

The Week's Work

Ernest Hemingway



THE GENTLEMAN with the beard, Mr. Ernest Hemingway, is the latest addition to Collier's staff of war correspondents. From England he will write of the invasion. What he writes should make good reading. In his novels, especially in Farewell to Arms, and For Whom the Bell Tolls, Hemingway has proved he can tell about war in a direct, close-up sort of way. His kind of writing, we believe, will give the reader a nearer understanding of the day-by-day news story of the invasion.

Hemingway's wife, Martha Gellhorn, also a Collier's writer, has joined her husband in England. Other Collier's correspondents in the invasion area are W. B. Courtney, an aviation authority whose reportorial work for Collier's has taken him all over the world, and Joseph Dearing, experienced battle-front photographer who has just passed all tests to qualify as a paratrooper.

As the need develops, other Collier's staff writers will converge on the battle area to insure a comprehensive, informed coverage of the climactic struggle of the European war.

HEMINGWAY embarks on his war assignment with two new assets—a luxuriant beard and hefty muscles developed by a course of boxing.

But he still can't do what photographer George Karger can do (see Karger smiling over a fistful of cards in the lower photograph). He and Karger both were in a New York gym the other day, Hemingway for further strengthening of his fortifications against the rigors of war corresponding, and Karger to take pictures of the famous novelist in action.

Karger admired the Hemingway

muscles and then observed, "I imagine you could bend a fifty-cent piece with your bare hands if you wanted to, Mr. Hemingway. It shouldn't be difficult for a strong fellow like you. Here, if you'll lend me a half-dollar, I'll show you what I mean." Karger took the coin in his two hands, exerted himself mightily, then handed the crumpled fifty cents over to Hemingway.

"Or, if the muscular development of your jaws is good, as I am sure it is, Mr. Hemingway, you could bite a fifty-cent piece in two," Karger suggested. "Like this." Karger bit and presented Hemingway with a ragged half of a half-dollar.

Hemingway guffawed and asked for more Karger feats. Karger obliged, in-betweentimes snapping pictures of Hemingway, one of which you see on this page.

"Magic is my substitute for the photographer's birdie," Karger explains. "A couple of tricks are great for softening up the subject, so he won't look self-conscious in a photograph."

Karger's reputation as a fine photographer is based primarily on his work in the theatrical field. He took the Kodachrome picture of Celeste Holm on page 16. He knows most of the stars personally; he met them during his many years of traveling here, in Europe and in South America. He diverts them with his magic of professional quality, he reassures them with his knowledge of the theater, and he pleases them with his consideration for their personal problems. To him they can say, "Take this side of my face, please, George. You know the other side slanders me." Even a star who is no longer young welcomes a session with George. She knows he will have the kindness to soft-focus the lines that reveal age.

Karger loves his work. He thinks that is because he learned photography for fun, not as a trade. He used to work in a bank in Chicago, and then he sold bonds. But his photographic hobby so fascinated him that he expanded it into his vocation.

His photographs are distinguished for their dramatic effect. Perhaps you remember some of his Collier's pictures—of Sono Osato, the dancer in One Touch of Venus, of the Merry Widow cast, and others. Last week there was a two-page spread of Karger costume photos. Karger's newest love is television, which he studies and experiments with at night. Sometime this month he will produce an experimental television show about—Guess what? Magic! . . . A. P.

George Karger



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