

Old Silas said, "Of course she can get up. She's a good horse, but she's stubborn as my old lady."

"No," Mrs. Craw said, "she can't get up." And the kids all looked at the horse with their blue eyes.

The men hawed and geed, and old Silas got a board under the horse's hips and was trying to jack her up like an auto, and finally Silas said, "Why in tarnation can't she get up?"

He didn't look at Mrs. Craw, he just kind of said it to the air, and Mrs. Craw said in a clear, knowing voice, like she knew everything that happens in the world, especially about suffering and sorrow, "The horse can't get up because that horse has a bad leg."

Silas said to the hips of the mare, "Well, she's got a little sore on her leg."

"Yes," Mrs. Craw said. "It's quite a little sore and it hurts her. You will have to get a rope and pull her over on her other side. Then she can use her good leg to get her up."

Well, sir, I knew she was right and they knew she was right, but those consarned men fooled around another ten minutes and then Silas said as if the thought just dropped down upon him from heaven, "We might get a rope and pull her over on her other side."

They got the rope out of my buggy and they got the mare turned over. She got right up without any trouble, and you could see then that her fetlock was swollen three times its size. Mrs. Craw turned away without saying anything, and she and the kids started down the field Indian file; and Silas said, "Ain't no good goin' to come of that tribe in this town."

"I like to know why," I said. "She's a smart woman, if you ask me."

"I don't like her," he said, "nor none of her kind. The sooner they get out of here, the better."

"A hard-workin' lot they are," Sweezer said. "The Mr. came over to get me to share crop with him on my lower forty—said he would plant and do all the work and give me half."

"Say, he offered me the same," Andy said. "He must be a son of a gun for work."

"And I suppose you all took him up so you can lean your backsides against the tavern the livelong summer and not lift anything heavier than a beer bottle."

And Silas mumbled something about woman's place, and I left them there, the old scarecrows.

JANE BEAN kept me posted every week what the Craws were doing, as if I couldn't see as clear as day from my own window. Before I was up of mornings I saw the Mrs. and the kids coming single file through the meadow to hoe the corn down under the hill on the piece of land that old Judge Bardwell gave them. Jane Bean said, "That makes 'em five pieces of land now, all in different parts of the village. Some of 'em are a good two miles apart. Looks like they're singlehanded goin' to make this village prosper again."

What made me mad was, she said it like it was a major crime. "What's the matter with that?" I said. "If some people in the village was more like the Craws, we wouldn't be practically tax broke this minute."

"They got a early patch of potatoes down in the hollow," Jane said, "and corn in the hill patch, and melons and squashes on the other side of Coon Hollow; and they're putting my place in truck stuff."

"I suppose, Jane Bean," I said, "you are takin' half like those three old men."

"Well," she said, "I'm takin' half the vegetables. I thought I'd can 'em myself this year."

"A good thing," I said. "What this village needs is more people like the Craws around here. I ain't seen nobody

(Continued on page 81)

IX: HOLLAND'S VAN KLEFFENS

ON 99 days out of 100 the sea slugs the Dutch coast with heavy rollers. But this was early morning of the hundredth day. The sea was as calm as cold, gray soup off Scheveningen and it was possible for two hydroplanes of the Netherlands' Air Forces to taxi up to within wading distance of the sandy beach.

The absence of surf on the dismal spring day in 1940 was a circumstance of considerable importance to Dr. Eelco van Kleffens, then Dutch Foreign Minister. Total occupation of Holland by the Germans was imminent and further formal resistance seemed useless. It had been decided at The Hague that Van Kleffens, with his wife Margaret, should try to reach England, participate in Queen Wilhelmina's government-in-exile and continue the fight from London.

German fighter planes had spotted the Dutch hydros and had strafed them both. One was damaged beyond repair. The other had been hit but was still serviceable. Onto it clambered Van Kleffens and his wife. Two minutes after they took off the Huns returned and sank the other ship. Van Kleffens' plane reached England safely and today the tall, blond, blue-eyed, awkward-looking Frieslander—a man with a huge Adam's apple—is Holland's permanent delegate to the United Nations.

It would have been difficult for the Dutch to have found a more representative delegate short of having sent their Queen herself to the U.N. Like all Dutchmen, Van Kleffens has a strong sense of personal and national independence but also, like his countrymen, he is cautious and conservative in international relations. Both characteristics have been reflected in his arguments to date on important issues before the Security Council on which he sits.

Natives of Friesland are given, Van Kleffens says, to "intellectual exercise," rather than emotional activity. As he perches at the edge of the curved table of the Security Council, he imparts the impression, in fact, of being composed largely of brain. He has a large, round, domed head sparsely covered with thin hair combed to cover some of the baldness. A lawyer by profession, Van Kleffens appeals constantly to his colleagues to find solutions on a "legal, dispassionate basis." Words, he confesses—because they sometimes come from the heart rather than the head—are "apt to confuse." Typical of his approach to most controversies was his position on Spain when the U.N. sought to devise a formula for uprooting Fascism there.

"The question of Spain," said Van Kleffens, "seems to me a very disturbing one. It arouses considerable passion and very understandably so. Yet, and although I trust this body will never lose the human touch, I suggest that we must adjudge this question submitted to us coolly and dispassionately."

He did not consider Spain a threat to international peace and saw the question of whether Generalissimo Franco remained in office or not as a "purely domestic matter" for the Spanish people to decide. Holland for many years had so regarded the Nazi State in Germany, yet when German Minister von Zech called upon Foreign Minister van Kleffens to demand surrender of all Dutch forces on invasion day in May, 1940, Van Kleffens was so angry that he didn't dare reply verbally. He wrote his reply with a blue pencil on a piece of paper.

"It is obvious," the answer said, "that Holland and Germany are at war."

He opposed, of course, Russia's efforts to have a U.N. commission appointed to ascertain whether British troops in Holland's colonial possessions in Indonesia

constituted a threat to peace in the Pacific. Such action, he cried out in one of his rare outbursts, might make the U.N. an "obnoxious tool of international ill-feeling."

Van Kleffens is 51 years old and as meticulously conservative in dress and appearance as he is in his politics. He received his doctorate in law from Leyden University in 1918, but since 1922 has been a professional diplomat. He speaks an Oxonian English and likes to quote English authors. He smokes and drinks moderately.

He is probably one of the hardest-working diplomats in the U.N. and one of the most frugal. He has only one secretary and an aide and does much of his speech writing and record keeping himself. He is, according to his colleagues, a difficult man to know and Adriaan J. Barnouw, Queen Wilhelmina Professor of Netherlands History at Columbia University, says of him:

"I had him among my pupils at The Hague Gymnasium a generation ago. I cannot say that I knew him, for I never succeeded in breaking through the boy's reserve. That quality must stand him in good stead as a statesman."

Behind that reserve there is a tremendous capacity for work. There is in almost all Dutchmen. Their country was among the first to be invaded by the Germans and the last of the Nazis' Eu-

ropean victims to be liberated. But Holland has emerged from the devastation and gloom of defeat more quickly than any other conquered country.

The Nazis, for example, stole 516 of Holland's 866 railroad locomotives and 25,000 out of 29,000 freight cars. All of the country's numerous railway bridges were destroyed along with a fifth of the railroad stations and nearly half of the signal and control installations. Within six months after liberation 2,000 miles of Holland's railroads were functioning. By the end of last May, there was electric light throughout the country, streetcars and electric trains were operating and 90 per cent of wiring destroyed by the Germans had been replaced. Without help from UNRRA, the Dutch have raised their diet from 450 wartime calories a day to nearly 2,000.

In the midst of their almost frantic efforts to restore the nation's agricultural and economic life the Dutch find time to remember Americans who helped to liberate them. Some 19,000 Dutch families have appointed themselves the guardians and caretakers of as many graves of American soldiers at the huge Margraten cemetery. Last Memorial Day, American graves were covered with flowers over their well-trimmed grass. You simply can't beat the Dutch, in war or in peace.

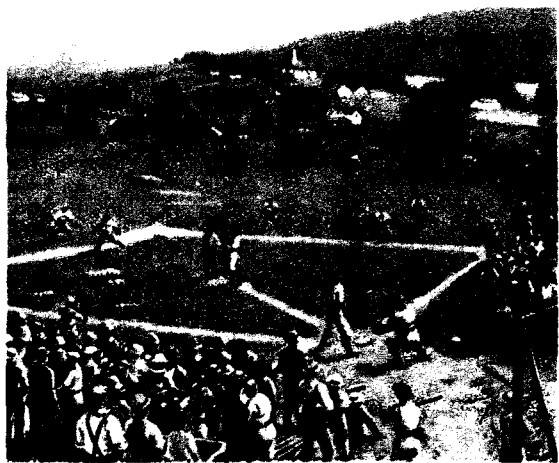
FRANK GERVASI



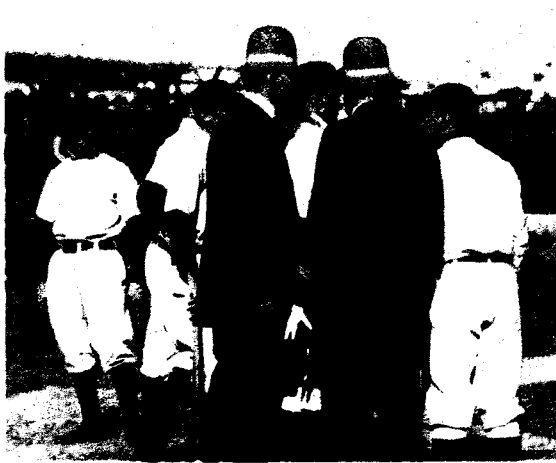
UNITED NEIGHBORS

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

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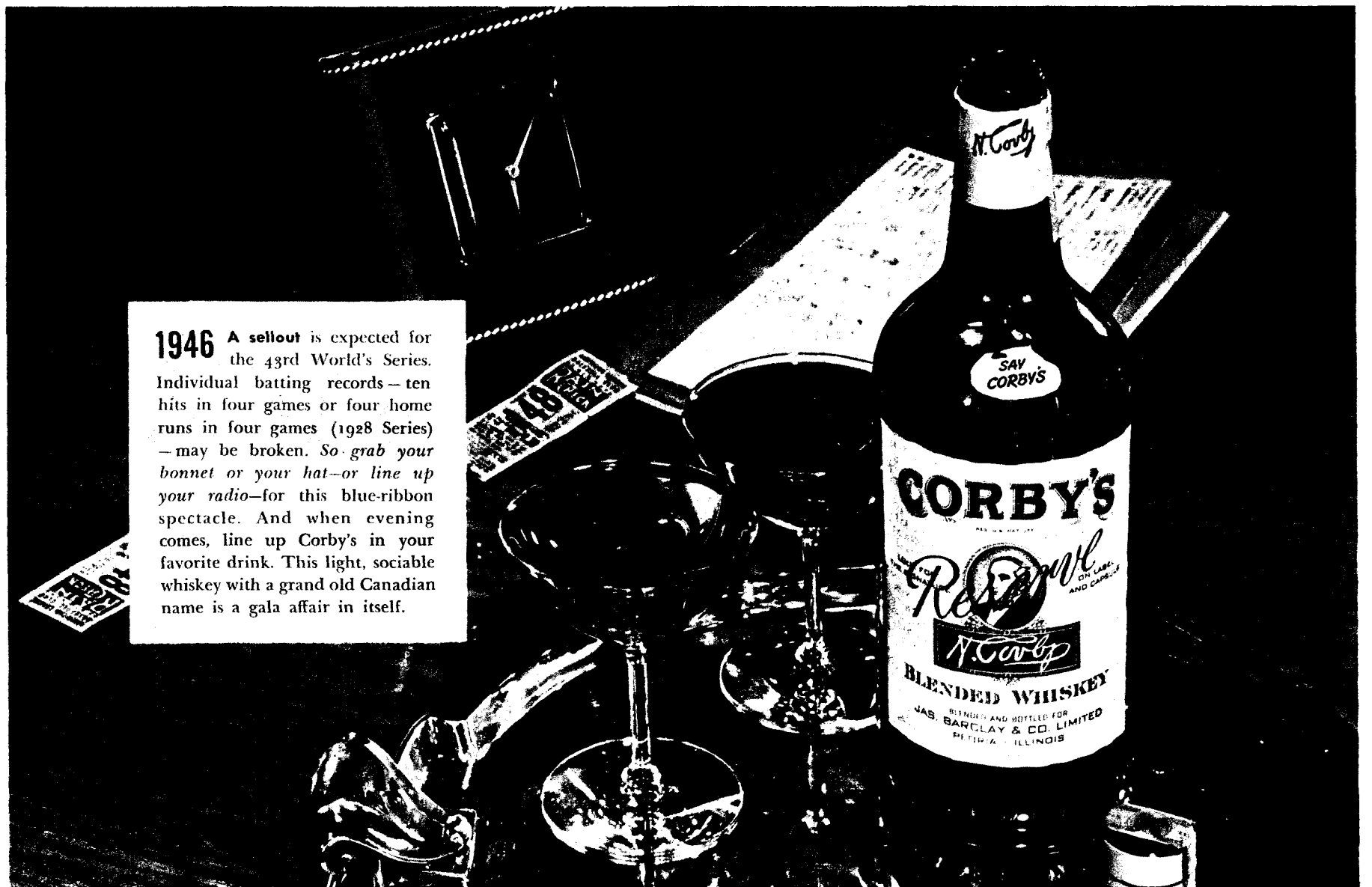
1869 Invented in America, baseball has advanced from country pastures to the glamor spots of the nation. The game first began to attract attention when a professional team went on an extended tour in 1869—Corby's 11th year as a great Canadian whiskey name.



1903 First World's Series drew 100,459 people; Boston defeated Pittsburgh five games to three. Next year the winning manager in the National League nearly cause a baseball "war" by refusing to play "a minor league club"—Boston, American League pennant winner.



1945 Baseball's classic hit a high last year, Corby's 87th as a famed Canadian name, when 333,457 people saw seven World's Series games. But the 1905 hurling record of three shutout games by one pitcher in a five-game Series has yet to be broken.



1946 A sellout is expected for the 43rd World's Series. Individual batting records—ten hits in four games or four home runs in four games (1928 Series)—may be broken. So grab your bonnet or your hat—or line up your radio—for this blue-ribbon spectacle. And when evening comes, line up Corby's in your favorite drink. This light, sociable whiskey with a grand old Canadian name is a gala affair in itself.



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SWEET BEULAH LAND

Continued from page 79

walk across a field with that much getup since the depression. There they come now."

Jane said, "It beats all how they use everything. They went to the cannery and got that stuff that's rottin' in the back and put it on all five patches. It's a good thing to have those pea hulls out of the way. Nobody thought to put them back on the land. And she got two runts from Jensons' litter and the Mrs. fed them by hand and now I'll swear they're bigger than the others. She's got a way with growin' things of the flesh, all right."

I didn't tell her I took them over a settin' of eggs and loaned them my best cluck. To my surprise the Indian file stopped outside my door, and Jane and I went out on the porch. It was warm spring now and my flags were beginning to bloom, and the lilacs were fragrant, and the Mrs. said, "What pretty flags," and I said I'd give her some bulbs in the fall when I thinned them out. All those blue eyes behind her were looking at us. And the girl started around the yard filling her basket with dandelion greens. She had some mushrooms in the basket and several kinds of roots and herbs. I didn't feel very good seeing them. It looked like they were eating anything in the woods that was edible.

MRS. CRAW saw us looking in the basket, and she said quick-like, "My man can't eat nothin' but green things."

The girl looked up from the grass laughing, "So we got to gather all the greens there is."

I looked at Jane and her face said clear as crystal, *they're hungry*.

"He doesn't feel good without his potatoes," the Mrs. said. "You know how men are."

"Well, he likes dandelion greens." The girl laughed and all the kids laughed, and the mother laughed, and they all looked at one another as if to say, "A man *would* have to live on dandelion greens when they are only tender a couple of weeks in the whole year." There was something catching and warm about their laughter, and we all stood in the spring sun and they all had torn straw hats on that made warm, dark shadows over their burned faces.

"He likes ripe tomatoes," the girl laughed, "but they won't be ripe for two months." And the three little boys laughed after her like magpies.

"That's true," the mother said, laughing into her girl's eyes. She was dry as a stick but there was something warm and tender in her, and I saw Jane looking at her very close. You can't keep anything from Jane.

"Peas will be twenty and thirty cents a can next winter," Jane said, as if she was enjoying it.

"If it only rains," Mrs. Craw said.

"It won't," Jane said.

"How do you know, Jane Bean?" I said. "You ain't got any inside track to the dispensations of the Lord." And I brought out some fresh cookies I'd made that morning, and I knew Mrs. Craw wanted to ask me something. She was very shy, but you couldn't feel sorry for her, the way she stood there with Jane Bean looking at her. She was brown and slim and hard-looking, and yet strong and dignified, as if she would take care of her own and that's all she asked of God or man.

Finally she said, "I came to ask you if, since it looks like you ain't going to plant that four acres there yourself and it seems like a right fair piece of land, that maybe you would go shares with us planting it in late potatoes. The early potatoes ain't goin' to be much lessen' it rains soon."

"Why," I said, "well, I don't see why not. I ain't got the money to help plant—"

"We got our own potato cuttings," she said. "We got a real good kind we always carry with us from year to year. My husband is real good with getting the drought rot out. He's got a real good hand with potatoes."

I said, "Well, it don't seem fair to take one half the crop just for land."

"Why, it's fair," she said. "Whoever owns the land owns the main thing. It's the land," she said, looking out over the valley; and you felt the way she said it, like I feel sometimes in church when we are singing Beulah Land. Yes, sir, she looked at the poor overworked land of our valley like it was the promised land, like the sun of heaven was shining on it and the cherubim and seraphim guarded the west and the east wind. I tell you it gave me a start, and I thought, this is our land, this is the land we love.

I said, "Sure, Mrs. Craw, tell your husband to plow up that land. It ain't been plowed since my husband died, and my husband used to be mighty fond of that land. He took the timber out himself the year my first baby was born; I sat right here at this window and watched him do it while I was waitin'. That was Johnny, the one was killed in the war."

"Oh," she said, looking at me; and she put her hand out on my arm. I hadn't cried about Johnny now for many a year, and it seemed like the sunlight went dark around me, and I put my hand over hers.

When they were gone single file across the meadow, Jane Bean said, "I know it's the truth."

I said, "It's the truth we forgot in this village how to feel for each other."

She said, "Mrs. Craw's going to have another baby; imagine that."

I knew it was true. We hadn't had a baby in this village for a long time. I saw Jane putting on her hat at that angle she always wears it when her news is very choicy, and I didn't bother to go with her.

I sat a long time remembering the year Tommy was born and all the lace I made for his christening dress, which was three feet long and had eighteen yards of hand-made lace around it.

After a while I went up to the attic and began looking for it.

TO UNDERSTAND what happened, and how we acted, you have to feel how it is in a summer that no rain falls. It's hot and still, and you feel like someone is walking invisible in the heat, some murderer. You carry water to the plants and you can see them, day by day, wither and die. The river dries up and the fish die and rot on the shore. The gardens, upon which we all depend for a living, die before your eyes.

Everyone in the village had canned stuff in their cellars, but we knew that the Craws came in a spring wagon without a thing, and we didn't know what they would be having for food.

They had all this land under cultivation, and it seemed like they went even in the night to hoe it down and keep the moisture in. The whole town got to watching, to try and see what they lived on. It looked like they were working against time. Mrs. Craw's time would be coming at harvest. And winter would be coming. Early morning, I could see her with the five kids following her with their hoes, going to the corn patch. Judge Ray gave her an old cow that was sick, and she nursed it and took it out wherever there was a patch of green grass by some spring or under a tree. Sometimes I met the little boys coming



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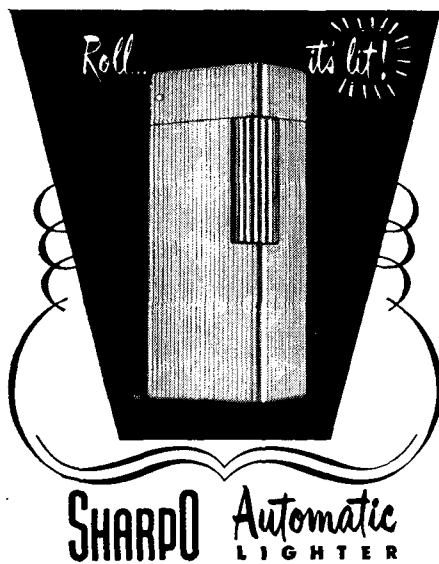


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with their fishing poles from the river. And when I saw they had no fish, I had to look the other way.

Late in the evening, hot as blazes, with the sun going down red, I drove my old nag out to see if there were any pockets of cool air. I had heard I had a stand of hay down in the hollow, in the marshland, and I thought I'd take a look at it. But I stopped at the top of the hill, for there were the Craws, sitting in their wagon behind those two mouse horses, and they were just sitting there looking at that stand of hay that was ready to cut. I was going to go down and tell them they could have it for the cutting, but I couldn't stand those seven pairs of blue eyes looking at me that hot night. I couldn't stand the look of hunger, and me with not a hog to butcher, and not a can of anything in my cellar, with only the allowance my children sent me, which was little enough.

If I had told them, maybe the rest wouldn't have happened, and maybe it would have happened anyway.

For they had come to stand for all the disaster in our lives. Those lean horses, the hungry blue eyes, seemed to become the sign of our own bafflement, and the sight of them put us in a frenzy. Everyone got to looking out the window to see them go by, got to waiting for the sight of them like you wait for a pain to come again.

We knew that every evening they drove down to the river to fill three barrels with water; and then they would start out in the fields, and the kids would all get out with cups and old pots, and they would run from barrel to bean and cornstalk, and they would water each stalk by hand with a cup of water. There was something terrible in it.

THE sun had just set and the fishermen were coming in, and everybody kept looking up the hill to see if the Craws were coming that evening—if they'd still water those dry-as-bone fields. Jane was gabbing as usual about the Craws, and I knew we were all waiting for those two scarecrow horses to come dragging the wagon, and the Craws, down to the river. Jane was saying, "Why, I seen him with my own eyes—a mean man, I said from the first. A man gives a woman six children and not a morsel to put in their mouths."

"Right nice children they are, too," I said, thinking of having a baby once again in my hands.

"A mean man," Jane was repeating. "I saw him hit one of his horses right in the face with his fists."

"Why, any man that would hit a horse ought to be hanged," Silas said. I just snorted. I could tell a few stories about Silas myself, knowing his poor wife like I did, but I just listened and watched the boys fishing and wishing for some nice tender bass for supper.

"Here comes Andy Dugan," Jane said. "He's hurrying like he's got some news of the Craws." And sure enough, before Andy had fair got on level land he said, "You know what happened to your marshland?"

"I saw it last night; a good stand of hay," I said.

"Well, it ain't now," he said. "I just saw it, and every smidgen of that fine hay has been cut down in the night."

"Why," I said, and held my tongue to keep from saying that I had seen the Craws looking at it like the promised land.

"Why," Jane cried, "they cut it down in the night." Nobody bothered to ask who "they" were. "They ought to be punished for this."

"Jane Bean," I cried, "the Lord will punish his own."

She said, "I doubt the Lord ever looks at the Craws."

I said, "You're wrong. The Lord not only looks at the Craws but the Lord loves them."

A big crowd had gathered now. Silas said, "I don't see how you can say that when they stole in the night and cut down the finest stand of hay in these parts."

"Why, Silas," I said. "You don't know they did it."

"It must've been them. Jane here sees him hit his horse. He don't talk to no one. He's a bitter man. No tellin' what he is liable to do. I've said that from the first, that no good would come of their bein' here. Everybody can bear witness I said that the very first day."

I was real mad. "I'll bear witness to that to the judgment day. You certainly have done what you could for them—figurin' out to get yourself a good crop off their labor without turnin' a hand!"

"Why," he said, "I give them the land. I knowed he warn't no farmer the minute I laid eyes on him. I gave him that land out of the kindness of my heart."

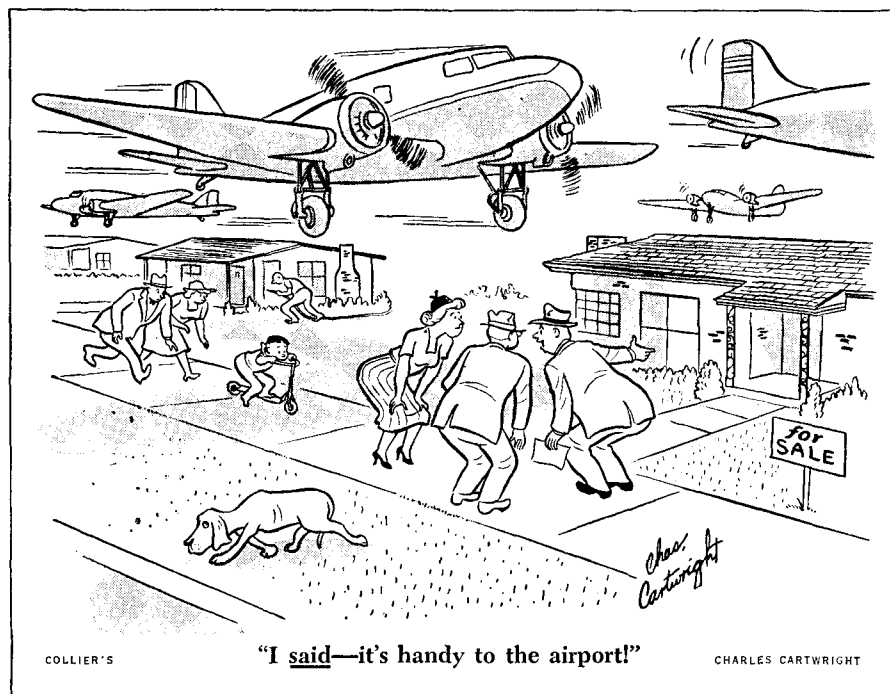
"Here they come," a boy yelled; and everybody turned like to a magnet and there they came over the hill, the kids peeking out from behind the empty barrels and those little horses trying to hold the wagon back from their bony rumps. I knew something was going to happen the minute I saw them, and I wished that it wasn't going to happen.

Not a word was said as the wagon

and the Mr. yelled to the horses as if he was yelling back at the boy. They reared, their red pelts foaming and the bit cutting back from their teeth. Mrs. Craw stepped forward then and took hold of the bit, and the horse reared in confusion and pawed down the front of her dress, and the Mr. jumped down and grabbed her. Angered by this danger, he began to beat the little horses with a stick, and one reared pulling one way and the other reared pulling another, straight up into the air, pulling nothing and their eyes rolling back in the bony sockets.

MEN were standing with poker cards in their hands, and the women formed a ring of derision, and nobody lifted a hand to help. The red horses were rearing and crying wildly, the madman ripping at the reins. Mrs. Craw was pushing, up to her knees in the water, and the children were pushing. And I was watching, too, with the same cunning eye as the others. I had not moved, either, to help. Caught in this evil circle, I stood there too with all the people of my whole life.

Mr. and Mrs. Craw looked wildly at the ring closing around them and both began to beat the rumps of the frightened horses, who rose like two skeletons, fantastically and horribly trying to move the earth's weight. The Mr. ran to beat



came toward us; even the kids were quiet. When they came closer, Mr. Craw's face was hidden under his straw hat, but I saw his hands grip the reins; and Mrs. Craw kind of nodded to me. The silence was thick as butter as they backed the wagon down into the river, and the kids all sat still, looking over the sides, and the Mrs. sat with the youngest child on her lap, while the Mr. filled those barrels, bucket by bucket; and nobody offered a hand to help him and I sat ashamed looking in my lap. When the barrels were full, the Mr. climbed in the wagon and gee-hawed and the little horses dug their hoofs into the sand. The wagon did not move out of the river. They tried again, straining forward with all their weight.

"Why don't you hit them in the face?" a boy yelled in a loud voice. The Mr. just sat there for a moment and did not move. Nobody moved. The kids and Mrs. Craw piled out to lighten the load and the Mr. yelled at the horses, and again their back legs buckled and every muscle stretched along the bones like bands. But the wagon seemed to sink lower into the muddy river, the back wheels miring deeper.

"Hit him in the face," the boy yelled again, and this time somebody laughed. I could see the Mrs. drop her head down,

the horses, ran back to push the wagon. But now the Mrs. stood apart, the children gathered around her skirts, watching with pity the terrible angered man, her husband. Her whole body, with the unborn child, bent with compassion and I thought she was speaking to the maddened man who beat at anything he could see, as if the horses and the sinking wagon stood for the immovable world that would not yield one inch to him or his kin.

He threw his little energy against the wheel, against the rearing horses; he ran around the wagon, held out his arms to all of us for help; he battered himself against flesh and wood and iron and water and sun. We all stood avidly watching him, knowing this was the movement of our own madness, our long futile and heroic struggle upon the earth, under the sun, in the merciless wind of disaster and cunning and terror.

Andy stepped up and grabbed Mr. Craw and began to hit him, and Mr. Craw hit him back. Then, as if everyone became tired to death, they stopped and stood ashamed. Mrs. Craw stood beside the Mr., very quiet-like. I said, "You'll have to take all the water out of the barrels again."

The men went back to their poker game and the women sat under the elms



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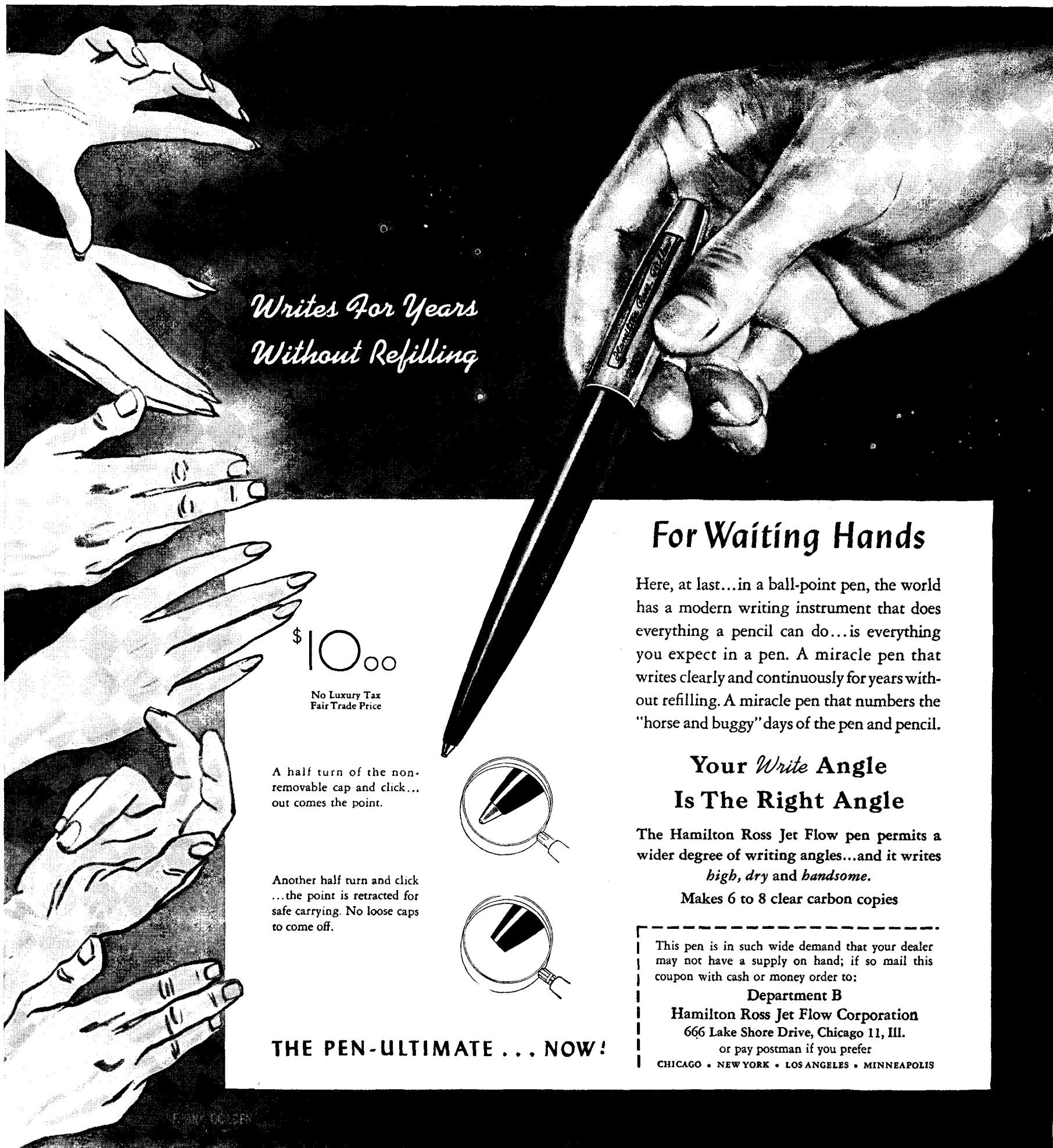


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watching, and I went down to help them, feeling ashamed for my people.

When the barrels were empty, the horses easily raised the wagon out of the mud, and nobody said a word as they drove up the hill, and it was all the lean horses could do to rise out of the river valley. I walked after them in the heat, and the sun hung as if it would never go down, and you could hear the grasshoppers eat through the dry cornstalks.

IN THE middle of the night, nobody could sleep, and the little cooked moon burned in the sky and the grasshoppers hung on the windows like shrouds. There was a knocking on my door. It was the oldest girl and she said, "Come quick. It's Mama."

We ran into the dark night under the dying trees. She ran ahead of me. The old hotel was dark except for the lower part in which the Craws lived. Mrs. Craw was walking in the small cellar room. It had stone walls and a dirt floor and was clean as a pin. She held out her hand and smiled at me, and we both got to work. She went about it like she did everything, as if it was her work and there was a good way to do it and it was worth doing. She seemed as eager for this baby as if she lived in a land of milk and honey and it was her first. She said the Mr. was out in the barn. She said, "He feels bad."

I said, "Don't you worry. I know the O'Sheels across the river stole my hay."

She said, "You don't think we'd cut your hay. Next year we got it all figured out to plow under this dried grass. All my babies is right pretty and round."

"Sure you got plenty of hot water on now?" Just then we heard an awful sound from out by the barn, and I looked out the window and saw the barn rising to the sky in a roaring flame and the sparks lifting like the wings of archangels in the black sky. "Go on," I yelled to her. "You got work to do. I'll tend to this."

I ran out, and Silas and Andy were running up the hill yelling that the whole village would go, dry as tinder as it was. "You consarned old fools," I yelled, "Get in there and drive the horses and the cow out." Then I thought of the Mr. and I ran behind them and I saw him right away because I was looking for him. He was swinging clear of the ground in the roaring light. I got under his feet and pushed up yelling for Silas to get him down. Then I heard him give out a groan and I knew we weren't too late. We got him out onto the ground. The flames were lifting, shingles sailing into the still air, and, wherever they lighted, the fields seemed to rise to meet them and they burned together and spread quickly in the dry stubble.

"All the fields are going," I cried to the Mr. "You get up from there and all

that foolishness and get as many gunny sacks as you got. I'm goin' in and help the Mrs."

As I went into the house, I saw people running up from the darkness and I knew now there would be plenty of help. "He's all right," I said to Mrs. Craw, answering her eyes from the bed. And in the light pressing against the window, we worked.

She had it easy as a heifer. I swung it up by the heels, slapping its back till it let out a bawl, and I lifted it in my two hands, marveling how fat and round it was, as if it had grown all that terrible summer in some climate of its own. It was good to feel a baby again between your two hands.

"What is it?" she said, smiling at me. "It's a girl," I said.

"A girl," she said soft-like. "I wanted a girl."

When at last I went out, the barn had burned to a cinder, and I said to the women, "There's a new baby in the house, a girl." They all looked at me ashamed-like. I said, "I 'low you could maybe see it if everyone brought a mite for it to wear. You know babies are usually born naked as jays."

Well, sir, they all snuck off, and before I got the coffee made they were trickling back with something, a pair of shoes, an old sheet for diapers, a kimono of a baby that died, or one that had long since grown up. And they all tiptoed into the room and looked down at the new baby and said a word to Mrs. Craw.

WHEN I went out to hang up the first diaper, the men were squatting on the ground in the last light of the fire. I heard Mr. Craw telling them about a plan he had for raising foxes on that sandy land until they could get it built up again. He said ladies valued fox very highly and you could get a good price for them, and the right people were surely going to make a fortune out of it. And there was Silas and Andy and all of them, I haven't seen so peppered up since they had the idea of raising fryers for the roadhouses. And they were all talking loud and together about how to get a stand of foxes—or whatever you call a mess of foxes to start out with. And they were slapping each other on the back, the way men do when they got something to look forward to.

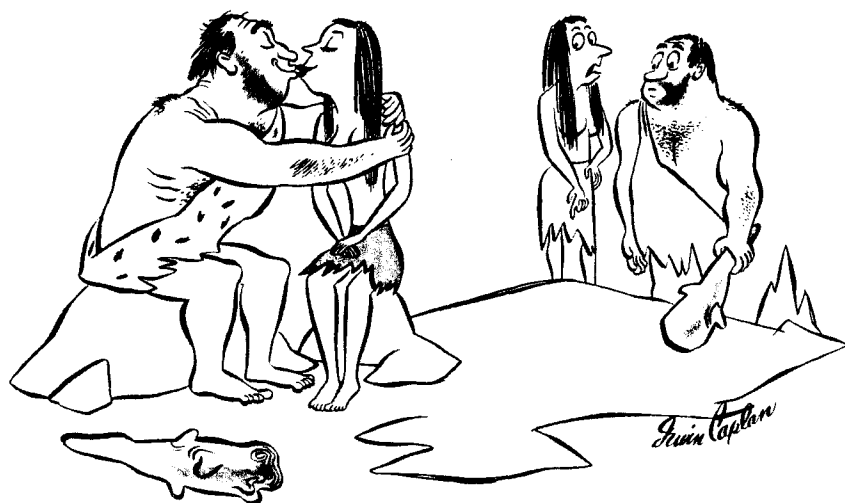
I cried out from the doorway, "Coffee's on. Come and get it!"

I went back to give the baby to her mama for the first feeding, and I was singing, "Beulah land, sweet Beulah land."

And I hadn't forgot how to hold my hand under its head and turn it on my arm.

And the Mrs. looked at me and smiled.

THE END



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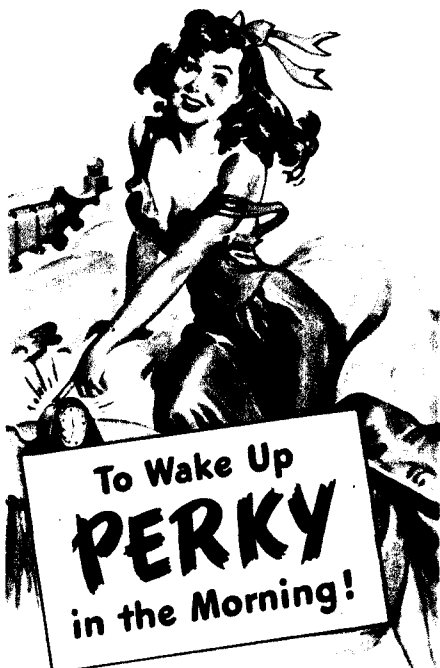
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RED SKIES OVER THE WATER FRONT

Continued from page 17

wants strikes," Ryan has said to gatherings of his union members. "Remember that we are a vital part of the steamship industry." A representative of one of the largest stevedoring firms in New York has described collective bargaining relations with Ryan as follows: "Once a year or so, we call in Ryan and say, 'Joe, how much of a raise do you need to keep the boys in line?'"

For Ryan has known how to keep order, after his fashion, among some 75,000 dock workers along the turbulent water front. "What does I.L.A. stand for?" he once exclaimed. "Why it means 'I Love America!'" And he adds: "If not for the I.L.A., the Reds would control shipping."

Joe Ryan receives one of the top salaries in the labor movement: \$20,000 a year plus \$5,000 for expenses. He sits in a tastefully decorated office, at the international headquarters of the I.L.A., which, from the top of a tall building on West Fourteenth Street, New York, offers a magnificent view over the busy river front.

Politicians like to consult Ryan. He is in frequent demand as a speaker at public dinners, or at ship-launching ceremonies. No new passenger liner of importance arrives in the harbor but Ryan is one of its welcoming committee.

The I.L.A. is an old union, founded in 1894. It came into the Port of New York in strength around 1906, and for almost ten years, under the leadership of T. V. O'Connor, fought with rival labor bodies for control of the giant harbor, which it won by 1915. It was around that time that Joe Ryan came into prominence as head of one of the largest locals and an international officer.

He came up from the ranks in the bad old days, thirty-five years ago, when hungry, casual laborers, who had landed on the "beach" sometimes fought each other like wolves for possession of the brass checks that meant work and food. In those times, it was said, if a man picked up by the police for drinking or vagrancy merely admitted being a longshoreman, he was sure to get thirty days. Ryan, during his rough-and-tumble career, has shown that he knows his people well, knows how to run them with a harsh hand.

Son of Irish Emigrants

Joseph Patrick Ryan was born, not on a Hudson River pier but in suburban Babylon, Long Island, the son of James Ryan, a gardener, and Mary Shanahan Ryan. Both his parents were emigrants from Tipperary County, Ireland. But his mother died in giving him birth; and his father, who had remarried, also died suddenly, when Joe was a boy of nine. His stepmother, with six children, removed to a tenement in Manhattan.

Because of his family's straits, Joe, like the other children, was forced to leave his parochial school and seek odd jobs of all sorts when he was little more than a child. He swept floors, served as a stock boy in shops, then in 1904 became a streetcar conductor on the Twenty-third Street trolley line. After six years he decided to go down to the docks for work. One of the boys in the I.L.A., Walt Holt, today its first vice-president, initiated him into the "Irish Local," Number 791. "For \$2.50 I got in," Ryan reminisces, "and look at me now!"

Slim in youth, Ryan grew massive, barrel-chested and quick with his fists. But the work of stevedoring has probably the highest accident frequency in all industry, for men must move great weights by hand. One day, in 1912, while Ryan was working down in the hold of a ship, a sling bearing a "draft" of 500

pounds of lead ingots, suddenly broke and showered its load upon him. Joe was carried out in a "crate" with a broken arm and shoulder. During the long weeks when he was out of work—with a wife and two children to support—his union brothers came to his rescue by electing him financial secretary of Local 791. From the start, affable Joe Ryan showed skill in labor politics.

When President T. V. O'Connor was appointed a member of the U.S. Shipping Board in 1921, Ryan was already in line for the union's top job; but he was only thirty-three and was persuaded to wait until the convention of 1927, when he was elected to the office he has held ever since.

During the 1920s, longshoremen suffered from the shipping depression that followed the war boom; in the 1930s more than a third of the water-front workers were on the soup lines or relief rolls. Their trade was notorious for its casual and seasonal character and by 1931, Ryan reported, even the regularly employed dock workers were "lucky to earn \$15 a week." That year they were forced to accept a cut of 10 per cent in wages.

At this time the union convention raised Ryan's salary from \$6,000 to \$8,000 a year. Thereafter, the I.L.A. delegates, who meet in convention only once every four years to elect international officers and render financial accounting, regularly voted increases of salary to Joe Ryan.

Elected President for Life

At the 1943 convention with only moderate heart-searching, Ryan consented to his election for a *life term* as president at \$20,000 a year. This step toward what one might call constitutional monarchy, he admitted, would doubtless be severely criticized by ill-informed persons; but "when a man has come up every step of the ladder," he exclaimed, "his one thought is to hold the organization together."

For he had welded his following into a strong machine—based on the Port of New York locals—that supported him with stolid loyalty. Ruthless in business, Ryan is charitable in private life, never forgets a friend, and does many a favor for "longies" who are down on their luck. Often in the morning he walks along the West Side docks near his home in the Chelsea section and freely hands out dollar bills or fivers to old gaffers who hail him with: "Hello, Joe!"

Ryan, looking like a man mountain because of his 220 pounds of brawn, likes to stand up at union meetings and talk to his men about his humble beginnings: "I left school to go to work at the age of nine, but thank God, I can talk a language that the President of the United States can understand." And the delegates know that more than one President, not to speak of governors or senators, has listened to Joe Ryan's ready tongue that is not without its cunning. For ten years, from 1928 to 1938, he served as chairman of the A.F. of L.'s central labor council in New York City and worked in close contact with local and national politicians. Back of him also stood the Joseph R. Ryan Association, a "private social club," founded in 1923, which wields much political influence.

Ryan's followers in his union even like the touch of brass in him. He dresses with splendor, wearing painted neckties and pin-striped, elegantly tailored double-breasted suits. "Next to myself, I like silk underwear best," he has said with a defiant laugh.

Under Ryan the I.L.A. was strong

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Collier's for October 5, 1946

enough to win gradual increases in wages for its members, especially under the New Deal. He himself had once worked at 35 cents an hour in 1910; in the first World War his men earned 75 cents an hour; by 1946 they got \$1.50 an hour, and 50 per cent more for overtime. This is relatively good pay for semiskilled work—though it is so irregular that during the 1930s the average longshoreman worked only about 24 hours each week.

And higher wages have been Ryan's answer to the insecurity of the longshoreman's life. Otherwise essential working conditions have changed little since the 1900s. Those union members who wished to urge further improvements found that their locals held few meetings and their officers were invariably men chosen or approved by Ryan. Recently the members of Local 895 in New York quit work on their dock, principally because they wanted an officer chosen by themselves and not at a meeting packed with three hundred strangers. But though the men have sued the union in court, Ryan stands his ground.

There is a tradition around the New York harbor that union members who are rebellious, or refuse to play ball with the union machine are apt: (1) to lose their jobs, or (2) to get conked on the head. And worse things than that have happened, especially along the bustling Brooklyn water front.

But stronger than the union machine itself, in its control over the water-front laborers on the Atlantic coast, is that institution for hiring casual workers that has existed unchanged since the 1880s and is known as the "shape-up."

Go down to the docks at 7:55 A.M. or 12:55 P.M. and, at the entrance to the principal piers, you will see scores of longshoremen gathered in a great semicircle or "shape-up," waiting to be hired. This is done by the stevedore company's foreman, standing in the center of the horseshoe. At the appointed hour he blows a whistle, then begins to shout the numbers of the gangs he is hiring: "Number Three! Number Seven!" and so on. Each of the gangs, numbering twenty men and headed by a gang foreman, is assigned to load or discharge cargo at a given hatch of a vessel. After he has called the gang, the stevedore foreman sometimes walks around the shape nodding or calling to an "extra" here and there. Those who are left out go shuffling off to a bar or diner along the river to wait for the next shape-up, or "slave market," as they call it.

How the "Shape-Up" Works

As the system actually works out, the gang foreman fixes in advance the list of the twenty men who are to work at his hatch, in agreement with the hiring foreman. Thus, between them, they have absolute control over the jobs available; at their word a man eats or starves. As a further check, one of the union's local officers or shop stewards usually stands at the pier gate as if watching to see that the "right man" is hired.

Over the years the longshoreman has learned that at a great many piers around New York and other Atlantic ports, a man seeking regular work is practically forced to pay a kickback out of his wages either to the gang boss, or to some shifty union officer. Otherwise he never knows, while being turned down, say, at Pier 45, that there may be a shortage of hands at Pier 50, a few blocks away. And twice a day he must appear to be hired, every day of his working life.

Ryan himself has admitted, apologetically, that "the kickback racket is an old custom in this port. We tried to stamp it out, but we couldn't."

But many reports by U.S. Labor Department investigators and legislative committees state that it is this antiquated hiring system—such as exists in almost no other industry—that nourishes favori-

tism, graft, extortion, poverty and crime along the water front in the East. In the great European ports, as on our West Coast, considerable regularization of dock labor was introduced long ago.

Leaders of the steamship industry, along with Joe Ryan, defend the shape-up system as being more economical or convenient than the central hiring-hall plan for rotating dock labor that has been used successfully on the Pacific Coast. Along the Atlantic, they say, the shape-up is best adapted to the uncertain movements of tides and ships. And besides, it ensures a surplus of casual labor at moments of peak demand.

But these same shipping people deplore the racketeering that stems from the shape-up. Privately some of them have voiced the suspicion that "the rackets are used to strengthen the position of the union officers."

Violent Struggle for Control

The police record for the water-front population has long been rich in crime. In a period of ten years, five officers of Local 824, whose members work at the Cunard and French Line piers, have been killed one by one, in a struggle for control of the rackets flourishing in their bailiwick.

Some years ago, Tony Romeo, delegate of Brooklyn's I.L.A. Local 929 was questioned by the police in connection with some underworld crime:

Q: What happened to the man whose place you took?

A: He was shot and killed.

Q: And what happened to the man whose place he took?

A: He was shot and killed.

Q: Well, what do you think is going to happen to you?

A: I don't know.

Later, Romeo's body, riddled with bullets was found floating in the river.

During the late 1930s the dock workers in Brooklyn lived under a veritable reign of terror. Most of the Brooklyn laborers, making up the biggest contingent among the Port of New York longshoremen, are Italians or Italian-Americans.

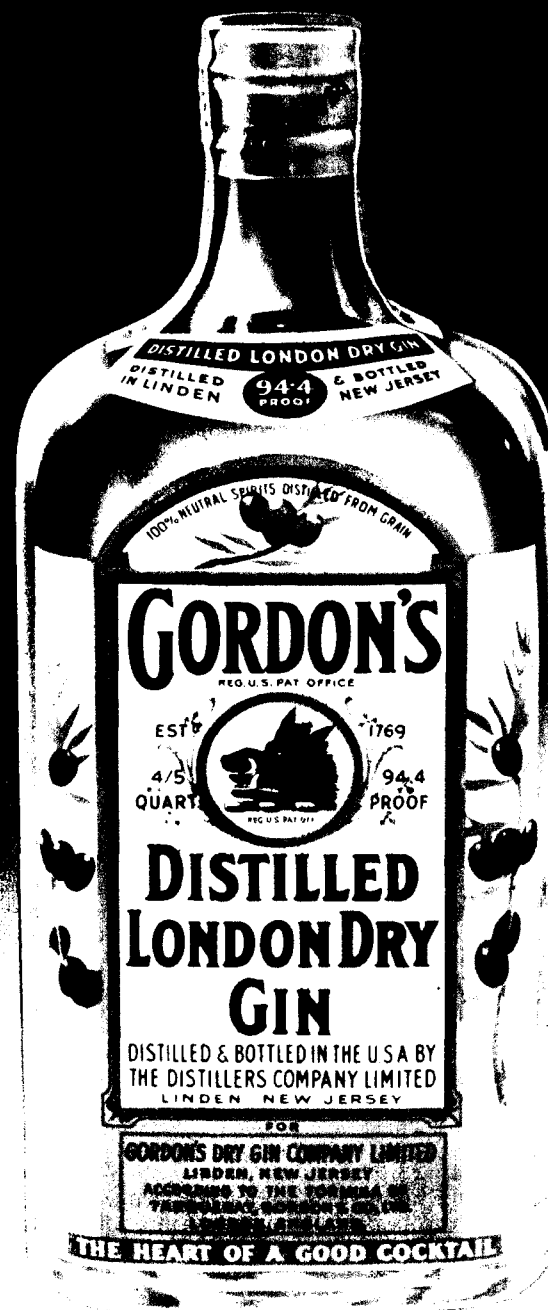
Toward 1937, six of these "Italian" locals, with 8,000-9,000 members were, in Ryan's words, "amalgamated together in one office on President Street, Brooklyn," under the direction of one officer, the late Emil Camarda, a general vice-president of the I.L.A., without benefit of popular election.

Emil Camarda and his numerous brothers and relatives, who also held offices in the locals, were a powerful clan in the Red Hook district, with strong political influence, and even a political club of their own, called the City Democratic Club.

In 1939, in the Brooklyn union, a young firebrand named Peter Panto appeared. He harangued the Italian longshoremen and called on them to force free elections in their locals and throw out the crooked officers and "goons" who plundered them. Soon he had gathered a following of some 1,200 and constituted a serious threat to the gangsters' organization. Thereupon Emil Camarda called Panto to his office. "The boys," he said, "don't like what you're doing."

Four days later Panto disappeared mysteriously; he was last seen entering an automobile with several union officials. The mystery and scandal of his death—almost a year later he was found to have been strangled and buried in a "suit of quicklime underwear"—broke upon the old longshoremen's union like a storm. The Amen Commission investigated the union's affairs and threatened grand jury proceedings.

Then District Attorney—now Mayor—William O'Dwyer, who was tracking down gangsters, took over and raided the union locals, arresting several union officers as material witnesses. Partial disclosure in the press of conditions un-



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covered by O'Dwyer's men showed that the Brooklyn water front had become a racketeers' jungle run wild; gunmen had taken over the treasury of at least three locals. They gathered in dues, sold union books, and distributed large sums to the collectors of the underworld organization headed by Albert Anastasia, who presided over the water-front branch of Murder, Inc.

The gangsters' take, O'Dwyer estimated, amounted to \$600,000 a year. In addition to that, he said, the extortion practiced among the ignorant Italian dock laborers, in the form of kickbacks and usurious loans—interest on which ran as high as 10-20 per cent per week—was "terrific." The books of the union had been forged, he found, money had been embezzled on a grand scale, and various union officers were on the lam. O'Dwyer said that Panto had been slain by the hired killers of Murder, Inc.

In this emergency, which shook the I.L.A. to its foundations, Joe Ryan was called down to O'Dwyer's office and asked by the district attorney: "What are you going to do about all this?" Ryan promised a thorough cleanup of the crooked locals, and election of new, honest officers, and averted a prosecution of his union officers for crimes of embezzlement, forgery and extortion. But after a slight shake-up the old regime continued.

The coming of war at the end of 1941 distracted public attention from the Brooklyn water-front troubles—though much the same personnel continued to direct the union locals there. The rank-and-file opposition, led by successors of Panto, became dormant. Ryan always believed that this opposition was directed secretly by Harry Bridges, who, by this time, had built his West Coast union into a threat to Ryan's empire.

Abuses on the West Coast

On the West Coast, as far back as one could remember, thousands of longshoremen had been victimized by irregularity of employment, insecurity and the extortion of racketeers. But water-front institutions were quite different from those in the East. By 1919, in San Francisco, as in other Pacific ports, the shape-up had been replaced by the central hiring hall, through which dock work could be regularly rotated. But the hiring halls, located usually in pool parlors on San Francisco's grimy Mission Street, had fallen under the complete control of steamship company or stevedoring foremen who were mostly grafters.

As for the union, it helped little: after 1918 the Pacific Coast division of the I.L.A. broke away and formed a company union, known as the "Blue Book" system. With the tolerance of the Water-front Employers' Association up to 1933, the "Blue Book" and its grafting foremen controlled maritime labor on the West Coast. Management, union leadership and politicians all seemed indifferent to abuses that grew up under this system. But when abuses are too long uncorrected the way is opened to extremists.

In 1933, among the ranks of the unemployed workers, new radical leaders appeared. One of them was Harry R. Bridges, an Australian emigrant, who brought about a vigorous revival of the longshoremen's union movement and led the Pacific Coast maritime laborers back into the fold of the I.L.A.

Bridges, a lanky, homely fellow, with a long, thin nose and a shock of dark hair, had been earning as much as sixty dollars a week and paying graft to do so. No shrinking violet, Bridges has admitted: "I was a damned good longshoreman for twelve years in San Francisco, and everyone on the water front knows it."

Bridges was born in 1901, in a comfortable Melbourne suburb, the son of a prosperous real-estate agent. Attending the State School up to the age of fifteen, he showed himself well above average as

a student. At sixteen, though a well-paid clerk who was promised rapid advancement, he suddenly threw up his job and ran away to sea. He sailed in a ketch to Tasmania, then to India and Suez and back across the Pacific to America in 1920. During three years, he experienced two shipwrecks; in one of them he saved only his mandolin by tying it around his neck with a strip of his underclothing.

In San Francisco, in 1923, Bridges married and settled down to work as a longshoreman. He took to the labor movement naturally; in 1921, in some labor dispute, the cheeky, aggressive Bridges had served as picket for the I.W.W.s. Later, in the 1933 labor-union revival fostered by the N.R.A.'s labor code, he quickly rose to the top, probably because he could think faster and talk faster than anybody else. After becoming head of his union local Bridges was elected chairman of the strike committee which in May, 1934, launched a general maritime strike in San Francisco Bay, with the purpose of winning full control of the central hiring halls for the union.

That strike, in which thirty-two-year-old Harry Bridges showed himself an iron-fisted leader, turned into one of the bloodiest labor conflicts in our history. Joe Ryan had opposed it from the start, but was unable to head it off. Finally he flew out to San Francisco and tried to negotiate a settlement directly with the shipowners. As usual, he didn't tell the rank and file or their strike committee very much about what he was doing. Then he announced that, as president of the union, he had "reached an agreement and the 'strike was ended.'"

The San Francisco workers were intensely dissatisfied with his agreement, which had included no control of the hiring halls. But Ryan fearlessly presented himself before a mass meeting of the strikers and urged them to go back to work. The men raged over what they termed a sellout; they called their president "labor rat," and howled for his blood. Some even climbed to the platform to assault him.

Bridges, presiding at that meeting, has claimed that only his firm intervention saved Ryan from a beating. And the locals, under Bridges' command, continued their struggle for two months longer, until the first week in July when large detachments of state troops were brought in to open the port. This produced a climax of violence, including the famous four-day general strike, which ended with the issues still unsettled. However, a year later Bridges won effective control of the hiring halls.

To many folk in San Francisco, Harry Bridges, ever since those days, has appeared as a revolutionary "devil," who would stop at nothing in achieving what they call his Marxian objectives. To his followers he was a hero; even after fed-

eral hearings were held in an attempt to deport him as an alleged alien Communist, they would greet him with wild cheers and confetti. Meanwhile the racketeers took flight from the San Francisco docks, terrorized, as it has been reported, by Harry Bridges' "Red Guards."

Within the I.L.A. Bridges now tried to lead a reform movement against Ryan. But the union's international convention of 1935, in New York, calmly voted Bridges down on every motion. In 1936 Ryan fired him from the I.L.A. staff of organizers, and urged the Pacific Coast division to oust him from office. They responded by electing Bridges president of their division. A year later, all the Pacific locals—with the exception of 700 men in three small ports on Puget Sound—seceded from the I.L.A. and joined the C.I.O., after reorganizing as the International Longshoremen's and Warehousemen's Union.

Conflict Between Leaders

Joe Ryan, a devout Catholic and prominent layman of his church, holds Communism and all other alien "isms" in horror, and to him Bridges has been a "tool of the Communists." To Bridges Ryan is an "ally of racketeers." Bridges' viewpoint tends to coincide with that of the New York Herald Tribune, which, in a recent editorial characterized the older longshoremen's union as an "undemocratic organization," which violated its own constitution, gave no voice to members and was a "perfect instrument to the hand of an unscrupulous labor despot."

By contrast, Bridges, in his union, ostentatiously uses democratic processes that flatter the rank and file. He says: "Any guy has the right to get up on the floor and call Harry Bridges any kind of a bum, and I got to take it."

Bridges, something of an actor, poses as a plain man given to plain talk, and often puts on quite a show for his rough-and-ready followers. For the benefit of his men, he has conducted a remarkable educational, publicity and political program. He has reorganized the hiring halls which are maintained jointly in each port by the union and the employers. All longshoremen are registered at the hall and they elect dispatchers, usually every six months or year. The dispatcher receives calls for gangs of longshoremen from employers and dispatches gangs in rotation from a complete list of them posted on a huge blackboard. He also notes the time each is to report for work, so that a man may drop into the hall at any time and see whether and when he is to work. In assigning gangs to jobs, the dispatcher is supposed to make the earnings of all about equal. If members are dissatisfied, they can vote to fire the dispatcher.

Today the I.L.W.U. has expanded until it boasts 40,000 members, including

men in various maritime and warehouse jobs in all the ports on our Pacific Coast, from San Diego to Seattle. But the restless Bridges is possessed with vast ambitions; his most persistent hope is to march East, throw out Ryan, and win control of all longshore labor in America.

Bridges fumbled a chance to do just that last year when Ryan was faced with the most perilous revolt yet known in I.L.A. ranks. Ryan had negotiated a new contract with shipowners which called for a wage increase of 10 cents an hour, from \$1.25 to \$1.35. But he had not settled the longshoremen's bitterest gripe—a reduction in the slingload. During the war the slingload had gone up from an average of one long ton per load to as high as three tons. This made their hazardous work triply dangerous; the breaking of a rope would shower three times the load of crates or ingots onto the men below. Nor had he done anything about another gripe, the shape-up.

When the story of the agreement appeared in the papers, bedlam broke out in Ryan's old "Irish local," Number 791, and 1,500 longshoremen walked off the job in a spontaneous, unauthorized strike. The strike spread until the whole New York water front was paralyzed, but still no leader appeared—in public—to head it up. Finally a Rank-and-File Committee came into the open, headed by a personable 32-year-old longshoreman named William E. Warren, and voiced its purpose: "We are sick and tired of the dictatorial attitude of the I.L.A. officers."

After the revolt had lasted about a week longer, during which Ryan toured the water front with loud-speaker trucks and squads of organizers to prod the men back to work, the strike was ended. The opposition movement had been poorly organized and poorly led. It had been a fine chance for Bridges to move in, but the spontaneous walkout had caught him as unprepared as Ryan. He and other C.I.O. men tried to build up the revolt against Ryan, but their efforts were too little and too late.

Gains in New Agreement

The sequel to that moody rebellion of the longshoremen was a lengthy process of arbitration between regular I.L.A. heads and the shipowners. The Rank-and-File faction, far from disappearing, intervened actively in the arbitration proceedings, and at one point gained a temporary injunction restraining President Ryan from signing any agreement without submitting it to a vote of the union members. The final award granted gains in wages of 20 per cent; from \$1.25 to \$1.50 an hour, and a forty-hour week, though there was no reduction of the slingload weight, nor elimination of the shape-up system. The wage rise was twice what Ryan had agreed to accept before the strike. But, though badly shaken, he was still in the saddle, and claimed credit for this settlement as "a full vindication of my policies."

For Bridges that strike was a golden opportunity missed. Will it come again? In many a leaflet showered along the New York docks by his faithful agents he had trumpeted promises of aid: "The fighting longshoremen of the West Coast are with you to a man in your struggle." Often he has vowed that he would leave no stone unturned until Ryan was eliminated, and with him the shape-up and the racketeering he attributes to it. Now, what is most galling to him is the effect of recent awards of wages which show a differential favoring the A.F. of L. workers of the East over the C.I.O. longshoremen on the Pacific.

Bridges' cherished plan for "one big union" for the whole maritime industry and merchant marine remains unrealized. He cannot stop; and Ryan fights for his life.

THE END

Collier's for October 5, 1946

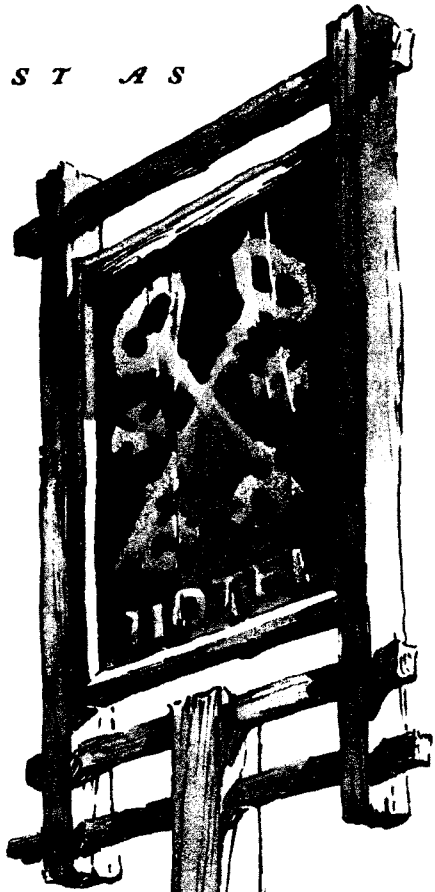


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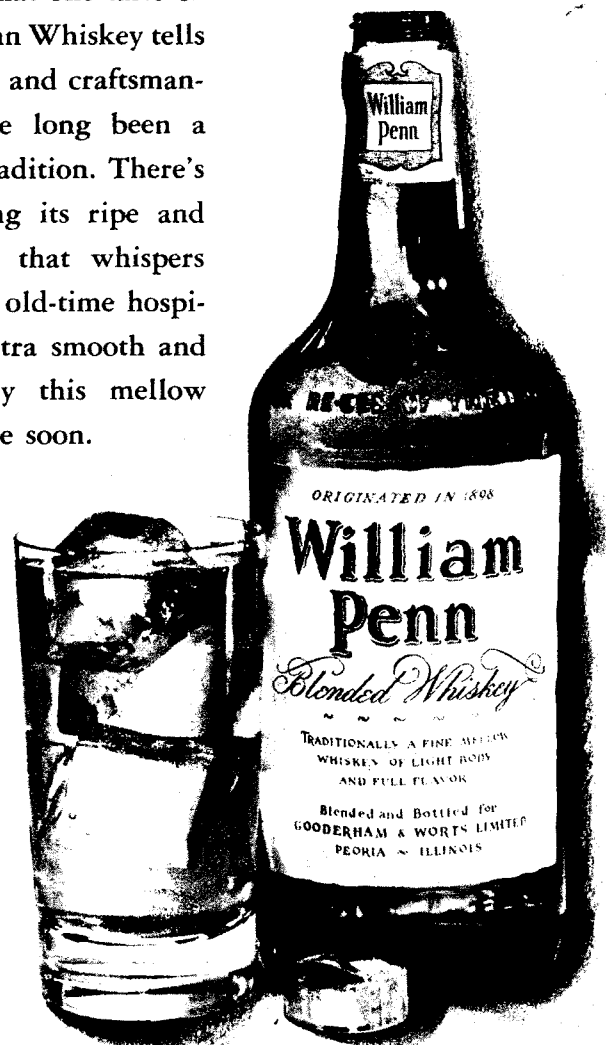


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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

DEAR EDITOR: The owl's-face butterfly isn't found *only* in Mexico. My husband caught one right in our back yard, which measured five and a half inches.

(MRS.) ROSE HIRSCH
Chicago, Ill.

DEAR EDITOR: Recently I found two fine specimens of the owl's face in our coreopsis bed, but would not have recognized them if I had not read the reference to them in Collier's.

J. PAUL MOORHEAD
Leechburg, Pa.

Many other readers report they have found owl's-face butterflies in Rhode Island, Kentucky, Minnesota, Montana, New York, Michigan, Utah, Oklahoma, Iowa and Kansas.

DEAR EDITOR: Your cover of August 31st is much the rage of Southern teen agers. Such simplicity has a great meaning.

A. OESTRINGER
New Orleans, La.

Collier's

*SQUEAL, NAZI, SQUEAL!
by Douglas M. Kelley
Chief Prosecutor at Nuremberg



DEAR EDITOR: Jon Whitcomb's cover girl (August 31st) certainly had a beautifully deep, natural expression. This same expression will, I feel sure, be worn by my 15-year-old cousin, Joyce Warren of Avoca, Pennsylvania, when she faces the same situation in the near future.

RUTH BOSLEY
Portage, Pa.

Below, a photograph of Miss Warren.
Above, the cover.



DEAR EDITOR: Why has not someone suggested that the meetings of the World Conference be held in the Pentagon Building? The idea of taking over large areas and destroying homes is preposterous. Why spend billions needlessly?

L. E. HOLMES
Madison, Conn.

DEAR EDITOR: Thanks to Dowager Queen (August 24th issue) this writer is having trouble with her gorge. It keeps rising. "Mrs. Hamilton McK. Twombly . . . has (three) homes which are veritable palaces . . . Florham at Madison, New Jersey . . . a 70-room New York mansion . . . and Vinland, a Newport villa comparable to the . . . palace of Marie Antoinette." Then I recalled that in New York State alone, there are 359,000 homeless veterans. . . .

MRS. CHRISTOPHER A. NUTTALL
Milwaukee, Wis.

DEAR EDITOR: I wonder if Mrs. Twombly—with her 70-room town house and several country houses—realizes we are confronted with a housing shortage.

BETH YOUNGBERG
Chicago, Ill.

DEAR EDITOR: I, a veteran, endured all the horrors of big brass, not to mention what the Krauts threw my way, but I didn't do it to preserve the way of life depicted in that article about Mrs. Twombly.

EUGENE P. SHOCKEY
Columbus, Ohio.

DEAR EDITOR: I have read what Frances Perkins has to say about Franklin D. Roosevelt, in your issue of August 14th. Do you believe in horoscopes? Well, here's something about Aquarians, of whom Roosevelt was one: If they allow themselves to be ruled by their weaknesses, they become less reliable and eventually will forget their promises.

W. O. PHILLIPS
San Antonio, Texas.

Doesn't that apply to everybody, Mr. Phillips, regardless of his birth date?

DEAR EDITOR: Are the Menapis that play a prominent role in Abraham Polonsky's story, A Little Fire (August 3d issue), a product of the author's imagination? I've looked them up in two dictionaries and an encyclopedia, and can find nothing about such animals.

JACK COFIELD
Huntington, Ind.

Ain't no sich animal. Mr. Polonsky created them.

DEAR EDITOR: There is a statement in Mr. Joseph Dinneen's colorful article, Boston's Incredible Curley, which should be corrected. Boston is not, as Mr. Dinneen asserts, 74.3 per cent Catholic—the percentage is about 45. The city is about 35.2 per cent Irish-American and Irish.

MARY F. KENNEDY (a Catholic)
Boston, Mass.

DEAR EDITOR: Ringland C. Weeks, the man who thinks your cartoons aren't amusing (The Week's Mail, August 31st), must be a killjoyish old fuddy-duddy.

PAT STONE
Muskogee, Okla.

DEAR EDITOR: I feel sorry for Mr. Weeks, who evidently has lost his sense of humor.

(MRS.) ALICE COOK
Waterloo, Iowa.

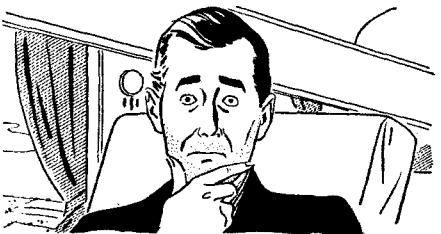
DEAR EDITOR: Mr. Weeks must read tombstones for amusement.

E. B. J. LEHMAN
Columbus, Ohio.

WHEN YOU'RE MAKING LIKE
A BIRD TOWARD A BIG
BUSINESS DEAL (YOU HOPE)...



AND FIVE MINUTES BEFORE
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NEEDLE" FACE...

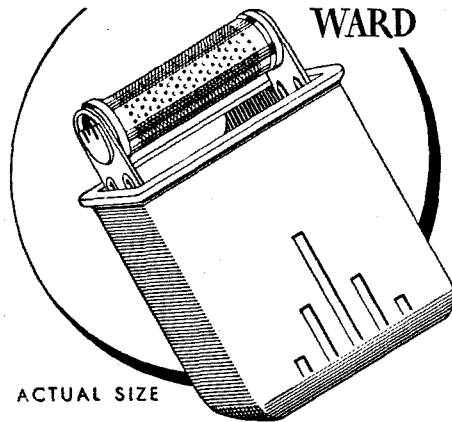


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Collier's for October 5, 1946

FLYING FARMERS

LESS than two years ago, thirty-eight farmers and their wives organized the Oklahoma Flying Farmers (Collier's for March 24, 1945) and today that little group has grown with the vigor and richness of a Middle Western wheatfield into the National Flying Farmers Association, representing 1,500 actual flying-farmer members in fifteen states. The movement is spreading rapidly, and independent organizations in seven additional states are contemplating allying with the National to bring about a program of much-needed reforms in rural aviation—as the farmer sees it.

No longer the tobacco-chewing hick with the billy-goat whiskers and an *odeur manure*, the flying farmer is articulate, experienced, progressive and demanding about plane ownership and operation. To qualify as a member of this potentially powerful "farm bloc of the air," he must hold at least a student pilot permit and have 51 per cent of his capital invested in farming or ranching.

Last month, just a year from the date they formed their National, the farmers held their first annual convention at Stillwater, Oklahoma, with the blessing of Dr. Henry G. Bennett, president of Oklahoma A & M College. Three hundred and eighty-nine airplanes flew into Stillwater, mostly Aeroncas, Luscombes, Piper Cubs and Taylorcraft. They brought Flying Farmers ranging in age from seventy-six-year-old R. L. (Kid) Gibson, of Tahoka, Texas, to seven-month-old Flying Farmerette Helen Lee Greever, who flew up from Spearman, Texas, with Mama and Papa Greever.

First on their list is to do something about the light plane. While no other occupational group has got more and varied utility from the little ships as now produced, the farmers have had enough experience to know what they want in the way of improvements.

And right now in Washington, the Personal Aircraft Council of the Aircraft Industries Association, representing the leading light-plane manufacturers, is eagerly awaiting the arrival of a promised committee from the National to tell them just how they can further improve the putt-putts for farm and ranch life and, incidentally, sell a lot more. The personal-plane builders, unable to turn out a model for every individual pilot need and whim, have striven to include all needs with their all-purpose models. But here is a case where it might be possible to turn out a "farmer's model" of a popular light plane and make it pay.

This first objective being relatively easy, the Farmers then will tackle something more difficult of achievement. They want a uniform air marking system. They want a mapping program to point out the privately owned landing strips on the farms and ranches. They want small airports and airstrips closer to the cities and towns to which they have to fly for supplies. And they want to cut the red tape that now binds them in the form of aviation gasoline taxes that go for highway development, unreasonable aircraft taxes and regulations and elimination of such dreamed-up state laws that prohibit an airplane from landing anywhere but on an established airport.

President of the National Flying



Oldest flying farmer is R. L. (Kid) Gibson, 76, of Tahoka, Texas. He became a Piper Cub pilot in 1943

Farmers is a man not to be brushed off by city slickers. He's Forrest Watson, of Thomas, Oklahoma, forty-seven years old and a wheat grower. He and Mrs. Watson have been flying for five years; they keep their little plane in the old barn from which flies a wind sock, and they fly from a strip cut out of their farm.

Watson is also a terror to coyotes. When it's coyote-hunting time in Oklahoma, the Watsons go aloft while a ground patrol of a dozen cars strikes out for the section invaded by this scourge of every farmer. By circling and wing-wagging, the Watsons transmit the coyote's position to the gunners and they move in for the kill.

Watson has flown food and mail into snowbound communities; even successfully dropped a pair of eyeglasses for a schoolboy. He has led hunts for escaped prisoners and lost persons. Once he piloted a county agent over 165,000 acres of wheat, and in less than two hours the agent had an actual count of the number of combines at work. These are departures from the regular aerial chores of a farmer's airplane, all of which are now pretty well known.

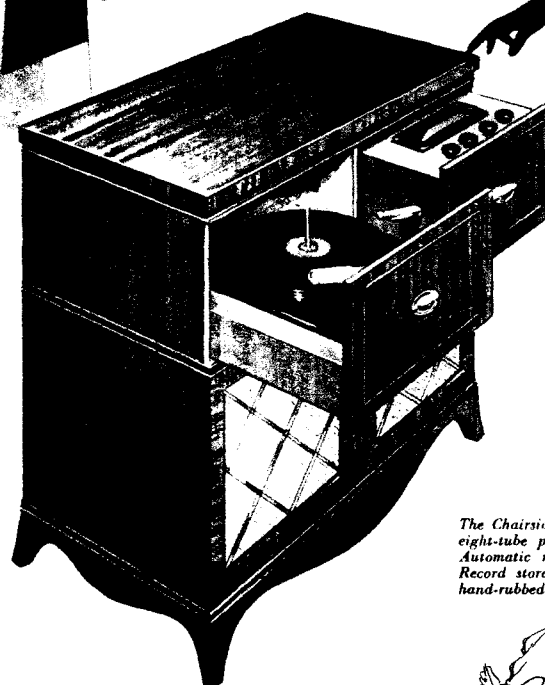
Forrest Watson believes that three fourths of the light planes will be found in the rural communities, not because the cityfolk don't like to fly, but because it is far more practical, convenient and economical for the farmer or rancher. The farmer keeps his airplane, for free, at his back door.

Farm life, at last, is coming into its own, says Pilot Watson, adding: "Modern farm machinery, automobiles, radios, electricity and now the airplane are making rural life the envy of those who formerly ridiculed us with wisecracks about the farm boys and girls and their clothes and crude manners. Soon the airplane will be considered a *must* on every modern farm and ranch." JACK N. LUDRICK

WING TALK
EDITED BY
FREDERICK A. HEBLY

A Lear Radio-Phonograph

*just
finger-tip high*



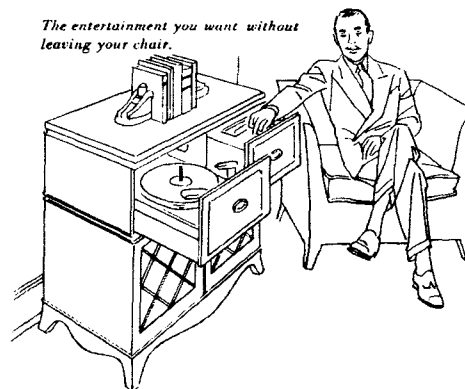
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