



# OLD BLACK CROW

By Bill Wolf

Henry Ward Beecher once said that if men wore feathers and wings, few would be smart enough to be crows. Here's the story of the sharpest, wisest denizen of the air

SOMETIMES, when the woods are still as only a forest can be in the dead of winter, the icy silence is shattered by a sudden clamor. At first, only one or two profane voices are heard; but new ones soon join in the uproar, and from every compass point still more are audible as the owners hurry to the scene with screams and raucous imprecations.

It's the crows going into action, those Dead End Kids of the woods and fields whose shadowy black bodies are the one common feature in the national landscape.

Several of them have found a hawk in the air and are deviling the bewildered bird of prey. They start by shouting for help, all the while keeping the hawk occupied with their aerial maneuvering.

The answering voices come from more crows which spring up from the fields and highways, emerge from the woods and leave the meadows to join in the unholy fun of tormenting a tormentor of the crows. They rush to the excitement with all the enthusiasm of a volunteer fire company responding to an alarm.

They resemble delinquent but very clever children who have found the town bully tied up and helpless. Each crow winging in shouts, "Caw-caw-caw!" which means, "Hang on, gang! I'm coming. Kick him in the teeth." Thus encouraged, those on the site kick the hawk in the teeth.

The unequal air battle soars above the trees. The crows get over the hawk and dive-bomb him. They attack him from the back. He is almost helpless thus in the air, and the black persecutors know it. The hawk finally realizes that discretion is better than being pecked to death and retreats to a tree where he can rest on a branch and face his pursuers.

The crows refuse to go near him now, because the hawk can strike with his talons once he is perched. They fly around like a swarm of oversized hornets.

A new voice attracts their attention. It is the call of a crow in distress and shrieking for help. It comes from a place where woods and field meet.

A single crow detaches itself from the group and heads for the new scene of trouble. He is the "spotter," the trouble shooter in the highly developed corvine social system. It's his job to act as scout.

The spotter sees what's wrong. An owl has a crow in his grasp right on the edge of the woods. The spotter doesn't stop to think that it is unnatural for an owl to seize a crow in broad daylight. He reacts instinctively.

## Decoyed into Ambush

He starts cawing for help. "Hurry up!" he screams, working himself into a fury. "Here's another enemy and he has a black brother in his clutches!"

The gang hurries up, circles and swoops down—only to recoil as a blast of shotgun fire comes from the brown leaves of a vine where crow hunters are concealed.

The flock scatters, but reassembles quickly as the hunters renew their artificial calling, aided perhaps by the very real cries of crows wounded in the first barrage. Crows are not afraid of noisy shotguns when they think they can help a comrade, and they will return in the face of the fire. Many die as a result.

The owl and the one crow in his grasp were stuffed decoys, of course, set out by the hunters. The hunters capitalized on several crowlike characteristics (which are not greatly unlike human ones) to fool the birds: curiosity, courage and the instinct to help out a fellow being.

The crow hunting itself is part of a relentless warfare against the No. 1 bird on the negative side of the nation's economic and agricultural structure. How successful this warfare is can be gathered by realizing that crows are more abundant than they ever were, that great flocks sometimes

numbering nearly a quarter of a million birds ravage miles of countryside, that dynamite, poison and heavy shooting only have made the crow a sharper, wiser bird.

The crow is with us always. You see him in the roads and fields as you drive along. His hoarse and challenging voice often is the only sound heard when the earth is frozen tight. His hideous love-sick calls in the spring are one thing poets don't write about. He stalks insolently across newly planted cornfields, cocky and sure of himself, pulling up the green shoots. He robs the nests of ducks and upland game birds, and even raids those of chickens to eat the eggs and young.

He seems to have little trouble finding these nests. His eyesight is keen, and there is plenty of evidence to prove that he possesses a highly developed sense of smell. For instance, a naturalist once hid eight or ten birds' eggs in a nest under the risers of a porch, where they couldn't be seen, yet in a few minutes a flock of crows had come swooping down to the feast.

Make a pet of a young crow (it is easy) and he will rob you, stealing every bright trinket he can find, but with such charming deceit that you are only amused. He can even talk to you, learning a few words, although it is only a legend that a crow can't talk unless his tongue is split.

Even in the wild state, he knows very well how to live with men. He dwells side by side with the farmer, with each uneasily aware of the other's presence. When found in great numbers, he is a destroyer. In small flocks, he is beneficial, eating grubs, cutworms, beetles and even mice.

His knowledge of men makes him the most interesting sort of game because he is so hard to outwit. He can be hunted all year. No laws protect him. No one loves him, although he is respected.

Crow shooting is more comfortable in the spring, but romance gums it up. The crows fall in love and pair off, two by two. Love is blind in their cases, too, making shooting them fairly easy; but, unfortunately, they also like privacy and don't gather in flocks.

A crow in love is ridiculous. His ten-

derest love note sounds like something you would shout down a barrel; his wooing flight is a clumsy antic pleasing only to a lady crow. Wooing over, they build nests in trees, usually in March, April or May, and hatch a clutch of four to seven eggs which are greenish blue and marked in brown.

They are devoted parents. They would have to be, to love the demanding mouths that hatch from the eggs. A young crow is all mouth and always hungry, requiring nearly fourteen pounds of food for its nesting period of several weeks, at the end of which it will weigh about one pound. It eats beetles, grasshoppers, young wild birds and poultry, spiders, caterpillars, corn and even small frogs.

## Season of Destruction

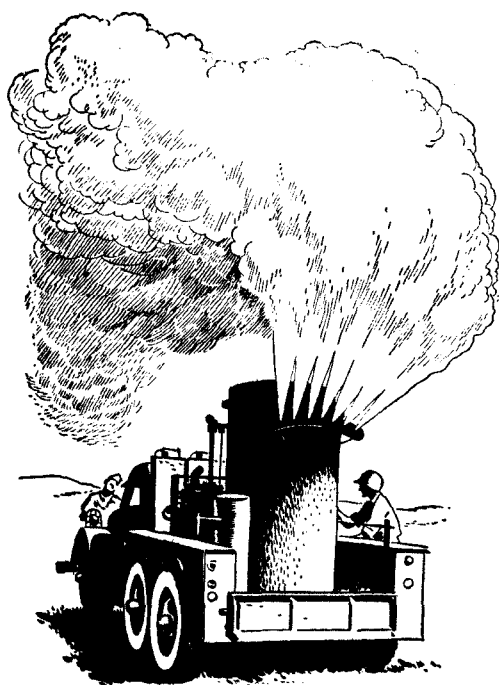
Crows really are destructive only for about two months in the spring, when feeding themselves and their young. The scarecrows in the field, as much a part of the American landscape as silos, don't keep them from cornfields. This is when they are a menace to game birds. A plea was made this year by Ducks Unlimited in Canada for hunters to the south to shoot as many crows and magpies (a relative of the crow with similar unpleasant traits) as possible because they were destroying young ducks and eggs on the breeding grounds, causing more damage than drought and other hazards. The farmer watches them peck holes in his melons and tomatoes and learns to hate them.

In this nesting period, they find time to collect trinkets and bring them home. They pick up broken bits of china, polished bones, bottle caps, bits of glass, bright pebbles and glittering metal objects. They seem to have all the instincts of pack rats.

In this same period, they will defend their young against any enemy. Later, they gather in small family groups, roaming the country and looking for trouble. Flocks of ten to fifteen crows will gang up and even attack vultures, which can't pos-



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sibly harm them. I have watched them tormenting a "turkey buzzard" until the big carrion eater fled in abject terror.

This mischievous mood of early summer makes them do some strange things. An observer on the shore of a lake watched a red fox crawl on its belly through tall grass to where a hen mallard and her brood of ducklings were in shallow water near the shore line.

When the fox leaped, the mother mallard beat it with her pinions and raised such a furious clatter that crows in a near-by woods heard and sprang happily into the air, ready for a fight. They came in a black cloud and dive-bombed the fox until it retired in disgrace, minus a dinner and its pride.

The crows didn't do that because they like ducks. They just love to raise Cain. They particularly like to find an owl caught abroad by daylight. The owl peers at his tormentors with sun-blinded eyes, and the crows scream in delight as they attack their ancient enemy. They can put a big barred owl to lumbering flight in a little while.

The family groups start to merge in the fall, and the huge flocks form. On one island in the Chesapeake Bay, an estimated fifth of a million crows gathers each night and, in the past, Reedy Island in the Delaware River and the "Arbutus" roost near Baltimore had similar crow populations. The center of the crow population, however, has shifted to the Middle West where dynamite and poisoned grain (unsatisfactory control methods because they destroy so many other animals and birds) and organized shoots have made only a small dent in the numbers.

When they are in the great winter flocks, the crows show that highly developed social sense which gives them human traits. They like each other and show it. They will help each other. They are curious and will investigate anything with bright-eyed intelligence.

When they quit the roosts to feed, they cover the country methodically. When

the flock is on the ground feeding, it has outposts to guard against surprise and danger. These are the spotters again. They perch in high trees and watch everything. If danger threatens, they alarm the flock and hurry it away from the spot. Just try to approach a flock of feeding crows sometime and see what happens.

They talk to one another. Sometimes it is a casual conversation, sometimes they quarrel, sometimes they yell and shout in anger or delight. Some persons, who wouldn't shoot even a crow, will take a crow call along on hikes and "talk" to the birds.

It is certain that crows discipline one another to some extent; but an old legend about them has no real basis in fact.

#### An Old Wives' Tale

For centuries, a belief has persisted that crows will put on trial fellow members of a flock and, if the offender is found guilty of his crime, he is put to death. These trials are supposed to be held with all the solemnity of a court.

One naturalist observed an incident which does not bear out this legend, but does indicate that crows are capable of executing summary justice in some instances. This observer saw eight crows suddenly detach themselves from a flight which was passing over, and seven of the eight fell upon the other crow and pecked it with their bills until it folded its wings and plummeted to the earth.

When the naturalist walked over to look at the fallen crow, he found it was dead—killed by its fellows for some unknown reason.

Of course, it could have been an outright murder. Since crows have so many other human characteristics, it wouldn't be surprising to find homicidal tendencies among them. If so, it offers some hope for crow-ridden humanity—because man won't be free of crows until they start killing one another.

THE END

## Any Week

Continued from page 4

THINKING about the nice things many candidates are going to say about the domestic front in the coming scurry for votes, we remember being taken to a Campaign Talkin' in Arkansas a few years ago by Colonel Dudley V. Haddock. As we recall it, the gentleman about to do the talking was running for sheriff. His manager prepared us for the oratory to come, saying among other things, "Brother, my candidate don't lose no time telling you where he stands. He don't even wait to clear his throat or spit off the back of the stage."

NOT that there isn't plenty of speech material lying around now. Our Washington agents report that there are 222 postwar plans in existence and brewing in Washington at this very moment. At least twenty departments of government have them tucked away in their "Urgent and Secret" files awaiting the propitious moment. And these, of course, do not take into account the dozens which are being drafted by individuals and nonofficial organizations. These individuals and organizations are seeping into Washington, seeking out unwary congressmen to tie up to. One of the latter told us that he was visited by a planner whose idea is so simple that even we understood it at once. This fellow advocates that the United States divide whatever is left of the country among us on a strictly per-capita basis and then start all over again where we left off. Then there's another plan which our agents haven't been able to catch up with.

We shall report on it later. It's in book form, titled Floundering Sons of the Founding Fathers.

MR. BILL MASON reports that during the opening of a synthetic rubber plant in Texas two Negro employees fell to discussing the new product. The first said that synthetic rubber was much superior to true rubber. The other demanded proof. "Well, look here," said the first. "Did you ever see a piece of old rubber that don't have no snap to it? Sho nuff? Well, this here synthetic ain't got no rubber in it so it can't lose that ol' snap."

OUR dry pals have not accomplished prohibition during this war as they did during the first World War. We've been inquiring into the reasons, too. But we didn't get far until Mrs. T. T. Thumler of Los Angeles, California, wrote us that the reason why our first noble experiment failed was that it was enacted while "millions of our best young men were off fighting for Democracy, only to come back and find that something they had wanted all their lives had been done in their absence." This made them mad because they could not have a hand in it. So they began to drink as a protest. Now we shall not make the same mistake. We shall wait until our boys come home and help us save the homeland just as they saved the rest of the world. I have written to over two hundred boys in Europe and the Pacific, and they all replied. So I know what I am talking about. . . . W. D.



## A Light in France

Continued from page 12

U. S. A., which is a subject of great interest to all three of us.

A few fishermen and small merchants of the town are also usually in the barroom, and Marie is always behind the bar, and it is not long before I notice that both Thaddeus T. and Mike the Mugger are paying considerable attention to her. In fact, Mike tells me he is in love with her and is surprised that I am not in the same condition.

"But," Mike says, "of course I will never mention my love to Marie because I am undoubtedly a low-class personality with a tough beef against me and am unfit to associate with a nice lady saloon-keeper."

As far as I can see, Thaddeus T.'s interest in Marie is more fatherly than anything else, which is very nice if you like an old wolf for a father. He tells me he wishes he has her for his daughter because, he says, the one of his own back in the U. S. A. is a dingbat and so is her mamma, and from the way he carries on about them, I can see that Thaddeus T.'s former home life is far from being a plug for matrimony.

Now it comes on 1939 and with it the war, and Thaddeus T., who can gabble the frog language quite fluently and is always around on the Ear-ie finding out what is going on, tells me that the people of the town are pretty much worked up and that some of the guys are going away to join the army, but it makes little difference in our lives, as we seem to be outside the active war zone, and all we know about any actual fighting is what we hear.

We still sit out in front of the hotel in the afternoon and in the barroom at night, though I observe Marie now pays more attention to other customers than she does to us and is always chattering to them in a most excited manner, and Thaddeus T. says it is about the war. He says Marie is taking it to heart no little and quite some.

But it is not until the summer of 1940 that Thaddeus T. and me and even Mike really notice the war, because overnight the little town fills up with German soldiers and other German guys who are not soldiers but seem to be working gees, and it is plain to be seen that something big is doing. Thaddeus T. says he hears they are making a submarine base of the harbor because it is a very handy spot for the subs to sneak out of and knock off the British ships, and in fact after a while

we see many subs and other shipping along the quays.

Anyway, the Germans pay very little attention to us at first except to examine our papers, and the officers who come into Marie's bar for drinks are quite polite and nod to us and sometimes talk to Thaddeus T., who speaks German better than he does French. Presently we are practically ignoring the presence of the Germans in our midst, although naturally Marie has no fancy for them whatever and is always making faces at them behind their backs and spitting on the ground when they pass, until I tell her that this is unladylike.

WELL, on coming home one night from a little stroll, I hear a commotion in the kitchen, which is just off the barroom, and on entering I observe Marie wrestling with a big blubber in civilian clothes who is wearing a small scrubbly mustache and a derby hat and who has practically no neck whatever.

They are knocking kitchen utensils right and left, including a pot of spaghetti which I know Marie prepares for my dinner and which vexes me no little. Marie is sobbing and I can see that the blubber is outwrestling her and in fact has a strangle hold on her that figures to win him the fall very shortly. I am standing there, admiring his technique in spite of my vexation over the spaghetti, when Marie sees me and calls to me as follows:

"Please help me, Chauncey," which, as I forget to tell you before, is at this time my monicker, and I am then in possession of passports and other papers to prove same.

Naturally, I pay no attention to her, as I do not know on what terms she is wrestling the blubber, but finally I see she is in some distress, so I step forward and tap the bloke on the shoulder and say to him like this:

"I beg your pardon," I say, "but the strangle hold is illegal. If you are going to wrestle, you must obey the rules."

At this, the guy lets go of Marie and steps back and I say to her in English, "Who is this plumber?"

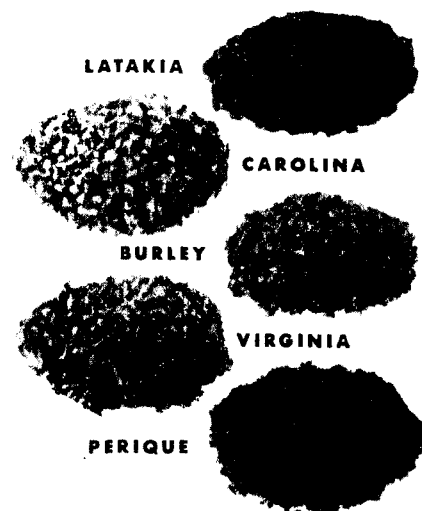
"He is Herr Klauber," Marie says back to me in English. "He is the head of the Gestapo in this district."

Well, then I get a good glum at the gee and I see that he is nobody but the same Klauber that Drums Capello does



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business with in Hamburg the time I am Drums' guest, only in those days he is not usually called by the name of Klauber. He is called the Vasserkopf, which is a way of saying "waterhead" in German, because he has an extra large scone piece that is practically a deformity and as the Vasserkopf he is known far and wide on two continents, and especially here in New York where he once operates, as a very sure-footed merchant in morphine, heroin, opium and similar commodities.

Naturally, it is a great pleasure to me to behold a familiar puss in a strange place, even if it is only the Vasserkopf's puss, so I give him a sizable hello and speak to him as follows:

"Well, Vasser," I say, "this is an unexpected privilege, to be sure. There you are and here I am, and much water runs over the dam since last we met, and how are you anyway?"

"Who are you?" the Vasserkopf says in English and in a most unfriendly manner.

"Come, come, Vasser," I say. "Let us not waste time in shadow-boxing. Do you know our old pal Drums finally takes a fall in Milwaukee, Wis., for a sixer?"

Then the Vasserkopf comes close to me and speaks to me in a low voice like this: "Listen," he says, "it is in my mind to throw you in the jail house."

"Tut-tut, Vass," I say, "if you throw me in the jail house, I will be compelled to let out a bleat. I will be compelled to remember the time you ship the cargo of Santa Claus out of Nuremburg and each Santa contains enough of the white to junk up half of the good old U. S. A. I hear your Fuehrer is a strait-laced gee, and what will he say if he hears one of his big coppers peddles junk and maybe uses it?"

I CAN see the Vasserkopf turns a little pale around the guzzle at this statement and he says: "Come outside. We will talk."

So I go outside the gaff with him, and we stand in the street in the darkness and have quite a chat and the Vasserkopf becomes more friendly and tells me that he is now a real high-muck-a-muck with the Gestapo and the greatest spy catcher in the racket. Then he wishes to know what I am doing in these parts, and I tell him quite frankly that I am there for my health and explain my ailment to him. I also tell him why Thaddeus T. and Mike the Mugger are there because I know that, as a former underworld personality, the Vasserkopf is apt to be understanding and sympathetic in such situations, especially when he knows my hole card is my knowledge of his background in junk.

"Now, Vass," I say, "all we wish is to be let alone, and if you can assist us in any way, I will personally be much obliged. What is more," I say, "I will see that you are well rewarded, if a member of the Gestapo takes."

"Sure," the Vasserkopf says. "Only let us understand one thing right off the reel. The broad belongs to me. I am crazy about her. But there is talk today at headquarters of closing this place and putting her out of business because of her attitude, and because one of our officers becomes ill after drinking cognac in here last night."

"I will tell the dumb military he probably has a touch of ptomaine," he continues. "I will tell them I need this hotel as a listening post to find out what is going on among the people around here. I will advise them not to molest you, as you are neutrals, and it may make trouble with your government, although," the Vasserkopf says, "I can see that the only trouble your government may make will be for you. But the Reich is not interested in American lammeros, and neither am I as long as you remember the dame is mine and see that I collect a hundred a week in your money. I can scarcely sleep nights thinking of her."

Now this seems to me to be a very reasonable proposition all the way around, except for the hundred a week. The way I look at it, the Vasserkopf is at least entitled to Marie for his trouble because, to tell the truth, it will be most inconvenient for Thaddeus T. and Mike the Mugger and me to leave this spot at the moment, as there is no other place we can go and no way of getting there if there is such a place.

SO I shave the Vasserkopf to half a C every week, and then I go back into the hotel to find Marie in the bar with Thaddeus T. and Mike, and I can see that she is quite agitated by her recent experience with the Vasserkopf. I also learn from her that it is not his first visit.

"He is here several times before," Marie says. "He comes to me first with news of my brother who is a prisoner in a camp near Hamburg. Herr Klauber tells me he can make things easier for Henri and perhaps get him released. He comes again

Well, I see the Vasserkopf in the hotel almost every day after this talking to Marie, and he always gives me an E-flat hello and I give him the same, and, while I can see that Marie is afraid of him, she says he is now very polite to her and does not try to show her any more holds.

Of course, I do not tell Marie about my deal with the Vasserkopf and I do not tell Mike either, though I inform Thaddeus T., as I expect him to kick with some of the dough, and he says okay and that he is glad to learn that the Vasserkopf is on the take, only he thinks the half a C is enough without throwing in Marie. But he says a deal is a deal, and I can count on his co-operation.

From now on as far as we are concerned, everything seems to be almost the same as before there is any war whatever, except that we cannot go near the water front where the Germans are working and everything has to be blacked out good after dark, and you cannot as much as strike a match in the street, which is a

to run the risk of having us noise it about.

"In fact," he says, "I am told that they are sorry they do not chase us when they first come here, but now that they make this mistake, they are not going to make another by letting us depart, and other information that I hesitate to credit is that they may wind up clapping us in a detention camp somewhere."

"Thaddeus T.," I say, "I am an American and so is Mike and so are you, and our country is not concerned in this war. No one can hold us here against our wishes."

Well, at this, Thaddeus T. lets out a large laugh, and I can see his point and laugh with him, and then he informs me that for some days he is personally laying plans for our departure and that he buys a slightly tubercular motorboat from a certain personality and has it hidden at this very moment in a little cove about a mile up the coast and that all he now needs is a little petrol, which is a way of saying gasoline, to run the boat with the three of us in it out to sea, where we will have the chance of being picked up.

Thaddeus T. explains to me that all the petrol in this vicinity is in the hands of the Germans, but he says that where there is a will, there is a way. Consequently, he makes arrangements with the same personality who sells him the boat for a supply of gasoline, and who is this personality but the Vasserkopf, and Thaddeus is paying him more per gill for the gas than the old Vass ever gets per ounce for his hop, and, as I am personally paying him regularly, I can see that he is getting his coming and going and, naturally, I have to admire his enterprise.

However, Thaddeus states that the Vasserkopf is really most co-operative in every respect, and that he is to deliver the gas at the hotel the following night, and moreover that he is going to escort us to the cove so we will not be molested by any sentries we may encounter in that vicinity, which I say is very nice of the Vasserkopf though I seem to remember that there are never any sentries in that vicinity anyway, as it is part of the coast that does not seem to interest the Germans in any manner.

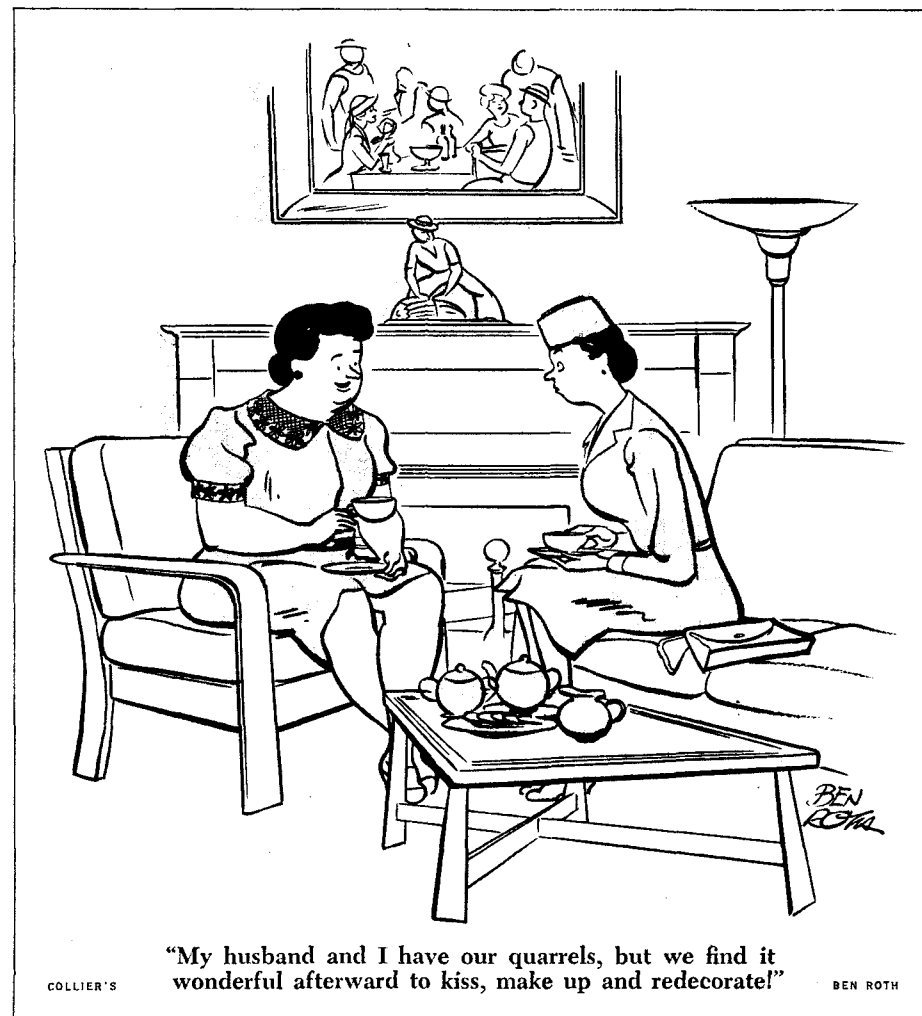
THEN I get to meditating more and more on the Vasserkopf and on what a big heart he has, to be sure, and as I am meditating I am also sauntering late the next evening in a roundabout way up the coast as I wish to confirm the presence of the boat in the cove because, of course, there is the possibility of it getting away after the Vasserkopf has it placed there.

My roundabout saunter carries me across the fields of the little farms beyond the town that in some places run almost down to the sea, and it is a route that the Germans are not apt to suspect as taking me on any considerable journey, even if they notice me sauntering, which I take care they do not.

Finally, I saunter through a field to a slight rise of ground that overlooks the little cove, and there is just enough daylight left by now for me to see a boat floating just offshore, and at this same moment, I am surprised to scent the odor of fresh-turned earth near at hand, and the reason I am surprised is because it is now winter and by no means plowing time.

Consequently, I look around and I am further surprised to observe on this rise a newly made trench in the ground of a size and shape that brings back many memories to me. So I saunter back in a more roundabout way still meditating no little and quite some on the Vasserkopf.

But, sure enough, he shows up this very night around nine o'clock after Marie closes her place, and he brings with him two five-gallon cans of gasoline which he delivers to Thaddeus T. in the bar where Thaddeus and me and Mike the Mugger are waiting to receive the gas. Then, after handing over the cans, the Vass goes look-



"My husband and I have our quarrels, but we find it wonderful afterward to kiss, make up and redecorate!"

and again on different excuses. I am frightened because I fear his motive." Then all of a sudden Marie puts her fingers to her lips and says, "Hark!"

We hark, and I hear away off somewhere a sound that I know must come from a lot of planes, and as this sound grows louder and louder, and then dies away again, Marie says:

"English bombers," she says. "Every night they pass over here and go on up the coast to drop their bombs. They do not know what is going on here. Oh, if we can only show a light here to let them know this is a place to strike—this nest of snakes."

"A light?" I say. "Why, if you show a light around here, these squareheads will settle you in no time. Besides," I say, "it may get me and my friends in a jam, and we are Americans and very neutral. Let us not even think of showing a light and, Marie," I say, "kindly cease sizzling every time you serve a German, and, Mike, if you have any more Mickey Finns on your person, please take them yourself instead of dropping them in officers' drinks."

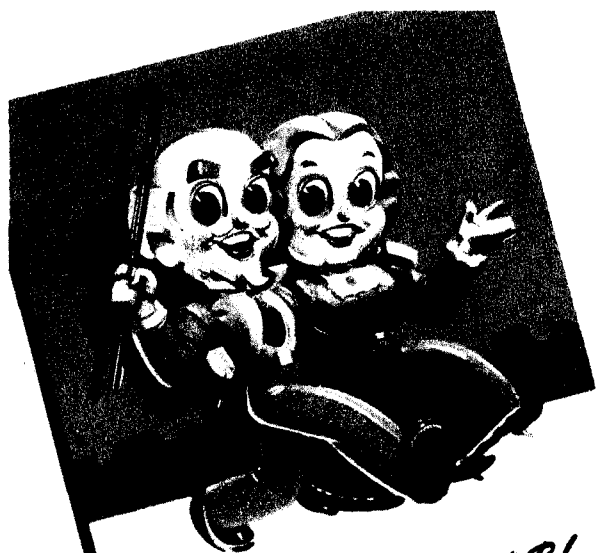
"Who? Me?" Mike the Mugger says.

great nuisance to Thaddeus T., as he is always striking matches. In fact, he almost gets his toupee blown off by sentries before he can break himself of the habit of striking matches outdoors at night.

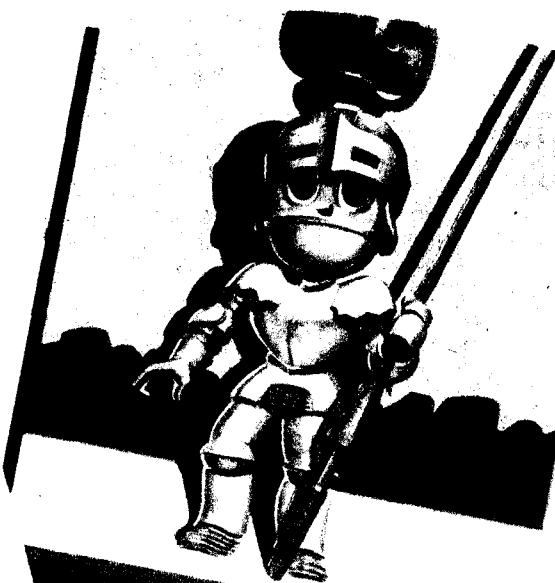
I CAN see that the Vasserkopf must be keeping his agreement to front for us at headquarters, all right, and I am greasing him every week per our arrangement, but I find myself bored by the place, and I have a feeling that it is time for Mike the Mugger and me and maybe Thaddeus T., too, to leave, especially as the Vasserkopf accidentally drops a hint one day that he finds himself impeded in his progress with Marie by our constant presence in the hotel and that he thinks he is getting the short end of the deal. Finally, I have a conference with Thaddeus T. and state my views to him.

"Yes," Thaddeus T. says, "you are a hundred per cent right. But," he says, "leaving here is not a simple matter for us now. I am reliably informed that the military is likely to oppose our departure for the present, because the sub base here is a great secret and they do not care





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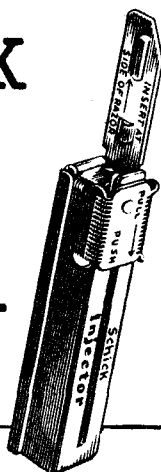


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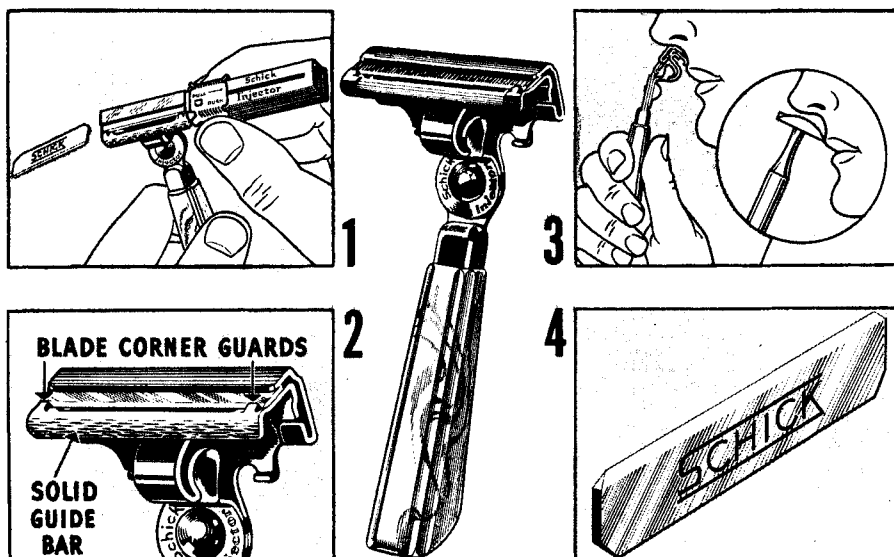
## Schick Injector Blades Are Back!

Yes, those quick-shaving, easy-going Schick Injector Blades are back... at your dealer's.

Months ago many of you had to lay aside your Schick Injector Razor. At that time, Government Priorities required all the blades we could make for the armed forces.

But now our production is sufficient for both military and civilian needs.

**So tomorrow morning reach for your  
Schick Injector Razor**



## Discover again the revolutionary Schick Injector features

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- 1 Enjoy the automatic blade change...an exclusive feature of the Schick Injector Razor that changes blades *automatically*—quick as a wink! A pull and push on the Injector shoots out the old blade, slides in a fresh one *instantly*. Nothing to take apart. Nothing to re-assemble. No fumbling with sharp blade edges...or messy paper wrappers.
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- 4 Enjoy Double Thick Blades again...and remember—Schick Blades are just as long but twice as thick as ordinary blades—and 3 times as thick as paper thin ones. So they take and hold a really keen edge. Oil-packed in a special cartridge, Schick Injector Blades have their cutting edges suspended in space.

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Tell your friends that these blades are back. And, if you have a spare Schick Injector Razor, give it to a friend so that he, too, may know real shaving luxury. For, though a sufficient number of Schick Blades are now available, we still can't get the material for new Schick Injector Razors.



"... and it makes a clean, open fire—no ashes to clean up afterward"

COLLIER'S

JEFFERSON MACHAMER

ing for Marie, saying he wishes to speak to her before escorting us to the boat.

As soon as he leaves the bar, Mike the Mugger outs with his pocketknife and stabs holes in two corners of the can and speaks as follows, "It smells like gasoline on the outside, but we smear the outside of cans with booze in the old bootleg days for the liquor smell when there is only water inside the cans. I hear the Vasserkopf is an old booter and he may remember the trick, and, besides, I do not trust him on general principles."

Now Mike lifts the can up as if it is no more than a demitasse and he holds it to his mouth so he can get a swig of the contents through one of the holes, when all of a sudden who comes into the bar all out of breath but Marie, and who is right behind her but the Vasserkopf, and there is no doubt that Marie is greatly flustered, and the Vasserkopf is much perturbed.

"So," he says to me, "you are double-crossing me and are going to take this omelet with you, hey? Well, it is a good thing I walk in on her as she is packing a keister, and I am now arresting her as a dangerous spy."

Marie begins to weep and wail and to carry on as bims will do when they are flustered, and naturally Thaddeus T. and me and Mike the Mugger are quite perplexed by this situation and, in fact, Mike is so perplexed that he is still holding the can in his hands and his cheeks are bulged out on each side from the gasoline in his mouth as if he has the mumps.

I am about to say something to cool the Vasserkopf off, for, to tell the truth, up to this minute I have no idea Marie is going with us, though I can see from the way Thaddeus T. and Mike the Mugger look that it is undoubtedly their idea. And, before I can say anything, Mike steps up to the Vasserkopf and gives a huge ploo-oo-oo and spews his mouthful of gasoline right in the Vasserkopf's kisser and, as he gets his mouth clear, Mike says, "Why, you muzzler, it is somewhat watered, just as I suspect."

Well, naturally, the gasoline runs off the Vasserkopf's face and down over his clothes and he is standing there looking quite nonplused, and, as Mike the Mugger sees me gazing at him disapprovingly, he becomes embarrassed and self-conscious and, maybe to cover his confusion, he lifts the can of gasoline and holds it over the Vasserkopf's head, and the gas pours out and splashes off the old Vass' deby hat and splatters over his shoulders while he just stands there nonplused.

Thaddeus T. Blackman is leaning against the bar and, as usual, he is lighting

his pipe with a little wax match and watching the Vasserkopf, and Marie has stopped crying and is laughing, and I am just standing there, when we again hear the sound of the planes high overhead and Thaddeus T. speaks as follows:

"A light you say, Marie?" he says. "A light for the English?"

Then he flips the lighted match on the Vasserkopf, whose clothes burst into flames at once and, almost as if they plan it all out beforehand, Mike jumps to the front door and opens it, and Thaddeus T. pushes the Vasserkopf, all ablaze, out the door into the street and yells at him:

"Run for the water!" he yells. "Run, run, run!"

THE Vasserkopf seems to see what he means and starts galloping lickity-split toward the water front with Thaddeus T. puffing along behind him and giving him a shove whenever he shows signs of lagging, and Mike the Mugger runs up behind the Vasserkopf and keeps throwing little spurts of gasoline on him by jerking the can at him and, from the way it burns on the Vasserkopf, I think Mike's statement of its dilution may be a slight exaggeration.

As he runs and burns, the Vasserkopf is letting out loud cries which bring soldiers from every which way, and presently they start shooting off their rifles in different directions. He is really quite a bonfire there in the darkness, and now I hear once more far overhead the drone of planes and I figure the English bombers see the light and turn back over the town.

All of a sudden, there is a whistling sound and then a big *ker-bloom*, and then more whistling and more *ker-blooms*, and there is no doubt in my mind that it is Katie-bar-the-door for the water front and the subs lying along the quays.

I can see the Vasserkopf still blazing and I can hear Thaddeus T. still urging him to run, and now the bombs are shell-lacking the surrounding buildings, and presently I hear, in between the blasts of the bombs, some rifle shots, and I know the soldiers are firing at Thaddeus T. and Mike the Mugger and maybe at the Vasserkopf, too, for making the light.

In fact, by the glow shed by the Vasserkopf, I see old Thaddeus stumble and fall, and Mike the Mugger go down right afterward with his can of gasoline blazing over him, but the Vasserkopf continues on still in flames until he falls off the quay into the water and, the chances are, goes out with a zizz.

Well, when I think of Marie, I turn from these unusual scenes to the little ho-



tel, but it is no longer there, because a bomb flattens it, too, and it is now nothing but a pile of miscellany. I do not have much time to look for Marie, as the German soldiers are all over the layout, trying to learn what happens, but I finally locate her with a big beam across her chest, and I can see that there is nothing I can do for her except kiss her and say goodbye, and when I do this, she murmurs, "Thanks," but I am sure it is only for Thaddeus T. and Mike the Mugger and the light.

You will scarcely believe the difficulty I experience in getting away from this unpleasant situation and out of the country. In fact, I have only a vague recollection of my adventures now, but I will always remember very clearly how neatly I slip past four German soldiers sitting in the new-made trench on the rise of ground above the cove, with a machine gun covering the cove itself, and how I get in the boat and cut it loose and work it, with my hands for paddles, to open water, before they realize what is going on.

And I can never again have any respect for the memory of the Vasserkopf when I take to meditating on his unsportsmanlike conduct in trying to double-cinch a sure thing with a machine gun, although there are times before I am picked up at sea by an English destroyer that I find myself wishing that Mike the Mugger does not waste all the gasoline on the Vass, even if it is watered.

AND this is all there is to the story (Maury says).

"But, Maury," I say, "do you not know that some remainders found in a pit of quicklime up in Sullivan County are supposed to be yours? They have on your shoes, which are identified by Brown the shoemaker. Are you ever in a quicklime pit in Sullivan County and, if so, what is it like?"

"Oh," Maury says, "I am in Sullivan

County, all right, but never in a quicklime pit. I go to Sullivan County at the invitation of Girondel, and the purpose of his invitation is to discuss ways and means of getting me straightened out with his chief, Sammy Downtown.

"But one day," Maury says, "Girondel invites me to a stroll in the woods with him and, while we are strolling, he is talking about the beauties of the landscape and calling my attention to the flowers and the birds, which is all very interesting, to be sure, but something tells me that Girondel is by no means the nature lover he seems.

"Finally," Maury says, "he strolls me to a spot in the deep, tangled wildwood, and all of a sudden I catch an odor of something I never scent but once before in my life but will never again forget, and that is the time we lay the late Bugs Wonder to rest in Greenvale Cemetery. It is the odor of the fresh-turned earth from Bugs' last resting place.

"And as I catch this again in the woods," Maury says, "I realize that somebody does some digging around there lately, so I quietly give Girondel a boff over his pimple with a blackjack and flatten him like a welcome mat. Then I examine my surroundings and, sure enough, there, hidden by the shrubbery, I find a deep fresh-made hole lined with quicklime, and I place Girondel in it and cover him up and leave him with my best wishes.

"But, first," Maury says, "I change shoes with him because my own are badly worn and, besides, I know that if ever he is found the shoes will outlast the quicklime and be traced as mine, and I wish Girondel's connection to think I am no more. By the way," he says, "the odor I mention is the same I notice on the rise of ground at the cove in France which causes me to distrust the Vasserkopf. I guess I am just naturally allergic to the odor of new-made graves."

THE END



"According to my calculations this war should have been over last March"

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM VON RIEGEN



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BUY WAR BONDS... AND KEEP ON BUYING

Collier's for January 15, 1944

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# Kiev—Nazi Crematory

Continued from page 13

professors, the head of the city government, doctors and scores of ordinary peasants and workers.

The first man interviewed had been a watchman. Under the Germans he loaded freight. He had received seven ounces of bread per day and occasionally sugar. To live he exchanged his belongings for food. In September the Germans turned him out of his apartment and stole many things. He moved to the outskirts of town, wrapped his overcoat in paper and buried it to prevent confiscation. Next came an order for him to go to Germany. For thirteen days and nights he hid in a cave.

I next talked with a thin, pale artist. He worked in the theater for the Germans. His wife had been roughly handled when his apartment was confiscated in September. He moved into one room with eight others. The woman told of being constantly annoyed by intruding Germans in her home. She devised a scheme. When the Germans came to the door one day she jumped into bed, moaning. As they entered, she murmured: "Typhus, typhus!" The Germans hurriedly banged the door shut and never came back. Another, younger woman said she had been ordered to go to Germany, but ran away into the country. She lost everything.

Everyone complained of friends or children sent to Germany. They were shipped in boxcars 60 and 80 to a car. One woman said that in her factory eighty girls were ordered to go. On the appointed day only eight appeared. The Germans tracked down and seized the others. "One was shot," she said.

The massacre of the Jews was mentioned by all with whom I talked. (Editor's note: Original Russian reports said that 70,000 Jews were slain by Nazis in Kiev. Before the Russians retook the city, the Nazis are alleged to have uncovered the bodies and burned them to conceal the extent of the pogrom.) It seems that within ten days after they captured the city, the Germans ordered all Jews to assemble with their belongings. They were then arrested and the universal belief is that they were shot in a mammoth ravine called Babi-Yar.

I visited this spot twice, once in the company of the Regional Committee on Atrocities. One professor testified that the shooting was confirmed by an eyewitness member of the German Gestapo. There is no question that numbers of people have been shot in the ravine. I saw women's decayed arms and the remains of a child's head, a number of fingernails, teeth and human hair. The ravine is now one of the most gruesome spots I have seen. Three Russian prisoners alleged they were forced by the Germans to do the work of burning the bodies and were the only survivors of a mass escape. It is certain that the Jews of Kiev have disappeared. If the mass-slaughter story is not true, then the German government should present proof now.

## German Plans for the City

Apparently Germany intended to keep Kiev as a German city. A huge map of the city with German names for streets was erected, over which was a huge swastika and a German eagle. Metal plates had been made for the principal streets. Liebknecht Street was changed to Horst Wessel Strasse. Another street became Dr. Todt Strasse. Pushkin Street became Adolf Hitler Strasse.

At first there were five burgomeisters, all Ukrainians. Under them was a town council. Colonel Berman, a German, was the power behind the throne. If the testimony I heard is accurate, most of the

population laughed at them. They were always quarreling among themselves. On February 6, 1942, the Germans arrested various nationalistic groups. Among them was Bogazii, the second burgomeister. He was shot.

Hitler is supposed to have passed through the city twice. Representatives of the Krupp interests went to the various industrial centers of the Ukraine while seven German construction firms came to Kiev. All stores and restaurants were taken over and run by Germans for Germans. The local inhabitants were supposed to buy only in the open market from peasants. This was the "New Order." The Germans tried to recruit policemen from the former propertied classes, or from those hostile to the Soviets. Those in the prisons were turned loose and many of them employed. It is reported that for a time a notorious underground character named Orlik was chief of police and that he had a long criminal record including murder. In one of the rural districts Matvenko, who had been sent to prison for ten years as a thief, was appointed chief of police. The Kiev police were always loyal. For instance, the 114th Police Battalion in Kiev killed their German supervisors and went over in a body to the Partisans. There was a New Order of legal rights. This involved accepting testimony against any Russian in a court of law. A single German could send any Russian to his death.

The Germans also instituted collective punishment. In Slovanki, for instance, when a single German soldier was killed, 100 Russians were executed.

The new law also gave the Germans the best of everything. Only the Germans could use electric lights, for instance.

One hundred thousand German colonists poured into Kiev with their wives to take over the "Promised Land." The Russians believe that some of these came to

escape military service. Because Kiev was in a war zone, the Germans here could not be conscripted. Almost all local stores were taken over by these adventurers. The New Order involved the Germanization of cultural life. The Germans believed the Russian masses and the women did not need higher learning. They felt that the schools must teach the inner essence of Nazism. Since there were not enough buildings for both German and Ukrainian schools, and since the latter did not have books with the proper ideology, only the German schools were left open.

For the most part, only those factories necessary to the military life of the city were kept open by the Germans. Among these were a bread factory, a power plant and a tank factory. Many plants could not run because the evacuating Russians had carried away the machinery. The opera house and theaters were kept open, but Saturday, Sunday and Wednesday were reserved exclusively for the Germans, and on other days they had sole use of the boxes. The Jewish theater and library were burned down. The beautiful new government building was dismantled and shipped to Germany.

## No Performance Tonight!

To show how much artists hated performing for the Germans, take the following instance:

The entire performance of Lohengrin depended on an artist with a tenor voice. It was well known that he had tuberculosis. Just before the performance, he chewed lipstick and spat out what appeared to be blood. The entire performance was canceled.

The big apartment houses of the city were used by German organizations. The small houses were requisitioned by individual Germans. Private property existed largely for the Germans. The Russians

were helpless if anything was taken from them by the Nazis.

Food quickly became an insolvable problem for all Russians. Three and a half ounces of bread each day for those who did not work. Toward the end of the German occupation, even this stopped. Seven ounces of bread for those who worked. So-called "Folk Germans"—Russians with German ancestry—were given special privileges and their rations improved.

The state farms were run by the German State or were sometimes divided and given to big German landowners. Collective farms were allowed to operate, but small peasant landowners were told that if they served the German State well, they would be given individual plots of land. The Germans took most of the mechanized equipment—tractors and combines—away from the peasants. Most of what was raised was confiscated. The Russians estimate, in consequence, that only forty per cent of the land was tilled.

Doctor Mansfield, a German, had charge of cultural activity in the Ukraine. He promised the Russian scientists that the Germans would support and protect all culture. This did not prevent them from sending to Germany any scientific or cultural material they desired. For example, the second-best collection of butterflies in all Russia, over 80,000 specimens, was shipped away as well as mounted bears and the best specimens of dinosaurs that Russia had.

Old Professor Vladimir Artobolevsky believed Doctor Mansfield when he promised that, whatever happened, Kiev University would be spared. The venerable professor carried the results of a lifetime of research, together with his private library, to the University. On November 5th, when he arrived at the University, he found everything destroyed and the University gutted by fire. This included a library of over 1,600,000 volumes.

The Germans published two papers in Kiev: the Ukraine Zeitung in German, and the Ukraine Slovo in Russian. Both peddled Nazi propaganda. Caricatures and denunciations against Jews were in nearly every issue.

## Architect's Fee, 80 Pounds of Flour

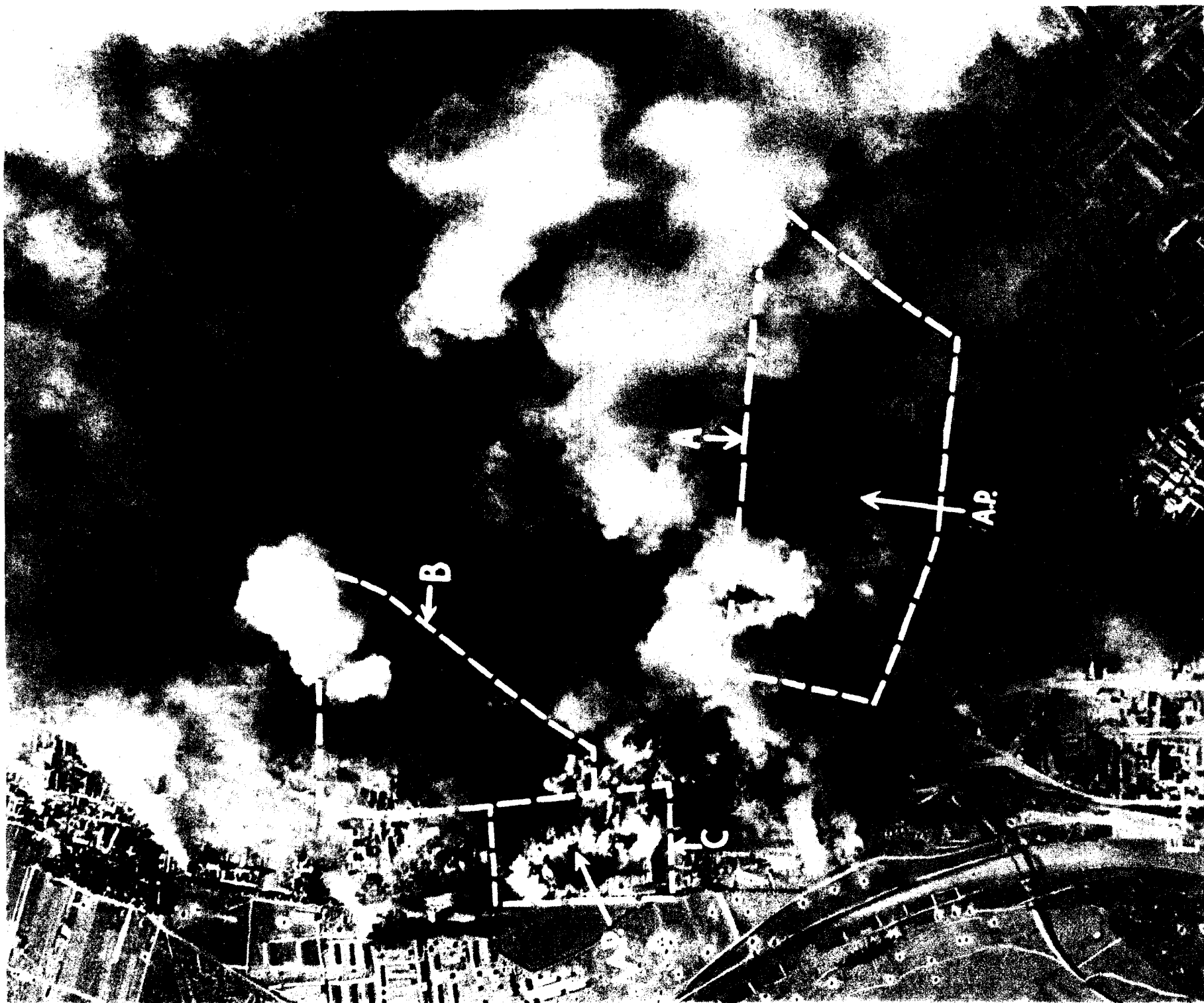
Professor Alyoshin, a famous Russian architect now in charge of restoration of buildings in Kiev, did three small jobs for the Germans: He drew plans for a moving-picture theater, a house, and a stable. For the first, he received 500 marks, for the second, 25 marks and for the third, eighty pounds of flour. Each German mark was worth 10 Ukrainian rubles.

I got a handful of this now worthless paper. It was in German, and both the German eagle and the swastika were printed on it. The Germans asked Professor Alyoshin to write a treatise on the influence of the Jew on Russian architecture, promising him electric lights and good food. When he refused, he was arrested and later released. Finally his apartment was taken over by a German doctor, Mulereisert, a graduate of Heidelberg, who promised to protect it. Actually, the Germans rifled the place and Alyoshin lost everything.

I visited some of the apartments which had not been touched since the Germans left. Apparently, they departed in great haste, taking whatever they could. Frames were lying on the floor with the paintings cut out, drawers were emptied, their contents littering the floor. I picked up a German daily calendar. The page exposed was Friday, October 29th, and was in honor of Joseph Goebbels. I noticed that



Collier's for January 15, 1944



Official U. S. Army Air Forces photograph of the second Schweinfurt raid. Dotted rules and letters indicate heavily bombed target areas.

## Schweinfurt Story

Both sides knew it was a major engagement — that second bombing mission against Schweinfurt. It was a battle between large armies, for a crucial objective. The Nazis massed 60% of their total fighter strength in a vain effort to prevent the Boeing Flying Fortresses from getting through.

In a period of a few hours the Forts invaded German-held Europe to a depth of 500 miles, sacked and crippled one of her most vital industries. They did it in daylight and they did it with precision.

They moved in on a city of 50,000 people and destroyed the part of it that contributed to the enemy's ability to wage war. When that part of it was a heap of twisted girders and pulverized

machinery, they handed it back, completely useless, to the Germans.

This is the task for which the Boeing Flying Fortress was designed: *precision destruction by daylight, in areas where the going is toughest.*

It is not an easy task. The Germans tried it in the Battle of Britain, and gave it up as too costly when 185 of their own planes were shot down in a single day.

The Fortress is engineered to perform superbly at altitudes of more than 7½ miles; it bristles with effective firepower; and it can absorb such punishment, and still keep flying, that the Germans have

even devised special rocket-gun fighters in the vain attempt to drive it from their skies.

Fortresses are lost, of course . . . sometimes many of them on a single mission. But a recent check shows that over a 12-month period, an average of more than 95% of them have returned from each attack. Their stout-hearted and superbly trained crews have never yet been turned back from their objectives by enemy opposition!

*To produce a plane like the Fortress requires unusual qualities of research, design, engineering and manufacture. You can expect these same qualities in the peacetime tomorrow, knowing that any product "Built by Boeing" is bound to be good.*

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**PLAY SAFE... SOAK YOUR PLATE IN POLIDENT.** Place denture in Polident solution for 15 minutes, or longer if convenient. Rinse—and it's ready to use.  
**No brushing**

**A SAFE, MODERN** way to keep dental plates, partial plates and removable bridges sparkling clean is to soak them in Polident every day. Polident is approved by many leading dentists and the leading makers of

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FOOD FIGHTS for FREEDOM produce and conserve—share and play square!

Collier's for January 15, 1944



December 20th did honor to the release of the Fuehrer from prison in 1924. In the same apartment was the Munich Illustrierte Presse for August 12th with pictures of the fronts at Leningrad and Orel. It showed 100 Russian tanks advancing into the German lines in Orel. The caption said they would be hurled back. Actually, Orel had fallen to the Russians a week earlier than the date on the magazine.

### Prepared "For Emergencies"

The plight of some professors in Kiev University staggers belief. To prevent deportation to Germany, one famous scholar, Lazinsky, poisoned himself, following which his wife committed suicide. A prominent doctor, Zidkev, gave prestychnine or morphine to use in the event of deportation. Assistant professor of biology George Markovsky, a man with a strong, keen face, showed me a capsule of cyanide which he kept "for emergencies." When the Germans were feverishly preparing for evacuation, and it was obvious the Red army was coming, he and his wife, with nine others, bricked themselves up in a basement with water, kerosene and potatoes and lived there for seventeen days.

Engineer Alexander spent six weeks in his attic. He scattered tobacco mixed with pepper on the stairs. That was for sniffing police dogs. His wife brought him food every night.

Such is a brief picture of what happened in Kiev. It is different from what happened under German rule in the surrounding villages. I was soon to learn that difference because weather conditions held our Moscow plane two days in the village of Gogalleva.

There was a village with four collective farms. I interviewed a great many of the peasants, but let the village priest Pograbovsky tell the story. I attended his service, and visited him in his home. He said there were 2,000 inhabitants in the village. They had a small factory, four small schools, one big new school and two churches. First thing the Germans did

when they entered the village was to seize all food. They shot children, stole pigs and cows and confiscated grain. Then they stationed 200 Germans in the village and requisitioned the new school.

The priest said: "My church services were never disturbed, although the Germans frequently attended. Nevertheless, with Germans in the congregation, I never knew when I might be arrested. It was almost more than I could endure. After the Germans came, they hanged seven."

They also shot two other villagers. It happened this way: The Germans seized them and demanded pigs. The two peasants took their captors to three places in search of pigs. But there were no pigs. This enraged the Germans and they shot and killed both peasants. The priest conducted the funeral.

The priest said sadly: "There were thirty-one Jews in my village. The Germans took them all out and killed them—men, women and children. They are all buried here. One of the children was two years old; another was three."

### Nazi Barbarism in Action

"Before the Germans left, they destroyed our factory, burned down one church, two schools and twenty-five huts. They also shipped nearly all of the able-bodied young people to Germany. On the last night they ordered me to let one hundred German soldiers into my church. My deacon opposed the idea and locked the doors. The German soldiers broke in anyway. I came down early in the morning and all they had stolen were three altar cloths. The golden icons were untouched."

For the entire two-year period the Germans were in the village, the Russians were able to maintain only two classes for the smallest children.

The testimony of the priest was backed up by everyone else I interviewed. It can thus be seen that the pattern of social exploiting as practiced in the village is as you know, is dead. And Kiev, death. It was burned to

THE END



## Yanks in Iran

Continued from page 25

factories and Germany built a magnificent marble railroad station at Teheran. Germany was so, so sympathetic, and gradually Germany managed to get men appointed to key positions in the field of communications and in the Iranian army.

Russia and Britain looked on nervously and sent diplomatic notes to the then ruler, Riza Shah Pahlevi. In August, 1941, they stopped sending diplomatic notes and moved in. They drew up a treaty giving Iran a chance to save face. The treaty said that Russia and Britain would move out within six months after the war was over and that Iran would be given a vote at the peace table.

Then came the business of getting war material from America to Russia under Lend-Lease. The mortality rate was high among convoys trying to reach Murmansk and other northern Russian ports. The Persian Gulf ports were the obvious answer, and so we, too, moved in. We agreed not only to deliver material to the gulf ports, but to transport it to north of Teheran, and General Connolly and a hand-picked staff were sent to do the job.

Part of Connolly's job was to get along well with the Russians. Here is a typical example of that and of how blunt Connolly solved it. General Alexander Korolev is the Russian in charge of receiving supplies and moving them to the front. For a month or so, the flow of materials was so great that the Russians were unable to move them fast enough. Hundreds of crates filled with ammunition, food, guns, etc., were piled high, waiting to go to the next transfer point. This, of course, is north Iranian territory and completely occupied by Russians.

General Korolev, like Connolly, a tough engineer, asked if Connolly could not deliver the goods farther, instead of dropping them at the present localities. Connolly reminded the Russian general that the mountain road leading to the northeast was a difficult one. Even our fine trucks would have trouble negotiating it. A driver would have to head out of 120-degree heat to find himself on a mountaintop in freezing weather. There were no depots en route where Americans could be sheltered and fed. Besides, it was too close to Russian territory, and General Korolev said regretfully that, so far, no permission had been given for substantial groups of Americans to enter the region.

### Wild Boar Hunt in the Mountains

"But that's how it will have to be," General Connolly said. "My first duty is to take care of the health of my men. By the way, General," he added casually, "why don't you and I run up and look the road over?"

Korolev agreed. Canny Connolly knew that Korolev loved hunting. There were plenty of wild boar in the Elburz Mountains, through which the road ran. He got four Garand rifles, plenty of ammunition, and loaded a truck with good Army K rations. He took with him Colonel Edward F. Brown, U. S. Army liaison with the Russian army, while Korolev brought the crack marksman Colonel Makaroff. High in the mountains, Connolly suggested they might try their luck, and perhaps General Korolev would like to use a Garand. Korolev's eyes glittered as he handled the beautiful rifle. Their luck was in. Just before dawn, they got a boar.

There was a Red army outpost on top of the mountain, and they headed for it. Inside a hut, some twenty Red army soldiers were huddled in the cold, eating their evening meal of herring, salami and tea. They blinked when they saw the gold

epaulets of Korolev and the stars on Connolly's shoulders. Korolev waved them at ease, and then he and Connolly squatted with them and shared their fish and tea. Meanwhile, two sergeants Connolly had brought along to drive, had dragged the dead boar to the hut. The soldiers, who had not tasted game for some time, were popeyed at the sight of the huge animal.

They built a fire outside the hut. They sliced the boar and soon all of them—generals, colonels, sergeants and Red army privates—were roasting boar in the time-honored Russian way, by sticking slices of meat on swords and bayonets and holding them over the fire. They ate their fill and then sat around the fire, and the Russians sang folk songs. It was democracy at its best—a side of it which these Russians had never seen.

### Rifles Cement Friendship

Korolev and Connolly returned to Teheran firm friends. The friendship was cemented when Connolly sent to Cairo for Garand rifles, which he presented to the Red army general.

A few days later, Korolev gravely told Connolly that Moscow had given permission for American soldiers to build barracks in the Russian district. Now American soldiers are driving through those tortuous mountain passes.

Connolly's diplomatic methods may be unorthodox, but they work. Last April 14th was Army Day, even here in Teheran. Our troops held a celebration at the big Iran Airport. Connolly and Brown had arranged a surprise for the Russian staff. At the conclusion of the ceremonies, forty officers stepped forward, the band struck up the Russian National Anthem, and forty American officers sang it—in Russian.

On May Day, Connolly was asked to review the Russian troops. At the conclusion of the review, a group of Red army men came forward. The band played The Star-Spangled Banner, and the Russians stepped forward and sang it—in English. That is typical of the way Connolly gets along with the Russians.

Connolly has a brilliant staff, all hand-picked. General Stanley L. Scott is his chief of staff, and his three assistants are Colonel Roy C. L. Graham, Colonel Theodore M. Osborne and Colonel Peter Purvis, all specialists in transportation and engineering problems; 34-year-old Colonel Paul F. Yount is Director of Railroad Service, while Brigadier General Don G. Shingler directs Motor Transport Service.

It is seldom one finds Red army officers in the restaurants or night clubs of Teheran. For one thing, there is a ten-o'clock curfew.

One night some British MPs found a hideaway ignoring the curfew hour. They also found a very drunken Russian officer waving a gun and threatening dire things to the assembly. It was a tough spot for a couple of British MPs. They turned him over to the Russian commander and forgot the incident.

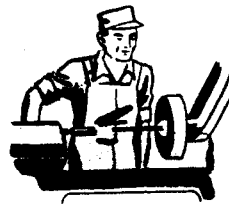
The next morning at nine o'clock, Iranian and British authorities received identical notes from General Korolev. He apologized for the bad behavior of the officer and added that, unfortunately, the officer "died during the night."

Inflation is no obscure, academic problem in Iran; it is a fact. A small electric-light bulb costs \$7.50; toilet paper is \$1.80 a roll; American cigarettes outside the post exchange are eighty cents a package; a pair of shoes costs \$25. And a second-hand portable typewriter will bring \$400.

THE END

## GET AHEAD IN THE WORLD

by Paul V. Barrett



*International Correspondence Schools* are now in their 53rd year. These Schools are dedicated to guiding men and women into useful vocations—and training them for the occupations they choose.

Approximately 95 per cent of all I. C. S. students are employed at the time they enroll. About 80 per cent enroll for Courses directly in line with their occupations. Thus, industry itself is the laboratory for I. C. S. students.

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I. C. S. has been active in Latin American countries for 30 years. Graduates there number many thousands. About 8000 new Spanish-speaking students enrolled with I. C. S. of Latin America last year.

A Kansas farmer, through study with I. C. S., was able to send his six sons to college. One is a prominent lawyer, another a bank vice-president, another a druggist, another a research engineer, another a college president. The sixth son is General Dwight D. Eisenhower.

War has increased the study of correspondence courses in most free foreign countries. The greatest increase has occurred in the British Isles, where I. C. S. enrolments are now at an all-time high.

Blueprints are a universal language. A Chinese, a Frenchman, or a Latin American readily can read a U.S. blueprint once he understands the basic idea of the three dimensional views—front, side and top. So says R. G. Evans, Director of the I. C. S. Drafting Schools.

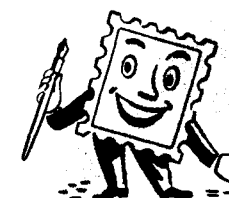
Three cars in every garage may sound like a take-off on two chickens in every pot, but light maneuverable automobiles may make that likely in post-war America, according to C. R. Strouse, I. C. S. Director of Automobile Research.

Thousands of persons are taking home-study courses to enable them to qualify for responsible jobs in essential war industry. Enrolment figures for I. C. S. Technical and Mechanical Courses have increased and new courses have been added to help the situation.

It is as important for women in industry to be adequately trained as it is for men. The better jobs go to the women who had the foresight to train for opportunities.

In 1939, Woodrow Henthorne was a filling station attendant, and a good one. But he was ambitious and enrolled for an I. C. S. Course in Tool Designing. He got a job with the Eagle Tool and Machine Company in Springfield, Ohio. J. N. Dye got a job with the same company and enrolled for an I. C. S. Course in Drafting. Today, student Henthorne is the Tool Designer and student Dye the Chief Engineer of the Eagle Company, which recently won the Army-Navy "E" for war production.

A postage stamp will bring you complete information on the services offered by these world-famous Schools. Simply check the subject in which you are interested, fill in the information blanks, and mail the coupon below. This simple act has started thousands on the way to success.



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# INDIANS HAVE A NAME FOR HITLER

BY HAROLD L. ICKES  
SECRETARY OF THE INTERIOR



Although Pvt. Stan Ben, a Cherokee, was champion archer of the North Carolina reservation, in dealing with Nazis he will rely entirely on his modern Army rifle. Below, Sioux warriors of the U.S. Army explain workings of a machine gun to Chief White Bull



THE 360,000 North American Indians, members of more than 200 tribes, are on the warpath, and what they are doing to help crush the Germans and the Japs is something to make whoopee about.

In enlistments, they equal the per capita contribution of any racial group. More than 13,000 of them are in the active service of Uncle Sam, and in the expert opinion of Major Lee Gilstrap, "They are the best damn' soldiers in the Army." To add insult to injury, the Indians, always adept at making up colorful names, have coined one for Hitler. They call him The-Man-Who-Smells-His-Mustache.

As Secretary of the Interior, within whose jurisdiction the Office of Indian Affairs falls, I make no attempt to conceal my pride in the record that the Indian is making for himself in this war—a record that began with vigorous action by the Navajo Tribal Council. Speaking for approximately one seventh of the Indian population of the United States, the council unanimously adopted a resolution in which the first "wherefore" read:

"... we hereby serve notice that any un-American movement among our people will be resented and dealt with severely."

That was the answer of the Indian to the Axis appeal to minorities—to the Indian minority at least. And then, in case there might be any remaining doubt how the Indians felt, the Iroquois Confederacy, the Six Nations, declared a state of war to exist between it and Germany, Japan, Italy and all their allies.

The Iroquois Confederacy, supposedly founded by Hiawatha, is older than the United States; it dates back more than 700 years, when the Mohawk, Oneida, Onondaga, Cayuga and Seneca tribes, and later the Tuscaroras, agreed to stop fighting. But they never forgot how to fight.

To implement her part in the Iroquois declaration of war, Mrs. Jerry Crow, a widow of the Seneca-Cayuga nation, gave her five sons to the Armed Forces. Four of them enlisted; the fifth, after being rejected, was taken by the draft, much to his relief.

Major Gilstrap's estimate of the Indian as the Army's best soldier may be somewhat exaggerated, but there is no denying the fact that he is one of our best fighters. The inherited talents of the Indian make him uniquely valuable. He has endurance, rhythm, a feeling for timing, co-ordination, sense perception, an uncanny ability to get over any sort of terrain at night, and, better than all else, an enthusiasm for fighting. He takes a rough job and makes a game of it. Rigors of combat hold no terrors for him; severe discipline and hard duties do not deter him.

Individual exploits among the Indians in battle are numerous and thrilling. The leading scorer in the race by commando-trained American soldiers in the Mediterranean area to see who could kill the most Germans was, up to a short time ago at least, a young Sioux—Sergeant Kenneth Scisson, of Rapid City, South Dakota. Sergeant Scisson engaged in patrol work, and in less than four minutes during a sortie by British-trained units, had ten notches on his Garand rifle.

Joe Longknife, of the Assiniboin tribe, proved that the American Indians know how to shoot as well as use the bayonet when he bagged ten Japs in sixteen shots on Bataan.

Indian soldiers have won innumerable citations and medals for extraordinary heroism and valor under fire. High at the top of the list is the late Major General Clarence Tinker, member of the Osage tribe, whose wife was the recipient of the Distinguished Service Medal awarded to her soldier husband posthumously.

Major General Tinker, in command of the Hawaiian Air Force, was lost in his Flying Fortress at sea during the Battle of

Midway in June, 1942. The War Department has approved a proposal to name the newest airport of Oklahoma City Tinker Field. In doing this, the Department was making an exception to its policy of not commemorating war heroes by naming structures after them.

A full-blooded Apache, Sam Russell, attached to a Signal Corps regiment on the Kokumbona front at Guadalcanal, rescued his platoon, which was surrounded by Japs. He laid a communication line, enabling the platoon to blast the enemy and fight its way back to its own lines.

Alonzo Enos, another Indian soldier stationed at Formosa, saved the lives of several members of his company, including that of Lieutenant Daniel De Young, by rescuing wounded whom stretcher bearers could not reach because of Jap fire.

Sergeant Ralph Sam, a Paiute gunner, was mortally wounded when his plane took part in a dive-bombing raid on an enemy convoy near New Guinea. With his right arm shot away, Sergeant Sam continued firing at the Jap Zero until his gun was empty. Not until then did the pilot realize that his gunner had been hit. He rushed the plane back to the base hospital, but Sergeant Sam died a few days later. He was given a posthumous award of the Silver Star.

The religious observances which take place when an Indian boy or girl enters the Armed Forces give an insight into the philosophical attitude which the Indians bear toward the war. Among the Navajos it is a "sing," among the Sioux it is a "give-away," and among the Yakimas it is a "long-house" celebration.

A recent "give-away" took place on the Fort Peck Reservation in Montana, when Helen Warrior, a full-blooded Sioux, and a junior at Montana State College, left to join the Wacs at Fort Des Moines, Iowa. Helen's father, Alvin Warrior, fought in the last war. Her brother, Leslie, is with the Army overseas.

## The Indian Women Take Over

Many thousands of Indians have left their reservations to engage in essential war work. The result, quite naturally, is a shortage of manpower on the reservations, so that the job of keeping the tribal stock and farm enterprises in operation is falling increasingly to the women and the children. Indian women are driving tractors and trucks, repairing heavy automotive equipment, and assisting in the cattle and sheep roundups.

We have no record of the thousands of small War Bond and Stamp purchases made by the individual Indians, but purchases made by Indian tribes through the Office of Indian Affairs total \$2,671,725. In addition, at least twenty jurisdictions have requested permission to purchase bonds from tribal funds in the U. S. Treasury drawing 4 per cent. These offers have been rejected because the government already has the use of the money. Some tribes stated that they were willing to sacrifice their present rate of interest if it would help in the war on the Axis.

There is likewise no record of the contributions which the Indians have made to war-relief societies, but every day there are fresh evidences of their determination to do everything that they can. Pueblo and Navajo Indians have given sacks of corn, mutton, silver jewelry and rugs in lieu of cash to aid the Red Cross.

Navajo boys and girls of fourteen years and older are throwing themselves into "preparedness" courses at Navajo schools. Men of all ages travel to faraway places to perform strange new tasks in war-production work; they collect unbelievable amounts of metal and rubber scrap; they give their sons willingly to the armed services; they are accepting without complaint all the inconveniences that the war has brought them. ★★★