



"Mind if I keep this?" Brokaw said. "I had to light out of that store so fast I didn't even have time to lay my hands on tobacco"

THE MAKINGS

BY NORMAN A. FOX

THEY had a fire going behind the bluff overlooking Hibbs' place when Fremont came quartering up. He saw the shapes of men and rifles black against it, and there was something else that interested him, too, something intangible in the starlight. There had to be a name for it. Coming down from his horse, he kept his head below the level of the bluff; this was instinct, but it gave him the word he sought: Fear.

He stood, a tall, saddle-gaunted man grown gray at the temples. He said, "They told me in town."

Fitch Littlefield stirred among the assembled dozen. "So that's where you were! We combed the Rocking Chair fine for you."

It was there again, in Littlefield's voice, the fear.

Fremont touched his thumb to the circle of pasteboard dangling from his shirt pocket. "I run out of tobacco, Sheriff. It was closer to the crossroads than to the bunkhouse."

Barney Sands moved up. To his dim bulk Fremont gave a nod that held as much deference as a cow-country em-

ployer demanded. "You've got him cornered, Barney?"

"He's holding down Hibbs' shack. Alone."

Fremont looked around. "Ain't there enough of you?"

"More dead men won't bring the Dutchman back to life," Littlefield said. "What kind of a man is Brokaw? Will he crumble if we rush him?"

"Barney could have told you," Fremont said. "We both went to work for Barney the same day."

"I never really knew him," Barney Sands said. "Maybe he was just hungry and edgy and the store looked soft to him, and the Dutchman made the wrong move. Maybe he's turned into a .45-caliber badman. He had the makings."

"To hell he did," somebody said and giggled. "I knew Curly when he rode this range. All his money went to poker and girls. Never met him but what the first thing he did was borrow my tobacco and papers."

Littlefield said, "What are we up against, Fremont?"

FREMONT shook his head. Funny that when you hadn't seen a man for so long you'd forgot his face, you could still remember his smile. Funny it was always the little things that stuck. He said, "Curly and me lit out of Texas twelve years ago. We trailed north. We had a lot of fun together. We went to work for Barney, but Brokaw didn't stick. He was fiddle-footed."

"But you knew him," Littlefield persisted. "You got him out of a few scrapes in those days. Will he crumble?"

"I don't think so. Let me go talk to him."

Sands said, "I don't want to lose a good man."

Fremont's voice turned cold. "He should have a chance to speak his piece."

Sands shrugged. "You always was a damn fool as far as he was concerned."

"We had a lot of fun together," Fremont said.

Littlefield scowled. "If there's trouble, crack a cap."

Fremont said, "He'll listen to me, Sheriff. Isn't that what you were thinking when you combed Rocking Chair fine?" He gave his gun belt a hitch and crawled to the crest of the bluff and cupped his hands to his mouth. He called, "Curly! It's me, Steve Fremont. I'm coming down there, Curly."

Below him lay the shack, tar paper silvered by starshine, this bleak homestead breaking an immensity of space. Fremont walked down the slant without haste, keeping his hands hanging straight down. He came to the fence, and his shirt was sticking under the arms, and he wondered then what counted with men, the things they did together at twenty, or what they had become at thirty. He thought: Why did he have to come back to this range? The yard was hard packed and gray with the emptying of much dishwater. The shack's door opened slightly, and Curly Brokaw said, "I don't like this, Fremont!"

Fremont said, "Let me in, Curly," making it friendly.

The one room was cluttered and odoriferous, and starlight came through the window. Brokaw said, when the door was closed, "There's a slew of them out there, eh?" and all the fear wasn't on the other side of the bluff.

Fremont said, "Too many for you, Curly. Will you walk back with me?"

The years had leaned down Brokaw, but they were still of a build. The floor creaked with the uneasy movement of Brokaw's body. He said, "You here as a friend, Steve?"

Fremont said, "The Dutchman wasn't much to me. But he had no harm in him. There don't need to be any more dead men."

"I didn't mean to shoot him," Brokaw's voice trembled. "I only wanted to

fill a tow sack full of grub. Why did he crowd me?" He paused, and Fremont could feel the fear rising till it swirled in the darkness. "They'll hang me, Steve!"

"They let me come because they know we was friends," Fremont said. "I'm trying to make it easy for you."

Brokaw drew in a hard breath. "I should have known you came to help me. All you've got to do is stay here, partner. I'll walk out. They'll hold their fire, not being sure."

Fremont shook his head.

Brokaw smiled, and Fremont saw the smile in the starlight; it was the old smile, even with the fear in it. "You wouldn't want to be the one who leads me to the rope," Brokaw said. "Not after the times we had together. On a stack of Bibles, I never meant that store man harm. All I want is the chance to get through that door."

"To hit another store on another range?"

"I'll get me a new name and a job. So help me!"

There was the echo of Barney Sands' voice in this room saying, "You always was a damn fool as far as he was concerned."

"I've been ten years on this range," Fremont said slowly. "I won't have a friend."

"Ten years of being somebody's faithful dog. Ten years of growing on people. I can guess how you've stacked up, Steve. They'll forgive you a heap. They'd do the same if they'd been as close as you and me."

There was an inevitability here that was too great for Fremont, and he wondered if this was what had brought him here, really. He said wearily, "I never was able to hold out against you. I'll give you your start. But you're a fool unless you keep that gun cased. A shot will fetch them running."

Brokaw let out a long-drawn sigh. "Another hour and I'd have busted down and took my chance. It's been plain hell, Steve. Not even a smoke. Have you got the makings?"

Fremont took out the new tobacco sack and tossed it to a table. Brokaw reached for it and made a cigarette, stepping beyond the window to light it. His face, stark in the matchlight, had grown more gaunt, but the old recklessness was there. He said, "Thanks. Mind if I keep this? You can get more. I had to light out of that store so fast I didn't even have time to lay my hands on tobacco." And he pocketed the sack and turned toward the door.

THERE was no thought in Fremont, only a stirring in his stomach. He said, "I've changed my mind, Curly. I'm not letting you go."

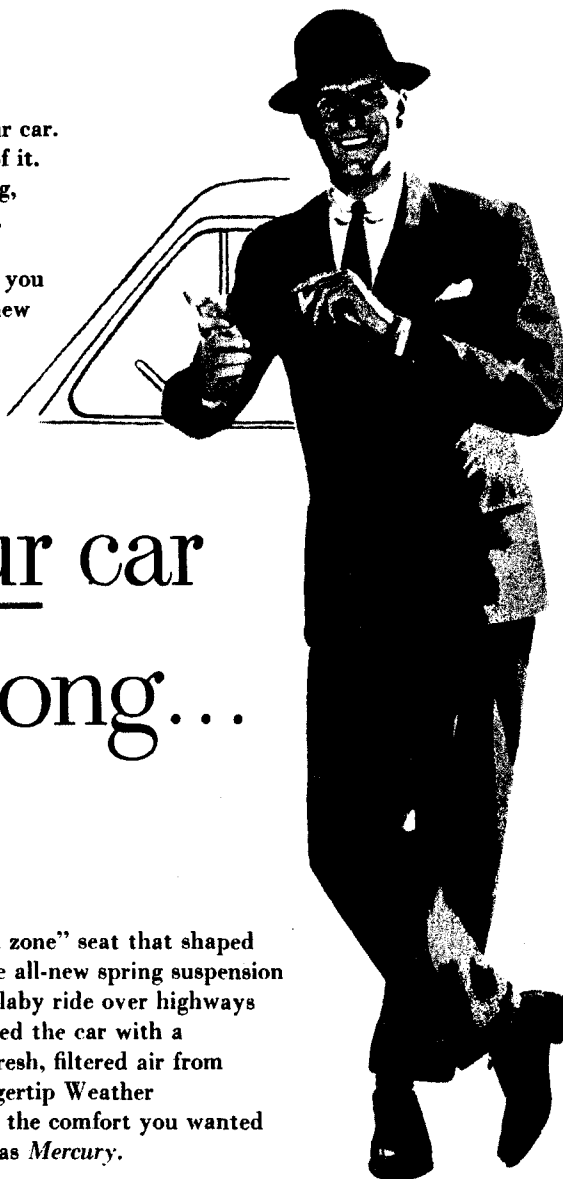
A hard sucking at the cigarette revealed Brokaw. His face was an animal's. He said, "I was afraid of that."

Fremont tried for his gun then, but Brokaw was faster. He'd always been faster. Sound filled the shack, and fire was in it, and pain, and Fremont went to the floor, numbed and voiceless, his right arm of no use to him. He went down with the sound of the door slamming; he heard the beat of boots across the yard and the shouts and the rifle fire and the thud of a tall man falling.

He lay there waiting for them to come to him, and he was remembering the man who had made a joke about the makings. Funny how it was always the little things that stuck. Yet it was true: Brokaw had never had the price of tobacco. Some men worked for their needings, and some men leaned on the ones who worked, and in a little thing like that you could see the pattern of a man's living. And the way Curly's pattern ran, sooner or later there'd be another dead man on another range. So—. But Fremont was still remembering Curly's smile, and he was very sick. . . . ★★

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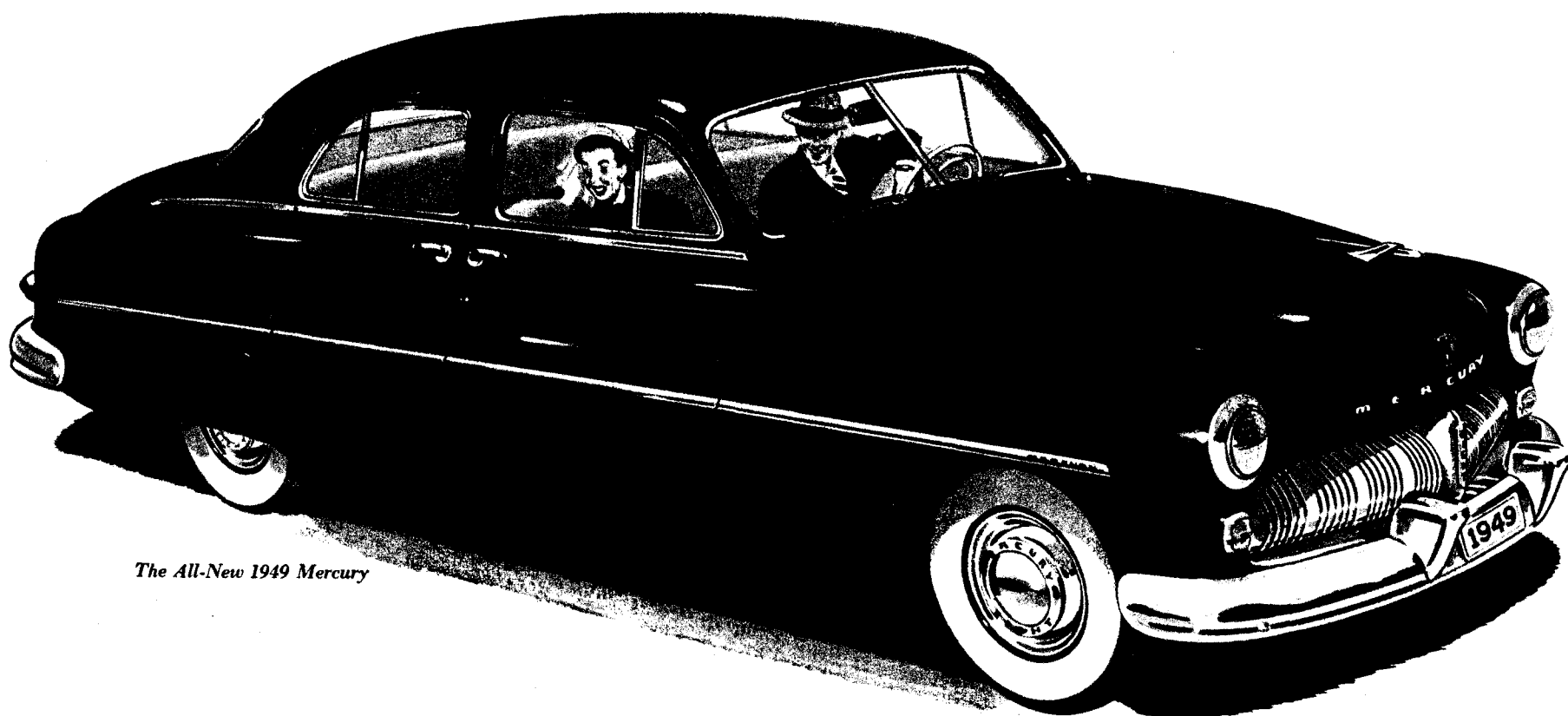
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THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

Continued from page 23

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three ranking American officers in London, Admiral Ghormley, General James E. Chaney and General Raymond E. Lee.

In the background of this meeting was serious disagreement, albeit at long range, between the American and British Chiefs of Staff as to the defensibility of Britain itself and the wisdom of continuing to attempt to hold the Middle East.

It was questionable, the Americans felt, whether the British should be diverting substantial numbers of men and quantities of supplies to the Middle East when all of them might be needed for the desperate defense of the United Kingdom.

After the Prime Minister had opened the meeting Hopkins immediately got down to the root of the matter. He stated the American attitude bluntly, saying:

Insofar as I am concerned, I am absolutely convinced that if it is decided to continue the campaign in the Middle East, the United States has got to send supplies there. . . . Our Chiefs of Staff—the men who make the big decisions on all matters relating to defense—believe that the British Empire is making too many sacrifices in trying to maintain an indefensible position in the Middle East. . . . Now the President has a somewhat different attitude. He shares the belief that British chances in the Middle East are not too good. But he realizes that the British have got to fight the enemy wherever they find him. He is, therefore, more inclined to support continuing the campaign in the Middle East.

I know perfectly well that all of you here in Britain are determined to go on fighting to hold the Middle East at all costs and that it's difficult for you to understand the American attitude. But—you have got to remember that we in the United States just simply do not understand your problems in the Middle East. . . .

Hopkins added:

So far as I know we have no plans to provide naval escorts for our ships going to the Middle East. They will have to take their own chances of getting through.

Japan's Motives Analyzed

Churchill then said that he felt conditions were improving in the Battle of the Atlantic and would improve still further in view of the increased activities of the U.S. Navy as they had been outlined to him by Hopkins. He was convinced that the Japanese would not enter the war until they were certain that the British Empire was beaten. He was convinced that the Japanese did not want to fight the United States and the British Empire together. (This conviction, shared by Roosevelt, was of enormous importance in the formulation of policy prior to Pearl Harbor.)

Churchill said that, in the event of a Japanese attack on British possessions in the Far East, Singapore of course would hold out, but the Japanese navy would constitute a very grave threat to the whole traffic along the Eastern trade routes and might well offer serious threats to Australia and New Zealand. Needless to say, the situation would be entirely different if the United States were to enter the war in the Pacific after Japan had attacked Britain.

Hopkins realized all too clearly that, in one vitally important respect, the discussions at the Atlantic Conference would be held in a vacuum without some real knowledge of the situation and the prospects on the Russian front. Since all deliberation on all phases of the war

at that time, including American production and Lend-Lease, depended on the question of how long Russia could hold out, Hopkins decided that he should make a quick trip to Moscow and try to get an answer to that question from Stalin himself.

He asked Churchill whether it would be possible to fly to Moscow and return within a week. Churchill informed him that the R.A.F. Coastal Command had recently opened up a new air route for PBY (Catalina) flying boats from Invergordon in Scotland around the North Cape of Norway to Archangel; a few flights had already been made on this extremely difficult route. Churchill was not enthusiastic about the idea of Hopkins taking so long and hazardous a trip.

Seeking F.D.R.'s Approval

However, Hopkins was excited at the thought of it and on Friday evening, July 25th, he and Winant drafted the following cable to Roosevelt:

For the President only: I am wondering whether you would think it important and useful for me to go to Moscow? Air transportation good and can reach there in twenty-four hours. I have a feeling that everything possible should be done to make certain the Russians maintain a permanent front even though they be defeated in this immediate battle.

If Stalin could in any way be influenced at a critical time I think it would be worth doing by direct communication from you through a personal envoy. I think the stakes are so great that it should be done. Stalin would then know in an unmistakable way that we mean business on a long-term supply job. . . . Everybody here in good spirits but realize that the Russian business gives them only a temporary breather. Everyone here asks about you and are delighted to know that you are in good health.

HARRY

It was late Saturday evening when he received Roosevelt's reply:

Welles and I highly approve Moscow trip and assume you would go in a few days. I will send you tonight a message for Stalin.

All well here. Tell Former Naval Person (Churchill) our concurrent action in regard to Japan is, I think, bearing fruit. I hear their government much upset and no conclusive future policy has been determined on. Tell him also in great confidence that I have suggested to Nomura that Indo-China be neutralized by Britain, Dutch, Chinese, Japan and ourselves placing Indo-China somewhat in status of Switzerland. Japan to get rice and fertilizer but all on condition that Japan withdraw armed forces from Indo-China in toto. I have had no answer yet. When it comes it will probably be unfavorable but we have at least made one more effort to avoid Japanese expansion to South Pacific.

The first, short paragraph in that cable provided Presidential authorization for one of the most extraordinarily important and valuable missions of the whole war. Within twenty-four hours of its arrival, Hopkins was on his way.

Before Hopkins left Chequers, where he was spending the week end, Churchill told him in minutest detail of the efforts that Britain was making and planned to make to bring aid to Russia. He talked with his usual vigor and eloquence of the importance of Russia in the battle against Hitler.

Hopkins asked if he could repeat any of this to Stalin.

"Tell him, tell him," Churchill said. "Tell him that Britain has but one ambi-

tion today, but one desire—to crush Hitler. Tell him that he can depend upon us. . . . Goodbye—God bless you, Harry."

Hopkins then drove with Harriman and his daughter, Kathleen, to London, where he was to take the train for Invergordon, Scotland. He had no time to go back to his hotel. (Hopkins did not pay his hotel bill until six weeks later.) As the train was pulling out, Winant ran up and, through the car window, handed Hopkins his passport, containing Malsky's handwritten visa—which proved to be a total waste of time and effort since no one in Russia ever looked at the passport.

The only authority that Hopkins carried with him on this strange, sudden journey, aside from the passport, was a cable which had arrived that day from Sumner Welles, Acting Secretary of State:

The President asks that you give Stalin in the President's name this message:

"Mr. Hopkins is going to Moscow at my request to discuss with you personally, and with such other officials as you may designate, a question of vital importance—how to make available most expeditiously and effectively the assistance that the United States of America is able to render your country in the magnificent resistance which it is making against the treacherous aggression of Hitlerite Germany. . . .

"Mr. Hopkins will communicate your views to me directly, including what you consider the most pressing individual problems involving American assistance. I ask you to treat him with the identical confidence you would feel if you were talking directly to me.

"In conclusion may I express the great admiration which we in the United States feel for the superb bravery of the Russian people in their fight for the independence of Russia and in the defense of their liberty. . . .

It may be recalled as Hopkins took off on this long (twenty and a half hours) and dangerous flight that once he had refused to get into an airplane with Rex Tugwell for a brief sight-seeing flight over Boulder Dam, saying, "No—god-damit—I'm scared!" But then he had a home and family and powerful personal ambition to live for, whereas now he considered himself expendable.

A New "High" in Handshaking

At the airport in Moscow, Hopkins was met by the American ambassador, Laurence A. Steinhardt, and a large reception committee. He wrote, "In Russia I shook hands as I have never shaken hands before."

The next day at 6:30 P.M., Steinhardt took him to the Kremlin to meet Stalin. Hopkins' report to the President of that meeting follows:

I told Mr. Stalin that I came as personal representative of the President. The President considered Hitler the enemy of mankind and that he therefore wished to aid the Soviet Union in its fight against Germany.

I told him that my mission was not a diplomatic one in the sense that I did not propose any formal understanding of any kind or character. . . .

Describing Hitler and Germany, Mr. Stalin spoke of the necessity of there being a minimum moral standard between all nations and without such a minimum moral standard nations could not coexist. He stated that the present leaders of Germany knew no such minimum moral standard and that, therefore, they represented an antisocial force in the present world. The Germans were a people, he said, who without a second's

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thought would sign a treaty today, break it tomorrow and sign a second one the following day. Nations must fulfill their treaty obligations, he said, or international society could not exist.

When he completed his general summary of the Soviet Union's attitude toward Germany he said, "Therefore, our views coincide."

I told Mr. Stalin that the question of aid to the Soviet Union was divided into two parts. First, what would Russia most require that the United States could deliver immediately and, second, what would be Russia's requirements on the basis of a long war?

Stalin listed in the first category the immediate need of, first, anti-aircraft guns of medium caliber of from 20 to 37 mm., together with ammunition. . .

Second, he asked for large-size machine guns for the defense of his cities.

Third, he said he heard there were many rifles available in the United States and he believed their caliber corresponded to the caliber used in his army. He stated that he needed one million or more such rifles. I asked Mr. Stalin if he needed ammunition for these rifles and he replied that if the caliber was the same as the one used by the Red Army, "We have plenty."

In the second category, namely, the supplies needed for a long-range war, he mentioned, first, high-octane aviation gasoline, second, aluminum for the construction of airplanes and third, the other items already mentioned in the list presented to our government in Washington.

At this point in the conversation Mr. Stalin suddenly made the remark, "Give us anti-aircraft guns and the aluminum and we can fight for three or four years . . ."

Mr. Stalin stated that he would be glad if we would send any technicians that we could to the Soviet Union to help train his own airmen in the use of these planes. He stated that his own airmen would show us everything about the Russian equipment, which he stated we would find very interesting. . .

I told Mr. Stalin that my stay in Moscow must be brief . . . Mr. Stalin replied, "You are our guest; you have but to command." He told me he would be at my disposal every day from six to seven. It was then agreed that I confer with representatives of the Red Army at ten o'clock that night.

Later that evening Hopkins engaged in technical discussion with General Yakovlev, an artilleryman, of the Red Army, General McNarney and Major Yeaton. Most of the discussion was of the items previously mentioned by Stalin.

Puzzled by Red Army General

Hopkins asked Yakovlev if he couldn't think of other items that the Army might need and Yakovlev—doubtless with the utmost reluctance—said that he could think of nothing else, that the most important items had been covered. In the minutes of this meeting appears the following revealing passage:

Mr. Hopkins stated that he was surprised that General Yakovlev did not mention tanks and anti-tank guns. General Yakovlev replied, I think we have enough. Mr. Hopkins remarked that many tanks were necessary when fighting this particular enemy. General Yakovlev agreed. When asked the weight of Russia's heaviest tank, General Yakovlev replied, it is a good tank. . . He went on further to say, I am not empowered to say whether we do or do not need tanks or anti-tank guns.

The United States and Britain eventually sent to the Soviet Union many tanks and anti-tank guns, but General Yakovlev was "not empowered" at that perilous moment to say whether they needed any.

On Hopkins' second day in Moscow,

July 31, 1941, he and Ambassador Steinhardt called upon Foreign Commissar Molotov in the Kremlin.

The main topic was the situation in the Far East and the growing menace of Japan.

In his report to the President on this conversation Hopkins did not record what he himself said in introducing the subject, since this would have no news value for Roosevelt. However, Steinhardt summarized it in a cable to the State Department, the first part of which follows:

Hopkins . . . made it clear that in the event of continued Japanese aggression the temper of the American public and the disposition of the President are to make no threat which would not be followed by action if necessary.

He stressed the fact that the long-standing amicable relations between the United States and Russia, which the American public has come to accept as assuring stability in the North Pacific, would be jeopardized by a Japanese venture in Siberia and said that the United States could not look with complacency on the occupation of any part of that area by Japan.

In this connection he stated that he had reason to believe that the Japanese government is awaiting the outcome of the great battle now in progress on the Soviet western frontier and that it might take action against the Soviet Union should the outcome of this battle be unfavorable to the Soviet Union. Molotov stated that he understood and appreciated the President's point of view.

Molotov's Suspicions of Japan

At this point Steinhardt's message joins up with Hopkins' report:

Mr. Molotov stated that while the Soviet-Japanese relations presumably had been fixed by, first, the conversations with Matsuoka and, secondly, the neutrality pact signed between the two countries nevertheless, the attitude of the new Japanese government toward the Soviet Union is uncertain and, since the Soviet government is by no means clear as to the policy which the Japanese government intends to pursue, it is watching the situation with the utmost care.

He stated that the one thing he thought would keep Japan from making an aggressive move would be for the President to find some appropriate means of giving Japan what Mr. Molotov described as a "warning."

While Mr. Molotov did not use the exact words, it was perfectly clear that the implication of his statement was that the warning would include a statement that the United States would come to the assistance of the Soviet Union in the event of its being attacked by Japan.

Mr. Molotov did not express any immediate concern that Japan was going to attack Russia, and on Russia's part Mr. Molotov stated repeatedly that Russia did not wish any difficulties with Japan.

It is interesting to note that Molotov expressed much the same point of view that Churchill had expressed previously and expressed again at the Atlantic Conference: that the United States should adopt a tough attitude toward Japan as a means of preventing further extension of the war in Asia.

When Hopkins returned to the Kremlin at 6:30 that evening for a three-hour meeting with Stalin he was unaccompanied by Steinhardt or anyone else. The interpreter was Maxim Litvinov, who had been the Soviet foreign commissar in the days of Geneva and "collective security" and then had disappeared into the vast silences after the Nazi-Soviet pact in August, 1939. Now, Hopkins said later, he seemed like a cutaway coat which had been laid in moth balls when Russia re-

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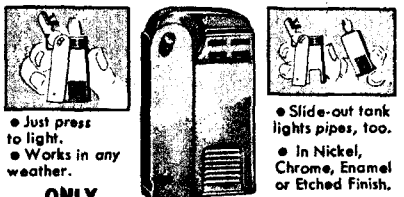
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treated into isolation from the West but which had now been brought out, dusted off and aired as a symbol of completely changed conditions.

Hopkins divided his report of this long meeting with Stalin into three parts. The first follows:

PART I

I told Mr. Stalin that the President was anxious to have his, Stalin's, appreciation and analysis of the war between Germany and Russia. Mr. Stalin outlined the situation as follows: He stated that in his opinion the German army had 175 divisions on Russia's western front at the outbreak of the war, and that since the outbreak of the war, this has been increased to 232 divisions; he believes that Germany can mobilize 300 divisions.

He stated that Russia had 180 divisions at the outbreak of the war but many of these were well back of the line of combat, and could not be quickly mobilized so that when the Germans struck it was impossible to offer adequate resistance. . . . At the present time he believes that Russia has a few more divisions than Germany, and places the number of Russian divisions at 240 in the front, with 20 in reserve. . . .

He is anxious to have as many of his divisions as possible in contact with the enemy because then the troops learn that Germans can be killed and are not supermen. This gives his divisions the same kind of confidence that a pilot gets after his first combat in the air. Stalin said that "nothing in warfare can take the place of actual combat," and he wants to have as many seasoned troops as possible for the great campaign which will come next spring. He stated that the German troops seemed to be tired, and the officers and men that they had captured had indicated they are "sick of war." . . .

He believes that the Germans underestimated the strength of the Russian army, and have not now enough troops on the whole front to carry on a successful offensive war and at the same time guard their extended lines of communications. . . .

Mr. Stalin stated that in his opinion Hitler fears that he has too many men on the Russian front, which may account for their preparing some defensive positions so that some of their divisions might be returned to the German western areas of actual or potential operation. . . . Stalin stated that the war has already shown that infantry divisions must include a larger number of mechanized units. While Russia had a large number of tank and motorized divisions—none of them were a match for the German Panzer division, but were far stronger than other German divisions. Hence the great pressure on the German infantry divisions, which caused the diversion of German armored equipment all along the line.

Stalin believes that Germany had 30,000 tanks at the outbreak of the Russian war. Russia herself had 24,000 tanks and 60 tank divisions with about 350 to 400 tanks in each division. They have always had about 50 tanks in each infantry division. . . .

Stalin says that even though the war has been going on only six weeks, his troops are meeting brand-new divisions at the front, and some of the original divisions seem to have been withdrawn. He believes that the morale of his own troops is extremely high and realizes that this is partly due to the fact that they are fighting for their homes and in familiar territory. He said that Germany has already found that "moving mechanized forces through Russia was very different from moving them over the boulevards of Belgium and France. . . ."

He believes that his largest tanks are better than the other German tanks, and that they have repeatedly shown their

superiority in the war to date. . . . He stated their present production of tanks was 1,000 per month. He stated they would be short of steel for tank manufacture and urged that orders for this steel be placed at once. He later said it would be much better if his tanks could be manufactured in the United States. He also wished to purchase as many of our tanks as possible to be ready for the spring campaign.

Stalin said the all-important thing was the production of tanks during the winter—the tank losses on both sides were very great but that Germany could produce more tanks per month this winter than Russia. Hence the aid of the United States in supplying steel and tanks is essential. He would like to send a tank expert to the United States. He stated that he would give the United States his tank designs. . . .

I asked Mr. Stalin about the location of his munitions plants. He did not reply to this in detail but indicated that about 75 per cent of the sum total of his munitions plants, the percentage varying depending on the type of plant, were in the general areas of which Leningrad, Moscow and Kiev were the centers.

I gained the impression from him that if the German army could move some 150 miles east of each of these centers, they would destroy almost 75 per cent of Russia's industrial capacity.

Stalin said they had dispersed a good many of their larger factories and were moving many machine tools eastward to escape the bombing attacks.

Stalin repeatedly stated that he did not underrate the German army. He stated that their organization was of the very best and that he believed that they had large reserves of food, men, supplies and fuel. He thinks that we may be underestimating Germany's oil supplies, and he bases this on the fact that under the two-year agreement they had with Germany the Germans asked for less fuel than the agreement provided for during the year 1940-41. He thought one weakness the British had was underestimating their enemy; he did not propose to do this. . . . He thinks that one of the great advantages the Russian army has at the moment is that the Germans "are tired" and have no stomach for an offensive. . . .

He expressed an urgent desire that the British send large planes as soon as possible to bomb the Rumanian oil fields, and made a point of urging that pilots and crews be sent with the planes. . . . Mr. Stalin expressed repeatedly his confidence that the Russian lines would hold within 100 kilometers of their present position.

No information given above was confirmed by any other source.

Contempt for Fascist Troops

It was during this conversation that Stalin wrote down in pencil on a small pad the four basic Russian requirements and handed the sheet to Hopkins. There was another passage, not recorded in the above report, which Hopkins noted later:

I asked Mr. Stalin whether he had seen any of the Italian divisions on his front, or Franco's volunteers, which had been announced in the papers.

Stalin laughed at this and said there was nothing his men would like better than to see either the Italians or the Spaniards on their front.

He said that the Soviet army discounted all divisions other than the Germans. Neither the Finns, Rumanians, Italians nor Spaniards count, and he was quite sure that neither the Italians nor the Franco troops would ever appear on his front. He stated that he thought Hitler had even more contempt for them than he had.

(Next Week: Pressure for War)

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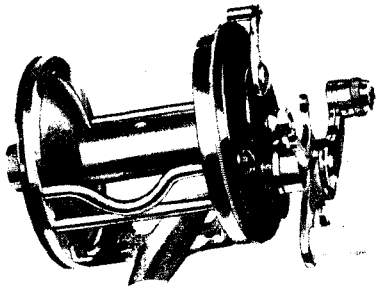
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THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

FOR THOSE

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old. The story I'm writing is not so very good but it is true it is about my Great, Great Uncle and Grandpa.

ROVING INDIANS

My Grandpa and Uncle were out in a cabin in the woods living there when one of them went out and came back saying to get out of there some Indians had learned where their cabin was and were going to come and scalp them so they went out but! the Indians were coming so fast Grandpa and Uncle run oh! boy they seen that they seen them boy oh boy did my a hollow log in they went the Indians hot on their trail but where had the white men gone Oh over there was a log they thought they would rest boy was they tired Well where have them devils gone said one They must have been spirits said the other we will never catch spirits boy My Uncle had to sneeze what could he do he held his nose or something but he finally got free of the sneeze finally the Indians left said they were going home (Never find Spirits)

LAURA L. BENTLEY, Olinda, Cal.

THE MRS. WALKER BRAT

SIR: My request is small—your May 1st edition contained a story of The Walker Brat, by Ted Shane. Give that brat, Nancy Walker, my proposal of marriage, and wipe the smile off your face before you do.

CPL. EARL D. RADINZEL,
Lackland Air Base, San Antonio, Tex.

ONE OUT!

EDITOR COLLIER'S: So You Want to Be President!, by Merriman Smith (Apr. 24th), tells of a waitress who obtained an invitation to the President's reception, and was gently escorted to the door.

Since when is a waitress not a citizen? Andy Jackson would probably have made her guest of honor.

PAUL H. COCHRAN, Meadville, Pa.

FAT MAN BLUES

GENTLEMEN: Mr. Russell Maloney's article The Fat of the Land (Apr. 10th) was rather interesting, but too comprehensive.

About ten years ago I was working for the gas company, swinging a pick and shoveling dirt while the thermometer hung between 90 and 100. I weighed around 190 pounds. Because of my tendency toward obesity, I used to eat one sandwich and drink my coffee (one teaspoon sugar per cup) and watch a short, wiry chap devour three Dagwoods, a couple of bananas, a half a pie. Well, I got to know Lyle. He thought nothing of eating chops for breakfast, and, in addition, he drank a case of beer a week, yet always remained uniformly skinny.

I don't like to be a wet blanket, but there are millions of people who will become fat on a diet that would almost starve another person.

R. L. BODE, Long Beach, Cal.

YOU DONO IDAHO

GENTLEMEN: Frank Gervasi's Low Man on the Wallace Poll (May 8th) on Glen Taylor of Idaho was enlightening and refreshingly fair. However, Gervasi doesn't know Idaho, and he certainly doesn't know horses. In Idaho to have been a sheepherder is no disgrace. Sheep and cattle and potatoes keep the state going in spite of its politicians, and keep it going very nicely.

When Gervasi puts Glen on a horse all in a row with "a couple of brothers and sisters behind him," and sends him off to school that way, I stand amazed and spellbound at the thought. I was once a teacher in an outlying Idaho district and got used to seeing two or three kids come riding in on one horse—but five! I don't think that it can be done.

PHYLLIS M. SHARP, Pocatello, Ida.

If they all have whips?

PUT A HEAD ON IT!

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: What's Wrong With Veterans' Schools? (May 1st) states the author made "a careful survey of bars from coast to coast," and that "most bartenders learn their gracious art by experimenting on their customers."

It is apparent that Mr. Maisel never visited a school such as the Maryland School of Mixology. The teaching staff consists of men who have had college educations. Sanitation is taught by a practicing physician and bacteriologist. Legal Regulations and Law Enforcement are taught by a member of the Maryland bar of long standing.

Other subjects are Merchandising, Dispensing, the study of Malt and Brewed Beverages and Wine Study.

Where else can a man with eight weeks' or 200 hours' training go out and earn from \$50 to \$65 per week or better, tending bar? If bartending isn't a lifetime profession, what is?

J. L. SILVER, Maryland School
of Mixology, Baltimore, Md.

... Albert Q. Maisel is a clutterbrained, flabbergasted nincompo, who wanders around gathering the gripes and dissatisfactions of the squacking element of the nation. J. GABATHULER, Davenport, Ia.

... As long as Maisel insists on going through my pockets and telling me how to spend my money, I demand the right to go through his pockets and tell him how to spend his money.

DALE C. BELLWOOD, Vet., U.S. Navy,
Redondo Beach, Cal.

OREGOWON, I WANNA GO BACK TO OREGON!

DEAR EDITOR: I greatly enjoyed Jim Marshall's Out Where the West Ends (Apr. 24th). As to odd names, the author neglected Jump Off Joe, in Josephine County. As a child it greatly intrigued me. One legend says that some Joe was driving a school bus, an accident occurred, Joe managed to get the children safely out, but remained on his seat to quiet the horses. The children yelled at him, repeatedly, "Jump off, Joe!" Henceforth the vicinity was known as Jump Off Joe.

UNSIGNED, Spokane, Wash.

Marshall regretfully also failed to mention Boring, Cornucopia, Scappoose, Wonder, Zigzag, and what we consider the world's most perfect name for a town: Sweet Home, Oregon. We are also thinking of naming a serial heroine after an Oregon town and county: Nyssa Malheur! What a beautiful name!

BLIMEY, BUB!

GAD SIR: Why no pads on the lion (Collier's Sporting Odds, Apr. 3d)? Please, sir, batsmen and wicket keepers only, or include the lion and make a thorough mockery of our national game.

May I say how much I enjoy the cartoons in your magazine? Please congratulate Foster Humfreville on his "Alfred." DONALD W. SEAGER, Manchester, England.

We've padded the bally old lion, old pip, and we hope England is jolly well appeased—thank you!



Collier's for June 19, 1948



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THEY CUT DOWN THE OLD PINE TREE

BY JOHN KORD LAGEMANN

Back in the brawling days of the timber boom, nobody in northern Michigan worried about shortages. But as soon as the grab bag was empty, sober planners went to work. Now this tourist wonderland of cool breezes and sparkling waters is gradually returning to nature

DESIGNS FOR TOURING—VIII

IT DOES beat all, says Broncho Bill Breauceau of Alpena, what the clean, pollen-free, fresh air of north Michigan will do for your appetite. Last fall, Bill tells you, he came back from a day's hunt with a 300-pound buck slung over his shoulders and a bear under each arm. It was suppertime when he got home, and when he smelled the pheasant his wife had roasted, he just dropped the bears on the floor and pitched in.

He hadn't any more than finished the first dozen birds and reached for another full platter when his wife really lit into him: "Bill, what kind of manners is that, anyways, settin' down to table without takin' off the deer?" Bill swears he was so hungry he hadn't even noticed it.

For the region's bracing effect on man or beast, you don't have to take Broncho Bill's word alone. A glance at the fish and game survey will tell you more about the place than tall tales or a ton of chamber of commerce literature. Last year 1,046,839 hunters and 1,060,313 anglers bagged 109,375 deer, 904,367 cock ring-necked pheasant, and more Mackinaw, brook and rainbow trout than all the ones which got away.

Directly or indirectly, most of the people up here make their living in the tourist trade—a business asset second only to the state's automobile industry.

Unlike California and Florida, nobody tries very hard to sell you on the country. Their quiet pride is pretty well reflected in the reaction of football fans this year when Michigan went to the Rose Bowl and beat Southern California 49-0. In the first Rose Bowl game in 1902, Michigan beat Stanford by exactly the same score—49-0. Back home the fans cracked: "We haven't improved a bit."

At first blush, you might get the impression this was raw, new territory where things were just beginning to open up. You soon find out it's very old country. The region's history goes back 314 years to the spring of 1634, when a young French explorer named Jean Nicolet set out from Quebec in a birchbark canoe manned by six Huron braves, paddled through the Strait of Mackinac to the Wisconsin shore, where he was sure he'd find Peking, China—and had to apologize some months later in Quebec that all he'd discovered was another great lake.

The history of most of what's happening here now begins with the disastrous "cut-over times," no further back than that first Rose Bowl tournament. Driving along the forest highways, it's hard to realize that only 40 years ago you'd have seen a waste-

land as completely gutted and burnt out as any country in Europe today.

In the big industrial surge after the Civil War, we needed minerals to feed our new factories, and timber to build cities around them. Michigan had both in enormous quantities—on the Upper Peninsula, rich iron deposits and mountains of pure copper; and covering half the state a virgin stand of hardwood and white pine.

It was "come and get it, there's more where this came from." With labor imported from Europe, enterprising operators stripped the mines, cut over the best of the forests, and left the rest to burn—at the rate of up to 2,000,000 acres a year.

There was money in this madness: in lumber alone, three times the pay dirt of California's gold mines. But it couldn't last forever.

At the turn of the century, the great Michigan grab bag was torn and almost empty. Whole communities pulled up stakes and left to try for a living in the city slums their forests had built. Those who stayed behind ripped out the charred stumps to make farms, and wasted a generation trying to make the land do something which most of it could not do—raise crops.

But there was still life in the land, still hope in the people who stayed with it. For years writers like Harold Titus and James Oliver Curwood, businessmen and sportsmen like William H. Loutit, P. S. Loyjoy and Harry Whitely had been hammering in the simple common sense of reforestation.

Restoring the Forests

The battle was won in 1926, when Fred W. Green became governor. A nonpartisan seven-man commission holding six-year terms on a staggered basis has been running the show ever since. The state and federal governments joined forces to help the land do what it could do best, replant its hardwoods and pine, replenish its streams and lakes, and revive its wild life. Now America is gradually getting back one of her lost natural wonders, the Great Michigan Forest.

A lot of the punch and personality you'll find here today comes from the boozing, brawling days of the timber boom. Nobody realized then that they were creating an American legend—least of all ex-lumberjack Bill Coon, who ran the first moving-picture show up in Saint Ignace. Bill used to sit on an open platform in back of the darkened room, cranking his carbon arc projector and explaining the plot as it unfolded.

Since Bill always interpreted the movie in terms of local personalities,

usually present in the audience, nobody paid much attention to the titles. If a couple of noisy jacks came in from the next-door saloon and interrupted his commentary, Bill climbed down, put them to sleep by knocking their heads together, then started up again where he'd left off.

Drunk or sober, though, the jacks were men of chivalry, and when the movie villain started getting the upper hand they were apt to uproot chairs and charge the screen. To save wear and tear on property and emotions, Bill used to reassure his customers in advance: "All right, boys, just hang on to your seats now and remember this here is just a picture show."

One evening as a thriller was approaching its climax, Bill got word his help was needed down the street. "Intermission," yelled Coon, and made for the State Street saloon, where a giant logger named Wild Bill Soucie had overturned the bar, kicked out the lights and started heaving bottles through the plate-glass window. Coon made a flying tackle for the troublemaker, locked his neck in an elbow vise and dragged him out to Chet Wing's taxi—which served as hearse, fire engine and Black Maria.

On the way to the jail, Coon still held him by the neck, relaxing his grip whenever Soucie turned blue, tightening it again when he started to swear. Almost sober by the time they reached the jail, Soucie made the sheriff a sporting proposition: Lock him up with Coon and let them fight it out fair and square with no holds barred.

After a full half hour of slugging, biting, kicking and eye gouging, Coon left Soucie bleeding peacefully in the cell and returned to his waiting audience. "All right, boys," he said, starting up the picture where the hero starts slugging it out with the villain, "just remember this here is only a movin' picture with no coincidence to real life."

You don't have to be very old to remember Al, King of the Swedes. Chester Wing, for instance, is in his late fifties, designer of the U.S. Army and Navy's air-propelled "aero sleigh," which he originally designed to hunt prairie wolves on the frozen straits. The first time Chet saw "The King" was when the blond giant drove up to the Wing garage in an early-model open Reo, his shoulders towering above the windshield. Al wanted to borrow a vise. "She vent to kick," he said, holding out a crank that was twisted in knots, "... and I hold on."

The garage on State Street was located between two saloons, and Al used to drop in often after that. Flats were common in those days, but they didn't bother Al. Once Wing discov-

ered him kneeling down in the road, the front axle resting on his left knee while he changed the right front tire.

A gallant man, drunk or sober, Al insisted on strict decorum and any male passer-by who failed to lift his hat to a lady was lifted off the duck-board sidewalk and tossed as far as Al could throw him into the mud of State Street. At the sight of The King, fellow jacks removed their caps with a jerk that often upset their balance.

The Jack Wasn't That Tough

But in a fighting mood, a jack would challenge anything that moved, including an automobile. Wing remembers driving Al down State Street when the way was blocked by a jack who spread out his legs, stuck out his chest and defied them to pass. "Run over him," commanded the King of the Swedes. So Wing ran over the man "as lightly as possible," running the front tire over his boots and hitting his shins with the hubcaps. When Al got out at a near-by saloon, he looked back and saw the jack still in the middle of the street, waving his fists and swearing. "You tink he still mad?" asked Al. Wing thought most likely he was. So Al went back and beat him up for being mad because a car had run over him.

The size of most of the logging towns was measured by the number of saloons and brothels, with the ratio running about 2 to 1. Thus the Soo in the 1880s was a 50-saloon town, Saint Ignace 38, Bay City 156, Saginaw 182. Girls for the brothels flocked in from the great industrial cities like Chicago, Detroit, Cleveland and Buffalo. A large majority got married, a few to become leading members of the communities. "They made good citizens, too," says Al Weaver, grand old man of north Michigan journalism. "They were lots more broad-minded than most."

July 4th was the big holiday of the year and in Cheboygan, at least, the girls were always given the patriotic privilege of financing the whole celebration. With elaborate fireworks this ran into money. "How much do you need, boys?" the mayor would ask the program committee. The girls were then rounded up en masse and fined the required amount. "They were good sports about it," says Weaver. "And, of course, they got most of it back."

Saloons and brothels operated on the principle that the customer was never right. The sooner a jack passed out, the better he paid off when he was carried out back to the "snake room" and rolled.

Folklorist Richard M. Dorson, who

(Continued on page 76)

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