

*Continuing Journey to 4000 B.C.*

# CHRISTMAS IN KABUL



LOUIS DUPREE

Ann Dupree, wife of one of the expedition's archaeologists, relaxes in the shade of some felt bales awaiting export near city of Kabul

Group picked up many pets in Pakistan, Afghanistan. Most unusual was George McLellan's hawk, Fitzgibbon

ROSE LILLEN

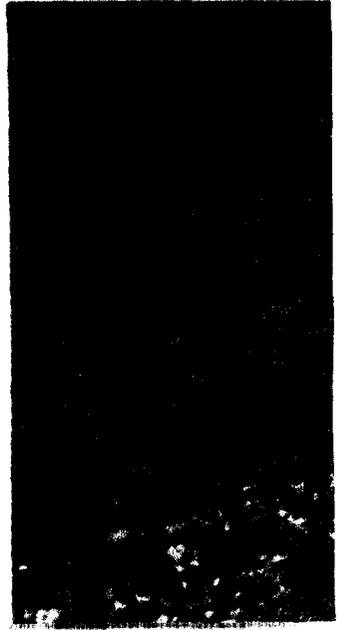


Curious natives watch excavation. Village (rear) is built atop older settlements; bottom layer of mound may be centuries old

ROSE LILLEN



The expedition meets caravan threading through



*In the Afghan capital, the Fairservis expedition observes the strangest of holiday seasons, after encountering both dangers and triumphs in the field*

By **WALTER A. FAIRSERVIS, JR.,**  
with **BILL DAVIDSON**

*For years, scientists seeking the lost trail of prehistoric man had gazed yearningly toward the Forbidden Kingdom of Afghanistan, a storehouse of archaeological treasures that had long been closed to Westerners. The gates suddenly opened a crack in 1947; the first big U.S. expedition entered this mysterious land three years later, under Walter A. Fairservis, Jr., a young archaeologist sponsored by New York's American Museum of Natural History. After meeting with considerable difficulty on a preliminary survey, he finally led a youthful group of scientists into Pakistan in the summer of 1950. They headed north from Karachi to start their work in the wild border provinces south of Afghanistan*

## II

**W**E NOW were in the country of the Pathans—wild, giant, white, mountain tribesmen who live on both sides of the Afghan-Pakistani frontier. Some Pathans are so tough that they use strangers for target practice, and when we drove through the Pakistani border province of Waziristan we often kept a .38 revolver and a rifle beside us in the cab of our truck.

Doing archaeological research in the midst of a people like the Pathans can be a really dangerous business. On one occasion, these fierce Moslem warriors gave me the scare of my life, and I still shudder when I think about it.

Our party of 13 had split up. Archaeologist Louis Dupree and his wife Ann, with anthropologist George Maranjian and geologist John Zeigler, were off on a side trip into Afghanistan. The rest of us were excavating within a 200-mile radius of Quetta, capital of Baluchistan Province, devoting ourselves to the main purpose of the trip: to try to discover, for the American Museum of Natural History in New York, the lost trail of prehistoric man, which scientists have been seeking avidly for scores of years.

One September afternoon, the party's chief technician, George McLellan, and I were sinking one of a number of test excavations in a rugged section of the country. When night fell, McLellan drove the native laborers home in our truck, leaving me to finish my work at the bottom of the narrow, 16-foot pit. He was to come back later to haul me to the surface with a rope—the only way I could get out. As I worked with pencil and drawing board to sketch the debris of past civilizations

locked in the walls of the pit, my flashlight batteries went dead, and I lighted little brush torches for light.

Suddenly a pebble hit me on the neck. I looked up, and there on the lip of the excavation 10 feet above my head was a towering, bearded Pathan, silhouetted against the stars. He laughed, and a dozen other Pathans mysteriously joined him on the edge of the hole. As I struggled vainly to get out of the deep cut, they all began to pelt me with pebbles—then with larger and larger handfuls of dirt. Finally, tittering wickedly, one of the Pathans grabbed a shovel and, while I stared at him in horror, he began to fill in the hole—with me in it.

I tried to protect myself by holding the drawing board over my head, but I began to get frantic for fear the dirt would come down faster than I could step over it. The dirt was inches high on the drawing board, and I was soaked with muddy perspiration, when I heard one of the most welcome sounds I have ever known—McLellan returning in the truck. As the headlights picked them up, the Pathans faded away into the darkness, still laughing. They thought it was the greatest joke in the world to find a "European" in a hole out in the wilderness—and bury him alive.

As quickly as possible, McLellan and I rejoined the other members of our group—archaeologists Rose Lillien, Howard Stoudt, Sadurdin Khan, Leslie Alcock and Mrs. Alcock, my artist-wife, Jan, and radio operator Lawrence Kelsey—in the more civilized agricultural area close to Quetta.

We didn't run into such extreme complications around Quetta, but there we had other problems. The finest potential site we saw—a mound at Balleli covered with prehistoric pottery washed out by the rains—was an artillery emplacement, strictly off limits to nonmilitary personnel. In the middle of the city (also surrounded by barbed wire and armed guards) was a huge arsenal built by the British in 1885; during its construction, priceless archaeological treasures had been thrown out of the ground, among them a magnificent Greek bronze statue of Hercules, a memento of Alexander the Great's conquests nearly 3,000 miles from his native Macedonia.

It's interesting to note that, in remote hidden valleys in the Bolan Pass—leading to Afghanistan and Russia—we also stumbled on abandoned R.A.F. airdromes with faded signs in English reading "Lord Roberts Hall" (Continued on page 54)



JOE COVELLO

Jan Fairservis examines pottery fragments found at Damb Sadaat, Pakistan. Some date to 2500 B.C.



GEORGE WOODRUFF

Fairservis, back home, with dogs they acquired: royal Afghan hound, above; caravan dog, at feet

ss in Afghanistan's Hindu  
sh range (see map, p. 55)

LOUIS DUPREE



Howard Stoudt and native helpers working in an excavation near Quetta. Markings on sides of pit show levels of civilization

ROSE LILLIEN



Pathan tribesmen of Pakistan and Afghanistan are often handsome, with light-colored hair and blue eyes

WALTER A. FAIRSERVIS, JR.



# The Twisted Hand

They grew up in the midst of violence; their lives were filled with gang wars and murder.  
And yet, Marion was sure, they weren't really bad; they were boys who were worth saving

By LESTER ATWELL

MISS CLEARY, I bring you something." His voice, coarse yet humble, his unexpected nearness, shocked her out of a momentary daydream—she had been standing behind her desk, gazing out the classroom window—and at once everything within her seemed to rush together, to tighten and jangle; and through the sudden alarm of the class bell, she said, "Well, I don't want anything from you. Go to your seat and stay there!"

His face flamed with humiliation. The color had rushed up to her own. "The rest of you," she said, "open your books to page forty-seven." She was shaking. "To Santa Lucia. And I want you to try it with some expression, for a change." When she looked down at her desk, she saw that Joseph Scalzo had left something there wrapped in soiled white tissue paper. The creamy lace edge of a handkerchief protruded. Taking the rubber-tipped pointer she used for a baton, she flicked the soft little package with obvious distaste to the corner of her desk; then she walked over to the piano, sounded the four notes, and the music lesson began.

*"Here balmy breezes blow,  
Pure joys invite us,  
And as we gently row,  
All things delight—"*

"No, no, no!" she cried, emphasizing each word with a smash of the pointer across the top of the desk. She could see the pupils flinching at the sound. "Don't drag it out so! It's not a dirge; it's a song sung by the gondoliers. I shouldn't think I'd have to explain that to you! Now begin again: 'Here balmy breezes blow.'"

Taking up the song, roaring it out, their rude, strong young voices grated her ears. More and more, everything about them riled her; their turbulent rough hair, their clumsy limbs, their wet mouths all opening in unison in their adolescent faces. What was happening to her? she wondered. How could she have been so mean, so cruel to Joseph Scalzo again? As the voices soared, there came over her a feeling of suffocation, of misery. If only I could get away from here, she thought. Get out of this school, ask to be transferred . . .

Part of the trouble, she knew and did not like to admit, arose from having Joseph Scalzo in her class this term. She could not look down at him without seeing before her eyes his two first cousins, Nick and Sebastian Dundero, without remembering how different she herself had been in those days before disillusion and a dragging sense of failure turned her years at the school into a senseless mechanical treadmill.

Though the Dundero brothers had passed through the junior high school some years before, they were still vividly remembered in the teachers' room. Nick, the elder, was especially remembered. Teachers still winced at the mention of his name.

At sixteen, Nick Dundero was a wild, clumsy, overgrown, black-haired boy whose record for insubordination and truancy ran ahead of him like a gale warning from class to class. His teachers expected trouble, and they met it at once, head on. Often the clashes were particularly violent: once, in a furious argument, he struck Mr. Spencer of the History Department and sent him crashing halfway down the stairs.

Even minor disturbances were so frequent that many of his teachers had openly confessed to a sense of relief when Nick Dundero dropped out of

school and left them undisturbed for a week or two at a time. And yet, from the first moment that he appeared in the doorway of Marion Cleary's class, wearing an orangey-red satin windbreaker with *Wildcats* printed in tan letters across his chest, her interest was engaged; she marshaled her forces and rose optimistically to meet the challenge.

The difficult cases had always appealed to her, and she seemed to have a special knack with them. At that time she was in her early thirties, with dark glossy hair that had one white lock traveling back from a widow's peak. It was attractive with her steel-blue eyes and high coloring. She was trim, alert and smartly dressed, her manner straightforward and refreshing. With undiminished interest she had taught for ten years in the same junior high school, and had known from her first week there that the neighborhood surrounding it was to be her adversary.

By day it was seedy-looking, full of used-car lots, billboards, tenements, poolrooms, pizzerias, fruit stores—all innocent enough to the eye; but by night it was badly lighted, threatening, secret—a tough neighborhood. Sometimes, in the late hours, cars raced through the empty streets. Shots rang out. A body in a doorway crumpled, fell. When the police investigated, no one knew anything.

"Well, that's the way it is, I suppose," she said one day in the teachers' room, "and until they clean things up, it's our job to work about ten times harder than teachers in a better neighborhood. It's up to us to make something of these kids, and I, for one, refuse to believe it can't be done."

"Yes," said one of the other teachers, "but you have Nick Dundero this term, and we'll see what you make of him!"

"You wait and see, I'm not going to have a bit of trouble with him," she replied. "I've had Nick Dunderos before."

One thing that made it easy for her to win him over in the beginning was that he had a good voice, a powerful baritone, and he loved to sing.

"Listen, Nick," she'd say to him, "I'm relying on you now. We've got to put on some sort of an entertainment here, and I'm counting on you to close it with a bang. I have you down for one solo, and one encore, but you'll have to behave yourself and practice."

"I'll practice, Miss Cleary. I swear!"

ONCE in a while, if everything went particularly well at rehearsals, then afterward, as a reward, while the stage crew was painting scenery and there was an echo in the big dim auditorium, she'd sit down at the piano and harmonize with him on *Come Back to Sorrento*, both of them singing it in Italian, Nick at the top of his lungs.

Still, in spite of his promises, all his seeming enthusiasm, the day before the entertainment was to be given, he dropped out of school, and was gone for two weeks. Mr. Thompson, the truant officer, no stranger in this case, called at the Dundero house and was told that Nick had gone to visit his grandmother in Albany. Throughout the interview, Mrs. Dundero, who did not speak much English, shook her head, sighed, and spread her hands helplessly; Nick's younger brother, Sebastian, a much neater, quieter boy, who was still in elementary school, acted as interpreter, and had, Mr. Thompson felt, invented the grandmother story on the spur of the moment to ease the situation, or to put a polite construction on Nick's disappearance.

When Nick came back to school, he told Marion

that after an argument with his father he had decided to leave home. He had gone down to Coney Island and had found a job behind the counter at a spun-sugar concession. He was sorry if he had ruined the entertainment, but as a peace offering he had brought back for her a brooch made of wire strung with wax pearls that he had bought on the boardwalk. Its ugliness shocked her, but evidently to him it was beautiful; and after a moment she thought it was beautiful too. Inside the oval frame, the wire and pearls were coiled and looped to spell out: *To Marion*. "I was gonna have 'From Nick' put on it," he explained, "only by then I didn't have enough money left. You pay by how many words is on it."

"Well, I'm not going to accept it, Nick. I'm not going to take any presents from you as long as you're going to act like that. What makes you do such awful things?"

"Aah, I dunno. I just git the urge. I feel too big for all this kid stuff. School— See, I hang around with guys eighteen-nineteen, and I hear about lots of things goin' on outside. Honest, Miss Cleary, you don't have to go to school; there's plenty of easy dough floatin' around if you just know the right guys." As he spoke, she felt the influence of the neighborhood ready to close in on him. "What's the matter, Miss Cleary? Don't you like the pin? Isn't it any good?"

"Yes, it's beautiful, Nick, but I won't accept it until you *prove* to me that you can settle down and behave yourself." She lectured him for half an hour on the value of a full high-school education.

REGRETFULLY he took back the pearl-and-wire pin, but he'd been in school only four days when he disappeared again. From a much younger first cousin, Joseph Scalzo, who lived in the Dundero household, and who used the junior high school's playground in the afternoons, there came the story that Nick had run away from home after being beaten unmercifully by his father with a strap. Nick's young brother Sebastian this time offered no explanation when Mr. Thompson called, but toward the end of the week, a letter for Marion arrived at the school.

*My dear Miss Cleary,*

*I guess you wonder what happened to me after I promised you I would do better and settle down. I would have stayed at school but I had another fight with my father and had to run away. I couldn't take it no more from him. I hitchhiked up here and got a job at this club as groundskeeper and caddy. They think I am eighteen. I wanted to let you know I am doing okay. I can tell you because of our trust but do not let anyone know where I am. Get someone to tell my brother Sebastian I am alright so he can let my mother know, but do not say where I am. Do not let my father know. You are the only one I trust.*  
Your good pal,  
Nick Dundero.

Two days after the message was relayed on to Sebastian, the door of Marion's class was flung open, and a thin, excited, middle-aged Italian burst into the room. He was dressed in shining, narrow black shoes and a wrap-around camel's-hair coat. His thin black hair (*Continued on page 50*)

**One thing that made it easy for her to win him over in the beginning was that he had a good voice and loved to sing**

ILLUSTRATED BY TOM LOVELL