

New Bodies for Old

By Quentin Reynolds

Britain's great surgeons are mending more than bomb-shattered bodies. With new plastic techniques they are restoring normal, useful lives—and happiness—to war victims

THE young Pole lay on the operating table, dreaming sweet dreams. Two years ago the butt of a German rifle had crashed into his face and had spread his nose all over it. Now, one of the world's great plastic surgeons, Thomas Pomfret Kilner, was virtually constructing a new nose for him. The Pole had wanted the operation done for two reasons: First, he wanted a nose through which he could breathe. Secondly, he wanted his appearance changed. The Pole was a member of the British parachute troops and one of these days he hoped to be dropped in his native land. It would be better if no one recognized him when that happened.

Kilner's quick, deft hands moved smoothly. Occasionally he called, in an unhurried, casual way, for scalpel or osteotome or for needles. He took a piece of bone from the thigh of the young Pole and then carefully he sewed together the long but neat-looking wound.

"He'll be stiff for a couple of weeks," Kilner laughed, through his gauze mask. "But he can spare that bit of bone."

This small bone was to serve as the new bridge for the Pole's reconstructed nose. Kilner sat down at a small white table under a strong light and called for chisels. He chipped and pared the bone until he was satisfied that it would fit. Then he went back to the table. He reached for a scalpel and opened the nose. He took out bits of broken bone and cartilage that had been smashed by the rifle butt. It was a rather bloody affair but under the gas and ether, the Pole slept and not a muscle of his face even twitched.

One of the assistant surgeons nudged me at that point in the operation and, chuckling, pointed to my mad Hungarian photographer, Bob Capa. We were all, of course, wearing white gowns, caps and masks, and Capa's usually ruddy face was now a pale gray. The doctor and I helped him out and into an anteroom.

Too Much for the Photographer

"I'm blacking out," Capa moaned and, sure enough he went right out. Capa took atrocity pictures in China; he went through the Spanish war without being bothered by the killing he saw, and to get a picture, he'd climb out on the wing of any aircraft in flight but this was too much for him. The doctor had got a large glass of brandy and he handed it to me. I put it to Capa's lips and then reconsidered. Brandy is very scarce in London and it seemed silly to waste it on an unconscious man. So I drank it myself. When Capa came to I told him I'd given him a large drink of very good brandy. "Must have been good," he said. "I never felt it go down!"

Back in the operating room, Kilner was finishing up. He put the last small hemstitch in the wound, washed it so carefully, and then asked me if I noticed any difference. It didn't look like the same man. No one would have recognized in this rather sharp-featured Pole the battered wreck who had been wheeled into the operating room an hour before.

"He'll be back in the army in a month," Kilner chuckled. "Made me promise I wouldn't do anything that would keep him out of action over a month. Pretty good men, these Poles."

Today plastic surgery is the science of rebuilding bodies, and its scope is immensely wide. During the day I watched Kilner operate he didn't perform the same operation twice. Some involved dangerous operations, others, were, in his words, "routine surgery." There was a young dispatch rider who had been hit in the cheek by a bomb fragment. The scar had drawn up one side. (Continued on page 62)



2 o'clock. The Polish officer is made ready for the operation on his nose smashed by a German rifle butt

2:48. A few final touches are added. Kilner is considered the fastest operator in all England



2:20. Here Dr. Kilner is shaping a piece of bone which he has cut from the hipbone of the officer

2:50. At this point the deft doctor laughed and said, "His own mother would never know him now"





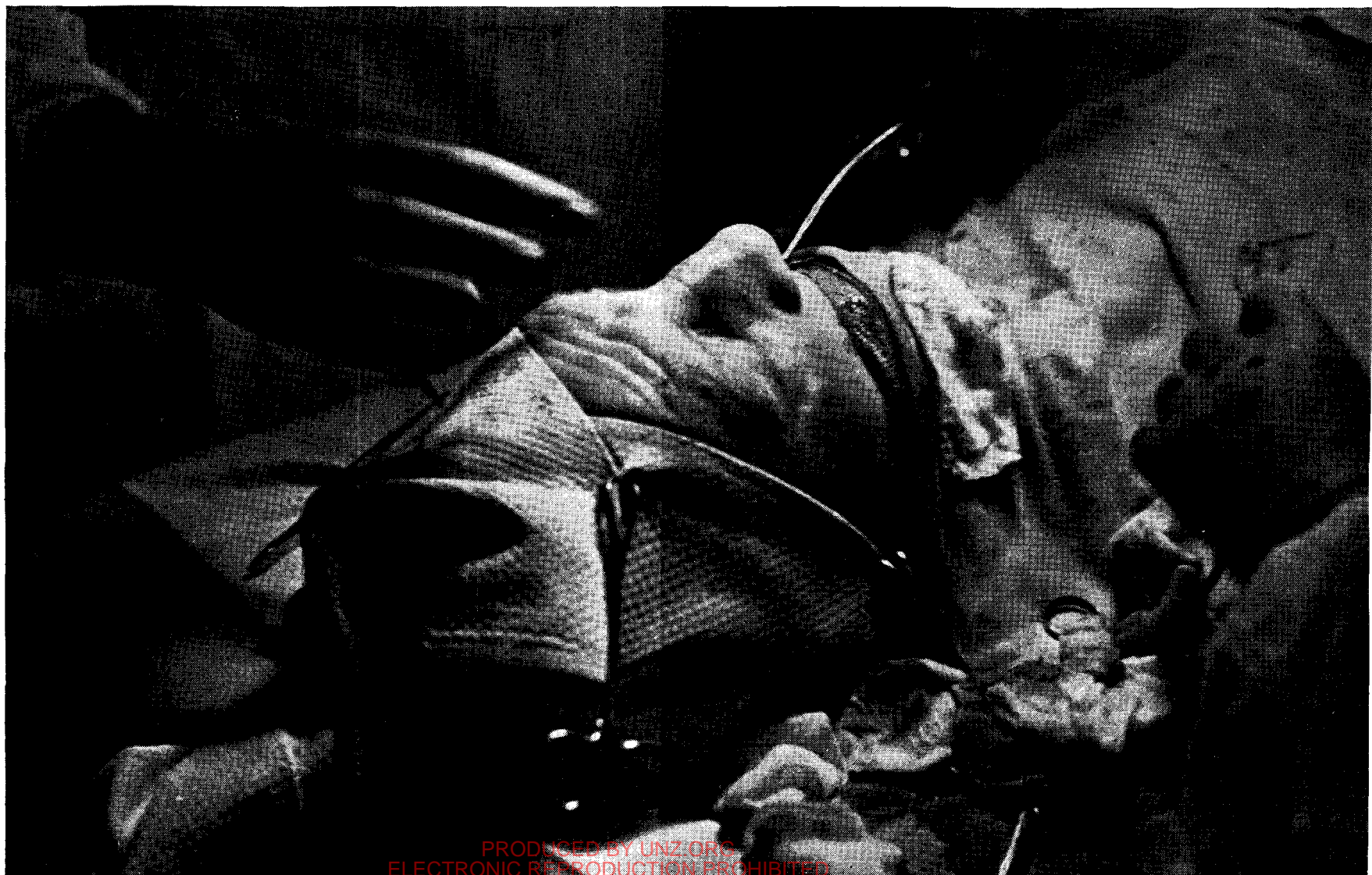
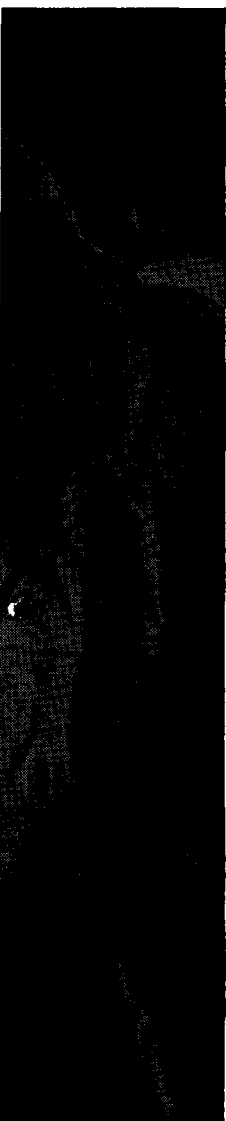
2:40. The piece of hipbone is now the bridge of the reconstructed nose. An assistant drains off the blood, which is flowing freely



2:45. Dr. Kilner examines the sewn thigh wound. The operation is nearly over. The patient will wake up in a half-hour with a new face that Kilner has built

2:52. The operation is over. Compare this profile with the one in the first picture. When the officer is dropped by parachute in Poland, his friends won't recognize him. That was the idea of the operation

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY ROBERT CAPA



COME BACK TUESDAY

By Vereen Bell

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Jud would tell you Old Fred wasn't a lazy dog, just a smart one. If Old Fred could talk he'd say the same thing about his master

THE car stopped at the front gate, and the bird dog under the sagging porch of the house lifted his head and barked once and lay back down. Jud Lee, lying barefooted on the porch, turned over and spat. The young man from the Planter's Bank got out of the car.

"I'm lucky to catch you at home this time, Mr. Lee," said the young man, whose name was Davis.

"Yep, you shore caught me," Jud said resentfully. "You must a' cut off your engine and coasted to the house. That ain't no way to do."

"It's pretty important, or I wouldn't have done it," said Davis apologetically. "You're going to have to move off the place."

"Where'll I move at? Ain't no other empty farms. How'll I feed my dog and my young'uns? The bank don't aim fer us to starve to death, I hope."

"But you're three years behind in your rent! 1938, 1939, and now 1940. It's only sixty dollars a year but you don't pay anything, and there's another tenant anxious to get this place."

"Tell you what. You come back in a week and I'll have enough to pay this year's rent. You can't chunk me out if I pay for this year."

The young man sighed. "For two years you've been telling me you'd have the money next time I came."

"I hope God strikes me dead if I ain't got sixty dollars by next Tuesday!"

Davis hesitated a moment. "All right. I'll give you until Tuesday. But this is absolutely your last chance!"

Jud went back to sleep and forgot all about it, and he didn't think of it until the following Tuesday dawned and he remembered what he had said he hoped God would do. But then God knew everything, including the fact that he was lying when he had hoped to be struck dead, so of course God would not strike him dead.

At that moment Jud heard a car coming down the little woods road, and he was away to the thicket in a run, thinking exultantly, *Never slipped up on me this time*. He lay down and chewed a sweet-gum stem. Presently his small son came and said, "Ain't him, Pa. It's another old fool."

Jud went cautiously back to the house and found in the car at his gate a city man in khaki hunting clothes, and on the back seat two fine-looking pointers.

"Good morning!" said the man.

"Howdy," Jud said.

"Any quail around here?"

"They's some. Git down and come in."

The man got out of the car and lifted the buggy-sprocket latch on the gate and came in. "I'm Doctor Ingram. I wonder if I could get you to go with me and show me where the birds are."

"I'm right busy," Jud said dubiously.

"I'll pay you five dollars."

Jud turned to the two small children who peeked through the window. "Son, you and little sister go hitch up the mule and wagon. This here gentleman wants me to go out and kill him a mess of birds."

The doctor said quickly, "I'll do my own shooting. You're just to come along as guide."

"Well, I'll carry my old streak o' rust along just in case I have to sting my old dog's tail."

"We won't need your dog. I've two good dogs."

"Ain't no way to dispute old Fred from going, now that he done heard us mention about it. We could shut him up in the crib, only he'd climb outn the top."

"I could shut him up in my car."

"He'd chew up the inside er git sick on the seats, just fer spite. Better let him go. He ain't no trouble."

The doctor shrugged and let his dogs out. They romped around the yard. Fred rose lazily and came from under the porch, his hide sticky with turpentine where he had rubbed against a boxed pine to discourage the fleas. He yawned and watched the dogs until they approached him challengingly. When they seemed to want to fight, he yawned again and lay down.

The doctor got a red-wrapped package of meat from the car. "Like to give my dogs just a little nourishment before they go out," he explained.

He threw each of his pointers a piece of meat, which they swallowed in one gulp. Then he dropped a piece of it in front of Fred. Fred smelled the meat, and backed away from it.

"He don't know what it is," Jud explained.

They rode in the wagon until they reached an open pine woods, and here was an old wire fence and on the nearest rotting post a sign said, "No Hunting. A. L. Sidler."

"Here's where we start at," Jud said cheerfully, and he gave the mule a sound lick with the hickory switch and drove right on over the fence, breaking off the posts and pressing the wire to the ground.

"Mr. Sidler must be a good friend of yours," said the doctor.

"Friend of mine?" echoed Jud. "Why, he's the meanest old crank in this here country. I'd rather go down to the cally-boose to pick out a friend."

"You reckon you ought to leave his fence like that?" the doctor asked nervously.

"Oh, we'll prop it up when we come back," Jud said, "if we chance to come out this-a-way."

They released the dogs, and Jud drove on without a glance at them. Doctor Ingram sat up and interestedly watched the work of his dogs. They hunted nicely, swinging back and forth in front. He noticed that Jud's dog, Fred, quickly went out of sight. Several minutes passed and Fred did not show up again.

"That dog of yours ranges wide," he said, "but looks like he would report back."

"Liable to have birds somewhere."

"Aren't you going to look for him?"

"Naw, he'll come git us."

PRESENTLY, far ahead, Fred appeared. For a moment he stood there until sure they had seen him, and then he went away in the direction he had come, and when they followed they found him standing point in nice style.

"You mean he had pointed those birds and then came and got us when we didn't show up?"

"Why, shore. He ain't no fool. Git your gun and let 'er roar," Jud said. He peered at the grass. "Yon squats the birds, in that clump. You ruther shoot 'em on the ground er a-flying?"

"Flying, of course," Doctor Ingram answered in indignation, and walked in front of the rigid Fred.

When the quail covey came up with a thundering whir, he fired twice and, in his nervousness, missed.

Fred looked around in surprise when no birds fell, and Jud said, "Gimme that old streak o' rust. I see I got to do the bird-gitting, if there's any of it done."

(Continued on page 27)

"Git, mule!" Jud said, and away they rocketed just as Sidler fired. Two of the bird shot struck Doctor Ingram in the back and he howled

