

All four walls were lined with pictures, since, as it turned out, Mr. Cashman was a sort of an art collector on the side.

He had some very plain-looking religious pictures, and they were so old that the paint was all cracked on them. I remember, too, he showed us one of a beautiful English woman in a big hat, painted, he told us, by a fellow named George Romney. Then there was a country scene that was lit up by a little light built into the frame at the bottom, and the animals and people in it looked so real you'd have expected them to move about any minute. When Mr. Cashman told me and Claudie he'd paid eighty-five thousand dollars for another picture he showed us, I told him I thought it was worth every cent of it.

All the time Mr. Cashman was showing us around, Mr. Twilley was standing in front of a picture that I figured was about the poorest of the lot—one of a dreary-looking woman who looked like she'd had smallpox most of her life and liver trouble the rest. It turned out to be the picture drawn by the artist named Van Gogh, and Mr. Twilley was liking it so all-fired much that he seemed a little stunned. I mean he was slobbering over the picture and bragging on Mr. Cashman's taste in art, and the old man was eating it up. Mr. Twilley turned to me and said, "And do you not think it is superior, Mr. Hightower?"

Now I did not want to run down Mr. Cashman's new picture, but I wasn't about to agree with that floorwalker, so I said, "I can't tell how good it is, Mr. Twilley, since I never saw the person it is a picture of." Claudie nodded his head so as to agree with me. Mr. Cashman added that he could understand my point of view.

As we wandered around the living room, listening to Mr. Twilley drool over the pictures, I got to wondering where Mr. Cashman was going to put the picture of the woman playing the piano when we gave it to him; also, I wondered when the right time would come to let him unwrap it. I found this had been bothering Claudie, too, because when we were about to go into the dining room to eat, he pulled me off to one side and asked, "Hadden't we ought to give Mr. Cashman his present before we've et?"

"Not right now, Claudie," I told him.

WELL, we found that Mr. Cashman had some of the prettiest pictures of all in the dining room, and while we ate turkey, turkey dressing and cranberry sauce from enough plates to take care of a dozen people, Mr. Cashman told us about these other pictures. Some of them were painted in European countries several hundred years ago, he said, and Claudie allowed they were in pretty good shape to be so old. Mr. Twilley was showing off how much he knew, when Claudie blurted out a question. "You haven't got any picture of a woman playing a piano, have you, Mr. Cashman?"

"I don't believe I have," he answered, and I stung Claudie with a stony look that kept him from going on.

As soon as the meal was over, we all went back into the library, where the colored man brought in a big tray, and on it was a silver pitcher with a long spout and several little saucers with cups no bigger than thimbles. Mr. Cashman, himself, poured us out little dabs of black coffee, and Claudie, whose hands are bigger than my feet, looked pretty funny holding his saucer up and pouring coffee in it. But he was never one to drink coffee that hadn't been saucered and blown first, and this time Claudie made it without spilling a single drop.

Mr. Cashman opened up the cigar box Mr. Twilley had brought him and passed it around. He asked Claudie to take two if he liked the brand, and Claudie took two while Mr. Twilley sat there looking like a poisoned puppy. Myself, I wanted to take two, but my manners got the best of me.

After we'd smoked a while and listened to Mr. Twilley brag on Cashman's Store, Mr. Cashman himself, and the Cashman art collection, I noticed the old gentleman

yawn a couple of times—very polite yawns, though, with his pale hands held up to his mouth. There was a feel of about-time-to-go in the air, but still we had not given Mr. Cashman his present, and still it did not seem to be the right time to do it. I was worrying about this when Claudie said, "Mr. Cashman, we brung you a present."

"That's very thoughtful, gentlemen," Mr. Cashman said. "You needn't have, I assure you; but I am very grateful."

Claudie went into the little anteroom and brought back the present, still Christmas-wrapped and all. He handed it to Mr. Cashman, who stood up to take it. Claudie stood there beside him as he snipped the ribbons with silver scissors, and Mr. Twilley looked on from the red plush chair where he was sitting by the fireplace. His eyebrows were high, wide and handsome.

Poor Claudie, I thought; wait until that \$4.98 picture is sprung on Mr. Cashman—a man that is used to paying eighty-five thousand dollars for pictures.

BUT it didn't work out that way at all. When Mr. Cashman saw the picture, his eyes brightened up the way they must have a long, long time before over his first Teddy bear. He said, "Gentlemen, this is a beautiful picture. It is just as I told you a little while ago; I did not have a picture of a lady playing a piano. I thank you from the bottom of my heart."

I knew Mr. Cashman must have been putting on an act, but when I looked at Claudie I could tell it was an act that was good enough for him—and then some. Claudie was grinning from one end of his long face to the other, and the whole thing started getting next to me, myself, as we stood there in the nice warm library with the weather so cold and raw outside. I forgot all about Mr. Twilley as I remembered some scripture about it being more blessed to give than to receive, and I knew I'd a damn' sight rather feel the way I did than the way I'd have felt if I hadn't received anything out of it personally except the same picture of the lady playing the piano.

I noticed the colored man was bringing Mr. Twilley his hat and coat and gloves, so I told Mr. Cashman we'd better be going ourselves. He said, "Gentlemen, this has been a very happy Christmas."

"Thank you, Mr. Cashman," Mr. Twilley spoke up. "It has been my pleasure, I am sure."

Then Mr. Cashman spoke to me and Claudie and said, "Before you go, I should like to do something for you so that you will always know how much your visit has meant to me."

"Oh, no," Claudie said, "we won't never forget it nohow."

"But, nevertheless," Mr. Cashman went on, while the colored man brought us our hats, "after all, I am established, and so is Featherstone. Yet I can tell that you gentlemen have not until now had the full measure of your success. Is there not something that I can do for you?"

"Well—" I said, and I knew I did not want to argue much more with Mr. Cashman. I looked at Mr. Twilley, who was still hanging around to see how it was coming out, and Mr. Cashman went on, "Remember, it is my sincere desire to do something for you and Claudie."

Claudie said he believed he'd like another cigar, and while Mr. Cashman was trying to talk him into taking two, I was looking down at my mother-of-pearl tie clasp and thinking. Then Mr. Cashman turned to me and said, "And you, Mr. Hightower?"

"Mr. Cashman," I said, "I believe I'd like to open up a charge account at your store. A five-dollar account will do, I expect."

"Certainly," he answered, and he turned to Mr. Twilley. "Featherstone," he said, "you will see to it that this account is opened first thing in the morning."

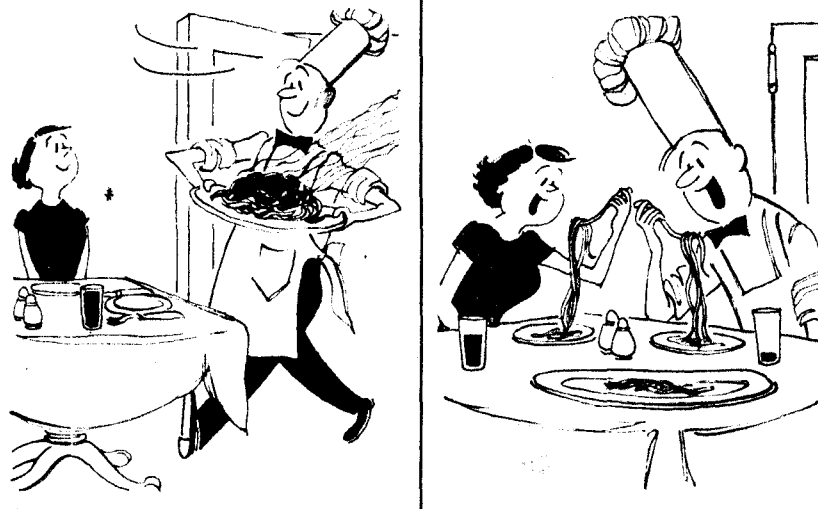
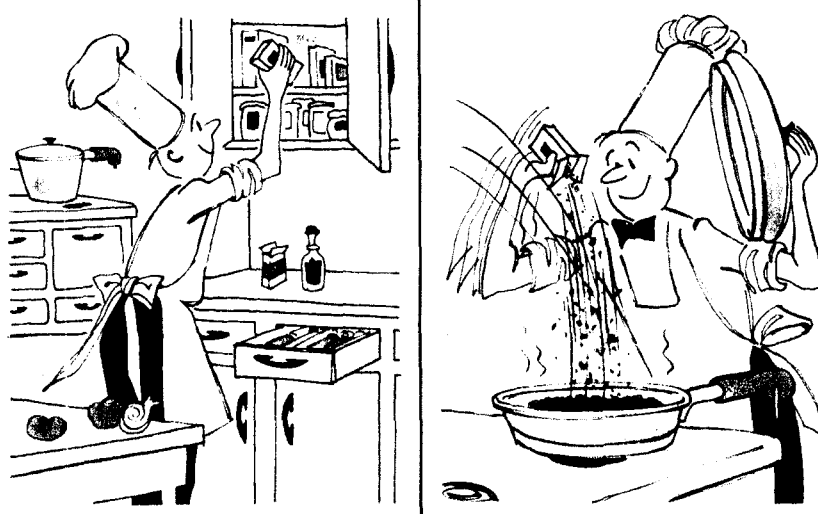
"Yes," I added, speaking to Mr. Twilley. "First thing in the morning, old fellow."

Then I and Claudie said good-by and left the warm place behind the door marked 88B.

THE END

CHEF

By MARTHA BLANCHARD



Listen to Me, Michael

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

had to laugh. Or something they could talk out together, then forget. That was the way it was bound to be when things were fundamentally good between two people.

Michael exploded into the dark: "What is this, anyway—the silent treatment? I saw all that stuff in the icebox, and I'm sorry I phoned so late, but I'm getting less sorry every minute."

Well, at least he was reacting. She smiled into her pillow and considered sitting up in bed, holding her arms out to him. But it was too soon, too easy. Afterward there would still be the long lines in the grocery, the door handles he had been promising for weeks to fix, the bills lying unopened and unpaid in his desk drawer, the cigarette box he kept emptying and never refilling. *Darling Claire*, it had been at first, *let me do it for you!* Now it was *Good old Claire*, *efficient Claire*, *let Claire do it*. He was an irresponsible child, a fickle child moving on to new challenges, like Vera.

"I wanted to come right home," he said more gently into the dark. "I wanted to tell you about Stafford."

PEOPLE did what they wanted to, so that was silly. Nothing could have kept him away at first, but since his promotion it had been—how many?—three nights working late, and now dinner, too, with Vera.

"You might at least have warned me," she said. "There are plenty of people I could have done things with tonight if I'd known soon enough." She began listing them mentally in case he challenged her.

"I know, Claire. I should have phoned the minute the idea occurred to me. I will next time." She heard him suck up a big yawn; then her mattress jiggled as he patted the edge of it.

"I'm not your housekeeper, you know," she said bitterly.

"I should hope not!" His voice was muffled by the covers but still contrite. "Next time I'll let you know right away, hon." He jiggled her mattress again. "Night!"

Next time! She turned over noisily so he could see her face in the half-dark and be able to tell that her eyes were no more closed than the discussion. But the room was silent. He thought he had made everything right and now he was going to sleep!

She turned over on her stomach and propped herself on her elbows so he would know, if he opened his eyes, that she wasn't asleep. The room was cold, cold, and she hoped she would sneeze soon. Maybe get pneumonia. She began to cry, and didn't want to stop. She could hear the orchestra playing in the rooftop restaurant where Michael and Vera sat smiling at each other over a vase with three lovely roses . . . She could hear it and see it from the basement way down below, where she sat huddled, peeling potatoes for their dinner. She was crying now, really crying, aching for herself, and saying oh no, oh no, inside.

He raised his head at last, sleepy and curious. "What's the matter, Claire? Why are you lying like that?"

"Nothing's the matter. Nothing at all." She was a casualty at a city curb, and he was only a curious, titillated passer-by.

"Yes there is." His covers rustled and then he was feeling the side of her face. "You've been crying! Why? Don't you feel well, honey? It's not anything I did, is it? Surely not! I said how sorry I was about the dinner and everything. Next time, I'll—"

"Damn the dinner!" she said drearily into her pillow.

"Then what is it?" he repeated, taking his hand away.

"You wouldn't understand. Go back to bed. I'll get over it."

"Claire, be reasonable! I want to know what I've done. It *is* something I've done, of course. It always is."

"You poor martyr, you!" She matched the acid in his tone.

"I didn't mean to sound that way but I can't talk sense until you do." She saw the light of a match and then the fiery end of a cigarette. "So I asked my secretary to dinner tonight to show her I was grateful. Then I came straight home to find you'd gone out. Now here you are acting the wife about something. About what? Let's discuss it, Claire. I admit that I wasn't very considerate about telephoning, but—"

do things for you occasionally and didn't always act so competent—"

"I haven't fixed the handles or paid the bills, have I? And they're still waiting."

"Maybe they are, but I've stopped running that race with you. I thought it was one you liked to win, so I've been letting you."

She wanted to hit out at something, and the violence of the feeling frightened her. Then she wanted to crumple up and cry "Oh, Michael," and creep close to him to stop herself from going on. Perhaps you could go too far, even with safe, sane Michael. Overstep some boundary and never

"What's Vera to me?" He walked up and down between the beds.

"I'm hardly the one to ask."

"Claire, this is the damndest rot I ever heard." He stopped walking, and looked down at her. "How long have you been cooking it up?"

"I didn't have to. It came all prepackaged, like—like poppy-seed rolls." The analogy pleased her and she tried to think of another.

He threw himself on his bed, then lay back, his arms crossed under his head. There was a long silence. His bare feet stuck out from his pajamas, white and bony in the dark and she wondered how he would take it if she reached over and tickled them. She would tell him she'd thought of it when this was over, and they would laugh about it.

"It's rot, Claire—utter, utter rot," he said finally. The words drifted up toward the ceiling and back down, comfortably, to her. "But there's a grain of truth in it, I suppose."

The words dangled from little white parachutes in the cold air above her head, refusing to come down where they belonged.

"Perhaps I have taken a certain interest in Vera lately." He spoke very slowly, as if he were feeling his way, as if accuracy were something to reach out and touch, and she had time to marvel at the words swayed back and forth above her. "I want to be completely honest, the way we've always been with each other."

THE words began their descent now, and she flung her head from side to side on the pillow. They were words in the darkness—she must remember that—words without a safe, familiar face to watch so you could qualify them properly and adjust the emphasis. The thing to do was keep moving so they couldn't land.

"She's nothing to me, really: she couldn't be—just a bit of fluff who chews gum and picks her nail polish—but I suppose I have rather shown off for her, played the junior executive."

She reached out to the night table for a cigarette and match, but she fumbled helplessly with them at first.

"Of course, saying things can put them out of all proportion, and when you're not even sure yourself, inside, of the proportion . . ."

It was all nonsense, all nonsense to be waited through, like taking a pill and waiting for the pain to stop.

"You understand how really trivial this is, don't you, Claire? That I'm exaggerating it to be perfectly honest?"

"Honesty is—" She must keep talking. Nothing could be serious if you stayed conversational. The best policy? No, that wasn't what she wanted to say—"is sometimes vastly overrated."

"Maybe, but you wouldn't want me to be dishonest. Though that's not at all the right word. It makes the whole thing sound too—"

"Let's not peel and shred, Michael." Her voice took over for her, and she was grateful to it. "You've found someone else."

"Claire, it's not that! You should know better! I counted on you to understand! It's just a nebulous little feeling."

"What kind of feeling?" She had gone too far through the mountain pass and she would never find her way back now.

"Oh, it's nothing as dignified as a feeling, really. Just that sort of awareness. You know what I mean."

"No, I don't know."

"Ssh, Claire, not so loud. Of course you know. You must have felt that way occasionally about other men."

"No I haven't. I couldn't. I couldn't!" She hadn't, had she?

"Claire darling, don't you hear yourself?

Collier's for December 29, 1951



"And just when are you considerate about anything, ever?" Claire sat up in bed. Her head throbbed, and she put her hands to it.

"Well, consideration isn't my long suit, I confess."

"You confess, you confess! You're always so ready to confess, to talk and talk! But let there be something to *do*!" The cold air swirled around her, and she crossed her arms on her breast.

"What is it you want me to do, Claire?" His voice was quiet. "What exactly do you want me to be? Just what are the specifications?"

"I want you to carry your weight more, that's what I want. Fix door handles when they need it, stop staining our tables with your beer cans, tend to bills . . ." She couldn't remember what else, so she waited.

IT WAS a long time before he spoke. Then at last, he said quietly, "I'll try to be better about that. It must be the new job making me so thoughtless."

There he was, conceding defensively again, taking the starch out of her indignation.

"You're like a child, Michael!" she flung at him.

"Oh? And why, exactly?"

"Because you dance about, being charming and letting the other fellow do the dirty work, pick up after you, tend to your background—"

"Just how many apologies do you want for tonight, Claire? Shall I get down on my knees? Perhaps if you'd let someone

find your way back. "You're forgetful like a child, too," she said. The blinds chattered as a gust of wind caught them.

He stubbed out his cigarette calmly, as if he had known she would go on. "I suppose you mean the roses I forgot. I expected you to throw those up to me someday. You were much too gracious at the time."

She tipped back her head to hide the hurt and watched a car light move across the ceiling. "Those, yes, though you may remember they were your idea in the beginning. And all the letters you *didn't* write from Boston. And all the nights you've worked late." She laughed airily, but somehow it just sounded theatrical. "By the time we're middle-aged, you'll be playing poker with the boys nights, and I'll be playing bridge with the girls. Just another bad-joke marriage."

His hand touched her arm. "Do you want it that way, Claire? God knows I don't."

She wouldn't go too far. She would stop as soon as Michael— As soon as he what? "Oh, it shouldn't be too painful. We'll meet occasionally, coming in or going out, and nod hello. You'll find plenty of other people to feed you attention and admiration."

"What other people?"

"Oh, lots of others, I'm sure. Vera for one."

"So! So it *is* Vera!" He stood up, took his dressing gown from the foot of his bed, and fought his way into it. Why didn't he close the window if he was cold? She smiled at his witlessness.

These walls are like paper. Surely you felt a little alerted when old Winthrop gave you the grand rush. Nothing serious, just a twinge of flattery and wanting not to stop it all right away. Didn't you, honestly now?"

"No, never. Never, damn it!" How had she landed here on this tiny ice floe in the middle of black water, alone, shivering?

"Well, anyway, that's what I mean about Vera, and it doesn't amount to a thing. It's just that she lets me do things for her sometimes, makes me feel significant somehow—self-important is the right word, I guess. It's nothing to what you and I have together! Why, you know, Claire, sometimes I feel that you're my gilt-edged bond, that I've put three years of my life into something that's yielding compound interest, and—"

"Listen to me, Michael Weston!"

"Ssh, ssh, darling. Please shush. The people under us—"

"Don't you shush me!" She grabbed at the bedcovers to steady her voice. "I'll scream—do you hear me?—scream if I want to. I hate you—you and your dirty awareness."

"Claire, Claire, please be quiet!" He was beside her on the bed, his hands tight on her shoulders.

"You can have your Vera and be damned!" That wasn't her voice, shrill and brittle, rattling the windows, bouncing off the walls. Not hers. "And I will not shush! I hate the sight of you and the sound! You're cruel, egotistical—and I hate myself. For being so small. Just hate myself! Oh, Michael."

He caught her to him and pressed her head into his neck. Her sobs beat against them both.

"Oh, Claire, Claire dear," he whispered. He took the cigarette from her shaking fingers; then he hugged her hard. The sobs of shame and fright wouldn't stop. She fought against them but they kept coming.

She raised her head and took a shivering breath, then another. "Did anyone, Michael—?" He caught her closer and pressed his cheek against hers. "Did anyone—do you think—hear me?"

"I don't think so. Maybe just a 'damn' or two, and I had those coming." She felt him shake his head. "What an ass I was! What a prize ass—and a talking one, at that!"

She tried to move her cheek comfortably against his, but it was sticky with tears.

His voice was hot and harsh in her ears now. "Don't ever hate yourself for screaming at me, Claire. I need you to jolt me

sometimes. I'm not grown up yet. You were right about that. Just the way I could talk on and on tonight about nothing, nothing at all, a dumb little girl named Vera. It was like a C movie the way I talked—about that genuine. Did you hear me? Sometimes I wonder when I'll stop playing the juvenile lead. And you said you hated yourself!" His hand tightened roughly on the back of her neck until she felt light-headed.

"Once, once when we were right in the middle of it all, I felt like tickling your feet, Michael."

He laughed a little wildly. "Did you? I wish you had."

"I wanted to. Lots of times I want—oh, to be foolish like that, tell you how much I need you, and let you do things for me."

"I know you do." He rocked her slowly from side to side.

"But it's hard."

SOMEDAY she would tell him why it was, if she could—why leaning looked so risky when you were unpracticed and had never tested your full weight. But it hardly mattered now. All that mattered was that he had brought her back from an ice floe and she was warm again and safe. And she needed a handkerchief terribly. She brushed the tip of her nose against his pajama collar.

"What do you think you're doing? No, sir. Not on my pajamas!"

"I'd better get some Kleenex then." She tried to untangle the covers but he pinned them down around her.

"I'll get it. And you'll lie right here and let me."

A rough squeeze and he was gone. But not far—only to the bathroom for a box of Kleenex. Michael, bringing her a Kleenex so she could blow her nose. Michael, beloved, balanced Michael. She had tested her full weight and he had taken it. There was nothing to leaning after all. He hadn't even stumbled. Except over her slippers.

Those. In a minute now he would stumble over them again in the dark and cry out "Damn your slippers." She really must remember to kick them under the bed next time. But tonight, oh, let him stumble. Serve him right this once, him and his awareness. She dusted her nose with the sheet and laughed out loud.

"What's up?" he called from the bathroom.

"Oh, nothing. I'm just laughing. Hurry up. I want to hear all about Stafford now—what he said, what you said. Right from the beginning!"

THE END



"In case anybody's interested,
I always tip twenty per cent!"

COLLIER'S

KIRK

Collier's for December 29, 1951

Holidays coming—plans are humming
For dinners of every description.
Entertain with ease—you'll find you can please
If you follow this proven prescription:

Serve simple food in a party mood—
Yes make it really bright
With glasses of wine to make it shine
Like Burgundy wine—that's right.

Good things come easy the California Way

Serve California's fine
Burgundy wine for
holiday entertaining

Wherever you live, you can easily entertain the California Way. Give a lift to spaghetti, baked beans and red meats like hamburger and roasts . . . with a hearty red Burgundy wine. It's so easy—just cool and pour. And wine costs only a few cents a glass to serve.

When you are dining out, get acquainted with the world-famous wines of California. They are featured by leading restaurants and hotels everywhere. Enjoy Sherry with your appetizers . . . California Burgundies, Clarets, Sauternes and Chablis with your dinner . . . or Port with dessert. Wine Advisory Board, San Francisco, California.

WINE ADDS TO GRACIOUS HOSPITALITY IN MILLIONS OF AMERICAN HOMES

The Twisted Hand

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

shone like his shoes, and there was a beading of sweat on his forehead.

"Miss Clear? Mr. Dundero. You tell me where I find my son, Nick?"

"What?" The singing had broken off, and she was aware that through the class there was a sharp intake of breaths, a hissing of whispers; then stillness came down, an air of fright.

"You tell me where my son is, I give you two hundred dollar."

In anger she jumped to her feet. "Say, who do you think you are? What do you mean by bursting into this classroom? Do you have a pass from the principal's office?"

"I am Mr. Dundero! I want my son, Nick! You tell me where he is! You know where! You tell me!" The bluster, the shout, turned into a desperate plea. "Please, teach, I do not make trouble. My car is outside. You come, you bring me to my son, I give you three hundred, four hundred dollar."

Her head swam. "You get out of here!" she cried.

"Five hundred. Whatever you want! Please! We are going away. Sailing for Italy. I cannot go without my son. You tell me where he is!"

"If it was the last thing I did, I wouldn't tell you! Now you get out of this room and stay out before I call someone and have you arrested!"

His lips drew back from his teeth; his eyes stared out of his head. Holding himself in check by what seemed a tremendous effort, he turned suddenly and rushed out of the room. The class sat in shocked, frozen silence; then, as the tension relaxed, the hissing whispers began again: "The Twisted Hand! That was the Twisted Hand!"

"What do you—What's all this nonsense about twisted hands?" Only then as she spoke did she realize that all the while he was in the room, Mr. Dundero had held one clawlike hand bent up against his chest as if it were paralyzed.

At first no one answered her question. Rows of young, closed-up faces looked back at her. Finally, with hesitation, one of the boys said, "He's a—he's a tough guy. You wanna watch out for him, Miss Cleary."

Then instinctively she knew, and her knees began to tremble. All that she feared and hated most in the neighborhood had walked into her classroom. She felt that it was important, however, not to display the slightest trace of fear before the pupils. "If there's any 'watching out' to be done," she said, "he'd better be the one to do it. We'll go on with the lesson." She rapped with the pointer. "O beautiful for spacious skies . . ."

THE following Sunday night, Mr. Dundero was shot to death a block away from his house. Considering the wild excitement, the rumors and conflicting stories that ran all through the school the next morning, the accounts in the newspapers were surprisingly small. When Marion walked into the teachers' room a little before nine, Charley Washburn, the math teacher, was reading aloud from one: "Early today, police discovered the body of Dominic Dundero, forty-nine, a small-time gambler and racketeer known locally as the Twisted Hand—"

"What's all this about the Twisted Hand?" She smiled; she thought Charley was making it up, but when she heard what had happened, the color, all the vitality drained out of her face, leaving it gray-white and horrified. "My God!" she whispered. "He must have been telling the truth about trying to get away! And I threw him out of the classroom! If I had only told him where Nick was, the whole family might be on their way to Italy by now!"

The bell rang just then, and they had

to hurry to their classrooms. At the first recess, Marion ran downstairs, telephoned the golf club, and found that no one there knew a Nick Dundero. Was there a Nick there at all, she asked, a new caddy? He had left that morning? Said that he was needed at home? "Thank you," she said, and hung up.

Around four that afternoon, when she left the school and started to get into her car, Nick ran out of an alley where he had been waiting for her. They sat in the car and talked till almost six o'clock. Yes, he said, he had read that morning of his father's murder—he didn't use the word "death"; it was always "murder"—and he had come rushing home.

Marion told him of his father's appearance in the classroom, but Nick hardly listened. He was keyed up, cracking his knuckles, staring straight ahead.

"I'm gonna get the guys that did that."

you in the afternoons. Nick, are you listening to me at all?"

"Yes, I'm listenin', Miss Cleary."

When he stepped out of the car to leave her, he seemed calmer; he was promising to come back to school and get his diploma. Standing on the sidewalk, he bent his head down into the car window. "I'll say goodbye for now, Miss Cleary, and—thanks for everything. You were swell to me." She was surprised to see tears in his eyes. "Swell. I—I appreciate it." He turned quickly and walked away.

BUT a week after his father's funeral, he still had not come back to school. Somewhere he had got hold of a gun, and, late at night, firing at someone, he was himself shot down and killed in one of the narrow back alleys of the neighborhood.

Three of the teachers went down with Marion to the wake. The house was on a

had always been the father's favorite. Mr. Dundero, he explained, had set aside a sum of money for Sebastian's education. Sebastian was to finish high school in a military academy, to go to college here, and then to medical school in Rome. "Sebastian already the leader—ahead all his class. Even now, every day I teach him his Latin. Sebastian good boy, very smart, very smart."

Sebastian returned, his manner formal as he brought his mother through the room to meet Marion. Mrs. Dundero was a small, worn, gray-haired woman, down whose pale cheeks tears had already left reddish-brown furrows. In broken English, she tried to thank Marion for the interest she had taken in Nick. At one point, she bent down to kiss Marion's hands, saying: "Good. Teach' good. Friend my Nick. He tell me." Her tears started to flow faster. "Nick good boy. Teach', he good boy! My Nick! Where is my Nick?"

A few more men had come in as if to report to the others, and there was an air of furtiveness, of foreboding, of revenge being planned. The teachers remained only a short while, then got up to leave. "Thank you," said Sebastian, taking his place at the door. "Thank you. Thank you, Miss Cleary."

Outside in the twilight, the spring air was fresh on their faces. Coming down the stoop, Charley Washburn turned to take Marion's arm, and said, "God, to see that sixteen-year-old boy lying there—It makes you feel as though the whole thing's a losing proposition. We do the best we can, and it's hopeless."

Drying her eyes, Marion looked down onto the street, where some boys from the school were passing on their way home, tossing their books from one to the other, and she said, "Yes, most likely it is, but I can't help it; I'm still going to go on trying with them."

THREE years later when Sebastian Dundero came into Marion's class, he made no attempt to trade on past acquaintanceship. He was a good if not brilliant student, and seldom had anything to say to his teachers. A composition in English at the beginning of the term told that he intended to become a doctor. He had not the voice Nick had; he had none of the color, the violence, the warmth, or the humor. He was better dressed than most of the students, and there was a quiet, self-reliant, offhand way about him. Playing handball, or on the basketball court, he was aggressive and competent. His eyes were attentive and brown, and, without being too striking, his features were symmetrical, his coloring fair rather than dark.

Though he appeared to have no close friends at school, he seemed perfectly adjusted, with no need or desire for anyone to help him. It came therefore as a shock to Marion, halfway through the term to discover that the face he presented to the world was a smooth mask and that behind it he was a mass of conflicts. In one month all his marks fell; in a mathematics examination, he turned in a blank paper.

As his official teacher, in charge of making out his report cards, Marion kept him after class and asked him what was happening. She sat at her desk, and he stood beside it, looking at her. "This business," she said, "of turning in a perfectly blank paper—Surely you could have done some of the problems, or at least tried. There must be some reason for this sudden change."

His eyes, liquid and unreadable, did not leave hers, but a flush came up over his face. "I got a right to do what I want," he finally said in a low voice.

"Well, is this what you want to do? Fail in all your studies?"

There was a long pause. He seemed to have gone breathless, and the explanation, long pent-up, came all in a rush. "I'm sick



His knuckles again made that cracking sound. "I know who they are, too. They won't get away with this."

Marion could see that something deep in his blood had come to the surface and was lashing him, the oldest son, to avenge his father's murder. He seemed suddenly to be a stranger to her, one far older than sixteen. Trembling, he cried out, "I swear to God, I'll get revenge if it kills me!"

"Nick! Don't even talk like that! It sends shivers down my back! If you think you know who did it, you should go to the police and—"

"No!" He turned from her roughly. "I'll do this my own way."

"I'll go to the police with you," Marion offered.

"No!"

She reasoned and pleaded with him, but he would not confide in her. Finally he told her that he knew nothing, that he had been making the whole thing up. She sat back, relieved. "Nick, try to look at it this way: you're the man of the family now, and your mother will be depending on you to help out with the others. Whatever way you go, they'll go. There are only a few weeks left before graduation, so come on back to us. Let us help you. I'll see your other teachers and do everything I can to get you through your exams. I'll work with

rather run-down side street, but the outside of it had been extensively remodeled: the original stucco had been covered over with red brick, a high stoop with crouching white-stone lions had been added, and a tall brick wall with black iron gates surrounded the place. It looked prosperous but fortresslike. A crape with a spray of white flowers hung beside the door.

Inside, it was difficult to see what the house was like because of the enormous banks of flowers and the black drapery swathing the windows and mirrors. The men among the mourners appeared sinister, waiting for something, casting sharp glances about them. Sebastian Dundero was there, acting once more as interpreter, with no sign of emotion on his pale, neat, intelligent face. He shook hands with the teachers as they entered, then excused himself politely and left them with his Uncle Vergil, a thin, studious-looking man in his late sixties.

Yes, Uncle Vergil sighed as they gazed down at Nick's body, it was a great shame. "First the father, now Nick. Nick too young for this." Uncle Vergil was an educated man, but he was not at home in the English language, and when he sat down with them on the little folding chairs, he spoke, oddly enough, not so much of Nick as of Sebastian, telling them that Sebastian

of being pushed, having everyone tell me what to do! I don't want to be any doctor; I just want to hang around with the guys. But my uncle is always telling me: 'No! No! No! No to everything! I'm sick of going home, studying every day. I'm not going to do it any more!' The flush darkened in his face; at that moment, balking and defensive, he looked like his brother Nick. 'I'm not going to any military school, or college either!'

"But why, Sebastian? What's happened to you?"

"Because it's no use! Everyone there will know about my—about my father and brother," he said, choking a little over the words. "They'll know I won't belong there with them. And I know what they'll be saying: 'Guinea gangster!'"

"No! Sebastian, I don't believe that for a moment! Really, you have the thing all wrong! To begin with, once you're away from here, out of this neighborhood, no one will know a thing about your father or—"

"But don't you think I'll know, that I'll remember?"

"What? That you had a brother like Nick? Is there anything to be ashamed of in that? I only wish you knew how much I thought of him!" At the memory of Nick standing exactly where Sebastian now was, offering her a tawdry pearl-and-wire pin, tears swam into her eyes. "As for your father, I don't know, I don't judge him. But I do know this: you mustn't be ashamed of him. He thought the world of you. He didn't want you or Nick to be any part of the life he had. You especially! He planned and saved for you to lift yourself above it, and that was admirable of him! Admirable! I admire him, I respect him for that!"

Sebastian gave her a quick, startled glance. That concept of his father was new to him, and through that, she began to reach him. It required a week of such after-school conversations before he gave in and went back to his studies, but the warm friendship that she had enjoyed with Nick never grew up between them. She did not care about that; it was his future, and the thought of snatching him from the neighborhood, that mattered to her.

Sebastian Dundero graduated that June with second honors. He was not present for the exercises. The book, *Lives of the Great Italian Composers*, which was to have been Marion's present to him, remained in her locker.

IT WAS not long before there were rumblings and complaints in the teachers' room about the first cousin, Joseph Scalzo, a throwback, it was said, to Nick Dundero, though fortunately on a somewhat lesser scale. With Joseph Scalzo, it was more a matter of noisiness, inattention, signing his own report cards and staying away from school for a day or two at a time. In the meanwhile, Sebastian Dundero was said to be doing brilliantly in the military academy. He had joined the debating society, and Marion saw a picture of him once, taken with the academy's basketball team. She clipped it out of the newspaper and thumbtacked it to the bulletin board in her classroom with his name underlined in red pencil, and a proud arrow pointing to his figure.

He came up to the school one Friday afternoon to see the principal about his young cousin, and one of the teachers, who happened to be in the office at the time, rushed up to tell the others, tremendously impressed. "Why, I would never have known who it was until Mr. Drew mentioned his name. He's grown so tall! And handsome enough to be a movie actor. You'd never dream he came from that awful gangster family. He's a perfect gentleman!"

Marion, though deeply gratified, was a little hurt to think he'd come to the school without even asking to see her, but all she said was: "Well, I'm glad there's one in that family who'll turn out all right. It'll make up to some extent for what happened to his father and brother."

He went on to college the following autumn. . . .

Sometimes, on a nice day, if there was a lot to talk over, Marion and the art teacher, Alice Kemp, took the "long way" going to the subway, and that brought them past the Dundero house. Age was setting in on it, but in the late afternoons it was still vaguely fortresslike and mysterious. They never knew how many people—cousins and uncles and aunts—lived in it; Uncle Vergil, they knew, had died. Once, through the black iron gates, they caught a glimpse of Mrs. Dundero, small, mournful, bareheaded, sweeping autumn leaves from the path; another time they saw Sebastian, home from college for the week end, leading his young cousin, Joseph Scalzo, up the stoop by one ear.

THEN, the following spring, on a mild March day, Marion and Alice Kemp were walking along the avenue, and outside the poolroom they saw a long, handsome car with a young man lounging at the wheel.

"Wasn't that Sebastian Dundero?" Marion asked after they had gone a few steps past the car. She turned back and said, "Aren't you Sebastian Dundero?"

Alice Kemp had walked on a few paces, feeling sure Marion had made a mistake, for the young man had looked suspicious or evasive; he had slumped down as they came abreast of him, and had turned his face away. As Alice Kemp waited, two young men, older than the car's occupant, dressed in suits with exaggerated shoulders, dark shirts and pale ties, came quickly out of the poolroom, got into the back seat of the car, and it drove away, leaving Marion astonished at the curb.

"It was!" Marion exclaimed, catching up to her friend. "But he acted so strange—almost as if he didn't want to speak to me! I was only trying to be pleasant, you know, and I said, 'What are you doing home from college?' and he said, 'I quit a month ago.' Then he seemed to get mad at me. He said, 'I found out I was right—I couldn't forget; I belong back here!' Then those two toughs came out and told him to get going." She walked along, seriously disturbed. "I can't understand it! He was doing so well! It's just like what happened that time he was in class! I think I'll write him a note and ask him to stop by and see me."

The note was written but never answered. Two weeks passed, and in a resurgence of gang warfare, Sebastian Dundero was shot and killed, his body found lying face down against the curb in one of the streets of the neighborhood.

The next morning before class, Marion came along the hall, her heels clicking rapidly. She walked into the teachers' room and gave them all such a cheerful good morning that for a stunned moment they thought she had not heard of Sebastian's death. There was, however, something strained and off key about her manner, and she looked ill.

"You mean about Sebastian Dundero?" she asked one of the older teachers. "Yes, I saw it in the paper. Wasn't that awful? Oh, and listen, everyone, did you see that Mary Prince is getting married? Isn't that the wildest thing you ever heard of? Will you ever forget how we used to laugh when she first came here to teach. . . ." Her voice went on talking and talking; she didn't refer to Sebastian Dundero again.

Charley Washburn asked her the following day if she were going down to the wake. "Me?" she said, as if in surprise. "I should say not! I wouldn't think of it!" She was putting on her coat to go home. "So far as that goes," she added, giving them their cue, "I'd be just as glad if I never heard that name again for the rest of my life."

From that time on, she changed. The buoyancy left her; the lights went out behind her eyes. A pinch developed somewhere in her features, and her coloring brightened and dried out. She complained of headaches, of feeling tired; pleading that excuse, she gradually gave up all her extracurricular activities at the school.

"It was a lot of bother, and it's not appreciated," she confided to Alice Kemp. "Besides, you can't do anything with these kids. They're shiftless and lazy. They annoy me." She mentioned the Dunderos only by indirection. "I learned my lesson, and from now on I'm just going to go through the motions and pick up my pay check. I'll let someone else do the worrying. . . ."

*"Hark, how the sailor's cry
Joyously echoes nigh:
Sa-an-ta-a Lu-u-ci-a,
San-ta Lucia!"*

Finishing the song, the class looked up at her, but, without comment on their performance, she merely said: "Next page. Funiculi-Funicula. I'll give you the notes." She sat lost, dully waiting till the bell rang for the end of class; then she said, completing another day, "All right, pass the books across, line up, and go." The last one out of the room was Joseph Scalzo. "Here. You," she said. "I want you to take back—whatever this is. I don't accept gifts from my pupils."

Confused, slovenly, with wild spouting hair and two straight blue lines beside the corners of his mouth where he had drawn an inked ruler through it, he came toward her, scarlet-faced, to take back his gift. When he was near her, he tried again. "Miss Cleary—you know who I am: Nick's cousin! Nick and Sebastian—?"

"You shouldn't be spending your money like that," she said, cutting across his plea.

"It didn't cost nuthin'," he mumbled, taking back the wrapped handkerchief and turning away.

"It didn't cost anything!" she snapped. He swung around, surprised, and something dropped out of the tissue paper with a light clatter. Looking down at the floor, she saw the pearl-and-wire pin with *To Marion* spelled out on it. She felt her face go hot. "Where did you get that?" she asked angrily.

"From—from my aunt. She give it to me for you. So you'd know who I am. She said you'd know." Hesitantly, he placed the pin on her desk.

MARION sat down abruptly. The Twisted Hand. This was another hand, reaching out to her, asking her to try again with this, the least promising member of the family. She shielded her eyes while she said to herself: It isn't fair! I can't be expected—I do my job, I teach them.

But there under her gaze was the pin, and a warm voice said: "I was gonna have 'From Nick' put on it, only I didn't have enough money." The reels of memory spun, and she saw Mrs. Dundero in tears, bending down to kiss her hands. There was the picture of Sebastian, handsome and smiling, leading Joseph Scalzo up the steps of the house by one ear. Another voice cried: "I do not make trouble! I will give you three hundred, four hundred dollar if you will bring me to my son! I cannot go without my son! We are sailing! We go to Italy!" And his son asked: "What's the matter, Miss Cleary? Don't you like the pin? Isn't it any good?"

"All right," she said, looking out over the empty seats and desks. Her eyes were wet. "Tell your aunt I said all right. I understand what she means. I'll do it." Then rustily, but with something like her old manner, she said, "And listen, Joe—" He was at the door. "—before you leave, how about erasing the blackboards for me, and maybe closing the windows?"

He rushed—she saw his wide smile—rushed happily to obey. She was aware of him standing on tiptoe, reaching up with both hands on the eraser to draw it down in one long sweep, and she found herself beginning to wonder what could be done, what could be made of Joe Scalzo.

As he worked with vigor, the faint choking smell of chalk dust reached her nostrils. Her fingers unconsciously were turning over and over the cheap little brooch, and then, after a while, she opened the clasp, and pinned it to her dress.

THE END

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The Two Margarets I Know

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 9

Margaret Truman, her American counterpart, shares with her a similar sense of humor, and a love of music and gaiety. But Margaret Truman is essentially the more serious of the two. She is—and this is unavoidable, because of the difference in their backgrounds and upbringing—more human and better able to mix with people. She is, also, passionately devoted to her career, which comes first in all her considerations. And this includes men—she plays no favorites among her beaux, because romance might interfere with the development of her career; at the moment, all she wants to do is become a good singer, and possibly an accomplished actress at the same time.

I first met Margaret Truman about 10 years ago, when her father was a senator, and I liked her very much. There was no inkling then, however, of the development that has taken place in her in the last three or four years—the development of talent and poise and charm that has made her universally liked and admired wherever she goes. Her blonde hair, which used to be too long, has been cut shorter, in a chic, neat arrangement that brings out the best features of her face. She has blue-green eyes, sparkling with a lively, intelligent expression, and her good looks are accentuated by a light, creamy complexion. She is of medium height—perhaps five feet three or four—and has fine, sensitive hands. She is, at the age of twenty-seven, a very attractive young woman.

Margaret's manners, like her mother's, are perfection, and she has an ease and grace in her dealings with people that would make her outstanding even in a group that didn't know she is the President's daughter. In her relations with the press she has developed an extraordinary finesse, and she is able to parry embarrassing or silly questions without showing the exasperation she must feel. She has come up the hard way, bucking the obvious difficulty of being the President's daughter, and she has (as witness the rave notices she received on her appearance on the Jimmy Durante show over NBC on November 3d) found herself in television, and may soon find herself equally well on the stage.

It was, in fact, after the Durante show that Jean Dalrymple, the theatrical producer, went backstage to see Margaret and offered to engage script writers and song writers on the spot, with the idea of doing a musical show for her and Durante. Margaret's concert manager, James Davidson, who was standing nearby, remarked that she had too many concert engagements lined up to make the idea feasible. But Margaret smiled and said, "We will always consider any reasonable offer in show business."

I think that Margaret's dedication to her career comes from two things: first, the normal determination of anybody with talent to put it to the best and fullest possible use, and second—and more important—to make herself independent of Independence. She knows that she will not live in Washington forever. (As a matter of fact, the social end of Washington doesn't interest her particularly, anyway.)

I think she wants to be able to carry on on her own, after her father is no longer in the White House, and be recognized as being financially, socially and artistically independent. She admits that the public notice her concerts have received is because of her present situation, and her one desire is to receive the same—and better—notice as



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an artist rather than as an object of public curiosity.

Her trip abroad last summer was made at her own suggestion (it was her first trip and she financed it herself). It was primarily intended to give her a chance to meet and study European singers, with an eye to learning whatever might possibly help her in her career. As it turned out, she was one of the best ambassadors we ever sent to Europe; she charmed everybody she met, played along with the inevitable diplomatic routine extremely well, and although she probably didn't learn a great deal about music, she found out for the first time the

difference between the restrictions imposed on political celebrities in Europe and the freedom she is able to enjoy at home.

Also, quite incidentally, I believe she saved Europe's social and tourist season. A great many people, worried by the international situation, had been nervous about going abroad. But when the President's daughter went for what was called a vacation tour, their fears evaporated and the transatlantic carriers were crowded the rest of the summer.

One example of Margaret's tact and diplomatic handling of the press came after she had had an audience with the Pope. The reporters gathered around her and pressed her for all the details of the meeting—trivial points such as whether she had kissed the Pope's ring, whether she had knelt in front of him and so forth. Realizing that the affair might turn into something of a side show if she gave out too much information, she answered all these questions simply by smiling and saying, "Frankly, I don't remember. Whatever I did was the proper thing, I hope." This was avidly noted, and everybody was happy. Her press conferences were miracles of timing and good taste, and the reporters were as impressed with her as was everyone else.

In England she met, and immediately liked, Princess Margaret. On the occasions when they were together, they found that they had a great deal in common; and they also compared the differences in their situations. Princess Margaret is reported to have said, after Margaret Truman had gone, "I wish my father would let me express myself in public the way Margaret Truman's father does." A wistful thought, that, and obviously a sincere one.

In France, Miss Truman was not able to do much on her own, but I attended one party, given by Ambassador David Bruce, at which I know she had a good time. The guest list was made up primarily of French musicians, composers and playwrights—all of them pleasant and gay—and the rest included a cheerfully informal group of peo-

ple, notable among them General Ike and Mamie Eisenhower. The string orchestra from Monseigneur (a night club) came in and played for the guests, and for Margaret's benefit they played several of the arias she sings at her concerts. There were loud demands for her to perform, but she protested that she was on vacation. Although she didn't sing out loud, I noticed she was humming the tunes softly.

There was a certain amount of community singing later, in which Ike joined with great vigor. (I am able to report that he has a fine, clear, baritone voice. The song was, I think, Lili Marlene.) It was a very pleasant party and Margaret left, as usual, a train of admirers when she departed.

One reason she makes friends so readily is that she does small, thoughtful things—little human touches that mean a great deal to the other person. One time, for instance, I gave her a little evening case, in which were a pair of opera glasses and a make-up kit. More than a year later I saw her at the theater, sitting three or four rows ahead of me. After we had waved our greetings, she reached in her lap and held up the case for me to see. This was by no means a spectacular gesture—or a particularly important one—but by showing me that she liked the gift and that it was useful to her, she naturally made me quite happy.

Her life in this country is, as I have said, devoted to her career. When she isn't on a concert tour, she divides her time between Washington and New York. She rehearses a great deal, sees a few friends when she has the time, and is an avid theatergoer—also when she has the time. She does not care much for the night spots.

One of her favorite eating places in New York is the Barberry Room, which is restful and quiet, where the ubiquitous Secret Service man isn't too obvious in his watching of her. Mostly, however, she works—and works extremely hard. She is wonderful to work with, too—at rehearsals, that is—and she is, in every sense of the word, a real trouper. But, in spite of her fierce ambition, she also knows her limitations. One night, when I saw her at a performance of Otello at the Metropolitan Opera, I asked her if she was ever going to sing Verdi's beautiful last-act aria, Ave Maria.

"Oh, no," she replied quickly. "That's not within my range."

Shortly after her first concert, which I attended, I was on a CBS television show called Who Said That? and in the course of the show I was asked how I had liked Margaret's singing. I replied, in effect, that I didn't think she was ready for a concert career, much as it pained me to say it.

I later found out that, although some people had been highly displeased with my remarks, both she and her mother—who is, incidentally, a fine and a charming woman—had defended my right to say what I felt. I think that at the time she did misunderstand me, though, because when Helen Sioussat, of the network, asked Margaret to a luncheon that included Gracie Allen, Mrs. Warren Austin and me, Margaret replied, "I'd love to come, but I don't think Miss Maxwell likes me." Helen assured her that this was not the case, so she came to the luncheon. I hope now that she knows how wrong she was in her assumption. I also hope that someday I shall be able to say that she is a truly great singer. She is certainly everything else.

These two young ladies—Princess Margaret and Margaret Truman—share between them just about everything a person could want. Exactly how happy they are is anybody's guess, but with their potentialities there is no reason why they should not be known and remembered for themselves, rather than for their respective positions. That, I know, is what they want. Moreover, having come this far, they should be able to surmount whatever other obstacles lie before them. And they can do a great deal of good in the process.

THE END

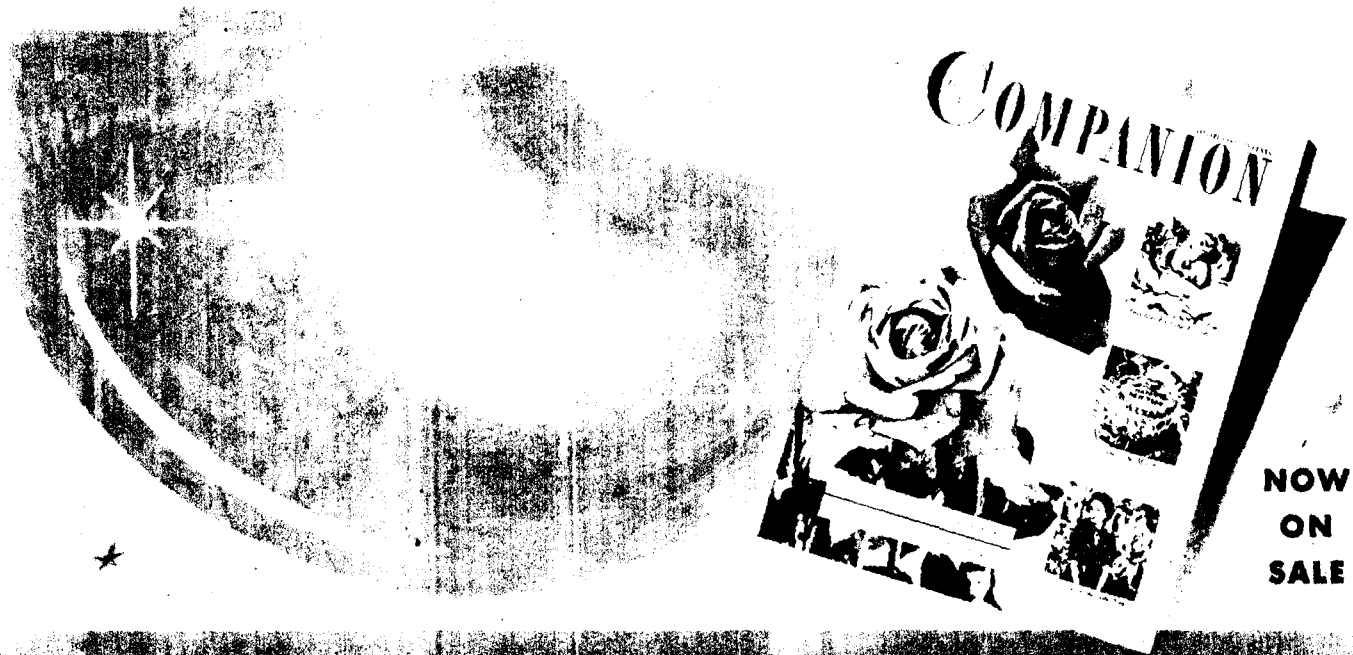
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Journey to 4000 B.C.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

and "4,000 miles to London." As this complex of military bases indicates, this was the untamed wild West of the Indian Empire, up until the British pulled out in 1947.

Waziristan, part of the bloody North-West Frontier Province of Rudyard Kipling's tales, was never finally conquered by the British in 100 years of trying, and they didn't even organize it into a political unit until 1901. Before that, so many officers were being popped off by snipers in the bazaars that in 1895, according to local frontier tales, some Indian army units formed an alliance with a hard-shooting itinerant Texan named William Remington. The idea was for Remington to engage the Pathan marksmen, Texas style, with his six-shooters.

Like Gunmen of the Old West

The Texan, a truly legendary figure, strolled about the Oriental bazaars in his cowboy boots and ten-gallon hat, and every time a rifleman drew a bead on the incongruous figure, he somehow managed to whirl and get the drop on his adversary with his pistols.

The Pathans finally gave in, out of respect to Remington's daring, after he eliminated their 11 top riflemen in a spectacular series of quick-draw gun duels; and a measure of stability returned to the area.

We soon found out that the perils of Remington's day had not diminished noticeably. We learned that it was rare for Pakistan to allow Americans or Europeans into parts of the turbulent area, and even when Sir Harry Holland—a famous British doctor who operates a hospital in Quetta—made official medical visits to such places as Waziristan, he was accompanied by a military escort. No member of the American Embassy staff at Karachi ever goes to Waziristan, and when the embassy learned that we were going there without an escort, a wag suggested that we carry along steel coffins for the return shipment of our bodies. As it turned out, we didn't need them—though on several occasions we weren't too sure.

On one of our side trips from the safety of the Quetta Valley, for instance, McLellan, Sadurdin, the Pakistani technician, and I decided to take a look at reported archaeological sites around Loralai, in rough eastern Baluchistan, and at Fort Sandeman, on the edge of Waziristan.

After getting special permission from the local Pakistan officials and arranging to buy gasoline from government supplies (our usual procedure in both Pakistan and, later, Afghanistan), we took off on a short cut over the mountains, following the route of noted British archaeologist Sir Aurel Stein, who had explored this wild region in the 1920s. We drove along a rocky road, winding and twisting through the mountains with 500-foot sheer drops just inches from us, and soon my back ached from struggling with the steering wheel of the truck.

We came to a patch of woods at a place called Ziarat, high in the mountains, and suddenly a covey of Asiatic partridges ran across our path. With a cry of joy, McLellan jumped from the truck, shotgun in hand, and took off after the birds. Firing as he ran, he disappeared down the road. But then we froze! There was a fusillade of rifle shots from down the road in the direction in which McLellan had disappeared.

We watched, and two strapping, bearded Pathans, armed to the teeth, came running toward us. They carried their rifles at the ready, and they were loaded down with cartridge belts. With incredible agility for such huge men, they clambered up on the bank above the truck and we found ourselves looking up at their rifle barrels. Their fingers were on the triggers and we didn't know if we were going to live through the next second. Our guns were

out of reach—and McLellan was up the road, presumably dead.

There was a moment of silence and then we heard someone coming down the road whistling, "Lay that pistol down." It was McLellan coming toward us, with two birds slung over his back. The Pathans swung their rifles away from us to cover McLellan, letting loose a stream of Pushtu, their language. I yelled out, "Watch yourself, George!" and he nodded casually and tossed the birds into the truck. The Pathans seemed confused and I said, "Keep their attention and I'll grab the Winchester .30-30."

I was all set for the gun battle of the century, when Sadurdin unexpectedly started talking to the Pathans in the few words of Pushtu he knew. Suddenly, Sadurdin and the Pathans began laughing uproariously. "What is it?" I asked in utter bewilderment.

"These men game wardens," Sadurdin gasped, almost breathless with laughter, "and they mad because we shoot partridge!" It turned out that the governor of the province had planned a hunting trip into that wild area the following day—and he had sent the two Pathans ahead to enforce the local law that no one else might hunt in the region chosen by the governor.

I sagged with relief upon hearing this explanation, and after giving the Pathans the birds, plus some fruit for their lunch, we took off again as fast as we could go.

By nightfall we reached Loralai, a grim-looking outpost set on the wasteland of an eroded valley. We investigated sites all the next day and then McLellan complained of a violent toothache. It got worse, and in the middle of the night I decided I'd have to drive him back to Quetta to have the

tooth extracted, leaving Sadurdin to guard our equipment in Loralai. We reached Quetta after a night of driving-horror on the same winding trail over the mountains, and after Dr. Holland had pulled the aching molar, we headed back to Loralai.

Before we realized it, it was midnight; as we reached a town high in the mountains we began to make out strange ghostly shapes just beyond our headlights. I didn't like the looks of this and I started to speed through, but McLellan yelled, "Wait! We're trapped!" Across the entire width of the village street, a chain barrier was strung between two concrete blocks and locked with a padlock. It was the center of the town's bazaar, but all the shops were closed and boarded up for the night.

I stopped the truck, and we both stared as white-burnoosed figures appeared from behind the barrier. One figure crossed in front of our headlights. His burnoose fell open and I saw a rifle. Then I saw another man in the alcove of a closed shop door. He had a rifle, too.

My mind raced, and the thought struck me that this barrier must have been set up by Pakistani soldiers to defend the town against just such marauding tribesmen as these. But where were the soldiers? I glanced back; sure enough, there was a mud-brick fort down at the end of the street, topped with barbed wire and towers and looking like something out of a movie of the French Foreign Legion. "Hold on," I shouted to McLellan. "I'm going back."

So I put the truck in reverse and slowly backed up. I had my hand on the revolver and McLellan fingered the rifle. We had to cover a total distance of only 100 yards, but it was longer than any 100 yards I ever ran as a track man at Columbia and Michigan.

As we backed up, the ghostly figures in front followed us, and more and more came out of the closed shop doors. Soon it seemed as if hundreds of white-clad, armed figures were silently closing in on us.

When we were 50 feet from the fort, I jumped from the truck and sprinted the rest of the way. I pounded on the door, screaming, "Havildar! Havildar! Sergeant! Sergeant!" I heard the scrape of feet inside and a port opened in the door. I saw the face of a bristly mustached Punjabi private in the light of a kerosene lamp he was carrying. His eyes mirrored amazement as he probably said to himself, "What the devil is a European doing here?" But he let me in and took me to the orderly room.

A sergeant was lying on a cot there, and when he saw me, he politely invited me to tea. I declined hastily. Then, as he tried to understand my English, he insisted that I sign a book giving all the details of our vehicle. I had visions of McLellan being torn to pieces by the mob outside, and in my desperation I got an idea. "I do not know New York license number of car. We must go outside and look," I said. The sergeant collected two of his soldiers and we went outside. McLellan was sitting in the cab of the truck, surrounded by Pathans. He was eating raisins. "Where the hell did you get those raisins?" I said.

"One of these jokers gave them to me," he said cheerfully. "Probably my last meal."

Then the ominous silence of the mob was broken by the whispers, "Americani! Americani!" And they reluctantly parted to let us and the soldiers through. The soldiers—apparently content to let the tribesmen alone so long as they made no real trouble—drove down to the barricade with us and opened the padlock and chain whereupon I stamped on the accelerator and kept going at top speed until the town was far behind us.

Exploring Ancient Villages

This trip was typical of our travels about the area. Archaeologically speaking, we had far less trouble. Wherever we went, we found a wealth of mounds, all denoting ancient villages. These mounds, formed over periods of hundreds of years, resulted from the primitive peoples' habit of allowing their debris (garbage, broken pots and the like) to pile up outside their houses. When perhaps after centuries, the houses became decrepit, the villagers would fill in the rooms with dirt and build new houses on top of the old.

In this way, artificial hills rose up as much as 110 feet above the plain, and after the topmost village had been wiped out by man or the elements, Nature finished the job by blowing soil and the seeds of vegetation over the surface.

However, the rains always washed some of the debris of the centuries out of the mounds, and that's how the archaeologist can tell them from natural hills. Then, by carefully digging a pit from the top of the mound to the level of the ancient plain, the scientist can see the record of every stage of civilization that once existed there.

As we dig down, we find, at each level the mud-brick walls of houses, the hard packed dirt floors of rooms, the fire-pit that warmed ancient families and heated their food, the pottery in which their food was cooked, the stone and copper knife with which the men hunted, the bone needles with which the women sewed, the skeletons of infants and household pets buried beneath the floors, the bones of food half-eaten and tossed into dark corners perhaps 5,000 years ago, the paving stones of village streets and so on.

By analyzing the degree of skill in the pottery, the weapons, the art objects and the implements, we can get an idea of the stage of culture at each level. To do this, we



"Now steer clear of the punch bowl and the mistletoe . . ."

COLLIER'S

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take full use of scientific discoveries in their fields.

For example, we know that all carbon retains radioactivity which decreases at a fixed rate; thus, we can tell, by analyzing the remaining radioactivity in the charcoal fire pits, exactly how many years ago the first fire was kindled in each home. Also, when pottery was made thousands of years ago, pollen in the air adhered to the wet clay. So today, by dissolving the pottery and examining this pollen under a microscope, we can tell what vegetation flourished in the area at the time—and, in that way, we know something of what the climate was like.

History Read in the Soil

In the excavation itself, each level tells the story of men and women who once lived there, and the personal details of their lives. The archaeologist operates something like a surgeon, with knife, brush, toothpick and dental tools, carefully picking away at the soil to distinguish between components of the decomposed mud brick and ordinary earth. When he finds black earth, he knows he has struck a place where once there was fire; red earth means the scorched soil of a fire pit; yellow could mean decayed matter, indicating a storage place for wheat and vegetables, and so on.

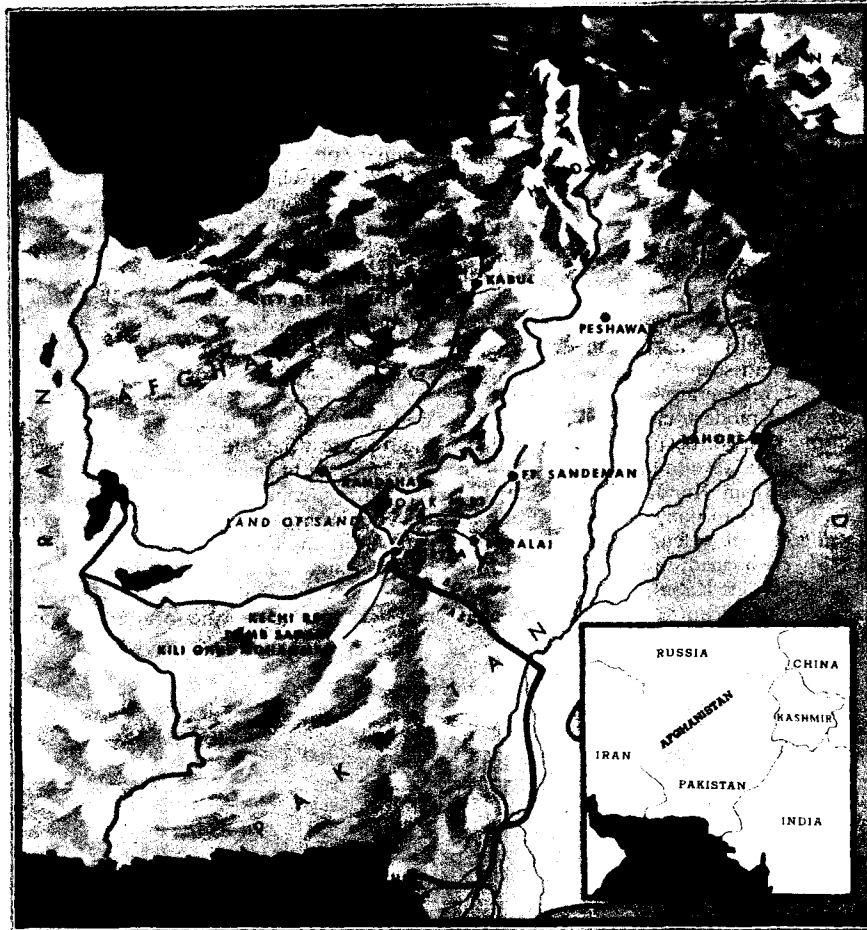
If, at any level, we find objects matching those unearthed at other excavations, and the date of these latter items is known, we can then determine the date of the stuff we have found; after that, all the other levels can be identified as being before or after a fixed date. In Babylonia, for example, a tablet was found telling about an eclipse. Astronomers know exactly when each eclipse took place, so the level at which this tablet was found was positively set at a certain date. Then, in an excavation at the site of the ancient Mohenjo Daro—"The City of the Dead"—in India, a seal was uncovered that was exactly like seals found at the level of the tablet in Babylonia. So this approximated a date for one stratum of the Indian excavation, too.

In archaeology, this technique of matching material in various excavations is called "cross-dating" and it is amazingly accurate if you look out for things like earthenware and graves, which upset the natural order of the levels.

Using these painstaking methods, in addition to combing each basketful of earth removed from the pit by native laborers, we made three priceless finds in Baluchistan—directly on the ancient invasion routes to India from Central Asia. At a place called Kechi Beg, we dug a deep excavation after finding a 300-year-old skeleton in a grave about 10 feet below the surface. We dug down until he was 20 feet above our heads with one foot sticking out; beyond that point, the centuries passed like calendar pages, and at the bottom of our pit we made our first important discovery. We found the crude implements of an unknown people who had lived here at about 3500 B.C. They corresponded to the Amri cultures on the Indus River, the earliest civilization ever found in India.

The next clue in our science mystery was turned up near a village called Kili Ghazi Muhammad—and it came about only because of the persistence of our twenty-year-old girl archaeologist, Rose Allen. We found a promising mound but were unable to do very much with it because it was covered with the graves of people who died in an influenza epidemic in the 1930s—and we had an agreement with the government not to disturb graves. Finally, we found a 22-foot-square area that seemed free of burial plots, but a few feet down we ran into nine graves from an earlier period, probably 200 years ago. We were ready to give up, because digging and graves is a dangerous procedure in which you constantly risk cave-ins resulting in the irregular nature of the walls. However, we suddenly recognized the same implements we had identified at Kechi Beg—the earliest of this period ever found in the area.

—*Lester K. Born* for December 29, 1951



AL TARTER

Black line shows route followed by expedition as far as Quetta; events related in this installment occurred along route marked in red. Inset shows where Afghanistan is located in relation to Russia, India, China

this part of the world—and there were still several feet of buried villages beneath it.

I was reluctant to continue the search because of the extreme danger, but Rose Allen was so excited by the find that she begged me to let her go on; finally I agreed, but insisted on extraordinary precautions.

Aided by Stoudt and Sadurdin, Rose dug a hole only 10 feet square; they tapered down until they worked an area a mere three feet across. The dirt was hauled out of the pit in baskets on ropes. This was a fine display of scientific courage, because as they kept digging in the narrow cut, 30 feet down from the top of the mound, it was like being at the bottom of a deep well with tons of earth threatening at any moment to bury them alive.

Traces of Primitive Peoples

Deeper and deeper they went, until they hit what should have been the bottom of the mound. But the levels of ancient villages continued below the modern plain, because the silt had accumulated around for centuries. Down they pressed, 16 feet below the surface of the surrounding countryside. The pottery disappeared completely, and the three probes got nothing but adobe walls and stone tools and charcoal. The adobe walls continued for a space, and then they disappeared. Finally, at the very bottom, Rose found just a layer of charcoal and stone tools.

She had gone back centuries farther than any other scientist who ever worked on mounds in this part of Asia—certainly to 4000, and perhaps to 5000 B.C. The people at the bottom of this mound had lived in branch huts. This was a permanent campsite and the future examination of the evidence probably will confirm that they were primitive hunters, just switching over to agriculture.

At our third big excavation, Damb Sadaat, we continued to make significant finds. We discovered a new culture with amazingly sophisticated pottery, stamp seals, and a series of signs that may be a rudimentary alphabet. Some of these signs are markedly similar to an alphabet of India's Indus River Valley that never has been deciphered—thus providing, perhaps, a long-sought

prehistoric link between the Near East and India. The pottery consisted of tumblers, goblets, jugs and plates, covered with almost-modern black geometric designs and the running and jumping figures of animals.

On this level, about 2500 B.C., we also found ingenious little clay toy houses, beautiful, polished, bone spatulas and delicate copper razors. When you consider that Europeans, at this time, were barely out of the caveman stage and the Hebrews still were wandering around Mesopotamia under patriarchs like Abraham, the state of civilization attained here was remarkable.

On a higher level (around 2000 B.C.) we found a brick platform with drains, possibly to carry off the blood of human sacrifices; built right into the mud-brick foundation was a human skull with a high-bridged nose, possibly all that remained of a slave or prisoner of war. This level was filled with figurines of bull-gods and mother goddesses with goggle eyes, parrot noses and huge breasts. On the lower level, we found the stone implements of an extremely primitive people.

But most extraordinary of all, about halfway up the mound, we found the figurine of a horse—and horses are not believed by modern scholars to have existed in this part of the world until those mysterious white conquerors, the so-called Aryans, came riding out of the north to found most of the white nations and languages of Asia and Europe. Few actual traces of the Aryans had ever been discovered heretofore; this might be one of the first—and 500 years earlier than even legend had established their existence!

So here we had read the complete story of this village over a period of 1,500 years. First, we saw how a primitive stone-age people had developed a high rate of culture through invasion or contact from the Near East (the sophisticated pottery, the seals, the rudimentary alphabet). Later, the civilization developed into a highly complex religious state involving complicated ceremonies and, possibly, human sacrifice. And then they came up with works of art (the horse figurine) suggesting that the future so-called Aryan invaders of India either originated here or passed through the area.

After Damb Sadaat, we knew that we

were on the trail of something big. We were beginning to find the record of prehistoric movements toward India from the Near East through Central Asia—the trail scientists have sought for years.

Also (though it was a side issue to the main purpose of our trip), we were coming across interesting signs of the Aryans—one of the most unfathomable mysteries in all archaeological science. The ancient writings of India, Persia and Egypt are filled with stories of these invaders, bringing their language, the horse and the first iron weapons, with which they easily defeated their bronze-using adversaries; yet there has been hardly any positive archaeological proof of their existence.

In the wilds of Baluchistan and Waziristan, we began to find clues—little clues that may or may not mean anything. First we dug up the horse figurine at Damb Sadaat. Then in the Bolan Pass we uncovered a burial cairn of stones, under which there were three-flanged arrowheads of a type which scientists have learned to associate with horsemen. And at Kaudani, in between the prehistoric and the Buddhist levels, at a time when this part of the world was using bronze implements—we found iron.

Pathans Are a Handsome Race

While we were learning new things about the ancient peoples of this area, my wife, Jan, was adding to scientific knowledge about the region's present inhabitants. She found a perfect method of doing her job, which was to sketch life among the Pathans for study by the American Museum of Natural History. She simply hitched a ride every week with Sir Harry Holland's doctor son, Ronald, on his trips to treat people in remote areas. In this way, she got to see perfect specimens of the six-foot, handsome Pathan men and their tall, beautiful women—some with blonde hair and blue or green eyes—wearing gold braid bodices, nine or ten necklaces, dozens of thin bracelets, five or six rings, and long thick hair with bangs in front and braids in the back.

On these trips, Jan ate with the native chieftains and found herself consuming things she never dreamed of before—curried goat meat, exotic Asiatic melons and buttermilk out of goatskin bags (which is self-purifying because of bacterial action).

Soon, the rest of us, too, began to grow away from the world we had known, and when we were out in the field we thought nothing of making a lunch out of an onion bought in a bazaar and *nan*, the native unleavened bread.

But as the time passed, we developed a strange hunger—for knowledge of American sporting events. We spent nights listening to faint British Broadcasting Company short-wave news reports, hoping wistfully for some word of the 1950 World Series.

Finally, in a three-week-old Karachi newspaper we saw a tiny squib that the Yankees and the Phillies had won their pennants, and we bet wildly on World Series games which already had taken place, and the outcome of which we were not to learn until months later. Then, as the weather turned cold, we nostalgically began to bet on college football games, and it wasn't until this past July that I discovered I had won \$10 from Howard Stoudt on the 1950 Notre Dame-Purdue and Army-Navy upsets.

We found other things to occupy our minds, too. One day at Damb Sadaat, Stoudt and Leslie Alcock were about to jump into our excavation when, just in time, they heard Sadurdin's warning cry. One of the world's most poisonous snakes, a krait, had just killed a female caravan dog in the village and had been tracked to our excavation, where it was found coiled and ready to spring. George McLellan killed the snake for his museum collection, and we resumed our digging.

It was only then that I noticed a tiny puppy, orphaned by the death of the dog, running and yapping about my feet. The pup was bowlegged, scrawny, filthy and runny-eyed, but when I bent down to pat

her, she licked my hand so gratefully that I was lost. I named her Ghundai ("Ancient Mound" in Baluchi). She was a Pu-inda, the local Huskylike caravan dog that is the deadly enemy of jackals and wolves, and I justified the decrepit little orphan to the rest of the expedition with the argument that we never knew when we'd be attacked by jackals and wolves.

So Ghundai became the first of our pets, and I now have her in the United States, along with a later acquisition, Besyar, a magnificent royal Afghan hound from the palace of the King of Afghanistan, given to me by an American Embassy official who had received it from the palace.

In between Ghundai and Besyar came a multitude of other mascots, including a massive white rabbit named Pion-Pion, a baby hedgehog named Murgatroyd, and a vicious hawk, standing 2½ feet high and named Fitzgibbon, which McLellan proudly led around on a rope at the constant risk of lacerated legs. The most tireless collector of pets was Sadurdin, who, after he learned of Jan's love for animals, showered her with dogs, cats and assorted other fauna of the area, including a baby camel, which I had to donate to a passing caravan.

Sadurdin Presents a Problem

It was Sadurdin who provided me with one of the most satisfying experiences of the trip. For years, he had dealt with the British, who maintain a rigid line of demarcation between themselves and the natives. When our whole group was together, servants performed the menial chores around the camp; however, when Sadurdin was off on side expeditions with McLellan and myself, he began to serve us our meals—even though he was a scientific technician of standing equal to our own. At meal-times, the following dialogue would ensue:

Fairservis: "No, Sadurdin, you come eat with us."

Sadurdin: "No, I eat later."

Fairservis: "Sadurdin, if you do not sit and eat with us, we will not eat."

(PAUSE)

Sadurdin: "You eat."

Fairservis: "No; unless you eat, we won't eat. And we are hungry."

Sadurdin: "But it is not my custom."

Fairservis: "In America it is our custom. We are all brothers."

Sadurdin: "Okay. I sit. I eat. Brother George. Brother Walter."

This protest of Sadurdin's occurred at every meal, but it became less and less elaborate until it disappeared altogether. And when we finally left him to continue our research across the border in Afghanistan, he reached up to the cab of the truck, and his final word was, "I see you again—Brother George, Brother Walter."

We said good-by to Sadurdin—and to the Allocks, who were not coming with us to Afghanistan—on November 30th. We had worked in Pakistan for five months, but as we headed into the Khojak Pass toward the Forbidden Kingdom of Afghanistan, we knew that the most important and most dangerous phase of our expedition still lay ahead of us.

Our first glimpse of Afghanistan was breath-taking—a sight that has been seen by only a few Americans. We reached the top of the narrow pass, rounded a bend in the tortuous road, and there it was, spread out in a vast panorama below us. For miles and miles, we could see nothing but a pink-colored desert, called Registan—"The Land of Sand"—and it awed us because we knew this was the first of a man-killing chain of deserts that extended all the way up into the heart of Asiatic Russia.

We looked across the weird pink sands to the north, and what we saw there literally made us gasp. The great spinal column of Afghanistan, the towering Hindu Kush Mountains—nearly as high as the Himalayas, with some peaks 17,000 to 25,000 feet tall—stuck up abruptly out of the desert. I had never seen anything so dramatic.

As a strange anticlimax to this primeval scene, a tiny American truck was crawling,

antlike, across the desert thousands of feet below us. After we had descended to the frontier and had started across the desert to Kandahar, Afghanistan's second largest city, we saw more American trucks, all belonging to Morrison-Knudsen, the Boise, Idaho, engineering company brought in to build a dam in 1947.

I had met some of the Morrison-Knudsen people on my first, trail-breaking trip to the area in 1949, and I renewed my acquaintance with them briefly before we went on. For a while, it was like being back in America. The U.S. firm's crack engineers had brought electricity into this remote region; they had such things as incandescent lights and refrigerators, and many other trappings of modern civilization.

But once we got beyond the area of their operations, we were in another world. The main road from Kandahar to Kabul, the capital of Afghanistan, was just a track in the wilderness in which, when it rained, the truck wheels bogged down time after time; and when we left Kabul, there wasn't a European or American to be seen. We could

have faces like those on the famous Greek statues. They wear Roman-style togas, and the priests who carved them no doubt were descendants of Alexander's Macedonians.

At the mouth of the valley another ruin stands on the cliff and this citadel is called Shahr-i-Zohak, the City of Silence.

Jan and I climbed through an elaborate series of archways and passages up to the ruins of the City of Silence and we were overwhelmed by the thought that it had stood exactly like this since one bloody day in the thirteenth century when Genghis Khan massacred all its inhabitants. We shuddered to think that thousands of skeletons of the murdered victims probably still lay just a few inches beneath our feet, and we lost all sense of time as we reconstructed the story of what had happened to this city.

According to several sources in medieval literature, Genghis Khan's hordes besieged the citadel in an attempt to take the entire valley, but could not get through the series of gates and passages we had just traversed. It seems, then, that a princess whose love had been spurned by the local king went to

by Japanese soldiers who then were captured by the Russians, after which the trail of the coats gets lost in a web of intrigue and trading.

When we got to Kabul itself, we found that the city was full of similar ancient modern contradictions—a symbol of the government's laudable attempt to free Afghanistan from the strangle hold of the past. After centuries of battling against Mongolian conquerors coming down from the north and British invaders streaming through the Khyber Pass, Afghanistan became fairly stable in 1919, and a progressive king, Amanullah, ascended the throne.

Unfortunately, Amanullah ultimately was ousted and succeeded by a bloodthirsty bandit leader named Bacha-i-Saqao—"Scourge of the Water Carrier." But before fleeing, Amanullah did manage to open Kabul a little to Western architecture and customs. He did the present young king, Zahir Shah, son of an Amanullah general who shot Bacha-i-Saqao and put an end to a period of hangings and tortures. The general was assassinated soon after he killed Bacha-i-Saqao, and his son succeeded him.

As the result of all this recent history, Kabul now has Victorian-style government buildings looming among its mud-brick huts, and the king's cousin lives in a completely modern house built on several levels and replete with picture windows. The streets are filled with donkeys, camels and horses, and flocks of sheep are driven directly down the main avenues of the town, but occasionally we saw a new American limousine transporting some high-ranking government official.

In this strange atmosphere, we celebrated our 1950 Christmas. It was a depressing yule season. We still had done no work in Afghanistan, and, in fact, the whole project seemed in danger because a new government Cabinet had come into power and we had to renegotiate the contract we had signed with the previous regime, permitting us to excavate in the country.

Afghan Neutrality Threatened

This renegotiation was difficult, because the Korean war had broken out since the first contract was signed, and the Afghans like all Asiatics, now were doubly afraid of upsetting their position of neutrality between Russia and the West. Also, Senator Joseph McCarthy had labeled Owen Lattimore a Communist while the latter was in Afghanistan on a United Nations mission; this blast affected us 7,000 miles from Washington, because the puzzled Afghans were now beginning to look askance at Americans.

But we finally got the contract straightened out, and we tried to rig up as cheerful a Christmas Day as possible. We found a lone evergreen high in the mountains, and in another of those mysteries of Oriental trade, we came on the latest American Christmas-tree lights—the kind with bubbling fluid in them—in the bazaar. We gave each other little presents, and we ate oranges and nuts that had just come from the Khyber Pass.

The high light of our celebration was the playing of a tape recording of Christmas carols, which we had made months before in Quetta, from records borrowed from a retired British colonel. Interspersed among the carols on the tape recording were our own voices, wishing ourselves good cheer.

We needed it. We were bitter cold, homesick—and the hardest part of our trip was yet to come.



have been in the fifth century before Christ. We passed camel caravans that were exactly the same as those that plodded along the silk routes 2,500 years ago; and many of the ancient villages we excavated differed only slightly from the mud-brick hamlets which now exist on Afghanistan's arid mountains and plains.

The entire country is dotted with ruins, a number of them strangely European in appearance, rather than Asiatic. At one place farther north, we drove far off the road to look at the remains of a huge old fort still dominating the isolated countryside. When we got closer, we realized why it had attracted our attention. The fort was rectangular and surrounded by a moat on a Greco-Roman plan. It may have been an outpost of some Greek kingdom—perhaps one of those established after Alexander the Great's conquests in Central Asia—some 2,500 miles from Greece itself and probably dating back to before the time of Christ!

Wherever we went in Afghanistan, we were overwhelmed by this sense of timelessness, and often we felt like visitors to a Shangri-La. Once, for instance, we went north to visit a little hidden valley called Bamian, in which the cliff walls are covered with grottoes which once contained dozens of Buddhas—of which a stone statue 130 feet high and another measuring 85 feet still remain.

These Buddhas were one of the wonders of the ancient world and they were described in the writings of a fifth-century Chinese monk named Fa-Hien. The amazing thing is that the Buddhas of this period

see Genghis Khan; she said she could tell him how to capture the city. When he asked her secret, she replied, "Merely sprinkle chaff on the river."

This the great conqueror did. He noticed then that the chaff disappeared into the face of the cliff below the city; whereupon his ingenious Chinese engineers deduced that there were tunnels leading into the cliff just below the surface of the river, connecting up with deep wells that supplied the city with its water. The engineers diverted the river and blocked the tunnels, and the thirst-weakened city soon surrendered.

Then Genghis Khan killed the princess—on the ground that a woman with so pronounced a sense of vengeance might also betray him later on!

With such fascinating history popping up wherever we went, we also ran into a few modern surprises, which only heightened the mystery of Central Asia. In one of the crowded bazaars near Kabul, for example, I poked around among medieval-style Moslem clothing and Greek coins of Alexander the Great's day, and then I saw something that brought me up short.

Among the goatskin garments for sale on a rack in the bazaar hung a U.S. Marine dress overcoat with the "1st Division, Guadalcanal" patch on the shoulder. Alongside this curious item was a U.S. Army coat with a patch of the A.S.T.P., the Army Specialized Training Program conducted in universities in the United States during World War II. It is beyond the scope of the Western mind to figure out how they got there, but conceivably they were taken from GIs

There was, indeed, hardship ahead—but along with it occurred the most dramatic adventure of the expedition: the finding of a desolate lost valley in the Afghan wilds, the site of a flourishing community wiped out by a whim of Nature thousands of years ago. Read about it in next week's Collier's. Order a newsstand copy now

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A Cool Customer

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14

oo. I'll have to take a little nick out of your tongue and sent it to the pathological department of the university for examination. It won't hurt you, and it won't take long. In a couple of days I'll have the result. Then I shall know whether this is what I'm afraid of or not."

"And what are you afraid of, Doctor?"

A bar of silence fell in the consulting room. I felt I must hedge. But, gazing straight into Willie Craig's cool, gray eyes, changed my mind. In a low voice, I said, "I'm afraid you may have cancer of the tongue."

That bar of silence, scarcely dispelled by those few words, vibrated and again descended, lingering intolerably.

"I see," Willie said. "That's not so good. And what if it should be cancer?"

I made a diffident movement with my hands. "Operation."

"You mean I'd have to have my tongue cut?"

I nodded. "More or less. But we won't see our troubles till we come to them."

For a long time Willie studied the toes of his neat, well-brushed boots; then he raised his head.

"Right you are, then, Doctor. You'd better get on with what you've got to do."

I rose, sterilized an instrument, sprayed Willie's tongue with ethyl chloride, and picked out a tiny fragment of the little crimson spot.

"That was soon done," Willie said.

He washed out his mouth, then picked up his hat, preparing to go.

"Let me see," I said. "This is Monday. Look round Thursday at the same time, and I'll give you the result."

"I hope it'll be good," Willie remarked coolly.

"I hope so, too," I answered.

"Good night, then, Doctor."

"Good night."

I stood watching him as he went down the drive and into the road, carefully closing the gate behind him. And under my breath I muttered: "Heavens! He's a cool customer, right enough, is Willie Craig!"

THE cool customer, the man with no imagination, walked along the street, his head in the air, his chin well up, his lips tight. Outwardly calm—quite calm! But inside his brain a thousand hammers beat furiously. And in his ears a thousand voices roared and thundered. One word repeated itself endlessly: cancer, cancer, cancer. He felt himself trembling, felt his heart pounding against his side. As he turned into Church Street, a spasm of giddiness assailed him; he thought for a moment he was going to faint.

"How do, Willie! Fine evening for the

Green!" Bailie Paxton, from outside his office, hailed him across the street.

Not one man, surely, but a row of them, all waving, grimacing, blurred and grotesque, shouting to him—cancer, cancer, cancer.

"A fine evening it is, Bailie."

"We'll see ye on Saturday, down at the match."

"You will, indeed. I wouldn't miss it for anything."

How in the name of God had he managed to speak?

As he moved off, a cold sweat broke upon him. The muscles of his cheek began to twitch painfully. His whole being seemed dissolved and fluid, escaping his control, defying at last his constant vigilance.

All his life long he had fought like a demon against his nerves, those treacherous nerves which had so often threatened to betray him. He had found it difficult, always—even the little things. That time, for instance, when he had won the bowling championship—so sick inside with nerves and apprehension he could scarcely throw his final wood, yet managing to mask his nervous terror with indifference. But now, faced with this awful thing—oh, how could he face it? The voices bawled and blared at him again—cancer, cancer, cancer.

HE ENTERED his house quietly, his house above the shop; he sat down in his chair and pulled on his battered carpet slippers. "Ye're early back from the Green, Will," Bessie, his wife, remarked pleasantly, without looking up from her paper.

With Bessie, he simply mustn't show anything. "I didn't bother about the Green tonight. I just took a stroll down the road."

"Uh-huh. These are awful nice hats Jenny McKechnie's advertising. A new spring line. Feathers. And only five and eleven the piece. I've a good mind to treat myself to one."

Staring into the fire, he made an effort to master himself. "It's high time ye were buying something for yourself."

She flashed a warm smile at him, pleased by this tribute to her wifely economy. "Maybe I will, then. And maybe I'll not. I never was one to squander money on finery. No, no. I believe in something put by for a rainy day. I'm not wanting us to be stuck here over the shop all our lives, Will. A nice bit semidetached villa up Knoxhill way—what do you say to that, in a year or two?"

In a year or two! A year or two! Where would he be then? He closed his eyes, fighting back the smarting, pitiful tears that rose to them.

Rustling her paper, Bessie laughed. "A lot of difference it makes to you! Ye hardened auld sinner. There's nothing on earth would put you up or down."

He went to bed early. In the ordinary way he went early enough, never later than ten, for he had to be in the bakehouse by four in the morning to see to the ovens for the first batch of bread. But tonight he turned in at nine o'clock. Yet he could not sleep. He was still awake when Bessie came to bed, although, in order that he might not have to speak, he pretended to be asleep. Lying there with tightly shut eyes, he listened in a dumb agony to all her simple, familiar movements: winding up the clock, stifling a yawn, dropping her hairpins into the tray upon the mantelpiece. Then, quietly, for fear of disturbing him, she slipped into bed.

In a quarter of an hour,



"Yeah, yeah, white Christmas, white Christmas . . ."

COLLIER'S

J. KIERNAN

Collier's for December 29, 1951

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This little yellow saw is full of labor-saving tricks!

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An even greater labor-saving feature is light, light weight. This remarkable power saw weighs under 25 pounds complete. (Including 3-horsepower, 2-cycle gasoline engine, steel blade and Sabertooth cutter chain, automatic clutch, automatic-rewind starter, etc.)

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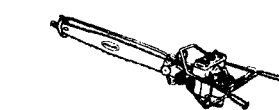
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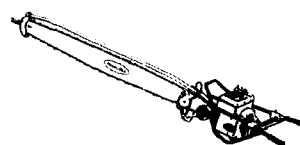
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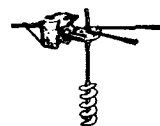
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This 5-horsepower McCulloch chain saw is available with blades up to 5 feet long.



This 7-horsepower, 55-pound McCulloch chain saw is used by woodsmen for production logging.



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The Earth Drill attaches to 5 or 7 horsepower McCulloch saw engines in one minute. It digs post holes in seconds, anywhere a man can walk.

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her gentle breathing assured him that she was asleep. He lay quite still, scarcely breathing, clenching his hands to control himself. The darkness of the room pressed down upon him. He wanted to cry out, to ease his tortured nerves by one wild, despairing shout. He wanted to turn to Bessie, to implore her sympathy, to cry passionately: "I'm not what you think I am. I'm not hard. I never have been hard. I feel everything; I feel it terribly. And now I'm frightened, desperately frightened—like a trembling child. I've always been sensitive, always been nervous. That's why I've pretended not to be. But now I'm past pretending. Don't you hear me? Don't you understand? They think—they think that I've got cancer!" At that dreadful word, though it remained unspoken, the voices started once again, the mocking voices chanting in unison: cancer, cancer, cancer.

While his wife slept, he put his hands over his mouth to choke his sobs. His ears rang with the chords of his own despair. The dark hours of night rolled over him. Not for one moment did he sleep. Not for one second did he forget.

AT FOUR o'clock, he got up, put on his working clothes and went into the bakehouse. He had hoped that the routine of the day might soothe him, distract his mind. But it didn't. As the day passed, bringing no assuagement of his suspense, he grew more desperate. Outwardly frozen, he went through his duties in the semblance of normality. He spoke, answered questions, went here and there. It was as though he stood apart, trembling, suffering, watching the figure of an automaton. He knew now that he had cancer.

Whenever he had a spare moment, he went upstairs, and, thrusting out his tongue before the looking glass, stared at the tiny growth in horror.

Comedy or tragedy?—a grown man sticking out his tongue at his reflection in a mirror. He could have laughed at the grotesque idea. But now he had no time for

laughing. He kept looking at his tongue.

Was the swelling worse? Or was it just the same? A little more painful, perhaps, since the doctor had cut into it. It hurt him now when he stuck it out like that. Or was that just his fancy? Strange that this little red flower should mean death. Terribly strange. But it did mean death. It was cancer, you see. Cancer—a thing that ate into you. Cancer, cancer, cancer—the voices started on him again. With a last stealthy look into the mirror, he tiptoed downstairs. That night again he did not sleep. At breakfast, his wife said solicitously, "You're off your food these last few days."

He protested. "Nonsense," he said, with that frozen self-possession; and, to prove his words, he helped himself to more bacon and egg. But though he ate it, he did not taste the food.

All his senses were numb now except the sense of his own condition. He was perhaps now a little mad. His imagination, working feverishly, carried him a stage further. The fact that he had cancer was accepted, proved. What was to be done, then? Operation, the doctor had said. By closing his eyes and staring into the future, he could see exactly what that meant.

He saw himself in hospital in a little narrow bed; he endured the agony of days of waiting, in one swift thought. Then, frowning slightly, he saw himself wheeled to the operating theater. The unknown terror of that place magnified its horror. What was the stuff they gave you there? Chloroform—that was it. A sickly, pungent stuff that hurried you into oblivion. But what happened in that oblivion? Sharp lancets flashed about his mouth, his own mouth. They were cutting out his tongue, cutting it deeply out by the very roots. A sob rose in his throat, choking him; and he raised his hand to his shut eyes as though to blot out the grotesque vision.

And after the operation? He would wake up, of course, in that same narrow bed, an object of sympathy and intolerable solic-

tude. A man without his tongue. A man who could not speak, but merely mumble and mouth his words.

Oh, it was terrible, terrible—not to be endured. He lost himself in the agony of the thought. Time swung its inexorable pendulum. Wednesday night passed. Thursday came. Willie had almost reached the limit of his suffering; such suffering as no one dreamed of; all locked and concealed within him.

AFTER lunch on Thursday, he went out of the bakehouse and walked down to the river. It was high tide, and the water, rushing past the quayside, lay but a few feet beneath him. He stared at it stupidly. One step, and all his wretchedness, the misery of the operation and the helplessness that lay after that, would be finished. The river, gurgling and sucking against the stone piers, seemed to call him.

Suddenly he heard a voice at his elbow: "Taking a breath of air to yourself, Willie, man?"

It was Peter Lennie smiling at him.

As though he were dreaming, Willie heard himself reply, "It's pretty hot in the bakehouse in the afternoon."

They stood together in silence. Then Peter Lennie said, "I'll walk down the road with you, if you're going that way."

They talked as they strolled along the stream—little bits of gossip, petty odds and ends of a small town's news. There was no escape for Willie. He had to go on. The afternoon passed. He went home and drank a cup of tea, then went upstairs and changed into his Sunday clothes. His mind was made up now. He would refuse the operation. He had resolved simply to die. He knew, with sudden precognition, that the operation would not save him. Cancer came back again in spite of what they did. Yes, cancer came back; it always came back.

At half past six he told Bessie he would take a little walk. He was afraid that she would offer to come with him, but she told him that she was going to run round to buy

her new hat. She had just time before Jenny shut the shop.

The evening was fine as Willie went down the street, nodding to this acquaintance and to that. He felt as though he were walking with ghostly steps to his own funeral. His tortured imagination made him feel that none of these people was real—since none of them knew that he was nearly dead. . . .

"Is the doctor in, Janet?"

He was saying it again—that silly, senseless phrase. Yes! Willie was sitting in the dining room again, staring at the fiddle that hung above the mantelpiece.

And then he was in the consulting room once again, standing before the desk as though he stood before the judgment seat.

I looked at him a long, long time; then rising, I solemnly held out my hand.

"I want to congratulate you," I said. "I've had the full pathological report. There isn't a trace of malignancy in the specimen. It isn't cancer at all. It's a simple irritation of your tongue. It will be gone with treatment in a couple of weeks."

Willie's senses reeled. A great wave of joy broke over him, and surged to the very center of his being. But his pale, calm face showed nothing. "I'm obliged to you, Doctor," he said awkwardly. "I'm—I'm—I'm real glad it's no worse."

"I hope you haven't worried these last two days," I said. "Of course, I'd never have let you know what I was afraid of if I hadn't been dead certain that you weren't the worrying kind."

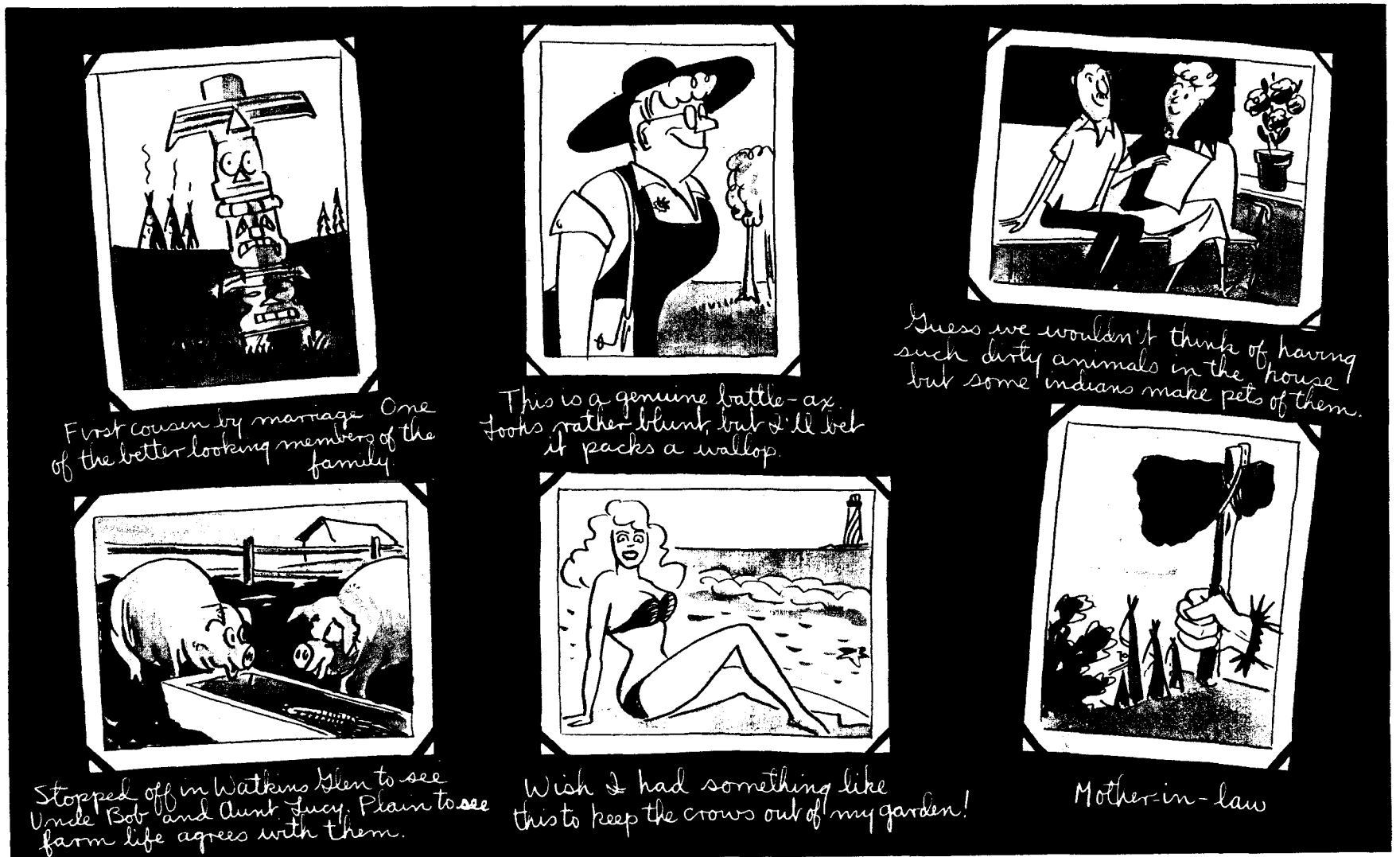
"That's all right, Doctor," Willie murmured, with his eyes on the floor. "Maybe I'm not the worrying kind."

That quiet, self-contained smile played over his face.

"They aye say that's my trouble, y'know. No imagination!"

Then, in his composed voice, he told me all that I have just related here. THE END

Another of A. J. Cronin's adventures will appear soon in Collier's



Our Fightingest Allies

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

something about life under the Reds. All but the youngest recruits in Greece's new army are veterans of the civil war. They've seen the gutted villages in the north and met the peasants whose children were kidnapped, whose homes were destroyed and whose property was stolen by the retreating guerrillas.

"For every Communist sympathizer left in our country," we were told by a village mayor, "there are at least 20 Greeks who hate them with a vengeance."

Memories of Military Glory

Another reason for the cocky, you-can-count-on-us attitude of our new allies is their national pride. In both countries the people feel they have to live up to a tradition of military prowess. The Turks never forget that their Ottoman Empire used to dominate most of the Moslem world and a large chunk of Europe. And any doubts the Greeks may have had about being as tough as their gallant ancestors at Thermopylae were dispelled during and after the last war, when they singlehandedly routed Mussolini's legions, mauled the "invincible" Nazis (even after the country fell) and eventually licked the Red guerrillas.

The innate will to resist of these two peoples has also been fortified in recent years by the fact that the average citizen in Greece and Turkey has more to fight for than ever before in modern times. Both countries have taken long strides toward democracy as we know it in America.

Consider Turkey. After 27 years of progressive but despotic government, the ruling Republican People's party—the party of the late dictator, Kemal Ataturk—did an extraordinary thing in 1950. It permitted the people to vote it out of office in a completely free election. No one was more surprised than the leaders of the newly formed Democratic party, who expected rigged elections. Today, under President Celal Bayar, the new government is pledged to a program of reduced state control of economic affairs. Of course, political activity is still somewhat crude and the Democrats tend to push the opposition around; but at least Turkey is developing the kind of democratic institutions worth fighting for.

The Greeks, who knew Fascism in the thirties under General John Metaxas, have emerged from the turmoil and violence of war, occupation and internal strife with a democratic constitution and full civil liberties. For all the political bickering you hear about, the state itself is basically stable—thanks to hard-working King Paul and his clever, attractive young queen, Frederica. Economic reforms are being pressed with the encouragement of ECA officials, and political life is unfettered. It's a tribute to Greece's political maturity that only two years after the civil war a plainly pro-Communist party (the E.D.A.) was able to campaign freely and elect several deputies to Parliament in September. (Despite this minor electoral success, the Greek Communists are weak and divided—and frequently on the outs with Moscow.)

It's no wonder that General Omar Bradley, who made a flying visit to Turkey and Greece this fall, came home with high praise for the contribution these two countries can make to NATO. About the only law we could find in the picture—and one which General Bradley naturally wouldn't mention—is that our newest allies traditionally have little love for each other.

Their feud dates back to 1453, when the amping Turks chased the Byzantine emperor out of Constantinople. Later they took over Greece, which got its independence back only in the last century. But the deepest scars of all were left by the 1922 war, when the Greeks tried to get a foothold in Anatolia and were driven into the sea by Ataturk's army. The Greeks have never forgotten this humiliating defeat and

Collier's for December 29, 1951



the resultant massacres of their countrymen in Smyrna; the Turks, in turn, can't forget that the Greeks attacked them when they seemed defenseless after World War I.

Leaders in both nations deplore the lingering bitterness. One of them, significantly, is General Nicholas Plastiras, Greece's new Prime Minister. A veteran of the bloody Anatolian campaign, where he commanded a regiment against the Turks, General Plastiras told us, "I know the capabilities of the Turks at firsthand. It is important for us and the free world that we develop a real friendship with them."

"They'd make a great team," said a U.S. major who has served in both countries. "They've got so much in common, sometimes I can hardly tell them apart. Look at their soldiers—most of them wear black mustaches, they're all hard as nails and handy with bayonets. They even like the same kind of liquor."

Border Units Co-operate

The liquor is that potent, anise-flavored drink that the Greeks call *ouzo* and the Turks *raki*. We drank some with Turkish officers at the frontier city of Edirne, near the junction of Greece, Turkey and Communist Bulgaria. They told us that co-operation is increasing between border patrols on this side of the local Iron Curtain. Greek and Turkish units now exchange information about their potential foe to the north, and senior officers of both nations meet on the frontier at regular intervals.

"We've discovered one thing we have in common," said a Turkish captain, with a smile. "In both Greece and Turkey it's a terrible insult to call a man a Bulgarian."

Another thing they have in common, we discovered, is a liking and admiration for Americans. (The feeling in both cases is mutual.) The Americans they know best, of course, are the officers and men of the U.S. military missions who are responsible for transforming their creaking, antiquated armies into efficient combat outfits.

Our mission to Turkey, known as JAM-MAT (Joint American Military Mission for Aid to Turkey), has a staff of 1,250; JUSMAG (Joint United States Mission for Aid to Greece) has more than 600. We talked to dozens of Americans in both mis-

sions, and we're still looking for one who doesn't think the Turks and the Greeks are among the greatest guys in the world.

Typical of the modernization practices we've worked out for our new allies are American-advised training schools like the one at ancient Chalcis. Here on the Evros Strait, the brains and tactical leadership for the Greek army are molded. The straits have long been famed for their puzzling tidal crosscurrents, which change direction for no apparent reason, and old men still sit here and discuss Aristotle's theories on the subject.

"History has made us a philosophical people," Colonel Dimitri Constantopoulos, director of the school's office of studies—and a graduate of the U.S. infantry school at Fort Benning, Georgia—told us as we walked toward the drill grounds. "This school will help us to protect our people's rights to discuss Aristotle, if they want to, instead of Communism, because they must."

The infantry training school at Chalcis—the only one in Greece—was established in October, 1949, just a few months after the Communist rebellion was smashed. More than 3,000 officers and noncoms have since graduated from the 12-week courses in the use of U.S. equipment and tactics.

After leaving Chalcis, the graduates impart their instruction to units from platoon level up. They also take GI slang and informality along with them—two factors, incidentally, that are helping to bring officers and men in the Greek army into a closely knit camaraderie that never existed before.

"Lead outta da pants," a calisthenics instructor's commands whipped across the drill grounds to T-shirted groups in leap-frogging exercises.

"Just like Fort Benning, eh?" Colonel Constantopoulos observed proudly.

A stocky man, wearing the silver oak leaves of an American lieutenant colonel, joined us and said, "The instructor's a sergeant just back from Korea. He's giving orders to field-grade officers and they're taking it. That couldn't have happened a few years ago. Now everyone wants to learn the right thing quickly. If a sergeant has to give the instruction, it doesn't matter."

The officer introduced himself. He was Dan Swett, of Chicago, a thrice-wounded

veteran of the Italian campaign in World War II, who is so convincingly sincere and knowledgeable about the role of the modern infantry that he could probably talk a flier into becoming a doughfoot.

Colonel Swett called the calisthenics instructor over to us. Rangy, with a shock of black hair, Sergeant Jimmy Koukouvalas pointed to his combat infantry badge and 1st U.S. Cavalry Division shoulder patch.

"Got 'em in Korea," he explained in clipped, fluent English. "Got 'em when we beat hell outta the Commies." Men like Koukouvalas volunteered for Korea with scarcely time for a breather after their own war against the Communists. When they came home, they stayed on to help make the Greek army an effective striking force.

Swett uses them with his own detachment—a captain and three sergeants, all combat-wise. They spend an average of nine hours daily training students in everything from map reading to assembling automatic weapons. Man power isn't the answer to what the Red Army and its satellites can mass. Initiative, slick training and fire power make a modern infantryman worth six sloppily trained, poorly armed enemies.

Maneuvers Amid Shellbursts

We went along with Swett to a field exercise in the nearby, boulder-strewn mountains. Soldiers in full packs were strung out in the foothills. Live ammunition burst just above them and mortar shells chewed up the summits dead ahead. As agile as the pack mules burdened with ammunition, the soldiers climbed the mountains, flattening themselves when covering fire got so close you could see their faces tighten grimly.

"Look at those guys," Swett said. "The Greek soldier is a wonderful fighting man. If he's well led, he's capable of carrying out the roughest possible assignments. He's a very brave Joe and he's as tough as the mountains he lives in."

Today, the Greek army is well led and getting better all the time. American detachments like Swett's are with every branch of Greek military service, assisting them in weapons handling, logistics, repair and tactics. There's no time for relaxation in the art of defense, especially when you've enemies to the northwest in Albania and to the northeast in Bulgaria.

On the wind-swept plains of Anatolia and in the bleak mountains surrounding them, we watched other courageous, rugged men—the Turks—engage in maneuvers. They were pitted against a mythical invader, but the enemy was no myth to these soldiers. They shouted as they rushed at "invader" strongholds, and one of the angry words we heard was "*Moskofs*"—Russians.

"These people don't consider field exercises as games," American officers told us. "They know that someday there *could* be Russians up in their mountains or in their fields. Every time they go out, they act as if they firmly believe it's the real thing. It's a feeling they have because they've been looking into Red guns so long."

Morale and individual courage are essential in any army. But you can't fight tanks and guns on spirit alone. This is where America came in, as it did in Greece. Training schools, whose number is classified information, were established and operated under American supervision and have graduated more than 30,000 men.

Tanks, bazookas, artillery howitzers, jeeps—a list as long as the needs of a modern army—were brought into Turkey. The Turks had and have a large standing army (about 400,000 men), but they were inadequately equipped until the American military aid program became effective three years ago.

"The Turk learns fast," an American liaison officer, Colonel Halford Robert Greenlee, Jr., of Richmond, Virginia, told us in the capital at Ankara. "He doesn't

waste equipment. As a matter of fact, it's difficult to make him get rid of something that has outlived its usefulness."

Some American officers found that out on a recent tour of inspection. They went up to an armored unit and found some of the tanks immobile, their batteries dead.

"Those batteries are supposed to be good for two years," the Turks declared. "Equipment is valuable. We can't replace it easily." Refusing to admit the batteries were useless, they were stubbornly trying to keep them in service.

The Turks were convinced finally that such overzealousness hurts an army, rather than helps it retain its effectiveness. Their concern, however, is natural when you think that only four years ago about half the national income was going for equipping and maintaining the army.

The average Turkish soldier is a conscript who serves two years, but serves without complaint because he is raised in the unbending principle that one day he may have to fight Russia to safeguard Turkey's independence. He's usually a peasant lad, accustomed to a hard life and no frills. In the army he gets no trimmings and draws 11 cents a month as pay. But the food is plentiful and he gets the opportunity today to obtain mechanical knowledge that will prove invaluable when he returns to the farm, now that Marshall Plan machinery is becoming available.

Where the American taxpayer is concerned, the dollar buys more defense in Turkey than anywhere else in the world. It costs about \$200 a year to outfit the Turkish soldier—coat, summer and winter uniform, two pairs of shoes, food and individual equipment. When he's in the army, he firmly believes his mission is to fight—a healthy view, although it often results in unforeseen complications.

Barbed-Wire Fence Was Needed

When the Turkish brigade was being assembled for Korea, Americans were puzzled to see the men installed behind barbed-wire enclosures. Around the fences hundreds of Turkish soldiers milled, talking to their comrades through the wire.

"What's the wire for?" asked the Americans of a Turkish staff officer. "Are you afraid those men will run off?"

The officer looked hurt. "No, sir," he said a little huffily. "We've got to keep the others out, otherwise we'll have at least three brigades going to Korea."

He was absolutely right. The call for volunteers brought 30,000 in a few days, about five times as many as the Turk quota, based on the number of men our supply units in Korea could equip.

Their contribution is second only to the American, proportionately; there are more British than Turkish troops in Korea, but they are drawn from all the Commonwealth nations. In the Korean fighting the Turks have suffered very heavy casualties; this is traceable to their ingrained conviction that a Turk never retreats no matter how desperate his position may be.

We were talking to a returned veteran, Sergeant Mehmet Vuridoun, about his experiences in the line at Korea.

"What did you do," we asked, "when you got pushed back?"

Vuridoun's mouth opened in wide astonishment. "What do you mean?" he replied. "We never got pushed back."

Gradually, though, the Turks are being shown by American advisers that frequently it's better to withdraw and live to fight another day. They don't like the idea, but if we say that it's a question of practical expediency and not a lack of courage, they'll buy it, somewhat grudgingly.

In concentrating on the strengthening of Greek-Turkish land forces, the U.S. has not ignored their navy and air branches. The American missions are staffed with naval and Air Force veterans. They have been training these more or less neglected services and have given them equipment for admittedly limited targets.

As U.S. officers see it, the role of these

two small navies will be to patrol their own waters and to escort the mighty American Sixth Fleet, the most powerful single naval striking unit in the world. The Greek and Turkish air arms are developing tactical squadrons with trained technical personnel. Their strength is modest, but both nations have been building a network of new air bases and modernizing old ones, which can be utilized by America if war should come.

When the missions were first established, commands were given topflight Army officers. Fortunately, appointments were not political plums, but were based on merit. General James Van Fleet, the commander of the Eighth Army in Korea, headed the mission to Greece when it seemed that the Communists couldn't be stopped.

We were with Van Fleet when he saw the Communists rolled up and smashed in the Grammos Mountains. In a year he had, with his advisory teams, trained and re-equipped the Greek National army and saved Greece for the free world.

"You couldn't ask for better soldiers," he told us just before he left Greece two years ago. "All the Greeks needed was better leadership and weapons. When they got both they couldn't be stopped."

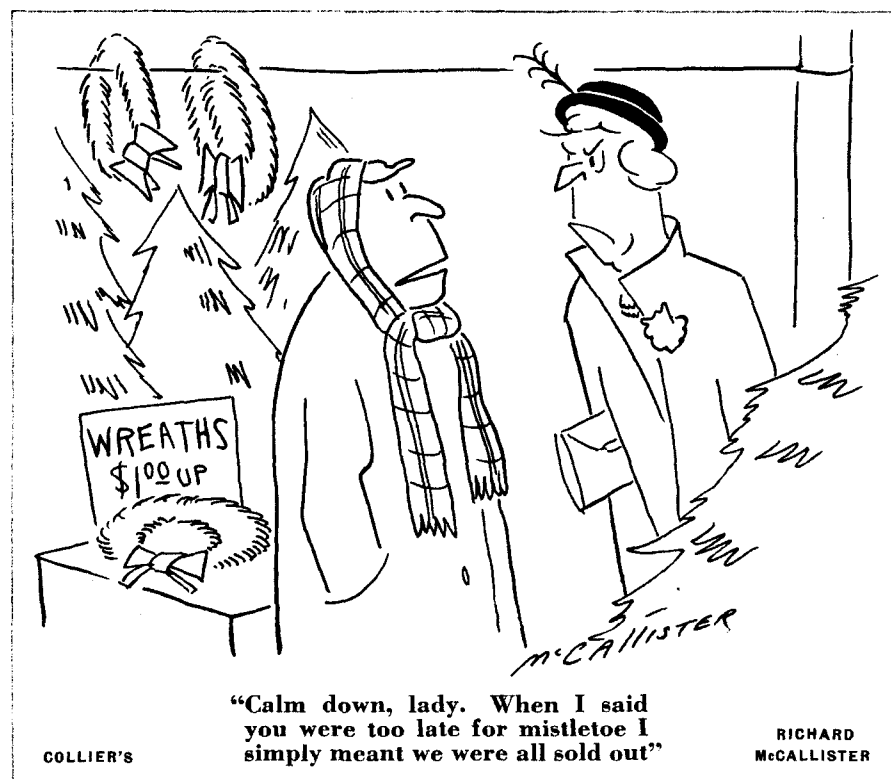
mission commanders and the Greek-Turkish general staffs is amazing when you stop to consider the inherent pride and sensitivity of those nations. It came to a test when suggestions were made that wholesale lots of high brass should be retired.

The Greeks and Turks made their decisions almost instantaneously. They booted out the incompetents and laggards and still continue to check up on their ranking officers. Turkey got rid of 140 colonels and generals between January and September of this year.

"Why should we be offended when you make those proposals?" a Greek staff officer asked rhetorically, when we put the matter up to him. "You, the Americans, are our friends and allies. You're interested in helping, not hurting, us."

We double-checked this opinion with the chiefs of staff of both nations. General Thrasivoulos Tsakalotos, whom we had known in 1947 when he was in command of units facing the Albanian frontier, was pained at the suggestion in our question.

"Ridiculous!" he thundered. "We're all working together, toward the same aims. It's common defense. With American help we have a magnificent army. We don't get



Today, youthful-looking Major General Robert Frederick, of San Francisco, California, oft-wounded, gun-toting general of World War II, is carrying on Van Fleet's practices. We had met Bob Frederick in Vienna, where he once commanded the U.S. garrison.

"You know," he said, "that I'm not inclined to make great pronouncements. But I'll say this: the Greek army is as solid an outfit as I'd ever hope to command."

In Turkey, Major General Bill Arnold, of Union City, Tennessee, a soft-spoken Southerner of fifty, and a veteran of most of the bloodiest campaigns in the Pacific, heads up JAMMAT. Arnold, one of the American Army's younger commanders, gets more done with his trigger mind than all the old-fashioned bluster ever could accomplish. He has learned Turkish so well that he can walk right up to a Turkish private and talk without getting variations from a local interpreter. It's things like this that account for the regard and respect in which he's held by the Turkish general staff.

At his office near Ankara, General Arnold reviewed for us his mission's work.

"We're modernizing the Turkish army," he said. "But we're not making it a gadget army. We're teaching the young officer to be 'one of the boys,' and we're weeding out the dinosaurs who are of no use to anyone. With this fine army, Turkey should be the guiding light in the Middle East."

The degree of co-operation between the

annoyed at touchy situations. We talk them out into mutual agreement."

In Turkey, Chief of Staff Nuri Yamut paused in the midst of a conference with General Arnold to make his points. A deliberate man, Yamut asked the interpreter to repeat his observations twice to make sure we got them straight.

"We respect each other, Turks and Americans," he said. "We work together and we have confidence in each other."

Tsakalotos and Yamut were both elated over the entry of their countries into the North Atlantic Treaty Organization. In this respect, they reflected the feelings of their countrymen, who wanted to become members of NATO because they believe—and they're right—that they are important partners in the free world's defense organization.

These countries are passionate in their insistence that they belong to the West. Politicians, students, peasants and cityfolk talk about their association with the West as a right and a blessing. General Yamut, for example, dragged a large globe of the world to his desk in an effort to prove to us in terms of latitude and longitude that Turkey belongs to the West geographically, as well as defensively.

And our new allies mean what they say about putting out for the West. If the Russians plunge the world into war, a Greek army of 150,000 men, plus 250,000 trained reserves, will be ready to protect General

Eisenhower's extended southern flank. The little Greek navy and the large Greek merchant fleet will be ready to assist the Sixth Fleet as an escort screen and supply force.

Turkey's army of 400,000, as large as any Eisenhower has under his command and much better than most, plus a million reserves will be in a position to hack away at Soviet and satellite divisions trying to move westward toward the industrial centers of Europe. Moreover, Turkey, as our ally, cannot be ignored by the Russians in their strategic planning.

Dangers of Invading Turkey

It would be better for the Russians to bypass Turkey, for an attack there would be an enormous undertaking, second only to an assault across Germany toward France (for a venture into Turkey, our experts figure, Moscow would need almost 600,000 first-line troops—not counting those she would require to stave off retaliatory blows from Greece and, in all probability, Yugoslavia). If, however, the Russians should attack Turkey and Greece, those two countries could count on plentiful Allied help after they had rolled with the initial thrust.

But more than that, were Soviet divisions to invade elsewhere, neither Turkey nor Greece would remain idle. Turkey, especially, would be a threat. Her armies, on the Bulgarian frontier in Turkish Thrace, and on Russia's borders at Kars and Ardahan, are a menace to Soviet supply and communications. In case of war, the Turks would certainly move to disrupt the Red Army where the Soviet strategists find themselves quite vulnerable—their own home bases.

With Tito in the Western camp, the Russians will find three of the toughest fighting forces in the world ranged solidly against them. It won't be any cakewalk taking on the Yugoslavs, Greeks and Turks all at the same time. As a matter of fact, it's a very good bet that the Russians would find themselves engaged in the kind of costly warfare that drained the Germans in World War II.

Turkey has become the West's Middle East Command. The most advanced, the best equipped and the greatest friend we have in the area, Turkey's role is a dual one. She keeps an eye cocked on south-east Europe and one on the Middle East. Geographically, the country is athwart both continents and she is geared to make commitments either way or both.

That's why the Turks were puzzled over the British-inspired proposal for a separate Middle East Command, embracing the Arab states. Realists that they are, they don't count any nation in the troubled area as capable of any military strength. Why, they ask, borrow trouble (like being snubbed by Egypt) when you get nothing in return?

Should war come, the air bases in Greece and Turkey will be vital in carrying an Allied offensive against Russia. The Americans have the air strength to provide the striking power, not only with land-based planes in Greece and Turkey, but from the carriers of the Sixth Fleet in the Mediterranean, as well.

From Turkey, too, we could bottle up Russian shipping in the Black Sea. Turkish control of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles cuts Soviet merchantmen off from the rest of Europe and Africa. It also minimizes the danger from southern-based Russian submarines, which must risk high losses in any attempt to nip through the Bosphorus into the Mediterranean.

Viewed through other eyes, Greece and Turkey are not simply our new allies, old friends finally recognized.

"You Americans perhaps don't realize how fortunate you are with Greece and Turkey on your side," a neutral diplomat told us in our Ankara hotel.

"You have more than additional armies to help you. In Greece and Turkey you may have the absolute deterrent to any Russian plan for aggression—anywhere."

"You've been fortunate in getting one of the greatest bargains in history." THE EN

Collier's for December 29, 1951

Tops in TransPORTation

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

bus terminal in mid-Manhattan, world's biggest bus station, where 5,200 busses daily handle 125,000 passengers, most of them Jersey commuters to and from jobs in New York. Among the terminal's refinements are a bowling alley, one of the longest soda fountains extant, and a supermarket where a commuter can pick up his bag of victuals on his way home at night.

● The majestic George Washington Bridge, spanning the Hudson between upper Manhattan and Fort Lee, New Jersey, an \$80,000,000 colossus carrying 103,000 tons of steelwork and 28,300 tons of cable, world's longest suspension bridge until San Francisco's Golden Gate Bridge came along. Of this Port Authority creation, which observed its twentieth birthday in October, the renowned Swiss architect, Le Corbusier, has rhapsodized: "It is the only seat of grace in the disordered city . . . Here, finally, steel architecture seems to laugh."

● The \$100,000,000 New York International Airport (Idlewild), world's biggest commercial air terminal, built—after history's biggest land-reclamation job—on a 4,900-acre tract once tidal marsh and open water. Idlewild superimposed on Manhattan would reach from the Battery to Forty-second Street, a distance of four miles. It has—besides a 10-story control tower now abuilding—three hangars each as big as two football fields, and runways miles long.

■ An agency less energetic than the PNYA might justifiably consider such an airport, tunnel, bus terminal and bridge enough of a handful. But this monumental quartet isn't all. There are 13 other Authority holdings: three more airports (La Guardia, Newark and Teterboro); three more bridges, all spanning the gap between Staten Island and Jersey (the Goethals, the Bayonne and Outerbridge Crossing); two motor-truck terminals, one in Newark, one in New York, where over-the-road tractor trailers swap cargoes with local, smaller rucks; the Lincoln Tunnel, the Holland's upstream twin; a union inland railroad freight terminal in Manhattan; two marine terminals (one Port Newark, the other a grain depot in Brooklyn); and—smallest of the lot—a heliport at the southern tip of Manhattan, hopefully dubbed No. 1.

This impressive array of public works

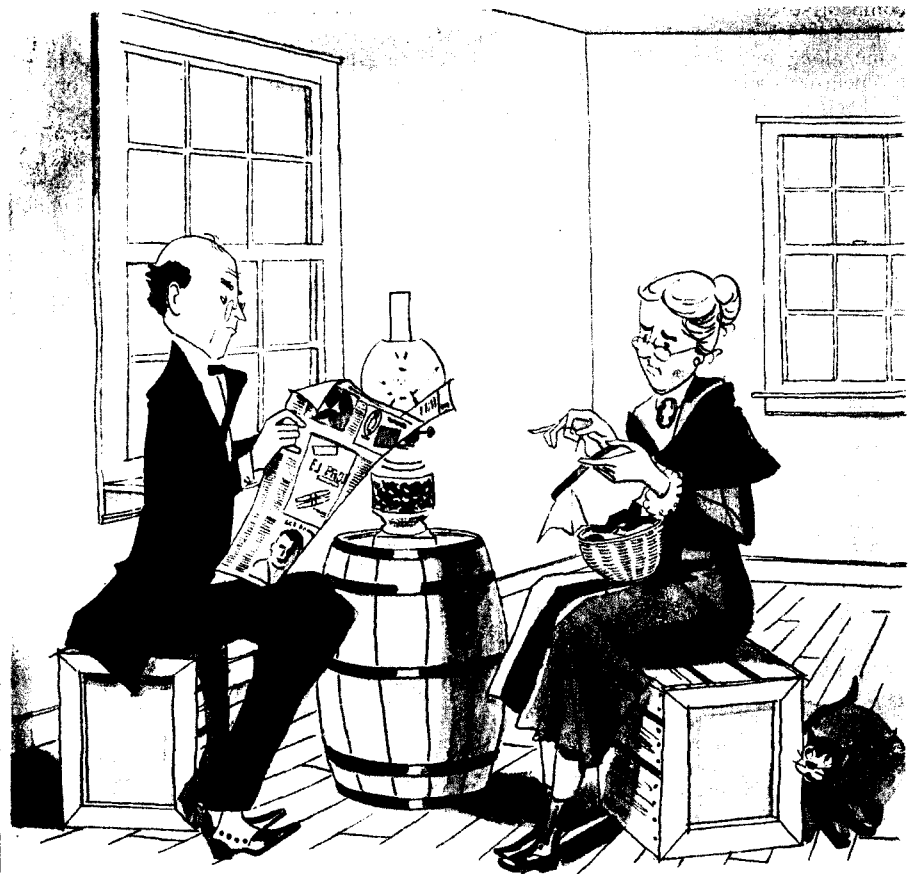
came into the Authority's hands in several ways. The PNYA itself built all the bridges, the bus, truck and railroad freight terminals, and the Lincoln Tunnel. It took over by transfer from other government agencies the Holland Tunnel and the grain terminal. It bought Teterboro Airport, in northern New Jersey, from a private owner. It leased the other three airports and Newark's seaport for 50 years from the respective owner cities, and a second heliport for one year from New York City.

At the Rail Freight Terminal

All these complicated enterprises are actively managed by the Authority itself, except for the railroad freight terminal, which is leased to nine trunk-line railroads coming into New York. A 16-story, block-square structure in downtown Manhattan, it has more floor space than the Empire State Building and is a central delivery point for truck deliveries to and from the railroads. It offers a unique service whereby outside elevators carry giant freight-bearing trucks from platforms on the first two floors to and from the lofts, warehouses and offices of private shippers occupying the upper floors. Thus, a top-floor tenant with a consignment for Zanzibar, say, need give it no more thought after it passes through his own office door; the truck waiting right outside will carry it direct to shipside.

The plush executive offices of the PNYA itself are on the building's fifteenth floor, and from them can be plainly heard the rumble of the truck mastodons directly below. For all this Buck Rogers touch, however, the terminal is regarded by students of the PNYA as merely a monument to the Authority's one signal failure. They point out that the Authority's original chief mission was to unify railroad terminal facilities. (This one terminal has never paid off as a terminal, though it has through loft and office rentals; and eight other similar terminals once planned no longer loom on PNYA drawing boards.)

"The Authority spent almost the whole of its first 10 years struggling with this single task," one expert says. "But the railroads just didn't want to unify. They've felt that unification is inconsistent with the



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"Ooooh! Your medals are like ice!"

VIRGIL PARTCH

Collier's for December 29, 1951

competitive basis on which they're built."

Luckily for the Authority, truck traffic came along just about when the railroad problem was beginning to stymie it, and on the heels of that came air traffic. With the metropolis rapidly heading for its biggest (and still growing) air-sea-car-rail boom in commercial and passenger traffic, the PNYA took a sharp look at the broad mandate given it by its bistate boss—to develop the port into a harmonious, thriving center of world trade—and took these burgeoning new forms of transport under its willing wing.

In so doing, the Authority did not have completely smooth sledding. Despite its reputation for shrewd, efficient management, and one of the best credit ratings of any public agency in the country for revenue bonds (its properties are financed by tax-exempt bonds sold to public and private investors), not all its facilities came to it without a fight.

Three Airports at Low Price

There were, for instance, lengthy wrangles with the cities of Newark and New York over the price the Authority proposed to pay for taking over their respective airports—at their request. Newark's airport was run-down and insolvent; New York's La Guardia was (and still is) literally sinking into the mud, and its Idlewild, then not yet completed, was draining the civic treasury. The Port of New York Authority offered what both cities considered insultingly low sums for assuming responsibility for the properties.

A number of local politicians were heard to murmur about this Frankenstein their states had created, but the Authority, notoriously hardheaded in matters fiscal, remained unmoved; it doesn't fancy itself as a source of charity for ailing civic enterprises. Eventually, in 1947, compromise was reached. On each of the New York airports the final deal was for a 50-year lease, in return for which the PNYA would pay the city \$350,000 rent a year for 10 years, \$450,000 thereafter, or a 75 per cent share of the total net revenue, whichever is greater.

To date, this millennium has not been attained. Though not the least money-making of the Authority's facilities (that low position is held by the Staten Island bridges), the airports are far from the top; that honor goes to the PNYA's Hudson River crossings, thanks to the fantastic volume of traffic they bear (53,500,000 vehicles last year alone). George Washington Bridge collects as much as \$100,000 in tolls of a week end, and the income from that and all other Authority bridges and tunnels accounted for a bulging 77 per cent of its 1950 gross operating revenue of \$42,198,237.

The Authority's hottest scraps, however, have been with New York City's strong-willed park commissioner, Robert Moses. On occasion these have seemed like the head-on charge of an irresistible force against an immovable object, and onlookers detect more than the usual quota of animus present in public feuds.

The latest Moses-PNYA tilt occurred this fall, when the Authority applied to New York City's Planning Commission, on which sits Moses, for permission to build a third tube for the Lincoln Tunnel to take some of the traffic load off its present two tubes. The law requires such permission whenever Authority projects involve connections with New York City streets.

The request was turned down; the commission felt that the well-heeled Authority could afford an extra \$30,000,000—on top of the \$85,000,000 cost of the third tube—to contribute toward the construction of a cross-town expressway into mid-Manhattan. On the other hand the Authority argued that it would be sufficient to spend \$21,000,000 out of the tube appropriation for what it declared to be "fully adequate" approaches from the tunnel to the city's streets.

Shedding his customary geniality, How-

ard Cullman, chairman of the PNYA's 12-man board of commissioners, caustically charged in a wire to New York's Mayor Vincent Impellitteri that Moses, in opposing the Authority plan, had acted in a loaded, "triple-threat" capacity—not only as Planning Commission member but as the city's Construction Co-ordinator and chairman of its Triborough Bridge and Tunnel Authority.

Snapped Moses: "This business of the Authority's walking into a city and building approaches on its own terms is a lot of hokey."

Pending a final decision on the matter by the New York Board of Estimate, the Authority, seemingly undeterred by its preliminary turndown, went ahead and ordered advance field work on the new tube

wooing importers and exporters with charts, shipping schedules and promises of special services, to persuade them that moving their cargoes via New York is cheaper and more efficient than via Philadelphia, Savannah, Charleston, Boston or the Gulf ports. The PNYA's archival is New Orleans, which took away a lot of trade from New York's submarine-threatened waters during the war; it was with an eye to beating the Southern city at its own game that the Authority recently added to its Chicago, Cleveland and Washington "port promotion" offices a new branch in Rio de Janeiro, which has always sent a lot of shipping to New Orleans.

In Washington, PNYA lawyers may be filing briefs with the Interstate Commerce Commission opposing railroad and truck

erage week, the Authority is constantly astir with myriad other matters. It may be conferring with civil defense officials about protecting its vital arteries against A-bomb attack (plans are to shut them off to prevent a mad rush out of the metropolis). Its engineers may be starting some wholly new piece of construction (currently the biggest is a \$6,000,000 passenger terminal building for Newark Airport), or a new tunnel, viaduct or other approach for an existing facility.

Its workmen may be repaving runways and roadways at its airports and tunnels, or tightening bolts on the cables of the George Washington Bridge, or painting it—a colossal job requiring four years, \$350,000 and 28,000 gallons of paint.

In connection with the paint job, a side Authority activity is the psychological testing of applicants for employment as painters. "Afraid of heights?" structural foreman Al Fegley begins by asking. "Hell, no," usually comes the cocky reply. "I was a flier" (or steeplejack, or shipyard worker). The job hunter is then taken by elevator to the top of one of the bridge towers, 600 feet above terra firma, led to a girder only 16 inches wide, and invited to walk 30 feet out. Two out of three refuse; of the rest, many freeze halfway across.

A Man Who Knew How to Fall

Sailors and circus men, the Authority finds, make the best bridge painters. One of its 50 men on the job is Charlie Rigg, a former Chicago trapeze artist, tumbler, one-wheel bike rider, and high-wire performer, all of which he is undoubtedly grateful for now. One day a timber which was being hoisted suddenly swung in the wind and bowled Charlie off a scaffold. Like a cat, he landed lightly, feet down, on a girder a little way below.

Equally vital, if less dangerous, are the Authority's regular responsibilities in connection with its airports. While Fegley is putting some hopeful candidate through his paces at the bridge, PNYA chief engineer John Kyle's staff may be busy lab-testing the plane-bearing qualities of subsoil and concrete, while out at La Guardia Field, laborers may be shoring up the perimeter dike built to prevent the airport from disappearing into the waters of Flushing Bay.

La Guardia is the PNYA's biggest single headache. Its fill, WPA-built some years ago and literally consisting, in part, of bed-springs and baby carriages, hasn't held up under the weight of heavy oceangoing planes; the airport keeps sinking. Eventually the Authority plans to relegate La Guardia to short-haul domestic flights only.

One recent Authority project in a wholly new direction is a 15-month experiment to test the feasibility of a shore-based radar station at Fort Wadsworth, Staten Island to guide ships in and out of the harbor during times of low visibility. Since the fixed cost of operating a 10,000-ton cargo ship is \$2,000 a day, and a lot more for transatlantic liners, delays are costly; so that the Authority regards the radar experiment as part of its job of improving commerce in the port.

Three PNYA radar experts, equipped with walkie-talkies for ship-to-shore communication, went aboard scores of incoming and outgoing vessels during the experimental period. At least once a possible tragedy was averted when the radar man aboard the freighter African Sun out of Capetown, coming into Ambrose Channel in a heavy fog, got word from Fort Wadsworth that the Ile de France was also taking the turn into the channel. The master of the African Sun was able to get his ship out of the way in time.

The results of the radar experiment are now being studied for long-range possibilities. It is not certain who would operate a permanent station if one is set up either the Authority, New York City, or the shipping companies jointly might do so.

Not overlooked by the Authority in its average work week are a score of activi-



"I haven't even been able to get him near a barber before, Mr. Hoffman. Why, you're quite a psychologist!"

STANLEY & JANICE
BERENSTAIN

and let a contract for land borings to test subsurface conditions on the streets leading to it.

Mowing down obstacles in its way is just one of many chores the Authority considers to be in its regular line of duty. Basically, all its activities have to do with improving and promoting transportation within, into and out of its fabulous empire. But since there is virtually no limit to the by-products of transportation—with which the port of New York Authority also zestfully occupies itself—its round-the-clock schedule makes it just about the busiest public body in the United States.

Employees of Many Callings

Exactly how busy may be gauged by the types of help it employs. On its staff of 3,310, including the usual administrative and clerical personnel, are lawyers, architects, engineers, designers, scientists, surveyors, weather observers, radar experts, traffic cops, dock-wallopers, freight handlers, electricians, bridge painters and other maintenance men as well as one helicopter pilot.

In any one week, the number and variety of PNYA goings on are staggering to behold, and many of them are far afield.

In the Midwest and in South America the Authority's bustling agents may be

freight rates which the PNYA thinks discriminate unfairly against New York commerce; its representatives may be swarming Capitol Hill for appropriations to deepen a channel in New York Harbor; its technicians may be working out the details of such operations with the Army Corps of Engineers.

Also in Washington, the Authority may be arguing before the Civil Aeronautics Board in support of the application of private companies for licenses to operate helicopter service in the port area. The PNYA would not itself run such a service or the many skyscraper heliports which it confidently expects to dot Manhattan soon, but it would build and operate all public heliports.

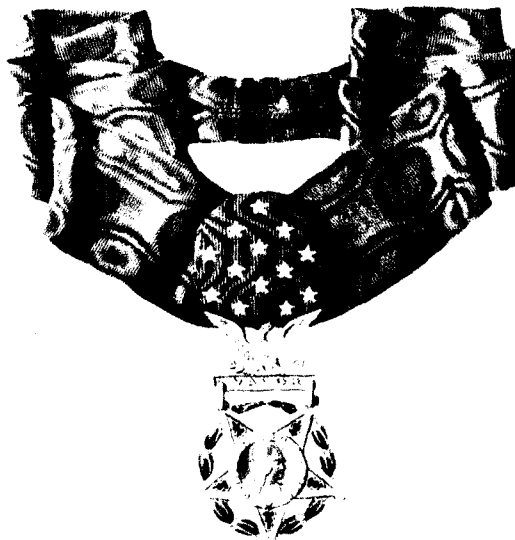
Recently the Authority illustrated its optimism about the coming helicopter age by buying its own pontoon-equipped 'copter, a \$24,850 Bell 47D1, fondly referred to by PNYA executives as "the little bug," which they hop as casually as most people do an earth-bound company car. Almost all PNYA facilities have been fixed up with landing areas for the "bug," small circles marked by black-and-yellow diagonal stripes; when Authority staffers have to visit all the Authority's holdings, their travel time is now two hours by helicopter as opposed to two days by car.

Back on its own home ground in any av-

Medal of Honor



*Sergeant Travis Watkins,
Gladeview, Texas—Medal of Honor*



*Private First Class Melvin Brown,
Mahaffey, Pennsylvania—Medal of Honor*



*Lieutenant Frederick Henry,
Clinton, Oklahoma—Medal of Honor*



*Major General William F. Dean,
Berkeley, California—Medal of Honor*



*Sergeant Charles Turner,
Boston, Massachusetts—Medal of Honor*

This is the season when you think of stars. The one over Bethlehem. The ones on Christmas trees.

But this year remember another star, too—the one on the Medal of Honor. And make a place in your heart for the brave, good men who've won it. Men who, oftener than not, made the final, greatest sacrifice—so that the stars on your Christmas tree, and the stars in your country's flag, might forever shine undimmed.

Right now—today—is the time to do something important for these men who died for you. You can,

by helping to defend the country they defended so far “above and beyond the call of duty.”

One of the best ways you can make defense *your* job, too, is to buy more . . . and more . . . and more United States Defense Bonds. For your bonds help strengthen America. And if you make this nation strong enough you'll create, and keep, the peace for which men died.

* * *

Buy Defense Bonds through the Payroll Savings Plan where you work or the Bond-A-Month Plan where you bank. Start today!

Peace is for the strong...Buy U. S. Defense Bonds



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ties directly beamed at the people who use its facilities. Its concessions, for one: increasingly they are a PNYA revenue getter, and its officials are usually either dreaming up a new concession or riding herd on an old one (licenses are revokable if certain standards of sanitation and so on are not upheld).

PNYA concessions at its various terminal facilities include snack and nonsnack bars, restaurants, flower shops, banks, haberdasheries, camera stores, bookstores, a streamlined nine-hole golf course and 53-tee driving range (at Newark Airport) and some 350 vending machines, peddling anything from nylons to the chance to eavesdrop on tower-to-plane conversations.

Concessions still to come, if Authority plans work out, will be a hotel, movie theater and steam baths, all at Idlewild, in line with the PNYA's grandiose views of the future volume of U.S. air travel.

The Authority's concern for the customer also shows up in the training of the cops who man its tunnels and bridges. Lectures to prospective PNYA policemen ground them not only in the art of tolltaking, traffic directing and fire fighting, but also in the psychology of fear and the general idiosyncrasies of human nature. Many a driver who has unaccountably "frozen" and thereby jammed traffic on the eight-lane George Washington Bridge has been gently unloosed by an Authority cop—whose very next chore may be to flag a motorist with a telephone message from his wife, to catch a bandit's getaway car, or, on occasion, to deliver a baby.

Giraffe Sticks Its Neck Out

Sometimes it is the animal kingdom which tests the cops' mettle. Frequently, in the Holland or Lincoln Tunnels, they will have to corral a pig on its way to market which has decided to make a break for freedom instead. On one memorable morning they successfully got through the tunnel a giraffe which had somehow managed to pry its head through the top of its cage.

The story goes that, back in 1926, when Governor Alfred E. Smith of New York asked present PNYA chairman Cullman, a wealthy tobacco merchant, to join the Authority's board of commissioners, Cullman replied: "Sure, Al, but what is it?" Cullman's bafflement was then, and still is, echoed by many people who find it hard to categorize a public agency whose regular interests run the gamut from giraffes to golf courses to Gargantuan public works.

As a civic body, the Authority is indubitably a queer duck; nevertheless, since it set up shop in 1921, first agency in the U.S. to be labeled an "authority" (its own model was the Port of London Authority), it has been followed by some 150 other "authorities" across the nation. Not all are primarily concerned with transportation, but all have this much in common: although essentially public agencies, they run their affairs like private corporations, buying and selling, charging rentals, issuing bonds, and so forth. But they are, unlike private companies, nonprofit-making. The PNYA's revenues, for example, go for operating expenses, interest payments, debt reduction, additions to and improvement of facilities, and a reserve fund. Any "surplus" ultimately belongs to the two states it serves.

As the pioneer authority, the PNYA had the toughest row of all to hoe. Its origin lay in a century of bitterness between New Jersey and New York as to who owned what rights where in the harbor between them.

At one point, in the early 1830s, the two regarded each other so venomously that one evening a band of militiamen riotously assembled in a taproom on the Jersey shore, reached for their muskets and marched forth determined to settle once and for all just where one state left off and the other began. They had advanced five blocks in their push on the Empire State before cooler heads convinced them they would be slaughtered by superior forces across the Hudson.

Finally, in 1834, a treaty between the two states declared the dividing line to be an imaginary one running down the center of the waters between the two. This maintained reasonably amicable relations until the early 1900s, when certain business interests in Jersey filed a complaint with the Interstate Commerce Commission, charging that railroad rates applicable to their territory were unfair because in them were included costs that the railroads, which stopped short on the Jersey shore, figured for hauling freight across the water to New York.

Although New Jersey eventually lost this case, out of it came a suggestion by the ICC that it was about time the two states realized that their interests in the harbor were mutual; thus was born the Port Authority. Acceptance of the PNYA did not come all

the board was suspected of furthering his own private business interests through his position on the Authority. Al Smith, then a commissioner of the Port Authority, told him to get off the board, and he resigned. Since then the Authority has had what Professor Erwin W. Bard of Brooklyn College, its most assiduous historian, calls "a remarkable record of probity."

Under the commissioners is a staff acclaimed as probably the most highly skilled in the U.S. Because the Authority is immune to political pressure, nobody's backward nephew can find it a soft berth. Salaries are high; forty-seven-year-old executive director Tobin, who worked his way through Fordham law school at night and 23 years ago came to the Authority in a minor legal capacity, makes \$45,000 a year. His relationship to the board of commis-

of accidents; it pays \$735,000 a year in premiums to 160 different insurance companies. Its accident record, though, has been remarkably clean. The most serious blot on it was a fire in the Holland Tunnel on Friday the 13th of May, 1949, when a 16-ton trailer, loaded with drums of highly inflammable carbon disulphide, exploded about a third of the way in from the Jersey entrance.

Lights went out, the tunnel was filled with smoke, the interior facings were ripped, and several trucks were reduced to smoldering steel. In heat estimated at 2,500 degrees Fahrenheit, drivers were either blown from their seats or stumbled out to grope their panicky way along the tunnel, 65 feet below the surface of the Hudson. But, miraculously, not one of the 1,237 people there at the time perished, and only 66 were slightly injured. Passenger cars trapped in the tunnel were promptly towed to safety. For the tunnel, designed by Ole Singstad, world's foremost authority on vehicular tubes, had been so constructed (particularly its ventilation system) that any chance of tragedy was minimized.

Authority Gained Prestige

The explosion caused painful but only temporary embarrassment to the Authority. The truck had entered the tube in violation of regulations as to the quantity of the chemical it carried and the type of containers used. But the incident actually enhanced PNYA prestige because of the quick job it did in getting the tunnel into commission again—a matter of less than 24 hours.

Next to accidents, the Authority's largest worry in the line of human imponderables are the suicides, would-be and successful who think that their most spectacular exit from this vale of tears can be made only by diving off the George Washington Bridge. The Authority believes that suicides are suggestible, and therefore hates even to mention the matter publicly; it will admit however, to a total of 89 suicides from the bridge to date.

When one occurs, the telephone sooner or later rings either at the desk or in the Long Island home of Mrs. Lee Jaffe, the attractive brunette who directs the Authority's public relations, and who must issue the required release to the press. Mrs. Jaffe's man-sized abilities have won her during the past two years consecutive awards from the American Public Relations Association for "the most notable public relations performance in the field of government." But on the sad occasion of a suicide she reacts with a purely feminine shudder. "It's one part of my job I'll never get used to," she says.

One leap from the bridge, however ended more happily than most. Some time ago, a man known professionally as Jumping Jack Niles hired a cab to take him across the bridge.

Midway, he complained of illness and asked the driver to pull up to the side of the roadway. He then bolted out, climbed onto the pedestrians' walk, adjusted a parachute and jumped.

PNYA police rushed to the bridge elevators and descended to earth. There the tossed a life preserver to Niles, who had freed himself from his chute and was swimming toward the Jersey shore. As they did so, they noticed two photographers snapping pictures. Thereupon the cops deploy themselves strategically and, when Jumping Jack emerged, closed in and announced that they would have him booked for disorderly conduct at the Fort Lee police station in New Jersey.

It came as no surprise to admirers of the Authority's ubiquitous efficiency that even in their haste to get to Jumping Jack—and in their agitation over the knowledge that his successful publicity stunt would hit the front pages next day—the Authority's well-trained policemen had nevertheless remembered to meet the dripping culprit at the water's edge with a complete change of dry clothing.

THE EN



COLLIER'S

HANK KETCHAM

at once, but the two governors of the states at the time of the compact creating it were particularly farsighted men: Governor Walter E. Edge of New Jersey (by an odd quirk, he was again governor when the Authority celebrated its twenty-fifth anniversary) and the late Governor Charles S. Whitman of New York.

The Happy Warrior's Dry Gag

Al Smith, who had been New York governor prior to the compact and was to be governor again afterward, joined them in a broad propaganda campaign to win public approval. Al went about assuring his hearers that "next to the Eighteenth Amendment, port development is about as dry a thing as you can think of"—a line which never failed to wow his audience or soften it up for his more serious arguments in favor of the PNYA.

Today, all traces of the old bitterness between the states are gone. The six men on the PNYA board of commissioners from New Jersey get along so well with their opposite numbers from New York that in no case has a vote of the board shown a definite geographical cleavage. The 12 serve for six-year terms without pay, are appointed by their respective governors—and are removable only by them.

Just once was a removal indicated, in the early days when one New Yorker on

sioners is that of an operating president to a board of directors in a private corporation.

Tobin has gathered unto him assistants from all over the country chosen for their achievements elsewhere. An expert on municipal finance was imported from Chicago, a traffic engineer from Indiana, an expert on civil service procedures from Kentucky. Fred M. Glass, director of the PNYA's department of aviation development, is from Mississippi by way of Washington, D.C.; Hervey F. Law, superintendent of airports, used to run the National Airport in Washington; George McSherry, superintendent of Idlewild, hails from Dayton, Ohio, where he was a youthful neighbor of Orville Wright.

The job of airport superintendent, because it is relatively new and untried, is a particularly tough one, and often calls for improvising. At Idlewild, not only distinguished human visitors but plane-loads of animals arrive in steady procession. "It nearly drives a man nuts," McSherry says. "One day bright and early I turned out to greet Trygve Lie, who was due in. But when I pulled open the terminal door no one was there but an orangutan which was idly trying to slug open a popcorn vending machine. We soon stopped that, but it took several of us to catch him."

Because its properties are in constant use by great multitudes of people, the Authority is ever vigilant over the possibility

How to Stop Those Basketball Scandals

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

the game praised Melchiorre and Schlichtman for leading Bradley's attack. Between them, the two players scored more than half of Bradley's points!

After the district attorney's office broke the fix story, Coach A. T. (Slats) Gill of defeated Oregon State commented: "It was a terrific game to watch. Our kids were playing awfully well, and I certainly didn't notice anything suspicious about the way Bradley was playing."

Coach Fordy Anderson of Bradley declared: "I've studied the movies of the Oregon State game at least 20 times and can't find a single play which indicates the kids weren't giving their best efforts every second."

Sportscaster Hank Fisher, who has announced every Bradley game since 1945 play-by-play over Peoria radio station WIRL, commented: "In a stretch of more than 100 games, I hardly took my eyes off the ball, and in all that time I never saw a movement by a Bradley player—against Oregon State or any other opponent—which looked suspicious."

How can players control points without being detected by coach or teammates?

One Way to Escape Detection

One of the players involved in the scandals told officials, "You simply play your hardest on offense—score as many points as you can—and then make simple mistakes on defense. Nobody pays much attention to defense in basketball any more. So you let the man you're supposed to guard get a half step ahead of you. He breaks loose and scores, but who can say you didn't try to stop him?"

Of course, this is not entirely true. Coaches can spot defensive mistakes, but only a mind reader could know that a mistake was deliberate. For example, in the 1949 game which Kentucky lost to Loyola of Chicago, one of the players indicted in the scandals frequently stationed himself on defense directly behind Jack Kerris, Loyola's center.

Orthodox strategy called for the defensive player to take a position alongside of Kerris in front of Kerris to intercept passes coming into the pivot. Tom Vogt, Yale freshman coach, and I sat together at that Kentucky-Loyola game and commented several times on the defensive lapses. However, it never occurred to us that the player involved might have been making deliberate mistakes to permit his opponent to score.

Perhaps that sounds naïve, but it should be remembered that almost all basketball

coaches are basketball coaches because they like the game and the youngsters on their squads. We aren't policemen, and I don't know of a single coach who would stay in the game if he continually had to check the honesty of his players. The answer to college basketball's gambling problem is not to devise some method of catching guilty players in the act. The only acceptable solution is to make certain the youngsters on our teams are boys of character who play the game as a normal part of their educational program—boys a coach can trust anywhere, any time.

This much is certain. College basketball cannot depend upon sporadic police action to wipe out the gamblers. Instead, college basketball will have to save itself by eliminating high-pressure recruiting and commercialism—twin evils which give players a false sense of values and, in many cases, make them vulnerable to bribe offers.

When the gambling scandal broke last winter, an official of one of the schools whose players were involved said: "I can't believe our boys could do such a thing!"

"Why not?" a reporter asked. "You paid them for campus jobs they didn't work at; you gave them passing grades for classes they didn't attend. You bribed them to play for you; the gamblers bribed them not to play too well. What's the difference?"

While all illegally recruited athletes will not accept bribes to throw games, their moral fiber is certainly weakened by the concessions made to their athletic ability. Here is the opinion of Judge Saul S. Streit of New York, who recently passed sentence on 14 guilty players after making exhaustive investigations. He said, in part: "I found among other vices that the sport was commercialized and professionalized; devices, frauds and probable forgery were employed to matriculate unqualified students to college; (there were) flagrant violations of amateur rules by colleges, coaches and players (he might have enlarged this group); and 'illegal' scouting, recruiting and subsidization of players. These conditions are . . . closely interwoven with the crimes of these defendants . . ."

Some administrative officers—college presidents, in particular—must bear a major share of the guilt for basketball betting scandals. In some cases, they place final approval on grossly commercialized sports programs which employ athletes to produce gate receipt revenues, increase institutional prestige, hike enrollment quotas and appease alumni. Occasionally, they have permitted relaxed academic standards.

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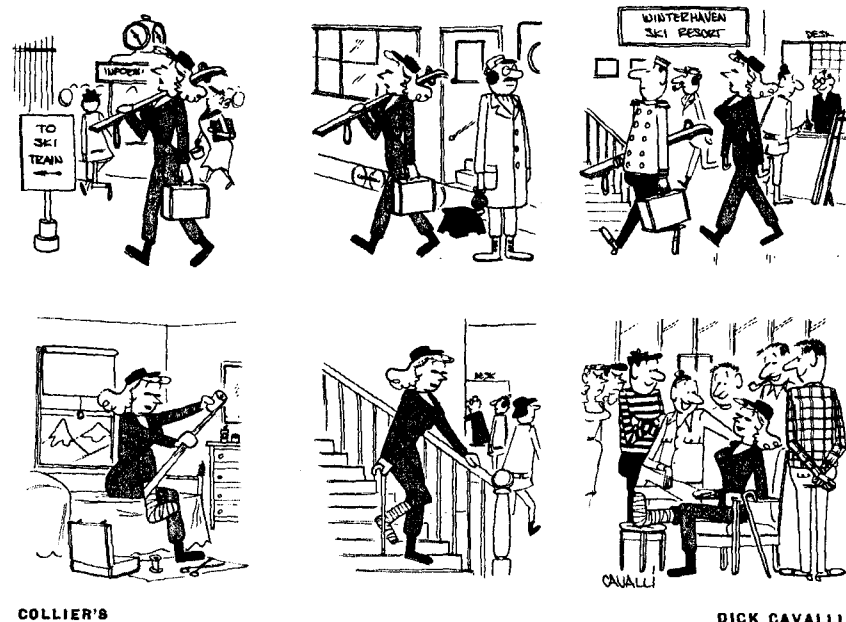
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DICK CAVALLI

Collier's for December 29, 1951

minimize the unwholesome influences which create favorable operating conditions for the gamblers simply by ordering subordinate athletic officials to stop high-pressure recruiting. How many presidents of major universities ever put out such an order?

However, guilt for basketball's gambling ills cannot be assigned to a few bribed players, the coaches, or any one group of college officials. Others are equally guilty. But let's start with the coaches. Are they teachers and counselors, or promoters?

Questions at Coaches' Clinic

Several years ago, Alvin Julian, then coach of the professional Boston Celtics, Adolph Rupp, of Kentucky, and I gave a basketball clinic in Boston. "What are the basic requirements for a winning team?" asked one of the coaches attending the school.

"Passing," Alvin replied. "A good team may use 300 to 350 passes in a game. It is basic to everything else."

"The idea of the game is to get the ball in the basket," was my answer. "I'll take shooters every time."

"You're both wrong," shouted another student coach from the balcony. "Material—that's the basic requirement for winning ball games."

Recruiting (bringing in the material) is common practice at most major basketball colleges. Some coaches recruit on their own initiative, because a winning team means prestige, more security, higher pay. Some even dominate their own athletic directors and faculty; they organize alumni booster groups and instigate the recruiting practices. Conversely, other coaches are driven to recruiting by the demands of alumni and/or the proselyting rules that govern their own school or conference.

"Look," one coach said recently. "I've got to win. I'm in a tough league. The other schools are beating the bushes for players. I've got to recruit right along with them—or we'll be in the conference cellar. And I don't think our alumni would like that."

It's the players who suffer. Kentucky's Alex Groza, when taken into custody, told the press, "Someday when I'm gray—when this thing is done and I've lived it down, I'd like to tell the whole story about what it's all been like—about recruiting."

Ralph Beard added, "Recruiting. That's the start of it. How they went out and got us to play. It got so big. We got big. Too big."

What about college athletic directors? Caught between top-level administration demands for funds "to make the show go," the pressure brought by alumni for winning teams, and demands of coaches and players for subsidies, the directors are really on the spot. Often, the convenient solution is under-the-table recruiting subsidies, lowering of admission standards, plus the hiring of win-at-any-cost coaches.

What about the newspapers? According to District Attorney Hogan, much of the gambling on basketball games—and all the bribe cases—developed after the press began to publicize the "point spread." Many metropolitan newspapers headline basketball betting odds; and frequently their pregame stories subordinate schools and players to the point spread.

What about high-school coaches? Motivated by loyalty to their own alma mater, or favors received from various colleges, many high-school coaches act as agents for their star products. They weigh offers and sometimes advise their youngsters to accept the highest financial bid, or to attend a school where they can make the varsity. (But the majority of prep coaches, of course, counsel their boys to accept long-range educational benefits rather than tempting athletic subsidies.)

What about the rabid alumni and win-at-any-cost "booster" organizations? They demand winning teams and frequently "buy up" enough material to make sure the coach can carry out their demands. If the coach fails, he is fired. The rabid alumnus likes to boast about his team and make a small

bet now and then. It's a lot of fun, and he thinks he's helping the boys and the game. Actually, he's helping to make cheaters and parasites out of them.

Players are guilty, too. Influenced by the environmental factors of a vicious recruiting system, they often shop for the best offer, just as colleges shop for them. And the young players hold the key to the future of college basketball. The stars of tomorrow—currently playing on high- and prep-school teams—must decide now to choose their college for the educational benefits it will afford them; the opportunity to participate in an athletic program must properly be a secondary consideration. The boy must realize that the recruiters, whoever they may be, are only exploiting him for personal gain. And, as always, it takes two to seal a bargain. If he says no, recruiting

that description playing on subsidized college teams?

Last spring, a New York Times survey of 40 colleges revealed, among other things, that the Touchdown Club (said to be composed mostly of millionaires in the oil and cattle country) provides 140 scholarships at the University of Oklahoma for football, basketball, wrestling, baseball and track. Each scholarship includes free tuition and \$55 a month for living expenses; married athletes get \$75 a month.

Oklahoma is used as an example only because its subsidies are paid in the open and above board. In contrast to the Oklahoma method, many schools give concealed aid to athletes.

Feature practices in this furtive arrangement include cash donations by alumni and/or payment of regular monthly sala-

have been if somebody had solved his financial problem with an under-the-table handout or a soft job.

If all schools would conform to the policy of no special help for athletes, there would be no basketball scandals and no subsidization problems. Students would choose their sports with no pressure exerted on them to play. What's more, competition would tend to level off among schools of similar academic standards. Here is an ideal program that all should work toward; and as a start, the following five-point program is recommended:

1. Adopt a no-subsidy program as rapidly as possible. (Meanwhile, for institutions now committed to subsidies, a constructive first step would be to insist that all aid to athletes be above board and administered through official university channels.)

2. Ban the lowering of entrance requirements or academic standards for athletes

3. Eliminate all recruiting in favor of counseling interviews with official college representatives.

4. Eliminate win-at-any-cost pressures in league play, schools should compete only with those of similar academic standards.

5. Finance athletic programs from institutional funds, as is the case with any other department. Gate receipts should go into the general fund.

Perhaps these recommendations seem either naïve or unrealistic. However, an overwhelming majority of college basketball coaches would subscribe to them.

Summer Athletes Well Paid

Admittedly, defining subsidy and eligibility rules which are "practical and above board" could require considerable consultation and compromise among schools with differing athletic viewpoints. In addition to the problem of college subsidies, pay for play in summer sports must be included. For example, college basketball players in a summer hotel "league" in New York's Catskill Mountains have made as much as \$1,200 a season for exhibition play while working at "jobs" worth less than half that amount. This is another example of the wide and dangerous disparity between code and common practice.

Top amateur officials should meet with college administrators—re-examine our amateur code—and establish rules that will completely wipe out the hypocrisy and dishonesty to which the boys are sometimes exposed under the present system. Then, let's enforce the rules with vigilance and penalize severely all violations by players and institutions.

"If we'd all stick to the same plan," coach remarked recently, "we'd eliminate all the 'shopping' and under-the-table deals which place coaches and players in a conspiracy to evade the rules even before the player reaches the campus. It's ironic: that, in recruiting players, we force the youngsters to practice deceit and slyness to get into college—qualities which are in direct contrast to the lessons they're supposed to derive from competitive sports."

So much for subsidies, recruiting and eligibility. Regarding another recommendation—the financing of athletic programs from general university funds—it might be pointed out that gate receipt money may not be the root of all basketball evil, but does have a decidedly unhealthy effect on a university's athletic policies.

We know that basketball does have educational value, as do other competitive sports, and since this is so, it deserves the financial support accorded any other educational activity. The athletic department should be financed from university funds—in the same way that any other department is. When gate receipts have to furnish revenue for all sports and other university functions, we have trouble.

A recent example is City College New York. City is one of many colleges that have depended on gate receipts to run their athletic program. In this particular



and subsidies will stop—and so will the bribes.

What about the parents? Where does character develop, if not in the home? Yet, when the gambling scandal broke last winter, editorial writers virtually without exception placed all the blame on the colleges which "corrupted the players with fantastic recruiting offers."

Actually, parents can be the worst recruiters. Many sell their boy's services to the highest bidder, with educational opportunities secondary or nonexistent considerations. Some parents claim their boy could not go to college without financial aid. But they overlook one fact: if a boy can meet academic requirements, he can work his way through practically any college, and possibly qualify for an academic scholarship. If the boy cannot meet the academic requirements, he doesn't belong in the college anyway. Unfortunately, many parents think only of the four years their boy will be in college instead of the 40 or more years after graduation.

The currently scandalous state of affairs in college basketball springs from an obvious source. All the trouble revolves around subsidizing, recruiting and our current concept of amateurism. Americans persist in clinging to a traditional athletic code initiated in England for the true amateur of the nineteenth-century gentleman class. When we try to make this code govern highly commercialized sports programs, which is what we really have in many colleges today, we get into all sorts of trouble.

Standard dictionaries define an amateur as: "One who practices a game or sport solely for the pleasure and physical, mental and social benefits he derives therefrom and to whom sport is nothing more than an avocation—as opposed to the professional who earns money by his prowess in a sport."

Have you noticed anybody answering to

ries for padded jobs supervised by the athletic department. In some cases, athletes also receive cash payments directly from the university, in the form of inflated expenses or a large number of highly negotiable tickets for important athletic contests.

For example, Judge Streit disclosed that one New York player received a job in addition to tuition, room, meals and books. He was told he would not need to put in the time at the job, and if he had given a good athletic performance that week, his pay slip would be marked "extra hours" and he would receive extra pay.

When a Yale Soph Asked Aid

A healthy athletic program requires no subsidies. There are any number of colleges in America where athletes receive no special consideration, financial or academic. Plenty of scholarships are available, but they are awarded on the basis of academic achievement and need—not because of athletic ability. For example, during my first year as Yale basketball coach, an outstanding soph prospect came into my office and asked for financial help.

When I spoke to Bob Kiphuth, then athletic director, Kiphuth said: "You can do nothing for him. Tell him to see his dean, college master or the chairman of the scholarship committee. If his marks are satisfactory and he needs help, he'll get the same treatment as any other student. You'd better tell him his basketball talent won't entitle him to any special consideration."

The boy, an average student, received some aid and was told he would have to stay in the upper half of his class to keep it. He did. Next year, he won an extra \$500 academic award. As a senior, he was graduated with honors, just missing Phi Beta Kappa. But how different it might

case it was basketball. To make the gate receipts possible, they had to have a winning team—and the usual problems developed. They took in the money all right, but the players didn't receive any of it, so some of them took bribes from gamblers instead. That's a feeble excuse to take bribes, but it is true that the desire or need for high gate receipts was to blame for many of the accompanying evils.

There is no intent here to single out City College, except to commend it for immediately correcting a bad situation. One of the first things the Board of Higher Education in New York did was to ask for a grant to give City College enough money to run its athletic program so it would not have to depend on gate receipts. That should take place everywhere, and we would have fewer problems.

Our long-range recommendations must be supplemented by measures designed to meet the immediate emergency:

Point spreads on basketball games must not be publicized.

Arena basketball now controlled by private promoters should be under complete supervision of college authorities. Games should be played on campuses when possible.

Fixers—those criminally responsible—must be so severely punished that they will never again dare to offer a bribe to a player. (Last month when Judge Streit sentenced basketball fixer Salvatore Sol-

lazzo to a prison term of eight to 16 years, a good precedent was established. The penalty, none too strong for the crime, will discourage future fixers.)

And what about the guilty players? True, they have contributed heavily in hurting a great game and many people. The faith of our youngsters in these All-America idols has been shattered. Some have received jail sentences from six months to three years. All have suffered a terrible stigma and must expect life banishment from the game. Yet it is difficult to sit in judgment on these boys when there are so many others indirectly responsible.

Those of us who are coaches must recognize our tremendous responsibility for the future. A very close relationship must exist between the coach and his players. I know I consider my players the closest in the world to me outside of my own family, and I am sure most other coaches have that same feeling. If this relationship exists, the players will usually come to the coach with any and all personal problems. Further, we must teach the boy—not the sport alone; and we must relate the lessons of sports to the future problems of life.

Obviously, then, coaches must be as qualified as any other faculty member and must have a conception of educational values and know the proper place of athletics in an educational program. It is up to the officers of administration to engage that kind of coach. THE END

Hootin' Owl Holler

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

the car labored out of a little valley. "This here's Hootin' Owl Holler," said Charles. "Least, that's what some folks call hit."

At the head of the road was a little field. I prepared to turn back. As Charles got out of the car, he hesitated. "Be mighty dark soon," he said. "Come on up." So I parked the car, and followed him along a rough wagon trail. A snake slithered into the brush, and I jumped. "Copperhead," Charles said. We climbed over a cow barrier and crossed a log bridge—and suddenly, nestled between two Virginia apple trees, we came upon a small, battered mountain cabin, its chimney curling smoke.

Entering the two-room hut was like stepping into another century. Logs burned in the fireplace, a butter churn stood in one corner, an old shotgun in another; on the roughhewn table stood an ancient oil lamp. Two dogs and two cats shared company on the floor; elsewhere in the room were three people—a tall, rugged man, a woman wearing jeans, and an old, wrinkled matriarch who was sucking snuff from a birch twig toothbrush.

As the boy explained my presence, I stood there uncertainly, wondering what kind of welcome I could expect. For the briefest moment there was silence. Then the man strode forward, his hand outstretched. "Make yerself to home," he said gruffly. "We're just sittin' down to supper."

"Lord-a-mercy!" said the old woman, cheerfully. "Hit's shore good to see a visitor!"

The younger woman brushed a hand over her jeans in embarrassment. "You'll have to 'scuse these," she said. "Hit's Star, our cow. She's been used to men a-milkin' her, 'n' won't stand still for me 'less I'm wearin' pants."

The man was John Loss Luncford, Charles's stepfather; his wife's name was Mine and the old woman was Grandmother Freeloove Eviline Issacs, a vigorous ninety-six years old ("I dunno what the Lord's holdin' me fer," she grinned, after telling me her age).

Supper that night was meatless, but good and plentiful. There were pickled beans, spiced apples, potatoes, hot corn bread, homemade butter, sweet milk and butter-milk. No one had asked me what I was loing in the hills—in fact, all four had courteously refrained from questioning me

about anything. But I knew they were wondering, and I soon found out why. When I volunteered that I was an artist, a barely audible sigh of relief passed around the table. "Had an idea you might be one of them goverment agents," said John Loss Luncford. "Not," he added hastily, and with obvious sincerity, "that we got anything to hide."

I told them that I had returned not long before from several months in the Far East, including a stay in Korea, and Mine Luncford sighed. "Whenever I reckon I got trouble," she said, "I think of the mothers of those boys. 'Druther see my own coffin a-comin' than my boy a-taken."

"We hardly ever hear of politics in this here holler," Charles said. "But there's sure a powerful lot of war these days. Why don't them leaders try whupping each other with their fists first?"

In all, I spent two days with the Luncfords, and I have never been more hospitably treated. I slept in the bedroom, sharing a double bed with Charles; during the day I wandered around the countryside, meeting the neighbors and sketching them and the Luncfords. Wherever I went, I was welcomed. By the time I left, we had swapped the stories of our lives and they had expressed proper appreciation at a picture of my wife and daughter. At one point, when I was trying to tell Mine how I felt about the way they had taken me in, she interrupted to say, "Yer just as welcome as at home." After she had seen the snapshot of my wife and baby, she added: "'N' they're welcome, too."

I made one trip to the general store a few miles away and bought some food for the household and a silk scarf for Grandmother. She said nothing when I gave it to her, but her eyes glistened; a while later, she remarked, out of the clear: "Hain't never goin' to wear that while I'm livin'. Nosir. I'm a-savin' hit till I'm laid out; hit's a-goin' right into the ground with me."

The morning I left, after a breakfast of eggs, muffins and coffee, Mine followed me out the door and handed me a package. "Hit's fer you and yer wife," she said, and turned back into the house.

I opened it before starting the drive back to Elizabethton; inside were a pair of socks for me and a pair of long cotton stockings for my wife. THE END



Gertie the sensitive lift truck driver

Gertie was experimental, the first girl to drive a lift truck at Hotzip Motors.

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exterior, at bottom I'm a very sensitive person. And that truck jolted me so I couldn't hardly ride on my boy friend's motorcycle any more.

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Baltimore's Favorite Son

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

old-line Democratic machine, they really threw up their hands in despair. D'Alesandro was even forced to break with his old friend and backer, Willie Curran, then the unchallenged political boss of the city. Willie said that Tommy didn't have a chance.

The warning carried no weight with Tommy. They had used the same argument back in 1938 when he decided to make the jump from the state legislature to the United States Congress. He had been up against the same situation—bucking the machine-backed strength of veteran Congressman Vincent L. Palmisano in the primary, but the upstart won. So Tommy said "nuts" and sailed into action.

Old Editorials Won Primary

First, in the mayoralty primary, Tommy had to beat Howard E. Crook, a well-entrenched machine Democrat who had once been comptroller of the city. The Baltimore Sun backed Crook. D'Alesandro dug up a batch of almost forgotten Sun editorial attacks on Crook for relief-check irregularities, and dinned these into the voters' ears. He won by 14,000 votes, then faced Republican Deeley K. Nice, nephew of the late G.O.P. Governor Harry Nice, in the election.

Tommy stepped up the action for he still was on the short end of the odds.

It was action the like of which Baltimore never before had witnessed in its usual machine-dominated mayoralty elections. D'Alesandro practically gave up sleep for the duration. He bellowed snap speeches anywhere he could commandeer an audience. Thirty speeches a day were about par and when he wasn't talking he was shaking hands with one and all.

He went everywhere he was invited and many places to which he hadn't been asked. He attended practically every oyster roast, picnic, dance and civic meeting held anywhere in or around Baltimore for months before election day. In addition to complaining about the foul garbage situation, he was forever reminding the people of Baltimore's long-neglected streets, then as full of holes as Swiss cheese.

"I thought Rome was the Holy City," he would crack, "until I looked at Baltimore streets. Let me fix 'em up for you."

He paid local radio stations merely to announce the name D'Alesandro every hour on the hour. His friends told him this was foolish.

"Hell," he replied, "a lot of people who couldn't pronounce my name before the campaign can do it now."

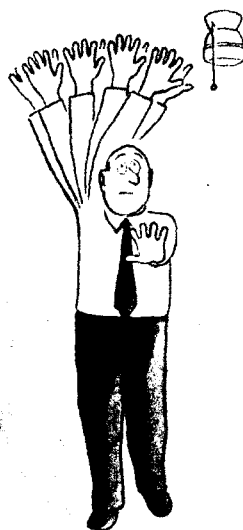
The Democratic leaders were apathetic. They not only resented the defeat in the primary of their own candidate, but they were convinced D'Alesandro couldn't possibly win. And disdainful Baltimore aristocracy wanted no part of the candidate from the wrong side of the railroad tracks.

But Tommy knew there were more of his kind of folks in the city than blue bloods, and when the votes were counted he was more than vindicated.

Running Baltimore today, the mayor no longer has to contend with a single, all-powerful political boss. Democratic power in Maryland's queen city now is fairly evenly split between six leaders, and Tommy D'Alesandro is about as strong as anyone.

D'Alesandro majorities at the polls have steadily increased since Tommy brashly filed for the House of Delegates in the state legislature when he became twenty-one years old in 1924. He had one slump, and a very narrow squeak in 1938 when he bucked Palmisano in the primary, winning by only 58 votes. However, he won the election by 7,000 votes.

Elation over this victory was marred for the new congressman by the death of his

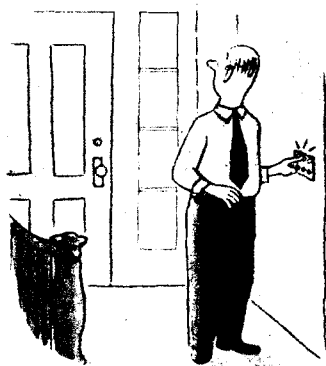


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By STAN HUNT



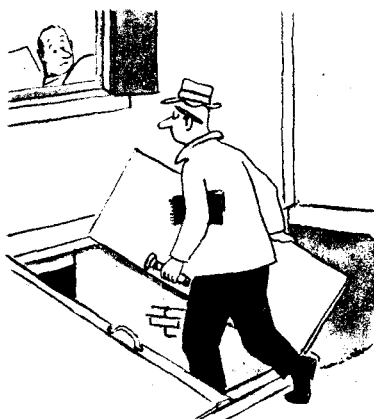
A shell game—you always guess wrong



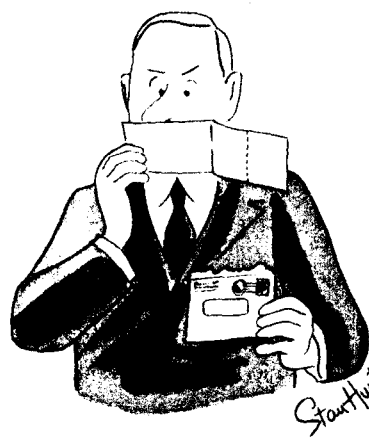
One outlet protesting at being used as six outlets



The spitting plug you just fixed—you think



Guess who?



Guess what?

mother, whom he had promised to take to Washington for his first appearance on the floor of the House. Ten days before election, he was called to her bedside. "Aunt Annie" was dying. She looked up at her son, and said, "Tommy, I'm sorry. I'm going to let you down."

A doorman in the House chamber tried to push the new member out of the way when he came to Washington for his first Congressional session. "Mister," Tommy said, red in the face, "after 13 days of recount, nobody's going to keep me out. I'm a member of this Congress." For the rest of his Congressional career, Tommy D'Alesandro won by comfortable majorities, and capped it with his 24,000-vote victory for the mayoralty in 1947.

Then, just to keep his record clean, he piled up a majority of 28,000 votes over two other candidates when he was re-elected last May. He carried 26 of Baltimore's 28 wards.

Opposing him were Joseph L. Carter, a Republican, and C. Markland Kelly, retiring council president, a Democrat who ran as an Independent.

With a scarcity of truly local issues, the mayor's opponents picked up the Truman-MacArthur controversy and the Kefauver crime report with which to challenge him. Carter was particularly vehement about D'Alesandro's friendship with President Truman, and demanded again and again that Tommy choose between the President and General MacArthur.

Tommy accepted the challenge and stuck with Truman. A couple of days after the election, when D'Alesandro was resting from the campaign at Atlantic City, President Truman telephoned to congratulate him on his victory.

"We both ran for mayor and we both won," chuckled the President.

Campaign Promises Were Kept

As Baltimore's chief executive, Tommy has surprised even many of his supporters by doing his best to carry out campaign promises. He set out, first of all, to eliminate thousands of holes in the city's streets, just as he had promised in campaign oratory. He repaved 150 miles in 1948, 200 miles in 1949, 150 more in 1950 and will repave 125 more this year for a grand total of 625 miles.

So enthusiastic did the mayor's street contractors wax under D'Alesandro urging, that they even covered up a manhole cover here and there last year. The Army had to provide mine detectors so these could be located without tearing up an entire block. The old, open garbage trucks have been replaced by modern, covered trucks. Five new municipal swimming pools were opened in the first two years of his stewardship and a \$30,000,000 public-school program has seen 10 new schools built or in the process of being built.

Baltimore's long-shabby docks are also getting the D'Alesandro treatment. In the election last May 8th, when Tommy put his record on the line for a second term, the voters authorized a \$12,000,000 D'Alesandro-backed bond issue to be used in co-operation with private industry in an ambitious port development program.

The mayor's enemies predicted that the city's real-estate tax rate, which had never gone over \$3, but had hit \$2.99, would skyrocket to \$7 under D'Alesandro. Instead Tommy had hacked away at the \$2.96 rate he inherited, knocking it down to \$2.62 for 1951, a total reduction of a sizable 34 cents since he took office.

With five handsome sons and a small daughter of his own, D'Alesandro is keenly aware of the problems of youth. Two years ago, or long before the current agitation over the use of narcotics by juveniles, he was gravely concerned about reports of a postwar increase in the use of dope. He wangled a \$10,000 appropriation from a reluctant Board of Estimate for a special investigation by the State's attorney and the police.

Then, without waiting for their report

Collier's for December 29, 1951