Greek-Turkish land forces, the U.S. has not ignored their navy and air branches. The American missions are staffed with naval and Air Force veterans. They have been training these more or less neglected services and have given them equipment for admittedly limited targets.

As U.S. officers see it, the role of these two small navies will be to patrol their own waters and to escort the mighty American Sixth Fleet, the most powerful single naval striking unit in the world. The Greek and Turkish air arms are developing tactical squadrons with trained technical personnel. Their strength is modest, but both nations have been building a network of new air bases and modernizing old ones, which can be utilized by America if war should come.

When the missions were first established, commands were given topflight Army officers. Fortunately, appointments were not political plums, but were based on merit. General James Van Fleet, the commander of the Eighth Army in Korea, headed the mission to Greece when it seemed that the Communists couldn't be stopped.

We were with Van Fleet when he saw the Communists rolled up and smashed in the Grammos Mountains. In a year he had, with his advisory teams, trained and re-equipped the Greek National army and saved Greece for the free world.

"You couldn't ask for better soldiers," he told us just before he left Greece two years ago. "All the Greeks needed was better leadership and weapons. When they got both they couldn't be stopped."

"Calm down, lady. When I said you were too late for mistletoe I simply meant we were all sold out"

COLLIER'S — RICHARD McCALLISTER

Today, youthful-looking Major General Robert Frederick, of San Francisco, California, oft-wounded, gun-toting general of World War II, is carrying on Van Fleet's practices. We had met Bob Frederick in Vienna, where he once commanded the U.S. garrison.

"You know," he said, "that I'm not inclined to make great pronouncements. But I'll say this: the Greek army is as solid an outfit as I'd ever hope to command."

In Turkey, Major General Bill Arnold, of Union City, Tennessee, a soft-spoken Southerner of fifty, and a veteran of most of the bloodiest campaigns in the Pacific, heads up JAMMAT. Arnold, one of the American Army's younger commanders, gets more done with his trigger mind than all the old-fashioned bluster ever could accomplish. He has learned Turkish so well that he can walk right up to a Turkish private and talk without getting variations from a local interpreter. It's things like this that account for the regard and respect in which he's held by the Turkish general staff.

At his office near Ankara, General Arnold reviewed for us his mission's work.

"We're modernizing the Turkish army," he said. "But we're not making it a gadget army. We're teaching the young officer to be 'one of the boys,' and we're weeding out the dinosaurs who are of no use to anyone. With this fine army, Turkey should be the guiding light in the Middle East."

The degree of co-operation between the mission commanders and the Greek-Turkish general staffs is amazing when you stop to consider the inherent pride and sensitivity of those nations. It came to a test when suggestions were made that wholesale lots of high brass should be retired.

The Greeks and Turks made their decisions almost instantaneously. They booted out the incompetents and laggards and still continue to check up on their ranking officers. Turkey got rid of 140 colonels and generals between January and September of this year.

"Why should we be offended when you make those proposals?" a Greek staff officer asked rhetorically, when we put the matter up to him. "You, the Americans, are our friends and allies. You're interested in helping, not hurting, us."

We double-checked this opinion with the chiefs of staff of both nations. General Thrasivoulos Tsakalotos, whom we had known in 1947 when he was in command of units facing the Albanian frontier, was pained at the suggestion in our question.

"Ridiculous!" he thundered. "We're all working together, toward the same aims. It's common defense. With American help we have a magnificent army. We don't get annoyed at touchy situations. We talk them out into mutual agreement."

In Turkey, Chief of Staff Nuri Yamut paused in the midst of a conference with General Arnold to make his points. A deliberate man, Yamut asked the interpreter to repeat his observations twice to make sure we got them straight.

"We respect each other. Turks and Americans," he said. "We work together and we have confidence in each other."

Tsakalotos and Yamut were both elated over the entry of their countries into the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. In this respect, they reflected the feelings of their countrymen, who wanted to become members of NATO because they believe—and they're right—that they are important partners in the free world's defense organization.

These countries are passionate in their insistence that they belong to the West. Politicians, students, peasants and cityfolk talk about their association with the West as a right and a blessing. General Yamut, for example, dragged a large globe of the world to his desk in an effort to prove to us in terms of latitude and longitude that Turkey belongs to the West geographically, as well as defensively.

And our new allies mean what they say about putting out for the West. If the Russians plunge the world into war, a Greek army of 150,000 men, plus 250,000 trained reserves, will be ready to protect General Eisenhower's extended southern flank. The little Greek navy and the large Greek merchant fleet will be ready to assist the Sixth Fleet as an escort screen and supply force.

Turkey's army of 400,000, as large as any Eisenhower has under his command and much better than most, plus a million reserves will be in a position to hack away at Soviet and satellite divisions trying to move westward toward the industrial centers of Europe. Moreover, Turkey, as our ally, cannot be ignored by the Russians in their strategic planning.

Dangers of Invading Turkey

It would be better for the Russians to bypass Turkey, for an attack there would be an enormous undertaking, second only to an assault across Germany toward France (for a venture into Turkey, our experts figure, Moscow would need almost 600,000 first-line troops—not counting those she would require to stave off retaliatory blows from Greece and, in all probability, Yugoslavia). If, however, the Russians *should* attack Turkey and Greece, those two countries could count on plentiful Allied help after they had rolled with the initial thrust.

But more than that, were Soviet divisions to invade elsewhere, neither Turkey nor Greece would remain idle. Turkey, especially, would be a threat. Her armies, on the Bulgarian frontier in Turkish Thrace, and on Russia's borders at Kars and Ardahan, are a menace to Soviet supply and communications. In case of war, the Turks would certainly move to disrupt the Red Army where the Soviet strategists find themselves quite vulnerable—their own home bases.

With Tito in the Western camp, the Russians will find three of the toughest fighting forces in the world ranged solidly against them. It won't be any cakewalk taking on the Yugoslavs, Greeks and Turks all at the same time. As a matter of fact, it's a very good bet that the Russians would find themselves engaged in the kind of costly warfare that drained the Germans in World War II.

Turkey has become the West's Middle East Command. The most advanced, the best equipped and the greatest friend we have in the area, Turkey's role is a dual one. She keeps an eye cocked on southeast Europe and one on the Middle East. Geographically, the country is athwart both continents and she is geared to make commitments either way or both.

That's why the Turks were puzzled over the British-inspired proposal for a separate Middle East Command, embracing the Arab states. Realists that they are, they don't count any nation in the troubled area as capable of any military strength. Why, they ask, borrow trouble (like being snubbed by Egypt) when you get nothing in return?

Should war come, the air bases in Greece and Turkey will be vital in carrying an Allied offensive against Russia. The Americans have the air strength to provide the striking power, not only with land-based planes in Greece and Turkey, but from the carriers of the Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean, as well.

From Turkey, too, we could bottle up Russian shipping in the Black Sea. Turkish control of the Bosporus and the Dardanelles cuts Soviet merchantmen off from the rest of Europe and Africa. It also minimizes the danger from southern-based Russian submarines, which must risk high losses in any attempt to nip through the Bosporus into the Mediterranean.

Viewed through other eyes, Greece and Turkey are not simply our new allies, or old friends finally recognized.

"You Americans perhaps don't realize how fortunate you are with Greece and Turkey on your side," a neutral diplomat told us in our Ankara hotel.

"You have more than additional armies to help you. In Greece and Turkey you may have the absolute deterrent to any Russian plan for aggression—anywhere.

"You've been fortunate in getting one of the greatest bargains in history." THE END

Tops in TransPORTation

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

bus terminal in mid-Manhattan, world's biggest bus station, where 5,200 busses daily handle 125,000 passengers, most of them Jersey commuters to and from jobs in New York. Among the terminal's refinements are a bowling alley, one of the longest soda fountains extant, and a supermarket where a commuter can pick up his bag of victuals on his way home at night.

- The majestic George Washington Bridge, spanning the Hudson between upper Manhattan and Fort Lee, New Jersey, an $80,000,000 colossus carrying 103,000 tons of steelwork and 28,300 tons of cable, world's longest suspension bridge until San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge came along. Of this Port Authority creation, which observed its twentieth birthday in October, the renowned Swiss architect, Le Corbusier, has rhapsodized: "It is the only seat of grace in the disordered city . . . Here, finally, steel architecture seems to laugh."
- The $100,000,000 New York International Airport (Idlewild), world's biggest commercial air terminal, built—after history's biggest land-reclamation job—on a 4,900-acre tract once tidal marsh and open water. Idlewild superimposed on Manhattan would reach from the Battery to Forty-second Street, a distance of four miles. It has—besides a 10-story control tower now abuilding—three hangars each as big as two football fields, and runways miles long.
- An agency less energetic than the PNYA might justifiably consider such an airport, tunnel, bus terminal and bridge enough of a handful. But this monumental quartet isn't all. There are 13 other Authority holdings: three more airports (La Guardia, Newark and Teterboro); three more bridges, all spanning the gap between Staten Island and Jersey (the Goethals, the Bayonne and Outerbridge Crossing); two motor-truck terminals, one in Newark, one in New York, where over-the-road tractor trailers swap cargoes with local, smaller trucks; the Lincoln Tunnel, the Holland's upstream twin; a union inland railroad freight terminal in Manhattan; two marine terminals (one Port Newark, the other a grain depot in Brooklyn); and—smallest of the lot—a heliport at the southern tip of Manhattan, hopefully dubbed No. 1.

This impressive array of public works came into the Authority's hands in several ways. The PNYA itself built all the bridges, the bus, truck and railroad freight terminals, and the Lincoln Tunnel. It took over by transfer from other government agencies the Holland Tunnel and the grain terminal. It bought Teterboro Airport, in northern New Jersey, from a private owner. It leased the other three airports and Newark's seaport for 50 years from the respective owner cities, and a second heliport for one year from New York City.

At the Rail Freight Terminal

All these complicated enterprises are actively managed by the Authority itself, except for the railroad freight terminal, which is leased to nine trunk-line railroads coming into New York. A 16-story, block-square structure in downtown Manhattan, it has more floor space than the Empire State Building and is a central delivery point for truck deliveries to and from the railroads. It offers a unique service whereby outsize elevators carry giant freight-bearing trucks from platforms on the first two floors to and from the lofts, warehouses and offices of private shippers occupying the upper floors. Thus, a top-floor tenant with a consignment for Zanzibar, say, need give it no more thought after it passes through his own office door; the truck waiting right outside will carry it direct to shipside.

The plush executive offices of the PNYA itself are on the building's fifteenth floor, and from them can be plainly heard the rumble of the truck mastodons directly below. For all this Buck Rogers touch, however, the terminal is regarded by students of the PNYA as merely a monument to the Authority's one signal failure. They point out that the Authority's original chief mission was to unify railroad terminal facilities. (This one terminal has never paid off as a terminal, though it has through loft and office rentals; and eight other similar terminals once planned no longer loom on PNYA drawing boards.)

"The Authority spent almost the whole of its first 10 years struggling with this single task," one expert says. "But the railroads just didn't want to unify. They've felt that unification is inconsistent with the

VIP'S WAR

COLLIER'S "Ooooh! Your medals are like *ice!*" VIRGIL PARTCH

competitive basis on which they're built."

Luckily for the Authority, truck traffic came along just about when the railroad problem was beginning to stymie it, and on the heels of that came air traffic. With the metropolis rapidly heading for its biggest (and still growing) air-sea-car-rail boom in commercial and passenger traffic, the PNYA took a sharp look at the broad mandate given it by its bistate boss—to develop the port into a harmonious, thriving center of world trade—and took these burgeoning new forms of transport under its willing wing.

In so doing, the Authority did not have completely smooth sledding. Despite its reputation for shrewd, efficient management, and one of the best credit ratings of any public agency in the country for revenue bonds (its properties are financed by tax-exempt bonds sold to public and private investors), not all its facilities came to it without a fight.

Three Airports at Low Price

There were, for instance, lengthy wrangles with the cities of Newark and New York over the price the Authority proposed to pay for taking over their respective airports—at their request. Newark's airport was run-down and insolvent; New York's La Guardia was (and still is) literally sinking into the mud, and its Idlewild, then not yet completed, was draining the civic treasury. The Port of New York Authority offered what both cities considered insultingly low sums for assuming responsibility for the properties.

A number of local politicos were heard to murmur about this Frankenstein their states had created, but the Authority, notoriously hardheaded in matters fiscal, remained unmoved; it doesn't fancy itself as a source of charity for ailing civic enterprises. Eventually, in 1947, compromise was reached. On each of the New York airports the final deal was for a 50-year lease, in return for which the PNYA would pay the city $350,000 rent a year for 10 years, $450,000 thereafter, or a 75 per cent share of the total net revenue, whichever is greater.

To date, this millennium has not been attained. Though not the least money-making of the Authority's facilities (that low position is held by the Staten Island bridges), the airports are far from the top; that honor goes to the PNYA's Hudson River crossings, thanks to the fantastic volume of traffic they bear (53,500,000 vehicles last year alone). George Washington Bridge collects as much as $100,000 in tolls of a week end, and the income from that and all other Authority bridges and tunnels accounted for a bulging 77 per cent of its 1950 gross operating revenue of $42,198,237.

The Authority's hottest scraps, however, have been with New York City's strong-willed park commissioner, Robert Moses. On occasion these have seemed like the head-on charge of an irresistible force against an immovable object, and onlookers detect more than the usual quota of animus present in public feuds.

The latest Moses-PNYA tilt occurred this fall, when the Authority applied to New York City's Planning Commission, on which sits Moses, for permission to build a third tube for the Lincoln Tunnel to take some of the traffic load off its present two tubes. The law requires such permission whenever Authority projects involve connections with New York City streets.

The request was turned down; the commission felt that the well-heeled Authority could afford an extra $30,000,000—on top of the $85,000,000 cost of the third tube—to contribute toward the construction of a cross-town expressway into mid-Manhattan. On the other hand the Authority argued that it would be sufficient to spend $21,000,000 out of the tube appropriation for what it declared to be "fully adequate" approaches from the tunnel to the city's streets.

Shedding his customary geniality, Howard Cullman, chairman of the PNYA's 12-man board of commissioners, caustically charged in a wire to New York's Mayor Vincent Impellitteri that Moses, in opposing the Authority plan, had acted in a loaded, "triple-threat" capacity—not only as Planning Commission member but as the city's Construction Co-ordinator and chairman of its Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority.

Snapped Moses: "This business of the Authority's walking into a city and building approaches on its own terms is a lot of hooey."

Pending a final decision on the matter by the New York Board of Estimate, the Authority, seemingly undeterred by its preliminary turndown, went ahead and ordered advance field work on the new tube and let a contract for land borings to test subsurface conditions on the streets leading to it.

Mowing down obstacles in its way is just one of many chores the Authority considers to be in its regular line of duty. Basically, all its activities have to do with improving and promoting transportation within, into and out of its fabulous empire. But since there is virtually no limit to the by-products of transportation—with which the port of New York Authority also zestfully occupies itself—its round-the-clock schedule makes it just about the busiest public body in the United States.

Employees of Many Callings

Exactly how busy may be gauged by the types of help it employs. On its staff of 3,310, including the usual administrative and clerical personnel, are lawyers, architects, engineers, designers, scientists, surveyors, weather observers, radar experts, traffic cops, dock-wallopers, freight handlers, electricians, bridge painters and other maintenance men as well as one helicopter pilot.

In any one week, the number and variety of PNYA goings on are staggering to behold, and many of them are far afield.

In the Midwest and in South America the Authority's bustling agents may be wooing importers and exporters with charts, shipping schedules and promises of special services, to persuade them that moving their cargoes via New York is cheaper and more efficient than via Philadelphia, Savannah, Charleston, Boston or the Gulf ports. The PNYA's archrival is New Orleans, which took away a lot of trade from New York's submarine-threatened waters during the war; it was with an eye to beating the Southern city at its own game that the Authority recently added to its Chicago, Cleveland and Washington "port promotion" offices a new branch in Rio de Janeiro, which has always sent a lot of shipping to New Orleans.

In Washington, PNYA lawyers may be filing briefs with the Interstate Commerce Commission opposing railroad truck freight rates which the PNYA thinks discriminate unfairly against New York commerce; its representatives may be swarming Capitol Hill for appropriations to deepen a channel in New York Harbor; its technicians may be working out the details of such operations with the Army Corps of Engineers.

Also in Washington, the Authority may be arguing before the Civil Aeronautics Board in support of the application of private companies for licenses to operate helicopter service in the port area. The PNYA would not itself run such a service or the many skyscraper heliports which it confidently expects to dot Manhattan soon, but it would build and operate all public heliports.

Recently the Authority illustrated its optimism about the coming helicopter age by buying its own pontoon-equipped 'copter, a $24,850 Bell 47D1, fondly referred to by PNYA executives as "the little bug," which they hop as casually as most people do an earth-bound company car. Almost all PNYA facilities have been fixed up with landing areas for the "bug," small circles marked by black-and-yellow diagonal stripes; when Authority staffers have to visit all the Authority's holdings, their travel time is now two hours by helicopter as opposed to two days by car.

Back on its own home ground in any average week, the Authority is constantly astir with myriad other matters. It may be conferring with civil defense officials about protecting its vital arteries against A-bomb attack (plans are to shut them off to prevent a mad rush out of the metropolis). Its engineers may be starting some wholly new piece of construction (currently the biggest is a $6,000,000 passenger terminal building for Newark Airport), or a new tunnel, viaduct or other approach for an existing facility.

Its workmen may be repaving runways and roadways at its airports and tunnels, or tightening bolts on the cables of the George Washington Bridge, or painting it—a colossal job requiring four years, $350,000 and 28,000 gallons of paint.

In connection with the paint job, a side Authority activity is the psychological testing of applicants for employment as painters. "Afraid of heights?" structural foreman Al Fegley begins by asking. "Hell, no," usually comes the cocky reply. "I was a flier" (or steeplejack, or shipyard worker). The job hunter is then taken by elevator to the top of one of the bridge towers, 600 feet above terra firma, led to a girder only 16 inches wide, and invited to walk 30 feet out. Two out of three refuse; of the rest, many freeze halfway across.

A Man Who Knew How to Fall

Sailors and circus men, the Authority finds, make the best bridge painters. One of its 50 men on the job is Charlie Rigg, a former Chicago trapeze artist, tumbler, one-wheel bike rider, and high-wire performer, all of which he is undoubtedly grateful for now. One day a timber which was being hoisted suddenly swung in the wind and bowled Charlie off a scaffold. Like a cat, he landed lightly, feet down, on a girder a little way below.

Equally vital, if less dangerous, are the Authority's regular responsibilities in connection with its airports. While Fegley is putting some hopeful candidate through his paces at the bridge, PNYA chief engineer John Kyle's staff may be busy labtesting the plane-bearing qualities of subsoil and concrete, while out at La Guardia Field, laborers may be shoring up the perimeter dike built to prevent the airport from disappearing into the waters of Flushing Bay.

La Guardia is the PNYA's biggest single headache. Its fill, WPA-built some years ago and literally consisting, in part, of bedsprings and baby carriages, hasn't held up under the weight of heavy oceangoing planes; the airport keeps sinking. Eventually the Authority plans to relegate La Guardia to short-haul domestic flights only.

One recent Authority project in a wholly new direction is a 15-month experiment to test the feasibility of a shore-based radar station at Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island, to guide ships in and out of the harbor during times of low visibility. Since the fixed cost of operating a 10,000-ton cargo ship is $2,000 a day, and a lot more for transatlantic liners, delays are costly; so that the Authority regards the radar experiment as part of its job of improving commerce in the port.

Three PNYA radar experts, equipped with walkie-talkies for ship-to-shore communication, went aboard scores of incoming and outgoing vessels during the experimental period. At least once a possible tragedy was averted when the radarman aboard the freighter African Sun out of Capetown, coming into Ambrose Channel in a heavy fog, got word from Fort Wadsworth that the Ile de France was also taking the turn into the channel. The master of the African Sun was able to get his ship out of the way in time.

The results of the radar experiment are now being studied for long-range possibilities. It is not certain who would operate a permanent station if one is set up; either the Authority, New York City, or the shipping companies jointly might do so.

Not overlooked by the Authority in its average work week are a score of activi-

"I haven't even been able to get him *near* a barber before, Mr. Hoffman. Why, you're quite a psychologist!"

COLLIER'S — STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

Medal of Honor

Sergeant Travis Watkins,
Gladewater, Texas—Medal of Honor

Private First Class Melvin Brown,
Mahaffey, Pennsylvania—Medal of Honor

Lieutenant Frederick Henry,
Clinton, Oklahoma—Medal of Honor

Major General William F. Dean
Berkeley, California—Medal of Honor

Sergeant Charles Turner,
Boston, Massachusetts—Medal of Honor

This is the season when you think of stars. The one over Bethlehem. The ones on Christmas trees.

But this year remember another star, too—the one on the Medal of Honor. And make a place in your heart for the brave, good men who've won it. Men who, oftener than not, made the final, greatest sacrifice—so that the stars on your Christmas tree, and the stars in your country's flag, might forever shine undimmed.

Right now—today—is the time to do something important for these men who died for you. You can, by helping to defend the country they defended so far "above and beyond the call of duty."

One of the best ways you can make defense *your* job, too, is to buy more . . . and more . . . and more United States Defense Bonds. For your bonds help strengthen America. And if you make this nation strong enough you'll create, and keep, the peace for which men died.

• • •

Buy Defense Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan where you work or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank. Start today!

Peace is for the strong...Buy U. S. Defense Bonds

ties directly beamed at the people who use its facilities. Its concessions, for one: increasingly they are a PNYA revenue getter, and its officials are usually either dreaming up a new concession or riding herd on an old one (licenses are revokable if certain standards of sanitation and so on are not upheld).

PNYA concessions at its various terminal facilities include snack and nonsnack bars, restaurants, flower shops, banks, haberdasheries, camera stores, bookstores, a streamlined nine-hole golf course and 53-tee driving range (at Newark Airport) and some 350 vending machines, peddling anything from nylons to the chance to eavesdrop on tower-to-plane conversations.

Concessions still to come, if Authority plans work out, will be a hotel, movie theater and steam baths, all at Idlewild, in line with the PNYA's grandiose views of the future volume of U.S. air travel.

The Authority's concern for the customer also shows up in the training of the cops who man its tunnels and bridges. Lectures to prospective PNYA policemen ground them not only in the art of tolltaking, traffic directing and fire fighting, but also in the psychology of fear and the general idiosyncrasies of human nature. Many a driver who has unaccountably "frozen" and thereby jammed traffic on the eight-lane George Washington Bridge has been gently unloosed by an Authority cop—whose very next chore may be to flag a motorist with a telephone message from his wife, to catch a bandit's getaway car, or, on occasion, to deliver a baby.

Giraffe Sticks Its Neck Out

Sometimes it is the animal kingdom which tests the cops' mettle. Frequently, in the Holland or Lincoln Tunnels, they will have to corral a pig on its way to market which has decided to make a break for freedom instead. On one memorable morning they successfully got through the tunnel a giraffe which had somehow managed to pry its head through the top of its cage.

The story goes that, back in 1926, when Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York asked present PNYA chairman Cullman, a wealthy tobacco merchant, to join the Authority's board of commissioners, Cullman replied: "Sure, Al, but what is it?" Cullman's bafflement was then, and still is, echoed by many people who find it hard to categorize a public agency whose regular interests run the gamut from giraffes to golf courses to Gargantuan public works.

As a civic body, the Authority is indubitably a queer duck; nevertheless, since it set up shop in 1921, first agency in the U.S. to be labeled an "authority" (its own model was the Port of London Authority), it has been followed by some 150 other "authorities" across the nation. Not all are primarily concerned with transportation, but all have this much in common: although essentially public agencies, they run their affairs like private corporations, buying and selling, charging rentals, issuing bonds, and so forth. But they are, unlike private companies, nonprofit-making. The PNYA's revenues, for example, go for operating expenses, interest payments, debt reduction, additions to and improvement of facilities, and a reserve fund. Any "surplus" ultimately belongs to the two states it serves.

As the pioneer authority, the PNYA had the toughest row of all to hoe. Its origin lay in a century of bitterness between New Jersey and New York as to who owned what rights where in the harbor between them.

At one point, in the early 1830s, the two regarded each other so venomously that one evening a band of militiamen riotously assembled in a taproom on the Jersey shore, reached for their muskets and marched forth determined to settle once and for all just where one state left off and the other began. They had advanced five blocks in their push on the Empire State before cooler heads convinced them they would be slaughtered by superior forces across the Hudson.

Finally, in 1834, a treaty between the two states declared the dividing line to be an imaginary one running down the center of the waters between the two. This maintained reasonably amicable relations until the early 1900s, when certain business interests in Jersey filed a complaint with the Interstate Commerce Commission, charging that railroad rates applicable to their territory were unfair because in them were included costs that the railroads, which stopped short on the Jersey shore, figured for hauling freight across the water to New York.

Although New Jersey eventually lost this case, out of it came a suggestion by the ICC that it was about time the two states realized that their interests in the harbor were mutual; thus was born the Port Authority. Acceptance of the PNYA did not come all at once, but the two governors of the states at the time of the compact creating it were particularly farsighted men: Governor Walter E. Edge of New Jersey (by an odd quirk, he was again governor when the Authority celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary) and the late Governor Charles S. Whitman of New York.

"Don't be silly, Fred; a puppy hardly eats anything . . . What? . . . Well, a little milk, a little raw egg, a little meat. . . Hello? . . . Hello . . . Hello!"

COLLIER'S — HANK KETCHAM

The Happy Warrior's Dry Gag

Al Smith, who had been New York governor prior to the compact and was to be governor again afterward, joined them in a broad propaganda campaign to win public approval. Al went about assuring his hearers that "next to the Eighteenth Amendment, port development is about as dry a thing as you can think of"—a line which never failed to wow his audience or soften it up for his more serious arguments in favor of the PNYA.

Today, all traces of the old bitterness between the states are gone. The six men on the PNYA board of commissioners from New Jersey get along so well with their opposite numbers from New York that in no case has a vote of the board shown a definite geographical cleavage. The 12 serve for six-year terms without pay, are appointed by their respective governors—and are removable only by them.

Just once was a removal indicated, in the early days when one New Yorker on the board was suspected of furthering his own private business interests through his position on the Authority. Al Smith, then a commissioner of the Port Authority, told him to get off the board, and he resigned. Since then the Authority has had what Professor Erwin W. Bard of Brooklyn College, its most assiduous historian, calls "a remarkable record of probity."

Under the commissioners is a staff acclaimed as probably the most highly skilled in the U.S. Because the Authority is immune to political pressure, nobody's backward nephew can find it a soft berth. Salaries are high; forty-seven-year-old executive director Tobin, who worked his way through Fordham law school at night and 23 years ago came to the Authority in a minor legal capacity, makes $45,000 a year. His relationship to the board of commissioners is that of an operating president to a board of directors in a private corporation.

Tobin has gathered unto him assistants from all over the country chosen for their achievements elsewhere. An expert on municipal finance was imported from Chicago, a traffic engineer from Indiana, an expert on civil service procedures from Kentucky. Fred M. Glass, director of the PNYA's department of aviation development, is from Mississippi by way of Washington, D.C.; Hervey F. Law, superintendent of airports, used to run the National Airport in Washington; George McSherry, superintendent of Idlewild, hails from Dayton, Ohio, where he was a youthful neighbor of Orville Wright.

The job of airport superintendent, because it is relatively new and untried, is a particularly tough one, and often calls for improvising. At Idlewild, not only distinguished human visitors but planeloads of animals arrive in steady procession. "It nearly drives a man nuts," McSherry says. "One day bright and early I turned out to greet Trygve Lie, who was due in. But when I pulled open the terminal door no one was there but an orangutan which was idly trying to slug open a popcorn vending machine. We soon stopped that, but it took several of us to catch him."

Because its properties are in constant use by great multitudes of people, the Authority is ever vigilant over the possibility of accidents; it pays $735,000 a year in premiums to 160 different insurance companies. Its accident record, though, has been remarkably clean. The most serious blot on it was a fire in the Holland Tunnel on Friday the 13th of May, 1949, when a 16-ton trailer, loaded with drums of highly inflammable carbon disulphide, exploded about a third of the way in from the Jersey entrance.

Lights went out, the tunnel was filled with smoke, the interior facings were ripped, and several trucks were reduced to smoldering steel. In heat estimated at 2,500 degrees Fahrenheit, drivers were either blown from their seats or stumbled out to grope their panicky way along the tunnel, 65 feet below the surface of the Hudson. But, miraculously, not one of the 1,237 people there at the time perished, and only 66 were slightly injured. Passenger cars trapped in the tunnel were promptly towed to safety. For the tunnel, designed by Ole Singstad, world's foremost authority on vehicular tubes, had been so constructed (particularly its ventilation system) that any chance of tragedy was minimized.

Authority Gained Prestige

The explosion caused painful but only temporary embarrassment to the Authority. The truck had entered the tube in violation of regulations as to the quantity of the chemical it carried and the type of containers used. But the incident actually enhanced PNYA prestige because of the quick job it did in getting the tunnel into commission again—a matter of less than 24 hours.

Next to accidents, the Authority's largest worry in the line of human imponderables are the suicides, would-be and successful, who think that their most spectacular exit from this vale of tears can be made only by diving off the George Washington Bridge. The Authority believes that suicides are suggestible, and therefore hates even to mention the matter publicly; it will admit, however, to a total of 89 suicides from the bridge to date.

When one occurs, the telephone sooner or later rings either at the desk or in the Long Island home of Mrs. Lee Jaffe, the attractive brunette who directs the Authority's public relations, and who must issue the required release to the press. Mrs. Jaffe's man-sized abilities have won her during the past two years consecutive awards from the American Public Relations Association for "the most notable public relations performance in the field of government." But on the sad occasion of a suicide she reacts with a purely feminine shudder. "It's one part of my job I'll never get used to," she says.

One leap from the bridge, however, ended more happily than most. Some time ago, a man known professionally as Jumping Jack Niles hired a cab to take him across the bridge.

Midway, he complained of illness and asked the driver to pull up to the side of the roadway. He then bolted out, climbed onto the pedestrians' walk, adjusted a parachute and jumped.

PNYA police rushed to the bridge elevators and descended to earth. There they tossed a life preserver to Niles, who had freed himself from his chute and was swimming toward the Jersey shore. As they did so, they noticed two photographers snapping pictures. Thereupon the cops deployed themselves strategically and, when Jumping Jack emerged, closed in and announced that they would have him booked for disorderly conduct at the Fort Lee police station in New Jersey.

It came as no surprise to admirers of the Authority's ubiquitous efficiency that, even in their haste to get to Jumping Jack—and in their agitation over the knowledge that his successful publicity stunt would hit the front pages next day—the Authority's well-trained policemen had nevertheless remembered to meet the dripping culprit at the water's edge with a complete change of dry clothing. THE END

How to Stop Those Basketball Scandals

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

the game praised Melchiorre and Schlictman for leading Bradley's attack. Between them, the two players scored *more than half of Bradley's points!*

After the district attorney's office broke the fix story, Coach A. T. (Slats) Gill of defeated Oregon State commented: "It was a terrific game to watch. Our kids were playing awfully well, and I certainly didn't notice anything suspicious about the way Bradley was playing."

Coach Forddy Anderson of Bradley declared: "I've studied the movies of the Oregon State game at least 20 times and can't find a single play which indicates the kids weren't giving their best efforts every second."

Sportscaster Hank Fisher, who has announced every Bradley game since 1945 play-by-play over Peoria radio station WIRL, commented: "In a stretch of more than 100 games, I hardly took my eyes off the ball, and in all that time I never saw a movement by a Bradley player—against Oregon State or any other opponent—which looked suspicious."

How can players control points without being detected by coach or teammates?

One Way to Escape Detection

One of the players involved in the scandals told officials, "You simply play your hardest on offense—score as many points as you can—and then make simple mistakes on defense. Nobody pays much attention to defense in basketball any more. So you let the man you're supposed to guard get a half step ahead of you. He breaks loose and scores, but who can say you didn't try to stop him?"

Of course, this is not entirely true. Coaches *can* spot defensive mistakes, but only a mind reader could know that a mistake was deliberate. For example, in the fixed 1949 game which Kentucky lost to Loyola of Chicago, one of the players indicted in the scandals frequently stationed himself on defense *directly behind* Jack Kerris, Loyola's center.

Orthodox strategy called for the defensive player to take a position *alongside* of or *in front* of Kerris to intercept passes coming into the pivot. Tom Vogt, Yale freshman coach, and I sat together at that Kentucky-Loyola game and commented several times on the defensive lapses. However, it never occurred to us that the player involved might have been making deliberate mistakes to permit his opponent to score.

Perhaps that sounds naive, but it should be remembered that almost all basketball coaches are basketball coaches because they like the game and the youngsters on their squads. We aren't policemen, and I don't know of a single coach who would stay in the game if he continually had to check the honesty of his players. The answer to college basketball's gambling problem is not to devise some method of catching guilty players in the act. The only acceptable solution is to make certain the youngsters on our teams are boys of character who play the game as a normal part of their educational program—boys a coach can trust anywhere, any time.

This much is certain. College basketball cannot depend upon sporadic police action to wipe out the gamblers. Instead, college basketball will have to save itself by eliminating high-pressure recruiting and commercialism—twin evils which give players a false sense of values and, in many cases, make them vulnerable to bribe offers.

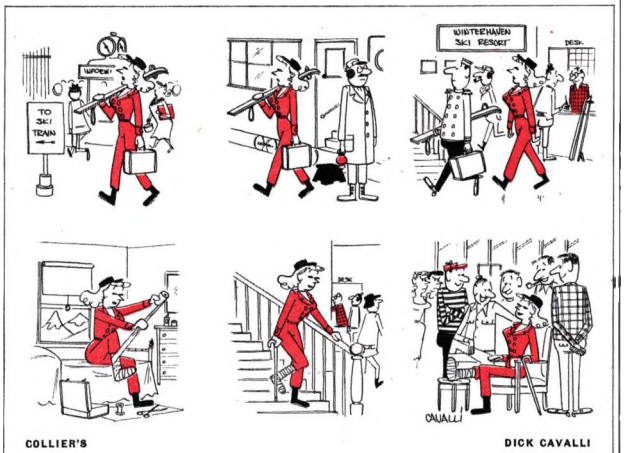
When the gambling scandal broke last winter, an official of one of the schools whose players were involved said: "I can't believe our boys could do such a thing!"

"Why not?" a reporter asked. "You paid them for campus jobs they didn't work at; you gave them passing grades for classes they didn't attend. You bribed them to play for you; the gamblers bribed them not to play too well. What's the difference?"

While all illegally recruited athletes will not accept bribes to throw games, their moral fiber is certainly weakened by the concessions made to their athletic ability. Here is the opinion of Judge Saul S. Streit of New York, who recently passed sentence on 14 guilty players after making exhaustive investigations. He said, in part: "I found among other vices that the sport was commercialized and professionalized; devices, frauds and probable forgery were employed to matriculate unqualified students to college; (there were) flagrant violations of amateur rules by colleges, coaches and players (he might have enlarged this group); and "illegal" scouting, recruiting and subsidization of players. *These conditions are . . . closely interwoven with the crimes of these defendants . . .*"

Some administrative officers—college presidents, in particular—must bear a major share of the guilt for basketball betting scandals. In some cases, they place final approval on grossly commercialized sports programs which employ athletes to produce gate receipt revenues, increase institutional prestige, hike enrollment quotas and appease alumni. Occasionally, they have permitted relaxed academic standards.

Top-level university administrators could



minimize the unwholesome influences which create favorable operating conditions for the gamblers simply by ordering subordinate athletic officials to stop high-pressure recruiting. How many presidents of major universities ever put out such an order?

However, guilt for basketball's gambling ills cannot be assigned to a few bribed players, the coaches, or any one group of college officials. Others are equally guilty. But let's start with the coaches. Are they teachers and counselors, or promoters?

Questions at Coaches' Clinic

Several years ago, Alvin Julian, then coach of the professional Boston Celtics, Adolph Rupp, of Kentucky, and I gave a basketball clinic in Boston. "What are the basic requirements for a winning team?" asked one of the coaches attending the school.

"Passing," Alvin replied. "A good team may use 300 to 350 passes in a game. It is basic to everything else."

"The idea of the game is to get the ball in the basket," was my answer. "I'll take shooters every time."

"You're both wrong," shouted another student coach from the balcony. "Material —that's the basic requirement for winning ball games."

Recruiting (bringing in the material) is common practice at most major basketball colleges. Some coaches recruit on their own initiative, because a winning team means prestige, more security, higher pay. Some even dominate their own athletic directors and faculty; they organize alumni booster groups and instigate the recruiting practices. Conversely, other coaches are driven to recruiting by the demands of alumni and/or the proselyting rules that govern their own school or conference.

"Look," one coach said recently, "I've got to win. I'm in a tough league. The other schools are beating the bushes for players. I've got to recruit right along with them—or we'll be in the conference cellar. And I don't think our alumni would like that."

It's the players who suffer. Kentucky's Alex Groza, when taken into custody, told the press, "Someday when I'm gray—when this thing is done and I've lived it down, I'd like to tell the whole story about what it's all been like—about recruiting."

Ralph Beard added, "Recruiting. That's the start of it. How they went out and got us to play. It got so big. We got big. Too big."

What about college athletic directors? Caught between top-level administration demands for funds "to make the show go," the pressure brought by alumni for winning teams, and demands of coaches and players for subsidies, the directors are really on the spot. Often, the convenient solution is under-the-table recruiting subsidies, lowering of admission standards, plus the hiring of win-at-any-cost coaches.

What about the newspapers? According to District Attorney Hogan, much of the gambling on basketball games—and all the bribe cases—developed after the press began to publicize the "point spread." Many metropolitan newspapers headline basketball betting odds; and frequently their pregame stories subordinate schools and players to the point spread.

What about high-school coaches? Motivated by loyalty to their own alma mater, or favors received from various colleges, many high-school coaches act as agents for their star products. They weigh offers and sometimes advise their youngsters to accept the highest financial bid, or to attend a school where they can make the varsity. (But the majority of prep coaches, of course, counsel their boys to accept long-range educational benefits rather than tempting athletic subsidies.)

What about the rabid alumni and win-at-any-cost "booster" organizations? They demand winning teams and frequently "buy up" enough material to make sure the coach can carry out their demands. If the coach fails, he is fired. The rabid alumnus likes to boast about his team and make a small bet now and then. It's a lot of fun, and he thinks he's helping the boys and the game. Actually, he's helping to make cheaters and parasites out of them.

Players are guilty, too. Influenced by the environmental factors of a vicious recruiting system, they often shop for the best offer, just as colleges shop for them. And the young players hold the key to the future of college basketball. The stars of tomorrow—currently playing on high- and prep-school teams—must decide *now* to choose their college for the educational benefits it will afford them; the opportunity to participate in an athletic program must properly be a secondary consideration. The boy must realize that the recruiters, whoever they may be, are only exploiting him for personal gain. And, as always, it takes two to seal a bargain. If he says *no*, recruiting and subsidies will stop—and so will the bribes.

What about the parents? Where does character develop, if not in the home? Yet, when the gambling scandal broke last winter, editorial writers virtually without exception placed all the blame on the colleges which "corrupted the players with fantastic recruiting offers."

Actually, parents can be the worst recruiters. Many sell their boy's services to the highest bidder, with educational opportunities secondary or nonexistent considerations. Some parents claim their boy could not go to college without financial aid. But they overlook one fact: if a boy can meet academic requirements, he can work his way through practically any college, and possibly qualify for an academic scholarship. If the boy cannot meet the academic requirements, he doesn't belong in the college anyway. Unfortunately, many parents think only of the four years their boy will be in college instead of the 40 or more years after graduation.

The currently scandalous state of affairs in college basketball springs from an obvious source. All the trouble revolves around subsidizing, recruiting and our current concept of amateurism. Americans persist in clinging to a traditional athletic code initiated in England for the true amateur of the nineteenth-century gentleman class. When we try to make this code govern highly commercialized sports programs, which is what we really have in many colleges today, we get into all sorts of trouble.

Standard dictionaries define an amateur as: "One who practices a game or sport solely for the pleasure and physical, mental and social benefits he derives therefrom and to whom sport is nothing more than an avocation—as opposed to the professional who earns money by his prowess in a sport."

Have you noticed anybody answering to that description playing on subsidized college teams?

Last spring, a New York Times survey of 40 colleges revealed, among other things, that the Touchdown Club (said to be composed mostly of millionaires in the oil and cattle country) provides 140 scholarships at the University of Oklahoma for football, basketball, wrestling, baseball and track. Each scholarship includes free tuition and $55 a month for living expenses; married athletes get $75 a month.

Oklahoma is used as an example only because its subsidies are paid in the open and above board. In contrast to the Oklahoma method, many schools give concealed aid to athletes.

Feature practices in this furtive arrangement include cash donations by alumni and/or payment of regular monthly salaries for padded jobs supervised by the athletic department. In some cases, athletes also receive cash payments directly from the university, in the form of inflated expenses or a large number of highly negotiable tickets for important athletic contests.

For example, Judge Streit disclosed that one New York player received a job in addition to tuition, room, meals and books. He was told he would not need to put in the time at the job, and if he had given a good athletic performance that week, his pay slip would be marked "extra hours" and he would receive extra pay.

When a Yale Soph Asked Aid

A healthy athletic program requires no subsidies. There are any number of colleges in America where athletes receive no special consideration, financial or academic. Plenty of scholarships are available, but they are awarded on the basis of academic achievement and need—not because of athletic ability. For example, during my first year as Yale basketball coach, an outstanding soph prospect came into my office and asked for financial help.

When I spoke to Bob Kiphuth, then athletic director, Kiphuth said: "You can do nothing for him. Tell him to see his dean, college master or the chairman of the scholarship committee. If his marks are satisfactory and he needs help, he'll get the same treatment as any other student. You'd better tell him his basketball talent won't entitle him to any special consideration."

The boy, an average student, received some aid and was told he would have to stay in the upper half of his class to keep it. He did. Next year, he won an extra $500 academic award. As a senior, he was graduated with honors, just missing Phi Beta Kappa. But how different it might have been if somebody had solved his financial problem with an under-the-table handout or a soft job.

If all schools would conform to the policy of no special help for athletes, there would be no basketball scandals and no subsidization problems. Students would choose their sports with no pressure exerted on them to play. What's more, competition would tend to level off among schools of similar academic standards. Here is an ideal program that all should work toward; and as a start, the following five-point program is recommended:

1. Adopt a no-subsidy program as rapidly as possible. (Meanwhile, for institutions now committed to subsidies, a constructive first step would be to insist that all aid to athletes be above board and administered through official university channels.)

2. Ban the lowering of entrance requirements or academic standards for athletes.

3. Eliminate all recruiting in favor of counseling interviews with official college representatives.

4. Eliminate win-at-any-cost pressures; in league play, schools should compete only with those of similar academic standards.

5. Finance athletic programs from institutional funds, as is the case with any other department. Gate receipts should go into the general fund.

Perhaps these recommendations seem either naïve or unrealistic. However, an overwhelming majority of college basketball coaches would subscribe to them.

Summer Athletes Well Paid

Admittedly, defining subsidy and eligibility rules which are "practical and above board" could require considerable consultation and compromise among schools with differing athletic viewpoints. In addition to the problem of college subsidies, pay for play in summer sports must be included. For example, college basketball players in a summer hotel "league" in New York's Catskill Mountains have made as much as $1,200 a season for exhibition play while working at "jobs" worth less than half that amount. This is another example of the wide and dangerous disparity between code and common practice.

Top amateur officials should meet with college administrators—re-examine our amateur code—and establish rules that will completely wipe out the hypocrisy and dishonesty to which the boys are sometimes exposed under the present system. Then, let's enforce the rules with vigilance and penalize severely all violations by players and institutions.

"If we'd all stick to the same plan," a coach remarked recently, "we'd eliminate all the 'shopping' and under-the-table deals which place coaches and players in a conspiracy to evade the rules even before the player reaches the campus. It's ironical that, in recruiting players, we force the youngsters to practice deceit and slyness to get into college—qualities which are in direct contrast to the lessons they're supposed to derive from competitive sports."

So much for subsidies, recruiting and eligibility. Regarding another recommendation—the financing of athletic programs from general university funds—it might be pointed out that gate receipt money may not be the root of all basketball evil, but it does have a decidedly unhealthy effect on a university's athletic policies.

We know that basketball does have educational value, as do other competitive sports, and since this is so, it deserves the financial support accorded any other educational activity. The athletic departments should be financed from university funds —in the same way that any other department is. When gate receipts have to furnish revenue for all sports and other university functions, we have trouble.

A recent example is City College of New York. City is one of many colleges that have depended on gate receipts to run its athletic program. In this particular

case it was basketball. To make the gate receipts possible, they had to have a winning team—and the usual problems developed. They took in the money all right, but the players didn't receive any of it, so some of them took bribes from gamblers instead. That's a feeble excuse to take bribes, but it is true that the desire or need for high gate receipts was to blame for many of the accompanying evils.

There is no intent here to single out City College, except to commend it for immediately correcting a bad situation. One of the first things the Board of Higher Education in New York did was to ask for a grant to give City College enough money to run its athletic program so it would not have to depend on gate receipts. That should take place everywhere, and we would have fewer problems.

Our long-range recommendations must be supplemented by measures designed to meet the *immediate* emergency:

Point spreads on basketball games must not be publicized.

Arena basketball now controlled by private promoters should be under complete supervision of college authorities. Games should be played on campuses when possible.

Fixers—those criminally responsible—must be so severely punished that they will never again dare to offer a bribe to a player. (Last month when Judge Streit sentenced basketball fixer Salvatore Sollazzo to a prison term of eight to 16 years, a good precedent was established. The penalty, none too strong for the crime, will discourage future fixers.)

And what about the guilty players? True, they have contributed heavily in hurting a great game and many people. The faith of our youngsters in these All-America idols has been shattered. Some have received jail sentences from six months to three years. All have suffered a terrible stigma and must expect life banishment from the game. Yet it is difficult to sit in judgment on these boys when there are so many others indirectly responsible.

Those of us who are coaches must recognize our tremendous responsibility for the future. A very close relationship must exist between the coach and his players. I know I consider my players the closest in the world to me outside of my own family, and I am sure most other coaches have that same feeling. If this relationship exists, the players will usually come to the coach with any and all personal problems. Further, we must teach the boy—not the sport alone; and we must relate the lessons of sports to the future problems of life.

Obviously, then, coaches must be as qualified as any other faculty member and must have a conception of educational values and know the proper place of athletics in an educational program. It is up to the officers of administration to engage that kind of coach. THE END

Hootin' Owl Holler

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the car labored out of a little valley. "This here's Hootin' Owl Holler," said Charles. "Least, that's what some folks call hit."

At the head of the road was a little field. I prepared to turn back. As Charles got out of the car, he hesitated. "Be mighty dark soon," he said. "Come on up." So I parked the car, and followed him along a rough wagon trail. A snake slithered into the brush, and I jumped. "Copperhead," Charles said. We climbed over a cow barrier and crossed a log bridge—and suddenly, nestled between two Virginia apple trees, we came upon a small, battered mountain cabin, its chimney curling smoke.

Entering the two-room hut was like stepping into another century. Logs burned in the fireplace, a butter churn stood in one corner, an old shotgun in another; on the roughhewn table stood an ancient oil lamp. Two dogs and two cats shared company on the floor; elsewhere in the room were three people—a tall, rugged man, a woman wearing jeans, and an old, wrinkled matriarch who was sucking snuff from a birch twig toothbrush.

As the boy explained my presence, I stood there uncertainly, wondering what kind of welcome I could expect. For the briefest moment there was silence. Then the man strode forward, his hand outstretched. "Make yerself to home," he said gruffly. "We're just sittin' down to supper."

"Lord-a-mercy!" said the old woman, cheerfully. "Hit's shore good to see a visitor!"

The younger woman brushed a hand over her jeans in embarrassment. "You'll have to 'scuse these," she said. "Hit's Star, our cow. She's been used to men a-milkin' her, 'n' won't stand still for me 'less I'm wearin' pants."

The man was John Loss Luncford, Charles's stepfather; his wife's name was Mine and the old woman was Grandmother Freelove Evilene Issacs, a vigorous ninety-six years old ("I dunno what the Lord's a-holdin' me fer," she grinned, after telling me her age).

Supper that night was meatless, but good and plentiful. There were pickled beans, spiced apples, potatoes, hot corn bread, homemade butter, sweet milk and buttermilk. No one had asked me what I was doing in the hills—in fact, all four had courteously refrained from questioning me about anything. But I knew they were wondering, and I soon found out why. When I volunteered that I was an artist, a barely audible sigh of relief passed around the table. "Had an idea you might be one of them gover'ment agents," said John Loss Luncford. "Not," he added hastily, and with obvious sincerity, "that we got anything to hide."

I told them that I had returned not long before from several months in the Far East, including a stay in Korea, and Mine Luncford sighed. "Whenever I reckon I got trouble," she said, "I think of the mothers of those boys. 'Druther see my own coffin a-comin' than my boy a-taken."

"We hardly ever hear of politics in this here holler," Charles said. "But there's sure a powerful lot of war these days. Why don't them leaders try whupping each other with their fists first?"

In all, I spent two days with the Luncfords, and I have never been more hospitably treated. I slept in the bedroom, sharing a double bed with Charles; during the day I wandered around the countryside, meeting the neighbors and sketching them and the Luncfords. Wherever I went, I was welcomed. By the time I left, we had swapped the stories of our lives and they had expressed proper appreciation at a picture of my wife and daughter. At one point, when I was trying to tell Mine how I felt about the way they had taken me in, she interrupted to say, "Yer just as welcome as at home." After she had seen the snapshot of my wife and baby, she added: "'N' they're welcome, too."

I made one trip to the general store a few miles away and bought some food for the household and a silk scarf for Grandmother. She said nothing when I gave it to her, but her eyes glistened; a while later, she remarked, out of the clear: "Hain't never goin' to wear that while I'm livin'. Nosir. I'm a-savin' hit till I'm laid out; hit's a-goin' right into the ground with me."

The morning I left, after a breakfast of eggs, muffins and coffee, Mine followed me out the door and handed me a package. "Hit's fer you and yer wife," she said, and turned back into the house.

I opened it before starting the drive back to Elizabethton; inside were a pair of socks for me and a pair of long cotton stockings for my wife. THE END

Baltimore's Favorite Son

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

old-line Democratic machine, they really threw up their hands in despair. D'Alesandro was even forced to break with his old friend and backer, Willie Curran, then the unchallenged political boss of the city. Willie said that Tommy didn't have a chance.

The warning carried no weight with Tommy. They had used the same argument back in 1938 when he decided to make the jump from the state legislature to the United States Congress. He had been up against the same situation—bucking the machine-backed strength of veteran Congressman Vincent L. Palmisano in the primary, but the upstart won. So Tommy said "nuts" and sailed into action.

Old Editorials Won Primary

First, in the mayoralty primary, Tommy had to beat Howard E. Crook, a well-entrenched machine Democrat who had once been comptroller of the city. The Baltimore Sun backed Crook. D'Alesandro dug up a batch of almost forgotten Sun editorial attacks on Crook for relief-check irregularities, and dinned these into the voters' ears. He won by 14,000 votes, then faced Republican Deeley K. Nice, nephew of the late G.O.P. Governor Harry Nice, in the election.

Tommy stepped up the action for he still was on the short end of the odds.

It was action the like of which Baltimore never before had witnessed in its usual machine-dominated mayoralty elections. D'Alesandro practically gave up sleep for the duration. He bellowed snap speeches anywhere he could commandeer an audience. Thirty speeches a day were about par and when he wasn't talking he was shaking hands with one and all.

He went everywhere he was invited and many places to which he hadn't been asked. He attended practically every oyster roast, picnic, dance and civic meeting held anywhere in or around Baltimore for months before election day. In addition to complaining about the foul garbage situation, he was forever reminding the people of Baltimore's long-neglected streets, then as full of holes as Swiss cheese.

"I thought Rome was the Holy City," he would crack, "until I looked at Baltimore streets. Let me fix 'em up for you."

He paid local radio stations merely to announce the name D'Alesandro every hour on the hour. His friends told him this was foolish.

"Hell," he replied, "a lot of people who couldn't pronounce my name before the campaign can do it now."

The Democratic leaders were apathetic. They not only resented the defeat in the primary of their own candidate, but they were convinced D'Alesandro couldn't possibly win. And disdainful Baltimore aristocracy wanted no part of the candidate from the wrong side of the railroad tracks.

But Tommy knew there were more of his kind of folks in the city than blue bloods, and when the votes were counted he was more than vindicated.

Running Baltimore today, the mayor no longer has to contend with a single, all-powerful political boss. Democratic power in Maryland's queen city now is fairly evenly split between six leaders, and Tommy D'Alesandro is about as strong as anyone.

D'Alesandro majorities at the polls have steadily increased since Tommy brashly filed for the House of Delegates in the state legislature when he became twenty-one years old in 1924. He had one slump, and a very narrow squeak in 1938 when he bucked Palmisano in the primary, winning by only 58 votes. However, he won the election by 7,000 votes.

Elation over this victory was marred for the new congressman by the death of his mother, whom he had promised to take to Washington for his first appearance on the floor of the House. Ten days before election, he was called to her bedside. "Aunt Annie" was dying. She looked up at her son, and said, "Tommy, I'm sorry. I'm going to let you down."

A doorman in the House chamber tried to push the new member out of the way when he came to Washington for his first Congressional session. "Mister," Tommy said, red in the face, "after 13 days of recount, nobody's going to keep me out. I'm a member of this Congress." For the rest of his Congressional career, Tommy D'Alesandro won by comfortable majorities, and capped it with his 24,000-vote victory for the mayoralty in 1947.

Then, just to keep his record clean, he piled up a majority of 28,000 votes over two other candidates when he was re-elected last May. He carried 26 of Baltimore's 28 wards.

Opposing him were Joseph L. Carter, a Republican, and C. Markland Kelly, retiring council president, a Democrat who ran as an Independent.

With a scarcity of truly local issues, the mayor's opponents picked up the Truman-MacArthur controversy and the Kefauver crime report with which to challenge him. Carter was particularly vehement about D'Alesandro's friendship with President Truman, and demanded again and again that Tommy choose between the President and General MacArthur.

Tommy accepted the challenge and stuck with Truman. A couple of days after the election, when D'Alesandro was resting from the campaign at Atlantic City, President Truman telephoned to congratulate him on his victory.

"We both ran for mayor and we both won," chuckled the President.

Campaign Promises Were Kept

As Baltimore's chief executive, Tommy has surprised even many of his supporters by doing his best to carry out campaign promises. He set out, first of all, to eliminate thousands of holes in the city's streets, just as he had promised in campaign oratory. He repaved 150 miles in 1948, 200 miles in 1949, 150 more in 1950 and will repave 125 more this year for a grand total of 625 miles.

So enthusiastic did the mayor's street contractors wax under D'Alesandro urging, that they even covered up a manhole cover here and there last year. The Army had to provide mine detectors so these could be located without tearing up an entire block. The old, open garbage trucks have been replaced by modern, covered trucks. Five new municipal swimming pools were opened in the first two years of his stewardship and a $30,000,000 public-school program has seen 10 new schools built or in the process of being built.

Baltimore's long-shabby docks are also getting the D'Alesandro treatment. In the election last May 8th, when Tommy put his record on the line for a second term, the voters authorized a $12,000,000 D'Alesandro-backed bond issue to be used in co-operation with private industry in an ambitious port development program.

The mayor's enemies predicted that the city's real-estate tax rate, which had never gone over $3, but had hit $2.99, would skyrocket to $7 under D'Alesandro. Instead, Tommy had hacked away at the $2.96 rate he inherited, knocking it down to $2.62 for 1951, a total reduction of a sizable 34 cents since he took office.

With five handsome sons and a small daughter of his own, D'Alesandro is keenly aware of the problems of youth. Two years ago, or long before the current agitation over the use of narcotics by juveniles, he was gravely concerned about reports of a postwar increase in the use of dope. He wangled a $10,000 appropriation from a reluctant Board of Estimate for a special investigation by the State's attorney and the police.

Then, without waiting for their report,

HOMO ELECTRICUS

If you can lick problems like these, then more power to you

By STAN HUNT

No wall switch

A shell game—you always guess wrong

One outlet protesting at being used as six outlets

The spitting plug you just fixed—you think

Guess who?

Guess what?

he created the Youth Emergency Council and appointed R. Samuel Jett, a lawyer and president of the Co-ordinating Council of P.T.A.s as its chairman. Represented on the council are the heads of virtually every civic organization in the city as well as teachers and student representatives from every public, private and parochial school and college in Baltimore.

The teachers and students, through close personal observance, found no indication of drug users in any of the schools and the special investigation confirmed the findings, which were in turn confirmed by Boyd M. Martin, district supervisor of the Federal Bureau of Narcotics.

"In my 36 years here," he stated, "I have never known of an instance where a boy or girl attending school was involved in the use of drugs."

Play Centers Combat Crime

This is not to say there are no juvenile delinquents in Baltimore, but the continuing work of the Youth Emergency Council, together with the opening of many new playgrounds and swimming pools, is helping eliminate juvenile crime as a major problem in Baltimore.

Respect for Tommy's abilities are not confined to the citizens of Baltimore. His experience in the halls of Congress led to his selection as chairman of the Legislative Committee of the United States Conference of Mayors. And last year Attorney General J. Howard McGrath appointed D'Alesandro chairman of the Legislative Committee of the Attorney General's Crime Conference.

It was this committee that drew up proposed legislation barring the interstate shipment of slot machines and the interstate transmission of race information over the racing wire syndicate's wire service. When the legislation was introduced in the Senate the anti-slot-machine bill passed in both houses and is now law, but the other bill aimed at crippling the bookies failed to pass.

Bookmaking and other gambling has long been big business in Baltimore, but by a strange provision in the Free State's constitution the mayor is powerless to do anything much about it. Though the city of Baltimore pays the salaries of its police force, the police commissioner is appointed by the governor. The mayor has no power to remove any police officer.

"Why, I can't even get a cop transferred," declared D'Alesandro.

The D'Alesandro family still lives in Little Italy. The Baltimore Sun expected Tommy to move to a tonier section when he was first elected to his $15,000-a-year job in 1947, and ran a cartoon picturing his home with a "For Sale" sign on it.

But the mayor just added another floor to his house, declaring, "It's not where you live, it's how you live." There are six bedrooms in the house now, all of them needed to house Tommy, his very attractive wife Nancy and the six children. It's on a corner at the end of a block of typical Baltimore row houses, and is assessed at $14,280. Four trunk lines serve nine telephones in His Honor's home, and between Tommy and the children they are generally all busy.

Whatever bluestocking Baltimore expected the mayor's wife to be—she was christened Annunciata and, like Tommy, is a product of Little Italy—Nancy D'Alesandro proved a well-poised, thoroughly gracious first lady, able to take care of herself in any company.

They make a striking-looking couple and she is a perfect foil for her exuberant, glad-handing husband, whom practically everybody in Baltimore calls Tommy. He still goes everywhere as if he were in the thick of an election fight, and everywhere he goes, oyster roast or convention, it's "Hiya, Tommy."

All those campaign appearances weren't just vote-hunting expeditions—they are as much a part of D'Alesandro's life as his own family. He just likes people and is never happier than when he is among a lot of them. He laughs easily and often and, like many gregarious souls, loves to play jokes. When there is no official luncheon on his schedule, he eats at a big cafeteria, just around the corner from the dingy city hall where every city worker from porter to councilman usually has lunch.

Not long ago, just to tease the manager of the restaurant, the mayor spread a rumor that he intended putting a cafeteria in city hall. But the joke backfired. The mayor was swamped with applications for jobs in the mythical city hall restaurant from the employees of the existing cafeteria.

One of the most attractive facets of the mayor's personality is the kick he gets out of his job as the first citizen of Baltimore. It's apparent even to a casual visitor that Tommy is frankly still filled with the wonder of it all. None of the often petty routine and irritating demands on his time have taken any luster away from the job and it must be remembered that Tommy is no novice in public office.

In some respects he has many of the characteristics of the late Jimmy Walker, the fabulous mayor of New York in the gilded prohibition era. Like Walker he is noted for his quick wit and nimbleness of foot on the speaker's platform, or for that matter in any kind of gathering, and like Jimmy he is never on time.

The only occasion on record he was ever caught flat-footed and well nigh speechless was at the graduation ceremonies at the University of Maryland last June. It's an annual chore of the mayor of Baltimore to speak to the university's graduating class.

He was late, too, good and late because of unusually heavy traffic. It took him nearly two hours in the bumper-to-bumper traffic to make the trip to College Park, a normal 30- or 40-minute drive.

Arrayed in Cap and Gown

When he hastily scrambled up to the platform, William Cole, president of the Board of Regents, handed him an academic cap and began hastily draping a gown over his shoulder.

"What's this?" asked the perplexed mayor.

"You're being given an honorary doctor's degree in the Science of Administration of Public Affairs," explained Cole.

"What do I do, what do I say?" stammered the wholly surprised D'Alesandro.

"Just carry on as you intended."

And then Dr. H. C. (Curly) Byrd, president of the university, came over and assured him, "You're entitled to it, Tommy."

Tommy still is filled with awe and delight at the unexpected honor.

"I never even got a diploma before," he said. "I've probably handed out more diplomas than any other mayor of Baltimore on account of our larger graduating classes. Now here I am with a degree—a doctor, no less."

His one disappointment was that his family wasn't present to see him get the degree.

"If I'd only known," he said, "I'd a had those kids of mine down there in the very front row."

He did the next best thing by borrowing the hat and robe and parading at home before his family while his children salaamed in mock awe.

Maryland political observers believe Curly Byrd will be one of Tommy's opponents for the Democratic nomination for governor in 1954. George P. Mahoney is almost certain to be in there, too.

The Democrats are hopeful of getting back on the state payroll in 1955. Knowing Tommy would prefer the Senate, they are busy selling him on the importance of the governorship.

"But they're not kidding me," laughed Tommy. "A senator hasn't any jobs to dish out and these boys are going to be awfully hungry by January 1, 1955, when the next governor takes office." THE END

The Grim Truth

My charge account?
A large account!
My bank account?
A blank account!

—RICHARD WHEELER

BUTCH

"Maybe they *liked* it better wit' just a few icicles on"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

DORMAN H. SMITH

Award Well Merited

BEFORE THE BOOKS are closed on 1951 we should like to call attention to the year's Nobel peace prize award, an event that received rather scant attention in this country. In case you missed the news stories, the prize went to Léon Jouhaux, a veteran French labor leader. And its significance lies in the fact that Mr. Jouhaux is credited with saving the French labor unions from complete Communist domination.

We don't know whether Mr. Jouhaux was the best choice for this honor. But, although the Norwegian Parliament's Nobel Committee never explains the specific reasons behind its prize giving, it is interesting that the members passed over such nominees as Trygve Lie and Jawaharlal Nehru in picking the seventy-two-year-old Frenchman. Mr. Jouhaux has been described as a man who "can accomplish more by saying less than any other man in Europe." It would seem that this description is apt. For the French struggle against domestic Communism has been, at least to the outside world, a silent, unspectacular fight, in notable contrast to some of the noisy clashes on other fronts of the cold war.

To those who are inclined to think of the French in terms of apathy, "neutralism" or defeatism, we commend the story of Mr. Jouhaux's determined and successful efforts. In 1945 the Communists had resumed their efforts to take over French labor, and they were aided by the whole discouraging postwar atmosphere of destruction, confusion and poverty. But when the Reds gained control of the General Confederation of Labor, Mr. Jouhaux organized the Workers' Force and took its membership out of the confederation. He was also a leader in forming the International Confederation of Free Trade Unions, which was set up when the Communists moved in on the World Federation of Trade Unions.

Needless to say, Mr. Jouhaux did not work alone. And that fact, self-evident as it is, is worth remembering. For us Americans it is also worth remembering that, not only in France but among all friendly peoples, there are millions who are steadfast in their opposition to Stalinist subversion. These millions do not make as much noise as Senator McCarthy. But we think they are putting up a better and braver fight. In most countries they are facing a harder task than we face here in the United States, because they are battling the hypocritical Communist promises of a better life against a background of economic conditions which make those promises sound inviting to many, even when the listeners may know them to be false.

The American people have dug into their pockets for a lot of money to help relieve the conditions which let Communism flourish in other nations. But beyond this contribution there must also be a will that cannot be bought —a will to oppose the threat to free institutions, to make sacrifices in order to preserve them, to take up arms in defense of them if that becomes necessary. The recognition that Léon Jouhaux has received is only one indication that such a will is present.

So we congratulate the Nobel Committee, somewhat belatedly, on their choice, and on the perception of the real world danger which that choice implies. We congratulate Mr. Jouhaux on an honor obviously deserved. He and the men and women who have stood with him provide an answer to the distrustful and frequently heard question: "But will the French fight?" The French already have.

Salute to a Hero

THE ANNOUNCEMENT of Herbert A. Philbrick Day in Massachusetts came a little late for us to do anything about it at the time—deadlines being what they are. But since Mr. Philbrick's home state was about two and a half years tardy in its tribute, we don't mind adding our word of gratitude and admiration, three weeks later, for the man who spent nine underground years in the Communist party.

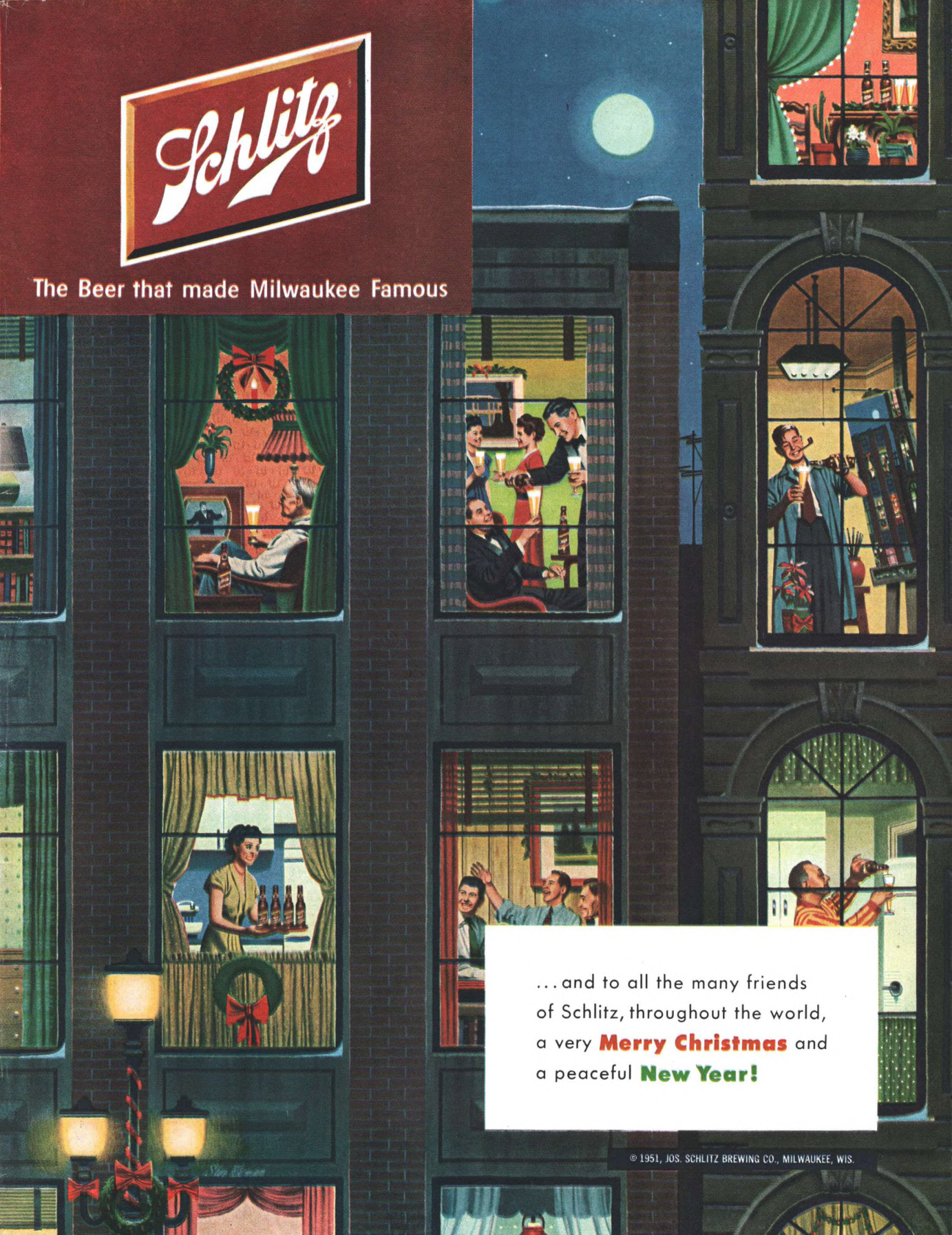
Mr. Philbrick's day of deliverance came on April 6, 1949, when, at the trial of the 11 Communist leaders, he was permitted to reveal his long tour of duty as an informant for the FBI. Since then much has been said, and rightly, about his patriotism. But it seems to us that this patriotism cannot be seen in its true proportions until one tries to imagine the dismal, day-to-day components of Mr. Philbrick's service.

We can only guess at the details. But we know that Herbert Philbrick, at twenty-four, agreed to undertake a hazardous, difficult mission of indefinite duration. There was no pay and no glory. There was instead the possibility of real danger to himself and his family, and a serious possibility of weakening the government's antisubversive campaign, if by one thoughtless action he should betray himself.

All those things are apparent. But think, in addition, of the thousand frustrations that must have gone with the job—the sacrifice of family and social life, the emotional wear and tear of his grim make-believe within the party ranks, the deadly boredom of association with the humorless followers of Stalin, and most of all, perhaps, the impotent rage that he, as a loyal American, must have felt at having to listen to and agree with the plans of a treacherous plot until finally he was able to help expose it.

It takes a rugged man to stand up under such an assignment for nine years. And Mr. Philbrick, of course, is not the only man or woman who has done it and is doing it now. There was a young lady named Angela Calomiris, you will recall, who followed Mr. Philbrick on the stand at the Communist trials and told a story which was equally intriguing and inspiring. And there are surely many others today who have been playing the same taxing role year after year without the reward of applause or even a publicized recognition of their services.

We hope that these anonymous heroes will consider the honors paid to their former colleague as a sort of proxy honor to them, because circumstances do not permit the government or the public to do anything more. The best we can do is to assure them that their patriotic sacrifices are neither unremembered nor unappreciated by their fellow Americans.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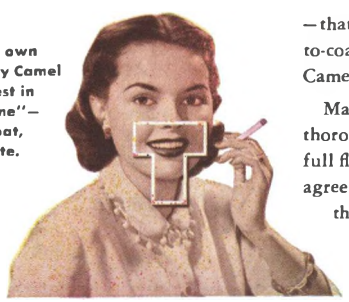

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