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THROUGH HELL AND HIGH BRASS

Continued from page 19

hostile land without detection by sea or air patrols.

It was such detection that robbed the Doolittle raiders of their scant fuel-range margin of safety by imposing several hundred additional miles upon the flight; putting them a day ahead of the scheduled time at which the Chinese had been alerted to watch for them; getting them over Tokyo at noon instead of after dark, as planned, and giving the Jap fighters better chances at them; besides, finally, wasting the carefully thought-out psychological effect the mystery and terror of a night bombing from Nowhere would have.

Among cliques in the Regular Air Force, on the other hand, clusters of sour grapes sprouted because the glory of Tokyo fell to a "maverick" officer, Doolittle. It became the fashion to dismiss the raid as a mere propaganda stunt. Just recently a semiofficial book about the Air Force said the raid had "no bearing on the outcome of the war."

However, an Army statement in 1943 disclosed that the raid had obliged the Japs "... to set up defenses against a number of possibilities ... they did not know when the attack might be repeated ... were forced to tie up part of their military strength during crucial months. ..."

Nuisance Value of the Raid

Naturally, the sixteen tons of bombs dropped by the raiders was a needle prick compared with the 6,000 tons dropped in single later raids by the B-29s. Also, Japanese morale wasn't permanently dented, because the raid was not followed up.

But historians and military students, now in possession of Jap records, have discovered profound influences. One is the vital effect the raid had upon the Battle of the Solomon Islands, then raging; the Japs were compelled to hold at home four whole fighter groups which might well have altered that battle.

Another is the "help" the raid gave those Jap general staff officers who then were agitating for extension of the outer imperial defense line farther to the north, east and south. Part of this plan was to push from Wake to Midway; and from the Kuriles to the Aleutians. Its proponents won, in the days of fear brought on by the raid, and thereby weakened Japan for easier bleeding. She overextended her lines of communication, and brought on the Battle of Midway in which the Jap fleet was badly hurt.

Viewed for its home propaganda values alone, the raid was a resounding success. It was the first *truthful* good news since Pearl Harbor: General Marshall called it "a heartening event in a generally somber picture." Its swashbuckling insolence and imagination appealed to Americans as being typically American; while the name of Doolittle, long a headlined daredevil of the air, lent it story-book flavor.

The Navy and the Air Force needn't have eaten their hearts out suspecting each other of having the idea. Roosevelt himself was its papa. Hap Arnold first heard of it from the President, who discussed with him in a very general way the possibilities of a take-off from Manchuria or China. The President next discussed it with Admiral King, seeking to find out the feasibility of carrier use after Russia had rejected his request for Vladivostok.

There would have been little publicity about the raid had it not been for Roosevelt's happy wisecrack that the raiders "took off from Shangri-La." This became a byword, convulsing Americans and Britons as much as it puzzled the enemy. The entire German press and radio solemnly announced that the attack was made "from the air base at Shangri-La, not otherwise identified by Roosevelt."

Doolittle's part in the raid stemmed directly from brilliant technical and en-

gineering accomplishments he achieved when he re-entered the service as a major in the Specialist Reserve, after returning from Germany in 1940. Arnold sent him to Detroit, where, as Jim puts it, he "married the aviation industry to the automotive industry without benefit of shotgun" in the interests of mass production.

Fetch back to Washington as Director of Operational Requirements on General Spaatz's staff, Jim contrived another tough but essential wedding: between the "technical" and the "tactical" sides of the Air Force. With quick and nonregulation candor he pointed out that the United States, on the verge of war, had a peacetime Air Force "performance" rather than "combat" planes.

Warplanes Unfit for Combat

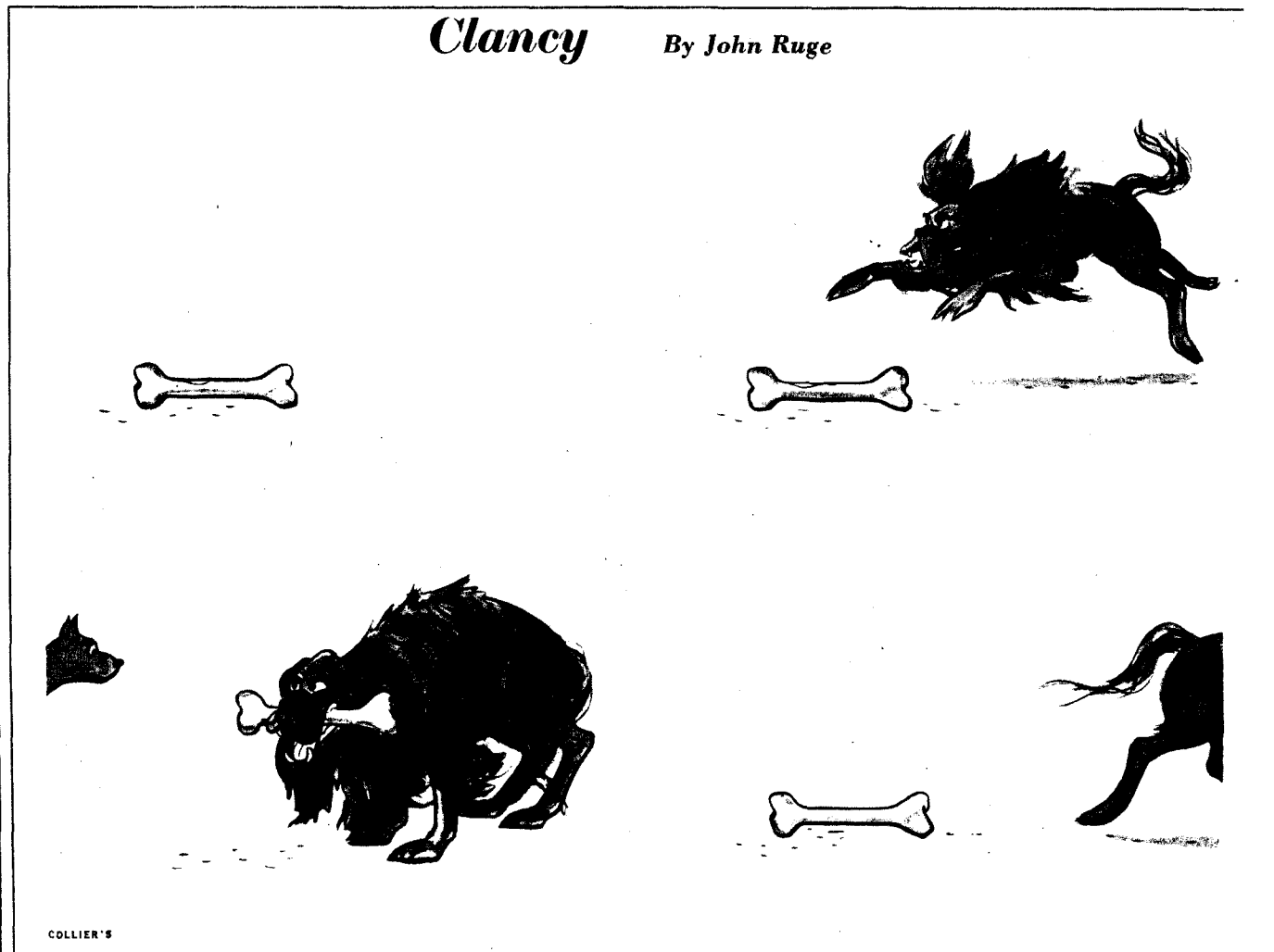
There were golf-stick compartments and many kinds of gadgets and pilot comforts in the planes but the machine guns wouldn't fire more than five shots without jamming, bomb racks wouldn't release, bomb doors wouldn't open, gas tanks weren't leakproof, armament was wrongly or awkwardly placed, turret wouldn't turn.

Jim mangled a lot of feelings among the higher ranks, but he got results; and late in January, Hap Arnold called him in for a hush-hush talk. Jim was a lieutenant colonel by then. "I can't tell you what this is for, but find out which if any of our medium bomber types can be fixed up to go 2,400 miles, with 2,000 pounds of bombs, and take off from a very, very short and narrow run. I'll need 24 of them," said Arnold.

Jim went to General Kenney and his staff of military and civilian experts at Dayton, Ohio, and studied the Martin B-26, Douglas B-23 and North American B-25, or "Mitchell." He decided the B-25 could best meet Arnold's mysterious requirements, if its belly turret was re-

Clancy

By John Ruge



Collier's for December 11, 1944

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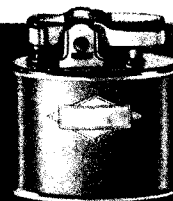
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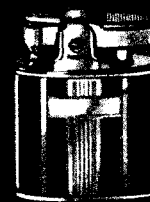
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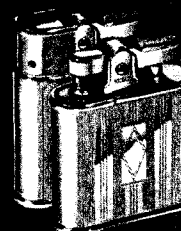
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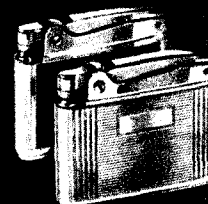
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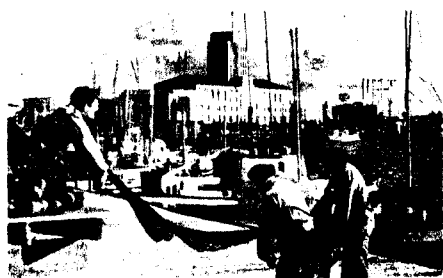
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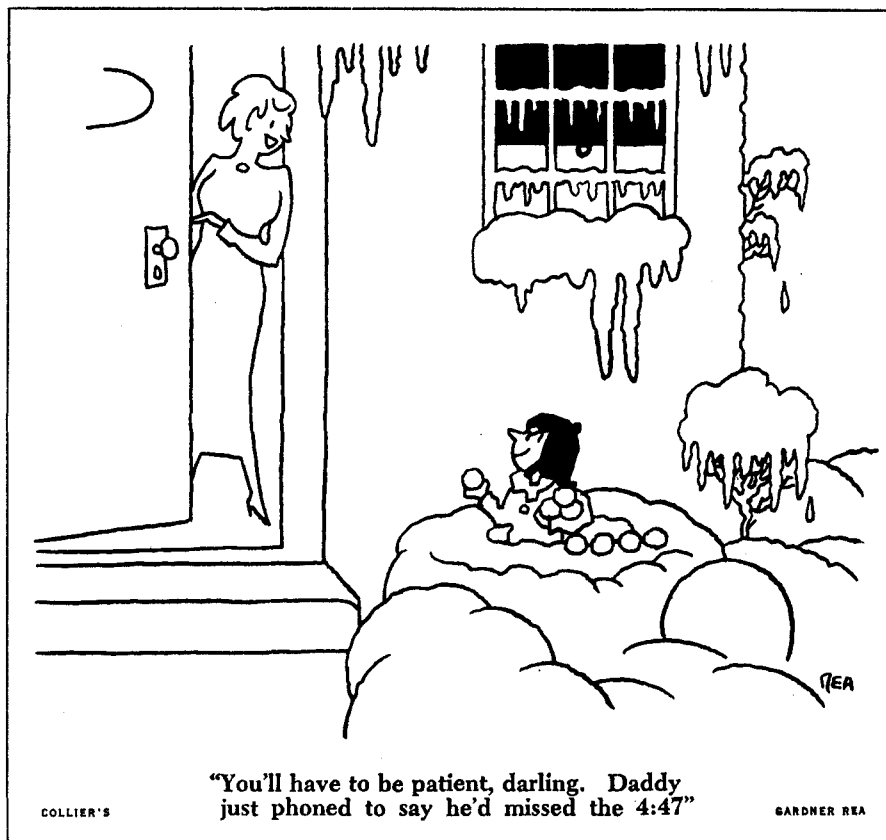
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moved and three additional fuel tanks set in, together with ten five-gallon cans stowed aboard loose. That would give a total of nearly 1,150 gallons, of which 50 would be used up in warm-up and take-off.

When he reported this to Arnold he was told, "Okay, now select and train crews for them!"

Twenty-Four Picked Crews

Fortified by overriding orders Jim selected 24 crews of volunteers for what he bluntly explained would be "the most dangerous mission any of you could ever be on." They were all experienced in B-25s, and were from the 34th, 89th and 95th Squadrons of the 17th Bombardment Group of the Eighth Air Force. He plucked them, amid screams of anguish from the much cannibalized Eighth's commanders then struggling to get in shape to go to Europe.

Within a month of his first conference with Arnold, Jim had the 24 modified bombers and picked crews in training, guarded by the F.B.I. and kept away from prying eyes at Eglin Field, near Pensacola, Florida. Probably no comparable operation in military history was so exactly rehearsed—without any of its members knowing what or where the hell they were rehearsing for!

Jim drilled them incessantly, day and night, on low-altitude navigation, which, at 250 or 300 miles an hour, is well-nigh an impossible feat. He marked inland, simulated targets on maps, then led them hundreds of miles over the Gulf of Mexico and turned them loose to sweep back at wave and housetop level in search of pinheads hard enough to find from normal altitudes.

He placed flags on the runway—spaced to correspond to a carrier deck, which all could surmise, but none could mention—and painted a white line. Each pilot had to keep his left wheel dead-on the line while taking off. From Pensacola Naval Base he borrowed Lieutenant Henry F. Miller to instruct in the highly specialized techniques and problems of carrier take-off.

Before "graduation," or final acceptance into the group, each pilot had to haul his overladen plane into the air within 500 feet. Since it weighed, fully loaded, 31,000 pounds, the burden of airworthiness on the ships, of airmanship on the crews, was terrific.

Doolittle had Lieutenant Miller rate

the pilots numerically, in order of ability, in these tests. Most of them were hot-shot kids in their early twenties. Jim was past forty-six, an old man of the skies, his racing and testing days ten years behind. But, characteristically, he wanted to know whether he was as sharp as these spirited youngsters. He asked Miller to test him along with the others, and rate him squarely and without favor. Miller graded him ninth in the 24.

Jim felt justified, therefore, when he reported to Arnold that planes and crews were ready and rarin', to ask suddenly, "Hap, who's going to command this mission? I'd like to do it."

Arnold stared at him: "No, Jimmy. We need you too much around here!"

Ordinarily, the harassed and careworn commanding general of the Air Forces was not one to be argued with; but Jim sure argued with him that day, swiftly and eloquently. "... know the engineering and navigational problems... the planes... the men... better than anyone thrown in cold last minute... stranger bad for confidence and morale..." Jim didn't forget a single point. He says it was the best sales talk of his life.

Arnold cut him off gruffly: "Oh, well, if you can sell the idea to Miff I guess it will be okay with me."

Pulling a Fast One on Miff

Jim walked out calmly, but once in the hall—and knowing Arnold—he scooted like a madman next door to the office of Major General Millard F. Harmon, Chief of the Air Force. "Hap says I can lead this job, Miff," he said, all cherubic innocence and respectfulness, "if it's all right with you."

Harmon looked at him with mingled suspicion and reluctance, then shrugged: "All right with me—if that's what Hap wants."

Harmon's interphone buzzed, and Hap's voice came roaring through. Jim edged toward the door and, just as he slipped out, heard General Harmon growl, "But—but—but, Hap, I thought that's what you wanted, so I just told him he *could*!"

Jim sprinted down the corridor, to the astonishment of dignified second lieutenants, raced out of sight into the nearest crossway, and shot out of the Pentagon faster than anyone in its bewildered history.

Although they never knew it, that is how the young raiders, to whom Doolit-

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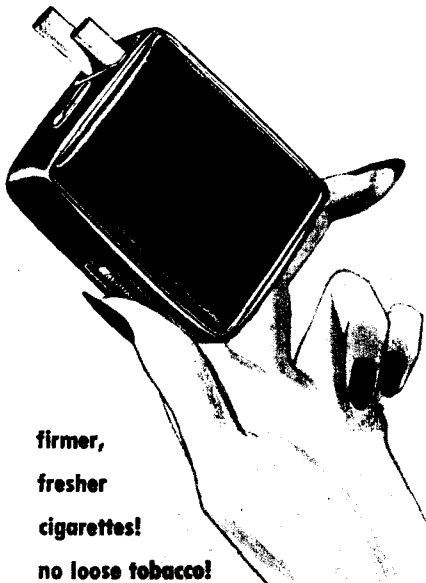
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tle was a legendary air figure who had become even more inspiring with association, came to be led by him all the way through. It is also how Doolittle horned into the combat side of World War II, and escaped the fate of being permanently assigned to a technological desk.

Jim flew to California forthwith to make final arrangements with Vice-Admiral William Frederick ("Bull") Halsey, who was to command the task force which included, besides the Hornet and Enterprise, four cruisers and eight destroyers. Because of the risks involved for carriers nearing Japan, and because the B-25s would have to be lashed on the Hornet's flight deck, making it impossible to bring her own fighters up from their 'tween-deck hangars, Halsey and Doolittle agreed upon three measures.

Take-Off Space Reduced

If the task force was intercepted by surface or air craft (a) within B-25 range of Midway, the bombers would fly there; (b) if within range of Japan, they would fly there, bomb and land; (c) if beyond range of any land, they would be ruthlessly tossed overboard to clear the Hornet's deck for action. Jim, meanwhile, had decided to take all of the crews (for "spares") but only the best 16 of the B-25s; for, no matter how tightly parked, even that many took up more than one third of the deck runway and gravely reduced the take-off space.

Not until the second day at sea did Jim reveal their destination to the raiders. Washington having left the choice of targets to him, Jim directed that Nagoya, Osaka and Kobe would be hit by one plane each, while the 13 others smacked the Tokyo-Yokohama area.

He warned that regardless of how tempting the Imperial Palace looked no plane was to lay an egg on it, for it was not a strictly military target, and damage to it would but serve to draw the Japanese closer together, and bring down horrible vengeance upon any raider captured as well as upon tens of thousands of Allied prisoners in Jap hands.

Except for actual flight, Jim worked the raiders as intensively on the Hornet as at Eglin Field, until even the minutest details became second nature to them. He was unstintingly aided by the Hornet's commander, Rear Admiral Marc Andrew Mitscher; its executive, Commander George R. Handerson; and Commanders Apollo Soucek and Frank Akers, air and navigation officers re-

spectively. The flight deck officer, Lieutenant Steven Jurika, Jr., formerly a naval attaché in Tokyo, helped them study hundreds of photographs of their targets and other landmarks. Lieutenant Miller came all the way from Eglin to shake hands with each raider before the take-off.

Doolittle calculated that to give the raiders a maximum chance of reaching China in safety it would be necessary for the Hornet to carry them within 300 or 400 miles of landfall. Five hundred and fifty miles would give them a minimum chance. Six hundred would be outside reasonable hope.

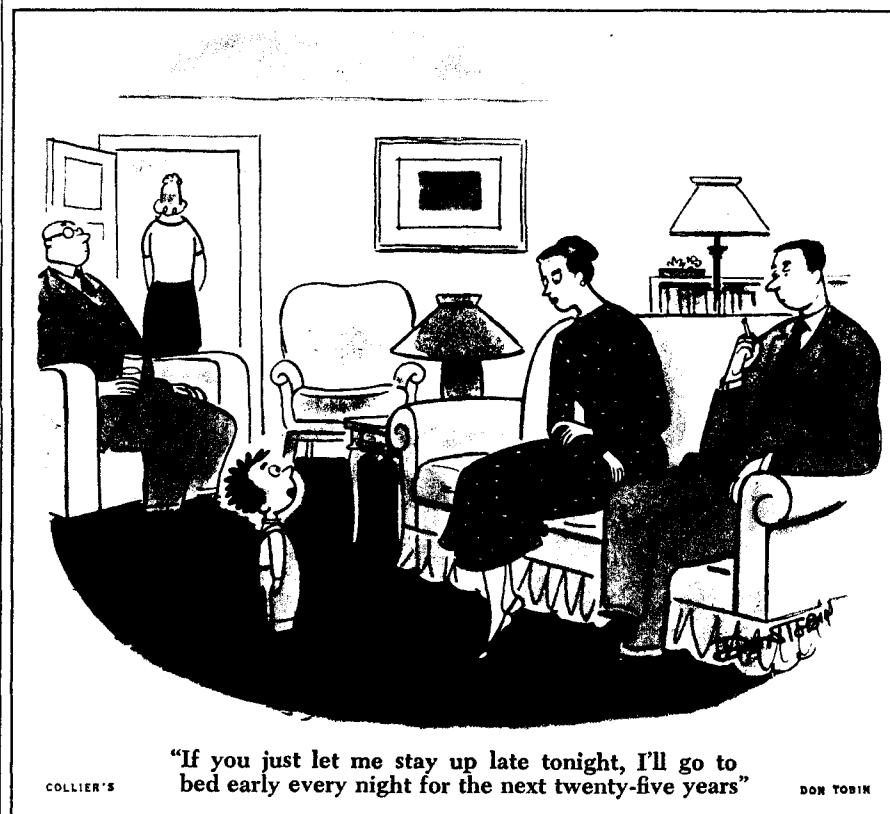
While still 800 statute miles from Tokyo, the task force sighted a patrol boat, which it promptly sank. But there was no assurance the Nip had not already broadcast the alarm. The task force would have to wheel around and scam. The previous night Doolittle had given each raider a last chance to back out, and all had simply grinned at him. Now they climbed eagerly into their planes. The Hornet was stepping up to her top speed; taking solid water over the bow end of the flight deck as she plunged through thunderous seas and a 50-mile gale.

Jim's plane headed the glut on the aft deck, which left him little more than 450 feet in which to coax fifteen and a half tons of crew, machinery, bombs and gasoline into the air off a tossing and rain- and spray-wet platform—a feat never done before. The 70-foot wing spread of the B-25s compelled a run with the left wing almost entirely over the open sea; at that, the right wingtip would miss the Hornet's bridge superstructure only by inches.

A Gamble in Leadership

It wasn't bravado, or any quaint sense of responsibility, that made Jim decide to take-off first. He knew it would be toughest, because successively longer runs would be available, of course, as the mass of B-25s was reduced. But most important, he knew the raiders would be watching him tensely. If he could set a good take-off example, confidence would soar and prospects for a safe getaway for all would be vastly increased. If he couldn't—well, that was the gamble of leadership.

He took it, and won—with yards to spare. Airborne, he circled and flashed back low across the deck, as if to say, "Come on, boys, it's easy!" Then he



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sped away into the murk. One hour and three minutes later the last plane had lumbered off, to bring up the tail of a thin, gallant line that stretched for 200 miles.

Perhaps the most superb achievement of the raiders, and the greatest tribute to Doolittle's thorough coaching and leadership, was the safe take-off of all planes; and their eventual arrival (except for the Vladivostok wanderer) under foulest weather and navigational conditions in the vicinity of their landing-rendezvous in China.

Doolittle had two Californians in his crew, Copilot Lieutenant Richard E. Cole of Victorville and Navigator Lieutenant Henry A. Potter of Sacramento. The bombardier, Sergeant Fred A. Braemer, was from Seattle; and the gunner, Sergeant Paul J. Leonard, was a Denverite. The latter kept all hands amused with his wisecracks over the interphone and his complaints that it was senseless to bring a gunner if he wasn't allowed to shoot folks and things up.

But Jim was content to see his target—a munitions plant built of wood—unfold in a huge blossom of splinters and flame.

Just before Jim Doolittle left for his Tokyo mission he received a letter from that grand veteran barnstormer and record-buster, Roscoe Turner, suggesting they form a squadron of early birds like themselves; who, though perhaps not so keen and daring as young 'uns any more, could balance that with superior air wisdom and guile. Jim hastily replied that this scrap so truly belonged to the youngsters it wouldn't be right for bald and battered old buzzards like Roscoe and himself to mess into it.

When Doolittle got back to the Pentagon he found a letter from Roscoe Turner, whose suggestion for a squadron of old-timers he had laughed off. It was brief: "Dear Jim. You ——— ———. Roscoe."

Not wanting to excite flak and fighters against the raiders in the planes strung out behind him, he passed over the many usurious "targets of opportunity" presented by the surprised Japs. One incident had shown him the danger from Zeros—a danger that wouldn't have existed if the raid had come at night, as planned.

Entering Japan above Zaki (Cape) nubo, Jim had flown inland some 40 miles before turning south for the run-down on Tokyo. He flew barely high enough to miss trees and buildings. Suddenly he spotted nine Jap pursuits overhead, flying in the same direction. Not sure they had seen him, he changed direction. So did they. He banked again—and they did, too.

"Oh-oh!" said Sergeant Leonard.

Hide-and-Seek with Zeros

It became a deadly game of hide-and-peek, with Jim almost brushing the grass as he dodged around the landscape trying to lose the Zeros before they would begin to dive and shoot. Noticing a big hill, Jim flew past it as if making for the alley beyond, then, as the Japs swung to follow, he swiftly doubled around the wooded base of the hill. This put the 3-25 out of their sight and they never picked it up again.

Leaving Tokyo Bay and flying southwestward all that spring afternoon, Jim was deeply troubled by his own gas problem and by knowing that it was as bad, or worse, for the other raiders. There had been stiff head winds—the termites of plane fuel supply—ever since leaving the carrier. If the head winds kept up, the raiders could never make China.

Then, passing the plotted turning point Collier's for December 11, 1948

at Yaku Shima, south of Japan proper, the raid got its first and only break of that memorable day. The wind shifted and began to blow steadily from the tail.

A stormy nightfall killed all possibility of a visual check at Chuchow, their appointed landing spot in an inland valley about 200 miles south of Shanghai. No ground homing aids had been set up; the slightest error in dead reckoning would put them into the clutches of the Jap troops who infested the area on all sides, in some places not more than a dozen miles away. Yet, of 15 ships, only two landed amidst the Japanese.

Bailing Out into Blackness

When his tanks were almost bone-dry Jim shut off the fuel lines, set the plane on the automatic pilot, told his mates to bail out, and leaped after them into the uncertain blackness. Chuting down, he worried about his ankles, weak since they were broken in South America. He rehearsed what he'd do—land on his toes leaning forward. He fell into the wet muck of a rice paddy, but even as he kept reminding himself not to sit down, he sat down, plunk into the gooey mess; a clear victory of reflexes over mind!

There was a farmhouse near by, with a light in the window. Jim knocked, cheerily yelling out a carefully learned phrase that was supposed to mean "I am an American." All it meant to him, wet and miserable in the coldness outside, was that the light promptly went out and the doorbolts clacked on. Groping farther, he found a shed and in it a large case that seemed to promise a comfortable refuge until morning. As he tried to get into it he touched something, and lighted a match to investigate. It was a corpse: Jim had blundered into the village mortuary.

Next day he contacted the local Chinese authorities, and soon the crew of his plane was gathered. Leonard had been the stubbornest to bring in; he kept chasing the guerrillas with his automatic, thinking they were Japs. Taking Leonard, Jim went to look for the plane. It was easy for him to estimate where it had come down.

But it was not easy for him, in the light of day, to contemplate its wreckage. Jim is sure this was the lowest moment of his whole life. He didn't know the fates of the other raiders. He was certain, however, that even if some of the men were safe, all the planes were smashed. It surged over him that his Tokyo mission was a gigantic failure, and that he'd get nothing short of Leavenworth for life. So he sat down on the wreckage—and cried.

Sergeant Leonard put a hand on his shoulder. "Don't worry, Colonel—at home they'll think you did a great job. I'll bet you'll be made a general and get the Congressional Medal!" He paused when he saw that Jim's despondency was unabated.

Then Sergeant Leonard gave way to emotion, too: "Hell, Colonel," he blurted, "when you get another ship can I be your gunner—always, until the end of the war?"

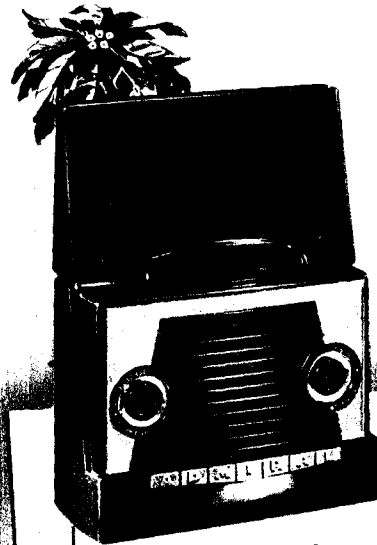
Jim, deeply touched, looked up. "If they ever trust me with another plane, you'll be its crew chief as long as you want to, Paul!"

Today, Doolittle says that the hardest thing he had to do during the North African campaign was compose a letter to Paul Leonard's wife, after the sergeant was killed by a direct bomb hit—in a trench beside Jim's plane.

Jimmy Doolittle was never allowed to bomb Berlin as he had Rome and Tokyo! Why was he never permitted to lead his Eighth Air Force against the German capital? In the last installment of this hair-raising series next week, read the heretofore untold story.

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(less batteries)



Model 6F11—Super powered to bring in those far distant stations. Plays instantly on AC or DC as well as batteries. Concealed Aeroscope in lid plus exclusive Admiral circuit provides amazing reception everywhere. In smart Emperor Red and Gold case.

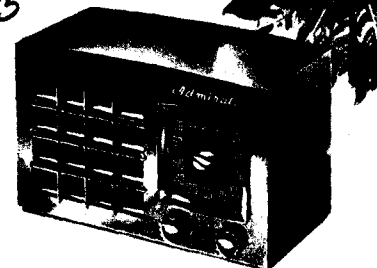
\$49.95
(less batteries)



6F11—America's most popular table model radio-phonograph with Miracle Tone Arm . . . greatest improvement in record playing since the invention of the phonograph. Makes even old records sound like new! Improved changer plays up to 12 records . . . automatically changes them in 3 1/2 seconds. Perfected superhet radio has automatic bass compensation for tone balance. Comes in stunning cabinet with French gold grille.

Also available with FM radio

\$69.95




5R11—The ideal set for every room in the house. Big in performance . . . superlative in tone. Small only in price. Beautiful ebony cabinet.

\$16.95

Prices slightly higher in south and far west—subject to change without notice.

HISTORY ON THE AUCTION BLOCK

Continued from page 25



**NOW... LIGHT
WHEN YOU NEED IT!**

**Ray-O-Vac LEAK PROOF batteries
stay fresh for years!
(because they're sealed in steel!)**

© 1948 BY RAY-O-VAC COMPANY, MADISON, WIS.
RAY-O-VAC, CANADA LTD., WINNIPEG, MAN.

See how much more you get

in these truly modern batteries. Each Ray-O-Vac Leak Proof starts with a powerful, well made battery. Then...

1. Steel bottom is added.
2. And a steel top.
3. Next—multiple insulation. Nine layers of protection against corrosion.
4. Last—a steel jacket. This completes an air-tight seal, to stop corrosion and keep the battery fresh and powerful. Only Ray-O-Vac builds batteries with all four of these safeguards.

GUARANTEE on every Ray-O-Vac Leak Proof:
"If your flashlight is damaged by corrosion, leakage or swelling of this battery, send it to us with the batteries and we will give you FREE a new, comparable flashlight with batteries."

Ask for Ray-O-Vac Leak Proofs

Buy Spares... they stay fresh

famous. When the late President William Howard Taft's library was auctioned, for instance, among scores of legal works were a dilapidated paper-bound copy of Louisa M. Alcott's *An Old-Fashioned Girl*, a favorite of Mrs. Taft's, and Edgar Wallace's whodunit, *The Avenger*, representing the late President's taste in recreational reading.

In 1947 the possessions of the late Jerome Napoleon Charles Bonaparte, great grandnephew of the dynamic little emperor, went to high bidders at Sloan's. The descendant's pride in his ancestry revealed itself in two sets of armor, several busts of Napoleon and one of Julius Caesar, as well as several portraits in oils.

Portrait of Susan B. Anthony

Oil paintings appear frequently at Sloan's. One dramatic story involves a life-size standing portrait of Susan B. Anthony, famed pioneer for woman suffrage. In 1890, when Miss Anthony was seventy and still in the national spotlight, a Washington artist named Jerome K. Uhl persuaded her to sit for the portrait, which he intended to sell to the National American Woman Suffrage Association, founded by Miss Anthony.

When the picture was finished the artist framed it in a gold-lined shadow box ten feet high and five feet wide and announced that the price was \$2,500. The suffragists, few of whom were wealthy, gasped and sighed. While they debated about a plan of action Mr. Uhl died; the portrait was placed in storage and forgotten for some 20 years or more. In March, 1925, Mrs. Anna Hendley, president of the Anthony Foundation, received a telephone call from a frantic member who had discovered that in two hours the Anthony portrait was to be auctioned at Sloan's to satisfy a \$90 storage charge.

Mrs. Hendley pleaded with Sloan's to postpone the sale of the painting for one week. They agreed, and the foundation struggled to raise the \$90. When the fateful day arrived the fund totaled only \$80, and Mrs. Hendley went to the auction rooms with the money and a prayer.

Sloan's was filled with well-dressed society women. When Susan's portrait was offered there was a bid of \$50. It went to \$55. Mrs. Hendley bid \$70. A fat woman with a lorgnette raised it to \$75. Mrs. Hendley could barely gasp out her "Eighty!" She waited breathlessly. Then the fat woman bid \$85.

Susan Anthony would have loved Mrs. Hendley then. The president of the Anthony Foundation interrupted the auction with a fine speech about Susan—one of America's great women. She told about raising the \$80, about the history of the portrait, of the inspiration the foundation would get from it. The sympathetic auctioneer began to spiel on Mrs. Hendley's side. In a few minutes the audience had taken up a collection, contributed \$10 to go with Mrs. Hendley's \$80 to cover storage charges, and she marched triumphantly up Thirteenth Street with a beautiful receipt.

Some of Sloan's greatest auction bargains are in house furnishings. The lovely home of Mrs. Sigourney Thayer, in Georgetown, owes much of the charm of its attractive interior to Sloan's. Many of the furnishings were bought at the auction rooms, and no one piece cost more than \$35.

One of the most unusual furnishings sold by Sloan's was a mahogany coffee table which ingeniously unfolded into a full-length bed complete with spring and pad. Such novelties are usually found at the general sales. The offerings in the "catalogue" sales are more distinctive, for they include fine pieces from wealthy

estates. Sloan's holds catalogue sales about seven times a year, general sales every Wednesday and Saturday.

In the general sale a diverse crowd follows the auctioneer down Litter Lane to buy whatever comes to hand. The catalogue sale, however, is conducted with dignity. The items to be sold are carefully described in a printed catalogue. The cost of this printing and of advertising justifies the commission of 18 per cent as compared with 12 per cent for the general sale. Each lot or item is numbered and listed in numerical order in the catalogue. Customers are seated in orderly fashion, and the auctioneer works from a small stage in front of a draped curtain. The numbered lots are brought to him one at a time. In the general sale the auctioneer sells an average of *two lots per minute*, but in the catalogue sale the bidding takes longer and goes higher.

One famous catalogue sale of which Sloan's is justly proud was listed as "The Lords Baltimore Sale," at which they sold the portraits, silver and jewelry of the "eldest branch of the Calvert Family, direct descendants of the Lords Baltimore," together with the historic home-stand known as "Mount Airy" in Prince Georges County, Maryland.

This magnificent country estate had been granted to the Calverts by King Charles I in 1632.

The Lords Baltimore sale was made in 1903, when C. G. Sloan ran the firm and acted as his own auctioneer. Considered one of the best in the trade he established his firm in Washington in 1891 and proclaimed his policy: "He who brings buyer and seller together in honest trade does good to both." The policy still stands firm under the guidance of Mr. Sloan's son, Mark, who joined the firm in 1908. Mark's father died in 1910 and the son at twenty-two inherited the business.

Mark Sloan is that acknowledged rarity, a born Washingtonian. Now 60 years old, he plays golf and bowls duckpins and is an ardent sports fan. He knows the auction business inside out, and is expert in diagnosing "auction fever."

How the Contagion Spreads

"Everybody gets it," he says. "Folks passing by stroll in just to look on. They see bargains go to bidders, and if they don't buy something themselves they feel they're losing a great opportunity. Sometimes they go away empty-handed but they come back another day and buy. Some of them simply can't wait until we put out the red flag."

As at most auction rooms, the red flag hangs outside Sloan's show window whenever an auction is to be held. Few people know its origin. "It derives from the Arabs," Sloan explains. "In the ancient days when Arab tribes raided other tribes, they carried all their loot to a central point, piled it up and topped it with a plain red flag—as an invitation to buy. The flag proclaimed that all the stuff in the pile was for sale." Once a few years ago when Sloan's conducted an auction in a large Washington residence and hung out the red flag, a small group of passers-by, ignorant of the symbol, spouted off indignantly about the flaunting of the Communist banner in Washington.

Many auctioneers also use a big bell with the flag, to signal that the auction is about to begin. Sloan's uses the bell with the flag for real-estate sales only. He doesn't need a lot of noise to bring in the customers, Sloan says. Aside from the red flag and dignified newspaper announcements of forthcoming sales, Sloan's advertising is by word of mouth only. It reaches people in all parts of the United

Collier's for December 11, 1948

States, and even in other countries. Army and Navy officers moving out of Washington carry the word to others about to move in: "Before you buy any furniture, go to Sloan's." And once people get within range of the auctioneer's voice they are reluctant to leave.

"Some time ago there was a small fire in our cellar," Sloan says with a grin. "Nothing serious—just an overheated furnace motor. But the smoke was so thick that the people in my office on the second floor couldn't get downstairs. We stopped the sale and announced it wouldn't be resumed that day. Well! The customers stopped coughing long enough to insist that the auction keep going. They just wouldn't leave. We almost had to push some of them out!"

Pushing people around is heartily distasteful to genial Mark Sloan. He dislikes being pushed even more. For nearly half a century a counterclockwise swastika was the registered trade-mark of C. G. Sloan & Company. "The swastika," Sloan explains, "was an old, old symbol of happiness, of light—a good luck sign. The ancient Greeks and Egyptians used it on their armor and weapons, the Chinese and Japanese used it, the Navajo Indians used it, the whole world used it long before Hitler—then he had to disgrace it and I had to give it up."

By 1940, pedestrians were pointing at the swastika trade-mark on Sloan's window, refusing to enter the store. One day a man double-parked an automobile across the street, rushed to Sloan's doorway and shook a fist in the air shouting, "If you don't take that thing off your window you'll get a brick through it!" At that point Mark Sloan reluctantly removed the symbol from the window and from the firm's stationery, but he is currently considering reviving it.

With or without its swastika trade-mark, the Sloan firm enjoys an enviable place among the country's top-flight auctioneers, all of whom deplore the fly-by-night auction emporiums, the razzle-dazzle shops which operate day and night enticing suckers to pay outlandish prices

for cheap goods. Many of these are suspected of using shills—accomplices posing as customers.

"A reputable auction house doesn't need shills," Sloan says. "We sell merchandise for what it will bring. That's our job and we do it honestly. People at legitimate auctions generally get good bargains," he adds. "That's especially true if they know merchandise."

Advice to Auction Addicts

For those with "auction fever" he has a word of advice. "Don't buy anything you haven't first examined. But if you hesitate to buy an article because it's damaged, don't pass it up until you decide whether or not it might be repaired easily. After all, you'll undoubtedly get it for a fraction of what you would pay if it were new. Go to the auction rooms during the days preceding the sales. Examine the items carefully and make your decisions in advance."

All material at Sloan's auctions, both for general and catalogue sales, is consigned. That is, it is owned by others and sold by Sloan's on a commission basis. It is all displayed at least two days in advance of the sales for the benefit of prospective bidders, seasoned and amateur. According to Mr. Sloan, these seasoned bidders are easy to identify. They are the "uninterested" spectators who seem to be everlastingly bored with the auctioneer and the world. But those masks of indifference hide the really smart buyers, the ardent collectors, the shrewd bidders who know what they want and how much they want to pay for it.

They are part and parcel of the 30,000 to 50,000 'auction-feverish' people who walk into and out of C. G. Sloan & Company yearly, spending thousands of dollars to prove the truth of a quotation which is painted on a ceiling beam in the center of the auction rooms. It says: **THE TRASH OF ONE GENERATION BECOMES THE TREASURES OF ANOTHER.** Sloan says he sees it proved every week.



"I thought a person was considered innocent until proved guilty"

COLLIER'S

DAVID PASCAL

Collier's for December 11, 1948



PURITAN SPORTSWEAR

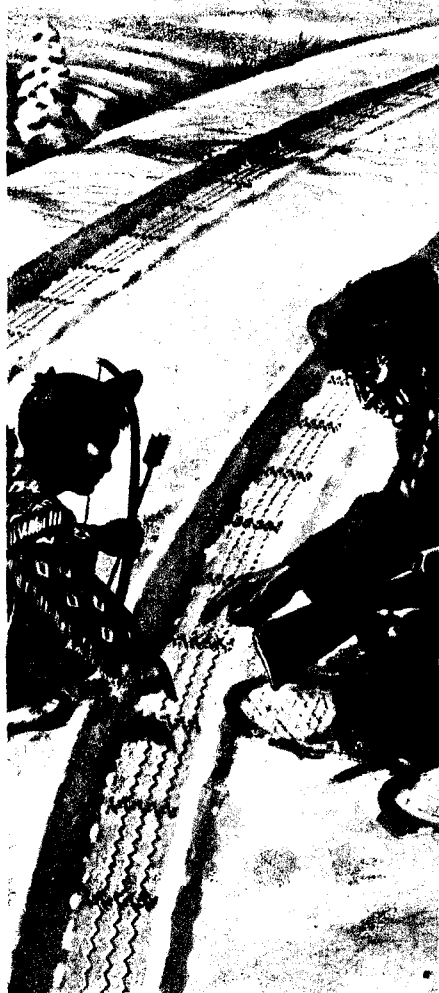


Pleasant Surprise! Santa is a Puritan-giver this year...gladdening men's spirits with Puritan sweaters! They're warm and colorful as a glowing fireplace with gay patterns that will carol their way into his heart. Plus a harvest of "good wear" which will linger long after the Christmas holly has been removed. If not available at your favorite store, write us direct.

The PURITAN KNITTING MILLS, Inc., Empire State Building, New York 1, N. Y.
SWEATERS • SPORT SHIRTS • WEATHERPROOF JACKETS • BEACHWEAR

THE 59th ALL-AMERICA

Continued from page 15



"SMART DRIVER- GOT V BAR CHAIN — SAFE"

• These new WEED AMERICAN V BAR-REINFORCED TIRE CHAINS are designed for "smart drivers" who take every possible safety precaution. WEED AMERICAN V BARS make driving easier and safer on ice as well as snow. They have these seven advantages:

- 1—Two-Way Grip, Right and Left
- 2—288 Gripping Points
- 3—Heel and Toe Action
- 4—Start Easier
- 5—Stop Shorter
- 6—Hold Straighter
- 7—Last Longer

Ask for WEED AMERICAN V BARS by name. If your dealer is unable to supply you with them, please take what he has. But we want you at least to know about this new idea in traction.



ACCO
AMERICAN CHAIN & CABLE COMPANY, INC.
In Business for Your Safety

average near .500 and rates among leading ground gainers despite spotty blocking assistance from undistinguished line. Expert quick kicker. Got off surprise punt that rolled 69 yards against Texas. Best play: touchdown-hurdle while scoring, three times against Texas Christian. Significant comment from Lou Little: "When he's blocked on the ground, he flies over. No wonder all the pro teams want him and he's the number one draft pick of the New York Giants."

HALFBACK: Charlie Justice of U. of North Carolina, 24 years old, 5 feet 10 inches, 167 pounds, junior from Asheville, North Carolina. A breakaway runner, especially dangerous on kickoff and punt returns. A deft ball handler, particularly artful at faking ball to another back on the "crossover" after catching punt. Runs with ball behind hip. The only solution for puzzled opponents is to try to tackle Justice and his twin safety man. This attempt to get both safety men spreads defense and gives Justice opportunity to get under way in open field. Top punt return: 84 yards for touchdown that whipped Georgia. Splendid passer, especially on optional plays to right that develop into pass or run. A real triple threat.

FULLBACK: Jackie Jensen of California, 21 years old, 5 feet 11 inches, 195 pounds, senior from Oakland, California. Explosive running style makes California's attack go. Hits line with jarring force. Picks up breakaway speed in secondary. Didn't play much defense but can—and well. Hardest man to tackle near scrimmage line in our All-America backfield. Has way of rolling shoulders that shakes off high tackles. Adept at making the difficult running pass—an ability that makes him especially dangerous on wide sweeps to the right. Significant quote from Georgia's Wally Butts: "I wouldn't care to run into that young man near the line of scrimmage. All he gives you to tackle is a lot of knees and elbows."

The film evidence on which Collier's board based its selections was collected from three sources: Warner Pathe newsreels; television movies of more than 100 outstanding games photographed by cameramen under the direction of Bob Hall, adviser on films for the selection board; and official game films submitted by the 39 colleges whose players last week were named on the All-East, All-Middle West, All-Far West, All-Southwest and All-South teams picked by the American Football Coaches Association.

Exclusive Film Evidence

The 59th All-America marks the beginning of Collier's long term pact with the American Football Coaches Association—an agreement which gives Collier's exclusive access to film evidence on every player on every play of every game. It is the first time indisputable film evidence has been the basis of selections.

What this means to coaches, players and fans is underscored by this comment from Harvey Harman of Rutgers, president of the Coaches Association:

"The motion-picture camera is the only unbiased, all-seeing spectator at every football game. The motion-picture camera covers all 22 players on every play. Football coaches run and rerun pictures of past games 8 and 10 times to find out which players and what strategy succeeded or failed—and why.

"The motion-picture camera is the only agency which can compare the best players from one section against the best players from other sections. No coach, scout, reporter or fan can see more than 10 games in a season—perhaps 5 per cent of deserving All-America candidates.

"For all these reasons, the American Football Coaches Association endorses and commends Collier's 59th All-America—the authoritative All-America selected by scientific film methods that the coaches themselves use to analyze and train their own players."

It was fortunate that Collier's inaugurated its comprehensive film studies this year, because the 1948 selections were the most difficult in All-America history for two reasons:

First, the growth of the "two team" system—which divided many excellent squads into offensive and defensive units—tended to obscure individual performances. Many strong teams (notably, Michigan and Army) trained men as offensive or defensive specialists.

Secondly, there was an outbreak of spurious "preseason All-America" selections. Publications attempting to imi-



tate Collier's All-America presented All-Star predictions hot off the mimeograph machines of the college press agents. In early September, before the first college kickoff, the following headline names were unanimous selections on various All-Mimeograph elevens: Bill Fischer, Notre Dame guard; Rod Franz, California guard; Chuck Bednarik, Penn center; Barney Poole, Mississippi end; Doak Walker, Southern Methodist back; Norm Van Brocklin, Oregon passer; Charlie Justice, North Carolina back.

At season's end, after Collier's cameras had pierced the fog of propaganda surrounding the All-Mimeograph elevens, only three ballyhooed stars broke into the All-America line-up: Bednarik, Walker and Justice. Bill Fischer, Notre Dame's guard-captain, was a typical casualty. Throughout the season Fischer's excellent work was highly commended by fans and writers, while Notre Dame's other guard, Marty Wendell, was shrugged off with little comment.

Frank Leahy, the Notre Dame coach, explained: "Basically, there is little or no difference between Wendell and Fischer. They are wonderful boys who give 100 per cent effort. But this year an elbow injury kept Fischer out of one game and reduced his effectiveness in two or three others. Wendell was consistently excellent offensively and defensively."

Collier's camera surveys revealed interesting and significant concentrations of material. The South and Southwest had the best backs. The Middle West had the top linemen, but failed to develop backs comparable to the 1947 headliners. The East reached a postwar high and produced two teams (Penn State and Army) capable of challenging the best in other sections. The Far West—deep in

its postwar slump—has a long way to go to regain parity with the Middle West.

While the game films were being canned for shipment to the colleges whose players merited consideration, the coaches got into an argument over what system would best exploit the terrific offensive potential in the 59th All-America.

Leahy, Cravath, Butts, Little and Harman held out for the T-formation; while Bell, Tuss McLaughry and Bernie Bierman voted for the single wing.

A Strong Case for the "T"

"Think of the possibilities," Leahy remarked to Butts. "Four ponies who can pass or run. You couldn't build a defense to shackle any two or three of them, because the fourth could break up the game—running or passing—from any position."

"And the variations," Lou Little said. "Can't you see that Scott breaking around end on a direct pass from center the first time anybody tightened up the line to stop Jensen?"

"But in the single and double wing," Bell pointed out, "you could break those fast backs and ends into the secondary quicker and hit them with passes. Can you imagine a pass defense that could contain Walker, Scott, Tamburo and Brodnax? With Justice or Jensen throwing and maybe running instead, once the traffic thinned out?"

"You could go back to the flying wedge and still win with this outfit," Cravath declared.

"It's a team that could go 60 minutes if it had to," Harman added.

"But it's better when a team doesn't have to go 60 minutes," Little said.

"The growth of the two-team system this fall may have displeased some of the fans, but it's been a good thing for football and for the players."

McLaughry nodded. "The players like it, and anything the players like, I'm for."

"It's a problem," Little admitted. "With every team using more substitutes, and many teams alternating offensive and defensive line-ups, the spectator has a hard time identifying the players. But the spectators are seeing better, faster football. I believe this season produced the finest football the fans have ever seen."

"I like what Tuss McLaughry said," Butts declared. "The players want liberal substitutions and that's good enough for me. The fun in football is getting into the game on Saturday. This year almost every team used players who wouldn't have had a chance of getting into a game before the war, when substitution rules were strict. Now you can take a chance on a boy for two or three plays but you wouldn't dare use that same boy if you had to keep him in there for a whole quarter on offense and defense."

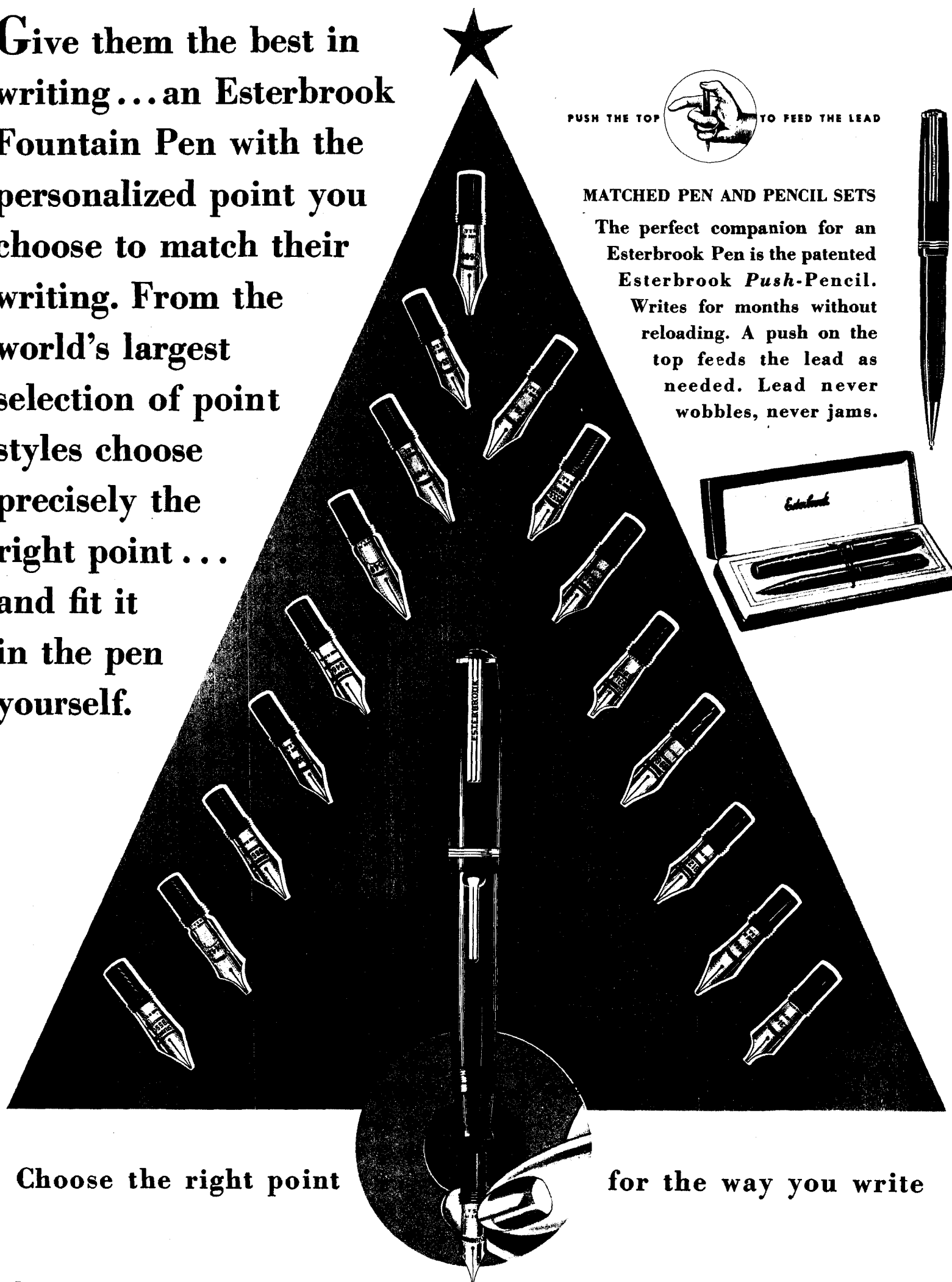
Little shrugged into his coat. "We've picked a real ball club," he said. "Now let's go home."

Television receivers can bring Collier's 1948 All-America right into your own home on Friday night, December 10th, on Bob Hall's show, Philco Touchdown.

The telecast will go out over the following stations: WNBC, New York; WNBW, Washington; KSD-TV, St. Louis; WBKD, Chicago; WJTV, Detroit; WSB-TV, Atlanta; WNAC-TV, Boston; WPTZ, Philadelphia; WSPD-TV, Toledo; WBAL-TV, Baltimore; WTVR, Richmond, Va.; WEWS, Cleveland; WBN-TV, Buffalo; WTMJ-TV, Milwaukee, Wis.; KTSL, Los Angeles; WLWT, Cincinnati; WRGB, Albany-Schenectady; WATV, Newark; KDYL, Salt Lake City; KSTP, Minneapolis; and WBAP-TV, Fort Worth.

Collier's for December 11, 1948

Give them the best in writing...an Esterbrook Fountain Pen with the personalized point you choose to match their writing. From the world's largest selection of point styles choose precisely the right point... and fit it in the pen yourself.



PUSH THE TOP TO FEED THE LEAD

MATCHED PEN AND PENCIL SETS

The perfect companion for an Esterbrook Pen is the patented Esterbrook *Push-Pencil*. Writes for months without reloading. A push on the top feeds the lead as needed. Lead never wobbles, never jams.

Choose the right point

for the way you write

Get an Esterbrook for yourself, too... with the right point for the way *you* write.

Esterbrook®
FOUNTAIN PEN

In case of damage, you can replace your favorite point yourself—at any pen counter.

FORECAST: *a Crisp and Comfortable Shirt*

You'll "register" year-'round comfort and confidence in a PERFECTO shirt. There's an easy fit to the smooth "contour shoulder", a tailored touch to the well-turned cuffs. Six smart collar styles plus a wide selection of quality Sanforized* fabrics in whites, solid colors, and patterns.

*Fabric Shrinkage less than 1%.

THE WEEK'S PREVIEW

Continued from page 46

But it is the wholesome talents of Teresa Wright with which we're tangling. As the stepped-on orphan she progresses in a calm and capable way from Cinderella to raving beauty, firmly grappling with your emotions as she goes, wringing big tears from you.

Now to Teresa's life: Born in New York on October 27, 1920, her mother died when Teresa was seven. She went to Columbia High, in Maplewood, New Jersey, and on the day she received an autographed picture from Helen Hayes, she decided to become an actress.

Broadway Was a Soft Touch

After wrestling props and playing little girls at the Wharf Theatre in Provincetown (where Bette Davis had learned how to act) for two years, little Teresa decided Broadway was ready for her. Did long hungry months of discouragement follow? They did not! Miss Wright had barely tacked Helen Hayes over the mantel of her New York digs, when a call came from Jed Harris, and she found herself understudying the lead in *Our Town*. Later she played the part on the road.

Another summer of stock, then Teresa gunned her way into the role of Mary, in *Life With Father*, which opened back when Father was still a boy. Sam Goldwyn caught her in the part and she wound up in Hollywood being sweet and young in that vial of vitriol, *The Little Foxes*.

Teresa arrived in Hollywood and almost turned the joint upside down by reporting for work immediately. "She always seemed to be panting a little," William Wyler, who directed *The Foxes*, recalls.

Such devotion to duty pays off. In a year Teresa was playing Mrs. Lou Gehrig opposite Gary Cooper's Lou in *Pride of the Yankees*. While she was doing it, she met Niven Busch, then Mr. Goldwyn's story editor. Niven saw her in the daily rushes and fell in love with her. One day

he called up her agent and wangled an introduction. Six months later they were engaged, then in May, 1942, married.

Today the Busches live without a swimming pool in a simple ranch house overlooking the San Fernando Valley. They have three dogs, six cats and several horses, which keep breaking loose and galloping off in the general direction of Gene Autry's studio.

"They want to star," observes Teresa, as the family piles in the car and gives chase.

The Busches also have four children. Busch has two by a former marriage. He and Teresa have two—a boy and a girl. It is a happy little madhouse from which Busch escapes to an office when he has a novel spawning.

Most Busch novels are written with Mama in mind for the screen play. Teresa was booked to play the Jennifer Jones part in *Duel in the Sun*, but had to bow out because she was expecting at the time. She always gives Niven advice when he's writing, and he isn't averse to kibitzing her about a new part.

On the personable side, Teresa is five feet two and a half, about 105, has brown hair and green eyes. She likes to garden, and hates to play card or parlor games. She's shy of snakes and phony parts. She likes to eat, doesn't smoke and likes to get her eight hours per night. She'd just as soon go on playing good girls as long as they're good enough. She's absent-minded and often wears a new dress with the price tags waving.

Her great extravagance is buying a dozen hats at a time—and not wearing any of them.

As for Mr. Goldwyn, we are reliably informed he is enchanted with Enchantment. When he first viewed it after its assembling, he is said to have cried out between tears of pride and emotion, "It's a beautiful picture. I love it so much I don't want to make any money from it. I just want everybody in the world to see it."

PERFECTO
Shirt
SANFORIZED

by
Rice-Stix

KERRY KUT SHORTS
for men & boys

Other men's and boys' wear
manufactured by Rice-Stix

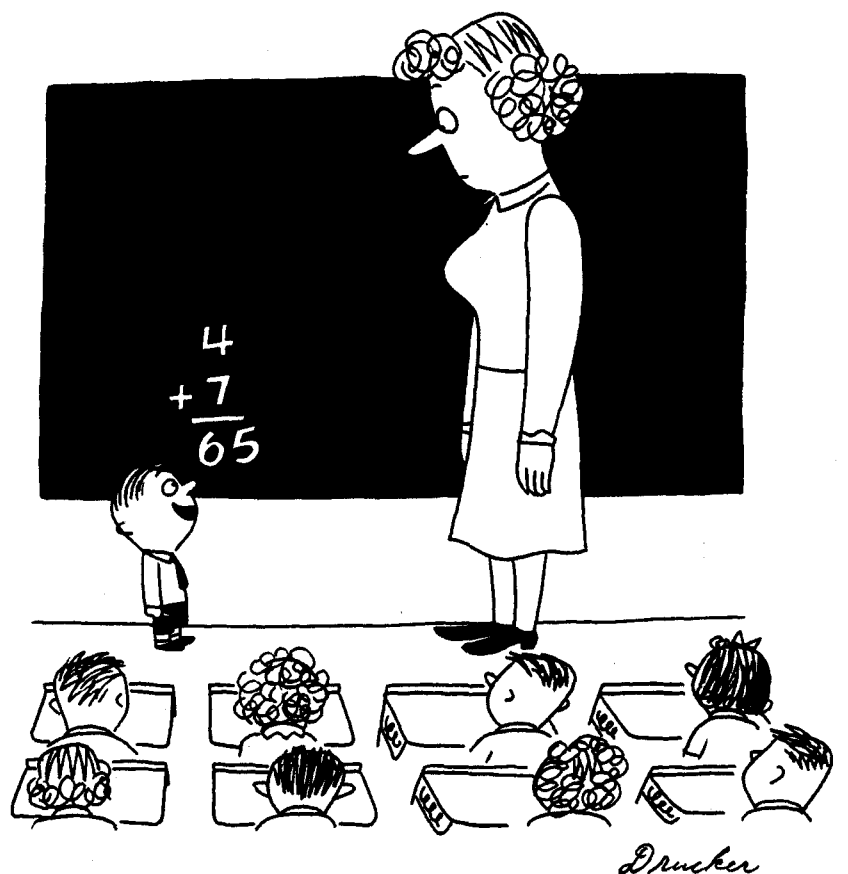
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KERRY KNIGHT
PAJAMAS
for men

BOY BLUE
SHIRTS
for boys

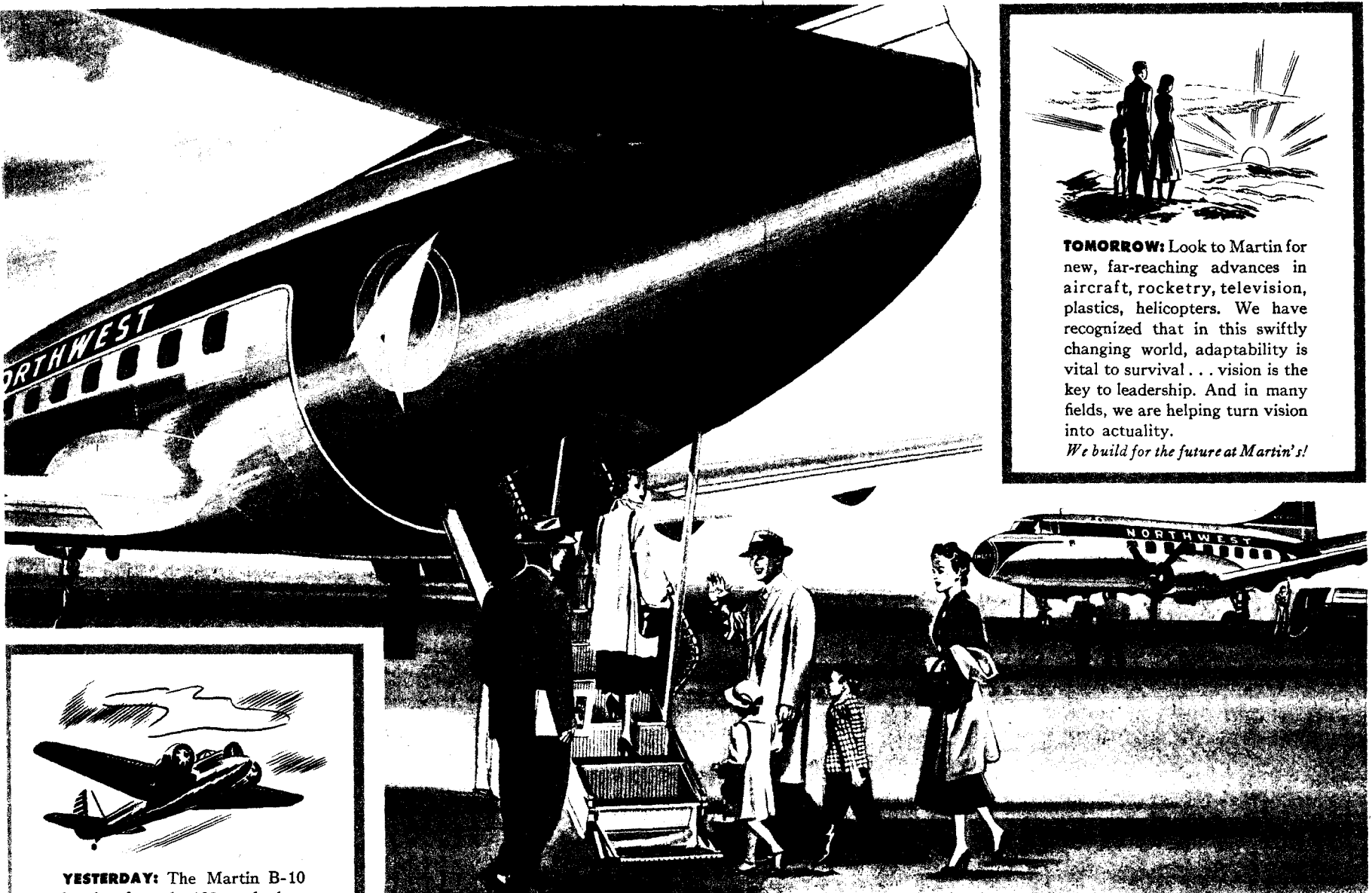
PADDLE & SADDLE
SPORT SHIRTS
for men & boys

BOY BLUE PAJAMAS
for boys



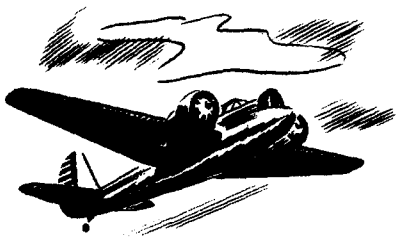
"How's that for a shot in the dark?"

BORIS DRUCKER



TOMORROW: Look to Martin for new, far-reaching advances in aircraft, rocketry, television, plastics, helicopters. We have recognized that in this swiftly changing world, adaptability is vital to survival . . . vision is the key to leadership. And in many fields, we are helping turn vision into actuality.

We build for the future at Martin's!



YESTERDAY: The Martin B-10 bomber, faster by 100 m.p.h. than the best bombardment aircraft of its day and speedier than most pursuit ships, won the 1932 Collier Trophy for Glenn L. Martin. Ten years later, these tough old-timers, serving with the Netherlands East Indies Air Force, sank several Jap ships and shot down many modern Jap fighters.

Stairway to Speed

The 2-0-2 Airliner...

ANOTHER GREAT MARTIN PLANE!

SPEED . . . to cruise 100 m.p.h. faster than the twin-engine planes it replaces. **SPEED** . . . to gain *time, time, time* for business or pleasure.

And this modern Martin airliner ranks high in comfort, too . . . with cloud-soft seats, modern heating and ventilating, extra-large non-fogging windows. Ranks high in dependability . . . with heated ice-free wings and tail surfaces, rubber fuel tanks. Ranks high in service . . . its short landing

and take-off distances enable the 2-0-2 to bring high-speed luxury service to smaller airports as well as large cities.

Record-breaking performance...yes! But setting new aviation standards is a Martin habit! From the Martin-built plane which made the first over-ocean flight in 1912

. . . through the Martin B-10 which obsoleted all other bombers in 1931 . . . to the 30-ton Martin PBM-5A Mariner, world's largest amphibian . . . Martin has continually broken through aviation's frontiers! Ever upward—ever onward—ever seeking to develop the legacy of flight—for you, your children and your children's children! That is Martin's performance in the *past* and promise for the *future*! The Glenn L. Martin Co., Baltimore 3, Md.

Martin

AIRCRAFT

Builders of Dependable Aircraft Since 1909



1909



1918



1929



1931



1934



1937



1940



1942



1948

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MANUFACTURERS OF: Marvinol resins (Martin Chemicals Division) • Martin 2-0-2 airliners • Advanced military aircraft • Revolutionary rockets and missiles • Aerial gun turrets • **DEVELOPERS OF:** Rotary wing aircraft (Martin Rotawings Division) • New type hydraulic automotive and aircraft brake

• Mareng fuel tanks (licensed to U. S. Rubber Co.) • Honeycomb construction material (licensed to U. S. Plywood Corp.) • Stratovision aerial rebroadcasting (in conjunction with Westinghouse Electric Corp.) • **LEADERS IN RESEARCH** to guard the peace and build better living in many far-reaching fields.

HIS
EXCELLENCY "UU"
Expansion bracelet
21 jewels
\$71.50

HIS
EXCELLENCY "FF"
21 jewels
\$57.50

EXCELLENCY
21 jewels
\$59.50

EXCELLENCY
21 jewels
available in yellow
\$59.50

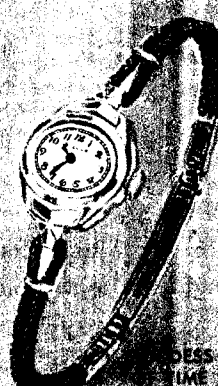
HER
EXCELLENCY
21 jewels, 2 diamonds
14 kt. gold. Also
available in yellow
\$125.00

FROM THE
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21 Jewels

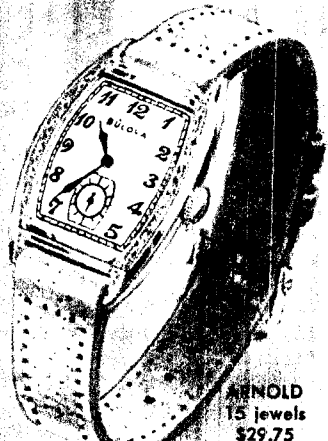
Excellency Group

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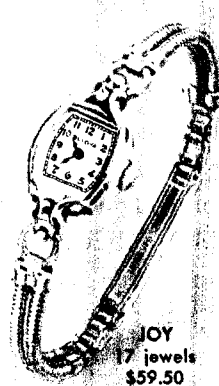
CHRISTMAS !



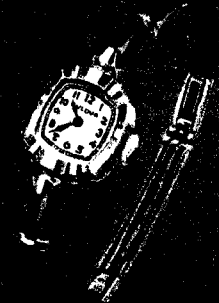
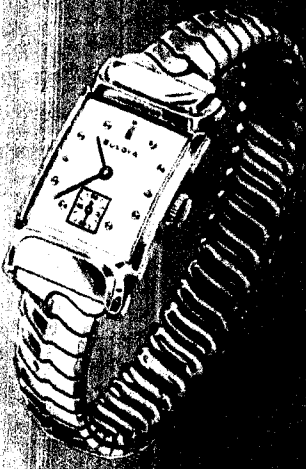
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JOY
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THE SHEIK IT WAS WHO DIED

Continued from page 23

The Inspector glanced at the tapestried wall of the harem and noted that the hangings moved. His voice was clear as he went on, "It was, of course, known to me that your brother had taken a second wife, one named Furja, and was soon to be blessed with child. The hope of an heir must have made him very happy."

"He was a man of years, twelve more than I, but the hope made him young." "And the Lady Mariya shared his joy?" Chafik asked delicately.

"What man knows what a woman thinks? But she nurses Furja. To bring her shineena while she rested was surely an act of kindness—"

Inspector Chafik said softly, "Do you say 'surely' because you wish to convince yourself?"

Jabir's slender hands tightened on the camel-stick and bent it. His mouth was a thin line. Then, yielding with distaste, he said, "If there is doubt in me it is caused by rumor. It is known she sorrowed because the years were barren. And when he took a young wife and a child was conceived—"

"Rumor suggests jealousy was also conceived?"

Jabir stood up, his eyes clouded by anger. "They say the bowl was prepared for Furja. They say it was only chance my brother came hot from the hunt, entered the harem, took the bowl and drank. Otherwise—" The camel-stick snapped between his convulsive hands and he threw the fragments to the ground. "By God and by God, this

thought is indeed evil!" he said bitterly. "May wisdom guide you to prove it a lie, for, in truth, I am blinded by my brother's body and can think only of vengeance." . . .

Inspector Chafik stood in the doorway of the harem. With an exquisite bow he expressed respect for the two wives of Ibn-al-Karibi, and sorrow for their loss of a husband. He said, "The name is Chafik J. Chafik. I am of the police. Am I permitted to enter?"

A woman reclined on a divan near the partition of the *makaad*. She was young and pretty. Her arms were heavy with bangles, her hands with rings, and her body with child.

Chafik said, "A thousand pardons! If the moment is inopportune, I will withdraw."

A deep voice replied from the shadows, "Furja is strong enough to answer your questions. Enter."

He bowed again. The second woman, who had risen from a stool, was aged by desert standards, but traces of great beauty lingered in her face, which had the clean lines of an etching.

"You are the Lady Mariya, Al Khatoon," he said, giving the title of honor accorded the elder wife of a great sheik.

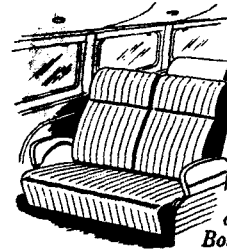
"What would you hear from us?" "The story of what happened here. I regret the necessity of asking you to relive events which brought you such sorrow, but—"

"I am not weak," Mariya said, glancing at the other woman. "We shared

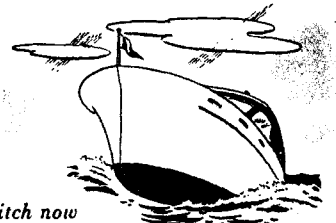
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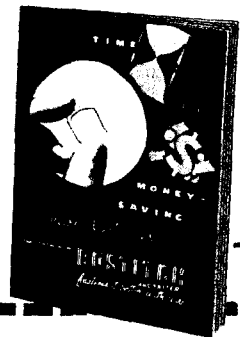
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Only one cockroach out of four wiggles its antennae when exposed to the odor of oil of cloves.



Acoustician,
Pennsylvania
State College

A mosquito drops dead in 10 seconds when it hears a sound pitched at 30,000 cycles.



Surgeon,
Johns
Hopkins

A cat becomes ultraplacid when part of its forebrain is removed, and superferocious when all the forebrain is removed.



Physicist,
Bloomfield,
New Jersey

A rotten egg glows purple when exposed to ultraviolet light.



Agriculturist,
University of
Wyoming

Eggs will hatch at 7,000 feet above sea level if the incubator is flooded with oxygen.



Hematologist,
Cornell
University

The dog and the pig are the only mammals besides man that suffer from hemophilia.



—W. E. FARBSTAIN