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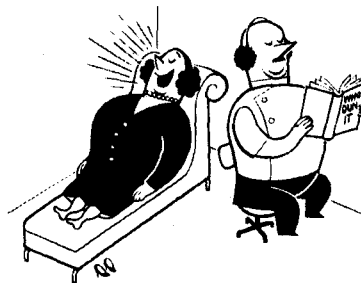
## 48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Among the more constructive suggestions we've received lately is one from Mr. Junius Applegate, of Bakersfield, California. Mr. Applegate urges that the United Nations, in its earnest desire to find a formula by which nations can live together on this earth in unity, peace and concord, study the amicable relations that have existed between Texas and the United States since 1845. Particularly, he says, the forbearance of Texas toward this country's daily absurdities.

★ ★ ★

Friend of ours was commiserating with an overworked man—a psychiatrist whose office was filled daily with bewildered humanity. Must be tough, our friend said to



the doctor, to have to listen every day all day to men and women with mental blocks and physical confusions. But the psyche plumber merely shrugged. "Listen?" he replied. "Who listens?"

★ ★ ★

The football season is reaching the halfway mark and we've just received our twelfth letter urging that the game should "be turned back to the students without further ado." We're quoting Mr. Al Bien-sweiger, of Syracuse, New York. Oh, yeah, Mr. Bien-sweiger? And have a lot of amateurs out there on the gridiron breaking the Old Grads' hearts?

★ ★ ★

The earnest and hard-working Democratic senator from Minnesota, the Honorable Hubert Humphrey, has plunged with a minimum of misgivings into the task of reuniting Southern and Northern members of his party, particularly on the matter of civil rights. When he has succeeded in that laudable undertaking, it is suggested that he take on the relatively simple jobs of reconciling India and Pakistan and inducing Joe Stalin to renounce his Asiatic program.

★ ★ ★

For several months we kept a file of opinions about What Is Wrong with America. We cross-indexed that file under the subtitle, Bewildered Thinking to Be Read While in Bed with a Broken Leg. Presidents, premiers, senators, scholars, scientists, clergymen, editorial writers and the like are among those who have contributed to the collection. Finally, the file got so big that to house it meant we'd have to move. So we threw it out. We're glad of it now, because the final answer has just been discovered and announced by Mr. Maynard B. Barrows, of Omaha, Nebraska. Mr. Barrows says that modern man just doesn't know how to handle a shovel. He goes on to say that it's something less than a quarter of an inch from the truth that the average American doesn't know how to swing an ax. Mr. Barrows is a forester in the National Park Service. He fights forest

fires. A few years ago, says he, a forester had only to yell and in no time he'd have a large number of lusty lads expertly shoveling and hewing forest fires down. But today it might pay, says Mr. Barrows, "to take a couple of hours to teach the art of shoveling. Even by that time, you'd probably have one less forest." Until a wiser man speaks, Mr. Barrows' analysis will be our complete file on What Is Wrong with America.

★ ★ ★

It's not easy to keep up with the labor situation, but we're doing our best. In Madison, Wisconsin, we think it was, there was a brief but colorful strike which, we rejoice to report, didn't last long. A twelve-year-old returning home from school asked Mom for something to eat. She was busy; told him to fix himself something. He repeated his demand, this time coldly. Mom told him not to bother her; she was busy. A few moments later he was picketing the house toting a crayoned sign reading, "We Want Bread—Mom Unfair to Hungry Kid." Dispute was resolved without arbitration and, we are not too unhappy to report in this instance, by a resort to violence. Mom emerged, grabbed the sign, broke it up, walloped the picketer, went back to work. The twelve-year-old followed her to the kitchen, made himself an enormous sandwich, sat down on the porch steps and ate it.

★ ★ ★

We're happy to announce that much of the criticism of many of our "chairborne" Army personnel in the Pentagon and its numerous outposts is not justified. Their duty isn't very soft. A furniture dealer with a contract for 118,000 chairs for the Army is about 100,000 chairs behind in delivery. From generals down, the feet of the uniformed but unseated warriors hurt.

★ ★ ★

Captain Will Judy is the editor of Dog World, a magazine devoted, as you have every right to suspect, to dogs. He is the author of Humans as Dogs Look at Them, a piece which sent us out to explain to our pooch that we were very sorry and would try hard to improve ourself. He has



LOWELL HESS

also written Is There Room in Heaven for Dogs? We discussed that one with a veterinarian friend of ours and he said: "Well, if there isn't, a lot of us owners aren't going to get by Saint Peter. I know a lot of people whose only redeeming feature is their dog."

★ ★ ★

Couple of teen-age gangs arrived in Stoepel Park, Detroit: They lined up facing each other, armed with such tokens of mutual admiration as iron bars, rocks, slingshots, baseball bats, knives and blackjacks. They had brought their girl friends with them. One of these latter darlings had a

(Continued on page 84)

Collier's for October 20, 1951



## "Here's why I've changed my mind!"

*"Sure, I used to think it wouldn't do any harm to have the government run the electric business. But I've changed my mind. Because when government meddles too much in any business, you get socialism. And who'd want to leave a socialist U.S.A. to his kids?"*

Mister, millions of others have changed their minds as you did on this question of government in the electric light and power business. According to a 1951 nationwide poll, a majority of American men and women today oppose government ownership and operation of electric power.

One big reason is that, when government steps into and takes over the electric business—or any business—that's socialism. And most Americans don't want it.

What's more, America's power needs have been well filled by the nation's business-managed electric light and power companies. They've more than doubled the supply of electric power since Pearl Harbor. And more is on the way.

When government competes against these companies, millions of tax dollars and huge amounts of vitally needed materials are wasted. Most people would much rather see these tax dollars spent on the arms and other things America needs to make it strong. This is no time, they agree, to waste either money or material on socialistic experiments.

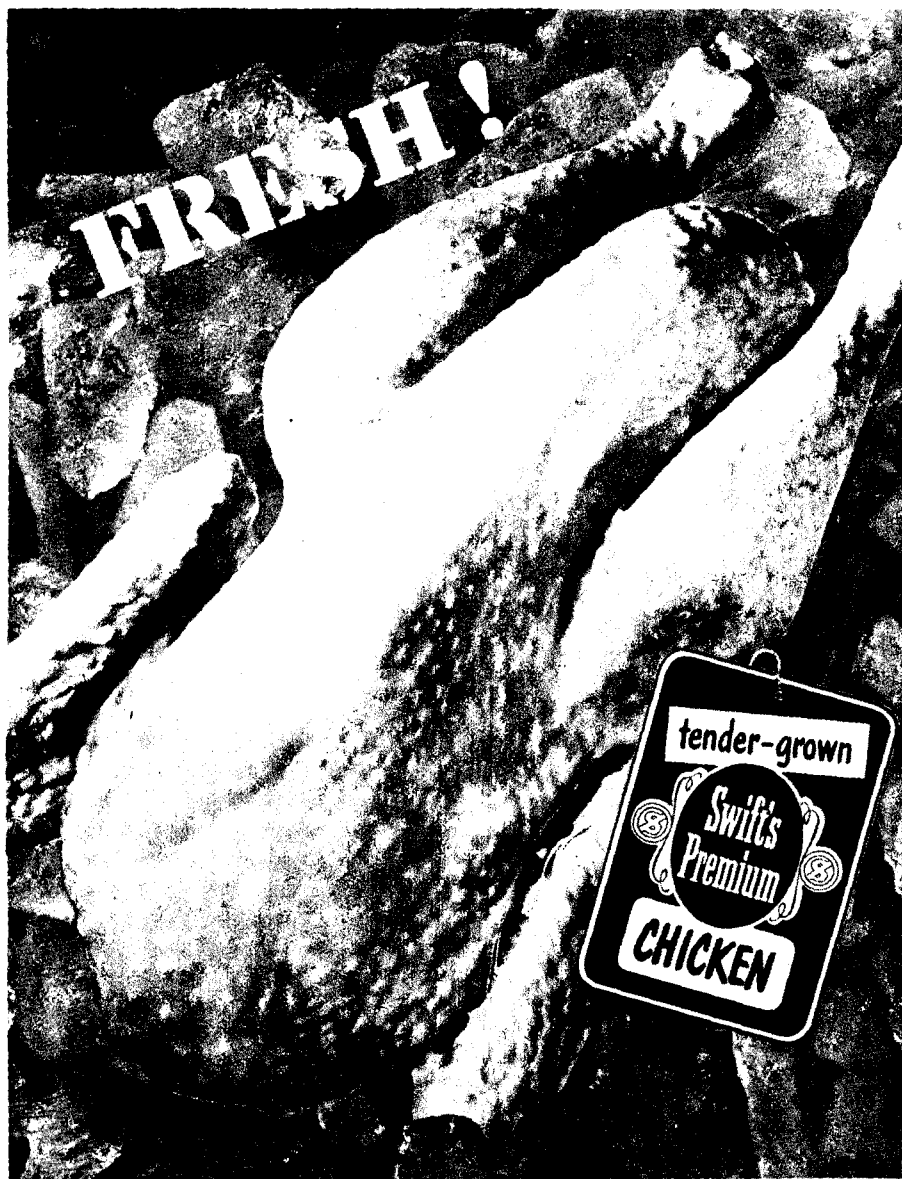
. . . . .

The *business-managed*, tax-paying Electric Light and Power Companies\* publish this message to remind everyone that tax money shouldn't be spent on socialistic federal power projects that this country neither wants nor needs.

• "MEET  
CORLISS ARCHER"  
—CBS—Sundays—  
9 P.M., Eastern Time.

\* Names on request from this magazine





# the chicken that's taking the nation by storm!!!!

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INDUSTRY RESEARCH... SPECIALLY FED FOR FLAVOR... QUALITY  
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SHIPPED IN ICE TO PRESERVE FRESHNESS... DISPLAYED FRESH  
ON CHIPPED ICE OR UNDER REFRIGERATION... AT BETTER DEALERS  
EVERYWHERE... BRANDED tender-grown SWIFT'S PREMIUM...  
P.S. ALSO QUICK-FRO-  
ZEN--CUT-UP, READY-  
TO-COOK... LOOK FOR  
THE BLUE AND WHITE  
PICTURE PACKAGE.



the dream chicken  
that came true!

## tender-grown Swift's Premium

# Hoss Marines

## Korea

**I**N 1804, the United States Marines carried a small war to the shores of North Africa to chastise Yusuf, the pasha of Tripoli, for allowing his pirates to molest American shipping. In that nearly forgotten engagement, Lieutenant Presley N. O'Bannon and seven Marine colleagues swiped eight fine Arabic horses from their enemy, rode up to the gates of the city of Derna and extracted a surrender from Yusuf's troops. O'Bannon, the horseman, established in that deft action the glorious (if somewhat comic-opera) tradition of the United States "Hoss" Marines.

Now, 147 years later, after demonstrating that sea soldiers could also ride horseback in places like Cuba, Haiti and Nicaragua, Marines on the east central front of Korea have proved again the Corps's extraordinary talents in the horse department. The most recent Korean equestrian tactics, following O'Bannon precedent, amount—let's face it—to practically barefaced rustling from Chinese Communist cavalymen.

Private first class William Diefendorfer, of Peoria, Illinois, a machine gunner in the First Battalion, First Regiment of the First Marine Division, bivouacked north of the Soyang River, performed with typical expertness. Coming upon a tiny shaggy Mongolian pony wearing a Communist brand on its flank, he looked the critter in the eye and barked: "Get going, George III, you just joined the Marines."

Diefendorfer and his hoss-rustling buddies in the weapons platoon strapped a mortar base-plate and some shells to the saddle of the surprised little hill pony and moved on looking for more quadruped *aides-de-combat*.

To peripatetic Marines covering sectors of the Korean front where daily mountain climbing was routine, enemy horses and mules were God-sent props for both muscle and morale. And whenever Communist cavalry was overrun by advancing UN troops, USMC outfits managed to be the first ones saddle-borne.

In the Hwachon reservoir area, the Seventh Marine Regiment—now fully accredited members of the Hoss Marines, Korean Chapter—used all of its captured cavalry for cargo carrying along the valley roads. And the rugged little Mongol ponies and mules packed

unbelievable loads straight up the sides of almost perpendicular razor-back ridges.

Colonel Herman Nickerson, of Boston, reporting on the care his men give their four-footed buddies, told correspondents: "The other day a Marine walked into the command post leading a horse nicked by a mortar fragment. And, by God, this guy was looking for a medico to fix up his animal. Didn't rest till he found the doctor, either."

Sergeant George Ellis, of Plymouth, New Hampshire, an artillery forward observer for the 11th Marines, was awfully proud of his mule, Pete. Ellis had him stacked with gear, but Pete didn't mind.

"All this fire doesn't bother him either, if you'll notice," Ellis remarked proudly. "Watch him when that mortar battery (ours, 4.2s) lets go again down the hill there."

We watched. The battery let go. And Pete went right on chomping grass.

Back in the regimental reserve area, a bunch of the boys whipped up a small rodeo. Things were getting hot, when Corporal Norman Green, of Sierra Madre, California, casually passed the scuttlebutt that a stable had been captured up the road a way. The Hoss Marines lit out of the rodeo like hounds on a scent.

Lieutenant J. M. Linseth, of Duluth, Minnesota, sat astride his new mount, a handsome tan pony, and watched them depart. He was sitting sidesaddle and smoking a cigar.

"How do you like my horse?" he asked. "Got him this morning and he's so new he still talks Chinese. The little Red that was riding him took off like greased lightning when our patrol surprised him."

He paused to chuckle over some real low-down cussing emanating from a corner where Chinese mules and American Marines were arguing over the amount of pay load per mule.

"Tell you what," Linseth went on, patting his pony, "you come back in about a week and we'll have the whole platoon mounted. The Commies still have horses."

Yusuf of Tripoli wouldn't have argued with the implied logic of the statement. Neither, praise be, would O'Bannon.

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Marine Pfc Raymond Beckham, of Moundville, Ala., feeds Red pony

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