

An Anglo-American oil deal has pitched the U.S. into the international intrigue, duplicity and finagling of Iran, a country so distressed that even its king wishes the people would revolt. The Persians don't know what the next move will be, but are sure it will bring what such moves always have: trouble

SOMETIMES," the shah of Persia told a visitor the other day, "the patience of the Persian people with their stern lot exasperates me and I wish they would make a revolution—but one of their own without outside influence from anywhere."

The king who spoke those unkinglike words is a sad, handsome youth of twenty-seven, an olive-skinned, wiry man who has sat on Persia's uneasy throne for five years—five years of trouble, intrigue, unrest and plots.

Why should a king want his country to have a revolution?

The answer to that is the answer to a great many of the puzzles which revolve around Persia (now called Iran)—puzzles in which the United States is more deeply and directly involved than may be generally known.

The operative words in the shah's statement are: That the revolution should be "without outside influence from anywhere." No one knows better than the young king what "outside influence" means in Iran. That lesson was spelled out to him in the hot summer of 1941, when Russian troops from the north and British Tommies and Sikhs from the south met in Teheran to send tough old Shah Riza packing off to exile and eventual death in East Africa and to set the young heir on the Peacock Throne.

The British were polite and the Russians were tough—but both were firm; Riza, they said, was too

close to the Nazis. Young Shah Mohammed Riza Pahlevi learned then that when the chips are down it is not Persia's interest, not her policies, nor her desires which are paramount. It is the will of the great powers between which an accident of geography has placed Iran.

Many people, even in Iran, dismiss the young shah as a weak youngster interested chiefly in tennis, polo, fast automobiles and airplanes. He is contrasted with the old shah, founder of the dynasty, crude, cruel and energetic, a soldier who fought his way to the top by killing his enemies or sending them into dungeons. The old shah didn't have very good manners but he did have ideas about Persia. He felt that Iran could survive only if she were yanked out of the medieval mud and into the 20th century. And he felt, too, that if Iran was not to be crushed between the imperial pressures of Russia and Britain, he must have help from some neutral power.

There is no doubt that the young shah makes a good contrast with the old. He knows Paris and London and prewar Berlin. He is politely embarrassed by the Opera House his father started but never finished, partly because no opera singers would come to Persia. It pains him to see the beautiful race track where no races were run because owners would not send their horses to Persia. And the young shah laughs good-naturedly at the curious railroad which his father built—from a second-rate

Persian Gulf port to a second-rate Caspian port, as far as possible from any Russian harbor.

At Teheran cocktail parties you are not apt to hear so much about the shah's ideas as about his marriage—how his young wife, the Princess Fawzieh, sister of Egypt's King Farouk, has left him. More than a year ago the princess, one of the most beautiful women in the world, returned to Cairo, leaving behind her young daughter, the Princess Shahnaz.

"You see," say the gossips, shrugging their shoulders, "he cannot even hold a wife—let alone a kingdom."

Well, what of his kingdom?

The nobles of Persia, the princes, the landlords, the rich men who have made the pilgrimage to Paris as well as to Mecca, do not understand a shah who talks of revolutions. They are bewildered when the king speaks of the rights of his people to earn a decent, living wage, to learn to read and write, to get medical attention for their sores and chancres.

Iran's living costs are up more than 1,000 per cent since the war and 95 per cent of the wealth is held by 3,000 families out of a total population of 16,500,000. Iran's "normal" death rate is one out of every 33 persons, and the U.S. Army has estimated the venereal disease rate as one of the world's highest.

The opportunity for quick profits in the skyrocketing price scale, which has (Continued on page 38)

OIL TROUBLES IRAN'S WATERS

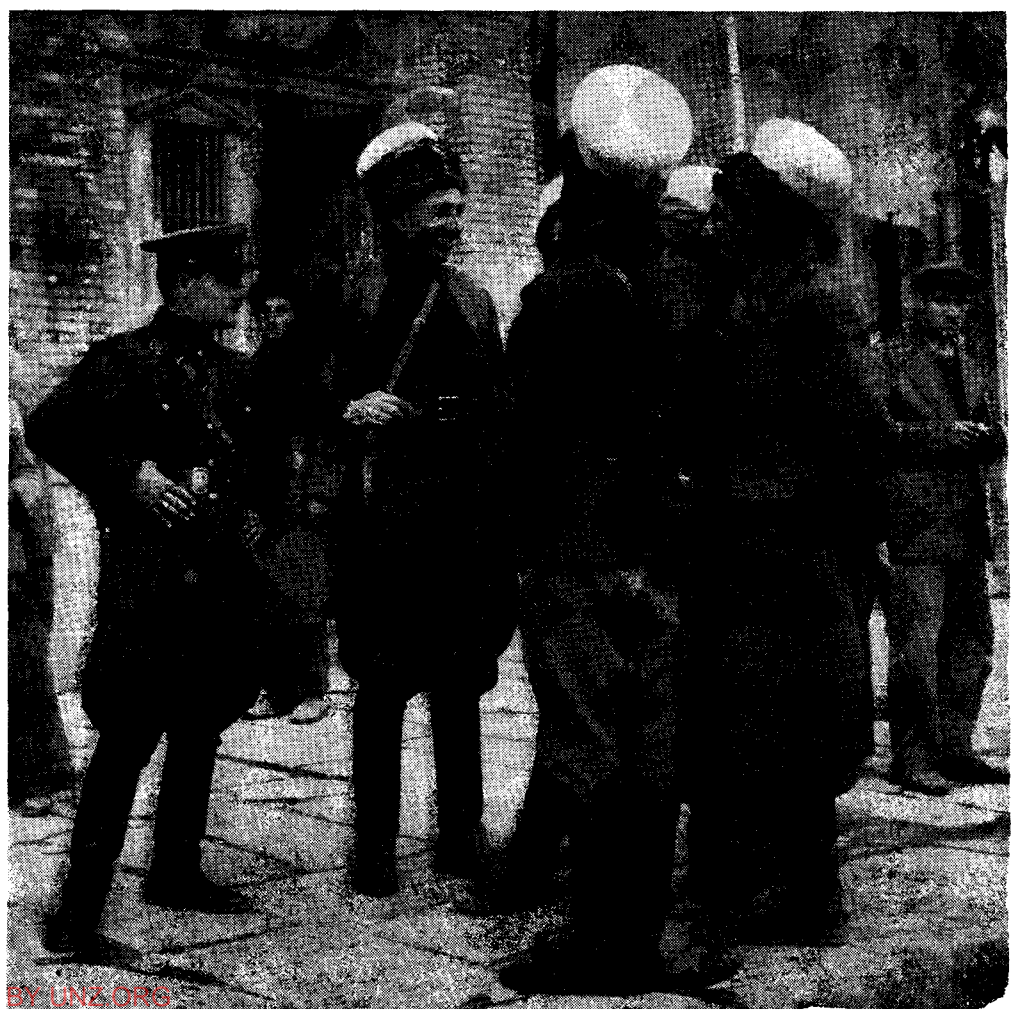
BY EDWARD P. MORGAN
AND HARRISON E. SALISBURY

PHOTOGRAPHS BY THE AUTHORS

Iranian troops, here parading in Teheran, were the ace in Premier's oil game

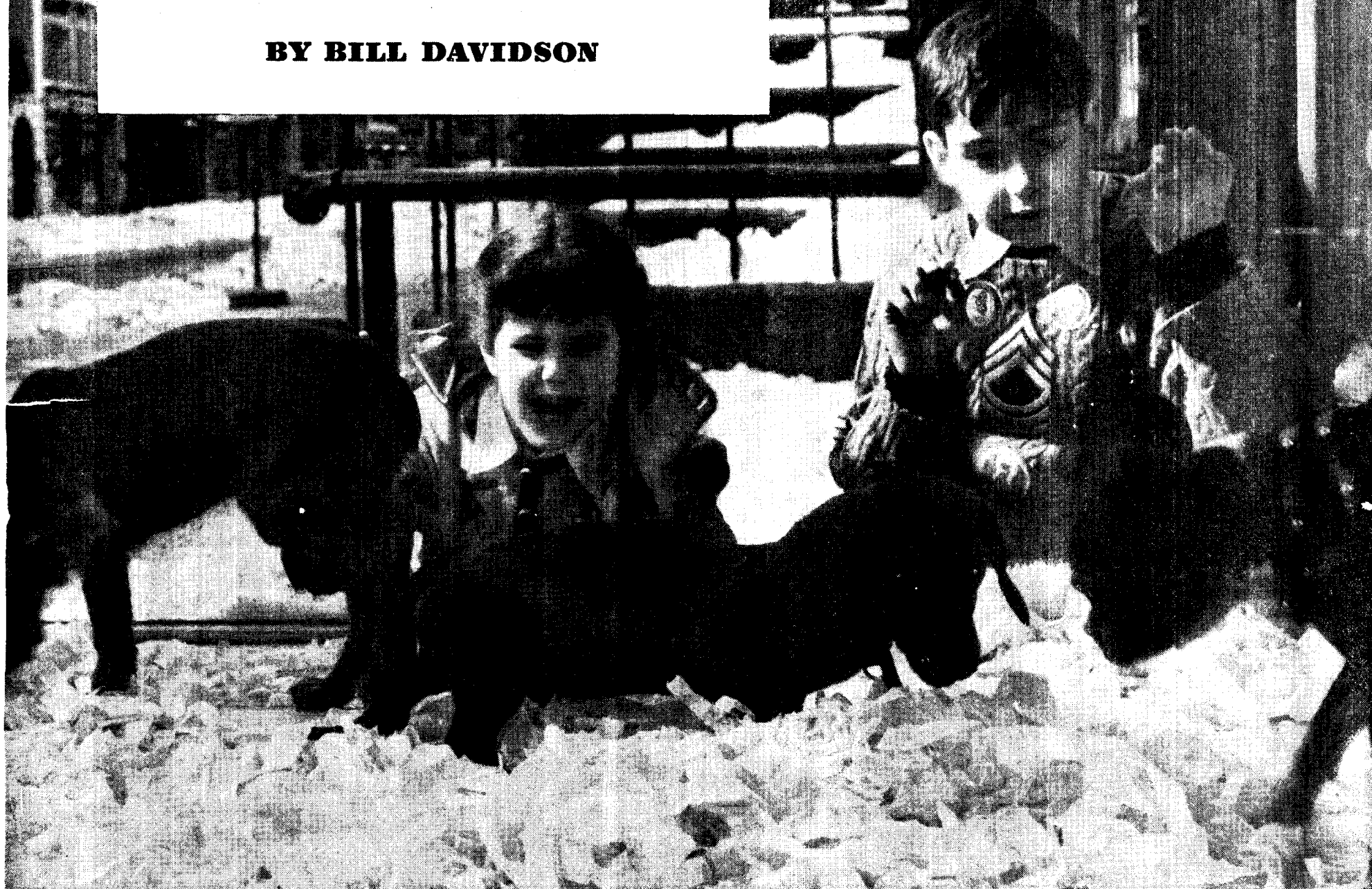


Fierce, swashbuckling Kurdish tribesmen like these add color to Persia's bazaars



BEWARE OF THE DOG RACKETEER

BY BILL DAVIDSON



The bright side of the picture: Here Dr. J. R. Sterling examines the eyes of a feline patient in his excellent hygienic pet hospital

At Dr. Sterling's hospital, the mother cat and her kittens are kept in a sanitary, porcelain-lined metal cage

He may be a lively, healthy-looking pup as he appeals to you from the store window. But don't go overboard for him until you are sure that he is being offered for sale by a reputable dealer, and not a pet-shop racketeer

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY HANS KNOPF

