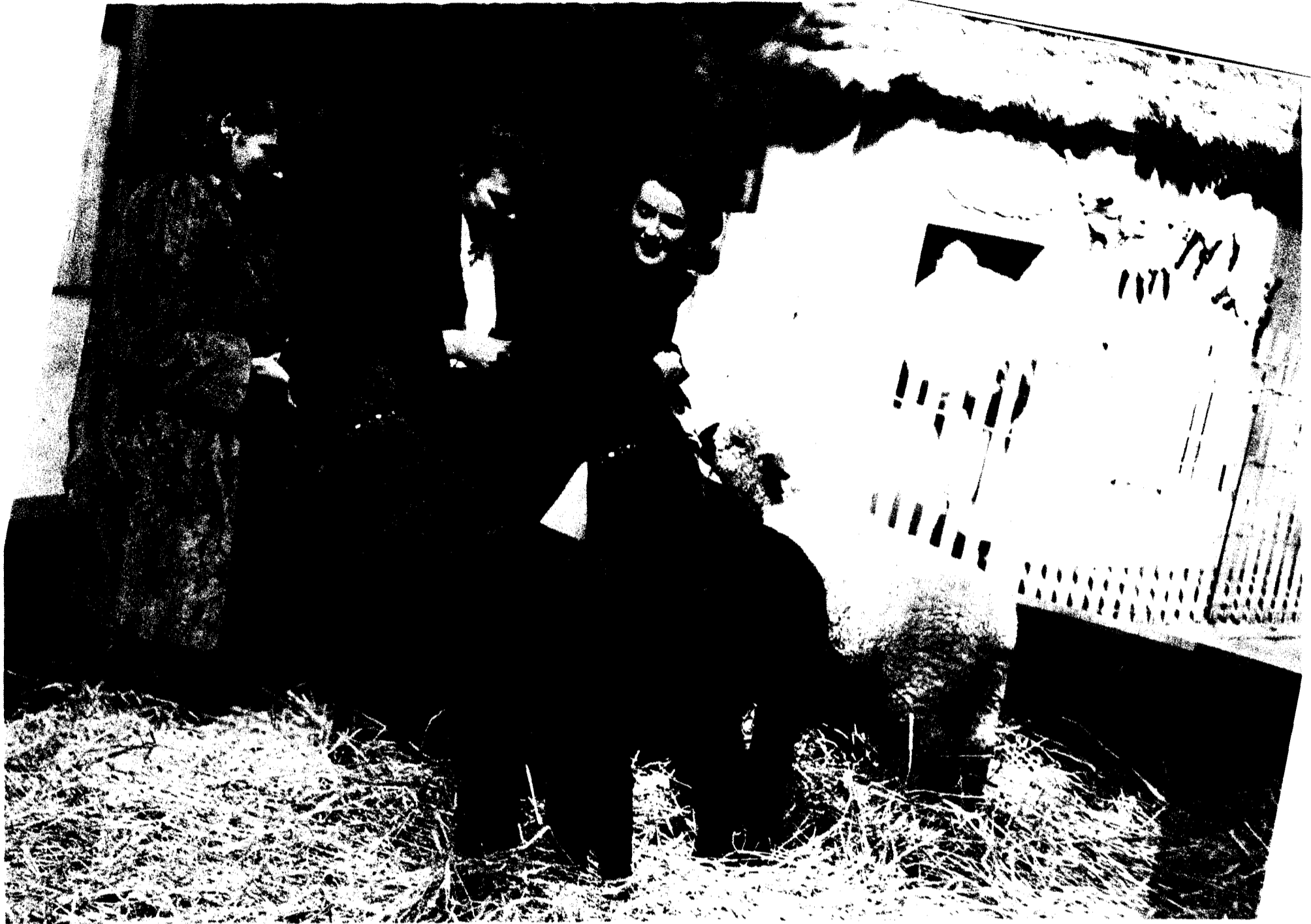


PHOTOGRAPHED FOR COLLIER'S BY IFOR THOMAS



## FUR MIRACLE

By Mona Gardner

Left to right—gray sheared lamb, black sheared lamb and mouton coats go calling on their woolly lamb relatives in New York's Bronx Park Zoo

**For expensive-looking furs at bargain prices, consider mouton or American broadtail, which is nothing but the lowly lamb after a few magic touches**

**T**HE young secretary saw the two women in the elevator stare quickly at her coat and then engage each other in a silent argument of head-shaking. Out on the street the two strangers followed her, a little grim, more than a little intent. The girl grew uneasy. When a red traffic light stopped her, she heard one stranger pant: "Now ask her!"

The other leaned close and de-

manded: "Is your coat beaver or lamb?"

"Lamb!" the secretary gasped, and fled into the traffic.

"However does a lamb do it?" the woman on the curb puzzled loudly.

Obviously the lamb doesn't. Man does. It is one of his newest miracles.

With shears and chemicals he has so adroitly transformed Mary's little lamb confidently and elegantly—an eye-fool-

ing duplicate of beaver, nutria, and broadtail.

Fashion has chosen this kind of lamb as its newest favorite. More coats, jackets, muffs, and hats will be made of it this year than ever before. You'll see them on the campus, in aviators' cock-

pits, at parties, along ski trails, in submarines, and at the theater.

None of these will be a woolly, awkward, bulky lamb, the kind you saw ten years ago and even year before last.

This year's lamb is sleek and lustrous. It's been shaved closer, the pelts made thinner, more supple, its dyes solid and even. All this at lowly lamb prices—

dressy coats that begin at \$75 and go to \$100 and \$145. Draped, full-length evening lovelies that stop at \$500.

There are two types of this new lamb—mouton and processed broadtail.

Mouton, which is the French word for sheep, means the shaved pelt of the wool-bearing merino processed with chemicals and dyes until it resembles beaver or nutria. Broadtail is the dis-

tinctive ripple-waved pelt of a Lincoln lamb, also shaved, also dyed, until it is a close duplicate of the scarce and expensive Russian broadtail.

Heretofore the wool lamb has been the ugly duckling of the fur trade. Most furriers wouldn't admit it was a fur.

A matted fleece, they hissed, all right for bedroom slippers, ear-muffs, and the like. But certainly not to be mentioned in the same respectful breath with its glossy, hard-haired cousins, the broadtailed karakuls of Persia and southern Russia.

The hisses have stopped abruptly. About 60,000 broadtail type coats are on racks all over the country. More than 70,000 of the beaver and nutria-type are in the stores now.

The United States defense program calls for \$10,000,000 in sheepskins for 1941-42. The skins used by the United States Army Air Corps are not mouton but beige-dyed sheepskins having a special backing.

Mouton supply is inexhaustible. Skins come from enormous merino flocks thriving in our own Southwest, from the Argentine, Uruguay, and southern Chile in South America, from Australia, and from the Union of South Africa.

Additional thousands come from Chicago and Kansas City packing houses.

For years chemists in this country and Europe tried to unkink the shaggy corkscrews. Nothing seemed to do the

trick. Chemicals either left a barnyard odor, washed off in rain, oxidized in strong light, or peeled the hair. Also there was collagen trouble—collagen being a gelatinlike protein occurring in vertebrates. With an 85 per cent collagen content in these lambskins, an ordinary hot dye simply turned the pelts into jelly.

A Hungarian chemist finally worked out a successful formula. He sold it four years ago to an American company which has been improving it ever since.

Right now it takes ninety-five different operations and six weeks to put a merino lambskin through the wonderful working process which turns it into near-beaver or near-nutria. But when it's returned, it's turned.

The combination of physical and chemical treatments that converts one natural into another and different natural doesn't go into reverse—come rain,

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# Return from Manacalé

By William A. Krauss

ILLUSTRATED BY GEOFFREY BIGGS

A quick sword and a gallant tongue carried the Chevalier de Beaupré far, but after they had failed he made his greatest contribution

ONCE, perhaps two or three years before he left France for the islands of the Western Ocean, Jean Antoine de Beaupré read in the book of a philosopher: "In the wars of the spirit there is no defense but to attack." This he stored in his orderly mind, along with certain other well-phrased but generally rather impracticable notions of the proper behavior of the soul under conditions of stress. In that period—before his departure from France—Jean Antoine, Chevalier de Beaupré, brooded a great deal of the day and was given to speaking in metaphors. He was the despair of his family. They sensed a budding inclination for the making of verse, then a profession held in remarkably low repute.

In the course of affairs, however, Jean Antoine de Beaupré met the young wife of Commodore Fernand Coicou. His whispers contained an indiscretion; the commodore, having been informed, addressed him bluntly. This led to an encounter with swords in the woods near Fontainebleau, and the commodore did not survive it.

Within twenty hours the Chevalier de Beaupré was standing in the rain on the deck of a ship watching the coast of France drop under the gray sea's rim. He clutched the rail with his fine brown hands and told himself that he regretted nothing. The commodore had been a pompous fool and had paid no more than the price of pomposity. And as for the commodore's young wife—

Why, he demanded, lifting his eyes to the clouds, must women forever be realistic in matters of pure, abstract poetry?

Then, the question unanswered, he went below to his cabin and ate heartily.

On the morning that the ship anchored in the harbor of Cayona, principal town of the island of Tortuga, lying a few miles north of Hispaniola in the Greater Antilles—a place of alternate hot sun and wild rain—Jean Antoine de Beaupré slept late. But members of the crew, ashore soon after the dawn, talked without discretion in the wineshops, and so it happened that the chevalier's reputation preceded him.

The gossips' story of the affair in Paris and in the woods near Fontainebleau was fragmentary, naturally; but it was lively and for the most part convincing. It raced across the town like fire.

THE chevalier, arising tardily, arranged his luggage, broke fast sparingly (the food had become intolerable aboard), and was rowed ashore. He stood for a few minutes on the wharf in the brilliantly blue and white tropical morning; and he observed that opinion, in the space of those several early hours, had become rather sharply divided about him.

He was a quick-witted young man, of sensitive perception. He took rapid stock of the opposing schools of thought. Before the day was out, two obvious conclusions had forced themselves upon him. First, there were a score or so of gentlemen prepared, even anxious, to welcome him. There were the gentlemen who hunted wild boar along the forested upper ridges with an almost religious zeal, whose most serious thought concerned the quality of their brandy.

And second, Madame Vilaire intended not to receive him.

Madame Vilaire was important in Cayona for other reasons than that she was the mother of Virginie—a reflected glory. She was wealthy almost beyond  
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He dropped his arms. "It isn't any good," he said, "I'll have to go away." "Of course you will," she said

