



FRANK MCCARTHY

Dave Brock had tangled with Duff one Saturday night. Duff was full of whisky and carrying his gun

# THE BRAGGART

CHAS ELSTON

SHERIFF CLEM LOGAN leaned comfortably back against the porch post of the Bitter Creek courthouse. When a man neared sixty, it was well to cater a bit to himself and let his breakfast settle before a day's work.

Clem was making small mounds in the dirt road with his boot when he heard the resounding footsteps move up the boardwalk in back of him. He knew from the gait who it was, and he didn't turn. He liked to neighbor in the sun with most folk, but Bill Duff he could do without.

Duff stood beside Clem, his heavy thumbs hooked into his gun belt. For a man of all work to be toting a shooting iron around town displeased Clem. A rancher carrying a .45 on the range was one thing, a town bum wearing one was another.

Duff looked down with black, glistening eyes at the white-haired sheriff. Then, uninvited, he squatted beside Clem. He pushed his worn black hat back from a pock-marked brow. "Mornin', Sheriff," he said. Clem grunted and nodded.

"Just been listenin' to Herm Brock tell about his ranch," Duff said with a sneer.

Clem did not reply.

"I swear, that old fool's got the wettest water, the greenest alfalfa, and the biggest ranch in the county, to hear him tell it."

Clem was annoyed. He disliked Duff. Yet he knew that Herm Brock's bragging did wear on everyone in town.

"I don't reckon it's all braggin'," he answered coldly. "Herm keeps a right fine layout and takes a heap of pride in it."

Duff spit and let his thick lip curl into a sneer. "Me, I back up what I say," he said.

Clem turned. "Yeah, I reckon all of us can do that," he said. "Take me, I got a pride in the way I handle this." Clem's black, bone-handled .45 pointed at a spot an inch from Duff's ear. Clem let the gun slide back to its holster. "I reckon every man's got a skinful of pride if you look deep enough," he added.

Duff rubbed a dirty hand over his unshaved jaw. "Guess I'll see if there's any work in sight over at the yard," he muttered. That's all he's good for,

Clem thought, as he watched the gun-slung figure move away, just to ride cattle cars between here and market.

And what did Duff have to talk about as far as bragging went? He spent all his time boasting of his fights, how he'd bluffed some cow-poke down, how good a shot he was. At least old Herm just worked his ranch and came into town to tell what a fine layout he had. Duff was a bully and a coward, while old Herm was just proud. There was a difference, sure enough, but Clem just couldn't quite put his finger on the exact reasons behind it.

Virgie McBride came out to pin a notice on the board on the front of the building. "Any work today, Clem?" she asked. Virgie handled the paper work for all the county officers. There was just enough work to keep one girl busy, and she moved from one county office to the other during the day, keeping things up to date.

"Don't know yet, Virgie," Clem said, standing up and stretching. "Let's go see."

Inside, he dictated a few letters to sheriffs in neighboring counties, and then sat back for the morning's report. Virgie made it a duty to keep him up to date on what was going on in the other offices.

"Jim Hendricks says he's going to retire at the end of this term," she said.

Clem ran his hand through his shaggy, white hair. "Well, Jim's getting along and that county supervisor job is a chore. Who they got in mind?"

"Jim wants Herm Brock," Virgie answered.

Clem leaned slowly back in his swivel chair. "Herm's a nice enough fella," he said slowly, "but I don't think they'd elect him."

"Why?" Virgie asked.

"It's that constant braggin' these last few years. Folks don't take to it."

Virgie sat quiet, fingering her notebook. Finally she said softly: "Clem, don't you know why Herm Brock boasts?"

The sheriff grunted and leaned forward.

"Remember when Dave had the fight with Bill Duff?" she asked.

Clem nodded. How well he remembered. Dave

Brock, Herm's boy, had tangled with Duff one Saturday night. Duff was full of whisky, and carrying his gun. In the middle of the argument, he'd pulled the gun on Dave Brock and told him to ride, and that the next time they met he'd kill him on sight. That night Dave Brock had ridden out of town for good. Herman Brock had hidden his shame and only once had he ever mentioned Dave to Clem. That had been when he'd shown the sheriff an initialed gold watch. "The boy mailed me this from Kansas," he'd said. Then he'd added, "I always loaned it to him when he rode into town on a Saturday night. He's a good lad even—even if . . ."

That was all. Clem had never mentioned the incident to Herm again, and no one else had. You don't talk to a man about his son being a coward.

"Sure, Virgie, I recollect clear enough," Clem said.

"Well, don't you see?" Virgie said. "Herm Brock brags about his ranch because he hasn't got a son to be proud of any more. He's just hiding what is inside him—and bragging is his way of doing it."

Of course, Clem thought, that was the difference between Duff and Herm. That was why Herm boasted about his ranch while Duff bragged about who he had whipped, who he'd bluffed—how he'd run Dave Brock out of town.

Wait! Duff never *had* bragged about chasing young Brock out of the valley!

Clem leaned back in his chair and stared at the cracked ceiling. In a few minutes he said: "Virgie, go down to the livery stable and tell them to saddle my horse."

THE white-haired sheriff packed his saddle bags carefully. When he walked out into the morning brightness, he was carrying his rifle, two ropes and a kerosene lamp.

"I may not be back for a spell, Virgie," he called. "Maybe three, four days."

He rode slowly toward the freight depot. He was sure, but he wanted to check the records. He came out of the depot straight and silent and climbed onto his horse. He turned toward the north, toward the foothills that lay between town and the Brock ranch. . . .

It was a sultry afternoon a week later when Clem rode back into town. The courthouse clock showed a few minutes past three. He looked gaunt, haggard, angry.

Down the street, a dozen men lounged in front of the hardware store. Clem dismounted and walked toward them slowly, his arms loose and free-swinging.

Bill Duff's back was to him. He could hear the loud, boasting voice, "And so this Texas waddie started for his gun and I . . ."

Clem's voice cut into the group like a bullet. "You're under arrest, Duff!"

The sullen braggart turned. "Me?" he sneered. "What for?"

"For dry-gulching Dave Brock," Clem said, "on the night three years ago when we thought he left town."

"You're loco," Duff blustered.

Clem's shoulders seemed to sag. He said, "I've found the skeleton."

Duff's manner changed. He took a step forward. "Now, Clem," he whined. And then he reached for his .45.

It was what the sheriff was waiting for, hoping for. He fired from the hip.

Virgie McBride saw Duff's body fall. She turned from the courthouse window and sat down beside the desk. When the sheriff came in, he seemed beaten, weary.

Virgie's eyes questioned him, and Clem spoke softly. "He ambushed Dave Brock that night in the foothills. I found the skeleton in a deserted mine shaft—with a bullet hole in the back of the skull. Duff sent Herman Brock the watch he'd stolen from the body, when he rode a cattle car to Kansas City six months later."

"But what made you suspect him?"

Clem smiled down at her. "You did, Virgie. If Duff had scared Dave out of town, he never would have stopped braggin' about it. But he never mentioned it."

He went over to his desk and sat down. "When you told me why one man bragged, it set me to wondering why the other man didn't." THE END



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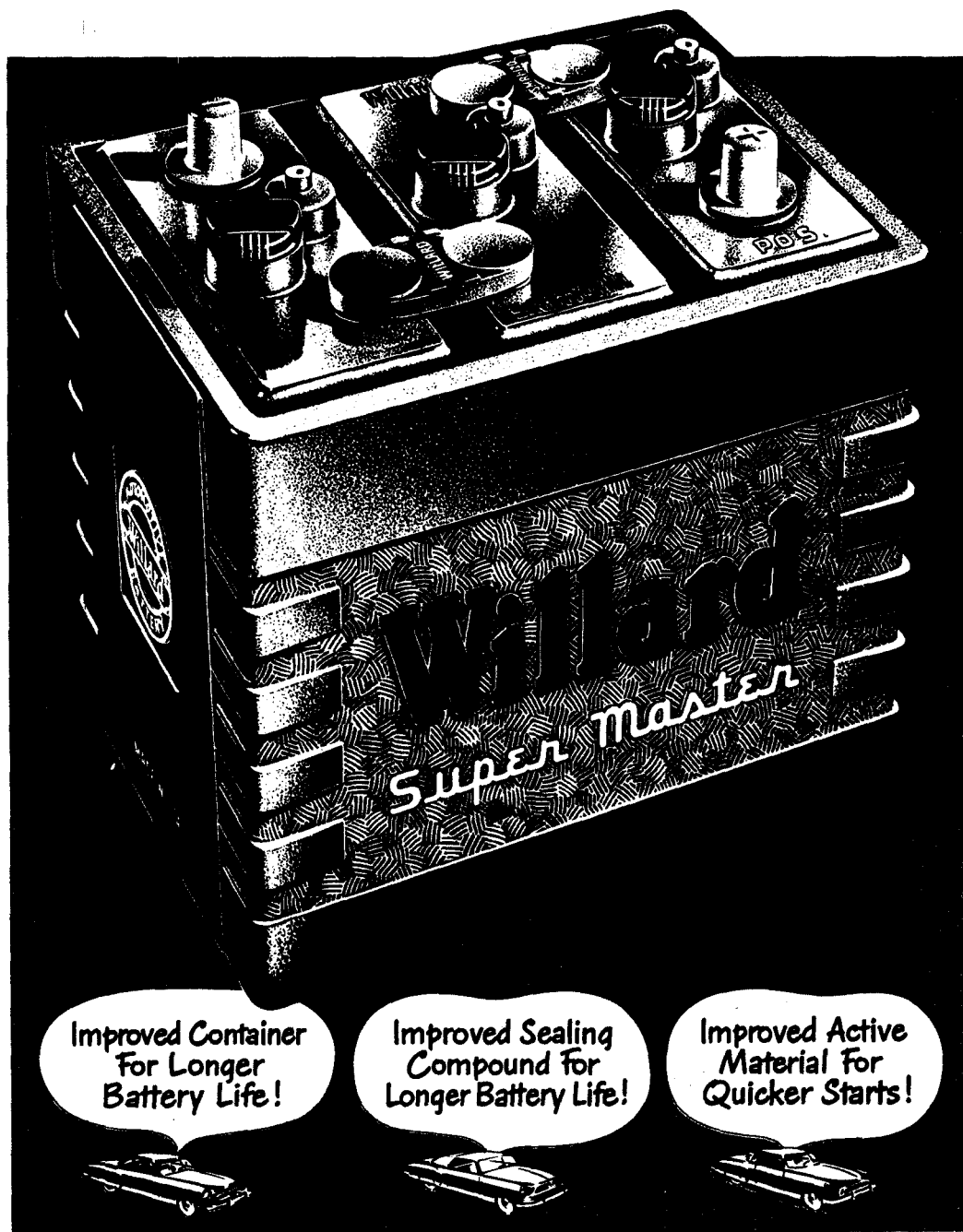
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# Herbert Hoover: Power Politics at the Peace Table

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

disarmament—had ever experienced. Consequently the United States had no conception of Europe's needs for military protection.

*We differ fundamentally in our methods of diplomacy.*

The practices of imperialism in securing its expansion and protection—together with the perpetually disquieting "irredentas," fears of aggression, dictators and frictions generally—have made "power politics," "balances of power" and military alliances a national necessity for the major nations of Europe.

It is the duty of European statesmen of good will to engage incessantly in adroit power politics—by which aggression is checked and malign forces allayed—in the hope that a tenuous peace can be extended a little longer. It is a delicate job in which national honor and loyalty to agreements are regularly sacrificed to expediency and self-preservation.

The United States is ill equipped to engage successfully in these practices—or even to understand them. Our form of representative government gives us the opportunity neither to learn the skills of power politics, nor to practice them if we did. Our government, with its shifting administration and policies, prevents us from developing the experienced personnel which could acquire such skills.

With our changing elections, we can never have the continuity in foreign policy on which such men could act with assurance in these fields. Moreover, our population is made up of these many races of Europe, and each such group in our country retains a subcurrent of sympathy with their origins which exerts a clouding influence on objective action. To participate successfully in foreign power politics, we must become something other than a free people as we conceive it.

If anyone wants confirmation of all this, he need only analyze our group of peace-makers at Versailles, who, with little experience in foreign affairs, worked in a sort of daze against the forces they met.

*We differ fundamentally in our ideas of representative government.*

America's concept of representative government has departed widely from that of Europe's democracies. Their representative governments are all of the parliamentary form, where the government is administered, in actual fact, by a committee of the parliament, reinforced by long-trained and skilled bureaucracies. This contrasts with our single executive, elected for a fixed term of years, and our changing public servants.

Thus Europe's democracies have no separation of the executive from the legislature. Their Prime Ministers and Cabinets could speak for the legislative arm. Our President could not, and therefore he could not bind our country in complicated peace negotiations.

Another European force which is a constant menace to stability and peace is the growth of multiple parties in Continental parliaments. They are frequently compromise affairs based on negative policies—and often they work together only because of their mutual fears and hates.

*We differ fundamentally in our social structures.*

America's departure from Western European social concepts is the full distance of 300 years. It is true that we owe much to Europe in our original concepts of life, but possibly we owe still more to the ancient Greeks. Anyway, we separated from Western Europe because we did not like their ideas, and the breach constantly widened.

Europe's class stratifications clog the free rise of particles in the social solution. In America's widespread opportunities—and at least an ideal of equal opportunity—there has developed a genuine fellowship among our people that brings a deep sense of equality. For this there is no European

counterpart except in some of the smaller states.

*We differ fundamentally in our economic concepts.*

America's departures from the Old World are equally great on the economic side. We have not only been free of the need to exploit other nations in order to give economic support to our daily living, but in the eighties we brought about a revolution in our economic system which has been a major departure from the laissez-faire economics of Europe. At that time we passed the Interstate Commerce Act establishing the public regulation of natural monopolies, and, of far greater importance, we enacted the antitrust laws.

Europe has never adopted this antitrust concept. Its national economies are honeycombed with cartels, trusts and agreements in restraint of trade—the object of which is to make profits by controlling price and

personal liberties, to lift man's dignity, to bring security and peace. It is easy to recall that from every country—England, Germany, France, Russia and all the others—we have received magnificent inheritances of human thought.

But these Americans have too often seen little of the gigantic explosive forces constant among the peoples of Europe. The reality is that there are 26 races of 400,000,000 people, living cheek by jowl in an area two thirds the size of the United States. Through them surge the deep-seated tribal instincts of nationalism, imperialism, hates, memories of deep wrongs, fierce distrusts and impellent fears. There are conflicts of religion and race. Even before the World War, these forces received added ferment from Socialism; to this, after the war, were added the new and fierce ideologies of Communism and later of Fascism.

Our basic conflicts in concepts, and our

was to be no disarmament—other than for the Germans.

Possibly my language was too strong, but at any rate Mr. Wilson seemed to take my remarks as personal accusations—which I had not, of course, intended. Like all of us, he was strained and exhausted; his nerves were on edge. But I was no longer invited into his private counsels and I never saw him again while he was President except for formal good-bys when he left Paris. In later years we lived on the same block in Washington and again became sociable.

On June 28, 1919, I attended the treaty-signing ceremonies at the Palace of Versailles, at the same spot where the French almost 50 years earlier—after their defeat in the Franco-Prussian War—had been humiliated by the German victors. Obviously the French were getting a lift out of this ironic circumstance, and I derived some satisfaction from that. But I kept thinking of the fearful consequences of the treaty now being signed with such flourish, and I came away depressed.

Under the law, my organization officially ceased either with the date of peace or on the first of July, 1919. To prepare for our possible withdrawal, I had in April recommended to each of the weaker governments that they study their needs and resources for the following year and establish commercial agencies abroad through which they could negotiate for export sales, credit and purchase of supplies.

Before finally deciding on our course of action, we waited until we could be certain of the harvest prospects of the 1919 crop. When evidences of a good crop came, we determined to withdraw.

## Sound Advice for Europeans

At the request of the Allied Supreme Economic Council, I wrote a review of the whole economic situation on the Continent, the gist of which was that we forget artificial controls and governmental manipulation; that it was time for Europeans to get to work and produce, and that if they did, they could support themselves and secure private credits abroad.

The Allied governments did not take kindly to these recommendations; the old ideas of economic pools, joint action and the like were by no means dead.

I did wish to see broad co-operation in remedying the world's ills—but felt that the United States should be free to decide every question on its own merits.

When the date of my departure from Europe was announced, I received a deluge of letters and telegrams of appreciation for my relief and rehabilitation work. They came from chiefs of state and the Prime Ministers of Britain, France, Italy, Belgium and the more than 20 other countries we had served. They came from His Holiness the Pope and from the heads of the Greek Orthodox, Armenian and Lutheran Churches. Most touching of all were the volumes containing literally millions of signatures of children and illustrated by them. These volumes kept coming over the years.

My last call before leaving Paris was on Premier Clemenceau of France, to express my appreciation for his undeviating support. The Old Tiger was in a gloomy mood. He told me: "There will be another world war in your time and you will be needed back in Europe." We would not have agreed on the methods of preventing another war, so I did not pursue the subject.

Another sort of leave-taking took place in Poland several weeks before I sailed for home. Premier Paderewski had implored President Wilson to visit Poland before he went back to the United States in June, declaring that despite all that we had done—we had, among other help, sent Poland 750,000 tons of food, clothing and medical supplies, and 60,000,000 pounds of raw cot-



distribution. By maintaining competition, the United States has compelled profits to come from improved technology, new inventions, laborsaving devices and more skilled labor. Thus we steadily have reduced costs and prices.

With these dynamic forces, we have lifted our standards of living far beyond anything known to Europe's masses. In consequence, sharp conflicts have arisen between the two worlds in our economic relations. Such conflicts reared up in the treaty making.

Too many Americans do not realize to what extent our ideas and our way of life have grown apart from Europe in these 300 years of separation. American Society—with a capital S—and many of our Intellectuals—with a capital I—have made a sort of fetish of Europe as their spiritual home.

They have been much influenced by Europe's magnificent cities, historic cathedrals, art, music, literature, great universities, monuments of human heroism and progress. They have met people of fine hospitality and of the widest cultivation and attainments. It is easy to recall that in Europe, ever since the Renaissance, men have fought and died to build the structure of

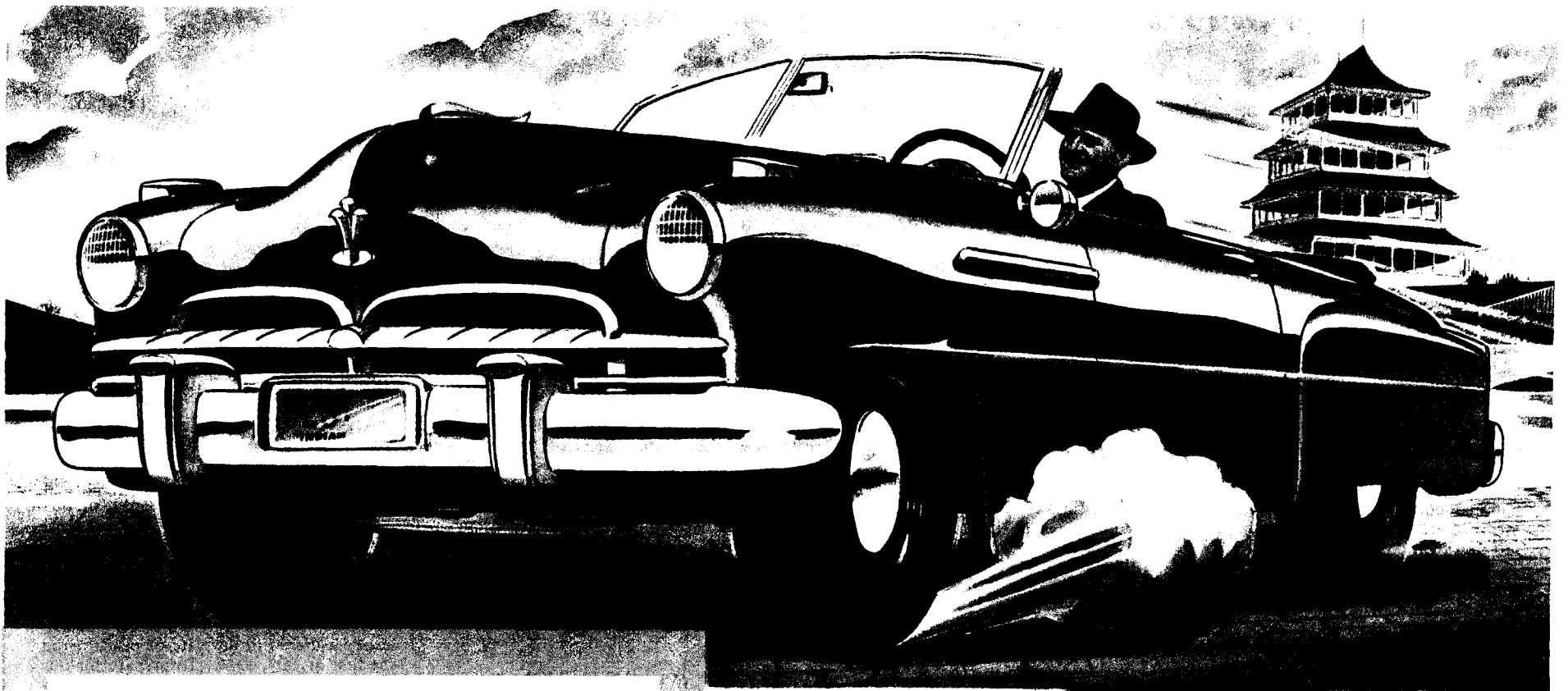
experience in the treaty making, should indicate how impossible it is for America to resolve Europe's problems. In sum, the forces which lay behind the rejection of American ideas at Paris in 1918 were far deeper than the intrigues of diplomacy or the foibles of European statesmen. Here was the collision of civilizations grown 300 years apart. The ideas and idealism of the New World were in clash with deep forces in Europe, its racial mores and the grim necessities of its 26 races.

On June 5, 1919, at the request of Secretary Robert Lansing, I drew up a long memorandum of my views of the weaknesses of the peace treaty.

Mr. Lansing sent a copy to President Wilson, who, a few days later, sent for me to discuss it. This caused the only break I ever had with him.

In going over the points of my memorandum, I argued again the disaster implicit in the indeterminate amount of the vast reparations to be exacted of Germany, and in the transfer of large sections of German, Russian and Hungarian nationals to the liberated states. I pointed out that there





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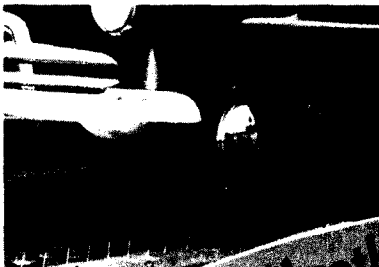
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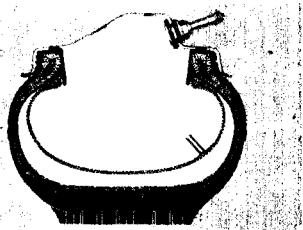
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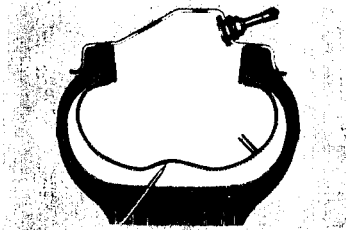
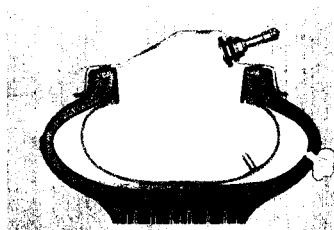
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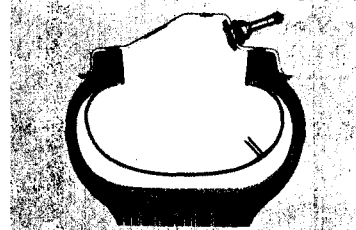
Here's How the New Firestone Supreme Eliminates the Dangers of Blowouts and Punctures



Cross-section at left shows inner diaphragm with safety valve. Diagram at right shows how safety valve closes if tire blows out, retaining a large volume of air.



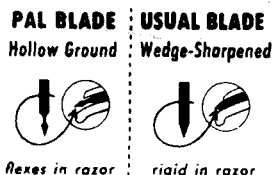
Cross-section at left shows how diaphragm is deflected when nail punctures tire. Diagram at right shows how soft rubber inner layer seals hole without loss of air.





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ton to weave in its mills—the people were in despair. Unemployment, disease and short rations were making them prey for the Communists; indeed, the Red armies were attacking on their Galician frontier. Paderewski had insisted to the President that the tide could be stemmed only by showing the Poles that America would stand by them if they persevered in support of liberal institutions.

#### A Memorable Polish Visit

Mr. Wilson had been unable to accept the invitation, and had asked me to take his place. Paderewski joined in urging me; I had known the great pianist ever since as a Stanford freshman I had, together with classmates, run a concert bureau which had arranged for a recital by him in a neighboring town.

My visit to Poland took place in mid-August, 1919. In order to be as impressive as possible I was accompanied by several American generals and admirals.

We arrived in Warsaw about nine o'clock at night. The great barn of a railway station was jammed with people, and decorated with Polish and American flags. The platforms were lined with soldiers and massed bands playing The Star-Spangled Banner.

We Americans lined up alongside our train with silk hats clasped to our bosoms if we were civilians or right hands frozen to caps if we were military.

The Polish officials were also lined up, including Chief of State Pilsudski, Paderewski, Cabinet Ministers, the mayor of Warsaw and other officials, likewise all frozen to salute in honor of the American national anthem.

The bands did not seem disposed to allow the salute to thaw out. Finally, after a year of embarrassing minutes, the mayor stepped forward and presented me with the traditional Polish welcome of bread and salt. This time it was a round loaf of bread, 16 inches in diameter with a great salt crystal in the dome, and all of it on a specially carved wooden platter.

The mayor spoke English, but I could not hear a word. With my right hand frozen to the silk hat at my breast, I took the platter in my left hand with appropriate remarks which he in turn could not hear because the band played on. Quickly my left wrist began to wobble, and I just managed to pass the platter over to the left hand of the admiral next to me. His arm quickly

began to wobble too, and he passed it to the left hand of the general next to him. And so the platter went all down the line.

The Poles applauded this maneuver as a characteristic and appropriate American ceremony. We finally left for the American Embassy with the bands still enthusiastically playing.

Thereafter followed a week of strenuous travel from city to city. At Kosciusko's tomb in Krakow I was to make a speech and Paderewski was to translate; he had a copy of my remarks in advance. I spoke only about 10 minutes, as there were not a hundred out of the 30,000 massed people who understood English. After Paderewski had spoken for about 45 minutes on the "translation," I asked my Polish aide what he was talking about. He replied: "Oh, he is making a real speech."

The most profoundly touching incident of my Polish visit was my reception at Warsaw by the Polish children—50,000 of them brought in from the soup kitchens in trainloads. They were organized into a parade in front of an old racecourse grandstand. Ranging from five to twelve years, clad often in rags, the children each carried a paper banner of American and Polish colors. They came by for hours—chattering, laughing, squealing, trying vainly to look serious and maintain some sort of marching order.

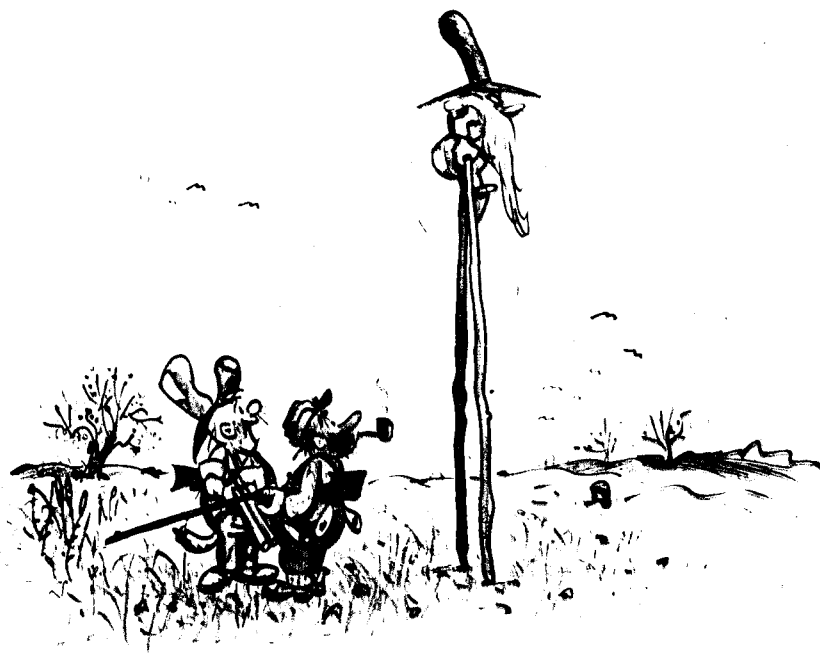
#### Rabbit Breaks Line of March

At one point a rabbit jumped out of the grass and tried to run through the line of marching children. That was too much for live kids. A mob of a thousand or more fell on the rabbit and insisted on bringing it to me, despite frantic efforts by the women supervisors to restore order.

General Henrys, head of the French military mission to Poland, stood near me throughout almost all of the youthful march. Tears coursed down his face until finally, overcome, he left the reviewing stand. He said to me in parting: "*Il n'y avait eu une revue d'honneur des soldats en toute histoire que je voudrais avoir plus que cette qu'est vous donné aujourd'hui.*" ("There has never been a review of honor in all history which I would prefer for myself to that which has been given you today.")

I received thousands of marks of gratitude from the Poles—a square named for me in Warsaw, streets in Krakow and other towns, and degrees from all the universi-

#### KENNESAW



"Grampaw always keeps off of the ground during the huntin' season"

COLLIER'S

REAMER KELLER

# Guard Against Throat-Scratch

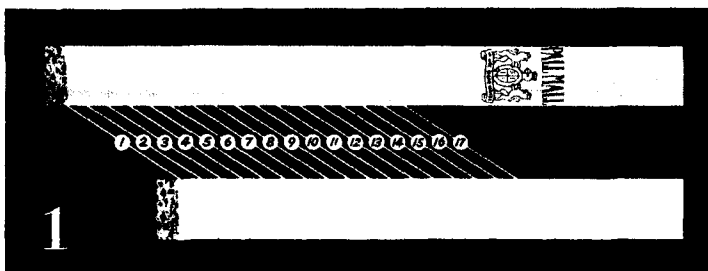
enjoy the smooth smoking of fine tobaccos



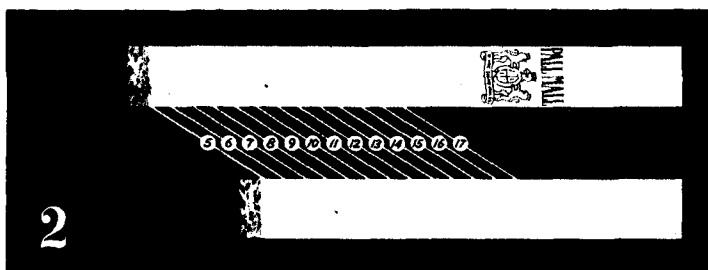
...smoke **PALL MALL**  
the cigarette whose mildness  
you can measure

*Study this Puff Chart:*

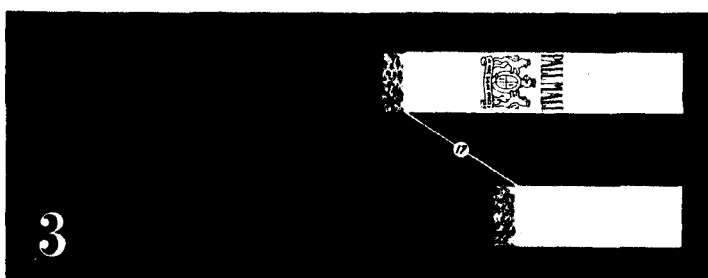
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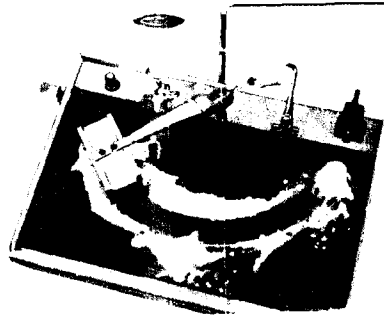


**THE MOST WANTED**

***The  
Wonder Paint***

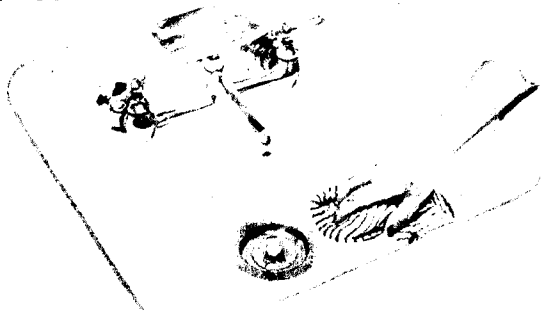
***Proved for 3 years  
in millions  
of homes!***





*You could scrub it  
40,000 times ...*

if you wanted to. This machine did it in rigid laboratory tests on a Spred SATIN pastel color—without impairing the color or satin-smooth surface. Spred SATIN is *guaranteed washable*.



*You can wash it as  
easily as you wash your  
kitchen sink ...*

finger marks, ink, crayon, lipstick all come off in seconds because dirt can't cling to the tight Spred SATIN surface. And no spots or tell-tale streaks show where you washed!



*You could even pour  
harsh lye on it ...*

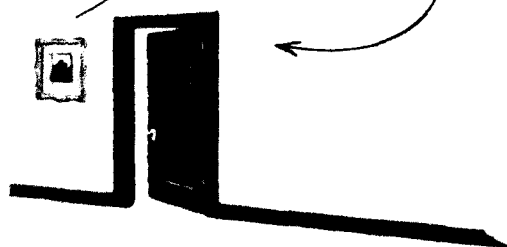
not that you're likely to do so—but this indicates the ability of Spred SATIN to withstand all kinds of abuse in your home.



**FOR WALLS...**

**CEILINGS...**

**WOODWORK**



*Imagine a paint film you could stretch like this! Painted on waxed paper or a waxed glass surface, allowed to dry, then stripped off—Spred SATIN is a flexible material you can fold, crumple or stretch. That flexibility comes from its 100% latex emulsion formula. In your home that means greater durability...extreme long life!*

## Now...your choice of 60 dramatic pastel and decorator deep colors

Besides amazing durability and washability, Spred SATIN offers you the most gorgeous satin beauty you have ever seen. And it goes on in half the time; dries in 20 minutes with no offensive odor. Paint fast or slow, with brush or roller, no laps will show—and if you miss a place, touch it up later when dry—you won't see a trace. When you're through, just wash your brush or roller in soapy water. Then hang pictures and curtains and use the room right away.



*Kate Smith says "BUY SPRED SATIN"*

See Spred SATIN demonstrated on the Kate Smith Hour every Friday. Then see your dealer for your favorite color, and enjoy all the wonders of the Wonder Paint.

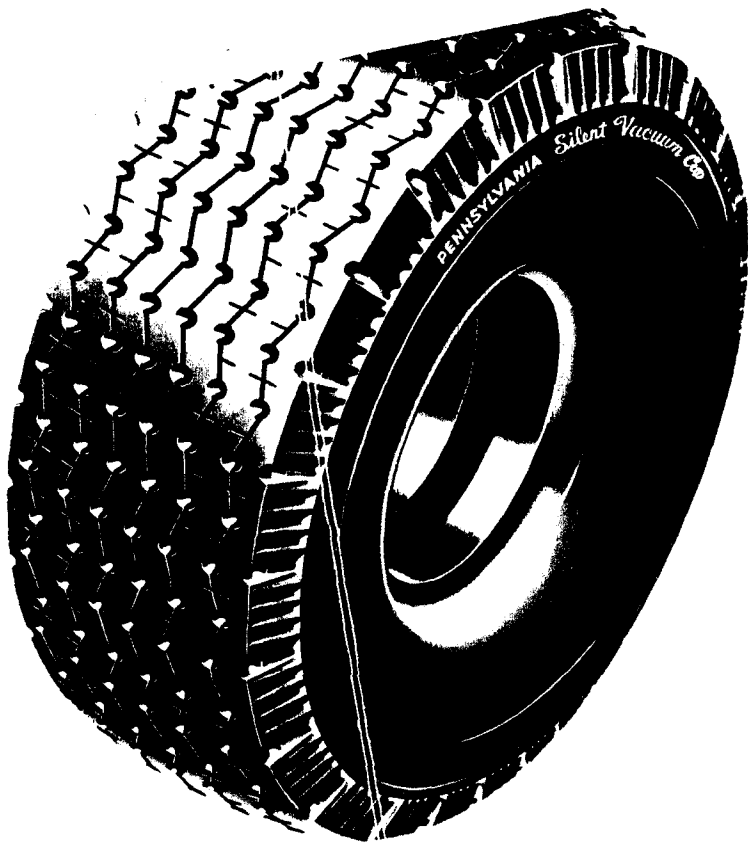
*Pacemaker  
in Paints*

**FOR EVERY  
PAINTING NEED**





**makes your money  
GO farther**



**THE GREAT NEW HIGH-MILEAGE  
PENNSYLVANIA  
VACUUM CUP TIRES**



Invest now in quality-built Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Tires and reap a sure return of thousands upon thousands of safe, trouble-free, carefree miles. Featuring exclusive vacuum cup tread design for faster stops in any weather, Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Tires insure maximum performance mile after mile, trip after trip. For a safe, long-term investment, put your car on Pennsylvania Vacuum Cup Tires *now!*

**THE MOST IN MILEAGE FOR YOUR MONEY!**

**PENNSYLVANIA RUBBER COMPANY**

MANSFIELD



OHIO

ties. Another tribute was a statue of me in the park at Warsaw.

(Twenty-seven years later I was to revisit the city and learn from an eyewitness that the Germans had blown off the head of the statue with a hand grenade. In any event, I was to find that I was headless—and no doubt I continue so under the Communist regime.)

In September, 1919, I recalled all my men from the field and boarded the Aquitania for America.

On my arrival home in California a clamor arose from the press as to what I was going to do.

**No "Mischief" Contemplated**

Physically exhausted and anxious for a little respite, I issued this statement:

"I plan to adhere to the following rules for one month. I will reply to no telephone calls. I am spending a month with two vigorous small boys. I do not want to be tied to the end of a telephone all day. I will not read any communication which exceeds more than one page . . .

"I must decline the honor of speaking at 64 public meetings to which I have received invitations. I am satisfied that the American people will be gratified to find a citizen who wants to keep still. This rule is for the public good.

"All this is subject to the reservation that nothing turns up to irritate my conscience or peace of mind.

"I offer this intimate disclosure of private affairs so that it may be seen that I contemplate no mischief against this commonwealth."

But the camping and fishing vacation which the Hoover family took was short-lived. From October, 1919, to March, 1921—when I went into the Cabinet—my records show that I gave out 31 press statements, wrote 28 articles, made 46 public addresses, presided over 15 meetings and gave evidence at nine Congressional hearings. It seemed to me that I had adopted a Pullman berth as my eternal home.

I had come out of the seething social and political movements and economic chaos of Europe. I quickly found that America was not a quiet pool either.

Our country was in the midst of the inevitable afterwar headache. The troubles arising from demobilization brought general unrest. I had expected that. In addition, however, the bitter conflict over the Treaty and the League of Nations cut across all issues. And the natural slump from our high level of idealism during the war complicated all our thinking.

I was confronted also by the need to account for, settle and liquidate the huge financial operations which I had directed both in Washington and abroad during the past five years. I wrote President Wilson a cordially expressed resignation from each of my expired offices, but he never acknowledged it; moreover he never acted on the resignations of many of my associates, no doubt because he was so deeply engrossed in the fight for the League, and also because of his illness.

So far as I know, the ghosts of the United States Food Administrator, the chairman of the Export Council, and a dozen other offices have never been laid.

The final accounting of our wartime operations showed that the total amount of overseas food and other supplies handled by the organizations which I directed during the war was 33,841,-

307 tons, of a value of \$5,234,000,000.

The magnitude of our job in Europe in the twelve months after the Armistice alone may be seen by the fact that the total amount of overseas food brought into Europe during that period amounted to 27,000,000 tons. We also moved over 420,000 tons of clothing, medical and other supplies.

Of this tonnage, about 18,700,000 came from the United States, the balance from other countries. These figures closely checked with estimates I had furnished President Wilson in a presurvey of Europe's needs just before the Armistice.

We had financed the post-Armistice supplies from the United States by loans of roughly \$2,700,000,000. We got in return cash or goods amounting to \$305,000,000. In direct charity we gave out over \$325,000,000 (including some operations which lasted over 1920-'21). Most of the loans turned out to be charity too.

The combined contribution of the Allies was a little over 4 per cent of the total tonnage and about 5 per cent of the loans, most of which they subsequently collected.

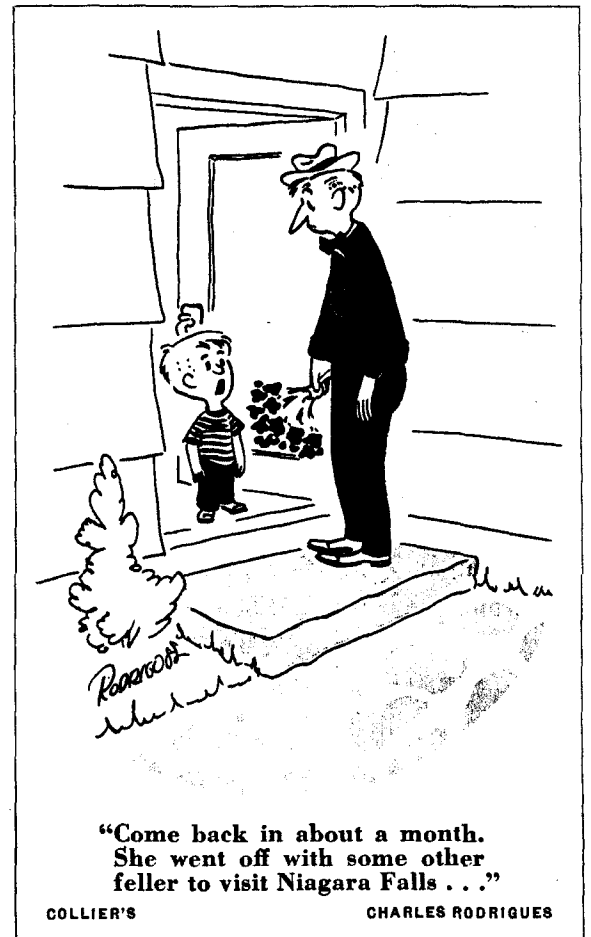
All this confirmed my view from the first that the Allies could—or would—do little to rehabilitate their own neighbors.

With the windup of our operations, I was still not to be free from certain problems of European relief and reconstruction; some stretched into my term as Secretary of Commerce. One was the continued feeding of European children; another was the relief of famine in Communist Russia.

We had established the feeding of European children during the Armistice as an American charity. There had been literally millions of waif, orphan, undernourished, diseased and stunted children in every town and city of the liberated countries. They were not only pitiable, but a menace to their nations; many, indeed, were beyond full repair, and from them came some of the brutes who made the second World War.

Love of children is a biological trait equally strong in all races. It had, therefore, seemed to me that around this child-feeding could be built a renaissance of hope among their distracted elders.

We had set up in our Paris organization a children's feeding section under the name of the American Relief Administration. In each nation we had created a committee of leading citizens, mostly women, with branches in each important town and city,



**"Come back in about a month.  
She went off with some other  
feller to visit Niagara Falls . . ."**

COLLIER'S

CHARLES RODRIGUES

Collier's for September 22, 1951



"SHOWING OFF THE NEW AQUARIUM," by John Gannam. Number 60 in the series "Home Life in America."

In this friendly, freedom-loving land  
of ours—*beer belongs... enjoy it!*



*Beer and ale—  
mealtime favorites*

**AMERICA'S BEVERAGE OF MODERATION**

Sponsored by the United States Brewers Foundation...Chartered 1862





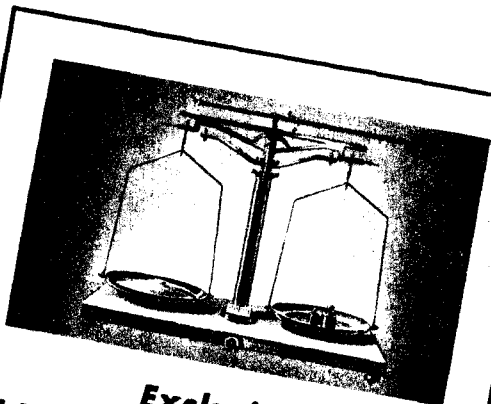
# Blend-ability\*

**MAKES YOUR DRINK  
TASTE BETTER**



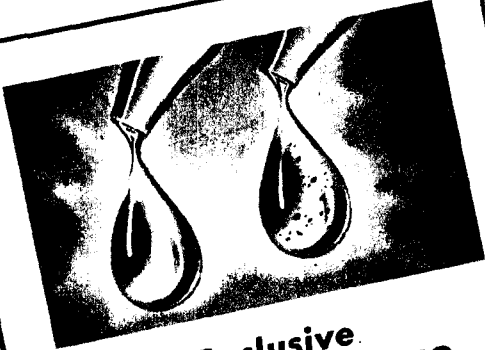
Ordinary soda water won't give you blendability. Neither will plain water. But Sparkling Canada Dry Water has blendability—the ability to point up the flavor of any drink . . . to make all drinks taste better.

*Here's why:*



## Exclusive "FLAVOR-BALANCED FORMULA"

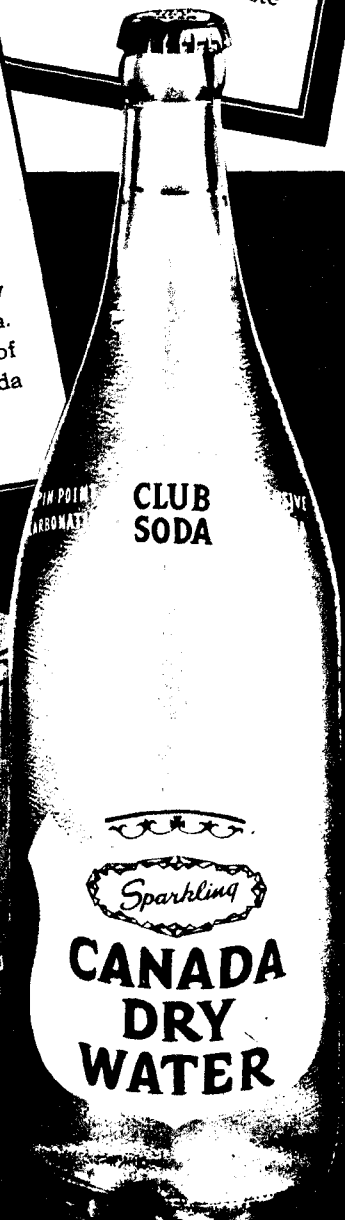
Canada Dry takes several important mineral salts, refines them, compounds them with masterly skill. Result: a club soda with all elements perfectly balanced . . . ready to make every kind of drink taste better.



## Exclusive PURITY PROCESSING

Canada Dry painstakingly purifies every drop of water that goes into its club soda. You can count on the same high degree of quality and purity in Sparkling Canada Dry Water everywhere you buy it.

Always ask for it  
at your favorite bar



**WORLD'S MOST POPULAR CLUB SODA**

confining our work to organizing and furnishing the food, clothing and medical supplies; while the local committees, by local gifts and volunteers, found the quarters, equipment, transportation and service.

It was not expensive to rehabilitate an individual child. Due to the wealth of local volunteer service, the cost of each meal to us could be measured by a few cents. Added to the regular ration, a daily pound of concentrated food, in rich soup, stews, milk, porridge, cocoa, sugar, minerals and cod-liver oil, is like water to a wilting plant.

As fast as the children were restored to health, and if there was reasonable assurance that they would be looked after, they were discharged, and others who had fallen by the wayside were picked up. This discharge was somewhat of a theory, for the women canteen managers could not bear to turn them away even if they were fat.

By mid-1919 it had become obvious that we could not complete this child healing for still another year. The legal life of the ARA expired on June 30th. I decided, therefore, to transform it into a private American organization and continue the work under the same title.

We had some supplies in stock and some cargoes en route when the official life of the ARA ended. With President Wilson's approval, I turned these residues over to our new private ARA as liquidator.

### Funds from Relief Accounts

We had further resources at hand aside from gifts. They came from the liquidation of our accounts in the relief of the 18 liberated and enemy nations, whose approval we secured for the use of any surplus from these accounts for our new child-feeding program.

We established another source of considerable income through what we called a "Food Draft." Some 5,000 American banks undertook to help out. The idea was to sell drafts in multiples of \$10 which carried on their face the undertaking to deliver at any ARA warehouse in Europe a specific number of pounds of flour, bacon, milk, etc., to a designated individual. This device enabled hundreds of thousands of Americans with relatives in Europe to send them food.

The banks issued the drafts without charge. We sold them on such terms that they returned a profit for the children's relief. Altogether during the following year we sold \$5,800,000 worth of drafts. (This operation was the father of the present CARE.)

I had expected to wind up the children's relief with the August, 1920, harvest in Europe. But it was obvious that some governments were not yet organized strongly enough to take on the feeding of millions of children. Therefore, in May, 1920, a year after the peace, we decided to continue the work for still a third year.

As we required new sources of income, I decided that we would make a public appeal. Fortunately our supplies on hand held out like the widow's cruse, thus giving us time to organize a campaign.

I set up a "European Relief Council" to join in a drive for funds. The organization was set up with me as chairman and Franklin K. Lane as treasurer. The council included the American Relief Administration, the Red Cross, the Friends' Service Committee, the Jewish Joint Distribution Committee, the Federal Council of Churches, the Knights of Columbus and the Y.M.C.A. and the Y.W.C.A. An examination of the need in Europe showed that we must raise about \$33,000,000 to continue our program for another year.

We dramatized this fund drive by "banquets to the Invisible Guest." The visible guests entered to find rough board tables set with tin dishes. At the center of the head table, in the place of honor, stood an empty high chair with a lighted candle before it, symbolizing the Invisible Guest. Red Cross nurses and college girls served the company the same food we gave the undernourished children in Europe.

The most profitable of these dinners occurred in New York on December 29, 1920. We had a thousand guests at \$1,000 a plate. General Pershing and I, flanking the Invisible Guest, spoke briefly. Suddenly a gentleman whose name I never learned rose and suggested that I ask for more money on the spot: "There is a million dollars here for the asking."

In our invitations, we had stated that we would solicit no contributions beyond the \$1,000 charged for the "banquet." I recalled this to the audience, and refused as politely as I could. Whereupon the stranger rose again and himself put to the house a motion that I proceed with a collection. It was carried unanimously. This brought, as he predicted, another million dollars. Later John D. Rockefeller, Jr., asked me to announce that he would give another million.

So this one dinner brought in \$3,000,000. Our state and local committees put on similar dinners all over the country at an admission price of \$100 to \$500 a plate.



"While you're looking for blonde hairs on that, notice there are a couple of buttons missing"

COLLIER'S

LAKE LOCKE

We closed the drive in March, 1921. Total receipts were \$29,068,504.73.

No estimate is possible of the number of individual children we cared for from February, 1919, until the autumn of 1921. As fast as they recovered health, or found parents, or parents found jobs, or government services increased, we took on others. Probably fifteen to twenty million children were built back to strength.

The relief of Bolshevik Russia's famine was a vastly different undertaking.

Russia had been the Banquo's ghost at every council table at the Paris Peace Conference. The British and particularly the French had been obsessed with making war on it.

The Allies, including the United States, had placed troops at Murmansk and Archangel to keep the munitions sent to the Czarist and Kerenski governments from falling into Communist hands. They had soon gotten into a small war with the Red armies in those quarters, and they also had to feed the civilian population. The Allies had sent troops into Siberia to support Kolchak's White Russian army. The British and French had furnished arms and munitions to Generals Denikin and Wrangel, who were attacking the Red armies from the south. The British had furnished arms to General Youdenich for an attack upon Petrograd from the Baltic States.

Winston Churchill had appeared before the Big Four on behalf of the British Cabinet on February 24, 1919, demanding united invasion of Russia by the Allies.

I did not want the United States involved. I saw no object in restoring the old regime, and this seemed likely to be the result of White Russian and Allied collaboration.

President Wilson had on many occasions asked my advice, not only because of the information that flowed into my organiza-

Collier's for September 22, 1951



tion all along Russia's frontiers, but because of my prewar knowledge of the country.

I had concluded that, in view of the desperate food situation in Petrograd, Moscow and the other large Communist cities, there might be a remote chance to stop fighting everywhere and at the same time save millions from starvation. On March 28, 1919, I had written the President, saying, essentially:

"As the result of Bolshevik economic conceptions, the people of Russia are dying of hunger and disease at the rate of some hundreds of thousands monthly in a country that formerly supplied food to a large part of the world.

"I feel it is my duty to lay before you . . . my views as to the American relation to Bolshevism and its manifestations.

"It simply cannot be denied that this swinging of the social pendulum from the tyranny of the extreme right to the tyranny of the extreme left is based on a foundation of real social grievance . . . Our people, who enjoy so great liberty and general comfort, cannot fail to sympathize to some degree with these blind gropings for better social conditions . . ."

I expressed the hope that in time the pendulum would swing back from these insane ideas and actions, and continued:

"We have also to contemplate what would actually happen if we undertook military intervention . . . our first act would probably in the nature of things make us a party to the Allies to re-establishing the reactionary classes. It also requires consideration as to whether or not our people at home would stand for our providing power by which such reactionaries held their position."

I then proposed a plan to the President:

"That some neutral of international reputation for probity and ability should be allowed to create a second Belgian Relief Commission for Russia . . . He should be told that we will even help in his humanitarian task if he gets assurances that the Bolsheviks will cease all military action across certain defined boundaries and cease their subsidizing of disturbances abroad . . .

"This plan does not involve any recognition or relationship by the Allies of the Bolshevik murderers now in control. It would appear to me that such a proposal would at least test out whether this is a militant force engrossed upon world domination . . . Time can thus be taken to determine whether or not this whole system is a world danger, and whether the Russian people will not themselves swing back to moderation and themselves bankrupt these ideas. This plan, if successful, would save an immensity of helpless human life and would save our country from further entanglements which today threaten to pull us from our national ideals . . ."

### Feeding Plan Goes Awry

The President had welcomed my plan because of my suggestion that it would keep the Allied debating organizations in Paris busy for some time, and would keep Churchill's and the militarists' pressures on the United States in the background.

My plan had been a very faint hope. To carry it out, I needed some well-known neutral to head it. I had telegraphed Fridtjof Nansen, the polar explorer, asking him to come to Paris from Norway.

Nansen had come to the United States during the war seeking food for his country and I had arranged it. We had become friends. A fine, rugged character, obviously a man of great moral and physical courage, Nansen was paradoxically timid when it came to going outside his sphere and mixing in international politics.

Nansen had reiterated that he had never handled such large amounts of food: that he did not like the Bolsheviks. He suspected that every paragraph of the plan I set before him had some deep trap in it. I did not blame him for that, as I had experienced the worst in our Allied documents.

Collier's for September 22, 1951

I had wasted some days trying to persuade him that we would furnish the ships, buy and deliver the food, get him an expert neutral staff and so on. It was not until we got the Norwegian Prime Minister to press him again that he had consented.

I had arranged, or thought I had arranged, with the French to have a message to Lenin from Nansen, outlining our proposal, sent from the Eiffel Tower Radio Station on April 17, 1919. However, in the meantime the French concluded that Kolchak, Denikin, Wrangel or someone would defeat the Reds. After 10 days with no reply from Moscow, I had become suspicious and sent Nansen's dispatch to Lenin to our men in Holland, who sent it again from the Dutch radio station. The Russians acknowledged having received it on May 3d through that station. Possibly the French had never sent it.

The Bolsheviks replied by radio on May 14th. The message was picked up by the Denmark station and sent me by them.

### A Typical Communist Answer

The Russian reply was a warm acceptance of relief, but a violent refusal to stop fighting until they had won their objectives either by war or negotiation. They added a long essay on the wickedness of capitalism.

I believed that the reply left a crack open and that the many words were for internal consumption. I wanted to pursue the question further, but the French meantime emitted vociferous denunciations of the whole business and so the effort had died at no cost but words.

In any event it served its purpose. We heard no more of a new war for America.

Well after my return to America the question of relieving starvation in Russia rose again. In July, 1921, the Russian author, Maxim Gorki, addressed an appeal to me and the American people for aid in the stupendous famine in the Ukraine and the valley of the Volga.

We still had available in our European relief funds a few million dollars. Two days later I replied to Gorky, setting up certain conditions:

"The absolute *sine qua non* of any assistance must be the immediate release of the Americans now held prisoners in Russia and adequate provision for administration. Once these steps have been taken the American Relief Administration, a purely voluntary association and an entirely unofficial organization of which I am chairman, together with other co-operating charitable American organizations supported wholly through the generosity of the American people, will use their funds in hand for the children and for the sick . . . However, for obvious administrative reasons we are compelled to stipulate for certain undertakings. Subject to the acceptance of these undertakings we are prepared to enter upon this work . . ."

The conditions were identical to those we had established in every one of the countries where we had conducted relief operations after the Armistice: the right to preliminary examination of the situation; full liberty to Americans to administer the relief and travel without interference; the power to organize local committees for distributing food on a nonpolitical basis; free storage, free transportation and free offices.

Commissar of Foreign Affairs Kamenev replied, suggesting a meeting with a representative of the ARA. I named Walter L. Brown, who was at that time in Riga. He and Maxim Litvinov, representing the Commissariat of Foreign Affairs, after tedious negotiations reached an agreement on August 20, 1921. We served the first meals from imported food in Kazan on September 21st—just one month later.

I dispatched Dr. Vernon Kellogg and former Governor James P. Goodrich of Indiana to examine the Russian situation at firsthand. Their report disclosed an appalling condition in which some 15 to 20 million adults and children would perish

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a new detergent which speeds up car washing and makes manual drying unnecessary. Makes car washing a pleasure.



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made especially for new cars—and those fairly new. Cleans and wax-polishes in one easy operation. Gives a brilliant lustre quickly.



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...THROUGH CHEMISTRY

unless we undertook a far wider operation than was first contemplated.

I explored around and finally got together some \$78,000,000. As the Soviet government had some gold reserves, I demanded that they place them in our hands to spend on food. They raised many objections, and at one time I threatened to abandon the whole project unless they complied. Of the \$78,000,000, about \$20,000,000 came from this source. Part of it came also from an appropriation by the Congress of \$20,000,000 profits remaining in the Grain Corporation and some \$8,000,000 in medical supplies from Army surplus. We raised the rest from public charity.

The American people were not too enthusiastic over saving people who were starving because of their Communist government. To make it more difficult, the Communists in the United States promptly organized their own relief and appealed for funds. As usual, they secured for their letterheads the names of some respectable and well-meaning people, such as Senator Arthur Capper of Kansas.

The actual leader of the movement was a Communist agent from Moscow and other members had criminal records. I advised Senator Capper and the public to support either us or one of the religious bodies co-operating with us. At once I came under the usual rain of left-wing abuse. My critics, if I may use so mild a word, included many "liberals."

Years later the Dies Committee unearthed the fact that every cent of the funds raised by this Communist drive, more than a million dollars, was, with the approval of the Soviet government, spent on Communist propaganda in the United States—again demonstrating the ethics of the left wing and its devotion to the common man. One of the American Communist leaders of this drive was a man named Liggett, subsequently murdered by his compatriots. However, he found time and money to write a villainous book about me before this occurred.

I appointed Colonel William N. Haskell, who had administered relief in Armenia for me in 1919, to take charge in Russia, and assembled for him a staff of some 200 experienced Americans. In the acute period of the spring of 1922 we were giving food to 18,000,000 Russians.

The limited amount of our resources drove me to reduce their dietary regime to the lowest common denominator. Since we could get twice as much nutritive food value for a dollar from American shelled corn as from any other foodstuff, we relied on it for our major food in the famine relief. The Russians knew little of Indian corn, but they possessed village mills, and starving people quickly accommodate themselves to any kind of food.

At the most acute period we issued a bushel per month (50 pounds) to each person, costing about 60 cents delivered. In

addition we gave each a small ration of fats, costing about 30 cents per month. We were thus preserving human life at a cost of about 90 cents a month. We fed the children a daily extra meal of condensed milk, stew and wheat bread. It was a ghastly task, but our men carried it through with an estimated loss of less than a million lives.

We imported a large quantity of seed wheat, and the acute crisis ended with the 1922 harvest. We found, however, that we must continue to care for millions of undernourished and waif children over the winter of 1923—which we did. Altogether we shipped more than 1,600,000,000 pounds of food and seed from America to Russia. In the end I received an elaborate scroll of thanks from the Soviet government from Kamenev, the Acting President of the Council of the People's Commissars. Dated July 10, 1923, it said:

"... In the name of the millions of people who have been saved, as well as in the name of the whole working people of Soviet Russia and of the Confederate Republics, and before the whole world, to this organization, to its leader, Mr. Herbert Hoover . . . and to all the workers of the organization, to express the most deeply felt sentiments of gratitude, and to state, that all the people inhabiting the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics never will forget the aid rendered to them by the American people, through the agency of the American Relief Administration, holding it to be a pledge of the future friendship of the two nations."

Coincidentally, a notice appeared in the Moscow papers that Mr. Hoover had carried on the relief in the hope that "his mines in the Urals would be returned to him." As this appeared in some American papers, I had to explain that I had not even the remotest interest in these mines, and that even if they were restored to their rightful owners, it would not benefit me by one dime.

As a matter of fact no Communist ever believed but that we had some sinister purpose in all this activity. Many Russians who helped in the relief, often for no wages but daily bread, were imprisoned when our staff withdrew and our men were never since able to get any news of them.

My reward was that for years the Communists employed their press and also speakers to travel the United States for the special purpose of defaming me.

*Back home to stay, Mr. Hoover began a brilliant new career as Secretary of Commerce under two Presidents. For his vivid inside report on the memorable Harding Cabinet, read next week's installment. Order your Collier's from your newsstand now*



"What a bore! We talked for a solid hour and all she ever said was 'I see' and 'yes' and 'of course!'."

COLLIER'S

DAVID HUFFINE

Collier's for September 22, 1951

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**YOU** lose your plea for the family car—yet you promised to pick up your golfing party!



**YOU** discover that simple little car repairs require two days—but you can't spare it that long!



**YOU** must take your family or friends to the big outing—but you do not have a car!



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✓ **RENT FROM HERTZ EASY AS A.B.C.**... A. Go to a Hertz station. B. Show your driver's license and identify yourself. C. Step into the car and go!

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**Look in your telephone directory under "H" for your local Hertz station**

**You can rent a new car from HERTZ as easy as A B C**



## Haunt the Swale and Meadow

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

### a world of beauty

Objects of art on ties... to make you the object of her affection. Each one a collector's item... each one inspired by a different country. And it's an art in itself how Van Heusen has made these folk art ties stay knotable... stay in shape. **\$1.50.** Other Van Heusen ties from \$1.00 to \$2.50.

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Shirts • Sport Shirts • Ties • Pajamas • Handkerchiefs • Collars

## in Van Heusen<sup>®</sup> folk art ties

Center-stitched  
with nylon thread  
for utmost  
resiliency

the dog approaches and freezes on point. Then, apparently deciding that this animal spells danger, he takes to his feet and moves away from that place.

The ringneck may travel 20 feet or 50 yards before taking refuge in a clump of cover. The dog, finding his quarry has moved, has the problem of locating it again. But having escaped serious consequences by running, the pheasant decides this is a sound tactic, so he does it again and again.

### Elusive Tactics of Ringnecks

The dog that has not been specially trained on pheasants, after following the bird for three or four moves, usually makes up his mind to rush in and grab the quarry before it can run again. Or, upon seeing the pheasant move, the dog may give chase. In this case the pheasant usually takes to the air—well out of gunshot, of course. During this mad pursuit, the dog abandons all of the principles of “steadiness” to which it has been trained—and may later exhibit the same lack of restraint when worked on other game birds.

Even those shooters who agree on the superiority of pointing dogs often fail to see eye to eye on the best method of training the dog to handle ringnecks. Some insist that the slow, close-ranging and careful dogs are preferable. Others favor a dog that moves at a fast clip and ranges widely. The latter school argues, and with some soundness, that the quick traveling dog, smashing to a point almost on top of a pheasant, so bewilders and frightens the bird that it does not move, and often will hold until the hunter arrives and kicks at the cover to make the “flush.”

A well-trained pheasant dog is a pleasure to watch. When he makes his first point on a bird, and the ringneck moves, the dog will wait a moment, then make a wide circle and come down on the bird from the opposite direction. The effect of this maneuver on the pheasant is remarkable. Apparently it convinces the bird that the place is full of dogs, so it remains quiescent until the shooter arrives.

Unlike the other upland game birds, which normally are found in fairly heavy cover, the pheasant haunts the open fields, and seems undisturbed by the proximity of

man. In the fall, during the shooting season, the ringneck usually feeds in the fields in the early morning and late afternoon, gleaned what he can from the harvest residue. For the remainder of the day, the bird may rest in heavier cover on the woodland fringes or in grassy meadows. Despite his size—and many cock pheasants scale better than three pounds—he can conceal himself effectively in a clump of grass that apparently would be inadequate to hide a robin.

The hen, with her mottled buff and brown plumage, blends naturally into the autumn-browned foliage; and although her consort is more brightly colored, he is a master of camouflage while he remains quiet. The unhappy tendency to attempt a “sneak” when approached by a roving hunter, however, has often been his undoing. For the hunter who walks up his birds without the help of a dog may pass within a few feet of a cock if it remains quiet—and be none the wiser.

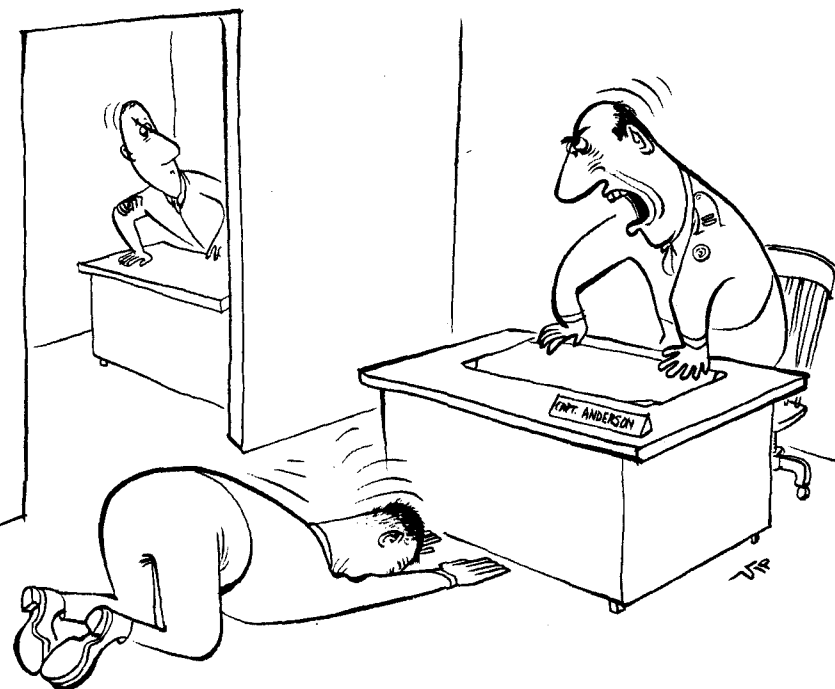
Both grouse and pheasants are hunted with considerable success without the use of a dog, although the hunter-dog combination always insures a more interesting and usually more consistently successful hunt. Retrieving is an important function for the pheasant dog, for a bird not instantly killed can conceal itself effectively in very thin cover, and few hunters relish taking time out to find a dropped bird that was marked down carefully but cannot be found.

### Wounded Birds Pose Problem

The retriever constitutes one of the basic tenets of sound conservation where pheasant hunting is concerned, for the bird that is downed but not recovered is never counted by the hunter in his daily bag limit. No real sportsman would consider moving on until he has carried out a thorough search; but without the assistance of a dog's nose, many of these searches are unrewarded.

Like the grouse, called a “native pheasant” in some areas, the ringneck is rarely a gregarious bird except during the breeding season. The birds feed and roost as individuals and do not form in coveys as do the quail and Hungarian partridge. The exception to this rule is found usually in the Mid-

### VIP'S WAR



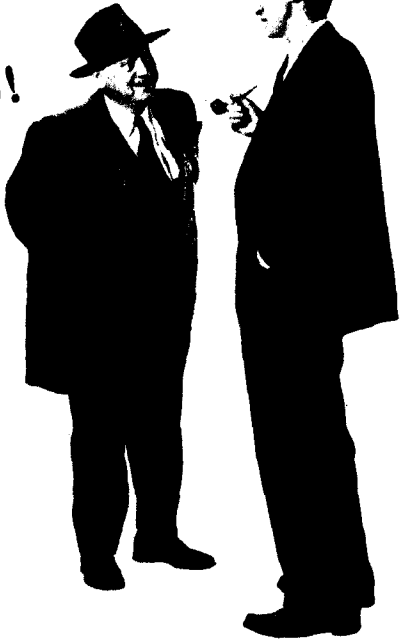
“O.K., Simpson! A snappy salute is quite sufficient!”

COLLIER'S

VIRGIL PARTCH

Collier's for September 22, 1951

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And you can't beat Dodge  
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# Listen! Here's *why* Dodge is a honey for the money!



*why* did the Blindfold Test  
open eyes of motorists?

ANSWER—Because it proved the new Dodge Oriflow Ride takes the "bump" out of bumps. With blindfolds removed, passengers were amazed they'd travelled over such rough roads—so smooth is the Dodge Oriflow Ride!



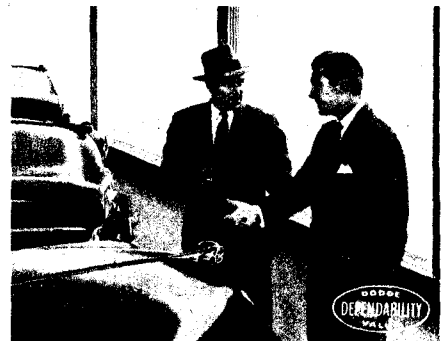
*why* is the Dodge interior  
like a lovely room?

ANSWER—Dodge interiors are "decorator smart" . . . restfully comfortable! And so spacious, too! Lots of head room. Plenty of stretch-out leg room. Wide seats are "knee-level"—for day-long riding comfort.



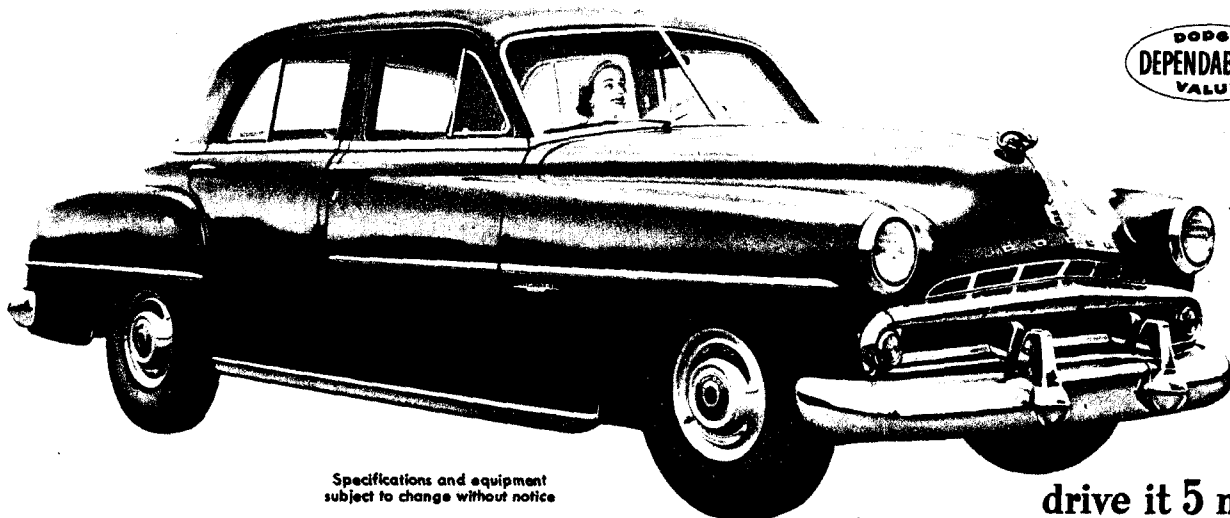
*why* is it so easy to step in  
or out of a Dodge?

ANSWER—Because Dodge doors are extra large. They open wide from floor to roof. No bumping your head or hat. And the floor is level with door opening—nothing to trip over. Arm rest is on door—out of way.



*why* can your Dodge dealer  
save you up to \$1,000?

ANSWER—Dodge gives you extra roominess, smart "decorator-styled" interiors, the driving safety of "Watchtower" visibility, plus famous Dodge dependability. And in just five minutes your Dodge dealer can show you other extra-value features you don't get in cars costing up to \$1,000 more. Try the Dodge Oriflow Ride . . . experience the thrill of Gyro-Matic, America's lowest-priced automatic transmission . . . discover how much more Dodge gives for your money. Take a "Magic-Mile" demonstration ride in this great new Dodge. Prove Dodge extra-value for yourself . . . spend five minutes with your Dodge dealer today!



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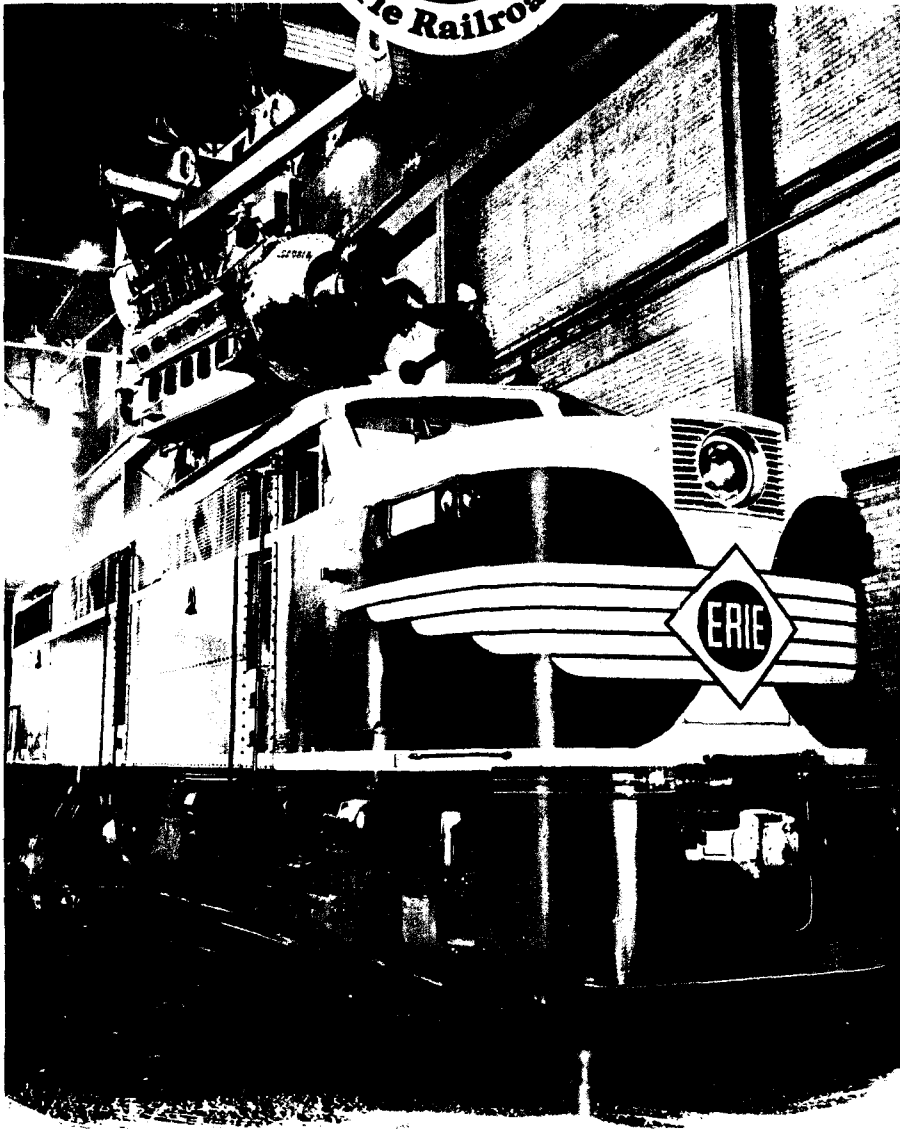
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DEPENDABILITY  
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The big dependable  
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drive it 5 minutes and you'll drive it for years



A MILESTONE IN 1851 100th ANNIVERSARY Great Lakes to the Sea 1951 AMERICAN HISTORY



## New Heart for a Giant

**T**HAT'S 1500 units of smooth, brawny power being lowered into an Erie diesel locomotive at one of Erie's servicing shops—ready to go to work for a million miles on this busy railroad.

It was natural that Erie, with its forward-looking approach, should be one of the pioneer railroads to adopt the diesel locomotive. Today, the Erie has the highest percentage of diesel ownership of any railroad operating between New York and Chicago. This large fleet runs in tip-top shape 'round the clock, the result of efficient servicing in the modern shops designed and built specially for diesels by Erie engineers.

These diesel service stations are another example of Erie's progressive railroading—the continuous search to improve the

safe, dependable transportation of both passengers and freight. At the present time, when defense transportation must have high priority, speedy servicing of the railroad's motive power is one way of helping to serve our country well.

# Erie Railroad



Serving the Heart of  
Industrial America

west, where the birds often gather in large numbers on an especially good feeding ground, and as they move from the feeding area to the resting area on foot rather than wing, fairly large concentrations are not unusual.

In South Dakota, where the ringnecks often are literally as thick as fleas on a hound, it is not at all rare for a hunting party to put up as many as 80 or even 100 pheasants in a 30-acre cornfield. On my first trip to this area, having been accustomed to covers where the shooter had a big day when he put up a dozen single birds, I was completely confounded by my initial experience with Dakota Chinks.

### Much Too Amazed to Shoot

My host's big pointer had turned to stone within a few minutes of being put down among the corn shocks. As we approached the point, a big cock squawked into flight on my host's left, and at the crack of his gun, pheasants began erupting from the frozen furrows all around us. I was so amazed that I did not even raise my gun. At least 40 birds, almost half of them legal males, were in the air at the same time. In less than an hour we had our limit for the day in one 20-acre field, and the Dakota limit was a liberal one in those days.

It was an interesting experience, but as a steady practice, I think I prefer the slower but more active and interesting shooting of the East. The average hunter gets as much pleasure, and usually more, from tramping the fields and swales and watching his dog work as he does from the pulling of the trigger. It is the hunting, not the shooting, that lures men to the open. If the emphasis were on the shooting alone, there would be no such thing as a sporting code, and the hunter would take the easy course by shooting birds on the ground rather than waiting until they provided a more difficult target in the air.

One of the few bits of whimsy involving pheasant shooting—a tale that is amusing because it is so inconceivable—concerns one of the large English pheasant shoots, where the "guns" are placed in a line and the birds are driven toward them by beaters. During the course of the drive an American visitor noticed a pheasant running on the ground between his stand and that of a neighboring shooter. This man had raised his gun and was following the racing bird over its barrels.

"Say," the American shouted, "surely you're not going to shoot a running bird?"

"Of course not," was the disdainful retort. "I'm going to wait until he stops."

(Actually, the British have laid down most of the precepts followed by the modern shooter, and British adherence to this code is traditional.)

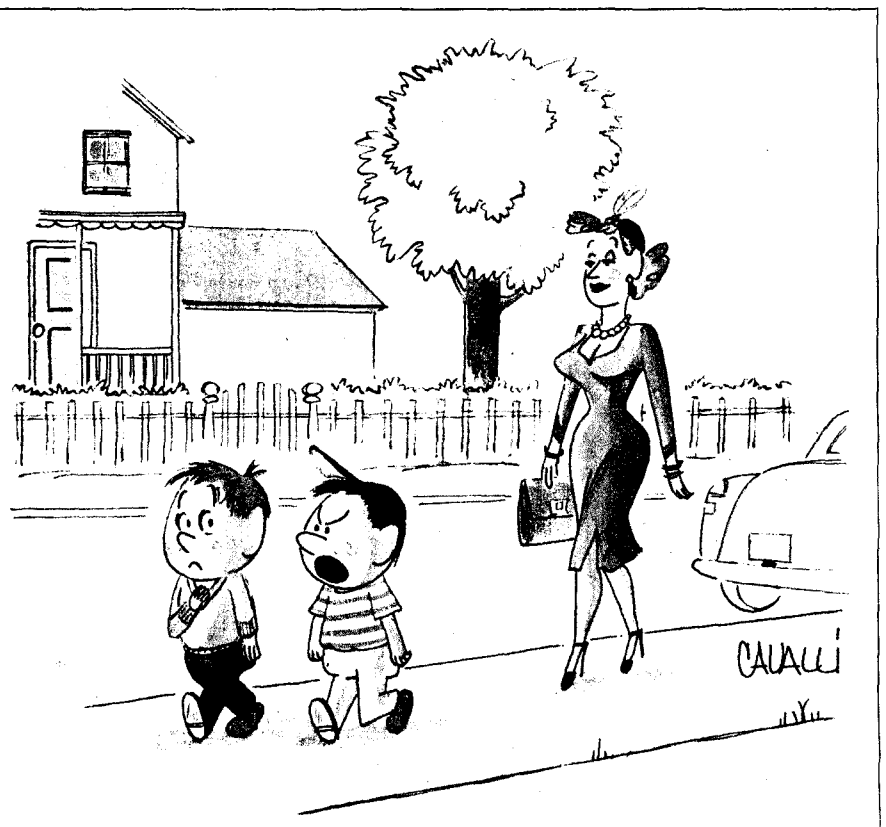
Although pheasant drives are never practiced on the open public shooting areas in this country, the method is occasionally followed on some of the larger, heavily stocked private shooting preserves here. Never, however, on the same scale as in England, where it is not at all unusual for more than a thousand pheasants to be harvested in one day's shooting by from four to six "guns." But the birds harvested at one of these shoots usually end up on the market, where the proceeds help defray some of the rearing and shooting costs. Today, in keeping with current British practices, many of the big pheasant shoots actually show a profit.

"Before the war," an English friend recently wrote, "we had an old saw concerning our pheasant shooting: 'Up goes five crowns, bang goes tuppence, down comes a shilling.' Today the picture is quite different, for we no longer can afford luxuries of this nature that are not self-sustaining. The jingle now goes: 'Up goes five shillings, bang goes sixpence, down comes a pound.' In these days of meat shortage, a fat pheasant brings a good price on the market."

### An Expensive Way of Hunting

In this country, the drives held on private preserves usually involve only 200 or possibly 300 birds, and are limited in participation to the individual who can afford to deal out \$100 or \$200 for a day's shooting. For the average hunter, this is rather a heavy price for loading the deep freeze with pheasants. On such drives the normal procedure is to release the pen-reared ringnecks the day before the shoot. On the morning of the eventful day, the "guns" are stationed on a line and a few beaters or drivers begin routing the birds into flight. In the afternoon, the shooters each take a dog and attempt to gather in the birds missed during the drive.

But where no drive is involved, the routine shooting practice on the American pheasant preserves is similar to that followed on the "open" hunting areas, except that the preserve shooter pays for the op-



"You'd better know what to do next. It was your idea to whistle!"

COLLIER'S

DICK CAVALLI

# NOW GIN HAS COME OF AGE

YOU CAN GET *more enjoyment* from your drinks when you use Seagram's Gin, because *only* Seagram's gives you these modern features:

Made with patience—carefully, leisurely... *Naturally golden*, it's the color of mellow candle-light... So smooth and pleasant, it makes a heartier, sturdier mixed drink or you can enjoy it straight.

The original American Golden Gin—first basic improvement in gin in 300 years!

Costs more—and worth it!

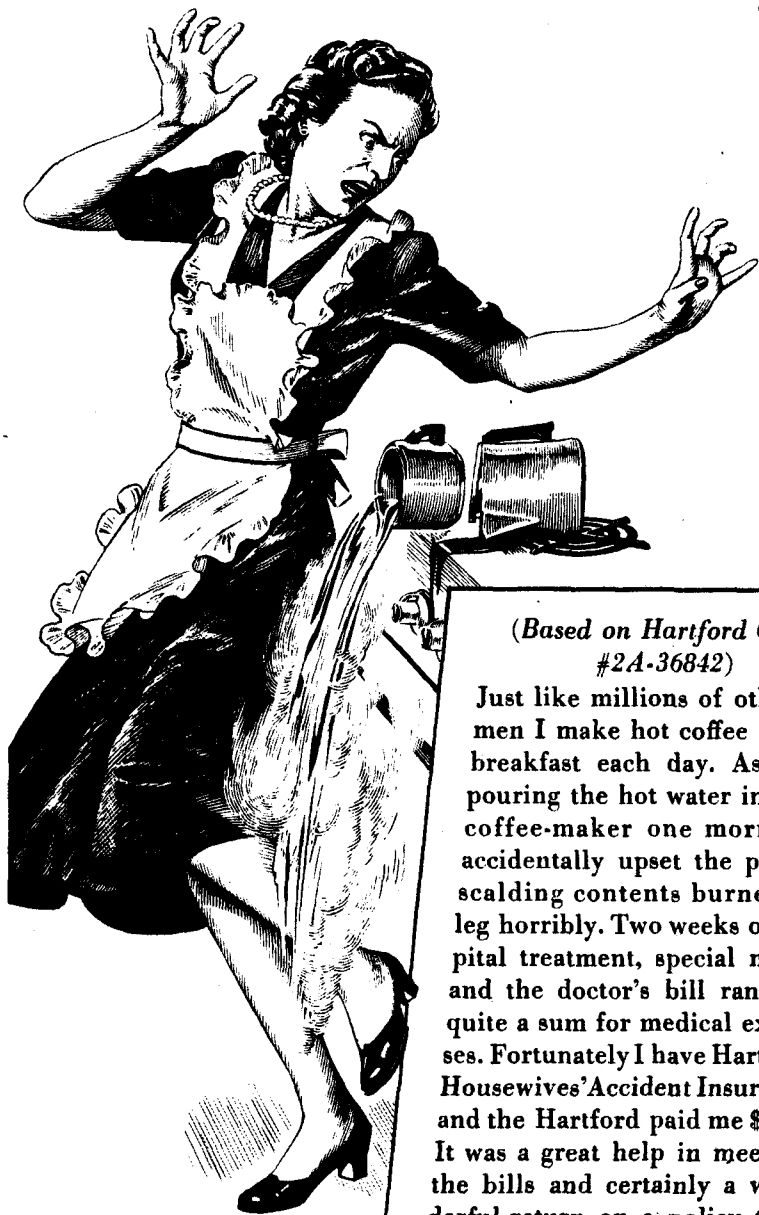


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# Scalding coffee burned me horribly!



(Based on Hartford Claim  
#2A-36842)

Just like millions of other women I make hot coffee for our breakfast each day. As I was pouring the hot water into our coffee-maker one morning I accidentally upset the pot. Its scalding contents burned my leg horribly. Two weeks of hospital treatment, special nurses and the doctor's bill ran into quite a sum for medical expenses. Fortunately I have Hartford Housewives' Accident Insurance and the Hartford paid me \$750. It was a great help in meeting the bills and certainly a wonderful return on a policy that costs me only \$12.75 a year!

The same Hartford policy that was so helpful in this actual case is available to housewives everywhere for less than 25¢ a week. Larger benefits are obtainable at proportionately low rates. Similar protection can be provided for business women, for men, and for children. Full details can be secured without obligation from your Hartford agent or your own insurance broker. Phone Western Union "Operator 25" for the name of the Hartford agent in your community—this service is available in over 5000 places. Or send coupon for free descriptive literature.

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20

portunity, and is limited in his bag only by the cost of the birds he shoots.

This form of shooting has been opposed by some hunters on the grounds that it constitutes "special privilege," for the preserve shooting season ranges in duration from three to five months in many states, whereas the general "open season" is limited to one or two weeks. But preserves do provide many pleasant and productive days afield for thousands of sportsmen who otherwise would be limited to a few days hunting each season. Also, these setups are a real boon to the urban hunter who, unlike his country cousin, has no land of his own or his neighbor's on which to hunt.

### Dog-in-the-Manger Criticism

As the preserve shooter pays his own way, and harvests pen-reared birds rather than pheasants stocked by the state from money received through the sale of hunting licenses, much of the criticism is of the dog-in-the-manger type.

When preserve shooting first became popular, only 20 years ago, the prices charged for a day's shooting were prohibitive to the average hunter. Some of these establishments charged up to \$75 for the minimum release of 12 pheasants, and limited the participating shooters to a bag of three. Not every hunter could afford to spend \$25 a pheasant.

The increasing number of these setups drove the price down, and today almost any really enthusiastic hunter can afford an occasional trip to a preserve. Many will release three or more birds for an individual hunter at a cost as low as \$3.50 a bird, provided the hunter uses his own dog. Under some circumstances, this kind of preserve shooting is an economy, for there are millions of hunters who must otherwise travel more than 100 miles to find reasonably good public shooting areas. By the time the matters of transportation, food

and lodging have been figured in, preserve shooting also proves cheaper, and almost always more productive. Furthermore, the hunter does not have to compete with a crowd of equally eager ringneck seekers.

Many who do most of their hunting on open lands or club precincts during the open season patronize the preserves early in the fall in order to get their dogs in shape for the shooting to come. The ringneck is the only bird that makes this form of hunting possible, for he reacts exactly the same to dog and hunter, whether released in the covers the morning of the hunt or born in those covers six months before. In many instances the pen-reared bird is more strongly flighted than the wild one.

There is never a cry of "special privilege" from those whose hunting grounds lie adjacent to one of the preserves, for such lands always have a larger pheasant population. The average preserve shooter will seldom harvest more than two-thirds of the pheasants released, and the vagrants usually find their way to covers within a five-mile radius of the release point. I have a friend whose farm adjoins one of these setups, and it is his practice to invite a few friends to join him the day following a large release by the preserve. In many instances, his group gathers in more pheasants than the folks who paid for the release.

### A Little Historic Background

It is a tribute to the adaptability of this bird that it has become such an integral part of the game population that many present-day shooters believe it to be a "native" bird. Even those who know it is an import betray an ignorance of the bird's interesting background.

The high regard with which the ringneck was held by the sportsmen of antiquity is a matter of authentic history. Kublai Khan, renowned for his love of the chase, and considered by some to be the real father



"He has three million dollars and wants to stay single. . . Did you ever hear anything so selfish?"

COLLIER'S

WILLIAM  
VON RIEGEN



## If You Own a CADILLAC...

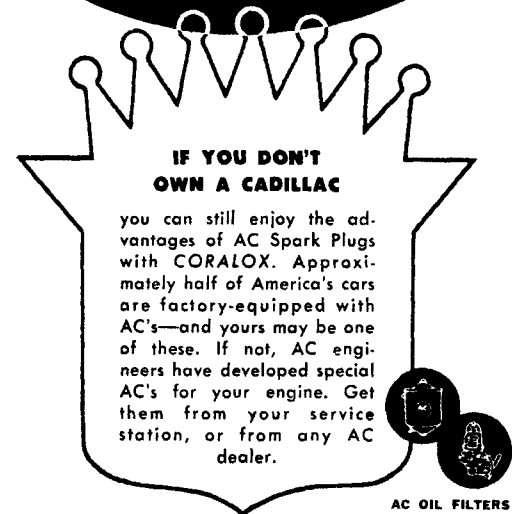
*AC Spark Plugs, with Patented CORALOX Insulator, Were Engineered Especially for You!*

When your Cadillac was shipped from the factory, it was equipped with AC Spark Plugs, with patented CORALOX Insulator. There's a reason:

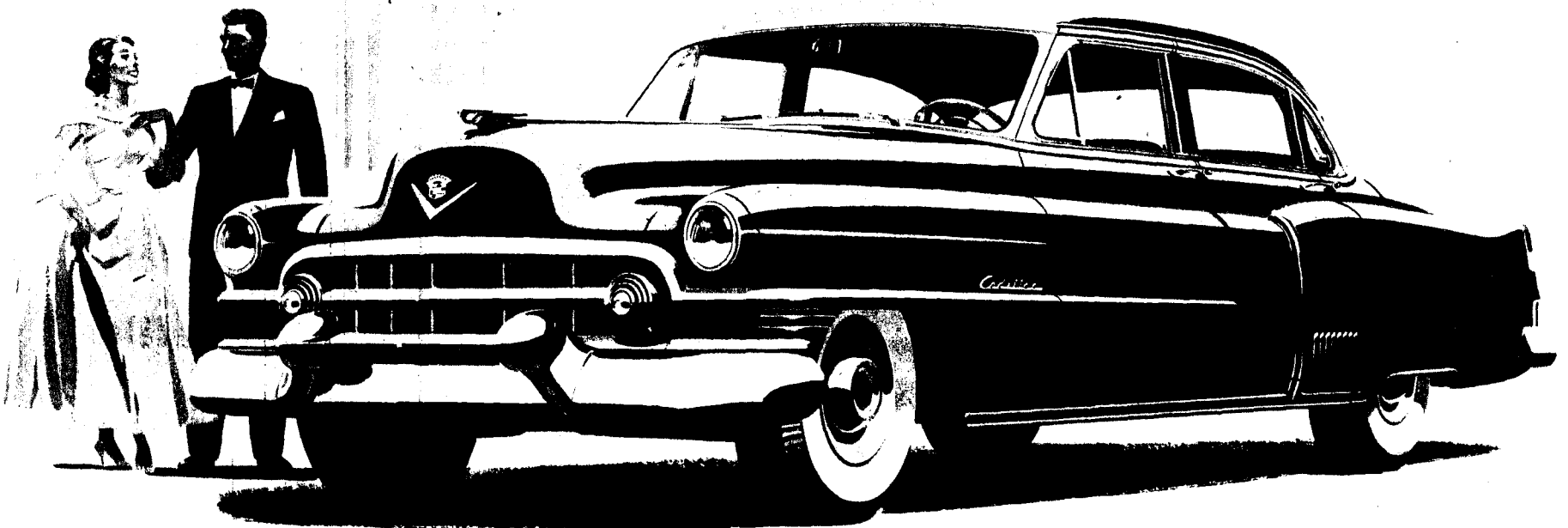
While they were developing spark plugs that would give maximum efficiency in the Cadillac engine, under all operating conditions, AC engineers discovered CORALOX.

Since spark plugs of comparable excellence were impossible before AC developed the CORALOX Insulator—and since CORALOX is obtainable only from AC—it follows that worn plugs should be replaced with new AC's—to help you preserve the high Cadillac standard of performance. Cadillac and AC engineers work constantly together to develop spark plugs that give the best possible performance under all operating conditions in the mighty Cadillac engine.

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION  GENERAL MOTORS CORPORATION



AC OIL FILTERS  
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**I WEAR  
FALSE TEETH**  
yet my mouth feels  
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for me\*



You know what Mr. R. means—it's a wonderful feeling to know that you're not offending friends with Denture Breath. And it's great when your plates feel clean and cool and fresh—from their Polident bath.

Remember, dental plates need the special care of a special denture cleanser. Don't brush, soak them in Polident (only about a cent a day) to keep them sparkling clean, free from Denture Breath. Get Polident tomorrow.

#### NO BRUSHING

Soak plate or bridge daily—fifteen minutes or more—in a fresh, cleansing solution of Polident and water.



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RECOMMENDED BY MORE DENTISTS  
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Made and guaranteed by POLIDENT

of game conservation, was the first protector of this bird in recorded history. Although he hunted with the falcon and not the fowling piece, the Khan decided to take no chance on a pheasant scarcity. He issued an edict forbidding the killing of these birds, and decreed that food and shelter be provided for them. To insure the carrying out of these commands, he appointed "wardens" to many areas where the pheasant was abundant.

In that era (about 1250 A.D.), the range of the pheasant was wholly within Asia, but the Romans, still footloose in their empire building, trapped a number of the birds along the rim of the Phasis (now Rion) River in the Province of Colchis (now called Georgia, and located within the U.S.S.R.). Transplanted to Western Europe, the big birds multiplied. Within a few years, some of these exotics found their way to England by devious Roman transport. Here they found a habitat and climate that apparently was suitable in every respect, and in a few years they were scattered over a large part of the island. Reflecting its original beginnings in Colchis, the English ringneck now bears the scientific name, *Phasianus colchicus colchicus*.

The initial transplant to this country was not nearly so successful. The first recorded effort to introduce the bird was made by a son-in-law of Benjamin Franklin, who released about a score of the English ringnecks on his New Jersey estate in 1790. Apparently the birds were not up to the Jersey winter, however, for all of them had succumbed by spring.

In later years, there were other small but futile attempts to acclimatize the English bird to the American scene, most of them along the Atlantic seaboard. It was not until 1881 that a successful transplant was brought about. This was with the pure Chinese pheasant and not the English hybrid, which had been crossbred with several Asiatic subspecies during its several centuries on the Sceptred Isle. In that year, 28 birds were shipped to the Willamette Valley in Oregon by the U.S. consul general at Shanghai. The hardy Chink not only adapted itself to the climate and terrain, but did it so readily that another shipment of the same stock was made a couple of years later. The Oregon sportsmen then sat back to see what would happen.

#### When the Farmers Complained

They were not long in finding out; by 1892 the birds had multiplied so rapidly that there were complaints from Oregon farmers that they were becoming "too much of a good thing." A season was opened on pheasants in Oregon that year, and it is reported that approximately 50,000 birds were killed the first day of that season. Even if this number is exaggerated, the abundance of the birds must have been truly remarkable.

The natural outcome was the expansion of the ringneck's range. Sportsmen from other states pressed their conservation agencies for the introduction of the bird, and several experiments were started to obtain a hybrid that would be adaptable to particular climates and terrains.

By 1915 the pheasant was established, in greater or lesser numbers, in 39 states. Of the nine barren states, five were in the deep South, where repeated efforts to introduce the bird have met with failure. Biologists insist that this is due to the nature of the soil in these states rather than the climate. (As most of the areas involved provide excellent quail shooting, the hunters manage to get along without pheasants.)

Although the ringneck is reasonably plentiful in the northern and central belt, from coast to coast, the area of real abundance today takes in South Dakota, Minnesota, Nebraska, North Dakota, Iowa, Wisconsin and Illinois, with Pennsylvania, New York, New Jersey and Connecticut providing the best hunting in the East. It is estimated that more than 6,000,000 pheasants are harvested on the public shooting areas throughout the country each year. Of this

number, about one quarter are provided by South Dakota. Special trains, chartered airliners, busses and private automobiles by the thousands are pointed toward this state each October, carrying the eager hunters who want to get close to both nature and the ringneck.

In some states the pheasant, in addition to providing the sportsmen with an interesting pastime, has given the conservation agencies a biological headache. The problem of supplying an ever-increasing army of hunters with enough pheasants to keep them happy has been an insurmountable one in many sections. Being a ground nester and ground rooster, the ringneck is an easy victim of the predator, and eggs, chicks and adult birds fall to foxes, skunks, hawks and—last but by no means least—the wandering house cat. Also, the tendency of the hen to build her nest and establish her clutch of eggs in hayfields has increased the mortality rate.

#### Pacifying License Buyers

Many states employ a lion's share of the license sales money in an effort to provide their hunters with enough pheasants to keep them quiet, if not happy. Maintaining an adequate population of the birds, in the face of increased interest in hunting and shrinking "open" lands, is a desperate task in many areas, especially in the East.

In some areas, only the ease and low cost with which the pheasant may be propagated artificially, raised to maturity, and released on strange covers have made it possible to justify an open season on the bird. In New York State, where the pheasant problem has become an acute one during the past six years, approximately 250,000 ringnecks are stocked on open hunting lands each year. Of this number, about 100,000 are reared on state game farms. The remaining 150,-

000 birds are reared by farm and sportsmen's groups from eggs or chicks provided by the state. Even with this ambitious program, a drastic reduction has been made in the length of the open season and the bag limit per hunter.

Many sportsmen have criticized the regulations which limit the shooting of pheasants to the cock bird only. Even a few biologists are inclined to believe that this system is not sound for some areas, especially where the natural reproduction of the bird is light and most of the stocking is done "to the gun." The ideal cock-to-hen ratio in the wild is one-to-three, and any ratio greater than one-to-six usually results in a lack of egg fertility. Sportsmen of some sections point out that through the practice of shooting only cock birds, the ratio has been reduced to a point where natural reproduction is negligible. Although the hen pheasant may sit on a clutch of from 8 to 16 eggs, the chick mortality is very high, even in parts of the country where the predators are carefully kept down.

Meanwhile, the ringneck has become a vital part of our outdoor picture. Opening day of the pheasant season in thousands of communities is tantamount to a legal holiday. On this eventful day shops close down, the truant officer exercises only half-hearted vigilance, and farmers turn out well before sunup to make certain all their chickens are confined to the sanctuary of the wire pen. Many a big Rhode Island Red has flapped into oblivion when frightened to movement by an eager, opening-day novice, whose trigger finger is quicker than his eye.

The corn is in the shock, the turnip tops are withered, the sumac is a splash of crimson in the fence corner, and a big cock ringneck has just crowed from the swale—the season is on, if you want to hunt ringnecks.

THE END

## "The Public Be Damned!"

THESE CYNICAL WORDS were shouted by a promoter after winning control of the Minneapolis-St. Paul streetcar and bus system, which serves a million citizens.

LATER, the promoter fell out with his partners, and lost control.

GANGSTERS began infiltrating the company.

(UNDAUNTED, the promoter is currently maneuvering to gain control of the United-Whelan Stores Corporation with its national chain of cigar and drug stores.)

## How Is It Done?

JUST HOW is a \$40,000,000 public utility system taken over, almost overnight, through an investment by a stockholders group of only one per cent of its value?

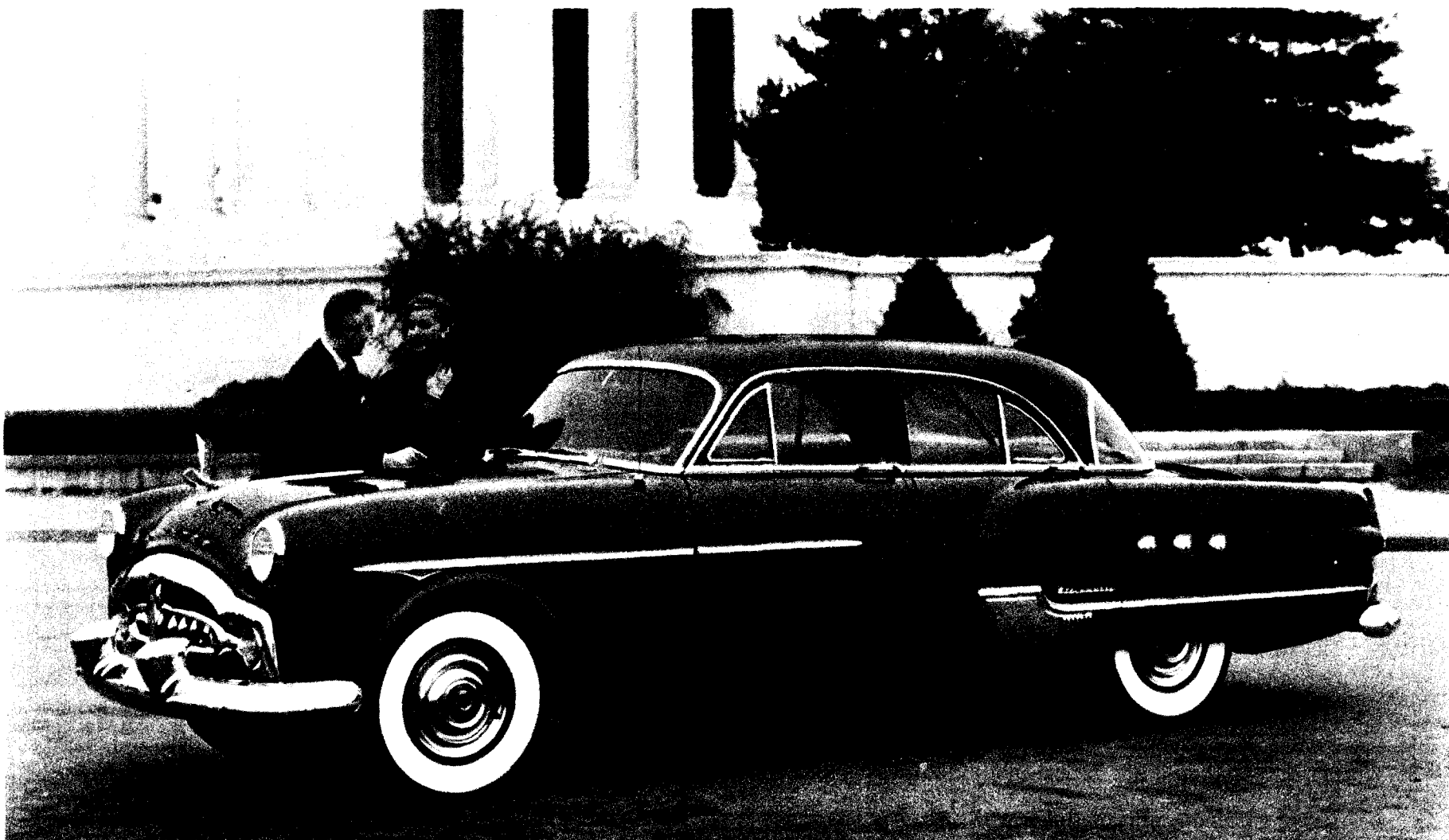
AND WHAT HAPPENS to the public—when a promoter "out to make a fast buck" and, in turn, a group heavily infiltrated by gangsters capture a big metropolitan transit system?

## Don't Miss

# How Mobsters Grabbed A City's Transit Line

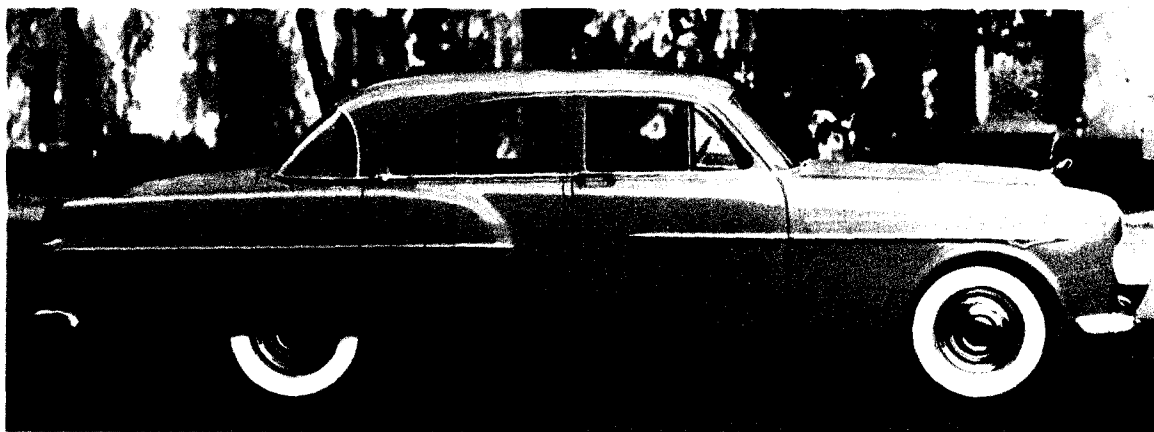
By GORDON SCHENDEL

**In Collier's Next Week**



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COGNAC BRANDY

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## Doctor Commando

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 28

During his 29 years of military service, he had been an infantry and artillery officer before taking his M.D. The record also showed Sams had been the third officer in the U.S. Army, and the first doctor, to qualify as a paratrooper. He made 23 practice jumps with the pioneer 501st Parachute Battalion at Fort Benning, Georgia, in 1940.

Sams toyed with the idea of a night parachute drop into enemy territory, but discarded it—he might get in but the chances of getting out lugging a sample sick Communist were slim. He plotted a "plague map" which showed, from intelligence reports, what villages the Communists were using as hospital areas. Then he paid a call on the Navy. Could they put him and two Koreans down on a beach some 50 miles inside enemy lines, wait around offshore and pick him up again?

The Navy was delighted. It so happened they had a brand-new epidemiological ship—a converted landing craft, infantry—which they were sure would be just the thing for Sams to use as a floating laboratory. It bristled with test tubes and microscopes but was a little weak in firepower.

### Four on the Flight to Pusan

Sams flew to Pusan, the big UN port in South Korea. With him went two Koreans, whom we shall call Han and Chung, and a Lieutenant Drake, a Navy intelligence officer, whose right name also cannot be revealed. Han was a stocky, cloak-and-dagger South Korean navy officer who had made enough trips behind enemy lines to qualify him for a commuter's ticket. Chung, a veteran guerrilla fighter, was Sams's interpreter.

The party got aboard the LCI and started north. The weather was so rough the skipper headed back for Pusan twice. They took all day reaching their initial destination, an Allied-held island some miles off the North Korean coast, where Sams's party transferred to a smaller landing craft and

went ashore. Probably nothing on the entire mission tickled Sams as much as the fact that he didn't get seasick. The Navy personnel, who embarrassingly and violently were, elected him admiral.

On the island, Sams found 25 cases of typhus among the natives. More alarming were reports that out of 14 friendly Koreans who had slipped over to the mainland to scout the situation all but two had been caught, tortured and executed by the Communists. They had been sold out by a Korean who had gone ashore 10 days before. Only one survivor got back to the island to tell the story.

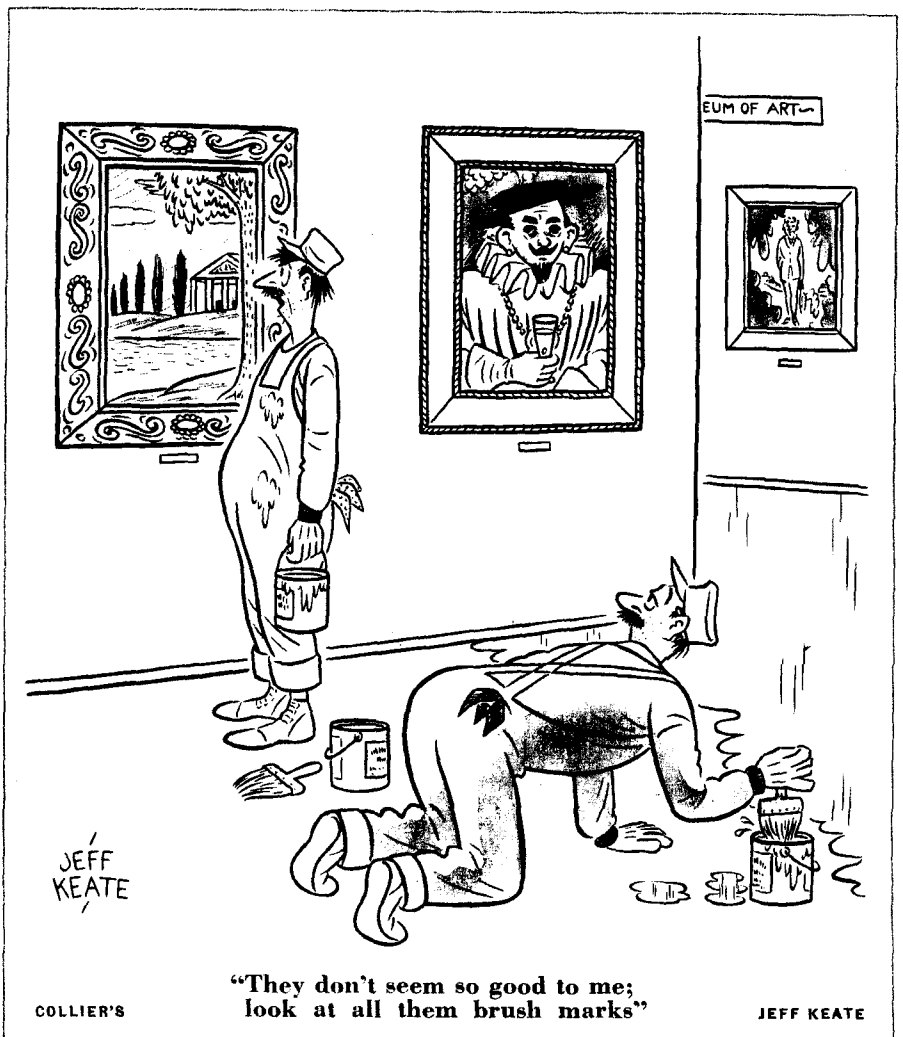
### U.S. Navy Falsely Accused

As if to confirm this, the North Korean radio at Pyongyang broadcast a shrill accusation that the American Navy was conducting biological warfare experiments on prisoners of war off the North Korean coast—and came close to naming the exact location of the island.

For three bitterly cold days, Sams shuttled between the island and the LCI, waiting for word from the lone friendly Korean still believed at liberty in enemy country. He questioned dozens of Koreans who had sailed out to the island in sampans. They told of an epidemic, all right—hundreds of civilians and soldiers covered with running sores, racked with fever and dying. But their descriptions of the symptoms were crude.

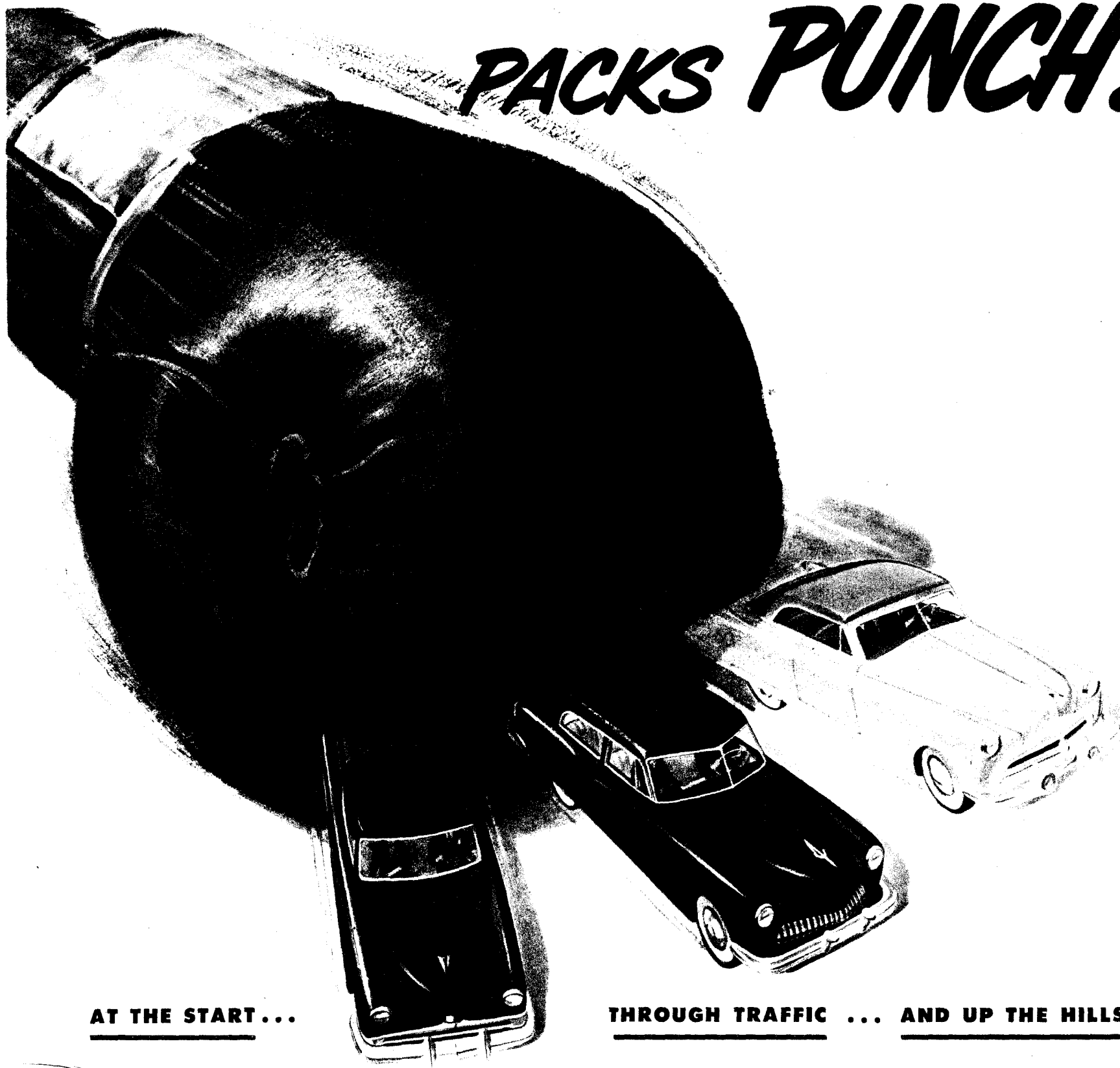
Sams had encountered outbreaks of smallpox, typhus and typhoid in North Korea during the brief Allied occupation. He knew the Communists vaccinated against smallpox and inoculated against typhoid—but their serums, which he had analyzed, were worthless. He recalled that there had been no plague in Korea since 1911 when it spread into the country from Manchuria. There had been another Manchurian plague epidemic in 1937, but none since then.

Had the flea-bitten Chinese armies pouring across the Yalu River brought plague



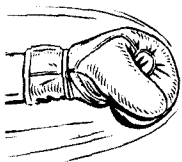
Collier's for September 22, 1951

# PACKS PUNCH!



**AT THE START ...**

**THROUGH TRAFFIC ... AND UP THE HILLS**

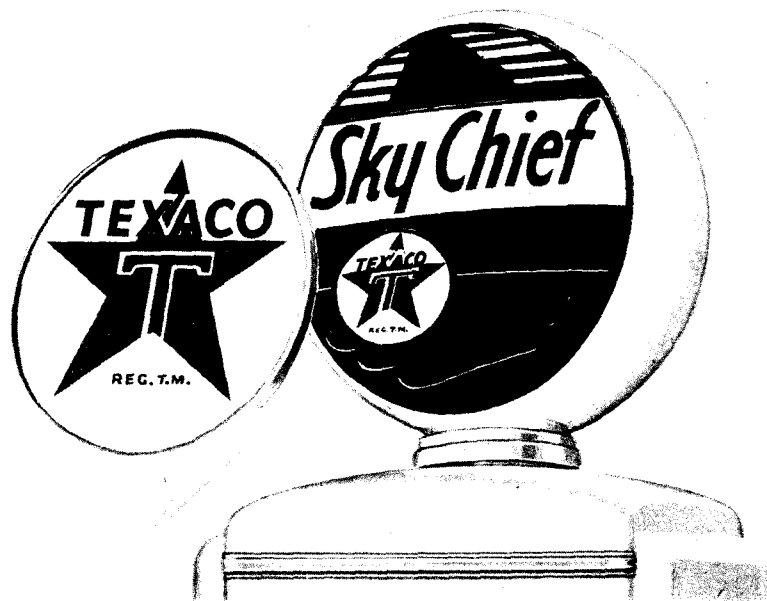


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Tacoma, Washington, D. C. In Canada: Toronto,  
Vancouver, Winnipeg.

with them, or just more smallpox, whose symptoms were somewhat similar?

The Navy was getting more and more dubious about the operation. Sams was adamant. He had to know.

On March 11th, Sams transferred from the LCI to a destroyer, determined to go ahead according to the original plan. At the last moment he got word that the Korean ashore had been heard from. There had been another sellout. The Chinese had moved into the designated landing area, mined the beach and laid a trap. The Korean contact suggested an alternate beach a few miles south.

Since Sams's destroyer had a shooting mission the next day, the rendezvous was set for the night of the thirteenth, which gave Sams, Drake, Han and Chung another 24 hours to wonder whether this wasn't another sellout, more subtly conceived.

Drake also mentioned the date. "The thirteenth?" Sams said. "That's nothing. I was born April 1st."

Sams shaved off his thin gray mustache to make himself look less Occidental. But he would still be a very blue-eyed Chinese, if it came to a showdown. The four men dressed in sweaters, heavy combat jackets, pile-lined winter caps, combat boots, coveralls and then heavy overshoes. Sams had taken off his general's star when he got to Pusan. None of the Korean contacts who were to meet him even knew an American was coming ashore. They were to meet a "Mr. Yee."

"The bounty for turning in an American general would have been too big to resist," Sams explained grimly.

### Too Many Publicity Gadgets

The only comedy relief came from an eager young Navy public information officer who had attached himself to the operation in Pusan and had his heart set on going ashore with Sams.

"He was loaded down with tape recorders, cameras, flash bulbs and a typewriter," Sams said. "The idea of someone tagging along after us with a portable mike and maybe taking a flash picture now and then in the dark was the only thing we had to laugh about for a week."

The destroyer hove to at 10:00 P.M. at a spot 20 miles offshore. Five miles to the north, and farther in, three United Nations warships were shelling the coast, the flicker of their muzzle bursts lighting the winter sky and the thud-thud of the reports carrying clearly on a 30-mile-an-hour wind. The ocean was rough—very rough. The darkened tin can rolled on her beam's end as the shivering seamen lowered a 20-foot whaleboat over the side. Into it dropped Sams, Drake, Han, Chung, three crewmen and the Navy PIO who was being permitted to go along but not ashore. Towed behind the whaleboat was an eight-by-three-foot inflated rubber raft in which to paddle the last few hundred yards through the surf.

Sams carried a musette bag packed with hypodermic needles and test tubes for smears. He also carried a pistol and two grenades in his pockets, as did Drake and the two Koreans. Each of them had another, dual-purpose weapon, several surettes of morphine shaped like small tubes of tooth paste and tipped with needles. One or two of them, jabbed into the arm of a suspected plague victim, would make him easier to kidnap. Four of these, pricked into their own veins, would kill them in less than a minute.

"None of us considered this a suicide mission," Sams said, "but we weren't going to get caught alive. We didn't want to stand the 'water cure'—they pump water into your stomach and jump on it. And you're sure to die anyway, after telling everything you knew."

The whaleboat labored in toward shore, bucking a bitter crosswind and a choppy, sloppy sea. The destroyer blotted out in the horizon and there was nothing but whitecaps glimmering under a quarter

moon that lighted up the unfriendliest stretch of ocean Sams had ever seen.

The Navy PIO rigged up his tape recorder and began to interview Sams. In a dead, flat voice, punctuated by the chatter of his own teeth, Sams politely explained the purpose of the mission, what the chances were and how he felt. The PIO had no need to ask the others how they felt—they were all seasick again.

After two hours the coast line materialized, and simultaneously something more startling than that—a long, wavering ribbon of light. A convoy of trucks—"a whole damn" division of Chinese, we found out later," Sams said—was snaking its way south down the coastal highway less than a mile inland, headlights blazing. The men in the boat were appalled—they were positive the whaleboat showed up like a light-house. Sams became painfully aware of the clatter of the engine—it was deafening. Surely, every Communist for five miles must be alerted.

A light winked twice from the shore line. Sams looked at Han and realized that he had been signaling with his own light for some time. He used an ordinary flashlight encased in a long tube of bamboo that screened the light from all angles except directly in front.

Han and the signaler on the beach chatted back and forth for what seemed hours. Every so often Han chuckled. "It's him," Han said. "It's the right man." He laughed again. Sams asked him what the joke was.

"He's complaining about his chow," Han explained. "He said tonight he had beans for dinner instead of rice. He's on a hill watching that Chinese convoy."

Drake rather angrily told him to cut the persiflage and if he was sure of his man to get going. The whaleboat throttled down about 200 yards offshore, and Sams clambered into the bow of the rubber raft, which promptly ducked under a wave, dousing him with icy sea water. The others got in behind him and started paddling toward the beach. The "stern" of the raft was secured to a line which was paid out by the whaleboat crew. In the event of a trap,

they hoped to haul the raft back, while covering the party with their carbines. But the beach itself was far out of range.

Three quarters awash, the raft was paddled into a combing surf that bounced it around like a Ping-pong ball. Through salt-encrusted eyes, Sams made out a shadowy group of men on the snow-covered beach. He was trying to determine if they were armed when the figures leaped shockingly into focus under a brilliant light that suddenly illumined the country for miles around.

### His First Guess Was Wrong

The first, sickening thought that crossed Sams's mind was: It's a trap, they've fired a star shell. But it wasn't. American planes had spotted the convoy and were dropping parachute flares over the road. The convoy headlights went out, and a moment later, over the roar of the surf, the men in the raft heard the first *clrrump* of a bomb.

A man on the beach stripped off his clothes and fought his way through the breakers to help pull the raft in the last 150 feet. The sopping four staggered out to confront six Koreans armed with a Russian burp gun, an American M-1 and four carbines. One of the men pointed overhead and spoke excitedly to Han. A whole string of bombs exploded, seemingly just over the hill.

"We must go," Han said.

There was no dissent. Outlined by the flares, they all cast long, distinct shadows on the snow. While the swimmer put on his clothes, the four from the raft peeled off their coveralls and removed their overshoes ("We never could have run with them on," Sams said) and dumped them into the raft which they hauled farther up the beach. They had decided to risk leaving it there for a quick getaway rather than hide it inland.

They marched about a quarter of a mile single file up a ravine that opened on a beach until they came to a pile of brush that concealed a hole. Sams suffered one last awful twinge of doubt and then went



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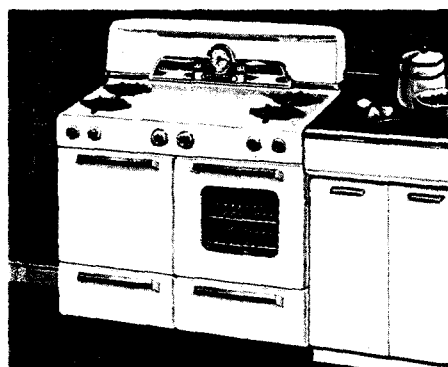
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in. The hole led to a 20-foot ditch that angled sharply into an underground cavern about 30 feet square. One of the Koreans lighted an oil lamp. Sams fished for his pipe and only then realized he had been gripping his automatic all the while. After a brief consultation, Drake and four Koreans left to set up a perimeter guard. This left Sams with Han, Chung and two Koreans from the welcoming party. One was a cheerful, gold-toothed chap, the man who talked to Han by blinking lights. The other, it turned out, was a litter bearer from one of the Communist hospitals.

Sams asked his questions through Han and checked with Chung to see that they were put properly and the answers correctly translated. The first thing he wanted to know was how long it would take to get to the hospital village.

Gold Tooth shook his head violently. That was impossible, he said. The village was 15 miles away in a mountain hot-springs area, on the other side of the coastal road down which 10,000 Chinese were swarming. Besides, not even litter bearers were permitted there unless they were carrying a patient in or a dead man out. The litter bearer backed him up. He'd been there.

How many patients were there? About 1,500 Chinese and North Koreans, the litter bearer said, all sick with typhus, smallpox or the *huksa pyung*. The Communists took their severely wounded all the way back into Manchuria and kept the lightly wounded men in the line.

"Now this *huksa pyung*," Sams said to Han, "ask him to describe exactly what it looks like. What do the doctors think it is?"

That was a curious thing, the litter bearer said. It was like smallpox, only worse. The doctors thought the people who caught it had both typhus and smallpox. They came down with a raging fever and broke out in running sores all over the body and face. Then the face turned black and—

"Wait a minute," Sams interrupted. "Is he absolutely sure that those running sores break out on the face?"

The litter bearer was positive. Always on the face. He described the sores in detail.

### Plague Symptoms Lacking

At that moment Sams felt like a detective with a perfect set of fingerprints and a suspect to match. He knew for a certainty that those stricken patients did not have bubonic plague. Plague may turn the face black, but it never erupts there. It sticks to the lymphatic glands, which break down and ulcerate. There are no lymphatic glands on the face. The lesions described were the pustules of hemorrhagic smallpox, a particularly virulent variety the North Koreans had not encountered until it was brought in by their allies.

Gold Tooth sent the litter bearer out to bring in one of the guards who also had experience with the *huksa pyung*. Yes, the guard said, an uncle had died of it. Horrible sores all over the face.

Sams was satisfied he had found what he came after. There was no need to vaccinate the United Nations army against plague. And he had acquired considerable information about the enemy outside his chosen field.

Sams's host had become increasingly nervous for the past half hour. The surf would get rougher, he said, and if "Mr. Yee" and his party didn't start back to their ship they might have to hide out for several days. Throughout the hour in the cavern the bombing had gone on intermittently. Sams had faith in the accuracy of the Air Force, but he was worried that the Chinese taking cover might blunder onto their hide-out. He called in Drake, and the party headed for the beach.

Word had spread among the Koreans that "Mr. Yee" and Drake, whom they had only glimpsed, were Americans. By the light of the oil lamp each one in turn peered closely at Sams and clucked his tongue in amazement.

Back on the beach, Sams realized that his fretting over the whaleboat had been needless. The boat was still cruising 200 yards offshore, but he couldn't see it, and the pounding surf completely drowned out the noise of the motor.

In a sweat to shove off, the four men nevertheless listened patiently while Gold Tooth, in a lengthy farewell, assured them that the heroic visit of two Americans on such a hazardous mission would inspire them to greater deeds of patriotism for the South Korean cause.

"They were the heroes," Sams said, weeks later. "We learned the Communists got wind of our visit and executed 25 men and their families in reprisal. God bless them, I don't know how many of those fellows are still alive."

The party launched the raft and paddled and were towed back to the whaleboat. Before dawn they were aboard the destroyer.

### Celebration by Prescription

The skipper and crew, who had been sweating them out for six hours, held a celebration. There's a Navy regulation against carrying liquor aboard ship, but Sams had some medicinal bourbon he prescribed for the landing party and the whaleboat crew. "There's not much in being a doctor unless you can do that," Sams said.

Then he and the others turned in and slept for 36 hours.

The Navy PIO never did get to photograph Sams's party in action, but a Japanese artist, from a description by Chung, did an oil painting of them paddling through the surf with the lights of the Chinese convoy in the background. Sams presented it to the Army Medical Department.

When he got back to Tokyo, Sams turned in his report, a dry, factual account of what he had learned. He also recommended Drake for the Navy Cross, and

Han and Chung for high American and Republic of Korea decorations. For his part in the operation, Sams was awarded the Distinguished Service Cross, the nation's second highest military decoration. Late this spring, he returned to the U.S. After a leave spent in Atherton, California, where his wife, two children and two grandchildren live, he was assigned to Fort Sam Houston, in Texas, as Assistant Commandant of the Medical Field Service School.

Although the operation remained secret for nearly two months, the Communists broadcast their own distorted version of it a number of times.

"It's just an admission of incompetence," Sams said. "The civilians are dying by the thousand and they have to blame somebody. We've had cases of smallpox and typhus in South Korea, but we contained them."

On May 9th, the North Korean Foreign Minister sent a telegram to the United Nations Security Council demanding that General MacArthur and General Matthew Ridgway be prosecuted as war criminals for spreading disease in North Korea.

The very next day the Army took the wraps off the highly classified operation—to some degree—by publishing Sams's D.S.C. citation. By "extraordinary heroism in action against an armed enemy," the citation read in part, "General Sams . . . acquitted himself with rare distinction as head of a special operations group whose hazardous mission of personally determining the possible presence of a pestilential disease among personnel of enemy forces dictated deep infiltration into enemy-held territory."

But for Sams, as for any soldier-doctor, the pay-off was contained in the words, "General Sams's party returned to the offshore rendezvous with conclusive information of such significance as to affect the immediate conduct of the United Nations' armed effort in Korea." THE END



"She's forty-one—but doesn't  
say a day over thirty-five . . ."

COLLIER'S

JARO FABRY

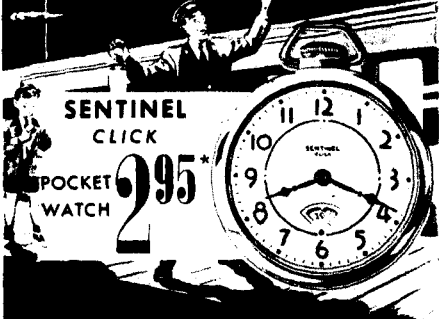
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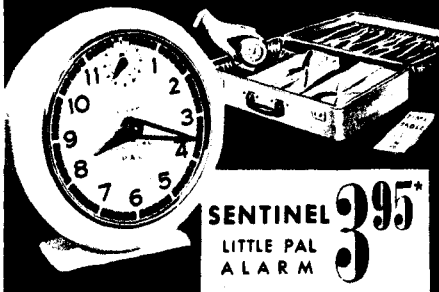
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## Flight to the Islands

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

Four stories up, the clotheslines sagged with banners, the windows gave him tattered glimpses: cat on sill and pillows airing, an old girl and her broom leaning out together, flowerpots with dead sticks in them. The sensation of movement, of departure, soothed him; he leaned back and let the world stream through his vision. Gradually, very slowly, he felt the tension leaving him.

At half past ten he reached his destination: a city through which he had sometimes driven on his way to football games in his gay youth. He knew nothing about the place, had never, literally, set foot in it before, and it was an ugly town. Yet he hummed as he left the station and looked about appreciatively.

IT WAS a cold, bright, turbulent fall day. Everything loose was swinging or waving; the sun struck sparks from any glossy surface. The newspapers on the counter outside a stationer's were pinioned with bricks, their edges flapping. He bought the local daily and took it with him into the first diner he came to. He liked the warm, stuffy place and the hot, clumsy cup in his hand, and he listened contentedly to the desultory conversation of the counterman with his patrons. The newspaper was like that of most small towns and cities: chatty, and regionally concerned. Local misdeeds overshadowed the heroic crimes of nations, and the greatest names were those of native sons. He read it all: the news, the social notes, the advertisements. Then he turned to the Help Wanted notices, and read those, too.

Here again the nature of the town was manifest, showing itself both rural and commercial in its needs.

*Salesman—must be experienced and aggressive with knowledge of laundry and dry cleaning.*

*Experienced test-cow milker, registered Holstein farm. Three times daily, surge milkers and every eighth day off.*

Down toward the end of the last column was a notice which sought the services of an "Artist, male, experienced at spot and line drawing." Lewis felt a pang of excitement. He had been art editor of his college magazine years ago, and for a while he had seriously considered becoming an illustrator; his family and finances had put an end to the idea, but he still amused the children with his drawings, and made the family Christmas card each year. He was vain of this ability, as men are often vain of a secondary talent.

Folding the paper, he set out with anticipation, asking his way of passers-by until he came to the address he wanted and, looking up, saw the name *Ledbetter & Bolt, Advertising*, printed in gilt across a plate-glass window. A very small agency, evidently; it occupied the second floor of a modest two-story building, and apparently it was a new one, too; the smell of paint in the stairway increased as he mounted until his nose was smarting, and he was not surprised to see, as he went into the office, that a large Boston fern on the window sill still had a ribbon on it. Four people were in the place: three men, and a girl at a typewriter. One of the men—no older and perhaps younger than himself—came forward to meet him.

"I'm John Ledbetter. Can I help you?"

"My name—my name is Sampson Gale. I saw your ad in this morning's paper."

"Oh," Ledbetter said. His glance was startled; it appraised the overcoat, the tie, the look on the face confronting him. "Are you inquiring for yourself?"

"Yes. I am an artist."

"Well, we'd just about made up our minds—but you might as well take a flier at it. I'll give you an idea of the kind of layout we'll be wanting."

Half an hour later he was hired.

"Did you want to start now? Today?"

"I'd rather wait until tomorrow if it's all

the same. I have some things to settle."

"Tomorrow then, at nine. Good-by."

"Good-by, Mr. Ledbetter, and thanks."

The three men went out, clattering down the wooden stairs. Lewis stood looking at the drawings on the board before him. They were tidy and professional, and he was proud of them. As he unrolled his sleeves and fumbled into his jacket and coat, he still lingered, admiring them. He was happy and suddenly hungry; he turned and spoke to the girl across the room.

"I'm strange here. Can you tell me if there's a decent place to eat in the neighborhood?"

She looked at him a moment. "The place I go to isn't bad. I'll show you the way if you like. I'm just leaving."

"Only if you'll lunch with me." He didn't want her, though, and felt sure she would refuse, but she confused him by accepting.

"Why, I'd like to. Only separate checks, of course."

"We'll argue about that later."

She took a red coat from the rack, and he held it for her. The back of her neck was marked with a little brown mole; a necklace of fake pearls was joined there by a modest rhinestone clasp with two of the tiny brilliants missing; but the hair above it, the skin beneath it, were young and silky. He felt less resentful of her company.

He liked the way she walked beside him on the street, too. She had the unconscious dignity and pride of most young people. The illusion of freedom, the illusion of choice—that's what gives the dignity, he thought. Perhaps she was a little shy; it seemed to him he spoke only to her profile. Her lashes were thick and uneven, her nose was nice, and her lips had still the soft, full pout of youth.

He took her elbow—he could feel that it was thin—as they crossed a street.

"You've always lived here? In this town?"

"Yes," she said. "Not always in the same house, though," she added, as if this were the best she could offer by way of experience. "I live with my sister and her husband now."

"Oh?"

"My folks died last year."

"I'm sorry to hear that."

"Yes. Well. They'd been sick a long time; they weren't young. They were pretty old when they had us. They were old when they got married, even."

He had no reply to this, and they walked on in silence. Glancing at her covertly, he thought that she looked what she was: delicate, pensive, a product of diminished vitality.

THEY were walking along a street where ugly houses of the Dutch-door and sunporch type sat back on meager lawns. The house to which the girl led him was different from these—architecturally a grandmother to them—with a mansard roof, and a curved drive, and large sycamores around it. A sign creaked overhead: The Elwood Mansion Tearoom. His heart sank. Fruit salad, he thought sadly; and little wrecks in cream sauce, stranded on cold toast. But he followed without objection through the dark entrance hall and into the dining room beyond.

"Yes, they were old," the girl said as they sat down. "But I loved them a lot." He thought that she was troubled by the way she had spoken of her parents, as though she had heard something callous in the echo of her words, or feared that he might hear it.

"Of course you loved them. Not all the time, though. Nobody loves anybody all the time."

"Don't they?" There was surprise and relief in her voice, but after a moment she said, "Don't they really?" And this time she sounded disappointed.

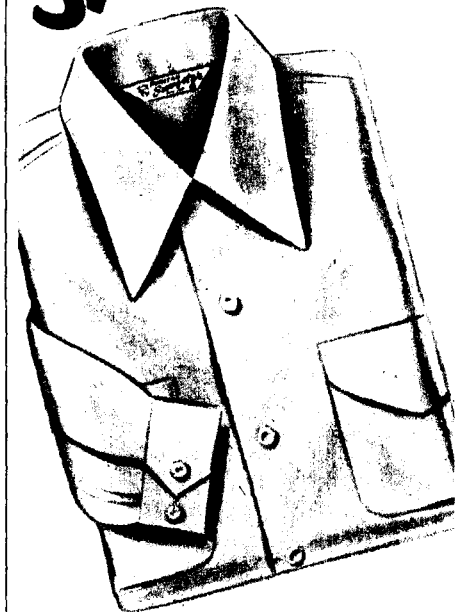
"A married couple, for instance. If they

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... picks

# SWINGSTER



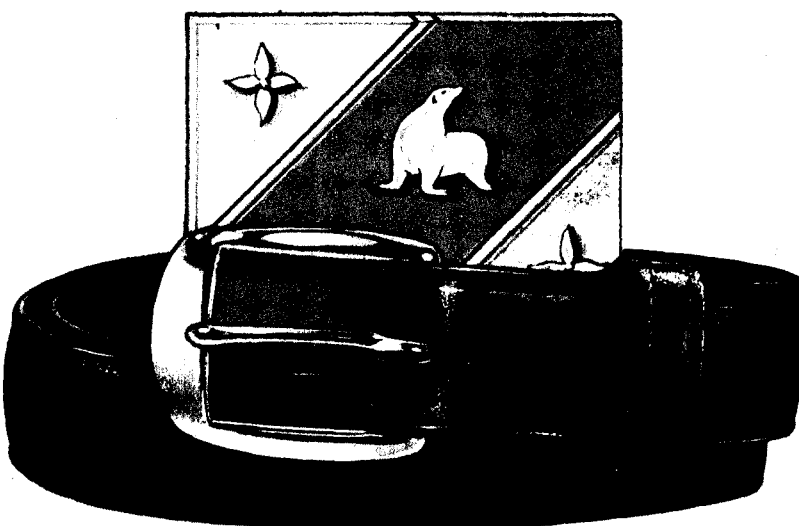
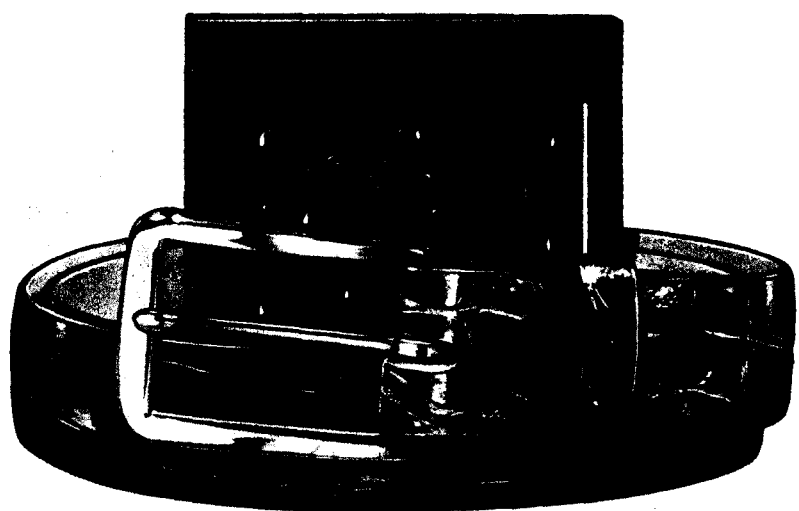
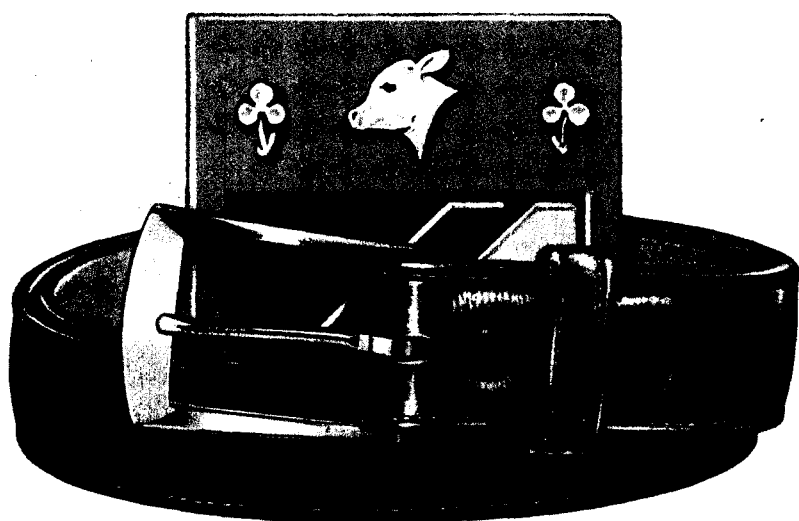
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love each other half the time, they're not doing badly. If they love each other three quarters of the time, it's a true love match. There's a little hate in most relationships, a lot in some."

"I never knew that. I thought you were supposed to love completely when you loved."

"That's the fairy tale they tell you. The national fairy tale. Its symbol is the large billboard smile with all the tooth enamel still intact. Listen, can you think of one thing in this world that isn't subject to change—the body, the weather, the landscape, the kind of luck one has. Why should the emotions—the affections—be less vulnerable?"

She nodded slowly. "My sister and her husband—I guess they're doing all right, then. I've worried now and then. My room is next to theirs; sometimes I hear them quarreling."

"And sometimes?" He watched the blush sweep up across her neck and face. "Sometimes you hear them making love," he said matter-of-factly. "Well, you should live alone. All young people should live alone, from the day they've finished with their parents till the day they marry. That's the time for privacy. Old age is the time for company, but no one ever gets it then."

"You make it all—life—seem very dreary."

"No. Perpetual dreariness is just as unlikely as perpetual love or perpetual happiness. It's true that life is littered with big lumps of disagreeable facts, and it's true, though strange, that in spite of them we're often very happy."

She smiled, and looked down at her plate. "We're having quite a deep conversation," she said with satisfaction.

"I'm not sure that you can get very deep with talking. Words are like the fish that live up near the surface of the ocean. Anybody can have a look at them, but almost no one sees the queer ones that live below them, miles deeper in the dark. Bring those up to the surface and they burst and break; they need the pitch-dark and dense weight. And we would burst and break if we went down to find them."

"There was that man, though, in that thing. He went down and found them."

"Yes, sometimes men are brave enough."

LEWIS was enjoying himself. His wife and he had long since left the conversational phase of their relationship. They talked only of facts: bills, meals, children, foibles of friends.

Also the food was good; more robust than the appearance of the place had promised. The wind scraped twigs against the pane—a country sound—and the fire crackled. He seemed far indeed from that other life which was reality.

"But I've talked too much; pontificated ever since the soup. It's your turn now. Children have the sound approach; they say, 'What's your name? How much do you weigh? When is your birthday?' Tell me about yourself."

"There isn't really anything to tell."

But there is always something to tell, and if one had a sympathetic ear the account could run a lifetime. Lewis listened to the girl, and asked questions, until his attention taught her that she was interesting and that her life, despite its poverty of experience, was interesting and had value. He learned facts about her: that her name was Edith Cleaves, that she was twenty-three and had been working since she was eighteen. He learned her girl friend's name, and why her engagement had been broken, and what her wishes were; and he learned that hidden behind the self-deprecations and clichés lived a creature sensitive and lonely and resentful. Lovable, too, though probably destined never to be loved as she might wish.

"Goodness, I don't believe I ever told so much to anybody!" She looked abstractedly into the mirror of her compact. "Not even to my girl friend or my sister."

"I'm glad you told me. You're a nice person."

He paid the bill, though she objected, and

they got up to go. As they walked along the drive, he took her gloved hand lightly in his own; it felt limp but wary. At the street they paused. The tearoom sign was creaking wildly.

"Good-by, Edith, I won't forget this. I hope you won't."

"But—won't I be seeing you tomorrow? At the office?"

"Yes. Tomorrow. Good-by, Edith." He lifted her hand and kissed the smooth inch of wrist between her glove and the cuff of her coat. She looked startled, half pleased, and she gave a sharp, uncertain giggle.

"Well, good-by, now."

HE WATCHED her scurrying away in her red coat, then he turned and continued in the opposite direction. The street, as he followed it, grew shabbier. In downstairs windows there were handmade signs announcing rooms to let, or puppies for sale. One sign said: Piano Lessons; and from that house, shabby and narrow, came haltingly the notes of *Für Elise*. In his own childhood he had practiced that just as carefully and precariously. He stopped before the house to listen, as someone—the teacher, obviously—took hold of the music and played it properly. It sounded pretty and lighthearted.

Then he went on until he came to a cross street named Birdvine Boulevard. Birdvine Boulevard—that was a street to follow. It made him think of porches in the summer, with sparrows squabbling in the honeysuckle and the hammocks rocking. Perhaps in summer it was like that, but not today. Now the vines were as dry as wigs, and the porches bare.

After a block or two he overtook a little boy, playing with an express wagon. He crawled behind his wagon, pushing it, and at each revolution of the wheels there was a harsh squawk of rusted metal on rusted metal. The child wore a red wool cap, his nose ran, and as he pushed, long complicated coughs came out of him.

Lewis stopped beside him. "Hi."

"Hi," said the boy, licking his chapped lip and pushing.

"Why don't you pull the wagon? Where's the handle?"

"It's broke. The doggone screw keeps fallin' off."

"Maybe I could fix it for you."

"No, it would still keep fallin' off. My father fixed it and it come right off. My Uncle Owen fixed it and it come right off again. He's a state trooper."

"Well, I could try."

The child got up reluctantly and brought the wagon handle from his yard. Lewis knelt on the sidewalk, and the boy squatted beside him, snuffing and bubbling like a kettle on a stove. He had a raw smell of dirt and wool and extreme youth.

"What's your name?" Lewis said.

"Frankie. What's yours?"

"Sampson Gale. How old are you?"

"M five."

"I guess you'll go to school soon."

"I go now. I go to kindyarden, but I got the whoopin' cough. At least I still got some of it."

"That's tough. I had it once. Here, now maybe it'll hold. My fingers are pretty strong." Lewis stood up, smiling hopefully.

"It'll fall off again soon," Frankie said. He stood up, plainly skeptical, and walked away, pulling the wagon gingerly.

Lewis brushed off his knees and went on. The house beyond Frankie's was a boardinghouse; it was old, but not yet old enough to have charm. It had steep gables, hung with ornamental wooden scallops like the edging on old-fashioned drawers, and in the front yard stood a big maple. The word *Vacancy* glared from a downstairs window.

He walked up the porch steps and rang the bell. Shrill barking began in the house, growing more frantic as it came nearer; the door opened, and stuffy air blew out at him. He saw a fat old woman.

"Yes?"

"I see you have a room to let."

Her eyes looked him over; the door opened wider.

Collier's for September 22, 1951

"I'm the landlady; I'm Mrs. Burden. The room is twenty a week."

"I'd like to see it."

She was fat and soft, with a puffed, powdery look, as though she had been dipped all over in confectioner's sugar, like a huge damp cruller.

The dog was a white toy poodle with maroon tearstains and a dropsical waddle. Lewis followed the pair of them through a crowded hall and up a stairway. Mrs. Burden, heaving upward, billowed and undulated; the dog crawled slowly, but managed to reach the landing first and sat there panting, with its tongue hung out over its little yellow teeth.

But the room was just what Lewis had hoped for. In the sloping ceiling were set two dormer windows, showing nothing but the sky and many maple twigs. Near one window stood a good straight table and chair; there was a dresser with seven brass knobs and one glass one, a platform rocker with a kilt of fringe, and a bedside table with a lamp on it. The bed was painted metal, badly chipped; the roses on the wall-paper had turned brown where the sun had struck them, and the rug had scalp patches in it; but heterogeneous and shabby as it was, the room had a pleasing air—light, cozy, private.

Mrs. Burden stood beside him, swelling and heaving yeastily. "Well?" she said.

"It's just what I want. I'll take it."

"Why, all right. All right." She was used to deliberation or argument on the part of prospective tenants; a quick decision confused her. She found herself presenting liabilities.

"There's only the one bath and six folks to share it."

"Fine, fine."

"We don't serve dinner Sundays."

"Good."

"Well, all right then, Mr.—"

"Gale. Sampson Gale. G-a-l-e. I'll bring my luggage later; it's at the station. And I'll pay a week in advance."

After he had given her the rent, he went downstairs again and out of doors, turning in the direction from which he had come. Frankie was still pulling the wagon; he had his overshoes in it. He looked up at Lewis.

"It didn't come off yet."

"Good. Maybe it won't."

"Oh, it probly will. But it didn't yet."

Lewis did not need to look at his watch

to know that it was three o'clock. That hour is the same anywhere; there is no magic in it; and here, walking the unfamiliar street in an unfamiliar town, the hour alone stirred echoes of other afternoons when the day's pace had slackened and he had no longer been able to look away from boredom or defeat. Still, it was an effect of time like the color of the shadows. It would not last; one never permitted it to last.

The music teacher's house was silent. After he had rung the bell, there was a long pause before he heard footsteps, slow and deliberate. Another old lady, then?

She was as thin and dry as Mrs. Burden was damp and fat. And old, yes, close to seventy, he thought.

"Good afternoon. I hope I'm not disturbing you."

"I am in no position to buy anything."

He was pleased that she took him for a salesman. He smiled. "No, I wanted to inquire about lessons."

"Please forgive me. Come in."

HIS Aunt Louise, a schoolteacher, had just such a house as this, stamped permanently with turn-of-the-century culture. Her walls had been covered with grass cloth and hung with Morris prints, too, and the shelves had carried a similar array of hammered brass and dusty bittersweet. His aunt's rooms had seemed more prosperous, the Kilim rugs less worn; but she, too, had favored painted wicker furniture, and had owned a large leather Morris chair that smelled like a horse.

On the upright piano stood the only photograph the room contained: an old man's profile, hawk-nosed and severe, jutting above a jagged, indecipherable signature. He looked talented and didactic—her teacher, probably.

"You were about to ask—?"

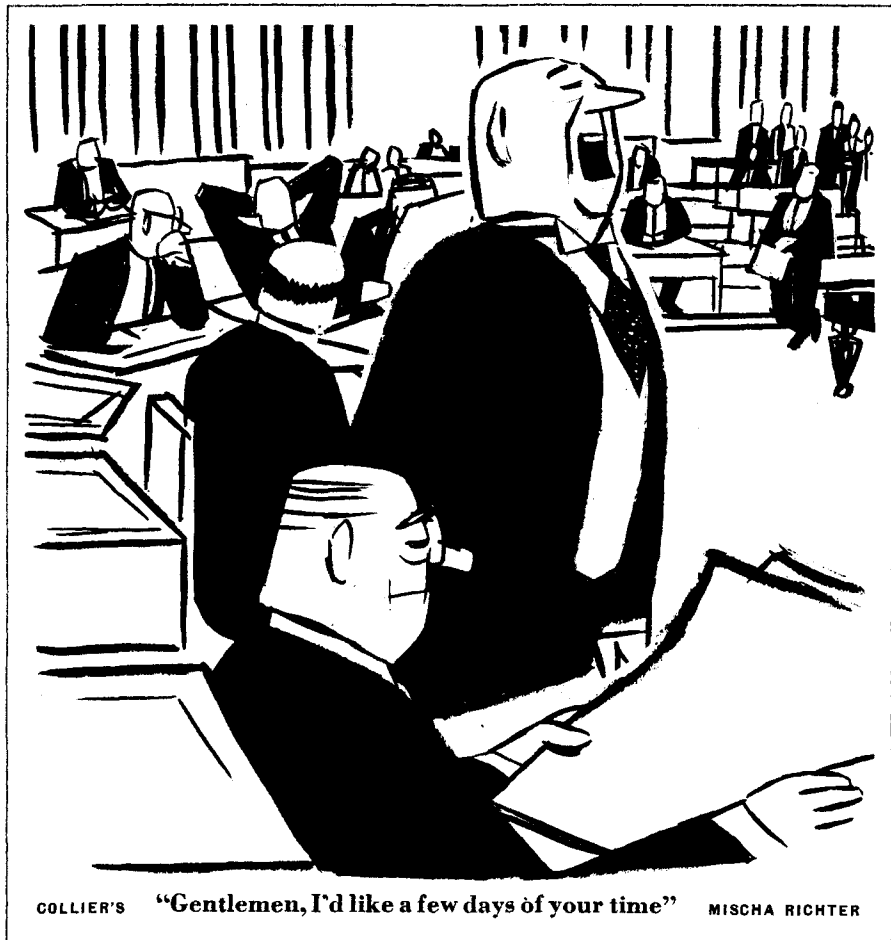
"Yes, about the lessons, Mrs.— I'm sorry but I don't even know your name."

"Miss Rubinger."

"Miss Rubinger. Well, Miss Rubinger, I will confess that I want these lessons for myself. You do take adults sometimes, don't you? I mean beginning adults, stiff and clumsy?"

"Of course. Often. But I'm sure—"

"I know I will be clumsy. When I was a boy I studied piano, resisting all the way, holding my nose, so that I managed to learn nothing. Now, in my middle age, I'd

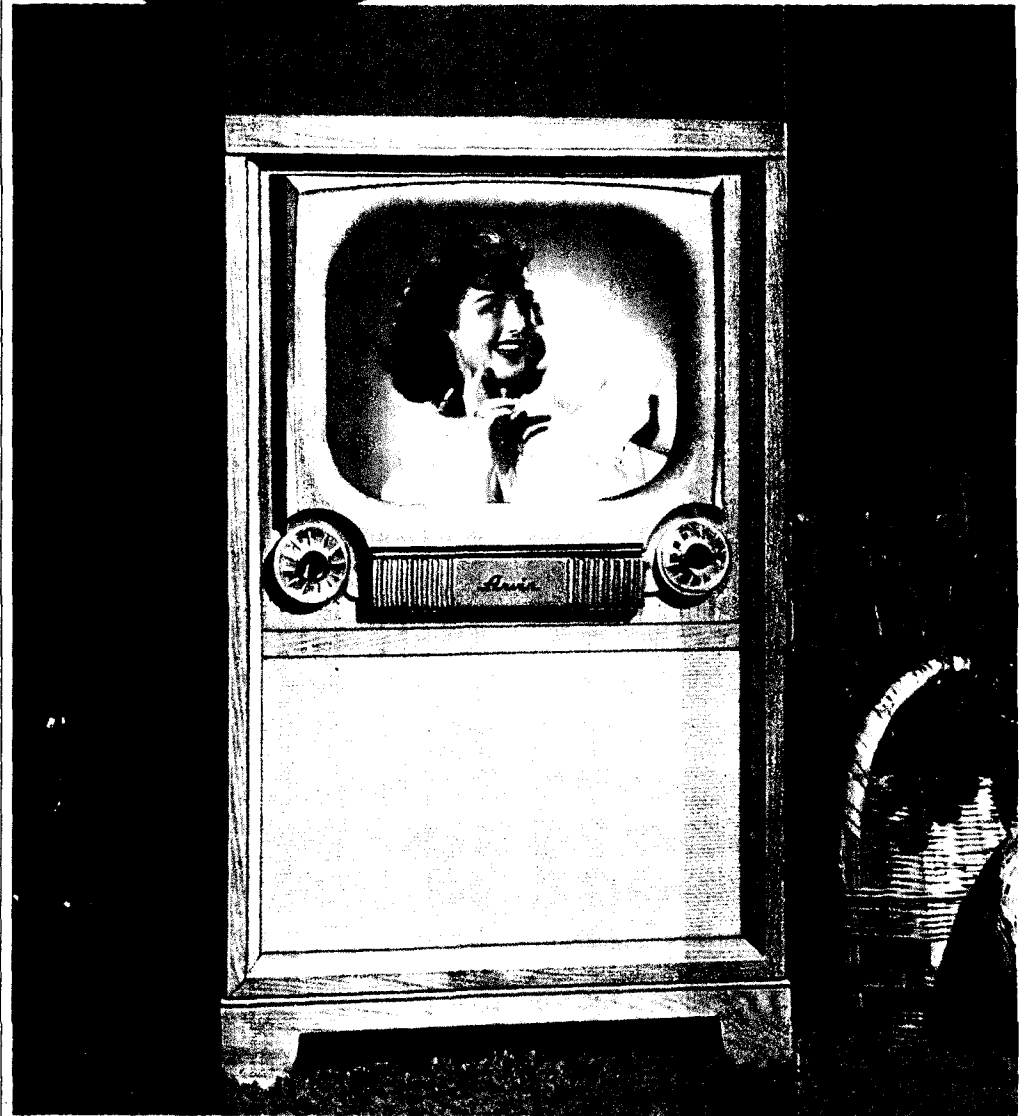
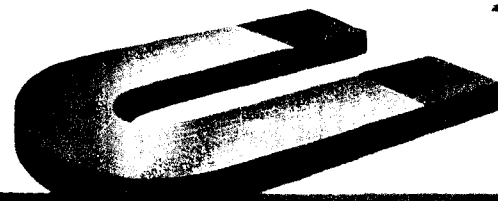


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Collier's for September 22, 1951


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like to learn enough to crawl and flounder over the music I admire."

"That is a respectable wish."

"Will you teach me, then?"

"But you haven't asked my fee!"

It seemed pathetically modest when she named it, and as a sop to conscience—which presumably might pinch a little later—he paid for half a dozen lessons in advance.

He lingered still, though he could see that in spite of her cordial manner she was wondering why he did.

"Did you study abroad, Miss Rubinger?"

"Yes, in Berlin years ago. With Rudolph Hessler." She nodded toward the photograph. "That's his picture. He was very—harsh." She smiled indulgently as she said this, as though even the harshness, since it belonged to her youth's experience, had faded to an endearing foible.

"I wonder if you'd grant me a favor," he said.

She did not look distrustful, only puzzled. "What could that be?"

"Would you play me something before I go?"

"Why, if you like. It's been a long time since I've really played for anyone."

She went to the piano, rubbing her thin fingers, and sat down. In a moment she began to play the opening movement of the Schumann Fantasia in C. It was certainly not the music for her, but perhaps it had been, once. Her mannered use of her arms and fingers was that of another era, and no doubt age, as well as her life's limitations, had impaired her playing; instead of passion there was exertion, instead of tenderness a sugary sweetness. Still, technically, she was better than average, and Lewis could feel the power of the music.

He envied her in a way. He envied her past as a young music student in a foreign city still at peace and gay before the first of the titanic wars. He saw her, in his mind's eye, crossing a square in the morning sunshine between the ponderous shadow of monuments. In one hand she would be holding up her long dark skirt, in the other she would carry her music case, her slight figure tilted forward, its leaning carriage accentuated by the cantilevered hat and thrusting pompadour. She would be breathless, hot and nervous, on her way to play for that German eagle in the photograph. And what had come of all the labor and ambition? But what true story ever has a happy ending? he thought. Episodes can have happy conclusions, yes; but the ending of the whole—that is never anything but sad.

Playing and his praise elated her; a wintry pink was on her cheeks, and her hand was feverish when he took it.

"Oh, that was glorious! But I'm so out of practice. I used to be able to control that piece of music, but now it's like a horse that's got the best of me. Next time I'll play you something else; each time you come I'll dig up something new. It will be a sort of archaeological expedition!"

He heard her humming as he closed the door.

**T**HE afternoon was wearing on. The acid look of three o'clock had softened; it was colder, though, and the wind still was high. Before he saw it, he could hear the squawk of Frankie's wagon. Frankie smiled at Lewis for the first time.

"It didn't fall off yet, even!"

"I'm glad."

"You must have awful strong fingers."

As if to test them, Frankie thrust his hand in Lewis'. It was chapped, fat, cold as a fish.

"Where are your mittens, Frankie?"

"They're in the wagon."

"I have strong fingers," Lewis agreed. "But so have you. I can feel how strong. I could show you a good rope trick."

Frankie dropped the wagon handle. "I'll get a rope."

"No, not today; the cold would make our fingers clumsy. Next time I see you, though."

There was no one about when he went

into Mrs. Burden's house. He went upstairs quietly, and opened the door of his room with pleasure and relief. Throwing off his coat, he lay down on the bed, which had not one, but two long hollows with a ridge between, as though for years a married pair had slept there with a quarrel in the middle.

Lying in one of the hollows, he tried to memorize the room. He was sure he would not forget the seams beneath the ceiling paint, or the round plate set into the chimney breast where once a stovepipe had protruded; it was a fluted gilt frame which encircled a picture: a pond with cattails in it, and a rowboat containing two overdressed children. Far away and long ago; before his childhood, even.

The house seemed to live independently; it sighed and breathed. Somewhere in the house, Mrs. Burden's—or somebody's—radio soliloquized monotonously, without a word distinct. The maple bowed and sounded in the wind outside, and the corners of the room clouded slowly. It was getting late; his feet were cold, but still he lay there, anonymous, at peace.

At last a pink reflected light appeared upon his wall, and plunged among the leaping-branch shadows. The street lamps were on; it was time to go. He got up and smoothed out the counterpane. Then he went to the window and leaned his forehead against the icy glass, looking down into the dim yard and the street with its darting car lights and beyond to the bright windows of the houses opposite. The sky above was clear of clouds, and in it Venus sparkled like a waterdrop. As he turned away, he touched the table where he would never work, and then the bed where he would never sleep. He opened the door quietly and tiptoed down the stairs.

Outside, the howling wind drowned out

his footsteps. Everything seemed to be tossing and racing; the lights of Mrs. Burden's windows rose and fell. As he passed the next house, he caught sight of Frankie in a yellow window; his hair, tousled by his cap, stood out in peaks above his ears like the horns of a little owl. He was eating something and talking to someone, totally unaware that he was happy.

It grew colder all the time, but Lewis enjoyed blowing along the windy streets, breathing the smell of other people's suppers, staring at the lighted interiors of their houses where all seemed coziness and peace since he could never hear the bickerings or guess the blows of fortune that might fall there. He loved these unknown people who had no claim on him. Watching, he half-wished that it were possible to open the first door he came to, embrace the first woman, play with the children, share the meal; possible to say: "I am a stranger, a traveler from far away. But take me in because I, also, am a member of the family."

What else have I been doing all day long? he thought.

And where had his journey led him but to his own door? For now, yearning for these unknown families, he saw it was his own he longed for, and the familiar love woke up in him again, and he quickened his steps.

There was a florist's booth in the station, and he went to buy some flowers for Edith. He would have liked to give her something fresh and pretty—freeseas or narcissus—but there were only carnations, stolid roses, and half a dozen flat bouquets of violets. He sent her all six bunches in a box, with a note explaining that he had been called away for good, and asking her to notify Ledbetter. He hesitated over the ending, wanting to tell her something true, something that would reach her, but all he could

do was to say again that he would always remember her. Then he signed his day's name and with the signature his creation was completed: Sampson Gale was on his way.

He listened for his conscience while he was waiting. If it was going to nag him, this was the time for it to start. He knew that in spite of the flowers, money and kind words with which he had pretended to pay his way, he had really left behind him nothing but inconvenience, disappointment, minor losses. But his conscience, sensibly, refused to stir. After all, he had done what he set out to do: invent a man, a brand-new human being, who was real simply because he now existed in the memory of these people; and what was it but the disappointment that would make each one remember him?

**T**WO hours later, when he came into his town living room, he saw what he saw every evening: the homework hour. Joan, as usual, was lying on her back on the couch, with her notebook resting against her raised knees. One pencil was in her hand, one gripped between her teeth, one twisted ornamentally into her hair. His wife and Minot were sitting at a table in the lamplight. They all looked up and greeted him: Joan absently, Minot gloomily, his wife with some relief. "Just in time," she said gratefully. "Minot needs help with his fractions."

"Where's the baby?" Lewis said, his cold cheek touching her warm one in the usual passionless evening greeting.

"Well, honey, you're late. I kept her up as long as I could."

"Guess I'll have a peek at her."

The baby's room was chilly; the window was open but the room still smelled of her, healthy, delicious. He stood for a while beside the crib, looking down at the dark blot which was her curly head, listening to her gentle breathing, a sound of utter peace.

"Hey, for Pete's sake, I need help," Minot whispered in the doorway.

"I'm coming, I'm coming."

As they went down the hall together, Lewis noticed how tall the boy was getting, taller than his shoulder already, and for the first time, he caught a hint of coming maturity in Minot's profile. He was shaken by a feeling of concern and pride and put his arm around his son's shoulders as if to protect him.

By ten o'clock the house was still. Lewis lay in bed, watching his wife slapping cream onto her face, and generally dismantling herself of the day's good looks with conjugal shamelessness. Plain or pretty, he knew her and appreciated her, and when she came to bed he clasped her warmly in his arms.

She fell asleep before he did; she always did. She dropped into sleep like a stone, while he had to fitter on the surface, sometimes for hours. The gusty wind brought a noise of whistles from the river; the bead on the Venetian blind ticktacked against the window. He listened to these and the sound of his own yawns and waited patiently.

\* \* \*

Sampson Gale is not in bed. He has had a long day at the office, but now, alone in his room, he is bent over his drawing board, hard at work. Even his shadow looks absorbed. Outdoors, the maple creaks like a mighty rocking chair, the windy night presses at each pane. "You are alone," it mutters and insists. But Sampson Gale is never lonely. He is accompanied always by the figures of his future: the lovers, the friends, the defeated foes. And he himself is there in many phases, all of them splendid since they have not yet been overtaken by reality. In short, he is young, solitary, ambitious, still reeling with the heady illusion of freedom, the illusion of choice.

\* \* \*

Lewis' wife sighed in her sleep; he felt the faint fugitive breath against his neck, and touched her lightly to reassure her, wherever she was. She lay against him, warm and known, and now she was absolutely still again. Soon he, too, slipped into a deep, untroubled sleep.

THE END

Collier's for September 22, 1951

## SILVER LININGS

### THE CLOUD

The Censor ordered the immediate removal of a young artist's canvas from an exhibit held in London.

A San Francisco hotel clerk was shot by a bandit.

A cow broke through the floor of a barn near Tours, France.

A Chicago woman's automobile was stolen.

A burglar broke into a Buffalo home and stole some money.

An inmate of Joliet Prison was put in solitary for 15 days.

A golfer of Pueblo, Colorado, dropped and broke his glasses as he was teeing off.

A fisherman of Roxbury, Vermont, lost a leg in an accident.

A car rushing a choking boy to a hospital in Atlanta crashed into another car.

### THE LINING

The hitherto unknown artist sold four of his canvases within 24 hours.

The surgeon probing for the bullet found and removed an unsuspected cancer.

This exposed an ancient underground chamber containing treasure.

She recovered it the next day washed and polished.

He pried open a window the homeowner had vainly tried to open for years.

It cured him of his lifelong habit of excessive smoking.

He swung anyway, and made a hole in one.

When his boat upset in a storm, his wooden leg kept him afloat until help came.

The crash dislodged an object in the boy's windpipe and saved his life.

—W. E. FARBSTAIN



# EARLY TIMES SCORES AGAIN

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Bourbon in all Kentucky.

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## The House Where My Heart Lives

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

send down for the boys, and you and Pete could fix up the cabin. You're an engineer, and you could make everything we'd need. We'd be just fine up here, Bruce. And we'd be saving an important part of Western civilization, too. Darned important. Us. Then they could go ahead and drop their atom bombs."

"I wrote: 'And is there honey still for tea?' Now, that's all the help I can give you. Sorry," Bruce said.

Julie lay down again.

"Rupert Brooke, of course," she said.

BRUCE leaned over and kissed her on the nose. "You win," he said. "You're pretty good, but I had to give you quite a bit of help." He nudged her. "Know what made me pick him?"

"No," Julie said in a small voice. She hadn't won, of course. Not that she'd had any hope of winning. Her idea of coming to the cabin, the four of them, had been a wild impulsive protest, but she felt better for having made it. And Bruce was still chatting over and around her outburst, as though everything were all right.

"What are you saying, Bruce?" she asked. "Blankets? What blankets?"

"Rupert Brooke. Remember? Well, I got the idea of using him as the subject from these blankets under my chin. He had a line in one of his poems about 'the rough male kiss of blankets.'" Bruce settled deeper under the covers. His voice was gentle and close to her ear. "It will be just for a little while, Julie. Just until they get some more radar officers trained, and then they'll tell me to go home and carve ships in bottles with the rest of the old sailors."

"Sure," she said. She liked it when Bruce talked to her as though she were a little girl who had lost a favorite hair ribbon. She felt less resentful now, and suddenly she was sleepy. Poor Bruce. He felt just as bad as she did, and he was acting much better than she was.

Julie reached for him in the darkness. "Better go to sleep, or we'll be dead in the morning," she said softly. The new day, the new life was almost here. And it had the sharp, fierce smell of burning.

Julie woke up first. The morning light was gray round the edges of the heavy curtains over the big front window of the cabin. She swung her legs out of bed and felt for her slippers while she put her arms into her heavy plaid dressing gown. Bruce was sleeping heavily. Only the top of his dark head showed above the blankets.

Julie stood up and looked around the big room, which seemed to be overflowing with the debris of last night's dinner. She shivered again. They should have done the dishes before they went to bed.

Out in the little kitchen, she washed the clammy grounds out of the coffee pot, rinsed it out, filled it with fresh water and coffee, put it on the stove and went out the back door, closing it softly behind her.

With her hands deep in the pockets of her dressing gown, she walked around to the front of the cabin. The sun had not yet burned through a heavy haze, heavier than she had ever seen it on the lake, and the little rocky promontory on which the cabin stood looked as though it were insulated by a thick gray wall of wool. The lake itself was a flat gray color, like an old aluminum kettle. The smell of smoke was acrid in the air and stung her nostrils.

On the clear day when she and Bruce had first come here, they'd been able to see across the lake to the low hills rising above the dusky fringe of the fir trees at the western end of it. They'd come that first time on a fishing trip, not long after they were married. They had camped here on the point for four days.

They might never have had the cabin if it had not been for something Julie had said to Pete Leseur, who ran an establishment that included tourist cabins, a gen-

eral store, post office, lunch counter and boats for rent, at the end of the lake.

"What a heavenly place for a cottage," she had said to him, as he made up their bill for the rent of the boat. "What a view. And do you know, I think there's gold on that point. I'm sure I saw it in the rocks. Imagine having gold in the front yard. How flossy can you get?"

"Iron pyrites," Pete said, without looking up. "Fool's gold."

"I don't care," Julie said. "The view's real."

Pete pushed the bill across. "Want me to build her for you?" he asked.

Pete cut the logs that fall, and by the middle of the next summer he and his helper had enough of the cabin built so Julie and Bruce could camp in it for the two weeks of their holiday. They came back the next year and began the improvements which were not completed until after the war, when Bruce was home again. Half a dozen other cottages were built at the end of the lake, but none of them was closer than a quarter of a mile to their cabin.

Julie had made it her job to clear the small scrub trees away from in front of the cabin, leaving only a graceful group of birches. Later it was possible to run a power line in to the cottages, and Bruce installed their own pumping system to bring water from the lake. In all this, Pete Leseur had been their contractor, adviser and friend. He never tired of telling them that their cabin had been built the "old way," without nails. Occasionally, he would come down the lake in his outboard from Leseur's Landing, the bush settlement on the lake to which he had given his name, to "get away from those damn' tourists," and look over the latest work going on at the cabin.

Bruce was calling to Julie from the cabin now. The coffee was ready. She went inside, poured two cups and took them into the big front room. He blinked as she pulled back the curtains.

"This place has the same sleazy charm I expect a night club must have at nine thirty in the morning," he said, looking around without enthusiasm.

"I'll take this wine bottle away," Julie said. "It's empty, anyway."

"I feel as though it is. I'm thirsty," Bruce said, drinking his coffee. "That was fun last night, wasn't it? Candlelight and wine."

"Wonderful," Julie said, sitting on the edge of the bed. "I kept expecting your wife to come hammering at the door."

"She was right here all the time," Bruce said. "Always take my wife along on my assignments."

"You keep right on doing that," Julie said, standing up. "Well, I suppose there's no time for lounging around in peignoirs. Got to get to work and close the place up."

AFTER breakfast, Bruce bolted the shutters, and Julie made the lids secure on the tins that protected staples like sugar and salt from mice and squirrels. And as they were leaving, she scattered some broken bread on the ground near the back door for the chipmunks. "Just so they won't think I'm a heel," she said.

Bruce took the bags down to the boat. He was frowning when he came back.

"There's a terrific fire somewhere. Probably two or three of them," he said.

Julie put a hand to her throat. The world had suddenly become a strange and frightening place, now that Bruce was going away. The sun was a yellow disk, burning with an eerie light behind the smoky overcast. She moved close to Bruce.

"Maybe we should hurry," she said.

He nodded. "We'd better get right along, although I think we'll be able to get through somehow." He looked down at her. "You're not worried, are you?"

Collier's for September 22, 1951

Julie shook her head. "But let's hurry," she said.

"Aren't you going to say good-by to the house?" Bruce asked.

"Not this year," Julie said.

"Go on. It won't be the same unless you do."

"It isn't the same, anyway," she said, and started down the path. Bruce hesitated, and then followed her down the rocky steps they had made with their own hands.

Bruce started the outboard motor, and they moved along the flat, oily-looking surface of the lake toward the bank of smoke. Julie glanced back once but, although they were no more than a quarter of a mile from their landing, the outlines of the cabin were dim. At Leseur's Landing the smoke seemed even thicker.

"You go up to the store and see how much we owe Pete, and I'll bring the bags," Bruce said.

THE Leseur place, long and sprawling, with its huddle of tourist cabins behind it, was the central building of the settlement. The general store took up most of the room inside the main building, and where the shelves ended, ornamental iron tables with marble tops, outcasts from the ice cream parlor of another day, began. Julie liked shopping in the store, which smelled strongly of coffee, soap and the hand-rolled cigarettes Pete smoked.

Mrs. Leseur, a plump, chronically weary woman, was behind the counter, watching the door as if she had been waiting for Julie to come in. At first, in the dim light, Julie was aware only of Mrs. Leseur, and it was not until she had walked across the uneven floor to the counter that she saw the women and children at the back of the store, gathered around the tables. A dozen kerchiefed women, most of whom Julie recognized as being from the Landing, sat with their children and their bundles. The children were unnaturally quiet. They watched her with incurious eyes as though they had been waiting a long time.

"They told us to be ready to leave if they couldn't get the fire stopped," said Mrs. Leseur. "The men are all up the road, been up there since last night. If they can't stop the fire they're going to send the trucks for us. The north road's still open. The fire's down that way." She nodded toward the west.

"But surely—" Julie began. "It *can't* be that bad."

"Pete says it's like the whole north country's on fire," Mrs. Leseur said heavily. She added quickly, "He knew you was coming down by noon and if you hadn't he'd have found some way to tell you."

"Oh, I know he would have," Julie said. "It just—well, it doesn't seem possible."

That smell of smoke—it had been there

other Septembers. The smell of smoke had always been the smell of fall in the bush. Now it smelled like danger, and even death, threatening these waiting people and their homes.

Mrs. Leseur handed her a folded slip of paper.

"Pete left this for your husband."

"Yes, of course, the bill," Julie said.

"It ain't the bill. Give it to him."

Julie nodded, without speaking. At that moment Bruce came through the door, calling a greeting to Mrs. Leseur. Julie handed him the paper.

After he had unfolded and read it, he looked at her.

"It's a map showing me how to get to where they're fighting the fire," Bruce said.

"No note or anything? Just that?" Julie asked. Her voice sounded shrill to her.

"Just that. I guess it's really bad, and they need all the help they can get." He looked past Julie to Mrs. Leseur.

"Just that map, and he knew you would come running," Julie said.

Bruce bit his lip and moved closer to her. "Look, Julie darling, let's not—"

"I know," she said. "It will be just for a little while."

Bruce glanced at the women at the far end of the store. "Let's go outside and talk about it," he said.

She shook her head. "What is there to talk about? Let's get in the car and go home. You heard her say the north road is open." Julie held herself very straight as she talked. "You've got to get home on time, you know, Bruce."

He frowned. "I'm going down the road and help Pete and those guys. They need all the help they can get. You'll be all right here," he said quickly. Then he turned and walked quickly out of the store. Julie hesitated until the door slammed behind him, and then she followed him, half running.

His hand was on the car door when she reached his side. He looked at her over his shoulder.

"You can't get rid of me like that," Julie said a little breathlessly. "Besides, I'm going to be spending enough time with the women and children while you're away."

Bruce grinned. "First thing I know you'll be wanting to go to sea with me."

"Not a bad idea," she said. They were both smiling now. "Bruce—" she began.

"It's all right," he said gently.

"It was just that I didn't want you to leave me. Not until you have to, anyway. I'm sorry."

"Come on," he said. "Let's go."

THE familiar road to the west was a tunnel through the swirling smoke. Landmarks Julie had known for years took sudden grotesque shapes in the haze.

Bruce stopped the car behind a ranger's truck, one of a convoy, and asked the driver if he had seen Pete Leseur. A moment later, Pete appeared out of the smoke. His red-rimmed eyes showed no surprise when he saw them.

Julie knew in that instant how real the danger was. She knew, too, why it had been important for them to come.

"How's it going? No good," Pete said in a hoarse voice, in reply to Bruce's questions. "I don't know whether we can hold her or not. Here, I'll show you."

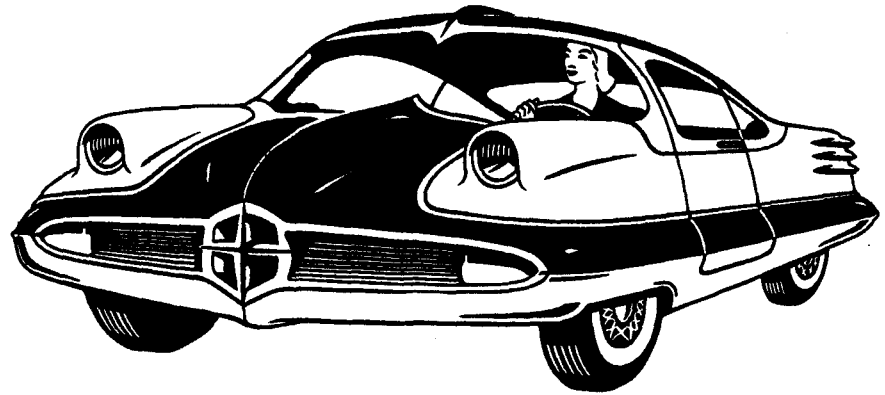
He knelt in the dust of the road, and with a twig traced a map of the flaming battle front. The fire was moving from the west before a light wind. In its path lay a creek linking two lakes. The fighters were making their big stand there. If the flames jumped that creek, they would be free to spread on a wider front and would threaten the landing and the women and children Bruce and Julie had left.

"And our cabin," Julie said. She bit her lip too late; the words were said. But Pete nodded solemnly. He understood. He knew what the cabin meant to them.

Bruce straightened up after he'd looked at the rough map scratched in the road. "Show us what to do," he said. "My wife wants to help, too."

Pete rolled a cigarette, lighted it, and

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slowly ground the burnt match between his fingers and then began to put it in his pocket. He looked down at the match and smiled bitterly, but he put it in his pocket anyway. He looked at Julie.

"I saw her chop some of those poplars down. She's a pretty good axman. We can use her." He looked down the road. "We can use everybody we can get. Let's go."

The brown dust of the road was yellow in the unreal light as they moved up. Once a truck passed them, groping its way back from the creek like a blinded animal being led to safety.

NOW the smoke was dense and choking. Pete dampened handkerchiefs in a ditch for Julie and Bruce and helped to tie them over their mouths and noses. They were close to the creek now. Julie remembered the place in the road.

Pete stopped and held up his hand. "Hear it?" he asked.

Somewhere up ahead in the forest, the fire was roaring like a fabulous flame-breathing beast. Julie moved closer to Bruce and put a hand in his.

Pete moved forward into the gray wall, beckoning to them to follow. He led them across a timber ridge to the west bank of the creek. Here portable pumps had been set up at intervals of two hundred yards, in what could be the last line of defense against the fire.

When they had crossed the bridge, he took them to the left, past one pump to where another stood untended.

"Think you can handle one of those things between you?" he asked.

Bruce glanced at Julie and then back at Pete and nodded.

"One of you will stay here at the creek and keep the pump running. Make sure it don't get clogged at the intake. I'll see you get gas for the engine," Pete said. "The other guy—that better be you"—he said, nodding at Bruce—"will take the hose into the bush. We got about fifteen hundred feet here."

He pointed ahead to where the smoke was a curving gray wall through which an occasional bright sword of flame slashed.

"If it ever jumps over you to the east bank, start running for the bridge. You got a better chance running than lying down in the creek," Pete said. He hesitated. "I got work to do now. You know how to start these things?"

Bruce bent over it for a moment. "Sure, I've seen lots of engines like this. We'll be all right."

Bruce started the pump. Pete watched for a minute and then disappeared into the smoke.

When the pump was chugging with a sturdy, almost domestic, sound that seemed out of key with the grim work it was doing, Bruce picked up the nozzle of the hose, and stopped for a minute beside Julie.

"You be all right?" he asked.

Julie nodded.

"Remember what Pete said. If the fire gets across the creek, you start out for the bridge. Don't wait for me. I'll be all right," he said.

"Yes, Admiral," Julie said with forced lightness.

Bruce turned and began to pick his way through the slash of an old logging operation. In a moment he'd disappeared. Julie looked at her watch. It was just noon.

Through the long afternoon, Julie lived and worked in her little world on the edge of the stream. Pete brought her gasoline for the pump, and once Bruce came out through the gray curtain of smoke to see how she was. The nervous tension of the early morning had been relaxed by the job she had been given to do. The smell of the fire had been a mysterious, frightening presence all through the night, somehow symbolic of larger fears. But now that she was facing it, here on the banks of a stream with her husband not far away, fighting it too, the fire was no longer the evil spirit it had been. She hated it for what it might do to those people down at the Landing more than she feared it now.

Pete came along the bank once more, as a deeper darkness that was the beginning of night moved in on Julie. He had more gasoline for the pump and two grubby ham sandwiches. She ate one at once and saved the other for Bruce.

Pete checked the pump and the intake.

"It's all right," Julie said stiffly.

Pete grinned. "Okay." He looked at her. "You're a good girl, missus," he said.

Julie shivered slightly. "I'm a doll," she said. "How about putting this fire out so we can all go home?"

Pete shrugged his shoulders. The battle was far from won. He turned to walk away and stopped, his head up like an alert, startled animal.

"What is it?" asked Julie.

"Hear that?"

Julie listened, but her ears, long accustomed to the distant growling of the fire, could detect no new sound.

"Wind," Pete shouted. "The damn' wind's coming up. Come on." He began to run in the direction of the bridge. But Julie stood still.

Now she could hear it. The monster in the forest was being lashed into fury. She could feel the flat push of the rising wind on her face, cool at first, now searing hot. The flames were clearly visible in the murk ahead. A tall pine burst into flames like a torch, then exploded like a bomb. One of the fragments, blazing with fiery pitch, sailed high in the air over her head and deep into the dark woods behind her on the east bank.

A small animal scuttled past her, and Julie screamed. The whole world was in flames. The fire was on the march; and somewhere just ahead in the red heart of it was Bruce.

Julie began to run, stumbling and sometimes falling. Branches tore at her clothes; hot air seared her throat as she gulped for air. At the edge of the wall of flame she stopped and looked wildly around her.

"Bruce," she screamed. The shout rasped her dry throat, and the smoke cut her eyes like a whip. She screamed her husband's name again and again. The heat and the smoke were making her giddy, and she rubbed her fingers across her eyes to clear them. When she took them away, Bruce was beside her, grasping her roughly by the arm.

"Julie, what are you doing here? I thought I told you to get out," he said. Little rivulets of fire were running through the dry leaves at their feet. Half dragging her, Bruce began to run toward the creek,

and the flames pursued them to the edge of the water, as though they were directed by a vast, destructive cunning.

"I had to find you," Julie sobbed.

Bruce looked up the creek to the bridge and down the stream to where it emptied into the lake. On the other side the flames had taken a deep bite, and both banks were aflame. "It's too late. We can't get to the bridge now. And we can't stay here," he said hoarsely.

Bruce was looking at the dark water of the creek, red now with the reflection of the fire. He took her by the arm and they waded out till the water reached their knees. He was still looking to the left and right. "We can't stay here. The fire will burn all the oxygen out of the air and we'll suffocate. You stay here a minute," he said.

Julie wanted to tell him not to leave her. But she choked the cry with her fist and watched him wade back to the bank of the creek through the rushes, bright as flowers in the bloody glare. Bruce was wrestling with something large and black in the weeds. He called to her to help him, and together they rolled a big trimmed log, a relic of some old mill operation, into the stream.

"Get on it," Bruce said. "Wait, I'll get us some paddles."

He helped her to straddle the long log, and then using the two sticks he had found for paddles, they began to move down the slow-flowing stream to the lake.

"Wet your handkerchief again, Julie," he called from the stern. "And you'd better lie down. This is going to be rough."

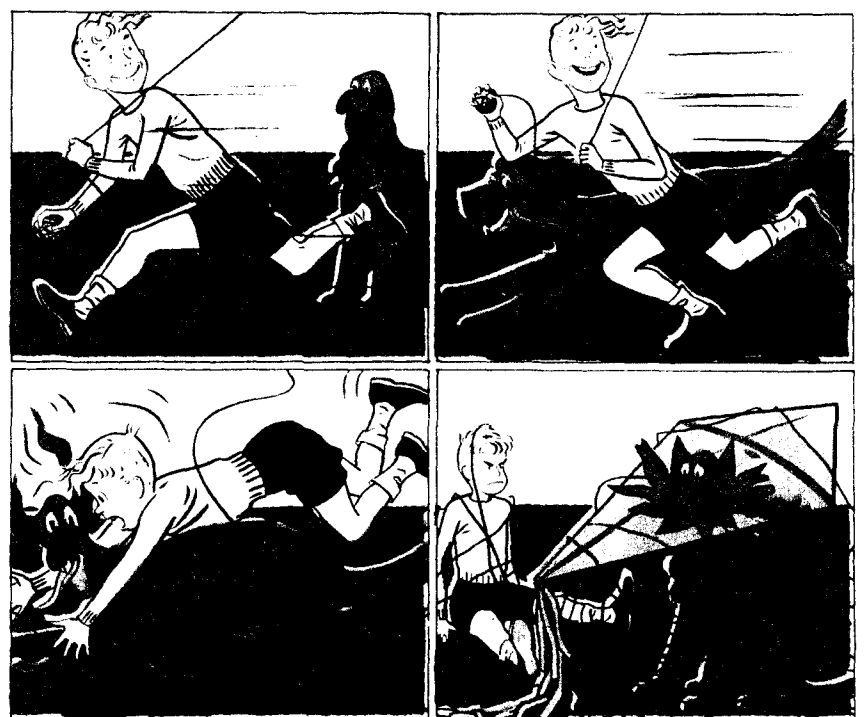
SHE shook her head and dug deep with the crude paddle. The fires on both sides of the creek were one now, meeting in a flaming arch above them. The air was hot and hard in her throat. Julie could feel it sear her lungs as she bent to the paddling. The log was moving, painfully slowly at first, but faster now. She knew now what Bruce had meant when he'd said that they couldn't stay in the creek. Her head was bursting from the heat. Julie laid her paddle across the log, and put her aching head down on it. The heat scorched her neck and back, but she could not sit up.

"We're almost there, Julie. Just a little way more," Bruce yelled wildly.

She raised her head. Ahead, not very far ahead either, the dark lake loomed. On either side of the mouth of the creek the world was in flames. But out in the lake the darkness looked cool and safe.

And the air was cooler now, like a balm

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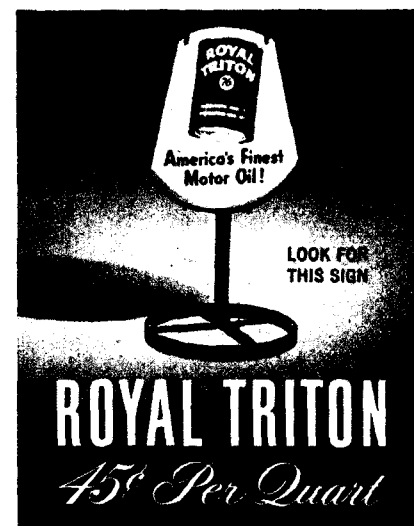
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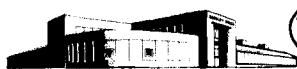
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on her face, like cool water in her parched throat. The heavy log made a tiny ripple, as it wallowed forward. Julie slumped forward again. The water continued to gurgle at the front of the log. Now the heat was gone, like a heavy weight lifted from her. The log rocked gently in the chop of the little waves. Slowly Julie sat up and looked around. Bruce was leaning forward on the log, his hunched body silhouetted against the fiery curtain of the shore.

"All right, Julie?" he croaked.

She breathed deeply of the cool, sweet air. "Yes," she said, putting her hand to her throat, "except it hurts to talk."

He nodded. The log swung around, broadside to the shore. The mouth of the creek was barely distinguishable as an opening in the wall of flame. Julie trailed her blistered hands in the water.

"Look at the damn' thing," Bruce said. "We lose, eh?" Julie asked.

"Everybody loses," Bruce said bitterly.

Julie felt in her pockets. "I had a ham sandwich for you. I lost that, too," she said.

Bruce snorted. A moment later, he said, "It looks as though we might be out here for a while, until the fire burns out and we can go back in to shore, provided we're not blown out into the lake. You move back here and lean against me and see if you can get some rest, and I'll see that you don't fall in the drink."

They moved to the middle of the log, and Julie sank back against his chest. Bruce's arms were strong around her. She closed her burning eyes. So they had lost. The

Landing would burn, and a little later the cabin would burn.

But they had fought, fought hard. This was what you had to do. She had known this all along. She had known it last night when she had tried, in a desperate, fumbling gesture to try to embrace the cabin as a symbol of security. She had known it this morning, even when her first impulse had been to run away from the fire.

**W**HEN she woke up, Bruce was looking down at her, his unshaven, dirty face grinning at her. She sat up quickly. The lake was gray with the first light.

"Bruce, it's raining," she cried.

"The wind shifted about an hour ago and it's starting to come down good," he said, turning his face up. "You move up ahead, and we'll steer this thing back to shore. I think I've got a bearing and we're not too far off the mouth of the creek."

The rain was a torrent by the time they reached the creek. Bruce ran the log ashore and they picked their way through the charred, steaming underbrush that was turning to muddy ashes under their feet.

The bridge was smoking but still standing, and someone was calling to them from the deck of it.

With Bruce's hand under her arm Julie scrambled up the bank to the bridge, and into the arms of a large man who smelled strongly of smoke and sweat.

"Pete," yelled the man, "here are your friends. They're all right."

Pete came down the bridge, nodding to them as though they had had an appoint-

ment to meet there at dawn, just after the rain had stopped the fire. "That's everybody," he said. "Don't ask me how, but they all got out."

He patted his shirt pockets for tobacco, ignoring Bruce's questions. Julie watched him roll a cigarette, snap a match into flame with his nail, and suck in the first puff of smoke. He blew out the match and looked at it for a moment. Then, with what seemed to Julie to be a trancelike gesture, he deliberately threw it into a gathering puddle of rain water. Looking up, he saw she had been watching him. He winked. It was a wink that said again: "You're a good girl, missus." It said: "We won." It expressed all the proud gladness that Julie felt, standing beside her husband, her hand in his, amid the debris of the battlefield.

Pete had moved their car in the general retreat, and now he brought it up again. The run back to Leseur's Landing was a short one. The fire had been stopped less than a quarter of a mile from the settlement.

When they reached the Landing, the rain had stopped but the clouds were dark and heavy with the promise of more rain to come.

Julie got out of the car and walked toward the lake. Bruce walked beside her. "Well?" he said, looking down at her.

It was one of those questions in code that people who know each other and love each other can ask.

Julie nodded her head. Far up the lake, bright and beautiful as a symbol should be, Julie could see their cabin. **THE END**

## Monkey Business at Mers el Kebir

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 30

her turn into the wind, Curly whooshed past the starboard side of the island close aboard.

Hauling up ahead and losing speed as he went, Curly dropped his landing gear, checking to see that it was all down and locked. Continuing down the landing check-off list, he dropped his hook, squirmed out of his chute, checked his shoulder harness, lowered his flaps, and banked into a standard rate turn to the left.

He gauged his turn with a practiced eye and straightened out in the groove, getting the cut signal from "Paddles" just as the white flag went up at the landing signal officer's platform, indicating "ship into wind and deck ready." As the number-two wire brought him up with a jerk, Curly shoved the hook retriever handle and poured the coal to his jets, taxiing past the barriers at a brisk clip to clear the deck for his number-two man coming in thirty seconds behind him.

**W**ITH the barriers behind him, Curly pushed the hydraulic lever to fold his wings, stuck out his fist with his thumb up as he passed flight-deck control, indicating the plane was okay for the next flight, and, following the arm and hand signals of the taxi director, eased his Banshee into a parking space between two Corsairs with six inches of elbow room on each side. "Another day, another dollar," Curly sighed as he cut the fuel to his jets. "It all counts on thirty years."

"Lieutenant Commander Cue report to flag plot immediately," boomed the flight-deck bull horns, over the roar of powerful jets as Curly's number-three man, who had crowded number two just a mite too closely, took a wave-off and thundered past the ship to go around again.

"What ho, Curly," said Admiral Day as the squadron commander strode into flag plot. "Didn't you find them?"

"No, sir," Curly said, "and we went out a good five hundred miles west of Gib."

"Yes, I know you did," Admiral Day replied. "I could hear your mob jabbering about it on the radio most of the way back. It sounded like a bunch of Air Force characters instead of a military organization. When are you going to drill some radio discipline into those jockeys of yours?"

Curly assured the admiral that he had the names of all the offenders and intended to cut their ears off and stuff them down their throats before dinner that evening. "Uh-huh," said the admiral. "Anyway, I'm going to send you out again tomorrow morning. The Wilson has an arrival time to meet in Gibraltar and so we can't help finding her tomorrow. We will make a pre-dawn launch and you may catch old 'Bugler' still in his bunk at sunrise."

"Aye, aye, sir," Curly said with a grin.

"And incidentally," continued the admiral, handing Curly a small piece of paper, "here are the radio frequencies and call signs of the Wilson just in case you might have some use for them."

"Aye, aye, sir," said Curly.

A few minutes later Curly laid down the law to his pilots in the ready room. "Now I'm not going to warn you about this again. Next time there's any breach of radio discipline, I'm going to lower the boom."

"York, York, sir," croaked a barely audible voice in the rear row of seats.

Curly ignored the voice. York, York is the phonetic pronunciation of "YARC," which ensigns and jaygees use instead of "Aye, aye, sir" when addressing squadron commanders—behind their backs. It means "You're Absolutely Right, Commander."

"Someday," Curly continued, "one of you guys will be a couple of hundred miles away when a ship has a message for you that may mean the difference between getting back aboard and going into the drink. If you don't learn to lay off that microphone button, the ship might just as well put the message in a bottle and have it overboard—then maybe it would wash ashore and be delivered to your beneficiaries."

"York, York, sir," croaked the voice.

"All hands turn in early tonight," Curly snapped. "Sunrise is at 0630 and we're going off at 0430."

As the pilots began gathering up their gear to leave, Curly added, "Oh, by the way, I've got the Wilson's frequencies and calls, so if you hear some yackety-yak on the radio tomorrow morning, that's special and doesn't count."

There were knowing grins and "York, Yorks" all over the ready room.

Next morning as the sun rose over the

horizon, it found the great ship Woodrow Wilson in a very embarrassing position. She was caught with her pants down. She was only halfway through the launching of her deck load when Curly and his squadron came boiling down and gave her a screaming welcome fore and aft and athwartships.

To add insult to injury, the Wilson's radio communications were soon hopelessly fouled up. When they attempted to vector their Combat Air Patrol out to intercept the attack, the CAP's orders were changed in some mysterious manner and they went off in the wrong direction. The attempt to rendezvous squadrons after take-off was characterized by orders, unauthorized counter orders, and disorder. In a short time pandemonium reigned, and all the Wilson's frequencies sounded like feeding time in the bird house at the zoo. Her traffic pattern went haywire, with planes swarming around in all directions.

When the Wilson's last plane started its take-off, Curly made a final swipe at her deck before heading east. As he zoomed back up into the wild blue yonder, trouble suddenly reared its ugly head. The hand on his tail-pipe temperature gauge edged over into the red danger sector of the dial, saying to Curly, "Get on the deck in five minutes—or you will have had it."

**T**HERE'S only one thing you can do in a situation like that, so Curly grabbed his mike button and did it: "Wilson, Wilson. This is Okinawa One. Mayday. I'm coming in for emergency landing. Over."

"Mayday" is the SOS of the air, and you never use that to fool anybody. Almost immediately a disarmingly soothing voice from CIC on the Wilson crooned back, "Rajah! Okinawa One, Rajah! Come right aboard, pal. You are number one to land."

Fifteen minutes later Admiral Day on the Okinawa was handed the following priority message from the Wilson:

From: ComCarDiv-FOUR

To: ComCarDiv-SIX

A rough-looking character flying a crummy broken-down Banshee landed on board the Wilson at 0630. He speaks broken English, claims he is from Okinawa and that his name is Cue. Have made him a prisoner of war. Best regards, BATES.

Collier's for September 22, 1951

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Collier's for September 22, 1951

The answer went back:  
From: ComCarDiv-SIX  
To: ComCarDiv-FOUR  
Cue is dangerous and may be armed. Treat with extreme caution. Welcome to the Mediterranean. WINDY.

Just before noon that day, Curly Cue arrived back over the Okinawa escorted by eight Panthers from the Wilson. His Banshee's tail-pipe temperature was now back to normal and under control, but Curly's own temperature was clear out of sight.

As the Panther escort broke off to return to their own ship, the flight leader sang out on the radio, "Goom-by, Curly. Come see us again sometime. Goldilocks."

"You'll be sorry, you so and sos," was the only reply Curly could muster.

THE landing signal officer had trouble getting Curly aboard that day. On his first pass up the groove, Curly came in as if he were heading for the finish line at the National Air Races. "Paddles" waved him off, turned to his helper and said, "We're going to have a bad time with Curly. It looks like his temper is in low pitch and he's got his head down and locked."

After three more passes, "Paddles" finally got him slowed down enough to give him a very dubious cut, and the Banshee pulled the number-three arresting wire clear up against the stops before coming to rest.

On the flag bridge, Admiral Day remarked, "Curly's awfully mad about something, but I don't see why he should be that mad." Then, as Curly scrambled out of the cockpit and headed for the flag bridge, the admiral said, "It might have happened to anybody."

Half a minute later, Lieutenant Commander Cue stormed into flag plot in a burst of seagoing language which cannot be repeated here. The first coherent statement he was able to make was, "Those stupid clowns can't do that to me."

"Calm yourself, Curly," the admiral said. "What can't they do to you?"

"This!" roared Curly, yanking off his helmet.

For once in his naval career Admiral Day envied the handiwork of his rival, "Bugler" Bates. After a second of stunned amazement, he let out a whoop and everybody in flag plot burst into loud guffaws. Admiral Bates hadn't been fooling about that "prisoner of war" business. Curly's famous mop of red hair had been clipped down to the roots.

When decorum was finally restored in flag plot, Curly mustered a wry grin himself and said, "Okay, Okay. I know I asked for it. But, Admiral, I'm going to think about this, and with your permission I may want to have a word with you later."

"By all means. Baldy, by all means," the admiral said. With that, Lieutenant Com-

mander Cue strode out of flag plot and headed for the wardroom.

He stuck his nude head into the wardroom just long enough to give the high sign to three of his trusted lieutenants. But even this brief exposure threw the place into an uproar. Ribald remarks resounded as Curly and his three musketeers retired to discuss serious business.

Late that afternoon, Curly approached the admiral on the flag bridge. "Admiral," he said, "suppose I should go ashore and do something which is perfectly legal and doesn't violate any Navy regulations—"

"Have you ever succeeded in doing that yet?" the admiral asked.

"Maybe not recently," Curly said, "but anyway, suppose the people on the Wilson should see me doing this perfectly harmless something, should jump to a lot of false conclusions, and should do some things that eventually turn out to have been very silly?"

"I can easily imagine them doing that."

"Well," Curly said, "you understand that this might develop into quite a snafu, and the admiral and captain of the Wilson might become involved in it."

"A possibility which must be considered," the admiral said, with a gleam in his eyes.

"What I want to know, Admiral, is this—can anything happen to me and my helpers on account of this? I mean, while we are serving under your command?"

"Not a thing, my boy, not a solitary thing," the admiral said. "Ahem... Curly, perhaps we had better adjourn to my cabin and discuss this matter in greater detail."

Half an hour later, as Curly was leaving the cabin, Admiral Day said, "Remember now, I'm paying all the expenses for this party, but you'd better keep my name out of it, unless old 'Bugler' should get stuffy about it, in which case I'll chill the rap."

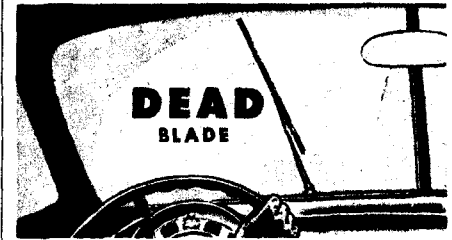
"Aye, aye, sir," Curly said, with a very military salute and a very unmilitary wink.

THE Okinawa made her way to Oran, where she was to tie up at the mole of Mers el Kebir. And the U.S.S. Woodrow Wilson proceeded toward Gibraltar.

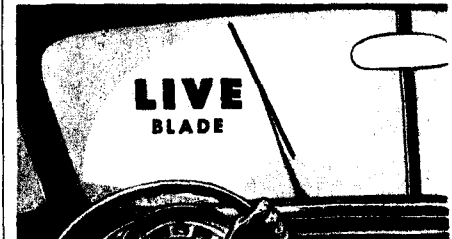
Admiral Bates was briefing his staff, giving them the broad picture of how he intended to run the Mediterranean after he took over command. He began with his estimate of the international situation, based on the latest intelligence reports. After discussing the emergency war plans, his policies in regard to training of the air groups and ships, and the necessity for all officers to avoid any political discussions ashore, he came to the last subject on his agenda—protocol, and ceremonial visits.

"This last item," he said, "may seem rather secondary in view of the global situation, but actually it is very important. Whenever we visit a friendly port for the first time, international custom requires an

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exchange of official visits with the mayor, the prefect, and the senior general and admiral. Whether I call on them first, or they call on me, depends on our relative rank. It's all laid down in detail in the regulation book. We must be very punctilious to see that when these officials call they are received in a manner that reflects credit on the United States. They must get exactly the proper honors—side boys, ruffles, flourishes, guns and all the rest of it. I expect every one of you gentlemen to have that section of the regulations at his finger tips."

Turning to his flag lieutenant, he said, "Mr. Simpson, you are supposed to be the expert on all this. I will expect you to know all about foreign uniforms and personal flags so that when any of these dignitaries calls, we can recognize him at a distance and be ready to receive him with the appropriate ceremonies, whether it's an R.A.F. group captain or a Moslem prince."

"Aye, aye, sir," the flag lieutenant said.

**N**EXT morning, when the Wilson anchored in Gibraltar, protocol oozed out of every porthole. Within two hours she was visited by a two-star admiral, a lieutenant general, an air vice-marshal, and the governor. Since they all necessarily came out by boat, it was easy to spot them coming, case them, and be prepared for them. Lieutenant Simpson took up his station on the signal bridge, and kept a big glass trained on the VIP landing. He scrutinized the personal flags which the various boats flew, looked them up in his book, and kept the Officer of the Deck informed of the rank of every approaching visitor.

The O.O.D. in turn, by merely consulting his table of honors in the U.S. Navy Regulations, was able to line up the correct number of side boys, instruct the bandmaster about ruffles and flourishes, and give the gunner his orders to fire the salute. By the time the visitors arrived, everything was in apple-pie order for them, and all the admiral, captain and chief of staff had to do was to meet them at the gangway and escort them to the cabin.

The governor's reception particularly pleased Admiral Bates. The boatswain's mate piped him aboard with just the right shrill notes and trills, the eight side boys saluting simultaneously on exactly the right trill. The drummers rolled out the ruffles and the trumpeters blared forth the flourishes impressively. On the last flourish, the band broke promptly into the appropriate martial music and the Marines remained at a rigid present arms. When the governor inspected the guard, you could practically hear each Marine's eyeballs click as His Excellency strode by.

His departure was similarly letter-perfect. Just as his boat cleared the gangway, with the admiral standing at salute on the upper platform and the governor doing the same in the stern sheets of the boat, the first gun of the salute went *Ka-Boom*.

Up on the forecabin, the gunner went into the traditional gunner's routine for spacing shots five seconds apart by muttering to himself:

"If I wasn't a gunner, I wouldn't be here, Port gun, fire!"

*Ka-blam* went the port gun.

"If I wasn't a gunner, I wouldn't be here, Starboard, fire!"

*Ka-boom* went the starboard gun—and so on for seventeen good solid *Ka-blams* and *Ka-booms*.

Two days later, the Wilson rounded the entrance buoy in Oran at 9:00 A.M. and headed for the inner harbor. Carriers do not anchor out at Oran. They come inside and tie up alongside the great mole of Mers el Kebir, a magnificent concrete pier which juts out one mile from the shore. The Okinawa was securely moored near the in-shore end of this mole.

To come alongside the mole, you have to make a sharp turn at the seaward end—there is a sunken French battleship which you must avoid—and, on this particular morning, there was a spanking breeze blowing directly off the mole. The captain of the Wilson, handling his engines expertly,

eased his huge ship in to within fifty feet of the mole and stopped her dead in the water abreast of her berth, nicely angled in at about fifteen degrees toward the dock.

On a signal from the bridge, four French tugs stuck their noses against the Wilson's portside and began huffing and puffing to warp the ship alongside. A dozen line-throwing guns barked, and the little messenger lines sailed over to the dock, where the working parties from the Okinawa grabbed them and ran away with them, bringing over the bigger messenger lines.

Some heavy hauling on these lines soon dragged the great steel mooring cables from the ship to the mole. As the working parties dropped these cables in place on the bitts, the captain of the Wilson, well satisfied with his morning's work, said to his executive officer, "She's all yours, Commander. I'm going below." There was nothing left to do now but wait until heaving on the mooring cables by the ship's winches and pushing by the tugs warped her in and laid her flat alongside the mole.

While all this was going on, Admiral Bates was in his cabin, shaving, looking forward to a quiet day of sight-seeing in Oran. Presumably, Admiral Day, on the Okinawa, had received and repaid all official calls upon his arrival two days before, so all Admiral Bates had to do was relax and enjoy himself.

At this point a shiny black Cadillac limousine tooled out on the mole from the Navy Yard at the inshore end. Lieutenant Simpson, up on the signal bridge surveying the scenery through the big glass, spotted it immediately and noted that it was flying what looked like the personal flag of a high official. Only mildly interested at first, he figured it was some big shot tardily repaying a call by Admiral Day of the Okinawa.

But the limousine rolled right past the Okinawa's gangway, and the nattily uniformed driver brought it to a halt smack alongside the berth which the Wilson was being eased into. Gravely alarmed by now, Lieutenant Simpson took another quick gander through the glass at that personal flag. He could not make out for sure what it was, but it looked suspiciously like four stars, which calls for the works, so far as honors are concerned. Mr. Simpson promptly went to "Panic Stations" and started running in all directions at once. The Wilson at this moment was in no condition to render the works. The Marines were all in khaki instead of dress blues, the band was scattered all over the ship, and the gunner was probably asleep in his bunk.

**T**HE flag lieutenant clattered down the ladder to the bridge, rushed up to the executive and gasped, "For Gawd's sakes, Commander, get the full guard and band up to the starboard gangway right away."

Then he tumbled down three more ladders to warn the admiral. Bugles blew, bells rang, squawk boxes squawked, and the Marine top sergeant cursed as the alarm rang through the ship: "Now lay aft the full guard and band on the double!"

The admiral, shaving in his cabin, took a nasty nick out of his chin as he heard this commotion and realized its obvious import—he was about to be called on. Before he could stop the flow of blood, Lieutenant Simpson came bounding in with his news and protested, "But Admiral Day was supposed to have taken care of this—"

"Don't stand there bellyaching about that," growled the admiral. "If this joker wants to call on me, I've got to receive him properly. Get things organized."

Two minutes later Admiral Bates hurried down the ladder to the quarter-deck with a big white patch on his chin. "Where's the captain and the chief of staff?" he demanded. "Get them down here. Where are the side boys?"

Everybody within earshot who had no immediate duties to perform drifted quietly out of sight. Everybody else saluted briskly and said, "Aye, aye, sir, right away, sir."

At this point the uniformed attendant opened the door of the limousine, and out stepped a distinguished-looking blue-clad

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figure wearing a cocked hat, sword and epaulets, with gold braid up to his elbows, and full-dress aiguillettes on his shoulder.

Lieutenant Simpson clapped his spyglass on him and announced, "That's only a two-star admiral, sir, not four. We only need six side boys instead of eight."

"Use your head, young man," growled Admiral Bates. "Can't you see the aiguillettes? He's just the aide. His boss hasn't got out of the car yet."

As if to verify Admiral Bates's last statement, the blue-clad figure on the dock respectfully assisted what looked like the Caliph of all Islam out of the limousine. The alighting figure was an imposing character with a black beard, dressed in noble Arabic white silks, wearing a veiled turban, a jeweled scimitar, and more medals than you could count.

"Oh, my Gawd," moaned Lieutenant Simpson. "I don't know what the hell honors we should give him!" Turning to the admiral, he offered him the spyglass. "Don't you want to take a look, Admiral?"

The admiral made a very rude suggestion as to what Lieutenant Simpson could do with the spyglass.

"Bugler!" shouted Bugler Bates. "Sound Attention to starboard!"

The bugle blared "Attention."

The two figures on the dock marched slowly to the edge of the mole, and gazed at the twenty feet of open water which still separated the Wilson from her berth. Then, after an inquiring glance toward the gangway, which was still triced up level with the hangar deck, they paced back to the limousine, faced the quarter-deck, and assumed the position of parade rest.

The admiral glared at the captain and the chief of staff, who came clattering down the ladder at this point, and said, "Heave around on those lines. Tell those damn' tugs to put their backs in it and push harder."

"Aye, aye, sir," the captain said.

Lieutenant Simpson had an inspiration. He walked smartly over to the rail and called down to the dock, "Attawn-syawn, Messieurs—parlez-vous français?"

The figure in blue shrugged politely and replied, "No spik Engleesh."

"I'm not speaking English—I'm parleying français," protested the flag lieutenant.

"Oh, shut up," ordered Admiral Bates. "Don't get rattled—but get those damn' Marines and the band up here quick."

The sheik, caliph, sultan, or whatever he was, now extended his arm in a regal gesture, pointing to the still unlabeled gangway of the Wilson. He consulted his wrist watch ostentatiously, and turned to his aide with an inquiring tilt of his head. The aide shrugged his shoulders and spread his hands, and the pair of them began pacing

back and forth impatiently along the dock.

"Lower the gangway," growled the admiral.

"But we're not alongside yet, sir," said the chief of staff.

"Lower it anyway! It may make them think we are doing something."

So down went the gangway with a run. It went a little too far—and before it could be hoisted up again, the extra heaving on the mooring lines and pushing of the tugs had shoved the ship in to the dock, jamming the gangway between the side and the mole, and reducing its lower portion to splinters.

The sultan and his naval aide gazed first at the shattered gangway, then at the spell-bound crowd on the quarter-deck, then at each other, and shook their heads sadly.

AFTER a number of irrelevant observations, Admiral Bates's years of handling tense situations on the bridge came to the rescue, and he got control of himself.

By this time a dozen or so Marines, a couple of piccolo players, and the big bass drummer were hastily forming ranks on the quarter-deck.

"All hands shift to the after gangway," the admiral said between clenched teeth. "Mr. Simpson, will you please explain to that Frenchman that we will receive him a hundred yards further aft."

As the Marines and musicians scrambled aft, the Sheik of Islam tapped the French admiral on his starboard epaulet, gestured dramatically at his wrist watch, sneered in the direction of the gangway, and pointed imperiously to the open door of the limousine. The admiral clicked his heels, saluted smartly and re-embarked in the Cadillac. His Islamic Majesty then placed his thumb to his nose, wagged his fingers in a strangely un-Moslemlike gesture, and, removing his turban and beard, made a sweeping bow to the admiral, captain, and chief of staff, revealing a freshly cropped and unmistakable red head.

His Curly Highness then leaped into the limousine and got the hell off of that mole.

That night two United States admirals in civilian clothes sat at a sidewalk café on the main drag in Oran. One of them was talking fast and earnestly: "The lad didn't do a damned thing out of the way. He has a right to go ashore and blow his dough on limousines and fancy costumes if he wants to. He never set foot on your ship. Those uniforms were complete phonies—not too far from the real thing, but definitely different from any official ones—and the stars in that flag all had eight points. Now, you know there isn't a navy in the world—"

"All right, all right, wise guy," growled Bugler. "You win this time, but stand by for a ram next time we meet." THE END

# CAVALCADE OF SPORTS

## ...Bob Feller

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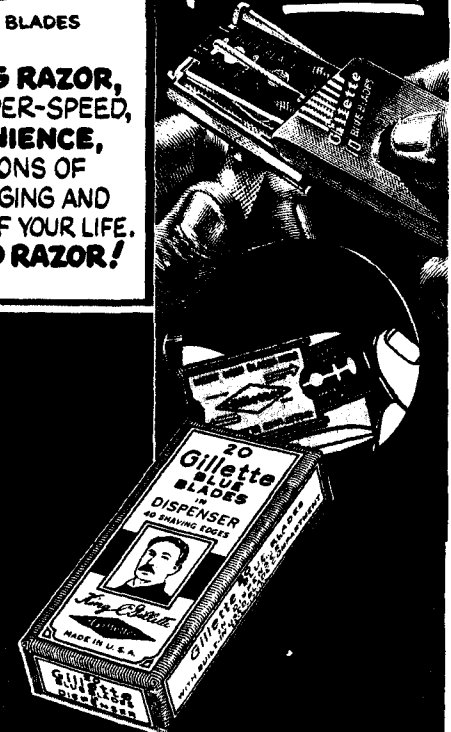
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COLLIER'S

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STANLEY & JANICE  
BERENSTAIN





Dancing Blackburn Twins show their new partner, Pam Cavan, how hard it is to distinguish all-wool topcoat from a blend just by looking. Fact is, the wool coat is the one at left

Even friends have trouble telling Royce Blackburn, left, from Ramon. Experts might have same difficulty discerning which fabric is synthetic. Ramon's gray suit is rayon flannel



# Has It Any WOOL?

By BERT BACHARACH

Today, as always, sheep are man's best source of clothing. But laboratories produce fine textiles too; and with or without wool, they make good garments

ONE of the most important events in the history of man was the discovery, many centuries ago, that the material which keeps sheep warm could be used equally well to furnish weather protection for human beings. For all of that time, wool has been rated the best possible textile for clothing—for appearance, draping quality, comfort and wearability.

In recent times, there have been many efforts to challenge the supremacy of wool in some of these fields; the past decade has seen important developments in the creation and production of blended textiles intended to accomplish that purpose—textiles like rayon and other chemically prepared fibers. We now have synthetics, or combinations of synthetics and wool, that, in appearance at least, duplicate almost every type of wool suiting.

These new fabrics are good, too. They provide the necessary warmth in all but the most frigid climates. They tailor nicely and, as our pictures show, can hardly be told from the wool garments. They duplicate the patterns and colors of wool and they wear well.

In fact, they make mighty fine suits—and, should defense needs someday cause a shortage of wool, no man would suffer for lack of smart and long-wearing body covering.

It did appear for a time, early this spring, that not enough wool would be available to meet the demand, and that prices, as a result, would be out of reach for many of us. But world conditions in this commodity have shifted favorably in the past six months and the leveling off of supply and price put wool clothing back in the running once again. Therefore, although a wool suit or coat is likely to cost you more than last year, the difference isn't as great as was feared.

So if it's within your price range, buy clothing made of wool. If you must spend less, look at the many fine blends that will be on the racks of your favorite store this fall.

There haven't been any radical changes in colors, patterns or models in the past year. As is always the case in a defense economy (which ours is—and we must consider that we'll be living that way for a few years to come, at least), men are selecting clothes that are adaptable for general wear. Whenever there's even a remote possibility that we won't be able to buy all the clothes we want—either from the angle of short supply or short cash—plain colors come into their own. Blues and grays are in most demand as suits that can be worn for both business and dress-up.

Most important change in men's apparel is the general lightening in weight of all fabrics used. This reduction in bulk of cloth has been accompanied by lighter construction, making men's clothes far more comfortable and more casual than ever before.

There has been much discussion of the "natural lines" in suits, and more than a little misunderstanding of the term. Just as the trend does not mean exaggerated broad shoulders, it also does not mean narrow padless shoulders that are unflattering to most men. The preferred model is not extreme in either direction—just a more natural line, as the name implies.

Hats, shoes and furnishings have kept pace with this trend. Hats are smaller in shape and lighter in weight. Shoes—particularly the laceless, elastic-gore models—are as comfortable as old bedroom slippers. Ties are slightly narrower and shirts are of lighter fabrics with, in most cases, smaller and neater collars.

Whatever hats, shoes or ties you may choose, remember when you select your basic garments—all-wool is still a favorite, but the new synthetics are highly suit-able. THE END