Collier's

FEBRUARY 7, 1948

TEN CENTS

Beginning the story of a remarkable courtship

THE MYSTERIOUS WAY

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

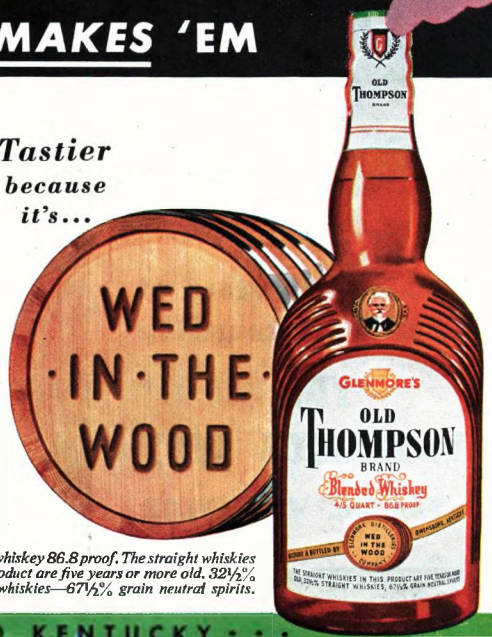
YOU MIX 'EM... BUT "OLD THOMPSON" *MAKES* 'EM

Fussy about Old Fashioneds? Remember this: All your favorite mixing tricks mean little unless the whiskey is tasty . . . that is why experts pour "Thompson." It's better, it's WED • IN • THE • WOOD! . . . Aged Glenmore whiskies are blended with choicest grain neutral spirits but, instead of being bottled immediately, "Thompson" is put back into barrels to assure perfect blending. This old-time method takes longer and costs more but it gives you the extra quality you need to really *make* any drink you serve.

Glenmore Distilleries Company • Louisville, Kentucky

OLD THOMPSON BRAND

Tastier because it's...



Blended whiskey 86.8 proof. The straight whiskies in this product are five years or more old. 32½% straight whiskies—67½% grain neutral spirits.

• • • A GLENMORE PRODUCT FROM OLD KENTUCKY • • •

When a COLD threatens to run through a family...

It's LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC Quick— FOR EVERYBODY!

IT'S all too easy for a cold, once it starts, to spread from one member of the family to another . . . with troublesome results. That's why it's so sensible to enlist the aid of the Listerine Antiseptic gargle *early* and *often!*

This pleasant antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of threatening germs called the "secondary invaders."

Although many colds may be started by a virus, it is these "secondary invaders," say many authorities, that are responsible for much of the misery you know so well. Listerine Antiseptic, if used frequently during the 12 to 36-hour period of "incubation" when a cold may be developing, can often help forestall the mass invasion of these germs and so head off trouble.

Listerine Antiseptic's remarkable germ-killing action has been demonstrated time and again. Tests showed germ reductions on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after a Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% an hour later.

This germ-killing power, we believe, accounts for Listerine Antiseptic's remarkable clinical test record against colds. Tests made over a period of 12 years showed that those who gargled with Listerine Antiseptic twice daily had fewer colds and usually had milder colds than those who did not gargle . . . and fewer sore throats.

So, whenever there's a cold in your family, prescribe Listerine Antiseptic for everyone. It's a wise thing to do. Lambert Pharmacal Co., *St. Louis, Mo.*

"SECONDARY INVADERS"

These are some types of the threatening germs that cause so much of the misery of a cold when they invade the body through throat membranes.

TOP ROW, left to right: Pneumococcus Type III, Pneumococcus Type IV, Streptococcus viridans, Friedlander's bacillus. BOTTOM ROW, left to right: Streptococcus hemolyticus, Bacillus influenzae, Micrococcus catarrhalis, Staphylococcus aureus.

TESTS SHOWED LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC REDUCED GERMS UP TO 96.7%

☛ *IT'S NEW! Have you tasted the zippy MINT flavor of today's Listerine TOOTH PASTE with 25% more Lusterfoam?*

COLLIER'S

February 7, 1948

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THIS WEEK

FICTION

ARTICLES

THE WEEK'S MAIL

ENCOMIUM GALORE

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: Your issue of December 27th was as entertaining as a volume by O. Henry. Virgil Oliphant's Christmas Present, by Lawrence Williams, was a whang-doodle. I would like to give top place, however, to The Next Hill, by John C. Neff. His story of the trials of the wagon pioneers of the early days held me in suspense from beginning to end. I could read many more by Mr. Neff.

May your valuable magazine continue to grow and prosper.

GEORGE P. BYRNE, New York, N. Y.

DEPT. OF SELF-APPRECIATION

DEAR SIRS: Your pithy little comments after our letters in The Week's Mail are to those letters as children to a home—a bit dull without them.

MRS. L. E. SUTLIFF, Camp Hill, Pa.

UNDISCRIMINATORY

DEAR SIRS: I have just come to the conclusion that there is better racial understanding in these United States because some of those strange people who used to fight to keep the whites on a higher level than the Negro are now fighting over which Negro should be world heavyweight champion.

LEONARD V. SYLTE, Danvers, Minn.

OUR UNGRUNTLED READERS

DEAR SIR: This country now has meatless Tuesdays and eggless Thursdays. My idea is to establish an eight-day week, the extra day to be known as Lessday. Everyone could have meat on Tuesdays and eggs on Thursdays and on Lessday they could do without all those things. Everyone would have to stay in bed; everything would be closed on Lessday. Lessday would be the ideal day to set off the next atomic bomb.

FRANK G. HARRIS, New Orleans, La.

GO BACK TO WHERE YOU CAME FROM

GENTLEMEN: It always seems that experts from foreign countries have to journey through our country desperately seeking to find something to criticize us for.

Mr. A. N. Sivaraman in his article Adventure in the South (Dec. 27th) ridicules the racial situation in the South. There is room for constructive criticism, but we have not reached the Jewish-Arab stage, nor have we approached such conditions as exist in Mr. Sivaraman's India. There people lie like flies in the streets, dying from starvation! Intercaste riots cause bloodshed. It would be better for

(Continued on page 59)

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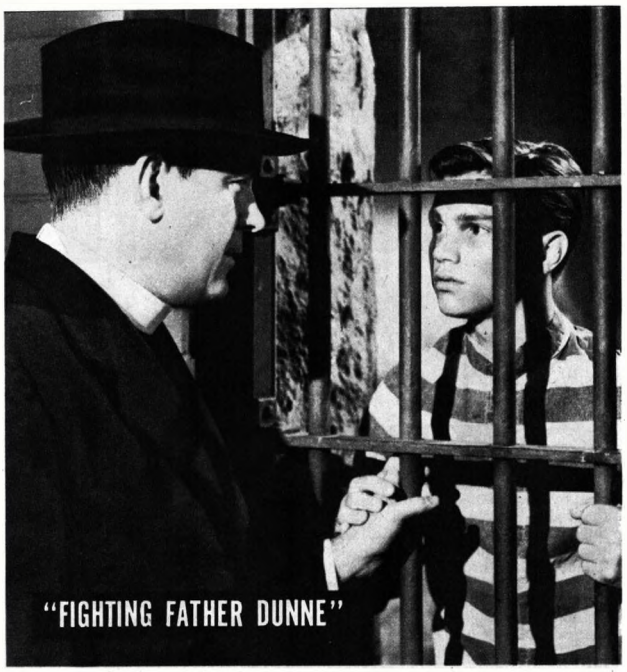
RKO's PIC-TOUR OF THE MONTH



GOOD . . . or bad? All-important question trembles on lips of murderer Darryl Hickman as PAT O'BRIEN, the kindly priest in RKO's *Fighting Father Dunne*, visits youth's cell with eagerly awaited message. O'Brien scores outstandingly in this biographical role of famous St. Louis priest.

TALL, DARK and handsomely costumed (though somewhat briefly) is MARILYN MAXWELL, soon to be seen in RKO's *Race Street*. Up to now, glamorous brunette had been blonde. Other stars in drama of two men and one too-lovely woman are GEORGE RAFT, WILLIAM BENDIX.

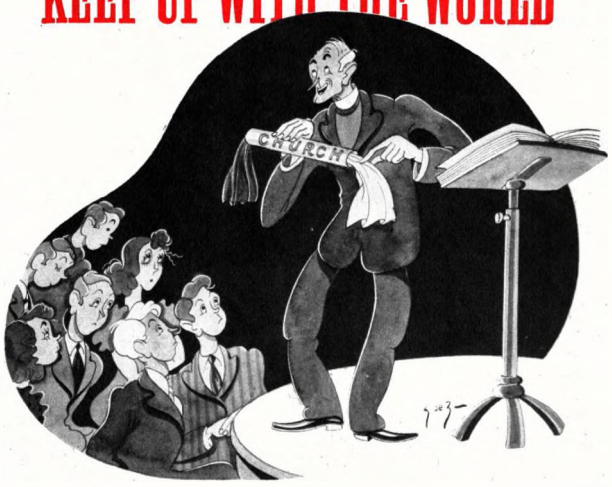
CHEERFUL EARFUL. A laughing ANN SHERIDAN whispers into ear of a shyly smiling GARY COOPER to produce this delightful close-up for Leo McCarey's *Good Sam*. Blithe film concerns blunderings of a soft-hearted guy in a hard-hearted world. A Rainbow Production.

DIRECTOR JOHN FORD adjusts strap of HENRY FONDA's cap between scenes of *War Party*. Epic film also stars JOHN WAYNE, SHIRLEY TEMPLE, PEDRO ARMENDARIZ, introduces JOHN AGAR. Thousands are in cast of this FORD-COOPER Argosy Production.

THESE BIG RKO PICTURES WILL SOON BE SHOWN AT YOUR THEATRE

RKO RADIO PICTURES

KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD



GEORGE DE ZAYAS

BY FRELING FOSTER

Simple tricks of magic are now used by some 200 American ministers to emphasize points in talks to their Sunday school and Bible classes. One trick, for example, is the passing of a handkerchief through a tube marked "Church" which changes its color from black to white and illustrates symbolically how a blackened soul may be cleansed of its sins. The clergymen are organized in a society, the Magi-Ministers, and exchange ideas in a column of their own in a magic magazine.—*By Paul D. Green, New York City.*

Not long ago in Ohio, an unusual clue led to the identification of an automobile after its hit-and-run driver had sideswiped and killed a woman. When the suspected car was located and examined, the only damage discovered at first was a broken door handle and cracked wind deflector on the left side, which did not directly link the vehicle with the accident. Further examination, however, disclosed a slight abrasion on the door where the victim had bumped her head. Under a magnifying glass, a dozen of her short hairs were found embedded in the hard paint.

Despite the frequent stories that a Negro child has been born to a white couple because one of them had a Negro ancestor, there is no authentic case on record of a couple of this kind producing a child darker than the parent with the Negro blood.

Unlike the automatic devices that, by suddenly switching on and off the lights in henhouses, cause chickens to awaken with a start in the morning and to have difficulty in finding their roosts in the dark at night, a new gadget does not produce these harmful disturbances. Its mechanism simulates sunrise and sunset by taking 15 minutes to bring the lights up to their maximum brightness and to turn them down and off.

Since 1931, the number of American college and high-school students who have died of football injuries has averaged 16 a year.

Persons who ski down the slopes of Mount Cranmore in New Hampshire are carried up from the town of North Conway on a $300,000 transportation system, the costliest installation of its kind in this country. Its equipment comprises 180 little single-seated cars, spaced about 50 feet apart and connected to an endless cable, which ascend on one track and descend on another. Trips to the top of this 5,200-foot Skimobile, as it is called, require less than ten minutes and cost 75 cents.

At the Chicago World's Fair (Columbian Exposition) in 1893, thousands of souvenir clocks were sold bearing a portrait of Columbus and the date 1492. Years later upon the death of the original purchasers, a large number of these souvenirs came into the possession of descendants and others, many of whom, believing they owned "a clock brought over by Columbus," sought an estimate of its value from clock authorities and antique dealers.—*By Tom Duggan, New York City.*

For 12 years after the first American postal cards were issued in 1873, the stamp printed on them carried a bust portrait of the Goddess of Liberty whose statue France was making as a gift to the United States. Since the plans for the head were incomplete when the drawing for the stamp was made, the artist had to use his imagination. As a result, his picture bore no resemblance to the finished Statue of Liberty, which was unveiled in New York Harbor in 1886.

The only American whose life history is the subject of a college course is Abraham Lincoln. For many years, this series of studies has been one of the most popular offered by the Lincoln Memorial University in Harrogate, Tennessee.—*By Aurora Colon, Santruce, Puerto Rico.*

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up With the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted and no items may be reproduced without permission

When you go to the zoo, the

"TRADE-MARKS" OF NATURE*

identify the "big cats" you see

*Prepared under direction of American Museum of Natural History, N.Y.

A bushy mane, which gives him a regal look, is the identifying mark of the male **LION.**

A yellow-furred, black-striped coat is the most distinctive feature of the **TIGER.**

Dull, sand-colored fur identifies the **PUMA** *(also called panther, cougar, mountain lion).*

Black spots on a yellow background form the unmistakable markings of the **LEOPARD.**

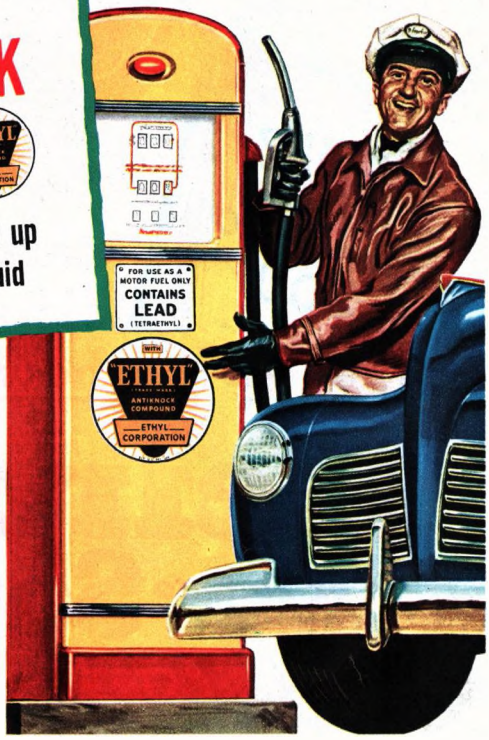
Rosettes (black spots within black rings) are the identifying feature of the **JAGUAR.**

A bobbed tail and the characteristically tufted ears make it easy to recognize the **LYNX.**

When you buy gasoline...the

TRADE-MARK "ETHYL"

identifies gasoline stepped up with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid



A streamlined body clearly identifies the **CHEETAH** *—the fastest animal on four feet.*

To get the most mileage from your car—use high quality gasoline improved with "Ethyl" antiknock fluid and have your motor service man tune up your engine to take full advantage of its higher quality. In these days when the oil industry is working night and day to keep up with the demand, you can help conserve gasoline by driving at moderate speeds, avoiding "jack rabbit" starts and keeping tires properly inflated. *Ethyl Corporation, N. Y.—makers of "Ethyl" antiknock compound.*

THE WEEK'S WORK

Lawrence G. Blochman (right) with Jean Guignebert, director of the French National Radio, in London, England

AFTER having served us Cocktails at Blindman's Lake, Lawrence G. Blochman now comes up with Rum for Dinner (p. 22), and he reports that the akees and codfish which figure prominently in the story make a palatable dish if you add plenty of browned onions.

The akee alone, despite its handsome red-and-yellow color scheme is quite insipid, with a taste somewhere between Hubbard squash, breadfruit and shredded carpet. Blochman, who researched the akee in Jamaica, is very handy in the kitchen, since he would rather cook than write, and eat than cook.

As for the Dr. Coffee you meet in the Rum story, Blochman, ever since his days as a murder reporter, has visited morgues and hospitals to keep in touch with crime for his work, and for relaxing discussions of forensic medicine and pathology.

The Hindu intern in Rum for Dinner is a composite of several Indians Blochman knew twenty years ago, while working for a Calcutta paper called The Englishman. Blochman also once barnstormed China and Japan as a sleight-of-hand man.

THE new serial: Samuel W. Taylor's refreshing six-parter, The Mysterious Way, which begins on p. 11, is based on a true romance of Taylor's granddad — a Mormon named Samuel Woolley. One morning an ethereal Personage appeared before Woolley and told him to get married. The Personage named the beautiful, popular Rachel Calhoon, a bishop's daughter who was engaged to the prize catch of Salt Lake City, as Woolley's bride-to-be.

It should be explained that at the time, Woolley was prominent, in his middle years, and happily married, with a family.

Extramarital marriage—plural at that—did not appeal to Woolley, who argued with the Personage—but lost. Reluctantly Woolley asked the bishop for Rachel's hand, then proposed modestly, without mentioning the supernatural visitation.

Of the courtship, grandson Taylor says, "Grandfather simply told her he'd be back in a month for her answer. He didn't write, he didn't send flowers or candy—he just went away. When he came back, she said yes, and from all accounts the union was a very happy one."

Both Mr. Taylor and his wife Gay are Mormons, living now in Redwood City, California. "We've heard quite enough of the Mormon zealots, the bigots, the Avenging Angels, Mountain Meadow Massacre and the lustful horrors of polygamy," adds Mr. Taylor.

"I hope my story shows in a lighthearted, humanizing way, how people live under the Mormon religion today, how they think, what they believe—and one that brings out their curious mixture of spirituality and hard-nosed practicality."

EVAN WYLIE (Ghost Town on Skis, p. 24) is thirty, from New Jersey, and once wanted to be a doctor. "One rainy afternoon at the University of Virginia while I was moodily pulling apart a formaldehyde-soaked cat," he says, "the inspiration came that it might be easier to make a living writing. Switched to majoring in English next day."

Failing, after college, to prove himself with city editors, Wylie switched to being guide at the New York World's Fair, copy boy in the NBC newsroom, finally winding up a staffman on Yank in the Pacific.

He's now free-lancing, writing a play with John Ruge, cartoonist and also an ex-employee of Yank. They met on Okinawa. "I used to ski myself," admits Wylie, "until, of course, I developed a loose knee cartilage."

Rose Kennedy

ROSE KENNEDY and Donald H. Black, who teamed up on the kiddy-theater piece, Footlights for Small Fry, p. 54, are native (Oregonian) webfooters.

Rose has been teaching home economics and writing all her life, and was married to a doctor who died during the war. Don, a newspaperman from way back, has on the side been president of a small war industry and done movie ballyhooing.

Rose and Don have known each other since college days at Oregon State, where they collaborated on various writing projects.

As both have children (Rose two, Don three) and a mutual interest in the Children's Theater, it was only fitting that Fate would again throw the schoolmate collaborators together.

This week's cover: Pink Ice Queen. Jon Whitcomb hits a new high point in depicting smooth, warm, dreamy, creamy, gorgeous, callipygian—take it easy, old boy!—loveliness . . .

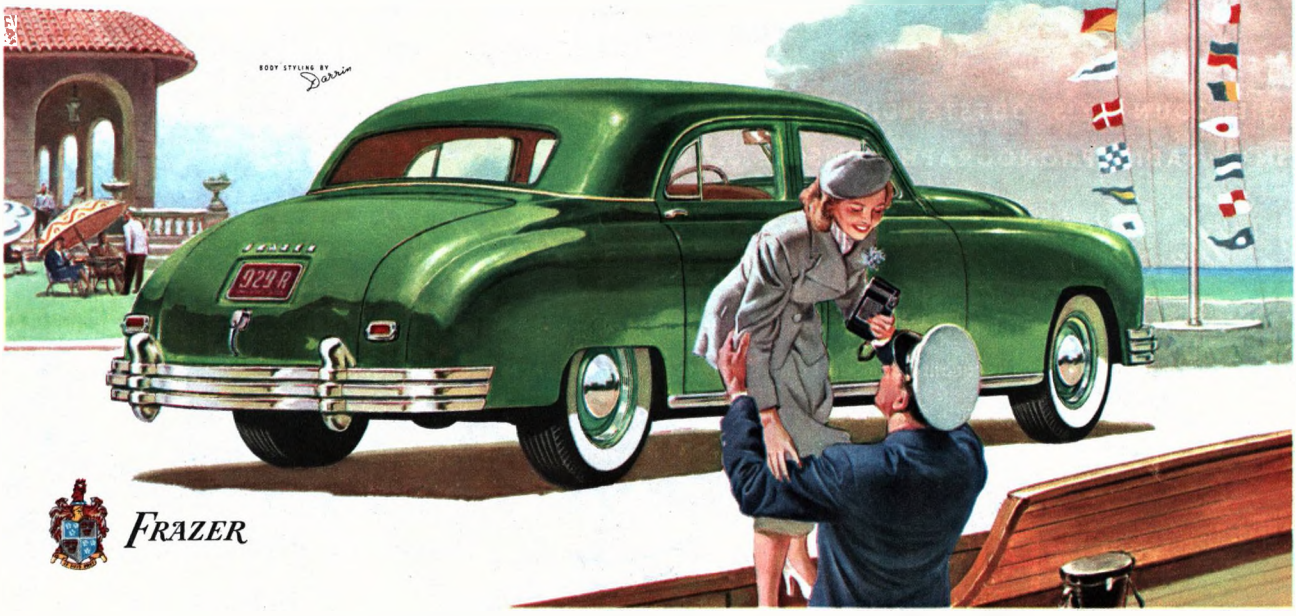
TED SHANE

Unquestioned Style Leadership!

When the KAISER and the FRAZER went into production eighteen months ago, they were hailed as "establishing a new trend that the rest of the industry will someday adopt." Their design was praised by the world's greatest fashion experts. The Frazer Manhattan was awarded the gold medal of the Fashion Academy, then won the "Grand Prix D'Honneur" at both Monte Carlo and Cannes. But the verdict of the public and the automobile industry remained to be received.

Now the returns are in! Public preference has made Kaiser-Frazer the world's fourth largest manufacturer of automobiles. And the unmistakable influence of K-F design can be seen in every new car announced by other manufacturers. The KAISER and the FRAZER have achieved unquestioned style leadership! When you *drive* them, you will learn that their *performance* and *ride* are as far "out in front" as their distinguished beauty.

KAISER-FRAZER CORPORATION • WILLOW RUN, MICHIGAN



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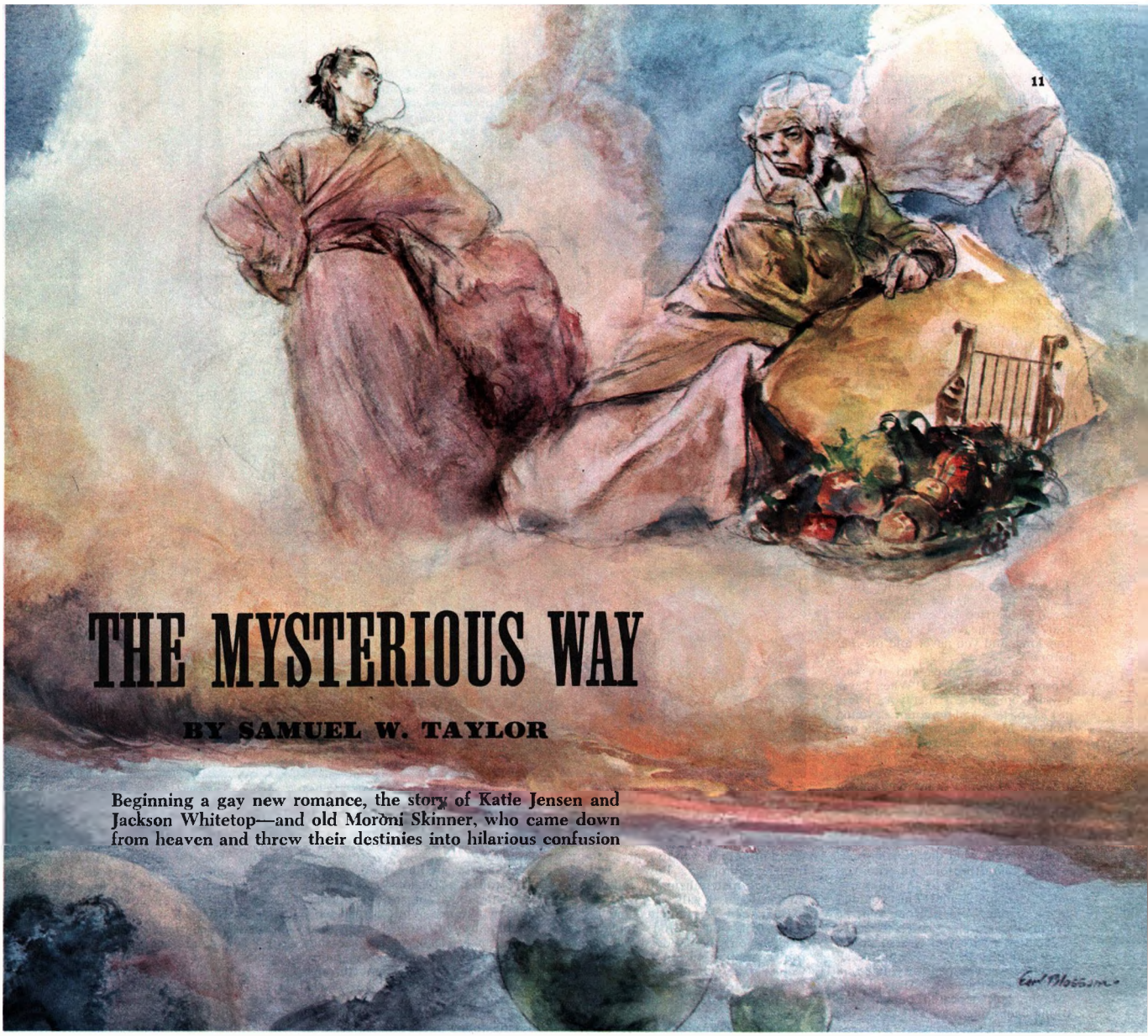
**Slightly higher Denver and West*



THE MYSTERIOUS WAY

BY SAMUEL W. TAYLOR

Beginning a gay new romance, the story of Katie Jensen and Jackson Whitetop—and old Moroni Skinner, who came down from heaven and threw their destinies into hilarious confusion

Lucy put her fists on her hips. "Moroni Skinner, I declare! Married on earth forty-odd year, and here, Heaven knows how long, and you never told me that before"

EVERYBODY is happy in heaven. That's what makes it heaven. The only shadow on the ecstasy of old Moroni Skinner was that he'd died without having a son. His only child had been a girl, and she'd married the valley trash, Jed Whitetop, much to old Moroni's dismay. She should have known better, and anyhow it was a snide trick after her father had passed on and couldn't do much about it. Jed Whitetop was so confounded lazy that for a time it seemed he didn't have the gumption to father a child. But eventually he did. It was a boy child named Jackson Skinner Whitetop, and old Moroni Skinner's happiness in heaven was complete. Until, that is, the boy grew up.

Jackson grew into a fine healthy lad, six feet and one inch tall. And he had the Skinner mouth. But from there on he took after his daddy. He was trashy. Plain, downright lazy. The way he was headed, he'd never amount to a hill of beans.

Old Moroni Skinner kept close check. He worked in the Compiling Office of the Accounting Section of the Current History Division of the Records Department, and it was a very busy place because every act and thought of everybody on earth had to be put on the books and cross-indexed, and even the fall of a sparrow had to be noted, for some reason Moroni couldn't understand. He felt there was entirely too much paper work to the whole shebang. But still his job put him in a fine position to keep track of his grandson. But the more he looked, the less he saw. Young Jackson was turning out wrong.

When the war came along, old Moroni Skinner was both happy and dismayed. He thought the Army would make a man of the boy, but he didn't want Jackson to be killed. He figured it was going to be a busy period, neglecting his work to protect the boy with heavenly signs and premonitions. But, luckily and without any help, Jackson landed in a safe headquarters overseas and came out of the war with nothing worse than the habit of smoking, a taste for coffee, and a great skill at gin rummy.

Young Jackson's parents had died in a car wreck while the boy was away, and Moroni felt that maybe responsibility would help straighten him out. But Jackson came out of the Army lazier and more shiftless than he'd gone in; an Army headquarters places a premium on men who pass the buck, and anyone who tries to work is scorned as an eager beaver. When Jackson got back home he rested up, and the longer he rested up the more he needed rest. The ranch old Moroni had worked so hard to build up kept right on going to rack and ruin. So long as Jackson had food in his belly and a roof over his head and a book to read he didn't seem to care. While he was away he'd given Henry Brown power of attorney to run his affairs, and after he got back he just let it ride. He lolled about, resting, month after month after month, and he didn't even realize that Henry Brown was stealing the place out from under him.

Moroni's work suffered. He got to moping. The auditors found a couple of small mistakes in his records. The Office Chief had him on the carpet and told him there were plenty of hard-working angels who'd be glad to have his job. His wife Lucy began pecking at him. Did he want to get

ILLUSTRATED BY EARL BLOSSOM

left behind while all their friends went on to greater glory? When the opening came for Chief Checker of the Compiling Office, another angel was put in the job over his head.

Lucy came out of the house one day while Moroni was sitting with his chin in his hands on the big gold boulder in the back yard. "Moroni, I declare! What's got into you? You haven't touched your harp in weeks, and the concert coming up! Don't you ever want to go on to greater glory? And when are you going to haul in that load of diamonds for the rock garden?"

"I keep thinking about our grandson," Moroni muttered.

"You worrying about Jackson and his brief span on earth, and we got all eternity to worry about! If you'd attend to your own affairs and let other people tend to theirs, you'd be Chief Checker of the office right now and I could hold up my head in public. And anyhow, the job rates a bigger house."

"I like this house. It's homey."

"When you went through your earthly trials nobody up here worried none about *you*!" Lucy declared.

"That's just it, Lucy—somebody *did*."

LUCY put her fists on her hips. "What? Well, Moroni Skinner, I declare! Married on earth forty-odd year, and in heaven, Heaven knows how long, and you never told me *that* before."

"It's in the records and it's so," Moroni said defiantly. "When I was a young'un, afore I met you, I was just as shiftless and no-count as young Jackson. Maybe more. And then one day my father appeared to me from beyond, and he straightened me out."

"Your father?" Lucy was impressed. Moroni's father had known Joseph Smith in Nauvoo and had had four wives and three more sealed to him; with that record on earth his progress in heaven had of course been rapid. "Well, what did he tell you?"

"One thing, he told me who you was and said for me to go and marry you. After that, I guess I just couldn't go far wrong," old Moroni said; he was nobody's fool.

"So that's why you was so bold," Lucy said, pleased. "You knowed all the time I was destined for you."

"So I been thinking," Moroni said. "Maybe if I appeared on earth to young Jackson . . ."

"Maybe it's just what the boy needs," Lucy admitted. "Give the lad a good talking-to. But," she asked dubiously, "is he worthy of a visitation?"

"He's a Skinner, ain't he?" Moroni argued. "Our own grandson. Of course he's worthy!"

"Yes, Moroni. You know it and I know it. But what about the higher-ups? Maybe they won't see it that way. They won't let you waste time on a soul who's not deserving."

"I already sent an application through channels," Moroni said.

"And not a word to me! Get a reply back yet?"

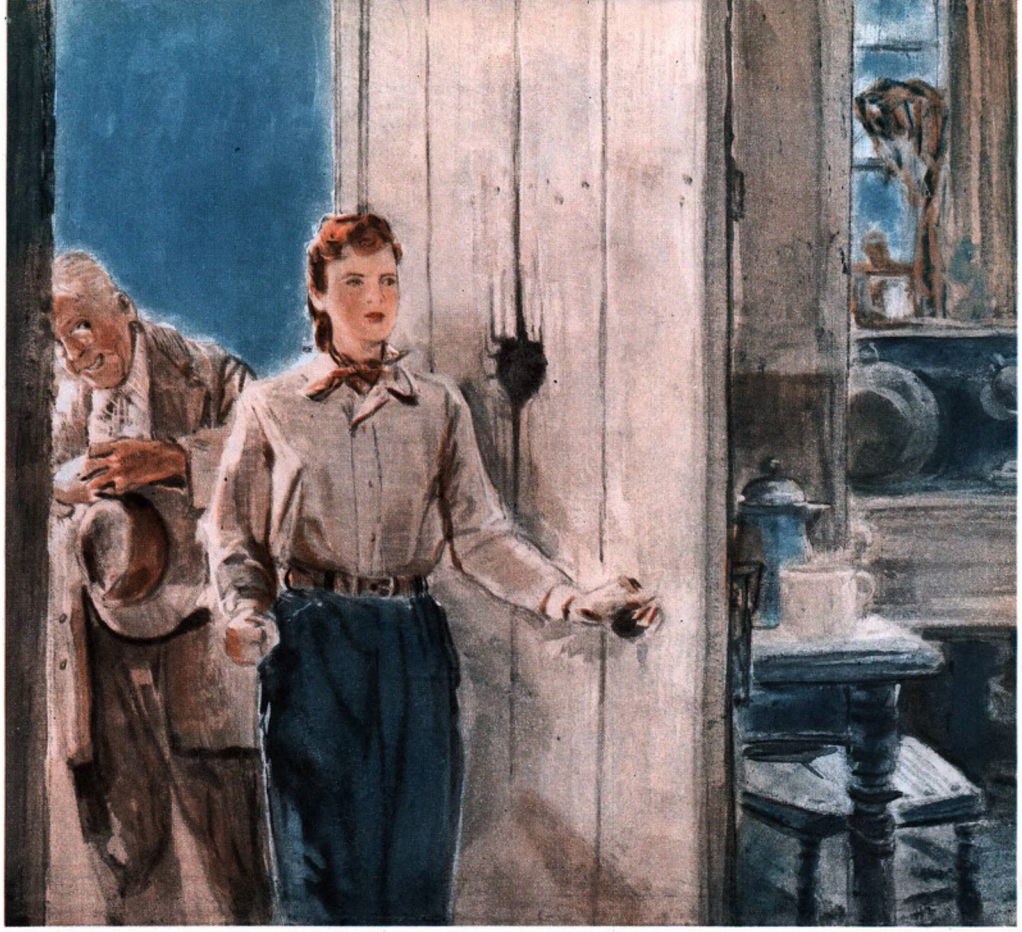
Moroni nodded. "Approved. Of course, the Destiny Department disapproved my request to see the records of what'll happen to the boy in the future—but I just put that in because you always get something disapproved in channels. But I got my travel orders."

"Well, what're you moping about?" Lucy asked.

"Limited orders!" Moroni said bitterly, pulling the original and seventeen carbon copies from his shroud. "A one-day pass to earth. One measly day! And look here; it says I'm not allowed to represent any higher authority. Powers limited strictly to materializing in and out of human form at will. I got to check back in before midnight—and it's a long trip, too. And application granted on the understanding no future application on same subject will ever be submitted. I like that! Work my fool head off around here, and the first time I ask any little favor this is what I get."

"You're a fine one to be talking like that," Lucy said. "What more do you want? You got your travel orders, didn't you? If materializing once to young Jackson don't straighten him out, what good would it do to materialize twice? If he's worthy, he'll come through. What are you sitting there on that rock for? Why don't you get going?"

"But what if he's beyond redemption?" Moroni said. "Well, I'll be back by midnight."



WHEN Moroni reached the ranch it was early morning, earth time. He didn't materialize immediately, because Bishop Jensen was knocking at Jackson's door. Moroni wanted to see the boy alone. He whisked through the closed doors and found Jackson asleep in the bedroom.

Jackson opened his eyes at the hammering, lifted the clock which was set face down on a backless chair so it would run, looked at the time, squinted at the grimy window, rolled over and pulled the covers over his head.

"Brother Jackson!" the bishop called. "Brother Jackson!"

Jackson snuggled deeper into the covers.

"His horses are here, Dad," a girl's voice called. "I'll look around."

At the sound of the girl's voice, Jackson Skinner Whitetop suddenly sat up straight, leaped from bed, jerked on his levis, tucked the shirt he'd been sleeping in into them, pulled on his boots, raked a comb through his hair, felt ruefully of his whiskers, and ran to the kitchen door.

Yes, the lad certainly was a fine-looking young buck, Moroni decided. The Skinner mouth. Moroni whisked outside to see the girl whose voice had had such a startling effect. She was out behind the henhouse, a rather small and pert girl with large gray eyes and a determined chin—considerably like Lucy had been at her age. Just the girl for Jackson; Moroni approved without reservation. Bishop Jensen's daughter Katherine was prettier, Moroni felt, than the records showed, even with the new system of phototransmission.

"Lazy, good-for-nothing trash," the girl observed aloud, looking about. "Letting a nice place like this run down. Somebody ought to get hold of that man and straighten him out."

"Somebody *will*," Moroni said. Of course she couldn't hear.

"Somebody will," the girl said. "Why did I say that? It won't be that Beulah Hess. If he marries that trash he never will be worth a hill of beans. A pity, too," she added, a bit dreamy and a bit vexed.

Moroni chuckled. Just the girl for Jackson.

"You could snap him out of it," he said.

"I could snap him out of it," the girl said. "Oh, for goodness sake, why did I ever say that? Why did I ever think such a thing? Me marry that lazy trash! And anyhow I'm going to marry Henry Brown," she said with a certain determination.

"You don't love Henry," Moroni said.

"I don't love Henry," the girl said. "Good heavens, what's the matter with me? I think Henry's a *very* fine man."

"Katie!" the bishop called.

"Coming!" The girl went into the house.

MORONI was tickled to find that when he spoke, an earthly soul repeated what he said. He went inside with her, and was ashamed to have her see the place. Not that it wasn't well made—the only reason it was still standing was that it *was* well made. Moroni had made it with his own hands, felling the logs in the mountains and hauling them, barking them, adzing them, notching them, setting them up and chinking them; and he'd put six inches of good yellow earth on the roof. But that had been a long time ago. Now rags were stuffed in broken windowpanes, floors were worn and splintered; the canvas he'd tacked on the inside as a lining was stained with the weather, rotted apart in places, and it still had the same coat of green paint he'd put on it.

Jackson and the bishop were sitting on upended boxes in the kitchen. As Katie came in, Jackson offered her a chair without a back. Jackson had

three days of beard, and his eyes were puffed with sleep. He certainly was not at his best to meet the girl he should marry.

"As I say," the bishop said to Jackson, "we'll leave for Salt Lake in the morning. We want a day there to get ready. Really ought to have two days, but of course Katie and Henry want to be at the dance tonight. Then the following day they'll go through the Temple, and go to Yellowstone for their honeymoon. Sister Jensen and I want to stay in Salt Lake until after Conference, and we'll need somebody on the place until we get back. I don't like to leave Wishful alone with it all. I'm sure you could handle it, Brother Jackson, for that long. Just the chores."

Jackson considered. "I'd like to help you out, Bishop, but I'm pretty busy."

He yawned, regarding Katie fondly, which is no way to make a girl appreciate a fond look.

"Yes, you're awfully busy," Katie snapped. "Doing what?"

"I realize you've got plenty to do, Brother Jackson," the bishop said diplomatically, with a glance of disapproval at his daughter. "But I thought you might give us a hand anyhow, Brother Jackson. Call it a wedding present to Katie and Henry. I'm sure they'd appreciate it. And you owe something to Henry. He took care of your place here and your sheep while you were to war."

"Henry Brown isn't worth Katie's little finger, the crook!" old Moroni snapped indignantly.

"Henry ain't worth rolling in the mud Katie walks through," Jackson said, echoing the unheard message in his own idiom. "The crook!"

"Well, I never!" Katie declared.

"What did you say, Brother Jackson?" the bishop asked.

"You're a fine one to talk," Katie pointed out.

Jackson blinked, amazed at himself. "I guess it just slipped out, Bishop." He glanced behind him in the manner of a man with the vague suspicion that somebody is breathing on his neck.

"Naturally I don't think any man is worthy of my Katie," the bishop admitted. "But I'd like to know a better man in the valley than Henry Brown."

"Well, I personally am very fond of Henry myself," Jackson said. "Don't know what made me say that."

"You called him a crook," the bishop reminded him. Bishop Waldo Jensen was a pudgy man with prominent eyes hung with purple bags. He was largely devoid of a sense of humor, and prided himself on a literal mind. "What prompted you to say that, Brother?"

"I guess that was just a joke," Jackson said. "You see, a man getting something he really don't deserve, you laughingly call him a crook because it's almost a crime to be so lucky."

"Oh, I see; very good." The bishop laughed heartily for three seconds to show he got it. "Well, then, we'll see you in a little while. As soon as you've had breakfast. I appreciate it a great deal. Just the chores." The bishop rose. "Come on, Katie."

Jackson was confused. He hadn't accepted the bishop's proposition and he hadn't intended to say what he had about Henry Brown.

"Just a minute!" old Moroni cried.

"Er—just a minute," Jackson said.

The bishop turned at the door.

"How about taking her to the dance tonight?" Moroni suggested.

"How about picking you up for the dance, Katie?" Jackson said.

"What?" the bishop said. "What was that?"

"Well, I never!" Katie said.

Jackson gulped, utterly surprised at himself.

The bishop forced a laugh. "Very funny, Brother Jackson. You're sharp this morning."

"He means it," Moroni said.

"I mean it," Jackson said.

"Well, Brother Jackson!"

Katie tossed her head. "Let's go, Dad. I think we've wasted enough time here." They left a miserable and surprised Jackson Whitetop.

AS KATIE drove south along the valley, old Moroni was in the back seat. The bishop's pouched eyes were puzzled, and he kept glancing at his daughter in a calculating way. "Katie, have you given that fellow any reason for acting the way he did?"

"Dad!" she exclaimed. "What a question to ask me!"

"A man certainly doesn't talk like that without reason."

"You know how much I've seen of him. We went out together when he was home on furlough, and a few times after he got back. We all hoped he'd changed. And he's so—well, he's attractive and charming. But he went right back horizontal, and Henry began calling around. It's been a long time."

"Well, he certainly was familiar," the bishop said.

"How about taking her to the dance tonight?" Moroni suggested. Jackson, utterly confused, said, "How about picking you up for the dance, Katie?"

"You're not implying he has cause to be?"

"Well, it certainly surprised *me*," the bishop insisted.

"It surprised me just as much. I haven't even seen him for ages, except maybe to say hello at the store when I'm in for the mail, and he generally asks for a couple of dances at the monthly shindig. He's been going with Beulah Hess for ages."

"He's never been impudent before. In fact, that's about the first spunk he's showed in his born life. Trash like that—"

"Who you calling trash?" Moroni demanded. "He's my grandson!"

"Trash?" Katie said. "He's Moroni Skinner's grandson."

"Yes, and Jed Whitetop was his father," the bishop pointed out. "Worthless a man as ever I seen. Young Jackson favors his grandfather some, around the mouth and eyes, but he's his father's boy. Why are you defending him?"

"Why discuss him, anyhow?" Katie said. "After all, Dad, I'm marrying Henry Brown."

"Ha!" said old Moroni, and he whisked away. . . .

Henry Brown's store was two miles up the valley, to the south. The mail wasn't due for a while, and nobody was at the store except Henry's storekeeper, Milo Ferguson, who was

(Continued on page 43)

BILL BROWNELL

Daughter Diane and wife Doris Evans go over Flivver Fliers' route with Cliff. Mrs. Evans looks worried. Photo was taken before the journey's start

BILL BROWNELL

At journey's end George Truman is joyfully welcomed by his family—Loa, his wife, and twins, Ellen and Eileen, each a vociferous eleven months

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE FLIVVER FLIERS

"Any guy who would try to nurse a midget plane around the world has holes in his head," someone told Cliff Evans and George Truman. So they got hold of two Piper Cubs and did it in just 43 days more than it took Phileas Fogg

BY CLIFFORD EVANS AND GEORGE TRUMAN

AS TOLD TO EDWARD P. MORGAN

THEY decided at the beginning that they'd go after no speed records. But at least, they said, we can beat Phileas Fogg. The fictional Phileas, you remember, made it around the world in 80 days to win a bet of 20,000 pounds and the hand of a beautiful Parsi princess into the bargain.

Cliff Evans and George Truman could have used a little help from M. Jules Verne, the sponsor of Phileas Fogg. It took them 122 days, 23 hours and four minutes to cover 25,162 miles by air.

They are still broke, and they didn't see any princess en route. It wouldn't have done them much good anyway because they've both got wives and kids.

But they're satisfied. They flew the smallest planes ever to girdle the globe. Wiley Post's Winnie Mae was five times as powerful as their little 100-horsepower Piper Cubs.

"There must be somebody who was the first fellow to circumnavigate the U.S.A. in a flivver," Cliff said afterward. "He knows how we feel." And George added: "There are probably 100,000 pilots in the country who could do what we have done if they were careful. That's about all we were trying to prove."

They learned a lot about how not to fly around the world, too, and now that they've done it they don't plan to do it again, unless it's aboard a comfortable air liner.

As some sage has said: Why try to cross the Atlantic on a barn door when the steamers are running?

A BRASH kid from North Carolina named Gene Pace started the argument. It was a hot, sultry afternoon in August, 1946, and a half dozen of us instructor pilots were loafing around a little aviation school in Maryland doing some heavy hangar flying, or as you might say in plain English, throwing the bull. The main subject of conversation was a new Piper Cub Super Cruiser that had just arrived.

"If you could fill the back seat with gasoline, you could probably fly the thing around the world," Pace said.

The two of us looked at each other in that funny kind of way people do when something hits them both at the same time.

"Any guy that would try to nurse a midget like that around the world has got holes in his head," somebody else was saying. As a matter of fact, Cliff had been fooling around with maps at home and had figured how to fly around the world without having to make any single hop longer than 850 miles either over land or over water, if he could use Russian territory. But we managed to keep our mouths shut and the argument finally petered out.

Later, at Cliff's house, we went over the thing together and got all steamed up. We decided to see how far we could push our plans. Until it blew up as phony we would keep the whole thing secret because if we really had something, we wanted to do it ourselves without a lot of eager beavers elbowing in. And, besides, if the old geezer who ran the airfield heard about it, instead of helping us, he would probably can us as a couple of crackpots. We knew we'd need all the dough we could get and at that point we didn't have enough between us to buy an electric train set.

You know how things were after the war—fellows coming back from the Army with big ideas about what they were going to do but somehow never quite getting around to doing it. It was like that with us, too, except that until this Cub deal came along neither of us had had any particularly big ideas. We were just a couple of pilots—war surplus—out of the Air Corps. Cliff was thinking about taking up mechanical engineering and had enrolled at the University of Maryland; George had his eye halfway focused on a job with the Civil Aeronautics Authority—flight instructor, maybe. So we drifted into the aviation-school racket, teaching civilians how to fly. That's how we came to meet, at this flying school.

Meet George and Cliff

It's funny, come to think of it, that we became friends because we're different types. George is thirty-nine, born in Saskatchewan, a chunky, fast-talking, cocky, "what-happens-happens" sort, who has had a restless hand in everything from the bar-and-grill business to motorcycle hill climbing. Cliff is twenty-seven, born in Washington, D.C. (descendant of Sir Walter Scott, according to the records), a mild, open-faced blond fellow who was too runty ever to excel in school sports and who liked to lose himself in the world of Verne, Defoe and the others, before Walter Mitty came along. But we both love to fly. Somehow this idea of going around the world in pocket planes intrigued both of us and before we knew it, it had become a kind of cause.

It's easy to see now that the toughest part was the long months before we ever started, when we had nothing more than a pencil and paper and the idea, when everybody laughed at us as nuts or swore at us as nuisances.

Our wives, naturally, tried to spike the project at first, too. "Over my dead body," Doris, Cliff's wife, said, and Loa Truman's reaction was a reasonable facsimile. But finally they gave in and helped us beautifully.

Cliff calculated that the Cub's backseat space could be converted into an auxiliary gas tank holding about 100 gallons. (In the end engineers worked out a total gas load of 140 gallons allowing a range of 2,600 miles with 26 hours in the air.) We rechecked the maps and satisfied ourselves that, technically, it could be done.

What we needed at that point was an angel with a bank roll. We had to get to the big wheels, the key people in the aviation industry. But we didn't even know people who knew people. That was how we came to get tied up with the baby sitters.

One of George's pupils was a pert and pretty little brunette named Jane Marilley. A couple of her remarks in conversation indicated that she was

INTERNATIONAL

With the Atlantic Ocean behind them, Evans (left) and Truman get a snack in the Croydon Airport bar. Their arrival surprised the field's operations officer

ACME

In Hedel, Holland, Evans (at extreme right) is given a ride on a farmer's cart. Hedel has been adopted by the Washington, D.C., church Evans belongs to

acquainted with some of the officials of the Piper Cub plant at Lock Haven, Pennsylvania. George decided to confide our plan to her and ask her to help us. She enthused, with qualifications. She did know the Piper people; as an erstwhile aviation writer she had taken some flying lessons there. She would put us in touch with them, she said, and that was all, because she and a friend, Kathryn Turner, were about to open a personal-service business in Washington which included answering phones for people, minding their babies and stuff like that but not being nurses to world fliers.

They knew nothing about the universe of press agents and promoters. They know plenty now.

All we wanted Piper to do was to give us two planes and enough cash to cover our expenses, plus something for ourselves after it was all over. Even so, our first contact with the company was not discouraging. They nibbled, but with their guard up. "See what the Lycoming people say about furnishing the motors," they said (Lycoming engines are standard equipment on Super Cruisers), "and then we'll talk about whether we can supply the planes." The engine people said the same thing, in reverse, and the merry-go-round began.

Meanwhile we scraped together what cash we could. Cliff tapped his modest savings, sold his old car for $150 and borrowed from relatives. George liquidated some government bonds and mortgaged the auto trailer the Trumans live in in Washington.

Doris had only recently presented Cliff with a second daughter and in the midst of all this, Loa Truman gave birth to twin girls. And the boss at the airport put us both on part time, figuring, apparently, that we couldn't keep our minds on our work. We did manage to persuade Jane and Kay to become our managers with their expenses guaranteed.

Just as things began to look up, the plane and engine people reneged. They had had time to think it over. People were spending money, they admitted, but not for private planes. Postwar cutbacks had handed the aviation industry a terrible wallop, and a couple of goofs disappearing in the Indian Ocean in planes built for the cattle ranch and commuting trade wouldn't help matters a bit. The answer, in short, was no.

We might have quit then but Jane and Kay, femininely persistent over their first account, wouldn't let us. We made a list of every single company

(Continued on page 56)

While George Truman looks on, Evans (right) hands their passports to an official at the airport in torrid Dhahren, the big Arabian-American Oil Company town in Saudi Arabia. The fliers were soon to be tangled up in days of red tape because local regulations covered military and commercial planes but not their Piper Cubs

THE PECULIAR QUEST OF DANNY O'HARE

A dutiful son can put up with just so much from his old man. After that it's the old man's turn to be a good boy

BY JOHN AND WARD HAWKINS

TOM O'HARE drove fast and well. He was tired and in a hurry—tired of being a one-man rescue party, and in a hurry to get home. Hurling the convertible down the black road in the middle of the night Tom glanced at his father crumpled in an uneasy sleep.

Danny O'Hare was a man past fifty. Forty-five was all you could see; fifty was all he'd ever admit, and that only when he met a man who knew he'd been a walking boss on the Snake River bridge in 1910. He was small, pocket-size, and slightly bald. His lean and weathered face bore a nick here and a scar there—the marks of a lot of years in construction—but he hadn't lost a pound of steam anywhere along the way. There was still plenty of spring in his knees and plenty of pop and bang in the way he pushed a job.

Tom O'Hare sighed. He was twenty-five, and almost twice his father's size. He had his father's blue eyes and Irish face. The rest, the bone and size of him, had come from his mother, God rest her soul. He had her red hair, her freckles and her air of responsibility. He had, too, as a legacy, the cross to bear that was Danny O'Hare.

She was a better hand for the job, he thought.

He remembered Sarah O'Hare well, for she hadn't died until his fifteenth year. She'd been the woman for Danny, no doubt about that. Just the right combination of servant, mate and master. A silk pillow had been Danny's throne in Sarah's house. She'd loved him, doctored him, waited on him—as long as he stayed put on the pillow. But when his eye had wandered after a switching hip, when he'd come in loop-legged after a few too many, Sarah had boxed his ears until his head rang like a firehouse gong.

It hadn't happened often, but in her day Sarah could lay a heavy hand on Danny when it was needed. Tom O'Hare couldn't do that. A man can't smack his father around; not, at least, if he's Sarah O'Hare's boy. A son of Sarah's said sir, or made a trip to the woodshed. Tom O'Hare had grown past the sir, past the woodshed. Now he growled. He very often threatened violence. But at the end, at the root of it, Danny O'Hare was still his father, still the boss.

Danny slept.

He was still sleeping when Tom O'Hare parked the car near the tool shack, a half hour before whistle time the next morning. There had been moments of near wakefulness when Tom had hauled him out of the car and put him to bed. Again when Tom had hauled him out of bed, a short three hours later, and put him back in the car. Now, shaking Danny awake, Tom was anything but gentle.

"The wages of sin," he said, "is death."

Danny sat up and rubbed his face with his hands. He looked around and saw the tool shack, the gate; he made a show of energy. "All right, let's go to work." He got out of the car briskly. His legs sagged; he went almost to his knees. He turned, clinging to the door for support, and got back in the car.

"Son," he said, "I think I'm gonna die."

"Go ahead," Tom said. "Die."

"If I had about that much—" Danny O'Hare held up two fingers. "A small nip to nail me together. . . ."

He had the small nip. Then, quickly and before Tom could grab the flask, he had another. Color came back to his cheeks; a brightness returned to his eye. He got out of the car again, and this time he was able to stand. He walked, surprisingly enough, with some vigor. He went through the gate and down the fence to the tool shack. Tom O'Hare followed his father, and the set of his jaw was grim.

Most of the crew were on the job before them. Perhaps twenty-five men were in and around the tool shack, putting on caulked boots, overalls, getting tools together. They were talking of small things, ribbing one another roughly and without mercy. Tom O'Hare heard his father's name mentioned as they approached. The comment, while good-natured, was profane and unflattering. The crew saw Danny and Tom then, and silence immediately fell upon the group.

All eyes went to Danny's shiner.

The men knew Danny well. Some of them had worked his jobs for twenty years or more. Any of them could have come up with a fairly accurate guess at the course of Danny's past few days: the stop for a short beer; the big redheaded woman who'd come along, a number of bottles later, to complete the combination that would fetch Danny up with a black eye. It had happened before. A number of times before. Danny's shiner was a golden opportunity for a rib of proportions. Every man on the crew knew that, but not one of them spoke. Tom O'Hare was standing behind his father, and one look at him—the set of his jaw, the forward thrust of his shoulders, his deep scowl—made the men decide against ribbing Danny O'Hare. The silence was broken, finally, by one of the older and wiser men.

"Mornin', Danny," he said quietly. "Feelin' better?"

"Feelin' fine," Danny said.

Any other morning he would have stopped to bat the breeze with the crew until whistle time. Not this morning. He went into the tool shack with as much hustle as he could manage. His manner was at once grave and hurried; it was assumed to convince the crew that he, as boss of the job, had many serious and difficult problems demanding his immediate attention. He got blueprints from the rack, spread them on the table. He sharpened a pencil, found a pad of paper, pushed back his hat.

"Let's have it quiet," he said. "I got some figurin' to do."

DANNY figured until the whistle blew, then stopped only long enough to put his head out the door and yell, "Go to work, damn it!" The men went to work. Tom O'Hare waited until the last of them was busy before he spoke quietly to his father.

"You're kiddin' nobody with that pencil," he said. "Come on down where the work's at. I'll show you what I've got done, and what needs doin'."

Together, they went down on the half-completed dock. New lumber was stacked where the deck had been laid: twelve-by-twelve caps, eight-by-eighteen stringers, four-by-twelve planking. Danny O'Hare ran a practiced eye over truckloads of lumber, piled in what seemed a haphazard assortment, but actually with careful calculation. He spat thoughtfully.

"Got any more bracin' ordered?"

"The sawmill promised they'd cut it today," Tom said. "It should be here by noon."

And he looked at his father with some approval. Only a good hand and a sharp one would have spotted that shortage. There was life in the old rip yet. That opinion was strengthened as they went over the job. Danny stopped to watch two men frame a timber. Both were old heads; both had been pilebucks for years. Danny looked at the timber, twenty-odd feet of it. He looked at the space into which it was supposed to fit. Then he scratched his head and grinned.

"John," he said, "four bits gets you a buck it's a foot short."

John didn't bet; he knew Danny too well. He got a metal tape from his pocket, gave one end to his partner and measured the space. "Twenty-four, six and three eighths." He measured the timber. "Twenty—ah—three . . . Danny, I must've read the wrong foot."

"What th' hell," Danny said. "Happens to everybody. Frame another timber, an' save this one for a shorter hole."

Farther on, Danny paused to watch a young man, a new hand, trying to use an adze. He stopped the boy and took the adze away from him. For five minutes, he talked and demonstrated and when he had finished, the boy had learned much about a difficult and dangerous tool. Danny stopped next at the edge of the dock to look down at a man who was supposed to be shackling fender logs. The man was leaning against a piling, smoking and staring idly across the river.

"All right, Blackie," Danny called. "Come outa there an' get your time."

"Danny, I was just takin' five—"

"You heard me!"

Moving on with Tom O'Hare, Danny growled, "That's the laziest man in the local. I don't know why I hire him."

TWO drivers were punching the long piling that made the dock. One was a water rig—a pile driver built on a floating barge—the other was a skid rig that moved along atop piling, cut off and capped as each bent was driven. Danny watched two men of the skid-rig crew rigging a cable to draw two piling into line beneath the cap. With the chokers and blocks in place, one of the men signaled the operator to take up the slack. The steam winch panted softly; the cable came taut. The enormous force began to bend the piling.

Suddenly, Danny yelled, "Hold that!"

He turned on his son, angrily. "You goin' to stand there an' let them bust that stick with that Joe Magee rig?"

Mildly, Tom said, "I can't do the rigging and boss the job at the same time."

"You're not the boss," Danny snapped. "I am!"

Tom grinned. "That's all I wanted to know."

He left Danny and moved lightly across the tie planks to the cap. Dropping to the scaffold where the two men were working, he signaled for slack, and rigged the hitch properly. Signaling again, he got the power that drew the piling smoothly and safely into place. When he looked up, Danny had moved on to tell a bracing crew how he wanted the braces hung. Danny was working . . .

Tom O'Hare finished the morning at his usual task, working the front end of the skid rig. At noon, he sat beside Danny while they were eating lunch. Danny ate very little. He was gray of face, weary, and he rubbed the back of his neck as if it hurt tremendously. The whistle sent the crew back to work. Twice in the next hour, Tom saw Danny moving about the job. And then Danny was gone.

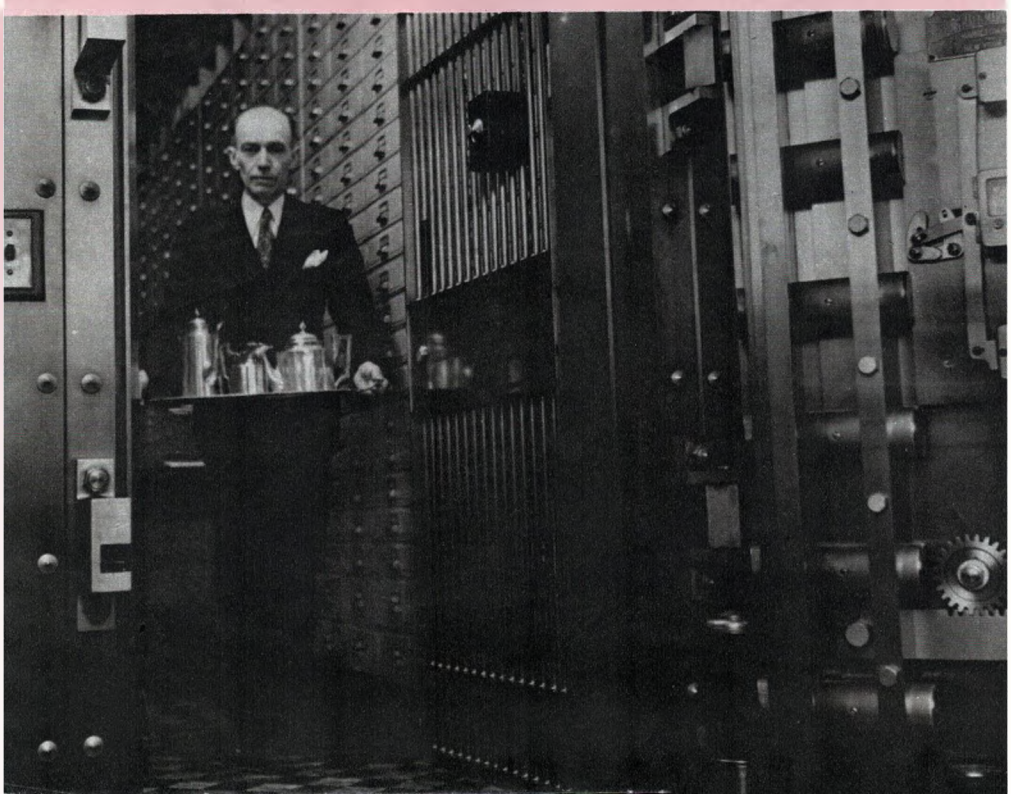
"Take over," Tom told the man who worked the front end in his absence. "Reckon I'm snapper again."

He couldn't find Danny O'Hare, though he went over the job thoroughly—the tool-and-time shack, the catwalks beneath the dock, the toolroom back of the boiler on the water rig. Tom O'Hare kept the men busy, the job rolling. It was four o'clock when he left the dock to telephone a lumber order from the tool shack. He found Felix Johnson sitting on an empty nail keg in a spot of sunshine there. Felix should have *(Continued on page 68)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ERNEST CHIRIAKA

Tom was checking a blueprint when a woman walked past on the sidewalk. The evening wind was blowing her red hair about her face and shoulders

Appraisers of the New York Provident Loan Society (above) examine objects of value, while the owners, seeking to pledge them for loans, look on. Below, a Provident employee brings a silver set into a vault to be stored



THE

A SILVER ingot, a diamond necklace, a letter signed by President Roosevelt, a microscope and a fountain pen were among the objects passed over the counters of a single lending institution during 1946 in pledge as security for loans ranging from a single dollar to $25,000. The borrowers were a speculator in surplus war property who had melted down emergency silver bus bars; a French judge starting business in America; a diplomat short of cash; a scientist who needed a car; and a housewife who had shopped until she didn't have enough carfare to get home.

That institution was the Provident Loan Society of New York, which during the year lent $10,000,000 to 181,000 people in and out of the United States at the record low interest rate of nine per cent a year. Increased operating costs will require raising the interest rates this year.

No trinity of spheres marks the business place of the biggest "uncle" in the world, nor do any ukuleles adorn its sober plate-glass windows. Its 17 clean-cut buildings, standing primly in the midst of some of New York's worst slums, are often taken for natty banks. Few borrowers know that the society was founded as a charity 54 years ago by Wall Street figures accustomed to lending on railroads, mines and acres sown with skyscrapers.

In the New York of Clarence Day's father, pawnbroking was not regulated and the loan sharks were, at unconscionable interest rates, exploiting the public during the panic of 1893. Visitors to the poor were shocked at the interest rates distressed families had to pay to retrieve tools and necessary household implements which they had pledged in desperation to get the price of a week's groceries.

Methods of Crooked Lenders

Some loan sharks were finding ingenious ways of increasing their harvest by charging fees for "special care" of collateral. If an ordinary pledger defaulted by so much as a single day, he was fined and sometimes his property was sold for more than the amount of the loan so that the loan shark could pocket the difference. Many of the operators, situated in teeming slum districts, were on good terms with petty thieves and not above switching a gold wedding ring for a brass one themselves.

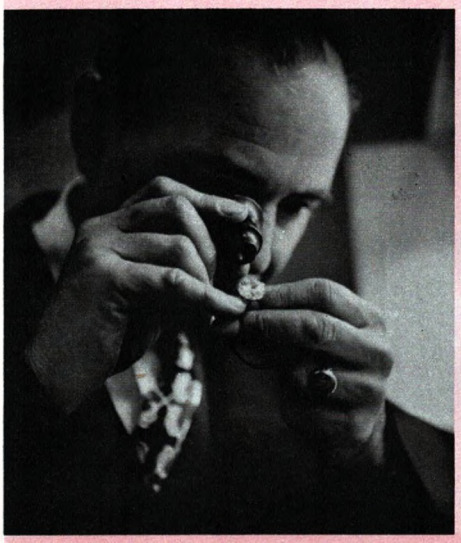
Indignant charity workers brought information of this sort to the Charity Organization Society of the City of New York (now the Community Service Society) and their friends—men like J. P. Morgan, Cornelius Vanderbilt, Robert W. de Forest, Otto T. Bannard, August Belmont, George F. Baker and James Speyer. Financiers themselves, these men examined their lowly colleagues, collectively, with a fishy eye. Pawnbroking rates appalled them almost as much as the unbusinesslike pawnbroking manners and methods. Some of them knew that matters were ordered better in France, where municipalities ran the *monts-de-piété* (public pawnbrokers) originally started by medieval monks as poor men's hock shops.

A committee appointed to look into the business reported that a bank for

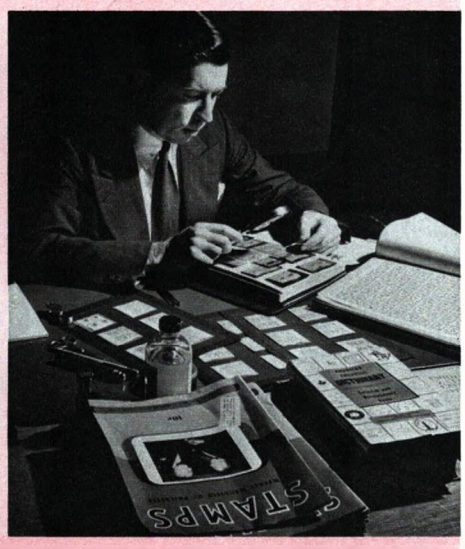
PROVIDENTIAL PROVIDENT

BY CAROLINE BIRD

A New York loan society, dedicated to benevolent pledge loaning, has given aid and comfort to rich and poor alike in their periods of financial bereavement. The Provident Loan was organized 54 years ago to rescue the needy from greedy "uncles" in the city's slums



A Loan Society jewelry expert examines a 7-carat diamond to be sure of its worth before a loan is approved



Stamp collections are often used as pawns for loans. Provident people must have wide knowledge of values

the worthy poor ought to make both ends meet on interest rates low enough to drive the Shylocks out of business, or make them cut their exorbitant charges.

In no time $100,000 was subscribed to start a nonprofit pledge loan institution which, to quote an organizing committeeman, "should not open its doors to the thief or help to melt the wedding ring into drink, but which should be the poor man's bank, the place to which he could go when he had been robbed of his tools, when he had been smitten with sickness, or when he saw before him a chance of rising from man to master by borrowing a little capital to start a little shop." At the very least, the venture should have the moral advantage of preventing "poor but decent people from coming into contact with the pawnbrokers and their friends."

Sharks Try to Discredit Plan

No one paid any attention to the loan sharks and their charges that wealthy men were investing their money at an advantage under the guise of charity. In 1894 the State of New York chartered the Provident Loan Society.

Since then the society has made more than 20,000,000 loans in the amount of over a billion dollars, among the borrowers have been presidents of corporations listed on the big board, internationally known movie stars, and society matrons who frequented Fifth Avenue mansions. None of them regarded himself as an object of charity. One mistress of a country estate recently pledged enough big-time jewelry to tide *her* favorite charity over a $15,000 emergency. But most of the carriage trade borrow because they need the money themselves.

A lady whom tabloid readers could not imagine in financial straits of any kind asked and got $86,000 to promote an invention her son could not finance at a bank. A foreign merchant, seeking to get himself out of a tax jam, topped this with a loan of approximately $150,000. Many smaller taxpayers who have spent their earnings turn to the Provident Loan when income tax deadlines roll around.

A surprising number of the borrowers are coupon clippers who can't make both ends meet between interest dates. One of them was a woman, living on the income from a trust, who spent her prewar days traveling through Europe with an entourage of chauffeurs, maids and companions. She foresaw financial difficulties and to solve the problem pledged all her jewelry at Provident. When she was short, she cabled the society for a loan of a few thousand dollars against her jewels. Then, as money came in, she floated the loan down. None of her friends will ever be the wiser, for the society does not talk.

Some heavy borrowers don't care whether people know they're in hock or not. In her autobiography Evalyn Walsh McLean boasted that her 40-carat diamonds had been in and out of every hock shop in town. Once she stripped a brace of emerald bracelets from her arms and pulled the Hope diamond from beneath her brassière to raise a ransom for the Lindbergh baby.

Wealthy borrowers in six-figure jams have helped make Provident Loan a financial success. All but a few thousand dollars of the original contributions have been repaid, and the present capital of $10,000,000 is almost all earned surplus. Perhaps the well-heeled founders didn't think of it that way, but when a rich man needs cash fast and no questions asked, he also usually needs it in quantities which would raise eyebrows in the usual sources.

At Provident, where administration is geared to the five-and-ten trade, his wants can be supplied with profit. The low interest rate has attracted pawnbroking business from cities all over the United States as well as from China, India, South America and Europe. It is such large-sized transactions that make it possible for the society to make 30 per cent of its loans for amounts under $15.

On one occasion an old lady who had obviously seen better days trudged into the office with a corset box under each arm. She insisted on seeing the manager, before whose startled eyes she spilled a blinding heap of precious stones. She wanted $300,000. Calculating rapidly, the feverish official agreed that the treasure was worth a loan for that amount. But there was one hitch. This deal would involve too much money for the times. Call money in those days was bringing 20 per cent, and big borrowers were making enormous demands on the society's assets.

"I couldn't be sorrier," he finally answered gently, "but we're chartered as a poor man's bank. If we took care of you, we would have to turn away thousands of people who need $5 and $10 as much as you need a million."

A Noted Author in Distress

Theodore Dreiser is one of the needy whom the society has rescued from starvation.

"The clerk seemed hardly to look at me," he wrote later. "He put the glass in his eye and examined my watch. I was thinking perhaps he would give me a dollar, but I warned myself, 'Don't count on more than 50 cents.' After looking at the watch, the clerk asked for my name and address. Then he pushed the paper over to me. It was marked $25. Imagine!

"I bought a pair of shoes for $2. The shoes I'd had were very far gone. And my hat had blown off in a subway. I bought a hat, and a room at the Mills Hotel at 25 cents a night. I felt a slight return of confidence."

A man whose experience was similar appears every year to pay nine pennies in interest on an overcoat he pledged nine years ago for a dollar. The society would like to return it to him as a gift, but he is afraid to break the good luck launched by his first and only pledge loan.

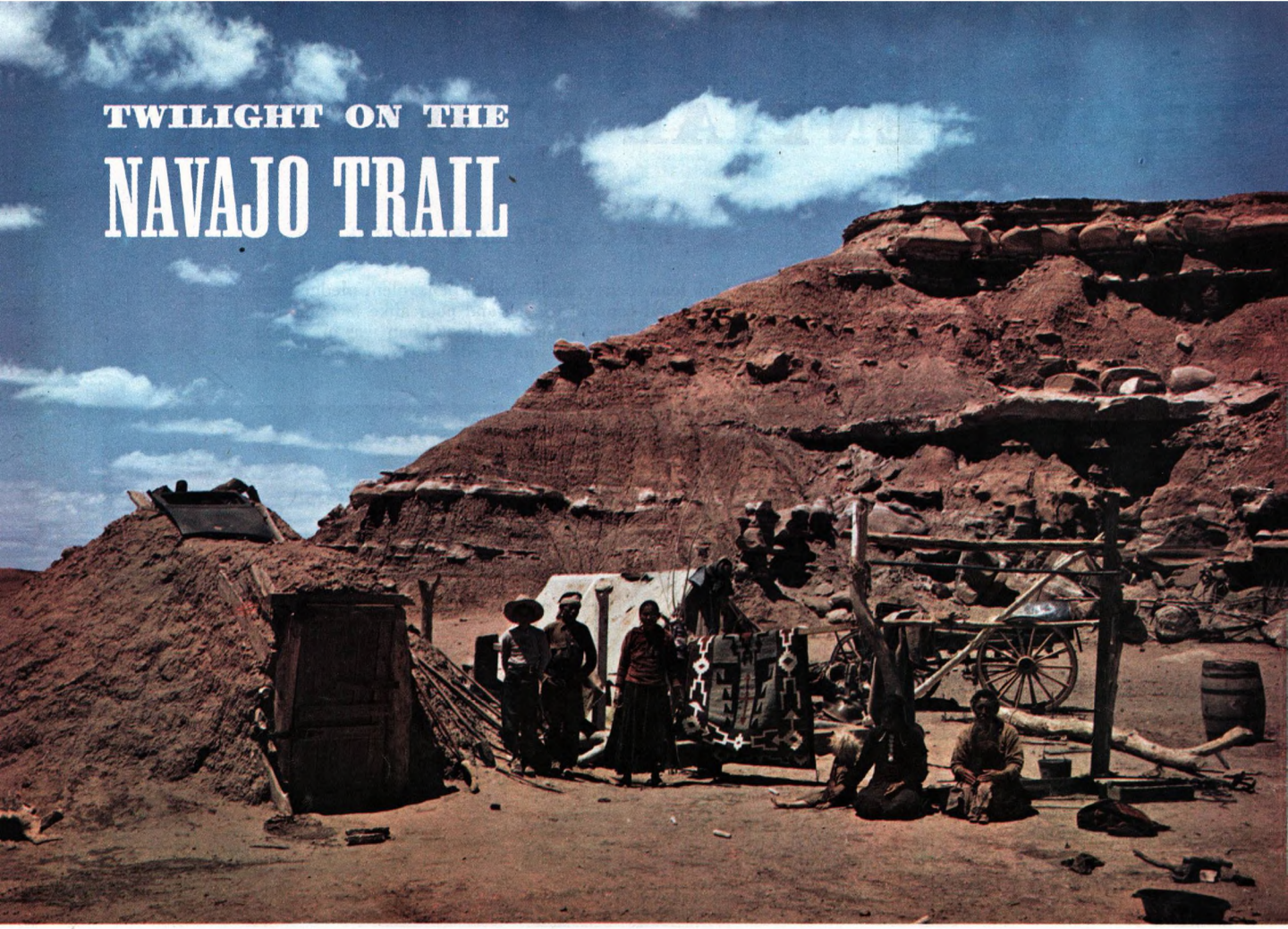
Less sentimental people think of Provident merely as a responsible place in which to leave the family plate while on vacations. So many of them have designs on the vaults that the number of loans shows a sharp rise in June. Hundreds of draftees had the same idea when they had to leave cherished possessions behind them. A lot of these pledges killed two birds with one stone, of course, as in the case of the stamp collector who helped finance a trip to Guatemala by leaving his albums where he knew they would be safe. The society is installing cold-storage vaults so that loans can be made on fur coats.

Once a well-dressed woman and her daughter rushed into a Provident Loan office and excitedly emptied the contents of their handbags—marquise rings, ruby clips, straight-line diamond bracelets. Half an hour later they arrived at a dress factory on Seventh Avenue with $10,000 worth of small bills. They had needed the cash to meet the pay roll. Many a medium-sized manufacturer buys his wife

(Continued on page 72)

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY MYRON EHRENBERG

TWILIGHT ON THE NAVAJO TRAIL



A typical Navajo family in front of their hogan. Note the loom for weaving rugs. Most Indians sell their rugs to white traders, who make a tidy profit

BY JIM MARSHALL

The only way that fifty-five thousand American Indians could get help from their own country was to come close to the point of starvation. Now there's help on the way, but the problem is one that will pop up again next winter

THE poor old Navajo, depicted for years as a "vanishing American," or as a quaint relic of a hardier age, got himself rediscovered a few weeks ago. But he had to come close to downright starvation to do it. Now Congress has passed a bill appropriating $2,000,000 for his relief, and he has millions of friends, all sending him beans and corn, old shoes and pants and letters of apology for neglecting his plight while breathing heavily about people all over the known world. How long these friends might last, the Navajo didn't know—but the record of years of dealings between white man and red didn't hold out much hope. To the Navajo, Uncle Sam was Chief Broken Treaties—and richly he deserved the title.

For years the Navajo had been going from bad to worse on his 16,000,000-acre reservation, mainly in New Mexico and Arizona, but lapping over into Colorado and Utah. The Indian Bureau from its elegant G.H.Q. seemed able to do little or nothing, except make recommendations and ask for more money. Finally newspapers like the Denver Post, the Arizona Republic, the Gallup Independent and the Los Angeles Examiner sent good reporters into the reservation. They came back with stories that started things moving.

The people of Colorado, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, California and other Western states organized to pour food and clothing into the hogans. The Friendship Train, carrying thousands of tons of food past the half-starving Navajos, became a springboard for letters to newspapers from Ogden to San Diego. The writers asked acidly why, if Americans were shipping heavy food tonnages to foreigners, they couldn't spare a few tons for native Americans who were suffering just as badly, and in some cases worse.

It wasn't long before money, food and clothing began to pile up at various points. Truckers rolled cargoes onto the reserve; cargo planes flew in canned goods, coffee, flour, corn meal and sugar. Planes flew from Hollywood. Convoys rolled from Denver and Salt Lake, Los Angeles and Phoenix. School kids, ex-G.I.s, labor unions and others joined in. By late December it seemed the unlucky tribesmen might pull through the worst of the winter.

The Indian Bureau's estimate is that the huge reaches of the reservation can support fewer than 7,500 Navajos. Somewhere around 55,000 Indians are trying to make a living on it. It was not always thus.

Lush grass covered the plains when the tribesmen were herded onto them after the United States Army, scouted by Kit Carson, finally defeated them after years of bitter guerrilla warfare. There was plenty of timber then, and enough water. The warriors and their wives and children accumulated sheep by the thousand, leading nomadic lives, wandering around following the grass. There was enough for everyone, and sentimentalists, viewing this pastoral scene, spoke feelingly of "the vanishing American."

Only he didn't vanish. He multiplied, and so did his flocks. Parts of the reserve became overgrazed. The grass vanished; the trees were cut down for firewood, with no reforestation. Rains ate gullies in the bare earth and, when the sun came out, dust storms carried away the topsoil. The water holes dried up. Then the government planners stepped in, having done nothing to halt the wrecking of the range while it was in progress.

People in Washington who knew nothing of sheep raising made rules. Sheep were slaughtered by the thousand; some tribesmen who had owned two hundred were left with twenty. A "ceiling"—a new bureaucratic word—was placed on flocks. A Navajo family can't possibly get along on less than a couple of hundred sheep, and in the worst parts of the reserve today one sheep will eat everything that grows on a hundred acres. What this means is that community life is wellnigh impossible; the flocks have to be scattered and kept moving just to live.

In some reservation sections the

PHOTOGRAPHS BY McLAUGHLIN AND CO.

tribesmen are limited by edict to as low as sixty-one sheep to a family. Sixty-one sheep won't support one person, let alone five or six.

In the United States outside the reservation there are never more than a couple of deaths from starvation in a typical year. Among the Navajos the list runs to scores each year.

There is no agreement about what ought to be done. James M. Stewart, until recently the superintendent of the reservation, wanted to scatter an apparent excess population out into the surrounding states. He said the old folks wouldn't go, but the youngsters would and that he had a waiting list of several hundred applicants for off-reservation lands.

High Profits for Traders

White traders, on the other hand, jeer at the idea and want more federal money poured into the place for wells, irrigation, reforestation, education, health and so forth. The traders, who make excellent livelihoods by buying blankets, rugs and silver and turquoise jewelry cheap and selling it at high figures, naturally don't want this system disturbed. They tell you "the Indians wouldn't be happy anywhere else." But it is a fact that until Congress took action to send relief, a large-scale Navajo emigration had threatened to develop.

Among the take-'em-off-the-reservation advocates is Representative Richard F. Harless of Arizona, who wants a system of job-training installed on the reserve so that the tribesmen can learn a trade and go out into the world and make a living. Mr. Harless thinks that "their salvation lies in escaping the confines of the reservation. It's like a prison to them."

The states are, as a whole, against having the problem unloaded onto their taxpayers' shoulders. A large body of public opinion, especially in small Arizona and New Mexico towns, still speaks of the Indians as "pesky," and gives them low rating in most virtues. On the other hand, those who work with the Navajos, even the white traders, give them high marks for industry, honesty and minding their own business.

What probably is the majority opinion in the Southwest was summed up recently by Eugene C. Pulliam's Arizona Republic, the leading newspaper in Phoenix. The Republic editorialized:

"It is inconceivable—however true—that federal Indian policy could be so negligent that thousands of Navajo Indians are in hunger and many in danger of starvation this winter. There are hungry children in miserable hogans on the snow-covered desert reservation.

"The facts are clear that the Navajos' hunger is no great fault of their own. Conditions on the reservation are largely the result of the federal government's injustice. In a land of plenty we have the paradox of native Americans unable to make a living for themselves for lack of education and lack of physical resources.

"Federal failure has been followed by attempts to shift the burden and responsibility of saving the Navajo to the states of Arizona and New Mexico. The people of these sister states resist that effort, as an obligation of government, but the hearts of our people are not calloused to the hunger and cold of the Navajo."

Arizona and New Mexico, by the way, are the only two states in the Union that won't allow Indians to vote. Taxation? Sure. Representation? No.

The history of treaties between Washington and the Navajo is the shameful old story: Washington broke every treaty it ever made with the tribes. In 1868, for example, the federal government promised to provide a school and a teacher for every thirty Navajo children between six and sixteen. There were only about 7,000 Navajos then, but by 1932 they had increased to more than 40,000 and there were schools for only half their children.

Then fifty schools were built suddenly at high cost. Some of them were dumped down miles from water; others on desolate reservation stretches far from any settlement. There weren't enough teachers, and many of the buildings simply crumbled away unused. Today, with around 21,000 children of school age, the Navajos are sending only 5,000 to school.

This school situation is the basis of a Navajo claim for $39,000,000 against the government. Their chiefs argue that the government, in its treaty, agreed to spend at least $100 a year on each scholar, and has failed to do this by 391,000 "pupil-years."

There is, of course, practically no chance that the tribesmen will get this bonanza, or any part of it. It is just a dramatic talking point to focus attention on the situation.

General William Tecumseh Sherman got the Navajos started in the late sixties when he saw them resettled on the land from which they had been driven after the War between the States and gave them 15,000 sheep and goats and 500 beef cattle. He also arranged for a $5 annual handout in cash, plus $10 worth of equipment to encourage farming. The general was the man, too, who signed the treaty promising the tribesmen a teacher and school for every thirty children.

A Victim of Statistics

In 1868 the politicians of the Indian Bureau classed the Navajo as a fine, self-reliant American: by 1948 they had reduced him to a statistic. Once a self-supporting and prosperous nomad, he had become a decimal point in endless columns of figures produced at huge cost by battalions of inspectors, agronomists, supervisors, crop experts, eurythmic dancers, folklore enthusiasts and earnest people determined to turn him into a production-line worker in imaginary industries. He had been studied, surveyed, inspected, exhorted, robbed, exploited, bawled out, wept over and ruined almost beyond redemption.

All there was to show for the meddling was a once rich empire almost as big as New England reduced to a near-barren waste, peopled by gaunt women, discouraged men and hungry children saved from starvation by private charity.

Through the years the heads of the Indian Bureau tried their hardest to keep the Navajos primitive as "interesting museum pieces." One result of this showed up in the fall of 1947 when the Santa Fe Railroad, already employing 6,500 Indians, tried to get 2,300 more; and Arizona cotton growers put in a bid for at least 500. No one responded. The Navajos were too busy being primitive with tribal rites, folk songs and native dancing—which they had for years been encouraged to make their lifework. Even tribesmen who do go outside to work knock off at regular intervals to return to the

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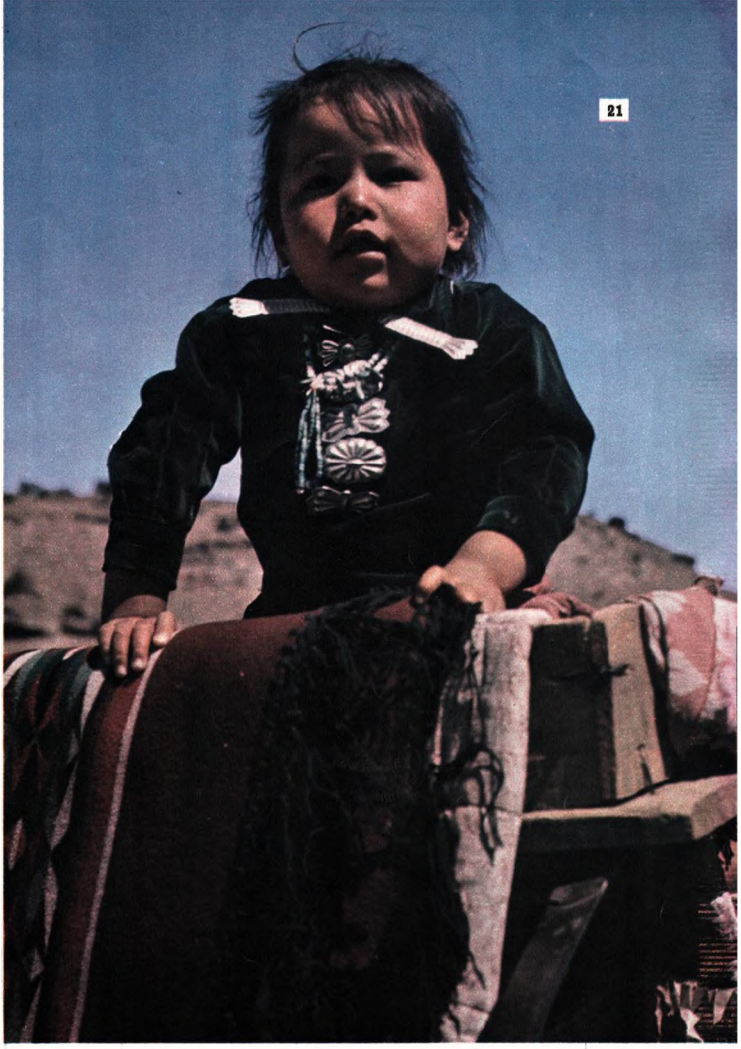


Little Juanita Smith (above) isn't yet ready for school. But 21,000 of her tribesmen are, and only about 5,000 of them are being educated today. Below, Norma Grissom instructs 16-year-old Dorothy Harris at the Phoenix School

RUM FOR DINNER

BY LAWRENCE G. BLOCHMAN

Dr. Dan Coffee, specialist in the mysteries of life, takes time out to investigate the mystery of a sudden death

THE emergency-duty intern looked at the man in the back seat of the car. "Sorry, madam," he said, shaking his head. "There's nothing I can do."

"But you must!" The woman at the wheel made an imperious gesture that glittered expensively. "He's quite ill."

"He's dead," said the intern.

"That's impossible," the woman said. "He was dining with me tonight and he took ill about an hour ago. You must admit him."

The intern hooked his stethoscope into his ears and leaned over the man in the dinner jacket. He unfastened the pearl studs and slipped the microphone inside the man's pleated silk shirt.

He listened in silence, then turned to the woman again. "Sorry, but we can't accept dead-on-arrival cases."

The woman got out of the car. Her evening cape of midnight-blue velvet had slipped down, revealing one alabaster shoulder and an important constellation of first-magnitude jewels which twinkled at the low horizon of her dinner gown. There was a cold, almost inhuman beauty in the pale symmetry of her fine features.

"You *must* take care of Mr. Otto," she said. "Perhaps you do not know who I am. I'm Madeline Starkey—Mrs. Herbert Starkey."

The intern glanced at the impressive display of precious stones flashing blue-white fire for his benefit, but he did not seem to be impressed. He

The nurses had been popping into the pathology laboratory with unusual frequency and at the slightest excuse since Dr. Mookerji's arrival

merely stepped to the telephone at the entrance and called the Northbank police.

"This is Pasteur Hospital," said the intern. "A lady just drove up with a dead man in her car. Yes, D.O.A. I can't make her understand this is a hospital, not a morgue. Better send the wagon."

Mrs. Starkey felt suddenly faint—although she seemed considerably stronger than the two red-faced gentlemen in dinner clothes who got out of the car behind hers.

"I'll drive you home, darling," said the red-faced man with the paunch and the graying hair.

"You and Sydney stay here with poor Mr. Otto," said Mrs. Starkey. "I'll drive your car home."

As Mrs. Starkey backed noisily out of the hospital driveway, the man called Sydney climbed unsteadily into the car with the late Mr. Otto and promptly fell asleep.

The red-faced gentleman with the paunch approached the intern. "I'm Herbert Starkey," he said thickly. "So don't spare any expense in—"

"The police will be here shortly," said the intern.

NEXT morning, Dr. Daniel Webster Coffee, pathologist for Pasteur Hospital, was thoughtful as he returned to his laboratory from Operating Room B. He had just listened to a long and voluble complaint by a surgeon about his new resident pathologist. There had been other complaints about the new intern, Dr. Motilal Mookerji, on scholarship from Calcutta Medical College—most of them based on the fact that Dr. Mookerji was a Hindu. Dr. Coffee was confident that the new resident would work out all right, although he had to admit that the shakedown period was a little difficult. The Hindu intern was not only learning laboratory medicine and American hospital routine, but also the American language.

Dr. Mookerji spoke an English of sorts—a high-flown, ornate, peculiar idiom he himself called "Babu English," pronounced with what he apologized for as a *chi-chi* accent, and blended with the Americanisms he was rapidly acquiring. Dr. Mookerji was well on his way to becoming the linguistic wonder of the century. He was already the popular wonder of Pasteur Hospital, and, to a lesser extent, of all Northbank. Any Hindu would be a novelty in the brick-paved streets of the Middle Western city of Northbank, and a Hindu who was almost perfectly spherical in shape was a positive sensation. Dr. Mookerji was not only spheroidal; he was a diminutive spheroid; the summit of the huge pink turban which he wore with his Occidental clothes came only to the shoulders of tall, sandy-haired Dr. Coffee.

Dr. Mookerji was probably in his late twenties, although he could have been forty. The babylike rotundity of his ageless, olive-tinted face was given romantic maturity by the dark circles under his clear brown eyes. His long, dark eyelashes were the envy of every nurse at Pasteur Hospital. The nurses, in fact, had been popping into the pathology laboratory with unusual frequency and at the slightest excuse since the Hindu's arrival, no doubt on the chance that they would find him performing the Indian rope trick, or telling fortunes from the smoke of sandalwood incense.

Despite his queer personal topography and his exotic castigation of the President's English, the Hindu was going to make a first-rate pathologist. Dr. Coffee was convinced that he knew his bacteriology and histology, that he had a quick diagnostic eye, the same fine scientific curiosity and the same dogged patience that characterized such Hindu minds as C. V. Raman, Jagadish Chandra Bose, and P. C. Roy.

"Welcome, Doctor Sahib, five times welcome," said Dr. Mookerji, as Dr. Coffee entered the laboratory. "Was hoping for early arrival because am somewhat nonplused by parcel just now delivered to laboratory by small-size messenger boy."

"What parcel, Doctor?" Dan Coffee asked.

"Having taken slight liberty of unpackaging said package," said Dr. Mookerji, "am able to report contents as consisting of semiprivate anatomical specimens as follows, to wit— Item: one stomach. Item: one liberal portion of gentleman's liver. Item: one complete cerebrum with cerebellum attached. Item: one glass jar enclosing assorted personal organs, all somewhat fragmentary. However, regret to state, Doctor, that could discover no card enclosed. Was unable to unearth further clues to identity of owner of said detached anatomy."

"That must be the police case that Lieutenant Ritter phoned me about last night," said Dr. Coffee. "They want us to make an analysis for suspected poisoning."

"Police?" exclaimed Dr. Mookerji. "Do not American police officials analyze own poisons?"

"Not in Northbank. The Northbank Police have a beautiful new jail and a fleet of fast automobiles equipped with two-way radio. But not a single microscope or test tube."

"Quite similar to natal village in Bengal," said the Hindu, "where scientific criminology is practiced exclusively with lengthy stick applied to wrongdoers. What poisons are under suspicion?"

"I'm not sure," said Dr. Coffee. "The man died after dinner, and the symptoms seemed to be gastric, so you'd better set up a Reinsch test. If you get presumptive reactions for either arsenic or mercury, we can go ahead with more specific tests." Dr. Coffee glanced at his watch. "I may have more details for you after lunch. I'm meeting Lieutenant Ritter in half an hour. Meanwhile, label those jars 'Clifford Otto' and start work on them."

"Will initiate analytical procedures instantly," said Dr. Mookerji.

DR. COFFEE was meeting Lieutenant of Detectives Max Ritter at Raoul's. Dr. Coffee liked to eat at Raoul's. He liked to eat anywhere, although the meager upholstery on his big, gangling frame gave no indication of his epicurean tendencies. He could, in fact, go for days without thought of food once he was shut up in his laboratory with his microscope and a problem in pathology, consuming the sandwiches and coffee his technician brought him without even being aware that he was eating. But when he got his knees under a well-stocked table, he knew very well that he was eating—and what.

Raoul's was on the wrong side of the tracks in Northbank's grimy industrial section. It was one flight up and there was sawdust on the floor. The checkered red tablecloths had only a nodding acquaintance with the laundry. The little place stank beautifully of garlic and browning onions and spicy things stewing in wine. The cooks from the Barzac Cannery in the next block came there regularly to eat plebeian dishes off thick, chipped crockery—veal kidneys in red wine, corned pork with lentils, rabbit stew, tripe. Raoul, the red-faced Norman who ran the place, was particularly proud of his tripe which simmered all day in an earthenware pot filled with white wine, carrots and big onions studded with cloves. He sealed the lid on the pot with pastry dough to keep in the savory steam, and he had small gas plates on the three tables in the back room, behind the kitchen, especially reserved for tripe eaters; Raoul did not consider tripe fit for a civilized palate unless it was kept piping hot while it was eaten.

Dr. Coffee liked to eat tripe at Raoul's; it was a relief from the wholesome, dietitian-planned meals of the Pasteur Hospital dining hall, with its sanitary whiteness and shop-talking interns, its counted calories and its pitchers of milk on the spotless tables. He had not lunched at Raoul's since the first difficult days of breaking in his new Hindu resident, but Max

(Continued on page 36)

ILLUSTRATED BY RONALD McLEOD

Night life in Aspen, where the Red Onion bar is a favorite meeting place for skiers, miners and townfolk. Credit it to skiing, which has remade the town

GHOST TOWN ON SKIS

BY EVAN M. WYLIE

For forty years the once bustling town of Aspen, Colorado, was virtually abandoned. Then someone fitted it with skis and now everything's booming again

ASPEN is a tiny Colorado village tucked away in one corner of a lush green valley ringed by snowcapped peaks rising to altitudes of more than 14,000 feet. It is an old mining community in the midst of a turbulent transformation engineered by ex-G.I.s, ex-Wacs, artists, musicians, small businessmen and a wealthy Chicago industrialist.

Still present are the ghostly vestiges of a dead era—blocks and blocks of houses, weather-beaten, dilapidated, many of them abandoned. Its streets, laid out in neat, rectangular patterns, are dusty, poorly paved and dimly lighted, with cracked sidewalks, and planks thrown carelessly across gutters.

The main street is spruced up but in between the new, gay, freshly painted shops there are still a number of shabby, boarded-up store fronts.

Above the town, on the mine-scarred slopes of the great mountains, abandoned skeletons of rusty mining equipment project blackened, misshapen silhouettes against the snow. But straddling these relics of the past, painted an orange as bright as the buoyant hopes of Aspen's new settlers, is the world's longest ski chair lift, rising almost right out of one end of the main street and traveling 14,000 feet into the upper Rockies.

Moribund Aspen has awakened to an atmosphere of boom, hustle and bustle. The Hotel Jerome, once one of the most famous hostelries of the Old West, has been restored to its former plushy splendor, and a barber-shop and cocktail lounge have been added. Over Clark's garage, new-Aspen citizen Richard Dyer-Bennett, young ballad singer of concert and night-club fame, is teaching his new school of minstrelsy. His dark-haired wife, Mel, a former professional dancer, is completing arrangements for her new dance studio which, combined with the music classes, the Dyer-Bennetts expect to see develop into "one of the largest music-dance studios in the world."

Near by, in a one-story white

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAVID FESKIN

frame building is old-Aspen citizen Mike Magnifico's sports shop. A cobbler before the war, Mike now sells ski togs in the winter and hunting and fishing equipment in the summer.

Then there is Joan Trumbull's and Maud Banks' country store. Both girls are ex-Wacs, who stopped off at Aspen "just for a few days' skiing." They stayed on and last summer opened an old store. They have installed a cracker barrel and a pot-bellied stove and sell everything from blue jeans and canned beans to frilly shirtwaists.

Typical of the ex-G.I.s who have made Aspen their new home are Andy Ransom and dark loquacious Len Woods, both of whom were instructors in the Aspen ski school last season. Now they are building The Golden Leaf, a restaurant and skiers' club modeled after the old Swiss mountainside taverns.

Mountain Meadow Homesites

Up on Red Mountain, overlooking the valley, is soft-spoken young architect Fritz Benedict. After his discharge from the Army, Benedict bought 600 acres of meadowland halfway up the mountainside. A former student of Frank Lloyd Wright, he is breaking it into one- and two-acre lots and designing homes built of logs, stone and glass with long windows and expansive terraces.

The center of the town's social life is the Hotel Jerome. But it is in the Red Onion, a small bar owned by ex-ski trooper John Litchfield, that the contrast between Aspen's past and future is most apparent.

Here on winter evenings the booted, wind-burned skiers predominate. Behind the swinging doors in the back room and in the overheated, faintly steamy atmosphere up front, they crowd around scarred dark tables laden with steak platters and huge steins of beer, their cigarette smoke beclouding the already dim light from the old Victorian chandeliers. Feet planted firmly on the bar rail, they scan the faded photographs of prize fighters in long tights that adorn one wall and study the bunches of dried red onions flanking the mirror. Their talk, the mysterious jargon of the *Schuss*, Telemark and stem Christie, waxes fast and furious.

Off to one side, half hidden in the shadows, is a table of old miners in blue jeans and faded Mackinaws. They talk of silver, lead and zinc and fabulously rich mines with picturesque names, and they pause occasionally to toss a scornful glance at the boisterous group at the bar. For some of these old-timers can still remember the heyday of this town on the Roaring Fork, some fifty or sixty years ago.

In 1880, Aspen was a favorite hunting ground for the Ute Indians. Fortune hunters who poured into Colorado in the great "Pikes Peak or Bust" gold rush of 1859 had spent themselves against the eastern slopes of the continental divide. Adventuresome spirits who tried to push farther were soon discouraged by a sea of mountain peaks and by the Utes. But by 1879, little groups of prospectors trickled up through the passes into the unexplored valleys and ranges beyond, and although the Utes went on the warpath, they were unable to stem the tide.

One group established itself on the banks of the Roaring Fork River and held on through the winter of '79. With the first spring thaw their faith was rewarded. Within sight of the settlement, it was discovered, were some of the richest deposits of silver in the United States. News of the strikes spread like wildfire and the rush was on. Up over the divide came a horde of fortune seekers and with them the strange assortment of humanity that made the mining camps famous.

Overnight, Aspen became one of the great bonanza camps of the West. Blocks of stores, saloons, hotels and theaters mushroomed like magic. Miners, prospectors, gamblers, bankers and merchants jostled one another on the narrow board sidewalks and

Aspen, from a distance, with its $250,000 chair lift in the foreground. The little village is ringed by peaks, seven of which rise more than 14,000 feet

Fred Iselin (left) and Friedl Pfeifer executing a difficult skiing maneuver: a double "tempo" parallel turn. Pfeifer learned skiing in the Austrian Tirol

Mike Magnifico enjoying life in Aspen. A cobbler before the war, Mike now has a sports shop, selling ski togs in the winter and fishing items in the summer

Square dancing in the Blue Room of the Hotel Jerome, center of the town's activities. The Jerome was built in 1889, nine years after Indians began to leave

The Sundeck, at the summit of the 3-mile-long chair lift, the longest in the world

Deep powder-snow skiing on a slope of Ajax Mountain. (Below) Skiers dining at the outdoor café of the Red Onion, once a livery stable of the old American variety, now a prosperous resort for skiers. The café isn't Parisian, but it's Colorado!

overflowed into the rutted streets. J. B. Wheeler opened his Wheeler Opera House and imported dramatic companies that played nowhere else west of the Mississippi. Lillian Russell, E. H. Sothern and Julia Marlowe appeared before cheering throngs. "Gentleman Jim" Corbett stopped off for an exhibition of fancy boxing.

By 1891, the onetime Ute campsite had a population of 15,000 and was calling itself the second largest city in western Colorado. It boasted a courthouse, armory, hotels, churches and three daily newspapers, a roaring half mile of saloons, gambling palaces and sporting houses. Silver poured from the Smuggler, Bonnybell and Little Annie mine shafts at the rate of more than a million dollars a month.

But Aspen's foundation was free silver and soon that foundation was shaking. In January, 1893, a bill was introduced in Congress to repeal the Sherman Silver Purchase Act. Smelters and refiners cut their purchases of silver. In June the mints of India were closed to free silver, and the Panic of 1893 was on. The Smuggler, Aspen and Durant mines closed down. The largest drygoods store in Aspen failed. The price of silver spiraled downward.

On November 4th, Congress repealed the Sherman Act, and the West's epic of silver—its colossally rich mines and their boom camps—was at an end. As swiftly as it had mushroomed, Aspen declined. Prospectors drifted away, stores nailed shut their doors. By the turn of the century, Aspen was a village of silent, weed-infested streets and deserted dwellings inhabited only by a handful of die-hard prospectors. Aspen stayed that way almost cut off from the world, for forty years.

Then in 1934, André Roche, the Swiss ski expert, spent two weeks skiing in the mountains above the town. Roche marked a trail down the mountain and after his departure, cobbler Mike Magnifico cut out the trail and built the first ski tow of discarded mining equipment from the Midnight Mine. In 1942, the War Department sent its newly activated 10th Mountain Division to train in Colorado. Ski troopers, the division's key unit, were stationed at Camp Hale, near Leadville, and it wasn't long before they discovered Aspen.

Early in 1943, slight, dark Friedl Pfeifer, then a sergeant in the ski troops, got his first glimpse of the valley of the Roaring Fork. Pfeifer, who was born in the Austrian Tirol and has spent most of his life since on skis, caught his breath. "I suddenly realized," he said later, "that here was the nearest thing to Switzerland in America."

Ideal Winter Sport Country

When he got back to Hale, Pfeifer talked up Aspen's skiing possibilities with a group of fellow ski fanatics. They saw it for what it might be worth—no longer a silver mine but a snow mine. Its altitude, 7,900 feet at valley level, assured it of steady and dependable snowfalls from November until April, and there were seven peaks of more than 14,000 feet rising practically out of Aspen's main street. Because of the high, dry air, the climate was crisply exhilarating rather than uncomfortably cold and the snow was always a top grade of powder, ideal for skiing.

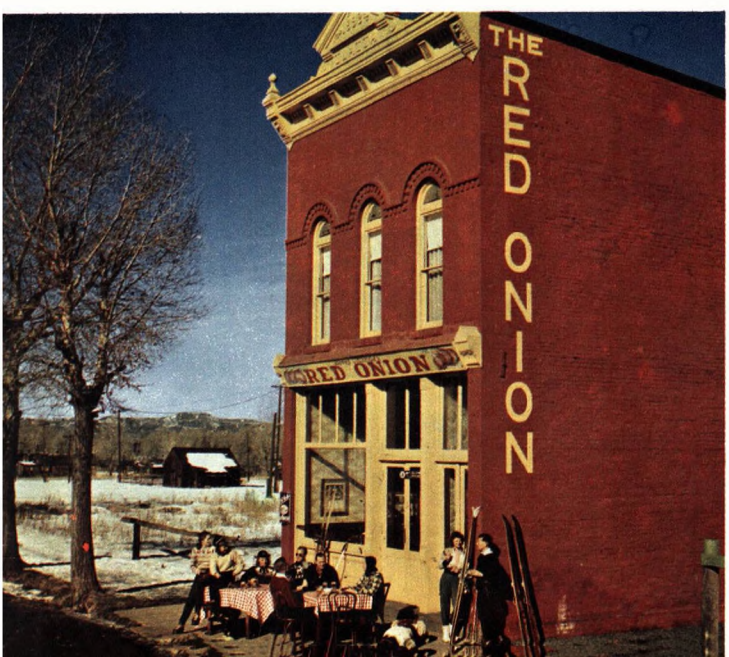
The G.I. skiers met with the town council and laid before them plans for a postwar ski development, and it was agreed that as many as possible of the group would return to Aspen as soon as the war ended. Some of the soldiers purchased property, and the town councilors set to work to unravel old titles and mining claims to clear the way for a new ski lift up the mountains.

Then the 10th went overseas to fight brilliantly in the final days of the Italian campaign. The cost was high. Among the names on casualty lists were Torger Tokle, the greatest ski jumper this country has ever developed, and Ralph Bromaghin, who had been one of those planning to return to Aspen. Friedl Pfeifer came back to a base hospital, barely surviving a terrible wound from mortar fragments.

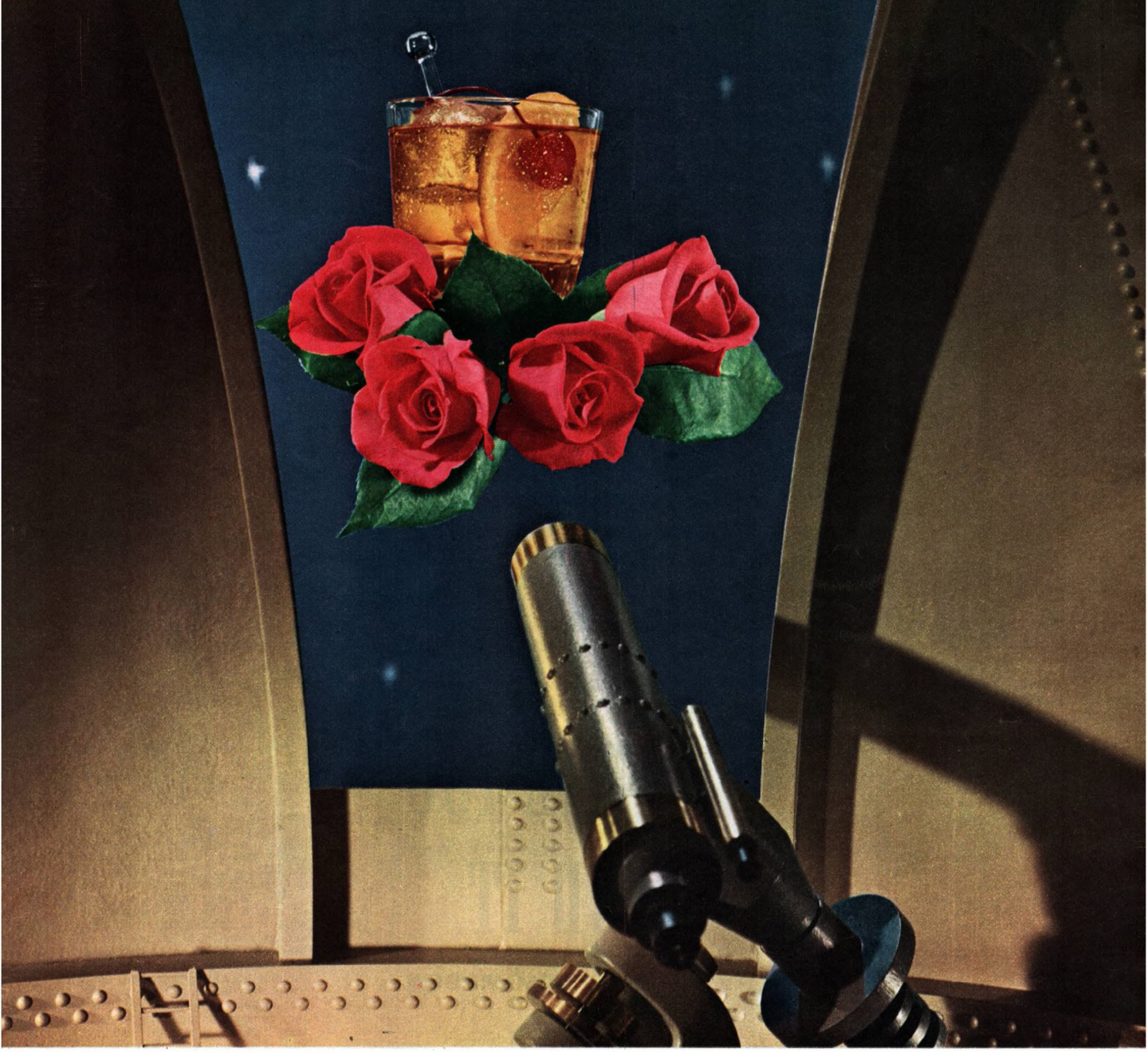
But the luck of the Roaring Fork continued. Into the picture came wealthy Chicago industrialist Walter Paepcke.

On Decoration Day, 1945, he arrived in Aspen for a holiday visit with his wife, who had become interested

(Continued on page 52)



Maud Banks and Joan Trumbull, who were Wacs in China and India together, own the Aspen country store. They went to Aspen and stayed, so they could ski



Evening Star

AT NIGHTFALL, there's one star that makes others seem pale by comparison . . . and there's one cocktail whose brilliant perfection is, in its own way, just as matchless.

So, this evening, at your favorite bar, or at home before dinner, we wish you'd try an Old Fashioned made with Four Roses — and see for yourself how its delicately *distinctive* flavor makes a cocktail that's truly magnificent.

Your taste, we believe, will tell you that there is no other whiskey endowed with quite the same mellow smoothness, the same flavorful perfection.

* * *

Fine Blended Whiskey — 90.5 proof. 40% straight whiskies, 60% grain neutral spirits.
Frankfort Distillers Corporation, New York.

FOUR ROSES

AMERICA'S MOST FAMOUS BOUQUET

The little girls begin to cry, and simultaneous in rushes Morgan. He grabs up the boy. "My son! My baby son!" he says. "Look what your papa's brought you!"

—WHERE YOU FIND IT

BY MORTON THOMPSON

The gold dust had blinded him—it took a twist of fate to clear his eyes

FATHER HEESE passed to his reward last year. He was the very last of a little legion of 'forty-niner priests, an old, old man, and his name belongs with the O'Connells, the Quinns, the O'Reillys, the Largans and all the rest of the smiling crew of dominies who came straight from Ireland to Dutch Flat, and Chinese Camp and Virginia City and You Bet and God Knows Where. Some of them built churches, and Father O'Connell went on to be bishop. But Father Heese built a cemetery. There are only twenty-seven graves in it. It is the richest cemetery in the world.

Telling the story of Robert Morgan took Father Heese a long time. It is curious how little concerned the priests of the mining camps were about gold. They watched the wild scrabble, the frantic, unending search with the indulgence of fathers observing noisy children playing with pebbles. They reported the gold rush with amusement. And yet, although to the very last Father Heese could chuckle at the tale of how his first rude church fell down when someone found gold by the two-week-old cornerstone, and the rush of tunneling undermined the church before the month was out, he was a mindful man when it came to the story of Robert Morgan.

"You'll change the names," he said.

I said I'd change the names.

"It's a plaything, mind—but gold is queer stuff in a man's mind; I wouldn't put it past these buckos—even today . . ."

I swore I'd change all the names and places.

"Well, it's about Robert Morgan," he said. He stopped. He hesitated.

"Father," I cried, "I swear I'll never—"

"I believe you," he said. He nodded. "Well, now, it was raining."

I frowned, puzzled.

"Sit easy, now. There's nothing to be puzzled about. Nuggets always show up after a rain. That was the day this idiot found a nugget by the cornerstone and me sitting in my newly blessed church and it falling down on me two weeks later. It was raining. I don't remember many of the old names but I'll always remember Robert Morgan. I was sitting in one of my brand-new pews, admiring the only church in two hundred square miles of mountains and unmapped wilderness, and in walks Robert Morgan. He was dripping wet—a young, black-haired fella—and he had his son in his arms. Behind him trailed Mrs. Morgan, two bits of little girls holding big-eyed to her wet skirt.

" 'I want him baptized,' says he. He pushed the child at me and his eyes were big with pride. 'My boy!' says he.

" 'What faith are you?' I said, for I was the only priest or minister or rabbi or reverend anything to be had.

" 'I'm of the faith,' says he. And I reached for the boy.

"I put on the surplice, and opened my mouth to start the rites.

" 'Hold hard!' says he. We all stared at him. He was listening. I harked. You could just hear what he heard. It was a kind of dim shouting. I knew what it meant. He looked at me wild-eyed. I opened my mouth to thunder at him—and he was gone.

"Well, that was the day they found the nugget. Whoever it was, found it while I was putting on my surplice and in a matter of minutes all of Madrone Hills was on the way. That was the shouting. In those days shouting only meant one thing. And when they heard it men could be working the hill of Heaven itself, they could be standing in gold up to their hips, and they'd drop all and rush to the new one. That was the way it was.

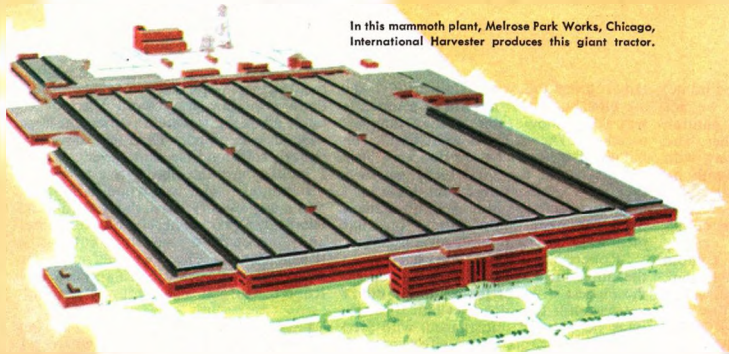
"I stood there with Robert Morgan's child in my arms, his new son, the light of his father's eyes. I told Mrs. Morgan a thing or two about what I thought of a man thrusting God's very gift at me to run after gold, and a woman who'd let her man do that. Then I went on with the service. She was crying. She was pretty but her face was like a house not lived in, young and tired and empty and done. I went on with the service, raising my voice above the noise of them impudently digging and hollering right under the very cornerstone.

" 'What name?' I said, nodding at the child.

" 'Robert Morgan,' the mother said softly.

"So I baptized him Robert Morgan after his father who loved him, and

ILLUSTRATED BY WALLACE MORGAN



In this mammoth plant, Melrose Park Works, Chicago, International Harvester produces this giant tractor.

Now! in Production

America's Most Powerful Crawler Tractor

The INTERNATIONAL TD-24

HERE IS the new, versatile giant of power and pull which will build you better highways, provide adequate flood controls and do the heavy work on airport sites and other big projects.

The TD-24 Crawler is *powerful*. Its Diesel engine develops 180 horsepower at the flywheel and puts 140 working horsepower at the drawbar for operating giant earthmoving machines.

And it is *fast* . . . built for high-speed operation as well as tremendous pull. Yet, *finger-tip control, planet-power steering, 8 speeds forward and 8 reverse* and many other features make it easy to handle. That's why the TD-24 can't be beat in work capacity, operating convenience or job performance!

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INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER

INTERNATIONAL *Industrial Power*

Other International Harvester Products . . . Farmall Tractors and Machines . . . Motor Trucks . . . Refrigeration

'Come on,' I says and we started home.

"There they all were, when we got outside the church, digging and panting and yelling threats at each other, and there among them, digging away with the best, was Robert Morgan with no eye for us or anything but what lay in the earth before him, digging away at the very church where his son comes newly baptized.

"Well, we got to the home, a cabin like all the rest, logs and mud, one room. But it was poor, Man! There wasn't food! There wasn't anything.

" 'Now see here,' I said. And then it all came out. He was a good man, her Robert. There wasn't a finer. The tears running down her cheeks. 'A *good* man, Father!' "

Father Heese sat quiet, brooding. After a time I cleared my throat, and he looked up.

"He had it, you see," he said simply. "Ah, there was many had it. It took a man"—Father Heese opened his hand and slowly clenched his fist—"they called it a fever. It wasn't a fever. There was no fever anywhere like it. No fever burned in hell like this fever. When it was on a man he was blind to all else. There are men prowling these hills today with the fever rattling their old bones, their white heads still whirling with it. And Robert Morgan had it bad.

" 'Does nothing else count with him, then?' " I asked her, knowing the answer. 'Doesn't the church itself—'

" 'It's for us he does it, Father,' she pleaded. Then she bowed her head. 'It's the one thing in the world that counts to him now,' she said softly. 'The only thing that matters. Sometimes we don't see him for weeks—'

"On this the little girls begin to cry and simultaneous the door bursts open and in rushes young Morgan.

" 'Father!' he shouts.

" 'Don't be Fathering me—' I starts.

"But he's turned from me and now he grabs the boy.

" 'My son!' he says, solemn but grinning. 'My baby son! Look what your papa's brought you!'

"And with that, and with a triumphant grin at me, he puts down the child and empties his pockets and holds the double handful under our noses. Gold nuggets. Maybe a cupful.

"With men like Robert Morgan it wasn't just how much they held—it was the miracle of holding any, at all. A cupful of gold nuggets is fine, but when you come right down to it, that's only $60. And on Madrone Hills $60 would buy twelve quarts of milk or twenty loaves of bread, or maybe a pair of pants. She knew. She was the one that knew. Robert Morgan had come home with nuggets before.

"WELL, and why make it a long story? Two weeks later the church fell down from them digging under it, and the nuggets gave out and they were off to the next one.

"You know the old road past Madrone Hills?" He turned to me suddenly. I know that wild and desolate country well. "Well, you go down the road a piece, the old stagecoach road, past Donkey Flat—a great roaring town that was once, and only a bare hillside now—and if you look close in the pines—"

"There's nothing there, Father."

"If you look close you'll find a cemetery. I built it." He sat thinking.

"The ways of God are inscrutable," he said after a while. "Robert Morgan's oldest child—she was six—died that fall. It was a quiet place. And I buried her there. Morgan wasn't home. He was off on the richest strike of them all—and it was a fizzle. He came home just before winter, and he was a sad, lorn man and I thought we had him, but he'd been home only a week and he was off again, running to an even richer one.

"Snow comes quickly in the mountains. Even today the California lakes are blocked off for months at a time. It was a bad snow, a bad, cruel winter altogether. The children went first. The babies of those that were poorer. Their throats closed up, God bless 'em, and they were gone. Those that I could, I took up beside the little girl and made a place for them. Snow didn't stop what men were left. They mined anyway.

"Robert Morgan didn't get back when the other little girl died. He was off on the biggest strike of them all. He didn't get back till the snows let him through. Back he came, gaunt, ragged, wild-eyed—in time for his poor wife's funeral, the baby boy choking weakly in a bit of a box by her side. I stayed a while. The child hadn't long.

"He stood up from his wife's bedside and he looked at me dazedly.

" 'I was on the biggest one of them all,' he said. 'I was just about to find it.'

" 'Robert Morgan—!' I began, for the rage was coming up in me. But he was paying me no mind. He was staring around the cabin and I looked with him and it was all bare. And then he leaped for the box and grabbed up his boy. He stood there a moment, crooning to it.

" 'Robert, my boy—' I said, and the tears coming down his face. 'Robert—' I said kindly. And I took the boy from his arms and laid it down and knelt over it and said what I had to say.

"And then, later—'You'll come with me,' I said, the both of us getting off our knees, 'You'll want to lay them both where the children are. The others.'

"He swayed, looking at me. We looked at each other a long time. Then we took up those things God had given him and we left the cabin.

"It was a raw, cold day there, under the pines. I'd picked a big place and there were few graves and lonely. He knelt a while by his wife when the first mound was done. Then he took the shovel from me. He said never a word. I looked past the new grave to where the little girls lay, two wooden markers and the snow soft above them. And past, I looked, a marker here, a marker there, and some of them were adults but mostly it was a child. There weren't many. It was very quiet. And then I turned. For Robert Morgan had stopped digging.

I STEPPED to his side. He was staring straight down, into the grave. I looked and turned my head to take the child—and then I looked again. And there it was. There at the bottom of the grave. Gold. A vein of it wide as my arm.

"I turned to Robert Morgan. I looked at him. After a long time, he lifted his eyes to mine. There was a flame burning in them past anything in my memory.

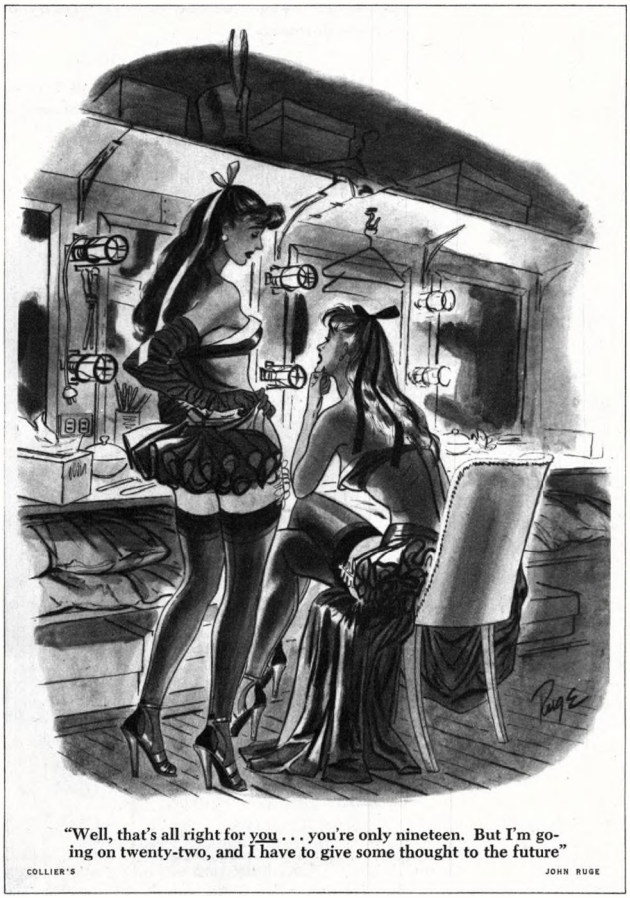
" 'I've found it!' he said at last. I said nothing. And again: 'I've found it.' And then I placed that flame.

"I picked up the child, and handed it to him. He smiled a little then. Just a wee bit, with his mouth. And he held the child and looked at it and cried a little and placed it in the grave and walked away.

"He never looked back. I never saw him again." Father Heese sighed. He nodded. "But I know what he found," he said softly. "And I know Who found him."

It's there. It's a small cemetery, neglected, forgotten, high in the Sierra Nevada hills, a cemetery of twenty-seven graves, mostly babies. I'll never tell where.

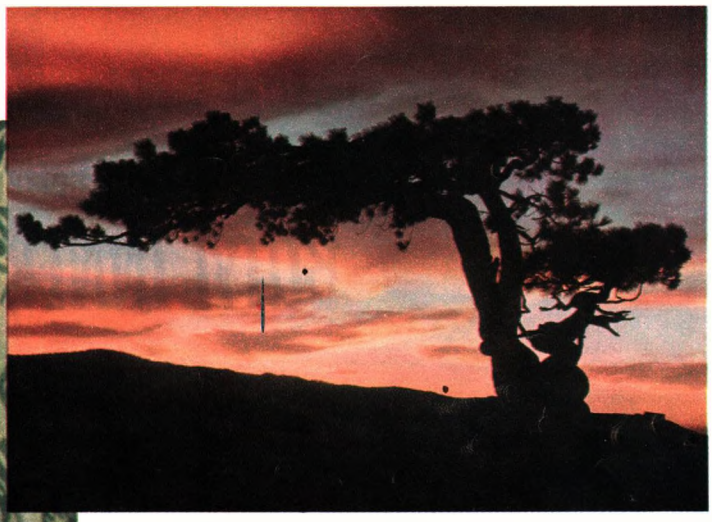
THE END



"Well, that's all right for you . . . you're only nineteen. But I'm going on twenty-two, and I have to give some thought to the future"

COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

VERY VO OBVIOUSLY...GLORIOUS



Color Film by Men who Plan beyond Tomorrow Captures a Sunset in all its Glory

And it's at sundown when whisky as fine as Seagram's V.O. Canadian is a glorious pause in the day's affairs.

For this lightest of all Canadian whiskies is a master-work of the blender's art... distinguished by its *clean-tasting* character.

Try it tonight, at sundown. You'll see for yourself why Seagram's V.O. is Very Obviously Canadian whisky at its glorious best!

This Whisky is Six Years Old — 86.8 Proof. Seagram-Distillers Corp., N. Y.

Seagram's VO

CANADIAN WHISKY—A BLEND... OF RARE SELECTED WHISKIES

and here's why! Whether your car is old or new, large or small, it will become a *better car to drive* the moment you put BUTYL tubes in its tires.

Why is this so? . . . Because *tire* performance is an important part of *car* performance, and BUTYL tubes give better tire performance than any inner tubes ever made before.

BUTYL is the brand name of a tough, elastic, rubber-like substance *especially suited to tire tube use.* All BUTYL produced during the war was used by the armed forces. BUTYL has the remarkable quality of *holding air ten times better* than the best rubber tire tubes ever made!

BUTYL IS BETTER THAN RUBBER FOR TIRE TUBES. With BUTYL tubes, you need add air only three or four times a year. Your spare stays hard and ready for use for months at a time. You ride longer on tires that do just what your car's designer intended them to do at the correct air pressure he recommended —saving tread wear and gasoline, too!

All tire makers can make BUTYL tubes. Every BUTYL tube has a *blue* line around its side. Look for the BUTYL *blue line* when you buy.

* * *

This advertisement is published in the interest of all companies that have had a part in the perfection of Butyl and Butyl inner tubes. The Standard Oil Development Company invented and developed Butyl and has licensed the U. S. Government to manufacture Butyl and will license others who are interested in its manufacture. The Enjay Company, Inc. does not manufacture or sell Butyl; it acts as technical consultant to manufacturers and to the government.

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TRADEMARK

Enjay Company, Inc.
15 West 51st Street, New York 19, N. Y.

JACK THE COST KILLER

BY NINA WILCOX PUTNAM

How to feed a family of four on less than $20 a week—is it possible these days? The Mystery Chef says it is, and here he reveals numerous tips that should help any housewife

THE cow, as you know, jumped over the moon, and today with every other edible skyrocketing after her, a certain Scotsman, who knows how to eat on practically nothing a week, has suddenly become one of the most important radio personalities in the country.

Known only as the Mystery Chef, and now in his 19th continuous year on the air, he is no newcomer, as more than 5,000,000 people who have written him signed letters of approval can testify. On a five-day-a-week cooperative program he is the highest-paid expert in his line, and the combined sales of his three cookbooks (exclusive of those in Braille) have reached the staggering total of 9,900,000 copies—a fair runner-up for the Bible and the Greater New York Telephone Directory.

This popularity is based on the fact that Jack the Cost Killer, as the Mystery Chef is known to his intimates, has always told his listeners how to eat both well and at low cost. Today, his peculiar brand of culinary knowledge has made him the answer to the desperate housewife's prayer.

For while his competitors are meeting the food shortage with recipes which too often add up to an eyeful rather than a tummyful, this Scottish chef has come forward with some new numbers in nourishment which really nourish.

"Save-your-Jack," as the boys in the sound room call him, knows how to stretch a pound of beef like a two-way girdle, bully a six-pound fowl into feeding a family of four a succession of four ample dinners, and make one egg do double duty.

The Masked Marvel gag has always been titillating publicity and most people take for granted that the Mystery Chef's anonymity is one of these things. But the simple fact is that Jack's mother was ashamed to have her son known as a cook and made him promise never to reveal his name. So in his broadcasts he always says, "Who I am doesn't matter, it's what I have to say that counts. Who is the Mystery Chef? He's your better self calling to you to be an artist at the range and put love into your cooking."

Physically, Jack is a tall, handsome man of seventy-one, who, from his appearance, might easily be in his early fifties. Of Scottish parentage, he was born in 1876 at a pretentious family mansion on the outskirts of London. His father, a prosperous coal merchant, sent him to a good solid day school. But in those days coal produced more profits than headaches, so young Jack was yanked out of school at seventeen to learn the business. However, the bright lights which attracted him did not come from the hearth fires of London, but from the theatrical world.

Inspired to use handbills to advertise his father's coal, he was soon aggrieved to find the men were dumping instead of delivering the throwaways. So he looked into the possibilities of sandwich boards as a substitute. Through contact with many perambulating billboards Jack began to see that money could be made in theater advertising, for which they were the accepted medium.

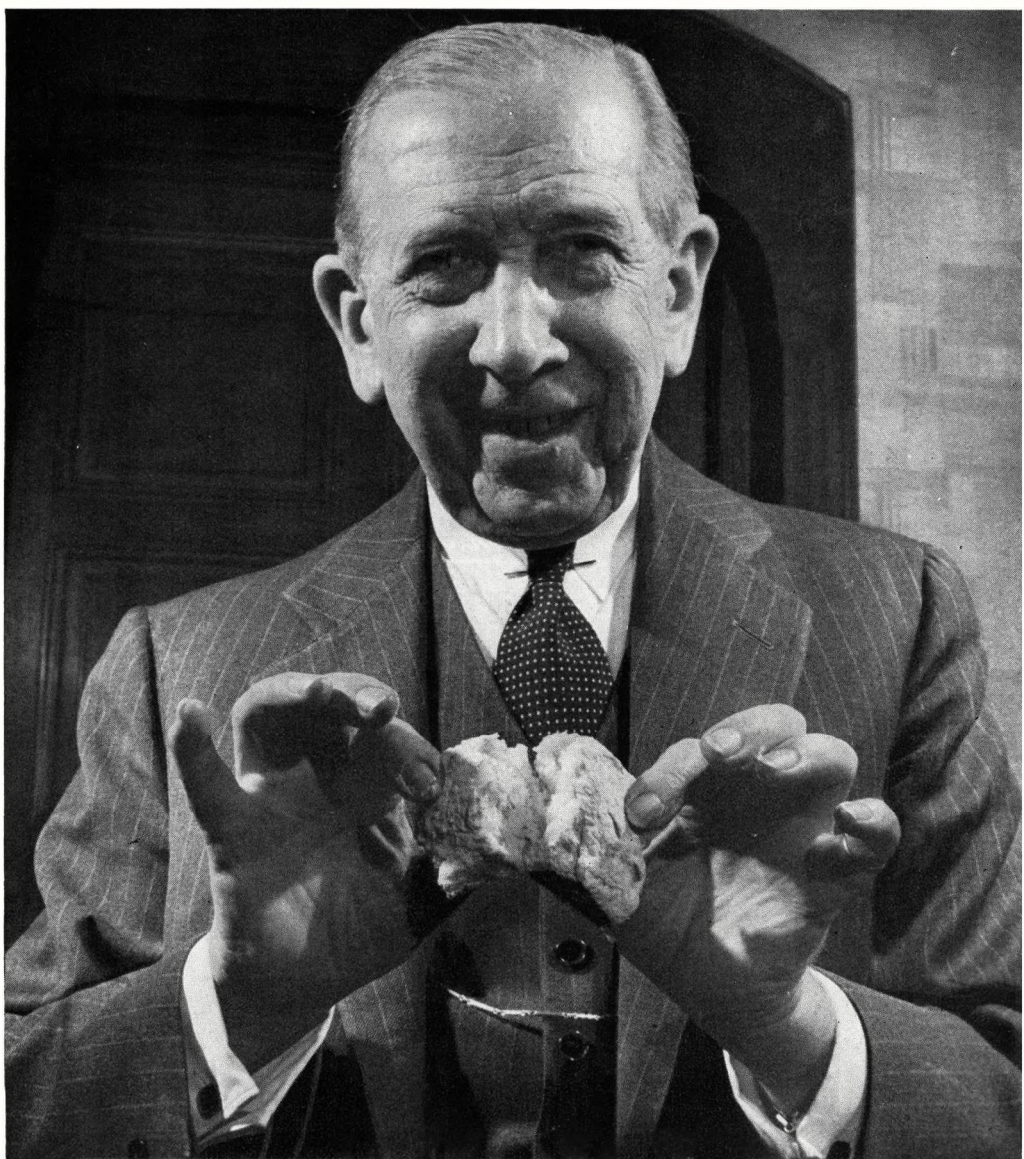
On savings gleaned incredibly from his microscopic salary, Jack broke loose from the family coal pile, and in no time at all had cornered the sandwich-board advertising market in London's fashionable West End. Three thousand pavement-pounders soon carried his boards on their threadbare shoulders, and, although sandwiches of the edible variety had nothing to do with their jobs, this enterprise was actually the foundation of the career which later made him famous as the cook who wasn't there but taught the ladies on the air.

It was during the adolescence of the Gay Nineties that Jack cornered control of his army of Sad Sacks, and he did it by the simple method of raising the men's wages from 28 cents to 30 cents for an eight-hour day. Jack could give no more, as the theater managers only allowed him a shilling and a half per man per day, out of which he had to get all operating expenses, and which left him a profit of about 2 cents a head.

Interested that his employees were obviously healthy and well fed, thrifty Jack set out to discover how they got that way on the pittance he paid them. What he found was that the sandwich men subsisted largely on the outside leaves of vegetables which they bought, or which were given to them, at Covent Garden Market when the

(Continued on page 35)

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY CLAUDE W. HUSTON



The Mystery Chef. The thing he has in his hands is a scone, one of the important food items in his menus

L.S./M.F.T.
Lucky Strike means Fine Tobacco

Lucky Strike *presents* The Man Who Knows –

The Tobacco Warehouseman

"**I'VE SEEN** millions of pounds of tobacco sold at auction. And at auction after auction, I've seen the makers of Lucky Strike buy tobacco that's got real smokin' quality . . . tobacco that smokes up mild, cool and fragrant."

Sidney T. Currin

Sidney T. Currin, independent tobacco warehouseman of Oxford, N. C., has been a Lucky Strike smoker for 26 years

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO

So round, so firm, so fully packed — so free and easy on the draw

JACK THE COST KILLER

Continued from page 33

vendors were stripping cabbage, lettuce, cauliflower, etc., before putting the manicured product on sale. Scraps of meat discarded by the butchers, but still fresh, were added to make a mulligan stew with a Cockney accent, which, at a total cost of 4 cents, fed four men plentifully.

Thus at a time when little was known about vitamins, Jack found them the hard way and set down the information in the ha'penny notebook from which almost ten million copies of his cookbooks grew. But at the time of his discovery that people could eat at very low cost and still be well nourished, Jack did not realize that he was sitting on a gold mine. Having cached his new knowledge he went on ambling through London's night life, haunting theater greenrooms, the hotter supper clubs, Romano's, and every other spot where theater people were to be encountered and theater advertising promoted. Then two events occurred which were to change his entire life. He slipped on some soap and got married, in the order named.

The dour Scot who was Jack's father invested in a soap made, most appropriately, from corn. Its success in England caused Papa to dream up a mush to America, and in 1906 Jack was easily persuaded into the high adventure of crossing the Atlantic for the purpose of cleaning up with Zap, as the soap was called. He had intended to stay three weeks—but he is still here.

Zap went over big. And so, although Jack was never one to throw his money around, when he met beautiful, red-headed Peggy, he took a chance that two could live as cheaply as one and married her.

Almost immediately afterward they were forced to pare their meager budget. For Zap, the cereal soap, invigorated by the American climate, began growing long green whiskers as the corn in it sprouted a fine cover crop.

This hirsute propensity was soon corrected but Jack, through the disloyalty of one of his associates, was voted out of the company; his folks back home failed to come to his rescue, and with nothing but his wits to help him, he changed from soap to soup in one slup.

Two Live More Cheaply Than One

For some time past Jack had been toying with the commercial aspects of kitchen economy but when his soap slipped from under him, he was forced to practice what he now hoped to preach on the air. Desperately hard up, he resorted to the ha'penny notebook and the knowledge gained at that time. Slowly and painfully he evolved variations of it, learned to make other inexpensive foods tasty and tender, proved his vitamin theories while he and Peggy thrived on a few cents a day, rather to their own amazement.

At no time did Jack allow his wife to do any of the cooking. He barred her from the kitchen and even washed up their pink luster tea cups before going to work in the morning. Strictly in character, it might be added, he had taken a job with the Bowery Savings Bank, soliciting new accounts and selling the idea of savings.

At this point Jack narrowly escaped being in the restaurant business. The late Tex Rickard, old-time fight promoter, then at the peak of his prosperity, offered Jack the food concession at the new Madison Square Garden.

Before signing on the dotted, however, Tex wanted to make one final test of Jack's talents, so he sent a famous chef and a noted food authority, Jacques Bonaudi, then maître d'hôtel of the Plaza Hotel, to dine at Jack's home.

Nervous as a chicken aspic, Jack prepared the meal which was to decide his fate and then—being a deeply religious man and a great believer in prayer—got down on his knees and prayed. It was the most fervent grace before meat he had ever uttered, and he had scarcely finished when Bonaudi and the chef arrived.

"I hope you are all good and hungry?" Jack greeted them hopefully.

"No," said Bonaudi, "we have just eaten a big dinner. The only way to judge a meal is to eat it when you are *not* hungry."

It was a low moment. But the two men ate and were delighted with the meal. However, the deal with Tex was never consummated.

Finally by dint of what would have been excruciating economy to any other man, Jack had the backlog necessary for his first venture on the air. This occurred in Boston, in May, 1930. He could not have picked a better moment for a food-economy broadcast, as the great depression that started on October 29th, 1929, turned his program into a national must.

Beginning with the local station plus Springfield, he soon spread over a modest total of eleven stations in the East. But somehow word of Jack's economies filtered further afield and people from every state in the Union wrote in for recipes. Canada, Australia, England and France, of all places, also demanded his first cookbook, and Jack was famous.

His sponsor's move to the National Broadcasting network was as inevitable and sweet as spring fever. He was an immediate success and sponsors went for his program.

Soon after Jack's debut on National, Columbia put in a bid for a second, non-conflicting program. National squawked and Jack walked, just to show that nobody could boss him. Shortly afterward National signed for the Mystery Chef to stay and keep his Columbia job as well. The stubborn Scot had broken down the rule that an artist could be on only one network at a time, and so increased his listening audience enormously.

During the depression Jack produced satisfying menus at $4 per week for a family of four. (Today's approximation is, alas! $20 a week.) Once, answering the letter of a desperate girl with only $1.50 a week on which to feed herself and three other adults, Jack sat up two nights working out menus on which she could do the trick for $1.48. He sent her a copy and then gave it on the air, for the benefit of others who might need it.

Practicing what he preaches in spite of their present prosperity, Jack and his wife (they are childless) are budgeted at $25 a week, which includes food, cigarettes, movies, laundry and $2 for weekly tips to the help in the fashionable apartment building where they live. On this budget they entertain once or sometimes twice a week at dinner, having from two to ten guests at each meal without stretching anything but the guests' credulity.

Catching a Penthouse Unawares

Still following the theory that one can have the best at low cost, Jack and his Peggy live in grandeur, for which they are perfectly willing to pay a peculiar price. They inhabit one of the largest five-room apartments in New York City, a penthouse with palatial rooms and a fabulous terrace, situated just east of Fifth Avenue in the heart of New York's socialite district. During the period when nobody wanted a penthouse except for jumping purposes, Jack caught this one with its rent down and signed a lease long enough to make Methuselah appear as having died in infancy.

With the passing of the years Jack has assembled a large collection of odd statistics, all his own. Among these are the pertinent facts that bad cooking is the largest single factor in American divorces; that the country produces an average of 5,000 new brides every day in the year, and that if all Americans lived on Mystery Chef menus, they could save enough to pay off the national debt in 12 months.

Delving into the past, Jack discovered that the Book of Apicius, a cookbook written and used 70 years before Christ, contains many of the same basic recipes Jack now offers.

Big-timers use Jack's standard cookbook, and he is proud of the fact that the Duke of Windsor has a copy, as his father had before him. Mrs. Calvin Coolidge is a regular fan, and Sarah Bernhardt, Gatti-Casazza, William J. Bryan and Chauncey Depew were all devotees of Jack's ragout. Famous moderns from top-flight editors to temporarily top movie stars follow his recipes, and during World War II hundreds of small combat units such as antiaircraft gun crews, land-mine layers, and submarine rescue boats, where the personnel numbered eight to ten men, used his cookbook, thankfully discarding the official Army volume in which recipes are based on the feeding of two hundred men, minimum.

On this page—specially prepared for Collier's—are 21 menus, each containing only the finest ingredients, which will supply the good nourishment needed by a family of four for a whole week. The total cost is based on prices in effect at an average market in New York City, at the time this article was written. Naturally prices will vary in other localities. Jack estimates the cost at $18.39.

The following are some of Jack's reci-

MONEYSAVING MENUS

SUNDAY

BREAKFAST
- Cereal or juice
- 4 eggs, 4 slices bacon
- Hot Scotch scones, butter
- Coffee or cocoa, 2 cups
- Milk, 2 glasses

DINNER
- Mystery Chef soup
- Chile con carne (contains kidney beans, onions, tomatoes, green pepper, chopped beef)
- Potatoes, any style, bread, butter
- Creamy rice pudding
- 2 cups coffee and 2 glasses milk

SUPPER
- Eggs Mystery Chef (contains 4 eggs, tomatoes, bacon, onions, cream sauce)
- Coffee, cocoa or milk. Buttered toast

MONDAY

BREAKFAST
- Cereal or juice
- French toast (eggs, milk, toast)
- 2 cups coffee or cocoa, 2 glasses milk

LUNCHEON
- Mystery Chef soup and Scotch scones

DINNER
- Boiled fricassee fowl with gravy and fine noodles. Cream butter, cauliflower greens, Scotch scones
- Creamy rice pudding
- 2 cups coffee or cocoa, 2 glasses milk

TUESDAY

BREAKFAST
- Cereal or juice
- Creamed eggs on toast
- 2 cups coffee or cocoa, 2 glasses milk

LUNCHEON
- Stewed prunes
- Toasted Scotch scones and butter

DINNER
- Mystery Chef soup
- Fricassee fowl and dumplings
- Buttered lima beans (fresh)
- Castle cakes and cream vanilla sauce
- 2 cups coffee and 2 glasses milk

WEDNESDAY

BREAKFAST
- Mystery Chef grapefruit and orange
- Sausage and griddle cakes, sirup
- Hot Mystery Chef muffins
- 2 cups coffee or cocoa, 2 glasses milk

LUNCHEON
- Mystery Chef soup, muffins, butter
- Castle cakes and cream sauce

DINNER
- French onion soup
- Risotto alla Milanese (Famous Italian)
- Lettuce, French dressing
- Damson jam tartlets
- Coffee, cocoa or milk

THURSDAY

BREAKFAST
- Cereal, prunes or juice
- Sausage, griddle cakes, sirup
- Bread, toast and butter
- 2 cups coffee or cocoa, 2 glasses milk

LUNCHEON
- Cream tomato soup with croutons

DINNER
- Onion soup, toast
- Chicken à la king
- Baked potatoes and spinach
- Baked apples and cream
- 2 cups coffee and 2 glasses milk

FRIDAY

BREAKFAST
- Cereal, prunes or juice
- 4 eggs, boiled or scrambled
- 2 cups coffee, cocoa, 2 glasses milk
- Hot Mystery Chef muffins

LUNCHEON
- Onion soup, toast
- Damson jam tartlets
- Coffee or milk

DINNER
- Mystery Chef grapefruit and orange
- Boston scrod, baked in butter
- Mashed potatoes, canned tomatoes
- Hot biscuits and butter
- Damson jam tartlets and whipped cream
- 2 cups coffee, cocoa, 2 glasses milk

SATURDAY

BREAKFAST
- Cereal or juice
- 4 eggs fried or boiled
- Hot baking powder biscuits
- 2 cups coffee, cocoa, 2 glasses milk

LUNCHEON
- Sausage and mashed potatoes
- Coffee or milk, 2 glasses

DINNER
- Onion soup and toast
- Mystery Chef fish special (a delicious dish consisting of baked scrod, onions, egg sauce, mashed potatoes, grated cheese)
- Canned tomatoes
- Strawberry shortcake and whipped cream
- 2 cups coffee, cocoa, 2 glasses milk

pes, to be used in the preparation of the meals listed in his Moneysaving Menus.

Scotch Scones (The world's easiest recipe for hot bread). No shortening used.

Directions: Sift together into bowl, 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons sugar. Stir with knife to mix thoroughly; *add* 1 cup milk and mix all together with knife; makes a rather wet dough. Sift *plenty* of flour on table or pastry board, scrape dough from bowl onto floured patch; sift flour over dough and over rolling pin and roll to ½-inch thickness (pat out flat with hands). Cut into 10 or 12 pieces, square or any shape so as not to leave any scraps. Place on ungreased pans or baking sheet. Heat very slow oven (250° F.). Bake *slowly* for 35 minutes. Must be a slow oven. Scones should be nearly white when baked, not browned. Slit through the center and toasted on cut side only, they are better than English muffins.

Mystery Chef Soup

Directions: Put ½ lb. dried split green peas into large pot with 2 quarts of water. Place over fire and boil slowly until peas are in a soft paste (add little more boiling water if necessary). Add 1 can condensed tomato soup and 8 good bouillon cubes dissolved in 8 cups of boiling water. Stir and simmer for 15 minutes. Do not season, cubes and soup are already seasoned. Taste before adding any.

Griddle Cakes

Directions: Sift into bowl 1½ cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder (double action), ½ teaspoon salt, mix thoroughly, add 1 well-beaten egg then add 1 cup milk then 2 tablespoons melted butter. Mix well with large spoon (for a thin griddle cake add little more milk). Drop the batter by dessert spoonfuls on hot griddle, slightly greased. When bubbles appear, turn cakes and bake other side. Serve with sirup or confectioners' sugar and lemon juice.

Mystery Chef Muffins

Directions: Use 16-small-division muffin pan, or 12-division large. Sift together 2 cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt and 2 tablespoons sugar. Mix thoroughly, add 2 rounded tablespoons lard (4 level), flake by squeezing between fingers and thumbs, then rub in lightly between hands till mixture looks like flour again. Add 1 cup cold water or enough to make rather wet dough with no dry ingredients in bowl. Pick up pieces, about teaspoonful, and drop into slightly greased pan. Bake in hot oven (450° F.) for 15 minutes.

Cream Butter (Makes ¼ pound butter into 1 pound and 2 ounces of *better* butter, giving 10 ounces of extra butter at cost of less than 50¢ per pound.)

¼ lb. butter ½ pint light cream 1 egg
little salt, if desired

Directions: Place butter in bowl and stir continually until quite soft and creamy, then break into it a whole egg and beat in thoroughly with rotary beater (if electric beater used must have slow speed). Beat egg in until it clogs the beater. WARM the cream to BODY TEMPERATURE (not hot). Add 1 tablespoon warm cream and beat it in. Add cream 1 tablespoon at a time and beat each in before adding the next. Add a little salt with last of cream, *if desired*. When all is added mixture will be quite soft; place in refrigerator and it will be hard and ready to serve in less than hour. This butter *cannot* be used for cooking but can be used on vegetables or for mashing potatoes. Butter contains Vitamins A and D. Cream butter contains A, B, C, D and G; also calcium, phosphorus and iron (3 minerals in egg.)

THE END

RUM FOR DINNER

Continued from page 23

Ritter had been insistent; so Dan Coffee had stolen an hour from the hospital to drive across town.

Lieutenant Ritter wasted no time on preliminaries.

"It's about that D.O.A. case last night," Ritter said. "The guy that drives up dead with Mrs. Madeline Starkey in her Plushmobile Twelve. Clifford Otto, she says his name was. What are you going to eat, Doc? Tripe? Or maybe some of that beef in Burgundy?"

"Tripe," said Dr. Coffee. "When you phoned last night, you said you thought you knew the bird. Who was he?"

"Tripe, Raoul," said Max Ritter. "Doc, I never saw the guy before last night, but when I came up to the hospital after the emergency ward phoned, I knew there was something about his mug that looked familiar. So I had him printed and then went back to my shop to look at pictures until two in the morning. I looked at old circulars—post-office wanteds, F.B.I., out-of-town police, private agencies. But before I could find out where I'd seen that mug, the old eyelids started dropping on me. So I wired Otto's fingerprint classification to Washington and went to bed. This morning I got this answer."

The detective handed Dr. Coffee a telegram which read:

YOUR QUERY RE FOLLOWING HENRY CLASSIFICATION RECEIVED

32 L 1 U 101 7
L 1 U 101 13

ABOVE CLASSIFICATION FILED FOR OTTO CLIFTON, ALIAS CLIFTON FORD, ALIAS CLIFF OTFORD, ARRESTED NEW YORK 1937, CHARGE JEWEL ROBBERY, DISMISSED AT REQUEST COMPLAINING WITNESS MRS. ANDREW VAN CARSEN, WIDOW DUTCH OIL MAGNATE. ARRESTED MIAMI 1938 SIMILAR CHARGE, ALSO DISMISSED. SERVED ONE YEAR JAMAICA, B.W.I., POSSESSING STOLEN GOODS. CURRENTLY WANTED HAVANA POLICE SUSPICION STEALING DIAMOND NECKLACE FROM COUNTESS ZLATA OF YUGOSLAVIA.

"So it was a Havana circular where I saw this Otto's pretty puss," Lieutenant Ritter said. "I dug the Havana circular out of the files. It says the rocks which this Countess Zlata smuggled out of Yugoslavia, before Tito declared her an enemy of the people's republic, were worth $200,000. It also says that Otto has been coaxing little baubles out of lonely middle-aged ladies in the West Indies for quite a while now."

"How does a guy like that get to Northbank?" Dr. Coffee asked.

"I'm coming to that," Max Ritter said. "Seems he used to know Mrs. Starkey down in Jamaica. She was living in Jamaica when she met Starkey—you know, when he took one of those Caribbean cruises just before the war. She told me last night, before I knew this guy Otto's story, that Otto was an old Chicago boy who was tired of living abroad. So, on his way home, he stopped off here to say hello to an old friend and he fell in love with our green little, clean little city and he decided to settle here—if he could find a suitable business opportunity. He's been living at River House the last two weeks at twenty bucks a day—and last night Mrs. Starkey gave a little dinner party so Otto could meet some of Northbank's best people and maybe make a few business connections. Only Otto got sick from the dinner and died on the way to the hospital. Do you know a Dr. Perry, Doc?"

"George Perry? Sure. Fine guy."

"He honest?"

"And a yard wide. They don't come any finer than George Perry."

"The reason I asked," Ritter said, "is that this Otto went to see Doc Perry about a week ago. Bum stomach. So the coroner says Otto died of acute gastritis. Maybe the old man's right. After all, why shouldn't a gigolo and a gem snatcher die from bellyache just like anybody else? Only I ain't quite sure. There's something funny about that dinner."

"How funny?" Dr. Coffee asked.

"Well, the people that were there," the detective replied. "Some of the biggest collectors of emerald bracelets in Northbank. So when a crooked diamond fancier sits down to dinner with about a million dollars' worth of shiny gewgaws and then drops dead. . . . Well, I got a right to be kind of suspicious."

"Who was there, Max?"

The detective reached into his pocket for a dog-eared envelope and consulted the back. "First the host and hostess, Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Starkey," he read. "Then, Mr. and Mrs. Peter Brooks, Mr. and Mrs. Wally Drew and Mr. and Mrs. Sydney Kelling. See what I mean, Doc? Small and cozy, but very high-class."

The chef-proprietor interrupted the conversation by placing a steaming earthenware pot on the gas plate.

"Don't touch the marmit," Raoul said. "Very hot." He carefully wiped his ruddy face with his apron, leaving a drop of perspiration gleaming at each end of his black mustache. "Wine?"

Dr. Coffee looked at his watch. "Sure, Raoul," he said. "Some of that Lake Erie Islands white."

THERE was no talk for the next few minutes, no sound but the pleasant bubbling of the marmit, the crusty whisper of breaking French bread, the squeak and gasp of a cork withdrawn, the clink of forks on plates. But Dr. Coffee was thinking. He was reviewing mentally the Starkey guest list: Brooks, Drew, Kelling, all men with wives who could be models for an advertisement by some diamond mine company.

Dr. Coffee himself never thought in terms of carats or cabochons, but several times each year—after the opening of the symphony, the two-night stand of the Opera Company's annual visit to Northbank, or the Northbank Community Chest Ball—he was forced to lie awake for several hours while his wife catalogued, described, appraised, and speculated on the probable origin of the most spectacular jewelry paraded on these occasions. And Mesdames Starkey, Brooks, Drew and Kelling always led the parade.

Madeline Starkey's rings were above reproach, Julia Coffee had always said, but her tiara and necklace were a little too gaudy to be in good taste. However, they were all honestly come by, if you accepted the source of Herbert Starkey's money as legitimate. Starkey was president of Lakeside Development Company, the realty firm that created Northbank's swank Lakeside Park. Lakeside Park overlooked an artificial lake created by the City of Northbank as a spare reservoir. It was pure coincidence, of course, that when the time came to subdivide the slopes around the lake into desirable residence sites, forty per cent of the land turned out to belong to two members of the city council, and the remaining sixty per cent to Starkey's Lakeside Development Company. However, Lakeside Park had become a thing of beauty and civic pride, and Starkey had become a slightly potbellied, highly respected member of the community, a trustee of orphanages, and a leader in the community chest. His whirlwind courtship and marriage of Madeline during a three-week West Indies cruise had caused some talk, but she had made him a most ornamental wife, and her brilliant dinners always made the society pages.

Mrs. Peter Brooks wore the largest diamonds in Northbank, and, according to Julia Coffee, the yellowest. They represented profits on Peter Brooks' municipal paving contracts.

Mrs. Wally Drew had started collecting emerald bracelets when she was Mrs. Somebody Else, the wife of an investment banker who had bought his freedom with a settlement that allowed her to continue her collection and acquire a husband ten years her junior. Wally Drew had been golf pro at a country club at the time of his marriage, but he now played golf for pleasure.

Mrs. Sydney Kelling was very unobtrusive in her adornment—just a few strands of matched pearls, a ruby brooch, and an Oriental sapphire ring—but then everyone knew that they were flawless and expensive because her husband was Northbank's leading jeweler.

It was indeed a coincidence, Dr. Coffee mused, that a notorious jewel thief should be having dinner with such a bejeweled coterie—unless, of course, his sudden death should prove not to be a coincidence. . . .

"More tripe, Doc?" said Ritter.

"Thanks," said Dr. Coffee. "Tell me more about the dinner, Max."

"Well, it was a West Indies dinner,"

BUTCH by LARRY REYNOLDS

"On second thought, maybe y'better just leave th' necklace where it is, lady"

COLLIER'S

the detective said. "Yesterday was the anniversary of the Starkeys' engagement, and the Brookses and the Drews and the Kellings were all along on the Caribbean cruise when Starkey met his Madeline. Besides, the guest of honor also happened to be temporarily from Jamaica. So it was strictly Caribbean chow. Here's the menu. Seems that when there's more than two to dinner at the Starkey house, they always have printed menus."

Ritter handed the pathologist a printed card. Dr. Coffee read:

Rougail de Crevettes
Akees with Cod
Poulet aux bananes en cocotte
Eggplant, Sauce au Chien
Hearts of Palm Salad
Spiced Avocados with Kirsch
Puerto Rican Coffee
Various West Indies Rums

"The only things on there I understand," continued Max Ritter, "are the coffee and rum. And boy, did they have rum! I put seals on the kitchen last night, just in case you wanted to run some of the leftovers through your lab, Doc. I got samples of all the bottles. Six kinds of rum, they drank. Cuban rum for Daiquiri cocktails. Then Barbados rum with the—whatever they start eating with. Jamaica rum with the akees, whatever they are. What are they, Doc?"

"I don't know. We'll ask Raoul."

"Anyhow, there was Martinique rum with the chicken. Seems that *poulet* and stuff means chicken."

"With bananas," said Dr. Coffee. "I wonder how she cooks that."

"And Haitian rum with the palm hearts. Then Demerara rum—that's 150 proof—with the dessert. Maybe this Otto really did die of bellyache after all. Anything else fatal on the menu, Doc?"

Dr. Coffee shook his head. Then he called Raoul. What, he wanted to know, was *Rougail?*

RAOUL studied the menu and fingered his mustache. *Rougail,* he believed, was a West Indies hors d'oeuvre, made by pounding shrimps in a mortar with oil and salt and little bird peppers, until they become a smooth paste. Akees? Raoul had never heard of them. Certainly not a French West Indies dish. No, Raoul did not know how one cooked chicken with bananas. He knew it was a Martinican dish, and he understood the bananas were not quite ripe when cooked. He did not know the recipe.

"Thanks, Raoul," said Dr. Coffee. "Max, where do we go from here?"

"That's what I don't know, Doc," the detective said. "If this guy Otto was poisoned, you'll catch it in the lab. Right? The coroner promised to send you the guy's innards. He don't mind so much my working with you since that time you told the newspapers that he was the one who did the autopsy in the Harriet Baron case."

"Dr. Mookerji is making the preliminary tests now," said Coffee.

"That swami? Is he up to it, Doc?"

"Dr. Mookerji is an excellent chemist," said Dr. Coffee.

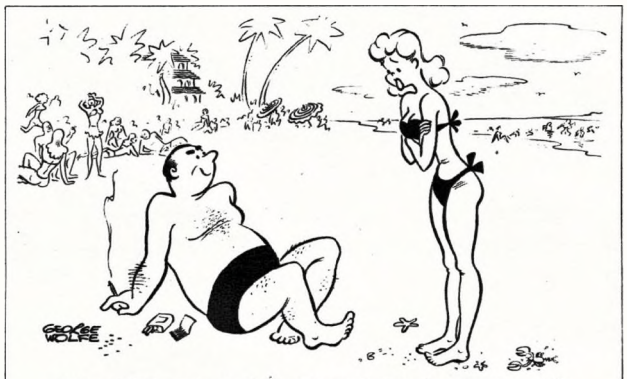
"Because it's got to be good. I'm scared that the coroner is going to have the laugh on me, Doc."

"Why, Max?"

"Because everybody at the Starkey dinner ate the same food. I talked to the servants this morning. They were all sore at having to dress up like Jamaicans, with bandannas around their hair—and they talked their heads off. The cook said Mrs. Starkey came out in the kitchen to boss the job because she knew how everything ought to taste and how to make it taste that way. Seems she brought in a lot of the stuff by air from Jamaica. The maids say everybody was served from the same dishes. The maids passed the dishes at the table, so there was no chance of Otto getting a special helping of cyanide. The rum bottles got passed around, too, so I can't figure how there was a special Mickey for Otto. But I'll be damned, Doc, if I can get rid of the hunch that I got a homicide case here."

"Anything beside the hunch and Otto's record?" Dr. Coffee asked.

"Well, maybe three things," the detective said. "First, what happened to the Countess Zlata's sparklers? Maybe Otto lost them somewhere between Havana and Northbank and maybe he didn't. Anyhow I went through Otto's suite at the River House with a fine comb, and the answer is zero. Second, why did Madeline Starkey leave the hospital alone, when the emergency intern called police, instead of letting her husband drive her home, like he offered to? I don't say that she got to River House ahead of me, but I do know that Otto's hotel key is missing. Third, a couple of Otto's pockets were turned inside out when I first saw him. I can't tell you why, but I can tell you that when Mrs. Starkey drove off alone, this guy Sydney Kelling who came over with Starkey behind Mrs. Starkey's car, climbed in the car with Otto and passed out next to him. He's got a perfect right to pass out after inhaling all that rum but where's Countess Zlata's rocks—and where's the key to Otto's River House suite?"



"I'm cold! I'm going to change into my last year's swimming suit!"

COLLIER'S GEORGE WOLFE

"I see what you mean," said Dr. Coffee. He looked at his watch. "I've got to get back to the hospital, Max. I'll tell you what turns up in the lab."...

Exactly nothing had turned up in the lab when Dr. Coffee returned. The thin copper strips had come through the Reinsch test bright and shining. Therefore there was no arsenic and no mercury in the dead man's digestive system.

"Have also completed tests for phosphorus, antimony, and fluorine," Dr. Motilal Mookerji announced. "Reactions likewise negative. You are now desiring tests for alkaloids?"

"I guess you ought to try Mayer's reagent," Dr. Coffee said. "But if we start running the whole two dozen color reactions for alkaloids, the hospital administration is going to be on my neck for tying up the lab for extracurricular purposes. Let's narrow the field. Dr. Mookerji, you're from the tropics. Did you ever hear of a tropical fruit, vegetable, fish, or animal called an akee?"

"Akees? Quite!" said the Hindu intern. "Although same is not common in India, am familiar with akee fruits via descriptions by Cousin Lal Gupta Mookerji, former inhabitant of Trinidad and Jamaica in minor medical capacity. Akee fruits resemble small red apple with large seeds in interior. Cousin Lal Gupta reports same quite tasty when stewed with certain fishes. Latin appellation called *Blighia sapida* because Captain Bligh introduced same to Jamaica from New Guinea somewhat anterior to mutinous unpleasantness with Clark Gable on board H.M.S. Bounty. Have you been eating akees this luncheon time, Doctor Sahib?"

"No, but Mr. Otto ate akees for dinner last night, shortly before his death."

The pink turban bobbed from side to side. "Most indicative," said the Hindu intern. "Am of distinct impression that akees cause poisonous action when unripe or overripe. Perhaps should dispense with alkaloid tests and proceed to glucosides, since akee poisoning somewhat akin to saponin."

Dr. Coffee lighted a cigarette and allowed two thoughtful wisps of smoke to curl from his nostrils before he replied. "Test for saponin," he said, "although I don't know what good it will do. Eight people ate akees for dinner last night, and only one died."

"Quite unusual mortality rate," said Dr. Mookerji.

THAT night at eight thirty, Dr. Coffee was just finishing dinner when he was called to the phone.

"Hello, Doctor Sahib," said the Hindu intern's voice. "Have completed preliminary testings on deceased stomach of late Mr. Otto. Gentleman's digestive tissues gave positive reaction for saponin. Therefore can state gentleman's decease no doubt caused by poisoning from eating akee-fruits of improper ripeness. However can discover no reasons for immunity of other dinner guests. Mortality rate from akees frequently attains 90 per cent."

"Maybe Mr. Otto got the only bad akee in the lot," Dr. Coffee said. "Have you done an analysis of the brain tissue yet?"

"Am beginning at once," said Dr. Mookerji. "Have not forgotten instructions for molybdic acid test for alcohol in brains."

"I'm sure you'll get a beautiful blue reaction," said Dr. Coffee. "Call me if anything develops."

He had scarcely hung up when Max Ritter called. "I'll be by for you in five minutes," the detective said. "Put your coat on because we got a fifty-mile drive. If you have to leave a phone number for emergencies, you can be reached at Valley 1776. G'by."

As he got into Max Ritter's car, Dr. Coffee said, "I don't know where we're going, Max, but I'm afraid Otto's death was an accident. He died of akee poisoning. He must have eaten the only bad fruit in the dish."

"We're going to the Starkey's weekend rumpus cabin, which they call their hunting lodge," said Ritter. "It's 25 miles out of town. And I ain't so sure it was an accident, Doc. I just got a cable from the police in Kingston, Jamaica. Seems they used to know Mrs. Starkey before she got married. She used to give expensive little parties for expensive winter visitors in all the Jamaica swank spots, and this guy Otto was always around. They never had enough on Madeline to make a pinch, but they're pretty sure she was the come-on and finger gal for Otto whenever he worked the Caribbean diamond fields. Now suppose Otto decided he had a meal ticket in Northbank for the rest of his life as long as Madeline wanted to hang on to her new plush-bottomed respectability—and suppose Madeline decided to eliminate the danger of getting blackmailed. . . ."

"Is that why we're going to the hunting lodge, Max?"

"Well, no. The servants told me that Mrs. Starkey didn't get home last night till more than an hour after she left the hospital. That would give her time to drive to the lodge and back. Then this afternoon I been working on this Sydney Kelling. He's scared. He says he didn't know Otto was a crook and he's scared his reputation as an honest jeweler ain't going to be improved by his having dinner with a diamond thief. So when Madeline Starkey called him this afternoon and asked him to come to the lodge at ten tonight, Kelling tipped me right away. He'll do anything to get off the hook."

"I can't see that you have anything very definite on Mrs. Starkey, Max," Dr. Coffee said.

"That's why I want you along, Doc," said the detective. "If you give her enough scientific double-talk about what your lab is digging up, maybe she'll come clean."

Dr. Coffee shook his head dubiously as the police car sped through the night.

THE Starkey lodge stood on a hilltop in a clump of evergreens. Max Ritter pounded the heavy knocker on the front door. After a moment Madeline Starkey opened. If she was surprised she did not show it. She stood regally in the doorway, her head poised so that the cold, impersonal beauty of her classic profile would show to advantage against the fire burning in the grate behind her. Her dark braids, coiled tightly about her imperious head, shone like jet through the diaphanous crown of her hat. There was a twenty-thousand-dollar glitter to the clasp which held the ends of the sables carelessly draped over one shoulder.

The room behind her was in shadow except for the light from the fireplace. The skins and heads of animals adorned the walls, and two huge brass dogs' heads gleamed on the andirons.

"We just dropped in to see if Kelling agreed to reset the Countess Zlata's necklace," Max Ritter said.

"I don't understand you," said Mrs. Starkey.

Ritter stepped past her, and Dr. Coffee followed. From somewhere in the shadows, Sydney Kelling said apologetically, "I just got here, Lieutenant. We were discussing the unfortunate death of Mr. Otto."

"That's good," said Ritter, "because Dr. Coffee here has been doing a little laboratory work on Mr. Otto. The doctor thinks maybe you killed him, Mrs. Starkey."

The door banged shut. "That's ridiculous," said Mrs. Starkey. "Why would I kill Cliff Otto?"

"To keep your husband from finding out how thick you used to be with a jewel thief," Max Ritter said. "I got a cable here from Jamaica police about you two."

Mrs. Starkey's laugh was as light and tinkling as ice in a highball. "How ridiculous!" she said. "I've hidden nothing from my husband. Why should a man who has been as successful as Herbert Starkey in filching many thousands of dollars from Northbank taxpayers be at all squeamish about my knowing Cliff

WHAT AN IDEA FOR A PICTURE!

Samuel Goldwyn gives you another great hit that's full of fun and surprises! The Critics are saying—"The Bishop's Wife" ***Has That Academy Award Look!***

Cary Grant . . . an out-of-this-world guy with worldly ideas.

Loretta Young . . . . the bishop's wife—thought the ideas were good!

David Niven . . . . . the bishop who had some ideas of his own.

The Bishop's Wife . . . a comedy that will leave every wife smiling and thinking . . . every husband smiling and wondering . . . and every sweetheart ???

with MONTY WOOLLEY

JAMES GLEASON · GLADYS COOPER · ELSA LANCHESTER and THE MITCHELL BOYCHOIR · Directed by HENRY KOSTER

Screen Play by ROBERT E. SHERWOOD and LEONARDO BERCOVICI · From the Novel by ROBERT NATHAN · Released through RKO-RADIO PICTURES, Inc.

Otto, who never did anything more reprehensible than accept gifts of jewelry from foolish elderly ladies?"

"Otto served time," Ritter said. "Maybe it wouldn't help the Starkeys' social standing if you kept having a jailbird to dinner."

"So that's it," Mrs. Starkey said. "How am I supposed to have killed poor Cliff?"

"Akee poisoning," Dr. Coffee said. "You know of course that akees are sometimes poisonous."

"I recall that children in Jamaica sometimes got very sick from eating akees they picked up from the ground," said Mrs. Starkey. "As a matter of fact—"

Mrs. Starkey stopped talking. Her head turned toward the door that was opening slowly at one side of the fireplace. A paunchy, balding man stood in the doorway. There were red velvet lapels on his smoking jacket. When he moved his hand, gun metal gleamed in the firelight.

"Sorry to interrupt, folks." Herbert Starkey grinned. "I was asleep in the other room and I heard voices. I didn't know who was in here."

Mrs. Starkey was rigid as she glared at her husband. "What are you doing here, Herbert?" she demanded.

"I overheard you phoning Syd Kelling to meet you here, so I came up early. I always check on you when you make a rendezvous with another man these days, Madeline."

"These gentlemen say Cliff Otto was poisoned with akees, Herbert," Mrs. Starkey said.

"We all ate akees," Starkey said. "Personally, I feel very much alive."

A TELEPHONE rang somewhere in the room. Max Ritter stumbled through the shadows to grab the ringing instrument. He grunted a few times, then said, "For you, Doc. I think it's your swami."

Dr. Mookerji's voice was shrill in Dan Coffee's ear. "Have just completed qualitative analysis of deceased gentleman's brains." The Hindu was excited. "Tissues demonstrated complete lack of alcohol. Therefore can report that abstemiousness of deceased regarding alcoholic beverages was great and fatal misfortune. Because consultation of standard works on tropical medicine this evening time revealed discovery by Dr. Sir Harold Scott that alcohol is first-rate antidote for akee poison. Alcohol precipitates venomous substances before morbid activities begin. Perhaps surviving akee eaters were less abstemious, Doctor Sahib?"

"About six kinds of rum away from being abstemious, Dr. Mookerji," Dan Coffee said. "Thanks. And congratulations on a damned fine job of postmortem analysis."

Dr. Coffee sat for a moment looking at the fire. Then he telephoned Dr. George Perry and spoke briefly in low tones. At last he walked slowly back to the group by the fireplace.

"Mrs. Starkey," he asked, "was Otto the only one of your dinner guests who drank no rum last night?"

"Now that you mention it, I guess he was."

"Why didn't you tell Lieutenant Ritter about this?"

"He didn't ask me. Is it important?" Madeline Starkey asked.

"Alcohol is an antidote for akee poisoning," said Dr. Coffee. "Your other guests were not poisoned because they were saturated with rum."

"What a tragic accident!" said Madeline Starkey.

"It was no accident," said Dr. Coffee. "Max, you'd better take Mr. Starkey in hand—because Mr. Starkey murdered Clifford Otto."

"Why, that's nonsense!" Starkey said. "I knew nothing about alcohol and akee poisoning."

Madeline Starkey was staring at her husband with cold, accusing eyes. "That's not true, Herbert," she said. "I remember telling you how I nearly died once, after eating akees as a little girl—and how the doctor in Kingston saved my life by giving me rum until I was quite drunk."

"I'd forgotten." Starkey smiled with his lips as he returned his wife's stare, but his eyes were cold.

"And you arranged for the tropical foods to be flown here from Jamaica, Herbert," Mrs. Starkey continued. "You ordered the akees, Herbert."

"That's not murder, Madeline. That's not—"

"It was murder, Mr. Starkey," Dr. Coffee interrupted, "when you referred Otto to Dr. Perry a week ago, and you told Dr. Perry to scare Otto into going on the wagon for a few weeks because he was an alcoholic."

"I may have told Perry that Otto was drinking too much," said Starkey with a suave gesture. "But Otto's death was completely accidental. You can't prove otherwise. You can't prove that I knew anything about akee poisoning. You can't—" Starkey's voice died. He stared at his wife.

Madeline Starkey still stood rigidly facing him, but her impersonal, classic mask was gone. Horror contorted her face and there was hate in her eyes.

Starkey smiled again. "If you gentlemen of the police really want a case that will stand up in court," he said, "I advise you to examine the gun rack in the far corner of this room. I happened to be poking about there a few hours ago, and I noticed a rather handsome diamond necklace hidden behind the guns. I don't know if the necklace is stolen property, or who brought it here, but—"

Once more Starkey's voice failed. He did not take his eyes from his wife's face, even when Max Ritter stepped up to handcuff his hands in front of him.

"Madeline," Starkey said after a moment, "you lied to me. You still loved him."

Madeline Starkey did not reply. But her silence was eloquent. The utter scorn, the primitive hate that curled her thin lips was a complete confession of her love for the dead man, an accusation of his murderer.

HERBERT STARKEY lunged forward. His manacled hands swung swiftly against the side of his wife's face.

Madeline's head turned slightly. There was blood on her cheek, but her expression did not change. She collapsed slowly, quietly. Her head struck the gleaming brass nose of the dog on the nearest andiron. She lay motionless on the hearth.

Dr. Coffee lifted her and carried her to a couch.

Two minutes later he said, "She must have struck the base of her skull. She was killed instantly."

As Herbert Starkey sank to his knees beside the couch, Max Ritter said, "This one won't be hard to prove in court, Starkey."

Driving back to town, Max Ritter remarked, "You know, Doc, we can only hang a manslaughter rap on Starkey for his wife's death, but it's better than nothing. He's probably right about our not being able to prove in court that he killed Otto. That akee business was clever."

"If it hadn't been for Dr. Mookerji," Dr. Coffee said, "it would have been too clever."

"Doc, there's a reward for this Countess Zlata's sparklers," Max Ritter said. "Maybe we could cut the swami in on the reward."

"Dr. Mookerji didn't have much to do with the necklace," Dan Coffee said, "but he really cracked the case for us."

"We'll cut him in," said Ritter. "You, too, Doc."

"You can give my share to the hospital. Then maybe the administration will stop squawking about my lab being cluttered up with police cases." Dr. Coffee pulled the lighter from the dashboard and pressed a cigarette against the glowing disk. "I don't suppose we'll ever know how Mrs. Starkey cooked that *poulet aux bananes en cocotte,*" he sighed.

THE END

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THE MYSTERIOUS WAY

Continued from page 13

sitting on the porch smoking a cigar furiously. Milo had been past seventy when he apostatized and took up smoking as a sign of defiance, and he'd never learned to take it easy.

Moroni Skinner crossed the store yard and investigated Henry Brown's house and outbuildings; Henry wasn't around. He went back behind the store and materialized into human form. He wasn't supposed to, to anybody but Jackson, but Moroni had known Milo Ferguson years ago and the young fool needed a good talking-to. He walked around the porch and said, "Milo, you young fool, why you smoking that cigar?"

"Huh?" Milo said. He hadn't been called a young fool for forty years or better. He looked south along the road and north along the road. "Where'd you come from, stranger?"

"I come to give you a good talking-to. If you got to smoke, do it in private."

"I like to smoke, and it's my own blamed business."

"You only do it to show you don't care for the gospel. Too old to learn how to smoke anyhow, you young fool."

"If you got to preach, stranger, save it till Sunday."

"I'm going to tell you something, Milo Ferguson. You apostatized on account of your wife was sick a long time and you lost everything in doctor bills. What kind of faith is that? The hereafter is a long time—"

"Hereafter!" Milo jeered. "Heaven! Hell! Let me tell you, stranger, when you're done with this life, that's all."

"You sure got a lot to learn. I could tell you about that."

"I've heard it all, stranger. Want something in the store, or just killing time? Mail won't be in till about noon."

"Don't you know me, Milo?"

MILO pushed back his hat and squinted. He saw a fellow dressed in black broadcloth and a round hat, with a stern, squarish face framed by white whiskers running under the chin. "Never seen you afore, stranger."

"I," Moroni said dramatically, "am Moroni Skinner."

"Glad to know you, Skinner," Milo said. He scratched his white thatch, his wizened face puckering reflectively. "Moroni Skinner, huh? You must be some relation to young Jack Whitetop. His grandfather was named that."

"I *am* his grandfather."

"You're Moroni Skinner? The old man?" Milo took the cigar from his mouth carefully. "No, you ain't. He's dead. I went to the funeral."

"You ought to recognize me, you young fool!" Moroni said, a bit nettled. The way he'd heard of visitations when he was on earth, they were always occasions for awe and humbleness. He was regretting materializing at all to Milo. Served him right, fooling with an apostate.

"Well, you favor him," Milo admitted. "But Moroni Skinner was an old man. You're just in the prime of life. Like me."

"The prime of life is whatever you happen to be. You was a young man in them days, Milo."

"Well, if you're Moroni Skinner, what you bothering me for? I don't believe in visitations."

"You're getting one whether you believe in it or not!" Moroni said sharply. "What do you think your wife thinks about you, up there, you down here making a blamed fool of yourself."

"My wife?" Milo asked, touched in a tender spot. He'd been terribly lonely since Abbie passed on. "Seen her lately, Moroni? How is she?"

"Abbie's fine. She was over for Sunday dinner with Lucy and me a spell ago. But she's got a bone to pick with you, once you meet her over there. Ought to be ashamed of yourself, at your age."

"I don't believe it," Milo said with uncomfortable defiance. "When you're dead, you're dead. There ain't no spirits or visitations or none of that stuff. I been all through that. So you can't be the spirit of old Moroni Skinner. And anyhow I ain't humble and I don't deserve no visitation. And I don't want none if you *are* Moroni Skinner. I'm getting along all right, minding my own business and not pestering nobody. Why don't you leave me alone?"

Moroni was nettled. He didn't like to admit he'd materialized partly to talk over old times with Milo and partly just for practice before he appeared to Jackson. He'd had the vague idea, too, of straightening Milo out again. Milo didn't know what he was going to have to go through with Abbie, when he met her, acting foolish-like on earth as he was. "I didn't make this trip to earth to pester *you*," Moroni said sharply. "And now I'm sorry I appeared at all. You can go fry in your own juice, for all I care for, you sheepheaded young fool! Just wait'll Abbie grabs you by the ear!"

"Didn't come to see me? Then what you here for?" Milo asked apparently convinced he was talking to a spirit.

"I'm just here to straighten out that grandson of mine. The lazy good-for-nothing loafer."

"Jackson? Nothing wrong with the boy a good wife can't fix."

"That's what I figure."

"Talked with him yet?"

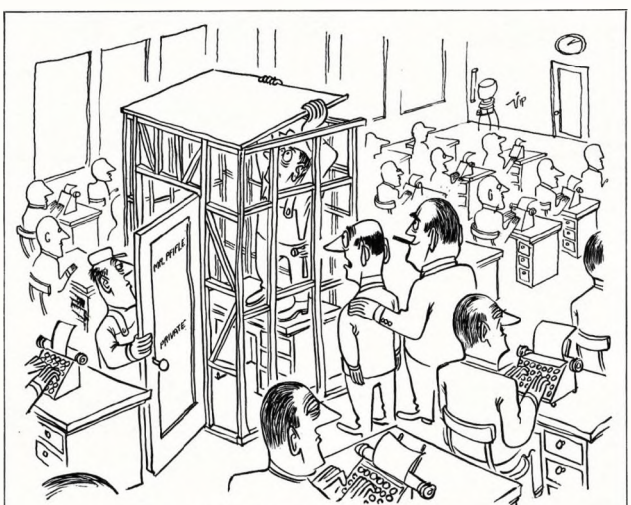
"The moment hasn't arrived," Moroni said, trying to sound mysterious.

"What have I got to do with Jack Whitetop? Why come to me?"

Moroni was getting no place fast. "Never you mind," he said lamely. "You'll find out." It was a feeble exit line, but he bolstered it by going into spirit form.

"Well, I don't see . . ." Milo's voice trailed off as he realized he was speaking to the empty desert air. The old man blinked, rubbed his eyes, and squinted. "Well, I'll be doggoned!" He got up and walked the length of the porch, peering along the side of the store. Then he walked around the store, went inside, looked behind the counters on both sides, came out, sat down and scratched his white thatch. "Either I gone crazy, or my eyes are going bad, or that there's the funniest thing ever did happen to me in my born life."

Milo prided himself that he didn't believe in anything or anybody. He had the bitter satisfaction of having discovered that everything and everybody in the world was part of a gigantic fraud. No man was honest. Every hand was against him. With one exception. Gazing south from the store porch, he could see a small square of white picket fence on a little rise in the center of a ten-acre square of meadowland. That meadow was all the property he had left in the world, and the rise in its center was the place where, for fifty-odd years, he and his wife had planned to build a house. They'd spent many a long evening through the years drawing sketches, discussing rooms and closets and alcoves. Milo had never been a good businessman. He'd inherited the ranch and store. It had always been next year, or the year after, that they'd start the house. And with each postponement the plans grew. The further away it was in actuality, the more golden became the dream. Nothing would be skimped on that house. It would be built to last. It would be the finest structure in the valley. And after Abbie had died and a combination of doctor bills and a lifetime of poor ways had taken Milo's ranch and store away and left him merely in the position of a clerk, he'd managed to hang onto that square of pasture land. He'd buried Abbie on the house site and put a white picket fence around her grave.



"Yes, it's swell, but I'd still rather have had a raise, sir"

COLLIER'S VIRGIL PARTCH

Milo shrugged uncomfortably. Abbie unhappy over there? Why should she be? Anyhow, what could *he* do about it? Why hadn't Moroni left him alone, anyhow? He didn't want any visitation. Didn't believe in such trash. . . .

MORONI traveled about the valley in spirit form. Good to see it all again. Hadn't changed much, except for where the flood had come out of East Canyon years ago. There were still occasional ragged ends of charred lumber protruding from the jumble of rocks left by the flood, an occasional sack of hardened cement with the bag rotted and bleached. The flood had destroyed the materials for the valley church, and, old Moroni had always felt, had served everybody danged well right. The Trouble, as it was always called, was a bunch of foolishness anyhow. If folks couldn't even get together on building a church, they were in pretty sorry shape, and, so far as he was concerned, they could fry.

Moroni knew a lot about Henry Brown from the records, and he wanted a look at the man who was scheduled to marry Katie Jensen. He found Henry up East Canyon bumping along the side of a hill in an Army weapons carrier. A sheepherder, clinging for dear life beside him, kept an eye peeled for a likely spot to jump if the car overturned. Henry Brown, amused at the man's fright, picked a path a bit steeper and more bumpy than was absolutely necessary. As he rounded the hill, he saw a sheep wagon ahead, atop a little knoll beyond a grassy hollow. Henry bore into the hollow, and the herder relaxed a bit, saying, "I still like a horse."

Henry Brown had good teeth and he showed them all when he threw back his head to laugh. "Takes a day on a horse, and we made it in an hour."

TWO men came out of the sheep wagon as the weapons carrier bumped onto the knoll. "Well, men!" Henry said heartily. "How's everything?"

Whitey Jones, the camp mover, looked at the man beside him. "You tell him, Ned." And to Henry: "Me, I was away. I was in for supplies. And anyhow I got your three other camps to move. I can't be here all the time. Ned's the herder, not me."

"What happened, Ned?" Henry asked.

Ned Holt looked down his nose. He was a slight fellow, colorless and with no single strong point visible, the sort of man Nature apparently tosses together out of skimpy odds and ends to fill the quota at the close of a busy day. "Well, I'll tell you, Henry. I had one of my spells. Flat on my back and couldn't move for three days, and Whitey gone. I reckon the sheep scattered pretty bad. Soon's as I could walk I went out after 'em."

"We lost fifty-sixty head," Whitey Jones said.

"Well, damn you!" the herder who'd come with Henry cried to Ned Holt. "Getting so's I'm afraid to take my week off!" He turned to Henry angrily. "Henry, I'm going to speak my piece and I don't care what nobody thinks about it! I've been fixing to say my say and I'm a-going to do it! This is your herd; you own the sheep. But it's my sheep, too, in a way. I live with 'em. I got no kick coming with you as a boss. Neither has your other herders. You treat us fine and we get the best grub money can buy. But how do you think we feel when we take our week off and this drunken bum of a Ned Holt takes over as relief? We're afraid to come back to the herd. Like as not something's happened. Sheep lost. Coyotes into the lambs. Scattered in a storm. I don't know why you put up with it. If you want to give Ned a job, keep him around your place where he can't do no damage. Well, that's my piece," the herder growled truculently. "If you want to give me my time, it's okay. But it's how I feel and it's how the other boys feel, too."

"I'm behind you there, Mack," Whitey Jones said. "Henry, we're trying to do a job for you. But when Ned's on relief I can't always just stick with his camp. And the minute he's alone he's apt to have one of his spells." He jerked his chin significantly at three empty whisky bottles by the wheel of the wagon.

"I'm sorry, Henry," Ned Holt said.

"Ned, you told me the last time it

wouldn't happen again," Henry said, more in sorrow than in anger. "Well, I guess it can't be helped now. Let's go."

As the vehicle bumped down the hill, the camp mover and the herder met each other's eyes and shrugged. "Beats me," the herder said. "I'd have got rid of that drunken bum years ago."

"Well," Whitey Jones said, "they say that Ned Holt once done something for Henry. And Henry, he sure never forgot."

"A fine man," the herder said. "That's the only thing wrong with Henry. He's too good for his own good."

MORONI SKINNER was perched on the hood of the weapons carrier. "Henry," Ned Holt said, "you see how it is? We can't keep on like this."

"Everything go off okay?"

"Well, yes," Ned admitted reluctantly. "I cut 'em out at night and met the trucks at the logging road." He got a sheaf of bills from his pocket and passed them to Henry Brown. Henry counted them and put them in his own pocket. Moroni would have been amazed at a man stealing his own sheep, except that he knew from the records that Henry Brown did it for income-tax purposes. Henry was firm in the belief that the government was run by a bunch of robbers. This belief he held in common with a considerable number of people, and, like some of them, he did something about it. Henry began to whistle.

"Henry," Ned Holt said.

"Yeah?"

Ned Holt swallowed, steeled himself, and blurted, "Henry, what say we call it square?"

Henry glanced at the small man. "Square? Ain't we square?"

"I don't mean it that way, Henry. You been square with me. But a man can push luck too far. I'm getting scared. Times I don't sleep good for thinking about it."

Henry threw back his head to laugh. The laugh was a trifle too loud. Henry himself had wondered at times at his phenomenal luck. Everything had come his way. He'd started with nothing, and now he was the biggest man in the valley, next to the bishop. First counselor in the bishopric; all fixed to marry Katie; three sheep herds of his own and another practically his for the asking; and with—let's see, now, counting this deal—with eighty-three thousand dollars cash tucked away which the government knew nothing at all about. Yes, he'd done all right. Henry told himself, emphatically at times, that he was just a little smarter and a little sharper and a little harder-working than most men. But still he had the feeling that Lady Luck had ridden by his side. He didn't like to think of that, or to speculate on what would happen if she deserted him.

"There's no risk, Ned," he pointed out. "What if somebody caught you delivering to those trucks? I'd back you. There's no law yet that a man can't sell his own sheep."

"I been figuring," Ned Holt said doggedly. "Figure on getting a little place of my own. And you're getting married. A single man don't mind so much, but when he gets married it's different."

"I'll worry about my wife."

"Yeah; but what about mine?"

"Yours?" Henry said. "Well! Who's the lucky girl? Congratulations!"

"Well, I ain't exactly asked her yet. Beulah Hess."

"Beulah Hess?" Henry said; then he added the proper thing: "A fine girl."

"But I know she won't have me unless I straighten out. And Jackson Whitetop's apt to up and get her in the meanwhile."

Henry laughed. "That lazy trash?"

"At least he's honest," Moroni snapped.

"At least he's honest," Ned Holt said. "Honest? What's eating you? What's wrong about a man keeping his own money that he's earned fair and square, instead of forking it over to a bunch of robbing politicians who never did an honest day's work in their lives?"

"I mean—well, Henry, you know how it's like in the valley. A man ain't in good with the church, hereabouts, if he don't get along with the right people. Take me. I never smoked a cigarette in my life, and I can't drink on account of liquor makes me sick. But I got to make out like I do, to account for them spells at the sheep camps. So every time there's a dance I got to go out in the shed behind the schoolhouse with the boys and drink a pint flask of tea. And then maybe somebody urges a drink on me and I can't hardly refuse, and I get sick. I got a awful reputation hereabouts, Henry."

"Well, it's paid off, hasn't it?"

"But I know Beulah won't have me until I straighten up," Ned Holt explained. "So I got to reform. Why don't we call it square and quit?"

Moroni felt sorry for Ned Holt. Ned was such an inadequate little man. And his cut, for ruining his local reputation with the Saints and doing the dirty work, was a pittance compared to Henry's.

"Sure, Ned," Henry said soothingly. "I guess you're right." No use opposing the man now. Let him get his girl. A married man always finds out two can't live as cheaply as one. Ned would be glad for a little extra change.

HENRY drove into the valley from East Canyon and let Holt off at the Hess place. Moroni whisked inside to take a good look at the girl Jackson had been seeing. Beulah Hess was on the leather sofa in the front room, reading a love magazine. She was a pretty girl, but grimy; definitely grimy. She had an old bathrobe over her nightgown and she hadn't combed her hair. As the car swung into the yard she scurried into her bedroom. "It's Ned Holt," her mother said, peering out a front window.

"Why does he come around this time of day when I'm in a mess?"

"Maybe he wants to ask you to the dance tonight."

"Let him ask."

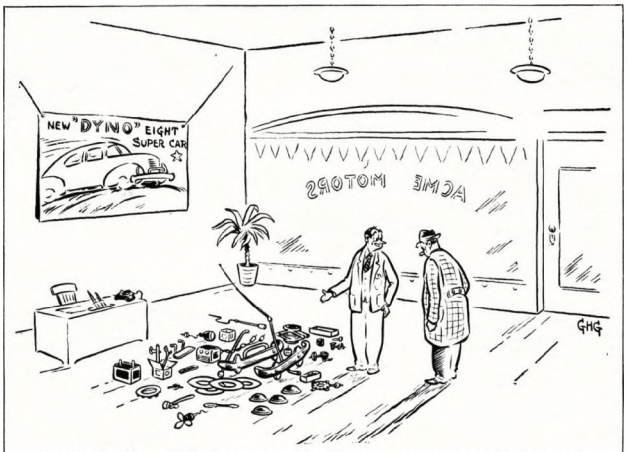
"At least he's got a job. He's a hard worker, if he'd straighten up. That's more than I can say of some of the young men who hang around, not mentioning no names."

With amazing speed Beulah underwent transformation. She whipped off her bathrobe and nightgown. Moroni turned away, guiltily wondering if Lucy would find the scene in the records. When he looked back, Beulah had pulled on slacks that covered her grimy legs, a sweater that covered her arms, and was powdering over the grime on her face. She painted her lips, concealed the rat's nest of her hair with a kerchief, and sauntered out daintily to meet Ned Holt.

"Gee, you're pretty today, Beulah," Ned said worshipfully.

"You came at an awful time, Ned. I look a fright."

THIS certainly, Moroni felt, wasn't going to be the girl his grandson married. Not if he could help it. He hurried to catch up with the weapons carrier. Henry Brown was speeding across the sage flat toward the bishop's place, whistling in anticipation of visiting a bit with Katie. Ahead on the road was a cloud of yellow dust, and Henry's happy countenance assumed a vexed scowl as a Model T came into view. He glanced about, as if considering the possibility of leaving the road and bumping across the sage hummocks, but rejected it as undignified. The Model T held the center of the road. As he turned to the right it turned to meet



"We're nearing the homestretch, Mr. Hopp—your extras just came in"

COLLIER'S GEORGE HAMILTON GREEN

him. The two cars stopped with a scant yard between the radiators.

"Why, hello, Henry!" Anita Smith said, as if she had just seen the other vehicle. She was, Moroni knew, the only one of Nephi Smith's six daughters living at home. Nephi Smith was saddened by the way his daughters turned out: two had run away with gentiles, and three times he'd taken his old .30-30 carbine and his Model T and brought back a scared young fellow to marry one of the others. Which left Anita. But Anita had gone to Salt Lake City to work in the small-arms plant during the war, and she'd returned with a baby. The father was, she'd explained vaguely, a soldier killed overseas. But everybody knew she didn't receive government checks. Anita Smith, with black hair and sparkling brown eyes, was pert and saucy and didn't seem at all burdened with the weight of her transgression. The young bloods of the valley who'd got the idea she was easy pickings had received rude surprises. Whoever the father of her child was, she was true to him.

"Why do you stop me like this?" Henry said. "I'm in a hurry."

"I just thought you might like to see little Henry. Just take a peek, Henry. He's asleep in the back."

Henry Brown winced. She'd named the child Henry and said her phantom husband was named Brown. Henry Brown is a common enough name, but still . . . He got out and looked sullenly at the sleeping child. "Ugly little brat."

"There's quite a resemblance, don't you think?"

"For heaven's sake, Anita! For the last time, quit that!" Henry never had understood why she'd wanted to come back to the valley and face people. Or why she'd had the baby in the first place. Henry Brown, to put it bluntly, just never had understood Anita Smith. To him, the affair in Salt Lake City had been just an affair. The things he'd told her were just the things you say to any girl you're having an affair with. It had been a terrible shock when she wrote him that she was pregnant and he realized she'd taken it seriously— that she'd been, as he put it, a damned fool. He'd risen to the occasion like a man and had immediately sent her, special delivery, two hundred dollars and the name of a doctor. If she wanted to have the baby, after that, it was her own affair. He'd washed his hands of the whole business.

"Look here, Anita; I don't like this."

"Don't like what, Henry?" She was all innocence.

"I'll have nothing to do with that brat, and if you think—"

"That's what *you* think!" Moroni said testily.

"That," Anita said, "is what *you* think."

"What? Are you threatening me, by any chance?"

"I wouldn't call it that, Henry. I'm getting along all right while I'm waiting."

"What are you waiting for?"

"For you to be a man, you rat!" Moroni said.

"For you to be a man, you rat," Anita said.

"Oh," Henry said. She'd never been so frank before. "If you think I'll marry you, you can guess again. You just try making trouble. We've got the example of your sisters. You try to make trouble and I'll fix you. I'll get the courts to take that child away from you. I'll have you declared not fit to bring the brat up."

"Why, Henry, I believe you're afraid. Why fly off the handle?"

"I just want you to understand."

"I'm sorry to upset you, Henry. I just thought you'd want a look at your child before you got married."

"And don't call that brat my child. How do I know it's mine?"

"Well, if you're going to make a scene, goodby," Anita said. She backed, swung around his car, and went on, blowing him a kiss sweetly.

"If that rat thinks he can marry Katie Jensen or anybody else except me, he can think again!" she declared aloud. "He's a heel, but I want him and he's mine."

"Good girl!" Moroni cried.

Moroni figured he'd dallied enough without getting his mission done here on earth. So he whisked again to Jackson Whitetop's house, and, arriving, he shook his head with vexation.

JACKSON was relaxing after breakfast, stretched full length on the old oak bed, smoking a brown paper cigarette and idly listening to the mice running about on the green canvas ceiling overhead. The ceiling gave Jackson a vague feeling of dissatisfaction. His grandfather had painted the canvas a poisonous green when he built the house, and Jackson's parents had always disliked the color. You would have thought, they'd said, that old Moroni could have got a decent paint while he was about it.

"Jed," his mother once had said, "you know what I been doing? I been thinking."

"What about, Ma?" his father had said.

"I been looking at that green paint for going on—how long's it been? Anyhow, I don't like it and I never did. I been thinking maybe we could paint it another color. Maybe tan or blue or yellow or something."

"Well, now, Ma!" his father had said admiringly. "That's a idea!"

So they'd got out the mail-order cata-

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logue and studied over the color chart and argued all winter just what shade they wanted it. That occupied the winter. Another winter it had been a gasoline lighting system with hollow wires. Another winter it had been bathroom fixtures. Nothing more fun, Jackson felt, than looking over a catalogue with somebody during the winter. Nothing ever came of it; didn't cost you anything. Jackson, shifting lazily on the bed, wished he had a wife to look over a catalogue with. Somebody like Katie Jensen, say. What had got into him, anyhow, saying what he did this morning? Of course he was in love with Katie. Anybody would be. He'd been in love with Katie almost as long as he could remember. And during the war it had almost seemed that something might come of it. She'd gone out with him when he was back on furlough and a few times after he'd come home after the war. But he'd known he wasn't good enough for Katie. Never would be. Still . . .

SUDDENLY materializing, old Moroni Skinner said, "Jackson Skinner Whitetop."

"That's me." Jackson turned his head curiously, blinked, hitched onto one elbow and glanced behind Moroni to the door. The lock was long since gone, and the door was fastened on the inside by a wire hooked over a nail. Jackson had hooked the door because of the wind; it was still hooked. "I'll be go to hell. Where'd you come from?"

"I came from beyond."

"Beyond what?" Jackson asked.

"Jackson Skinner Whitetop," Moroni said impressively, "don't you know me?"

Jackson swallowed. He'd always felt that the old crayon portrait of Grandpa Skinner in the living room was poor art. Nobody could have a gaze quite that stern and a jaw that uncompromising. Not to mention the mouth. But now he realized that the portrait, whatever it was as art, was a good likeness. "Y-yes, sir," he said. "You're Grandpa S-skinner. How's—tricks up there, Grandpa? How's Grandma Lucy Skinner?"

"Jackson Skinner Whitetop, I have brought you a message from beyond."

"Yes, Grandpa."

"Jackson Skinner Whitetop, you are lazy good-for-nothing trash."

Jackson had been called the same by practically everybody, one time or another. Being on familiar ground gave him a trace of courage.

"Yes, sir. Is that all, Grandpa?"

"Jackson Skinner Whitetop, it is time you mended your ways. You are the last of the line. It is time you made something of yourself and got yourself a wife and had children to carry on." Moroni was glad to see the boy scared. He'd been a little uncertain about things, after the casual way Milo Ferguson had taken the first visitation.

"Yes, sir, Grandpa. I been thinking about it. I've sort of been going around with Beulah Hess."

"Beulah Hess!" Moroni snorted.

"Yes, sir, I know. She's no prize, but who am I?"

"Who are you? You're a Skinner, that's who you are! Nothing's too good for a Skinner! Why, when I started courting Lucy— Anyhow, you don't love Beulah Hess."

"No, sir, I don't. But who else would marry the likes of me, Grandpa? Even Beulah's sort of undecided between me and Ned Holt, and he's only a sheepherder. I don't rate very high, Grandpa. Unless I went off somewheres where I'm not known."

"Look here, Jackson Skinner Whitetop! I settled this ranch and there's no better place in the valley, if it's run right. You stay here and build it up, and marry a nice valley girl. Fix the house up for her, get things in shape. And hop to it! Don't lay there like a bump on a log!"

"Right now, Grandpa?"

"Right now!"

Jackson got up. He was surprised to find his eyes level with the determined gaze of Grandpa Skinner. Of course Jackson was six feet and one inch tall, but he'd always thought of the fabled Grandpa Skinner as towering above him.

"What I did, you can do," Moroni said. "I was trash before I married my Lucy and she made something out of me. You can do the same."

"Who, Grandpa?"

"Lucy—your Grandmother Skinner."

"I mean, who would I marry? No really first-rate girl in the valley would have me."

"Jackson, I'm here to get such notions out of your thick head! You're my grandson. Now, what girl would you *want?*"

"Well—" Jackson said, studying his bare toes.

"Never mind. I know. And I heartily approve."

"You mean—?" Jackson couldn't utter it.

"Of course I mean the bishop's daughter, Katherine. There's the girl for you, Jackson."

"Katie Jensen," Jackson breathed. He regarded old Moroni's stern face with some perplexity. Certainly the old fellow didn't seem feeble, and unquestionably he'd come from beyond with the message, but still — Katie Jensen! "Grandpa, I'm afraid that's impossible."

"Nothing's impossible, Jackson, for a Skinner!"

"For one thing, the bishop owns a good share of the valley that's worth owning."

"Of course; that's why he's bishop," Moroni said. "Couldn't marry into a finer family."

"Oh, yes, sir; but the bishop's a hard-working man. He's got no use for lazy trash like me, Grandpa."

"Jackson, that's what I'm telling you. You're *not* lazy trash. Not any more. From now on, you're a hustler."

"If you say so, Grandpa. But, now—Katie's the prettiest, nicest, swellest girl in the whole valley."

MORONI'S stern visage relaxed. "Certainly!" he agreed. "Fine a girl as ever I seen!"

"But for *me* to marry Katie—"

"Jackson Skinner Whitetop, I don't intend to stand here arguing with you! I'm telling you to straighten up, fix up your place, and marry Katie Jensen. That is my message. Is it clear enough?"

"Yes, Grandpa," Jackson said. "But she's engaged to marry Henry Brown."

"Henry Brown isn't fit to roll in the mud she walks through," Moroni said.

"Eh?" Jackson said, guessing what had prompted him to say what he had earlier in the morning. "But, Grandpa, it's all arranged. They're going to Salt Lake in the morning. And next day they're going through the Temple. It's too late to do anything now."

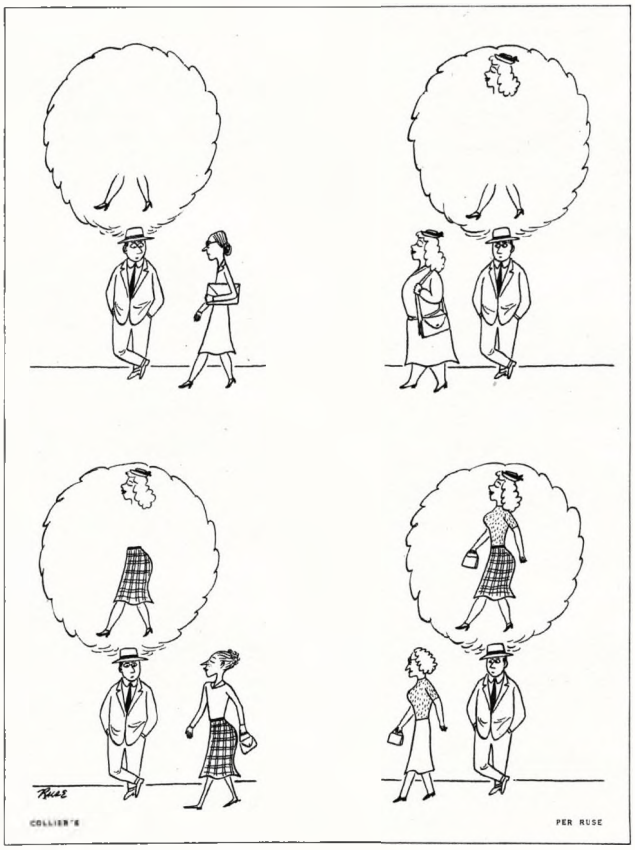
"Jackson Skinner Whitetop, I have given you a message!"

"Yes, sir. But—how do I do it?"

"That is up to you," Moroni said sternly. He wished he'd got permission from the Destiny Department for at least a peek into the boy's future. Too, Moroni had the uncomfortable feeling that perhaps he was giving the boy a hunk too big to chew. Of course he *should* marry Katie Jensen; any fool could see that. Katie shouldn't marry Henry Brown. But it would take some doing . . . Moroni chided himself for lack of faith. The boy was a Skinner; of course he'd come through! "You will find a way," he said. "That is all, Jackson."

Moroni returned to heaven with a clear conscience. He'd done his duty. From now on, it was up to the boy.

(To be continued next week)



TWILIGHT ON THE NAVAJO TRAIL

Continued from page 21

reservation for tribal gatherings and ancient ceremonials.

That's one reason the average Navajo cash income runs around $100 a year—about a tenth of the national average.

The United States is seeing that an average German gets 1,500 calories a day, an average Japanese 1,300. The average Navajo gets just over 1,000. This after eighty years of bureaucratic rule at a cost of more than $100,000,000. When Wes Huff, the crusading editor of the Gallup Independent, printed these figures he got a letter from an indignant subscriber saying: "Since we have undertaken to support millions of lazy Europeans, we might as well add 60,000 lazy Navajos to our list." That was the general sentiment of many people in the Navajo country.

Disinterested Arizona and New Mexico leaders say the Indian Bureau ought to be abolished, as a starter. Speaking for this group is Dr. C. G. Salsbury, a veteran medical missionary who heads the famous Ganado Mission Hospital and School operated on the reservation a few miles northwest of Gallup, New Mexico.

Dr. Salsbury's plan calls for an end to federal wardship, which he thinks has been an almost complete failure. He'd convert the bureau's luxurious headquarters at Window Rock into a high school or sanitarium. Then he'd start a real educational system that would work among a nomadic people; give the Indians citizenship and voting rights; make the states responsible for education and health, with federal help for a few years, and let the Navajos work out their own salvation.

As things are now, only one in five Navajos speaks American. There is no written language for the others and so they have to be told everything by word of mouth through interpreters.

Facts Hidden from Tourists

Reservation "roads" are mainly trails, deep in dust in summer, mud tracks in winter and spring. The Indian Bureau keeps them that way, not wanting tourists roaming over the reserve to find out how things really are. This means that it's impossible to carry children to the few schools available for daily instruction. Dr. Salsbury's solution is boarding schools, where the children would live for weeks at a time while their parents were moving the sheep herds.

Disease runs like a "river of death" through the reservation, says Dr. Salsbury, adding that "only a very nominal effort" is being made to control venereal infections, tuberculosis and other serious afflictions. Nobody is doing much to prevent the sale of liquor to the Indians, either, and *peyote*, a drug made from cactus, is widely used as a sort of antidote for prolonged half starvation. White bums in Gallup and other towns near the reservation make a sort of living by buying cheap liquor and reselling it to the tribesmen at a 200 per cent profit.

Managing the reservation are more than 1,300 federal employees, about 900 of them Indians. The workings of bureaucracy are illustrated in the so-called Health Department—where 33 doctors and nurses require the services of 216 appointees to get along. "Administration" alone pays off to 60 appointees at the Window Rock Agency, with a like number scattered around the reserve.

Rulings of the bureau have deprived the Navajos and the Hopis and others of practically all their rights. They are forced to pay income tax, sales taxes, automobile taxes and any other tax Congress can dream up, but they can't vote. They are, however, eligible as soldiers, and 3,600 of them fought bravely in the recent war, 450 of them with the Marines. Despite this, these veterans can't get a government loan for a home, and they can't get a dime from state Social Security agencies, no matter how badly off they may be.

For the past sixteen years the bureau has averaged more than $1,000,000 a year for "education"—including folk lore, native dancing and weaving—things the Navajos have known for centuries. Last year more than $1,500,000 was spent in this way, and the total result is about 11,000 "literate" tribesmen. The standard of "literacy" would astonish most schoolteachers.

Weaving at Starvation Wages

Incidentally, the weaving taught scores of Indians enables them to sell blankets and rugs for what adds up to just five cents an hour's work. By the time those products get to the tourists the price is so high that in 1947 sales fell off by one third, thus further depressing the market.

But there still is no permanent solution for the problem, and next winter it will be the same old story. Congress may again appropriate a few millions to be spent in the same old way.

Former Superintendent Stewart had a plan to grade and pave nearly 1,200 miles of reservation roads at a cost of $20,000,000 to provide jobs. This road plan fades beside that of Secretary Krug, who wants $100,000,000 for a ten-year program of more—much more—of the same sort of administration the Navajos have been getting for half a century. But how this would benefit the Navajo nation of sheepherders and rug weavers in the long run, no one knows. It would increase tourist travel into the reserve—which is one thing the bureau has been opposed to for decades. So are the white traders, who want tourists to buy from them and not direct from the Indians.

Still another plan to combat what Mr. Stewart calls the "frustration" of the Navajo would cost $140,000 over ten years, and provide more health, educational and living benefits, plus a 100,000-acre irrigation scheme south of Shiprock, which it is hopefully predicted might support 2,500 families. This project, incidentally, has been talked about for fifty years—and probably will be talked about for the next fifty.

The result of this, plus various development schemes, *might* provide livings for fewer than 9,000 families, a government report says. The projects include lumbering, coal mining, irrigated farming, arts and crafts, stock raising and small industries, including running gas stations and motels on the reservation—if tourists can be induced to drive the trails and are adept at replacing broken springs.

The reason the Navajo economy didn't collapse sooner is, first, that during the depression of the '30s, the CCC, PWA, WPA and various money-spending programs gave many of them work. This kept them going until the war—a sort of super-WPA project—came along. About 12,000 Indians went into war industries in the Southwest and on the Pacific Coast. Allotment checks from the 3,600 who enlisted went to the hogans to keep their families alive.

But when the war quit, all this inflow of cash dried up like reservation wells in a hot summer.

Some of the Army veterans are convinced they will have to get off the reserve. Sam Robbins, who went into Germany with the Third Infantry, is typical. He came home, amid the usual cheers, and spent his savings and terminal leave pay in fixing up the family hogan near St. Michael's Church, high on the

wind-swept plateau. He put in a concrete floor, bought beds, installed shelves in a home housing a dozen of his people.

"I love this land. I want to stay here and build a home," Sam said. "I wanted to plant crops near my people. But the grubworms and pack rats get what the droughts and sandstorms leave. I am ashamed for us to live this way . . . but I guess I have to get out. I can—but the old folks and the children, they have to stay."

More than half the Navajo land that Sam and his people love is classed as "seriously eroded." Engineers for Hoover Dam found this out in the '30s when they discovered the small amount of water draining from the reservation carried so much silt that it might endanger the dam's power plant. Millions of tons of the plateau were ending up in the Colorado River every year.

So interpreters went out and told the shepherds to cut down on their flocks, or else . . . So the flocks dwindled from around 1,000,000 to about 400,000.

Some of the shepherds turned to raising melons, corn and garden truck. Drought came and choked the plants to death, leaving wastes or Russian thistle and sagebrush fighting for life. Desperate Navajo mothers fed what little green runty corn there was to hungry babies—who promptly died from diarrhea.

Tragic Plight of the Schools

The reservation is dotted with the sand-scoured remains of abandoned schools, floors drifted deep in shifting dust. At what schools remain open, half the children often are down with one disease or another—or half starved. One teacher recently had twenty-five children down with contagious diseases. The most desperate case was that of a child with diphtheria. The roads were snowblocked, but the teacher fought for long miles through the drifts to Chin Lee. The government hospital there refused to take in the girl.

So the teacher, bundling the child in a blanket, set out again for Dr. Salsbury's hospital at Ganado. A few miles from help she felt the tiny body beside her stiffen in the cold. . . .

Everyone in the Southwest resents any interference from Washington. Last summer Max Drefkoff, a New Deal economist, went out to the reserve and figured out a scheme to make an industrial empire out of it. This resulted in an explosion. The white natives pointed out that a waterless, almost roadless and certainly marketless stretch of territory was hardly the place to start factories. Drefkoff retorted by calling the white traders profiteers and the missionaries idealists more interested in vice-and-virtue than in food-and-clothing. The traders wrote to Washington denouncing Drefkoff, and the missionaries complained to congressmen he was "too leftish."

Meanwhile, the Indians were begging to be freed from the Indian Bureau, and the bureau was fighting back, perhaps on the theory that if this liberation came to pass there'd be no soft jobs on the reservation for deserving politicians . . . "All these highly paid people do," sneer the Navajos, "is ride around all day long in government cars, inspecting us." The white traders, trying to keep on the right side of their blanketmakers and jewelers, fight the service as well as they can without inviting retaliation and a possible loss of their privileges.

About sixty white traders operate, rent free, in the Navajo country. In good years they gross around $120,000, but recently the figure has been lower. These trading posts are the only means the Navajos have of getting anything for what they produce—and more trade is done by barter than by cash.

When the Navajo gets a little extra money—a rare thing nowadays—he puts it into silver and turquoise jewelry. When he needs money he takes this jewelry around to a reservation pawnshop, usually run by a white trader, and borrows what he can on it. There is more pawned jewelry on the loan shop shelves today than ever before. Interest runs high, in some cases 100 per cent.

For the time being the tribesmen seem "saved" again, as planes, trains and trucks dump food, clothing and medical supplies onto the reservation, and Congress appropriates a little more money. But in the long run the Navajo problem is not so easily solved.

Their leaders are confused and hopeless because half the politicians want to disperse the tribesmen from the reservations, and the other half want to prevent them from filtering through Arizona, New Mexico and other Western states in search of jobs.

So the Indians sit in their cold hogans on their windy mesa, with the gale blowing sand and snow across the drab brown earth—and wonder.

THE END

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Mr. Cardigan threw back his head and started to sing. Claire looked at him in amazement; Jim Riley grinned, but the bartender was very perturbed

THE BEAST IN MR. CARDIGAN

BY JOE COOGAN

AS CLAIRE, the tall black-haired waitress, walked toward his table, Mr. Cardigan's hands trembled and his breath seemed to harden in his lungs. Tonight I'll do it, he thought. Surely after all this time she must know about it. The little man was referring to the Beast; a snarling, red-eyed monster that had lain dormant in his passive soul for thirty-five years but, at the sight of Claire, had quickened into violent activity. He had to tell her about this. Not bluntly, of course, but in a few poetic words that balanced nicely between blithe urbanity and fierce animal passion.

"Good evening, sir," said the girl.

"Good evening," said Mr. Cardigan, and he leered. Mr. Cardigan had trouble with his leer. Although it writhed upward from the blackest of hearts, by the time it reached his round cherubic face, it had faded to a thin, benevolent smile.

"Will you have dessert, sir?" she asked. Her voice was warm, intimate.

She knows, thought Mr. Cardigan. She knows! Now. Now, if ever, was the time to say the magic words.

"Chocolate ice cream," he said.

Mr. Cardigan left the restaurant, walked over to the small park across the street, sat down on a deserted bench and ran over in his mind the events that had brought him to this unenviable position.

Mrs. McDermott's leg had a great deal to do with it. Mrs. McDermott was the stout, motherly waitress who had served Mr. Cardigan's dinner for ten years. Two weeks ago, she had injured her leg. The following day, Mr. Cardigan looked up from his menu and almost popped an eye at the curvaceous Claire. The small name plate on her blouse jiggled before his eyes. He was so astonished that he hastily ordered veal cutlets, a dish he despised.

He might have recovered from this if it hadn't been for the Movie Phenomenon. Mr. Cardigan was an avid motion-picture fan and spent three nights a week living dangerously at the local theater. Lately, however, he noticed that every time he saw a picture, the heroine bore a marked resemblance to Claire. In the last week, he had seen her slapped twice by Humphrey Bogart and rescued from a herd of stampeding cattle by Hopalong Cassidy. This rather unnerved him.

And then there was the dream. In the dream Mr. Cardigan, who was a nondrinking man, would sit with Claire in a small café, sipping Martinis and making witty remarks about the keeping of double-entry ledgers.

Mr. Cardigan sighed and got up stiffly from the bench. He could see no solution to his problem.

Then he saw the problem. She was walking briskly along Mr. Cardigan's path. She wore a light tan coat that fitted snugly over her mobile hips, and her long, well-shaped legs were encased in sheer black nylons.

"Hello," she said.

Mr. Cardigan's gulp was inaudible.

"We seem to be going in the same direction."

"Yes," said Mr. Cardigan, and they walked silently to the edge of the park.

"Well, this is where I get my trolley."

"What trolley do you take?"

"The 32 northbound."

Then Mr. Cardigan did a daring thing. "So do I," he said and was astonished to hear her say, "Good. It's nice to have company."

THEY sat close together in the trolley and Mr. Cardigan's heart fluttered wildly, like a new flag in a fresh breeze.

"How far north do you go?" she asked.

"Oh, pretty far."

"So do I, usually, but I have a date tonight. He works near here, so I wait in the local bar until he gets through."

Mr. Cardigan's heart dropped to half mast. He decided on one last desperate throw of the dice.

"After dinner I usually have some—er—Martinis myself. May I join you?"

"Sure," she said. "I hate sitting in there alone."

Mr. Cardigan became arch. "You don't think he'll be jealous?"

She looked at him. "I know he won't," she said.

Mr. Cardigan had never been in this neighborhood before. It was a poor district that had slipped from mild opulence to a certain seedy respectability. To Mr. Cardigan it looked absolutely sinister.

The dingy bar didn't help to calm him. A fat bartender said hello to Claire and jerked a thumb toward the back room.

There was only one person in the back room, a tall, lean young man with a pleasant face.

"Hiya," said Claire, "you're early."

"Yeah, the boss wasn't in today."

"Oh, by the way, I want you to meet Mr.—ah—"

"—Cardigan," said Mr. Cardigan.

"Corrigan. Mr. Corrigan, Jim Riley. Mr. Corrigan was kind enough to come up with me."

"How do you do?" said Riley.

Mr. Cardigan was in the Slough of Despond. "I guess I'll be running along," he said.

"Nonsense," said Riley, "sit down and have a drink with us."

Mr. Cardigan sat down. When the Martini came he stared at it in silent wonder. It was the last place in the world he had expected to find an olive. He picked up the drink and took a long sip. Claire and Jim sat across from him chatting intimately. Mr. Cardigan slumped in his chair. Then suddenly he saw the situation with startling clarity. Obviously this girl could pay no attention to such a glum, silent companion. What she wanted was a dashing, carefree youth. Mr. Cardigan threw back his head and started to sing.

"Allá en el rancho grande," he sang, and he could almost hear the guitars.

Claire looked at him in amazement and Jim Riley grinned widely but the fat bartender was very perturbed. He came over and put a heavy hand on Mr. Cardigan's shoulder.

"Que alegre me decia," yelled Mr. Cardigan.

"Shut up!" shouted the bartender.

Mr. Cardigan blinked and looked up at him. The bartender's face was a misty blue but he recognized the type. He had lived through this scene in a hundred Westerns. He sprang up from his chair and stood with legs spread slightly apart. He spoke in a slow, menacing drawl.

"If you're lookin' for trouble, stranger," he said, "I reckon it won't be hard to find."

"You're nuts," said the bartender.

"Ah know your type, comin' round here rustlin' women and insultin' innocent cattle."

The bartender said a dirty word and moved closer to Mr. Cardigan.

Mr. Cardigan picked up his glass, smashed it against the table and pointed the jagged stem at the bartender.

"Ah vowed ah'd git you when ah was up in the Klondike," he said.

JIM RILEY suddenly grabbed Cardigan's wrist and shook the glass stem from his hand. Cardigan jerked loose from Riley's grip and lurched toward the bartender. He was surprised to feel his fist land on the soft underpart of the fat man's chin. The bartender sat down heavily on the floor.

"My God," he said, "that man's a tiger."

"I'm a tiger," agreed Mr. Cardigan.

He looked over at his companions. Jim Riley grinned at him, but Claire looked pale, frightened. Mr. Cardigan couldn't imagine what he had ever seen in her. She was obviously no mate for a tiger.

Turning away in disdain, Tiger Cardigan walked to the door. A large crowd of people was wedged tightly against the entrance. Mr. Cardigan surveyed the crowd with contempt, then patted his hip pocket.

"I'm packin' a rod," he snarled.

The cold air stung him into sobriety and he reviewed the evening as he walked. He knew he should be shocked but, curiously enough, he felt relieved, as if he had just made the final payment on a long-standing debt. He remembered the look on the bartender's face and he smiled. And then he laughed. It was a loud, rich laugh that echoed against the drab brick walls and tumbled merrily down the narrow streets.

A SHORT SHORT STORY COMPLETE ON THIS PAGE

ILLUSTRATED BY DINK SIEGEL

GHOST TOWN ON SKIS

Continued from page 26

in the scores of old mining communities which dot the state.

Paepcke was fascinated with Aspen and bought a house and property there that same week end. "I had never seen such a perfectly beautiful, naturally scenic setting for a community," he remembers.

"Hasn't anyone ever thought of reviving Aspen?" he asked the natives. Paepcke was told about Friedl Pfeifer and his ski troopers. Where was Pfeifer now, he inquired. They thought he was in an Army hospital somewhere in U.S. Paepcke made up his mind to find him. But in the meantime, he returned to Chicago and turned loose a crew of experts to tour the Western resort areas and make a comparison report on Aspen's development possibilities.

Also for Anglers and Trail Riders

Their report confirmed everything the ski troopers had told the Aspen town council. In addition, Paepcke learned that the near-by forests were full of tumbling trout streams (1,000 within a twenty-mile radius), which already had attracted anglers from as far away as Texas, and that the mountain trails were a growing favorite with pack trail riders and hunters.

Paepcke shrewdly realized that skiing would play an important part in the development of Aspen. But his major interest was not merely the founding of a new ski resort. He was determined to establish a healthy, balanced community.

"What America needs," he says earnestly, "is more towns that offer a person three things: a livelihood, a healthy, outdoor life, and a good dose of culture for himself and his children. In other words, a balanced community. When I saw Aspen, I wasn't just thinking of starting a place that would attract tourists. Here was a town, an old established place, that had had bad luck because its fortunes were all tied up in one thing—silver. Yet it still possessed all the attributes of a wonderful place to live.

"It seemed to me we might be able to start a new life on the old foundations without having to worry about the value of a metal. With skiing as a permanent industry we could build a new community and broaden it to include its own schools, theaters and places of graduate study."

Meanwhile Paepcke was hot on the trail of Friedl Pfeifer. He finally found him in an Army hospital in California. The two men discovered that their ideas about Aspen coincided. As a result two corporations were formed: the Aspen Company with Paepcke as president, and the Aspen Ski Corporation with Pfeifer as vice-president and general manager. Pfeifer spent his last days in the service rounding up the 10th's Aspen enthusiasts, and early dischargees started moving their families to Colorado in the fall of 1945.

Paepcke ran like a star halfback through a battered field of his own friends and fellow industrialists. By letter and long-distance telephone, and across dinner tables in clubs and restaurants, he plugged his plan for a revived Aspen. Altogether, he raised as much of a million-dollar investment as he cared to. The rest he invested himself.

Throughout the winter, Pfeifer and his assistants explored the surrounding territory, cutting new trails and open slopes and enlarging the old ones. Miners and ski troopers worked side by side in the town and up on the mountains. A bulldozer reamed out old mining roads to form a network of connecting trails and runs. Early that spring came the climax of the effort. Up Aspen

FRITZ WILKINSON

SPORTING ODDS

Houston was at bat in a recent hotly contested Texas League game with Dallas. There was a runner on first, and center fielder Harold Epps was at bat with the count three balls, one strike. The next pitch cut across the outside corner of the plate. The umpire called, "Strike two," but Epps ignored it and started strolling toward first base. The runner on first trotted toward second. As the umpire endeavored to check Epps, the Dallas catcher watched in amusement, knowing the umpire would stick to his ruling. Epps continued toward first until the runner had touched second. Then he grinned and returned to the plate. The runner had stolen second in a walk. Epps then singled him home.

—Joe H. Jones, Dallas, Texas

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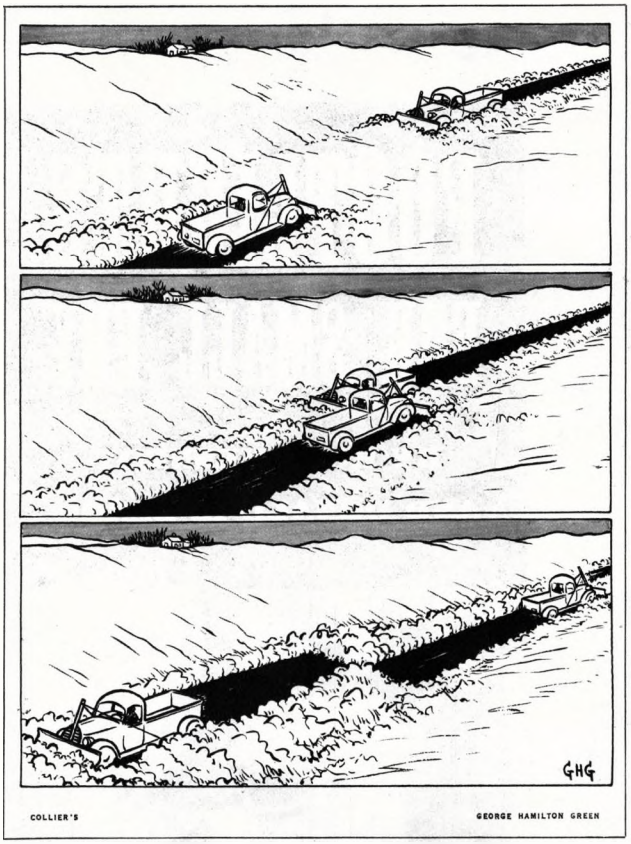


Mountains, at a cost of $250,000 was flung the longest ski chair lift in the world, extending three miles into the mountains.

By the fall of 1946, Aspen was a working ski center. Down in the town, rebuilt cottages, new dormitories and a restored Hotel Jerome awaited the first guests. From the Sundeck, a spacious glass-enclosed shelter high up on the mountain, skiers could choose any of thirty miles of trails and open slopes, most of which converged at the foot of Aspen's main street.

The ex-G.I.s went about making Aspen their permanent home. They bought houses and installed their families. Some bought shares in Aspen's already established stores. Others purchased sites on which to erect new ones. Instead of forming a separate new group, they all joined the local Lions Club. As Pfeifer puts it, "Instead of building on top of a local community, we are trying to integrate ourselves into it. We want to work with the local people in the ski business."

Keeping the Town American

While the ski development was progressing, Paepcke's Aspen Company was at work restoring the town. Paepcke recruited a staff of designers headed by Herbert Bayer, well-known Chicago designer. "I'm tired of this business of everlastingly imitating Europe," he told them. "I don't see why we can't have a community with its own truly American flavor."

Instead of tearing down the old houses, the group set out to renovate and restore them with their gingerbread intact. Free paint was offered to the older residents if they would paint their homes with colors recommended by the planners, and Walter Gropius, at the time head of the Harvard School of Architecture, went to Colorado to confer with the town council about a consistent pattern in the local structures.

Paepcke continues energetically to pursue his grand objective—the balanced community. He has been after writers, artists, musicians and educators. When he has run down his quarry, he invites him out for a visit. "Just come out and look at it," he tells them. Many of those who accept the invitations end up by buying permanent homes in the Roaring Fork valley.

And besides these Paepcke-induced settlers have come the independents such as Maud Banks and Joan Trumbull and C. B. Caraway. Caraway has opened a barbershop on Main Street. "Ought to be plenty of business," he observes with a good-humored wink, "soon as all these long-hairs start getting haircuts."

Paepcke and his colonists continue to bubble with other ideas about Aspen's future. They talk about a jewelry business which will employ local metals, and manufacturing wool and cheese products from sheep and goats they expect to have grazing on the ski slopes during the summer. In his business offices in Chicago, Paepcke is trying out a new desk made of Aspen wood. "It's a beautiful thing," he cries enthusiastically. "I want to see somebody start a furniture factory!"

About the only ones who still view Aspen's rebirth with a jaundiced eye are the old miners. They still consider skiing a new-fangled, darned-fool business and the restoration job has not dazzled them. Most of them continue to believe stubbornly that Aspen's future, like its past, lies underground. "Silver," they mutter. "Let silver come back and you'd see this place amount to something."

But right now it looks as if Pfeifer's skiers and Paepcke's artists might prove a good substitute for silver so far as Aspen's fortunes are concerned.

THE END

FOOTLIGHTS FOR SMALL FRY

BY ROSE KENNEDY
AND DONALD H. BLACK

To Billy White and Brenda Doyle it is unimportant that he is black and she is white. Billy is helping Brenda arrange her halo so she can be an angel in the Christmas pageant

A scene from Alice in Wonderland, a popular production. The children take turns playing leads, but no child may play more than two a year, no matter how talented

Mrs. R. E. Jones, better known as "Betsy," leads a chorus rehearsal. In general, the kids don't like long rehearsals. They want action. But they'll sing happily for hours

The most popular enterprise in Palo Alto, California, is the Children's Theater. Any youngster who wants to can take part, and most do

IN 1932 Mrs. Hazel Glaister Robertson came to Palo Alto, California. Soon thereafter she appeared before the city council with an idea. All she wanted was for the council to establish, and support with city money, a Children's Theater, because "children have a dramatic urge to express themselves, and should be given the opportunity." Such a theater, she said, would bring alive the best in literature for the children. Moreover, it would "enrich school curricula, reduce civic juvenile problems, inspire individual confidence among the children, and develop quick thinking in emergencies."

At first the councilmen recoiled in horror; they felt that Mrs. Robertson's notion simply cloaked an old-fashioned raid upon the city treasury. But they finally agreed to a trial when she offered to work one year for nothing. Today the Children's Theater is very much a going concern, tax-supported, operating a year-round program in its own completely equipped building, which was donated by a local citizen in 1937 and is now a part of the city's recreational center.

In a small 200-seat auditorium 16 plays are produced each year for a total of more than 60 performances. Seats are always in great demand. Twice a year young actors and actresses who have excelled are taken on tours of neighboring towns, where they are more or less on their own—they order their own meals, register for themselves at hotels, pay their own bills and tips.

All these and other activities, such as a motion-picture production program and classes for children of all ages from three years up, are directed by Mrs. Robertson and two assistants. The theater has an annual budget of $14,000, which provides for salaries, insurance, utilities and building maintenance, and leaves $900 with which to produce plays, buy costumes, build sets and pay royalties.

The Children's Theater has done about everything that Mrs. Robertson said it would do. Any child in town can take part in the work of the theater, and on some afternoons it seems that everyone of them has decided to do so. Often there are as many as 100 kids milling excitedly about the building, kids of all ages, colors and creeds. And no child seems to care one bit whether the child he's acting or working with is white or black, Protestant or Catholic, gentile or Jew. With them the play is very much the thing, and out of the close comradeship of the theater and its workshops and classes have come juvenile friendships which would have been unlikely in any other environment.

No child is favored over any other child; everyone gets the same treatment. The kids take turns playing leading roles; no one child can play more than two a year. In the long-run plays the leads are alternated, thus giving opportunities to more children. One child may play the role for three consecutive performances, then be assigned to an off-stage job for the next three. It has been estimated that no fewer than 10,000 children have trooped across the stage during the last 15 years in fairy tales, classical dramas adapted to juvenile abilities, and original dramas taken from history. Few have said they wanted to make acting their careers, since the aims of the theater are social rather than professional.

Ordinarily junior-high-school boys and girls simply can't be bothered with children younger than they are, but the Children's Theater is such a magnet that at Palo Alto things are different. There is scarcely an afternoon when these almost-grownups aren't at the theater helping the little ones with their make-up and costumes, or keeping them quiet and interested with stories and books. Women volunteers also help; they work at rehearsals, conduct special classes and sew costumes or repair the 2,500 already on the wardrobe racks. Additional help is given by women traffic violators, who choose to work out their fines in the theater at 50 cents an hour.

Boys who have been convicted of minor traffic violations and turned over to the welfare officers are also sent to the theater to work. There are usually enough of them to do the heavy jobs of washing windows, cleaning costumes and shoving the heavy scenery about. Many of the older boys, who think the theater is a sissy joint exclusively, become interested and come back after their fines have been worked out, to continue to help out and even to act—with the kids. ★★★

A dressing room crowded with children making up for Alice in Wonderland. To everyone's surprise, Palo Alto's teen-agers are eager to help

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY RICHARD C. MILLER

Hazel Robertson, director, rehearses young actors in their lines, which are memorized

Claudia Cushing gets a helping hand from her mother as she slips into a fluffy ballet skirt

This young angel appears to be singing her heart out. Actually she is yawning. Youngsters are seldom self-conscious when on the stage

AROUND THE WORLD WITH THE FLIVVER FLIERS

Continued from page 15

that manufactured items going into the assembly of a Cub, right down to the tail, and besieged them with letters, telegrams, phone calls and personal visits appealing for contributions in return for publicity for their products.

Piper finally weakened, and then cracked—to get rid of us more than anything else, probably. They had, they said, two secondhand (nearly new) PA-12 Super Cruisers for us, and their engineers would build and install the extra tanks. But no advance, thanks, for our expenses. When William T. Piper, the big, bluff president of the company, signed the papers formalizing the agreement, he looked at us as if we were some queer species of fungus that had attached itself to his plant, and said, "Why in the hell do you fellows want to make a fool trip like this?" Then he walked out.

A Real Bargain in Engines

With that much of a leg up, we got Lycoming to sell us two new engines for one dollar apiece and we were on our way—we thought. George climbed into his coveralls and worked right alongside the Piper mechanics. He captured their friendship with beers, sandwiches and enthusiasm and they worked overtime on their own to get the installation done. Cliff invaded parts plants, picking up a battery here, tires there and instruments someplace else. George took his plane to Dayton for load and pitch tests with the aluminum propeller. On the final flight the engine failed as he was coming into the airport and he crash-landed in a wheat field, nosing the plane over on its back, knocking himself and, apparently, all our plans out cold.

It was the end of July. We'd already postponed a June take-off and it looked like real disaster. A long delay meant winter flying, which would be impossible, because we had no de-icing equipment, and our bank account was again approaching the point of disappearance.

But next day things began looking up; neither George nor the plane had been seriously damaged and the failure had been traced not to any mechanical defect but to water in the carburetor. (On each test George had to "dump fuel," and to save money, water had been used in the spare tanks to simulate the weight of gasoline. Somebody apparently had turned a wrong valve.) Piper told us to truck the plane back to Pennsylvania and they'd fix it.

Everything was repaired in time for the scheduled christening of the planes at the National Airport in Washington.

The big day included a fancy cocktail party which Jane and Kay had organized by borrowing chairs, somewhere, getting a truck from a client to haul the chairs and decorations to the field, and arranging with a liquor dealer to supply the refreshments for one hour at cost. Diplomats from the countries through which we had secured permission to fly were there (the Russians had said no). They had their children, too, in native costume. The gentleman from Siam couldn't talk to the ambassador from Iceland and so on, but the photographers took pictures, the cocktails were plentiful and everybody was happy.

With a bottle of water from the Atlantic, Cliff's plane was christened City of Washington, and with another from the Pacific, George's was dubbed the City of Angels, for Los Angeles, his adopted home town. We'd kept the crowd waiting an hour and a half while we gave the aircraft a final primping but we hadn't thought much of that until the girls began to hand us the very devil. After the first hour the guests kept right on sipping and the cocktail bill, at retail prices for the extra 90 minutes, was colossal.

The take-off from Teterboro, New Jersey, on August 9th was like a wedding. We were so exhausted by the preparations that it's hard to remember now what happened at the ceremony. Until nearly the last minute we didn't know how we were going to get gasoline aboard. No oil company would underwrite us, and we didn't have enough cash to buy our fuel as we went along. Finally, Cliff persuaded an uncle in Pittsburgh to put up some security so we could get international credit cards. We had $850 in traveler's checks between us, 15 pounds of clothing each and some benzedrine tablets. We kissed our wives and daughters, posed for the newsreels until we felt like puppets, and were off.

Not ten minutes away from Manhattan we lost each other in a soggy overcast and had to fly instruments. We had cleared for Presque Isle, Maine, but in the confusion of the take-off George got mixed up and headed for Bangor instead. We weren't too familiar with our radios yet and we couldn't raise each other. An exchange of signals between Bangor and Presque Isle got us back together and we were never separated again for more than minutes. But that first tense day conjured up nightmarish visions of disaster.

The newspapers said we were making a "leisurely flight." With two single-engine kites capable of 115 mph top speed we weren't going to any races, but for the whole four months we were away the pressure was never off. It was the weather that bothered us mostly. If it wasn't the weather then it was red tape, and if it wasn't red tape it was the barometer again. A 10-mile head wind is usually not considered much because it only slows an air liner something like five per cent. But it will cut a Cub's progress twice that and when you're flying one over the ocean, without radar, you don't forget it.

Worst Danger on Pacific Jump

It lay a long way ahead but all the way across the Atlantic and Europe and Asia, thoughts of that last big jump over the Pacific dogged us like a bad dream. We took one thing at a time, and George's maddeningly simple philosophy that "everything happens for the best," coupled with Cliff's stubborn reluctance to turn back once we started somewhere, kept us on course. But behind every interruption, every wait along the way, lurked the threat of the oncoming winter typhoons of the Pacific and the stinking brew the winds can stir up over the Aleutians. That's what we were sweating out in all the leisure we had between hops.

The first delay—three days—came at Goose Bay, Labrador. When we did jump the 750 miles to Greenland, winds straight-armed us so consistently it was dusk before we made landfall and we had to feel our way up the fiord and its four elbow bends in semidarkness to Bluie West One, the base from which Cliff had flown antisubmarine patrol during the war. They trained spotlights on the field for our landing. Men had been stationed on the sheer faces of the fiord with torches to guide us in; we missed their flashes but it made us feel good to hear about it later.

In the G.I.-christened "Hotel de Gink" at Bluie West we were weathered in the following day with, of all things, influenza. It was no doubt a delayed hangover from the long and nerve-racking strain of preparations back home. Six days of this and, of course, just as we

were getting on our feet flying weather faded. We had to wait another six days. This meant nearly a fortnight's delay and we hadn't yet touched Europe.

Iceland was better, although we nearly overshot it. The weather closed down to zero a half hour after we got in at Keflavik. There was a modest crowd to meet us here but it should be pointed out that to us, three was a crowd. Our schedule had to be flexible. We had no advance agents anywhere, and often no one at our next destination knew we were coming until we hailed the control tower. The press and radio covered us, a little bored, a little unbelieving, but as faithfully as undertakers, and sometimes with an unexpected flourish.

At Reykjavik, Iceland's capital, after a banquet of pickled smelt, deviled clams, beefsteak, wine and Aquavit, we saw reporters and were troubled by the dour silence of one fellow who, we were told when we asked, was a Communist. He never opened his mouth but he gave us the best write-up of all, pointing out that we were two brave young workers, making the flight on our own, without the backing of any sinister interests of capitalist America.

It was a night hop from Iceland to the British Isles. We made it under a buttery moon, with our rubber exposure suits prickling our rumps and chafing our knees. It was this irritation, mainly, that caused us to land briefly near Belfast for a stretch, and gas. Some anonymous messenger informed Lord Londonderry, one of the fathers of British aviation, that we had arrived, and he hurried from his estate to the field. There, while we ate sandwiches, he sat on a shooting stick and regaled us with stories of flying in and before World War I. When we asked how to find Croydon Airport, a wing commander handed us some maps and told us that we couldn't miss it.

We didn't, and we felt fine about it. It was a rare sunny afternoon. Here were these two little strawberry crates, plenty good enough for spotting artillery or spraying an orchard, but never before flown across any ocean, and we had done it.

"What are you doing here?" the Croydon operations officer was asking, not impolitely, as we filled out our landing forms.

"Flying those Piper Cubs around the world," we answered, not unhappily.

"Oh," he replied.

And that was our welcome to London.

England was a mixture of gray stone buildings, gray polite people, something called lime squash, and the air races at Lympne.

Cliff had an assignment which took us to The Hague, via Brussels. Cliff's Presbyterian church in Washington had adopted the Dutch village of Hedel to help it dig out of the war, and Cliff and Doris in turn adopted Dirk van der Bogaert, his wife and two daughters, sending them packages and letters. When we wrote them about our trip, they implored us to visit Hedel and bring our families. They apparently thought we had our own private DC-4. We brought them a bundle; the girls were entranced by the plastic dolls, but Mrs. van der Bogaert blushed and said she couldn't use the lipstick. They asked us to fly over the village when we left, but not too low because the children still remembered the bombings. We buzzed the town gently and then went on to Paris.

Little Money for Sight-Seeing

Paris, Marseille and Rome are a kind of pleasant September blur to us, with delays for weather and clearances, and a minimum of sight-seeing. Our bank roll, more than anything else, inhibited the sight-seeing. We needed the dough for landing fees, hotel bills and emergencies. We spent less than $25 for souvenirs the whole trip, undoubtedly establishing some kind of record for Americans abroad.

At Orly Field, an AP reporter named Betty said she wanted to ask us the same question they once asked Lindbergh.

"Okay," we said.

"Where did you go?" she said.

"Inside plumbing," we replied.

The French reporters kept us on the field an hour, getting answers to broader questions, and posing us in, under and on top of the Cubs. Somebody meanwhile scrawled on one of the planes, "Kilroy was here and I was here before Kilroy." Just as we finished, one of those funny little foreign cars roared up to the strip, a door fell off and eight people got out. They were more reporters and photographers, and we had to go through the routine again for them.

The Rome-Cairo leg was the longest nonstop stretch thus far—1,350 miles, 1,000 of it over water—but the Mediterranean was a dream after the North Atlantic, and we hit our ETA (estimated time of arrival) within four minutes at Farouk Field. We saw the Pyramids from the air and let it go at that. We were more concerned with making up time.

We'll take ocean flyings to desert jumps

COLLIER'S "Look, dear, he can read!" HOWARD SPARBER

any day. We probably hit more turbulent air between Cairo and Bagdad than on any other section of the trip. We looked down at the scrubby wastes of sand and wondered how we'd find water if we had to land. We remembered the stories from Shepheard's Hotel bar about how the Bedouins—the "Beedos" as the G.I.s had nicknamed them—and other tribes were supposed to deal with strangers, and the ocean seemed friendly by comparison.

We were tired and tense and full of cramps from Egyptian diet. George called Habbaniya, the R.A.F. base in Iraq, hoping we might duck in there, but they weren't prepared for us, and a British voice piped, "I say, old boy, could you press on to Bagdad?" We pressed on to Bagdad and were so tired that when we flopped down in our hotel room that night we really didn't know whether we were sleeping on the banks of the Tigris or the Euphrates, and as a matter of fact we haven't bothered to look it up yet.

Why the Wives Were Burned Up

We couldn't afford to cable home more than once or twice during the entire trip. Our wives would be following our progress anyway, we thought, through the press and the ham radio operators whose international grapevine stretches handily around the world. When we finally did get home, Loa and Doris burned us proper for being such lousy letter writers. We were, all right. It's something hard to explain. We sent them cards at every stop, but whenever we hit a big place where connections were good, it seemed as if there were a million details to attend to, and when we were stalled in some godforsaken spot, we were afraid of sounding depressed. That's the only alibi we've come up with and it hasn't done us much good.

George had one set routine at every stop: He bought stamps, pasted them carefully on envelopes, had the post office cancel them and then carried the envelopes on to the next place. In Bagdad this didn't work at all. Our English, Cliff's restaurant French, and an Iraqi interpreter were no match for the crisis. The postmaster simply said, with the unanswerable logic of the mysterious Middle East, that any letter stamped and canceled in his post office went into the mailbox and none of this sharp Western practice of handing the thing back to the sender.

It's time to mention the tedious and tricky chore of gassing the planes. Our engines were supposed to burn 80-octane, clear. Anything higher, or containing lead, tended to foul the spark plugs and make the valves stick. Very few places had that kind of fuel. We often had to use as high as 130-octane. Everywhere on the trip we strained the stuff through a chamois to minimize the intake of foreign matter. This seldom took less than two hours, but it paid off. We never had a motor failure.

It was at a cocktail party at the American embassy in Bagdad that they persuaded us to stop at Dhahren, the big Arabian-American Oil Company (Aramco) town on the Persian Gulf in Saudi Arabia. We had planned to land on Bahrein Island, center of British oil operations, but it seemed a shame not to buzz the 1,500 Americans at Dhahren. Our visas and flight permits were in order. But that, it developed tragically, made no difference to the Emir of Dhahren and a conscientious Arabian major named Solom.

As soon as we landed, a couple of white-robed Arabs grabbed our passports, with the promise that they'd be returned in the morning. They assigned us a hangar, open at both ends, through which the sand seeped endlessly, and informed us the landing fee would be $25 for each plane (the same charge that would be made for a DC-3).

In the morning there were no passports. A technicality had arisen. Yes, the emir said, all the documents were in order but he called our attention to a list of regulations which, in Arabic, yielded no secrets to us. There was much translation. There was, it was clear, provision for military aircraft and for commercial transports, but none for Piper Cubs, which were neither military nor commercial. Would the rules have to be rewritten? Ah, that was a matter for the capital to decide and a radiogram had been dispatched by Major Solom. An answer would take time, of course.

Meanwhile we could enjoy the charms of Dhahren at 130 degrees, Fahrenheit. We slept, ate, drank, read, swore, walked in the desert at sundown, and got sand in our shoes. They say, in Arabia, there's a beautiful woman behind every tree—and no trees. Each day we checked with the major, but without luck. More than a month had passed since our take-off from Teterboro. We were scarcely halfway through our trip, with the toughest stretches still ahead and winter weather soon to be gathering in the Pacific.

One day an Aramco pilot came into a bar where we were chewing our nails.

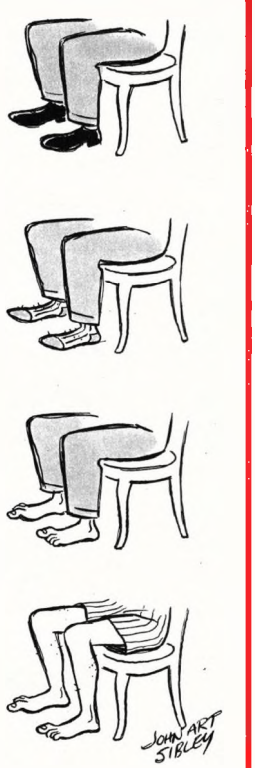
"I heah," he said with a Carolina roll, "that there's a couple of hot-rock Cub pilots in our midst, flyin' around the world. Is that true?"

It was Gene Pace, whose gas-tank-in-the-back-seat idea had landed us, in a manner of speaking, where we were. The Civil War was refought briefly and decisively and then we got down to figuring in earnest on how to get out of Dhahren.

(This is the first of two articles on the Evans-Truman flight around the world.)

FEET FIRST

Gin Rummy



THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

him to return to India and try to solve his own problems. Meanwhile the interracial problem here is steadily improving.

M. O. MURPHY, Roanoke, Va.

HARROWING HEROINES

DEAR EDITOR: Every time I pick up a magazine, I hope that there will be a truly good love story in it; something that I can in some way connect either with my own life or with someone I know. But all, with few exceptions, are graced with a beautiful blonde or brunette, who is the most delectable wench that this particular hero has dared to visualize. If an author does dare to make his heroine plain, as the story progresses she becomes better looking than myself in my wildest imaginative dreams (and I'm not so bad). All I ask is that someone dare to write a love story about a beast of a woman and that you dare print it.

MARGIE HANASZ, Seattle, Wash.

Should she be someone you know?

FUGUE ON AN ORGONE

DEAR WALTER DAVENPORT: The articles on Greenwich Village (Nov. 29th and Dec. 6th) said that Doctor Wilhelm Reich has constructed orgone accumulators, and rents them to patients, and that the accumulator can lick anything from cancer to the common cold.

Doctor Reich, of absolute integrity, has never claimed that the orgone accumulator can cure a common cold, let alone cancer, and does not rent accumulators. These are leased by The Orgone Institute Research Laboratories (a nonprofit organization with certificate from the State of New York) to persons interested in following Doctor Reich's discoveries.

A. E. HAMILTON, New York, N. Y.

Reader Hamilton is technically correct in saying the orgone accumulators are rented by The Orgone Institute, established and headed by Dr. Reich. From Dr. Reich's book, The Function of The Orgasm: "The orgone energy . . . kills cancer cells and many kinds of bacteria,"—said energy presumably accumulated in an accumulator. An article in Annals of the Orgone Institute declares: "We know what causes the 'common cold': low orgonotic potency of the organism; and we know what prevents and stops it: the orgone accumulator."

COON CATS

DEAR SIR: In Nobody's Cat (Dec. 27th), Mr. Frank Dufresne casts doubt on the existence of the Maine coon cat. I have seen dozens of coon cats which plainly show the strain of coon.

When the two roofing slate quarries between Brownville Junction and Bangor, Maine, were closed, the laborers moved out, their dogs followed, but the cats stayed and the coon cat is the result.

I had one for 2 years—a beautiful slate-blue, with hair about 3 inches long—sharp nose—sloping eyes—small ears with a small tuft of hair at the tip—wouldn't drink milk but gnawed bones and ate meat like a dog and was some fighter—whipped all the dogs in the neighborhood.

A. C. TOWNE,
Outremont, Prov. Que., Canada

. . . Tish, tish! I see that research men and game wardens are *so-o-o* concerned over wildlife decimation by cats that they have taken to shooting cats ("among the three worst predacious mammals in America") at every opportunity!

Just who is more predacious: a hunter who kills game for fun, or a cat who kills game to live?

MRS. ARTHUR BENDER, Denver, Colo.

. . . To quote Frank Dufresne: "Supposing each one of Ohio's 1,250,000 wild farm cats kills but one rabbit a month. That's 15,000,000 a year just for one state. It's too much."

We have almost eliminated the natural enemies of rabbits, which are foxes, wolves, otters, weasels, lynxes (the larger cats), etc. The foods favored by rabbits are those products most of us humans like to eat: lettuce, cabbage, carrots, onions, etc. Of course when Ohio is barren of vegetables its rabbit population will decrease, but what happens to us in the meantime?

J. WELLES, New York, N. Y.

And what price cats then?

OUR FAR-FLUNG READERS

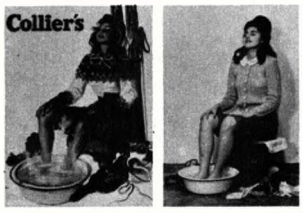
SIRS: I hope Germany will rise again, just so I would have the opportunity to hang such persons as Sigrid Schultz for her article, Germany's Underground Wants War (Nov. 8th). I have said that war was inevitable a thousand times but I have never heard a German say so. Is he now going to say that the American people want war because I for one hinted that I do. I don't think he has courage enough to hit at a people he knows is going to come back at him. My word for such a man as Sigrid Schultz is—warmonger.

T/5, 583RD ENGRS., Vienna, Austria

Miss Schultz, before being hanged, would appreciate a translation of the charges made against her, or do we mean him?

FOOTIE

DEAR SIR: The girl on the ski cover (Dec. 20th) looked so much like Doris Martino, 18, of Atlantic City, I just had to take the



accompanying photograph. Doris actually has her feet in really hot water—with soap in it. Doris is part Italian and part Irish. Not bad, eh?

JOS. BLIGH, Atlantic City, N. J.

NEW LOOK; OLD SAW

DEAR SIRS: So the gals in The Week's Mail don't like the new "floor sweepers" that the dress designers have foisted upon them, but are going to wear them anyway! Doesn't this offer conclusive proof of the truism that an intellectual minority does the thinking for an unthinking majority?

MARTIN LEE VANCE, Fayette, Missouri

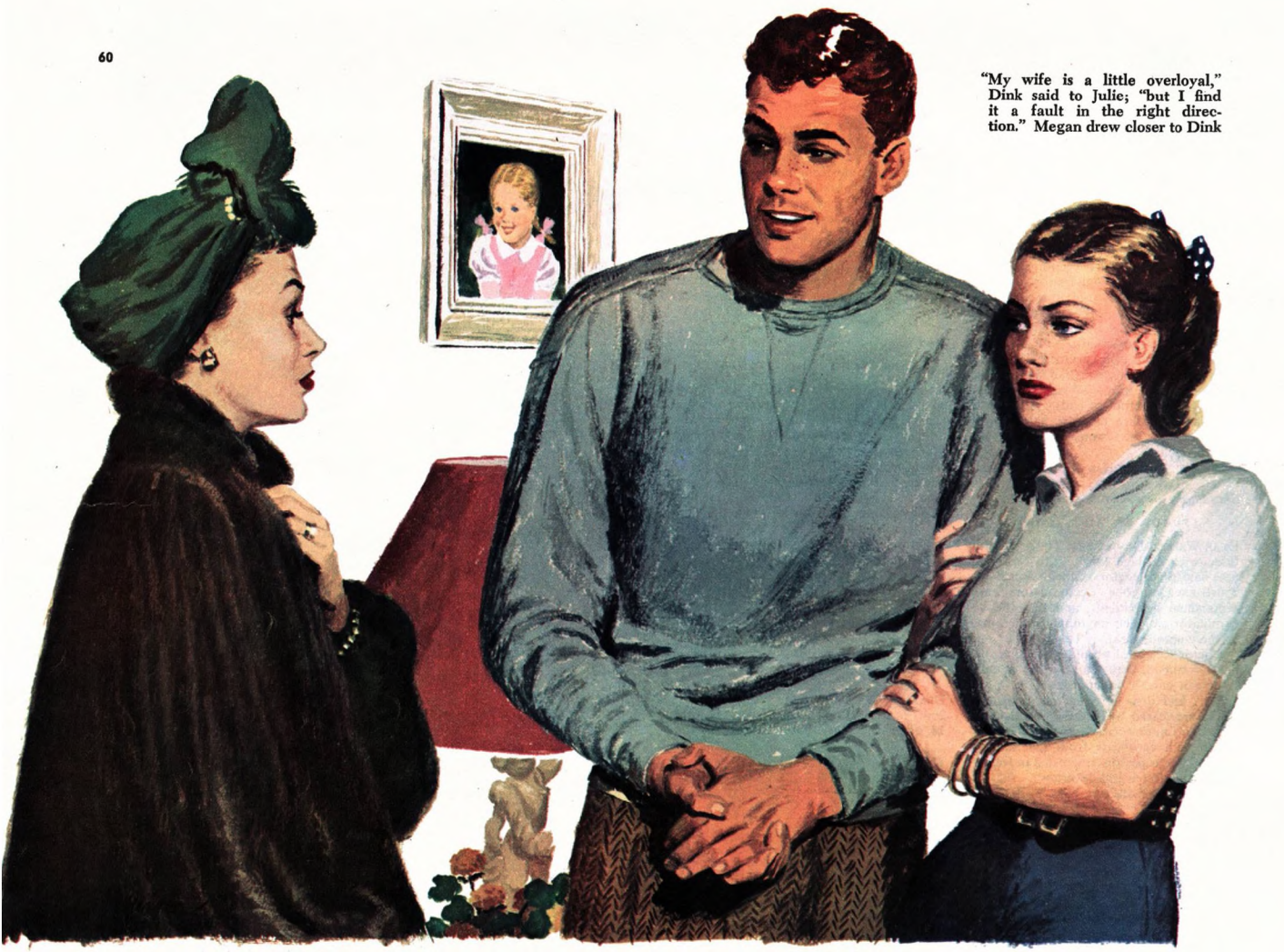
Sir, you are speaking of the W. W. L.

FRENCH FRIED SHOESTRINGS (WITH TIPS)

DEAR SIR: All this discussion of the proper way to cook *pommes de terre soufflées* (Week's Mail) leaves me a little cold. The average cook hasn't even learned how to make simple French fries. Some carve a gigantic Idaho into quarters and dip it into lukewarm grease. The result tastes like a lump of cold clay wrapped in a sponge and dipped into crank-case drainings. Others—who fancy shoestring fries—cut the potatoes so thin and cook them so hard they taste as if the shoestrings had been replaced by zippers. Other cooks manage to make their French fries taste like barbecued (used) blotters.

Once I used some restaurant French fries as minstrel show make-up. After the show I went to another joint, ordered potatoes and wrung enough grease out of them to cold cream my face clean. Pass the bicarbonate.

ED PRINGLE, Norwalk, Conn.



"My wife is a little overloyal," Dink said to Julie; "but I find it a fault in the right direction." Megan drew closer to Dink

THE THIRD MONKEY

BY ADELA ROGERS ST. JOHNS

CONCLUDING THE STORY OF A GIRL WHO WAS IN LOVE WITH MONEY

The Story:
The seemingly contented married life of young DINK and JULIE IVES is split wide open when Julie decides to leave Los Angeles and accept a job in a New York brokerage house, selling securities.

One of Dink's anecdotes keeps coming to her mind. It concerns two female monkeys who tried to get on board Noah's ark; one, of course, was thrown off and left floating on a piece of driftwood. But, ignoring the implication of the story—and her husband's pleas—Julie Ives determines to take a fling at Wall Street.

Obtaining an interlocutory divorce decree and leaving her small daughter TOBY with her mother, LIZ BEHANNA, Julie goes to New York. As charming as she is ambitious, she soon makes a conquest of debonair customers' man PHILIP BARING; and REESE METLOCK, the distinguished head of her firm, falls into the habit of dropping into Julie's apartment to talk business.

Back in Los Angeles, Dink, a sports columnist for a newspaper, is assigned a new photographer, a slim, levelheaded girl named MEGAN JONES.

When Reese Metlock's wife sues him for divorce, she charges that he spent a night in Julie's apartment. After a sensational trial, the suit is dismissed on the testimony of Metlock's fabulously sophisticated associate, MRS. HITCHCOCK, who testifies that she was in Julie's apartment throughout the night in question.

Even though his wife's divorce has been denied, Reese Metlock can no longer afford to use Julie's undeniable talent for selling; his clients would not approve. Furious at what she considers Metlock's disloyalty in firing her so casually, Julie storms out of the office. Reese Metlock barely suppresses a yawn.

EVEN when Julie began to dress the next night, she couldn't lift her spirits the way she wanted to; she kept telling herself that Phil was coming home, that she was dressing for Phil—but it didn't work and her anger turned in upon herself.

Why should she keep remembering the triumph in Miss Bunting's eyes? Why should she keep seeing that yawn of Reese Metlock's? Why should something Mrs. Hitchcock had said about the lonely old age of career women keep sounding in her ears?

But she did have Phil, a man plenty of the smart and attractive women in the tough town called New York had tried to get and couldn't. She, Julie Ives, had him. Sometimes against his will, sometimes in bitterness—but she had him.

"Why, what a pretty dress!" said the maid. She had stopped beside the bed to admire the little gold stars twinkling upon the white clouds of its skirt.

From her dressing table in the bathroom, Julie said, "Isn't it?"

"I been with a lot of young ladies since I come to New York," Minerva said. "Can always tell is they truly in love, 'cause then they wears white."

"Will you run my bath, please, Minerva?" Julie said.

It was the first time she had said it. Her morale climbed up a couple of degrees. Someday she would have a real maid to run her bath and brush her hair. As it was, she went on brushing it herself, hundreds of strokes with a stiff brush to make it gleam and dance.

"Last night I was telling my husband," Minerva said, "I was tellin' him

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about this bathtub. Marble." Her voice came over the sound of running water. "I say to him Miss Julie got the prettiest hair in New York. Sure has."

"Thank you," Julie said. "What became of your other young ladies?"

Minerva cogitated. "There now," she said, "let me see. Miss Fern—she went back home to Kansas City—an' I dunno whatever *did* become of Miss *Lil*yan—an' Miss Kitty, she's dead. She was always sayin' she wished she was dead, but like I tole my husband, I never did believe—"

"All right, Minerva," Julie Ives said, "you can go now."

I never looked worse, she thought. There's a hickey coming on my chin, and I'm too pale to wear white; I haven't any color at all tonight. What's the matter with me?

But when she was in Phil's arms again, she knew it had been only nerves—it had been because he was coming home; and in that long, deadly week she had missed him more than she had ever intended to let herself miss anybody—because her craving for him had frightened her.

Looking down at her face against his shoulder, Phil Baring said, "In the plane, I said to myself: Baring, you are a fool. No woman can be as lovely as you remember Julie. When you see her you will find that she is just another brown-eyed blonde and a high-class gold digger, to boot. But, Julie, Julie, here you are, littler and lovelier than anybody, and sometimes I think you love me and sometimes I know you are incapable of loving anybody, except yourself."

So that, having been terrified in the murky depths, Julie came to the surface with a great, gasping breath of relief; she was flung higher and higher upon the wave, it was the gayest evening they had ever spent. The sticky heat of summer was over—everything silly and sticky and unfair to Julie Ives was over and here she was, exquisite in white, floating upon dance floors in Phil Baring's arms, and she saw that eyes everywhere were turned upon her.

"It's been the most wonderful evening I've ever had in my life," she said, when they were back in her apartment.

"Hasn't it?" Phil Baring said.

At that exact moment, Julie Ives' brain clicked the answer to everything. It beat in the excited beat of her heart and sang in the desirous song of her blood. She would go to California, get her final decree, pick up Toby, come back to New York and marry Phil Baring.

Mr. Metlock was right. New York was a tough town. It wouldn't be so tough in lots of ways—oh, a great many ways—for Mrs. Philip Baring.

"Do you love me, Philip?" Julie Ives said gravely.

"I adore you," Phil Baring said. He had her hand in his.

"It means so much to me to know I can count on you," Julie said, very softly. Her eyes, lifted to him, were dewy.

IT HAD been said often enough that Phil Baring was psychic about women. They even said sometimes that Phil Baring understood women.

His eyes narrowed upon Julie Ives; he released her hand and stood up.

"I don't know what it is about you," he said in a dry voice. "I don't know what it is that holds me. It can't be just your beautiful body, darling, because New York is crowded with beautiful bodies." He stood looking down at her; his eyes glowed like a tomcat's in the dim room.

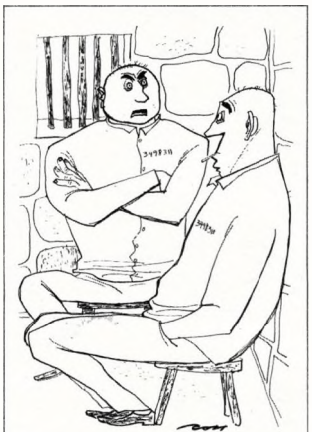
"I don't know," he said meditatively, "whether it is the knowledge that you would sell me without a qualm if the price went up 3¼ points that makes me so morbidly mad about you. Or the fascination of loving a woman as cold and calculating as I try to be myself. Or the fact that I alone hold the secret of that selfish cruelty which lies behind the sweet mask with which you deceive the world.

"Or perhaps it is that you are the third sex, Julie—a phenomenon of our unholy times—so that possession of you spurs the jaded senses. You have the loveliness of a woman, you have a woman's body and yet you have none of those things which make Woman. No loyalty, no sacrifice, no vision, no capacity to love, no soul. At first, I thought—"

For a breathless pause he seemed to muse upon her golden head, and his face was bleak with another abandoned hope As though he could no longer bear to look at her, he walked to the window, where the dawn was coming up hazily over the sumptuous beauty of the sleeping city's minarets.

"That's no matter now, my sweet," he said, coming back to her. "Count on me? Count on the fact that I love thee, Cynara, after my own fashion. Let us, dear Julie, be melodramatic for a moment."

He disappeared, and when he came back he held in his hands that picture of



"I was making good money but it just wasn't quite good enough"

COLLIER'S AL ROSS

Toby against blue hills, which Megan Jones had taken one day at the Rosary.

"You keep it in your bedroom," Phil Baring said, "but you remember that I have seen it there." His eyes were very bright. She had never seen them so bright. He said, "Old-fashioned as it may be, held up by the wisecrackers of my generation as a pagan fetish from time to time, I try not to hurt my mother any more than is strictly necessary. She is an ignorant old woman, I dare say; she still believes in such things as honor and duty, heaven and hell, good and bad. She believes in the moral obligations of motherhood and that woman's place is in the home. How you would hurt her, Julie!

"And you can add one other sure thing to death and taxes, which is that people like you and me grow tired of each other and no corpse stinks like the corpse of love—if one may call it love. Don't count on me, Julie; don't count on me for anything but what you have of me."

He laid the picture face down upon the table.

"Shall I go?" he said, almost gently.

Julie Ives said nothing. Panic had taken hold of her.

So this was what happened to you. This was what you got. You were lovely little Julie Ives, you were the belle of a Christmas Eve cocktail party because you were the prettiest girl there, you got a mink coat and a diamond and topaz bracelet. And this was what you got. Men cared more about money. It might be that from time to time they had thrown away kingdoms for a woman, but not kingdoms they cared very much about. They cared about all sorts of things which Julie Ives and her sisterhood had been taught, had arrogantly assumed, were no longer valid, things like respectability and getting caught and wives and mothers and business. The songs, the pictures, the books, all the talk she had heard about a woman's world had indicated none of this to Julie Ives.

The impulse to run, to go where she was wanted, adored, admired, looked up to—to find a place where she and her vanity were safe—welled up in her until she could think of nothing else.

Through the blind panic for flight Julie Ives thought thinly: I still have $45,000. I can make that into enough so no doors are closed to me, so that I can do as I please and have what I please. Then I will come back.

Meanwhile, Minerva could say to her next young lady: "Miss Julie? I guess she went back to Los Angeles, California, to her husband. He was crazy about her, he was always wanting her to come back, telephoning her and everything. Like I told my husband, Miss Julie had the prettiest hair of any girl in New York. . . ."

ON THAT same night, which was naturally four hours earlier in California, the ringing of the telephone beside his bed wakened Dink Ives. He answered it and heard Liz Behanna's quiet voice.

"Uncle Freddy would like to see you. He's—not very well. Could you come?"

Like all California nights, it was chill. Little banks and pools of fog which would melt at the first touch of the sun drifted across the road, and wisps of it hung from the tall trees.

Everything was very quiet. A faint promise of dawn was making it a little less dark. Liz Behanna came to the door: her face was drawn, he saw, but behind it there was a smile like a light through a parchment shade.

"It's only for myself," Liz Behanna said as though in confirmation, and he saw that her eyes were wet. "I just don't know what I'm going to do without him."

"You've got Toby," Dink Ives said.

It didn't seem in the least strange to find Megan Jones there. He was glad she was there, she was a good person to have around in the pinches.

"Fine time to get you out of bed," Uncle Freddy said, "but a man hasn't much choice."

This can't be death, Dink thought. Of late years death had been a thing of violence and destruction, it had smashed the young. This was different, old Uncle Freddy sitting propped up in bed.

Dink waited for the muscles of his throat to unloosen. Then he said, "Everybody ought to be up once in a while just before dawn. It's pretty."

Uncle Freddy chuckled. "When I was your age," he said, "I liked to sleep late."

Dink said, "I bet you were a heller."

After a while, Uncle Freddy said, "Toby likes it here."

"I know she does," Dink said. "I *know* that."

"It's a regular love affair," Uncle Freddy said; "I wish you could hear them sometimes, her and Liz, I mean when they don't know anybody is listening."

This time Dink couldn't manage it. He was silent, and Uncle Freddy opened his eyes and glanced up at the tall form, very black against the window, luminous now in the dawn.

"Liz had a letter yesterday," Uncle Freddy said, when he had reached Dink's eyes with his, "from Julie. She says—Julie says—probably she'll want Toby back in New York this fall. I can't figure what Liz would do without her. Just—watch it, will you, boy?"

"I'll watch it," Dink said.

"Keep those women out of here," Uncle Freddy said in a clear, strong voice. "Man never knows how well he's going to behave and he'd just as soon find out without women around. What I mean to say—"

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But whatever it was, Uncle Freddy had waited a little too long to say it.

Why, that's all right, Dink thought. You behaved fine, Uncle Freddy.

He was surprised to find that he was crying.

Then he went out to the patio where Liz and Megan were sitting; he heard their soft voices and as his footsteps sounded on the tiles he saw their blue eyes turned to him.

"His—friends will miss him," Dink said.

Liz Behanna got up then and left them, quietly. Dink stood looking down at Megan.

But somehow it was late afternoon before he said to her, "Could we go for a little walk?"

They went through the garden, not speaking, and up a little trail that had once been the rocky wash of a mountain stream, and on up into the low foothills. The sun was still hot and dry, but in the shadow of the mesquite and scrub oaks it was cool. Everything smelled of sage and sun.

"I've been waiting," Dink said, "and—this is still a funny time to tell you, but I love you so much."

Megan made a funny sound. "I don't think it's a funny time," she said. "To touch immortality and—to be acquainted with grief—"

She came into his arms then, and he held her almost desperately, as though, with her there, a man need fear neither grief nor immortality.

"I wish—" he said, "I wish I was what you deserve. I wish you were starting all fresh and clean with—with somebody that was starting that way, too."

MEGAN lifted her head and looked at him. "I love you," she said. "That's all that matters. I love you."

"Since when?" Dink said. He didn't kiss her. Looking at her was enough just then, seeing that her eyes were blue as summer skies and as clear, that they were eyes of truth and courage, that her lips were sweetly curved in the very shape of tenderness, and that her forehead was broad and serene.

"I feel so safe with you," he said.

Then he kissed her.

"About Julie," he said, and felt her stiffen a little. "It wouldn't be any good to tell you I didn't love her. You saw too much to believe that. But now—even if I didn't love you so much there's hardly room for me to breathe—I wouldn't love her. I guess it was dead a long time before I would admit it. Mrs. Hitchcock said that the worst thing that could happen to a man was to love a woman he didn't like—"

"You liked me a long time before you loved me," Megan said complacently. "Didn't you?"

"I still like you better than anybody," Dink said. "And—about your job."

"What job?" Megan said.

"Yours," he said, "on the paper—"

"Oh," Megan said, "I told Hoppy as soon as you got around to—to loving me, he could accept my resignation."

"You're nuts, you know that, don't you?" Dink said. "You've got real talent. In a few years you'll be famous, in all the magazines, and making a lot of money besides."

"Not me," Megan said. "I expect to be kept by my adoring husband."

"I don't ask that of you," Dink said harshly. "I mean giving up your work—I don't ask it. I trust you."

"You don't have to ask it," Megan said; "I am no mental giant or anything, but I have got sense. I can't handle them both. I know that. You and Toby and—and a home. That's a full-time job and besides—I like it."

"Won't you miss it?" Dink said.

"The paper, you mean?" Megan said. "Oh, yes, I'll miss it a lot. It was fun. I'm glad I have it for a background, I'm glad I had a job so I know what it means and how tired you can get and—what a little success tastes like, so I can value it."

"You're mad, my darling," Dink said. "Don't you know that a woman's work is never done? You'll give me the best years of your life. I'll make a drudge out of you."

"Isn't it wonderful?" Megan said.

He took her in his arms then and held her very close.

A GREAT ship came out of the dark sky and slid to a landing. Overhead another circled, blinking lights like meteors. La Guardia Airport hummed with the nightly activities of many travelers.

"You did get me a reservation at the Town House?" Julie Ives said. "It seems more sensible to go there until I make all my arrangements."

Mrs. Hitchcock said, "They confirmed it yesterday."

"I'm really excited about going home and seeing everybody," Julie said, "though I'm going to miss New York.

"Oh, just one will be enough, Mr. Cullen"

COLLIER'S BILL KING

Of course I'll be back sometime. But it might be rather fun working for Mr. Blake in Los Angeles. Mr. Metlock says it's good experience to work in other cities and Mr. Blake is almost like an uncle to me, you know. Don't you think it's a good idea?"

"I do indeed," Mrs. Hitchcock said. "I think it's a sensationally good idea for you to go home. And will you give Dink a message for me?"

Julie's eyes narrowed in surprise. "Dink?" she said. "I didn't know you knew Dink."

Drawing sable more closely about her throat Mrs. Hitchcock said, "Tell him we forgot to ask them to sing McSorley's Two Beautiful Twins. It's a lovely song. Tell him the last time you saw me I was on my way to Hogan's to hear it and to drink his very good health." She stopped and put both hands on Julie's arm. "Julie—" she said, in a low and urgent voice, "Julie—don't come back. If I could tell you now. *Si jeunesse savait, si vieillesse pouvait.* It's not—"

"It's funny," Julie said. "I noticed it at the Inn. When you've been drinking you always start talking French."

"Doesn't that tell you anything?" Mrs. Hitchcock said sternly. "But you can still—" She broke off, her eyes searched Julie's face and found it closed against her in a cool, bright smile.

People made way for Mrs. Hitchcock, a tall, thin elegant figure walking through crowds she did not seem to see. She seemed to be marching to hidden music toward an unknown destination. She did not look back to wave Julie Ives goodby.

New York fell away under the wings of the plane. My New York, Julie Ives thought, and her heart was heavy.

Julie Ives' New York was different from Philip Baring's, or Reese Metlock's, or Mrs. Hitchcock's or Miss Bunting's. Julie Ives' New York was a Treasure Hunt. From the Rainbow Room on a summer evening it was a casket of rich and gaudy jewels for greedy hands. It was the sleek and haughty sisterhood of the lobby at 21; the violent excitement of the Stock Exchange; theaters where life displayed its concentrated moments of high tragedy and high comedy; great stores and names on windows—and bright lights spelling Success in the tallest letters in the world. Treasure Hunt.

Julie Ives wasn't going home. She was facing the music, the high notes of trumpets gone sour, of disappointed violins, of saxophones as blue as the laughter of Manhattan's gods who, as easily bored as their worshipers, had wearied of their little game with Julie Ives.

At the sound of it above the roar of four engines, Julie began to come out of shock, out of that trance of fear which had swamped her for the first time.

As a .300 hitter who has struck out in the World Series starts figuring in the showers on why he didn't clout that shoulder-high fast one right across the plate, Julie thought furiously of the things she should have said to Reese Metlock, the things she should have said to Phil Baring. She thought of dozens of them; they were devastating, they would have stopped old Metlock and Phil Baring the way she'd stopped Mrs. Hitchcock with her cool, quick remark about talking French. She could hardly bear not to go back and say them.

The pitches had come too fast for her, that was all. Arrogance had betrayed her into unpreparedness. She was licked before she knew she was in a fight.

Now, she told herself, New York was behind her. Her brain began to get busy with what lay ahead, with the roles she must play, the scenes she must take part in. To no one—ever—must she admit that fear, that defeat. It wasn't defeat. She had money. She had Mr. Longden. "If you decide to leave Metlock you might come and see me," Mr. Longden had said, "if you can bring the Hassenwood account with you." She could bring Mark Hassenwood of Oklahoma with her, all right. She could have gone to work for Mr. Longden.

SOMEHOW she hadn't wanted to do that. Not after she'd talked to Mr. Metlock and Phil; men had seemed different to her then. She didn't feel so confident of handling Mr. Longden's garter-snapping; it had an ugly sound. His firm didn't have any such reputation, any such standing, either, as Mitchell, Ryan & Metlock. It would be a comedown. Everyone would know that after the divorce suit she'd been fired. She was tired, too.

Way down deep, it was sort of good to be going home. There would be excitement in seeing the gang again after all her adventures; she would be a sensation.

I missed Dink, she would say, and Toby. Isn't it silly? Of course I adored New York, and I'm glad I went and proved to myself I could be a success there. I had to get it out of my system and have my fling, but I'm ready to admit now that there's no place like home.

For quite a long time she would be able to talk about New York—casually, of course, in a perfectly natural way like a New Yorker. The shows and the restaurants and the celebrities. And they would all see her New York clothes and her mink coat and her bracelets and somehow they would know that Philip Baring had been madly in love with her, she could see to that.

It wouldn't be too bad.

To Dink she would say, "You wanted me back and here I am, darling."

Toby. Toby would be like a puppy, mad with joy, racing around and around and yelping, "Mudder, Mudder," trying to strangle Julie with strong little arms.

That had always been the part of Toby that Julie liked best.

There wouldn't be any trouble with Dink about her job downtown at Mitchell, Ryan & Metlock, now. At least it isn't New York, darling, she would say gaily, and I must keep in touch to know when to buy.

No one was to meet her at the airport, she had told no one of her arrival, she wanted to keep everything fluid. A sleepless night on a plane left traces—a crowded airport was no place for the scene of a triumphant return. She would go to the Town House and unpack and have her hair done and a massage and then see just what was best to do.

THIS, Mr. Lewishon felt, was an unprecedented moment in his legal career. His shrewd eyes took in the picture little Mrs. Ives made, sitting in the big chair across from him.

He remembered her vividly as she had sat there a year ago. The simplicity and propriety of her costume, the dignity and poise of her manner. Many other ladies, divorce-bent, had sat in that chair; none of them was so decorative as Mrs. Ives.

But—the interlocutory year had changed Mrs. Ives. It had given her a sort of artificial reproduction of the things that he had felt before were natural to her. Let us say, Mr. Lewishon thought, that there is now an aura of Experiences about her.

"But, my dear Mrs. Ives," Mr. Lewishon said, and stopped.

"I'm not sorry I got the divorce," Mrs. Ives said. "I was restless and dissatisfied and—younger. Everything in time is relative, they say, and this has been longer than just a calendar year. It has taught me a great deal about life and people. I've come home with a better sense of values," Mrs. Ives said, "and though I've had disillusionments, I'm grateful. Most of all I'm grateful for the interlocutory year and for the mistakes—the final and fatal mistakes it kept me from making. That's why, in spite of everything I said when I was here before, I've come to tell you I don't want my final decree."

This time, Mr. Lewishon realized there was no way to avoid it. "But, Mrs. Ives," he said, "your husband got the final decree on the first day it was possible to obtain it legally."

She stared at him with a perfectly blank face that went slowly white. Her eyes were for the moment like black marbles in her white face. Slowly the blankness of her face, of her eyes, was replaced with surprise. Nothing else at all. Ah, Mr. Lewishon thought, she wasn't prepared for this. That is her real weakness, she doesn't know how to meet a surprise attack. None of these bright young women do. They think they are so smart they never allow any margin for error, for human nature and its unpredictable qualities.

Giving her time, Mr. Lewishon said, "You will remember that I told you either party to the divorce could ask for the final decree at the end of the interlocutory year."

"Yes, yes, of course," Mrs. Ives said, "I do remember."

Quite suddenly she began to laugh. "The poor lamb," Mrs. Ives said, almost to herself, "the poor, silly, blessed lamb and his funny old masculine pride. You see when I had—when I had my little betrayal in New York he telephoned me and wanted to come back and help me, but of course I couldn't let him. You will understand how that could only have made it worse for me?"

"Probably," Mr. Lewishon said, "and you seem to have done very well. As a lawyer, I should like to have heard Mrs. Hitchcock on the witness stand. That must have been a remarkable performance. As it happens, I was a young lawyer, a very young lawyer, in Seattle and I got Mrs. Hitchcock, as she now is, her first divorce from Hodge Mulvey. You know who he is of course. I thought then it was a mistake, they seemed so very much in love. But she was terribly ambitious, I think, and a Navy career, between wars—being stationed in all sorts of queer places, and living on a very small salary of course—I liked her very much, I've always hoped all went well with her."

"She drinks," Julie Ives said, in a flat voice. She got up. "I mustn't take up any more of your valuable time," she said. "I—understand about my husband, he was hurt and I suppose he—but it doesn't really matter, does it? There are ways—" She stammered a little and was silent, looking at him with a question she would not ask.

"Naturally," Mr. Lewishon said, "your status now, yours and Mr. Ives', is simply that of unmarried people. You can do anything you choose."

"Thank you," Mrs. Ives said gently. . . .

The taxi pulled up outside the little house. But it couldn't have been so small as this, Julie Ives thought, and the way he's let the Cecile Brunner go without trimming—and the lawn! And the neighbors' children leaving their tricycles and airplanes in the driveway.

But of course they wouldn't stay in it anyway. Julie Ives touched her mink coat. They could sell now while things were up and then buy—on a consumers' market—a really nice house in Beverly Hills.

As she rang the doorbell her lips quirked in an anticipatory smile.

A MAN opened the door. He was a stranger to her. At sight of the vision framed by the rectangle of light, he blinked his faded old eyes.

Puzzled now, Julie said, "Is Mr. Ives—at home?"

"Mr. Ives?" the man said.

"Yes, Dink Ives," Julie said.

"Mr. Ives," the man said. "Why, Mr. Ives doesn't live here any more."

Julie stared at him.

"We bought the house from him—month or so ago," the man said.

"Could you tell me where he does live?" Julie Ives said, throttling her anger at this stupid anticlimax. How perfectly ridiculous of Dink to sell their house and move without even letting her know!

In a loud bellow, the man said, "Ma? Ma, there's a lady here wants to know where Mr. Ives moved to." To Julie he said, "Ma knows. We just come out from the East—Iowa—but Mr. Ives give Ma an address."

It took some time. They invited Julie to come in but she said no—no, she would just wait outside.

"Here it is," Ma said. "I knew I had it. He bought a new place—seems to me like he said Baldwin Hills."

"If I could get a taxi—" Julie said.

The neighbors, the man explained, would let him use their phone. So in time a second taxi bore Julie toward Baldwin Hills. The journey was spent in repairing her face, which, she felt, had somehow got pulled out of shape. She repaired also, as far as she was able, the spirit of the drama, some of which had leaked out on the steps of her old home.

The new house before which the taxi halted was different, built after the small ranch-house pattern so popular in California now, with a spreading wing and a roof of heavy, rough shingles painted dark brown. It had a red front door, to match the geraniums in the window boxes, and there was a lawn in front.

Julie's heart began to beat heavily, slowly.

Over her shoulder she glanced at the taxi still waiting at the curb. As soon as the door opened she would motion him to go away. A warm surge of home-coming swept her. The soreness and the bitterness of all the hurts she had known welled up in her as she stood looking at the softly lighted windows. She could let

them come through for the first time; it was safe here in this haven to admit their horrors and their disasters, to admit that none of those people had really cared anything about her at all. Wings seemed to beat about her, escaped at last from the prison in which she had held them, barred by her will: the coarse, threatening voice of Mrs. Metlock; Miss Bunting's open hatred; the cool judgment in Mrs. Hitchcock's eyes; the lashing insult of Mr. Metlock's yawn; the panic of being jobless amid New York's tall buildings; something behind Mr. Longden's sharp old face as he looked at her—and, above all, her body yielding to Phil Baring in spite of herself that night when—like a tune she couldn't get rid of—his words, "Don't count on me, Julie," kept going on and on in her mind.

It would be good to feel Dink's strong arms around her, absorb the adoration in his voice, have him lift her and carry her up the gangplank into the ark again.

She opened the red door and walked in.

THE little hall was filled with the smell of pine cones. Beyond it she could see a long, low living room, with brown walls and curtains of yellow and rose.

The radio was outlining sports events—which was why Dink hadn't heard her. He was stretched out in front of the fire in the same old brown leather chair. He looked bigger than she had remembered him, his crisp curly hair that was never out of place looked bright in the pleasant lamplight. He looked older, she thought, and it was becoming to him. She could see why he had made an impression on Mrs. Hitchcock.

WHITEWASH

Perfection is the countryside
As far as eyes can see,
For winter's snow has come to hide
All picnicking debris.

—William W. Pratt

She moved a step or two, she stepped into the living room, and—it was like a dance pattern—at exactly the same instant a swinging door opened at the other end of the room and another woman came in. A girl, she was, really, in a short blue linen skirt and a white shirt and brown sandals.

"*Dink.*"

Julie did not know whether they had both said it or whether she had said it and it had echoed across the low, glowing room.

Dink looked up and saw her:

He got to his feet. He said, "Julie!"

There was no question about this. It was a situation. It was drama.

The girl in blue said nothing. Her face was suddenly stern and her blue eyes were very steady.

How different can two women be, Julie thought. I mean, really. If I only had my mirrored wall so that I could see us both. Me in my mink coat and that girl in blue and white with no lipstick on to speak of and freckles showing. Julie moved into the room smiling.

"I'm afraid I've come at an—inconvenient time," she said. "How dreadfully stupid of me! Surprises always turn out all wrong, don't they?"

"You've surprised me all right," Dink said. "This is my wife."

Megan Ives said, "Did you know we were married?" There was a terrible pause.

"To tell you the truth I didn't," Julie said. "It was naughty of you not to warn me, Dink."

Megan Ives said, in a cool, clear voice, "I don't know how Dink feels about this—" Her eyes left Julie, they were like a flash of a bluebird's wings as they went to Dink; whatever she saw there made her smile and she said, "I think it's a mess. You were his wife once but I am now. I don't think we can be friends and I'd rather not make any kind of a silly attempt at it, if it's all right with you. I know it's not very sophisticated of me, and it's probably not very noble. But I don't think you treated Dink very well, and you can't expect me to be glad to see you—"

"Aren't you being a little tough, Megan?" Dink said.

"Do you want me to ask her to stay for dinner?"

Dink chuckled. "No, I don't think you have to go as far as that. But she is—Toby's mother."

"I don't see why I should remember it, if she didn't," Megan Ives said.

"My wife is being a little overloyal," Dink said to Julie; "but I find it a fault in the right direction." Megan moved closer to Dink.

"But of course it is," Julie said warmly. What was it that columnist had said about Mrs. Hitchcock—a duchess rebuking the tenantry? "I can only ask you to forgive me, my dear, for barging in this way, unannounced. I really didn't know about the big event and I had a few things to talk over with Dink—"

"And you were in the neighborhood," Megan Ives said.

"I'm only in town for a few days really," Julie said, "and I did feel—"

"Let's get this over," Dink Ives said. "I'm sorry you didn't know, Julie, and—it doesn't look as though we'd be seeing each other very often in the future; but I do wish you all the things you've always wanted, I do really."

But as the taxi went down the steep hill at breakneck speed, Julie Ives knew that the curtain had been hers.

That gesture with the mink coat—could any woman behold it without envy? Julie Ives thought not. The rich folds caught about her hips, her head gloriously framed by the high collar, and her face set in an exquisite little smile.

"That's very nice of you, Dink," she had said, "and I really do hope you'll be happy. We can't avoid seeing each other from time to time, I'm afraid. On account of Toby. Of course I'm taking her back to New York with me next week."

The memory of that consoled her until she was alone in her room at the Town House.

EVEN then she did not cry. It wasn't until she was in her mother's arms the next day at the Rosary that the tears would stay dammed no longer.

"I'm just tired," she said furiously, "and nervous. That's all. And I guess I'm mad. Not being told anything—as though they thought they were putting something over on me. That's all."

"Oh, no," Liz Behanna said, "it wasn't that. I wrote you. But my letter must have missed you. Sit down, Julie."

They were quiet while Julie took out her handkerchief and repaired her face once more. I hate this, she thought.

"The place looks beautiful, doesn't it?" her mother said. "I was—I wasn't sure after Uncle Freddy went—"

"I should have written you about that," Julie said.

"There wasn't anything to say, was there?" Liz Behanna said. "Julie, why did you come back?"

She's my mother, Julie thought. I haven't anybody else, really. You have to talk to somebody.

"I meant to—to go back to Dink," she said. "I thought after what happened to me in New York we could make a go of it. And now this—and he looked so happy. They—I wish I hadn't seen them."

Liz Behanna made a soft sound; she took Julie's hand, and their eyes met.

And Julie Ives said, "Don't look like that. What I just said—it isn't true except in my pride. I'd have hated it again after a few months, when my stories

about New York were old and tired. I'd have loathed it just as much as I did before."

She got up restlessly, and stood at the window, looking out at the line of the distant hills.

"I never really meant to stay," she said, not looking at Liz Behanna. "I might as well come clean for once in my life. I came back because I got myself in a jam back there; I was licked and scared. But as soon as I pulled myself together and had a few weeks' rest under my belt, I'd have been itching to get back. I'd have ruined Dink's life for good, I'd have hated that little house too, the minute the newness wore off and I had to do the dishes or the housework—I'm spoiled now. For good. I know a lot more than I did before. In a couple of months—or a year maybe—I'd have to go and try it again."

These were not the things she had intended to say. Something forced them from her; it was good to get rid of them, to get them said.

"I don't love Dink," she said. "I'm in love with a man who couldn't afford to marry me even if he wanted to, because he makes his living selling stocks to middle-aged women who get stuck on him and they wouldn't like it if he had a beautiful young wife."

"Julie," said Liz Behanna, in pain. "Julie—"

"I feel sorry for him, too," Julie said. "We're cut off the same piece of cloth, I guess."

"Somewhere," Liz Behanna said, "this has to be my fault. You worshiped your father. I—I never could seem to get close to you no matter how hard I tried."

"Of course not," Julie Ives said. "I'm Larry Behanna's daughter. You couldn't do anything with him, either. You did what you could."

"I thought so then," Liz Behanna said, "but now—it doesn't seem so to me."

JULIE said, "Don't waste any pity on me. This isn't an unhappy ending, darling. I'll go back to New York—and this time I'll make it all count. I've got some money and I'll make more and I'll have all the things I really want—"

"If you'd stay here for a little while," Liz Behanna said, "and be quiet and rest—you're thin—and it's very peaceful here—"

"It would drive me nuts," Julie said, "it really would. But—if I'm the third monkey, I'm a product of my times. If there are a lot of third monkeys around now, it's because—"

"Whatever is a third monkey?" a small voice said.

Toby's eyes were still bluer than anybody's. I'll be glad to get back to New York where everybody I know doesn't have those clear, honest blue eyes, Julie Ives thought bitterly. She's grown so, she's so brown, she isn't a baby any longer, she's a person.

"Hello, Mudder," Toby said. She was embarrassed. She went across the rosy tiles and stood beside Liz Behanna, looking up at her.

"Is it now, Grandma?" she said.

Liz Behanna looked down at her.

Love, Julie thought. Imagine calling that and what I feel for Phil Baring by the same name.

"Why, yes, darling," Liz Behanna was saying, "it is. I told you your mother would come for you sometime soon, didn't I? And how much you'll love New York and perhaps you'll have a white Christmas and—"

"But who's going to take care of you, Grandma?" Toby said.

"Somebody has to take care of your mudder, too, don't they?" Liz Behanna said.

"No," Julie Ives said. "No, not necessarily. I can take care of myself. I said it before and I say it again. Let's get this over and then if you have a drink around here someplace I could use it. Toby, you stay here and take care of Grandma. I want you to. New York's no place for little girls. There are still big bad wolves in New York and they eat little girls, though most of them wait until the little girls are older than you are. You stay here, Toby. It makes a lot better sense."

THERE was a mirror—a long, splendid mirror—behind the bar at the Stork Club.

One thing about New York, Julie Ives thought, whatever the hell you're doing you can see how you look doing it. I look all right. I thought after that Christmas Eve cocktail party I'd never look the same. Wandinghouse, Berkin, Syracuse, Schenectady, Troy and Longden do not give as high-class Christmas Eve cocktail parties as Mitchell, Ryan, Vicksburg, Plattsburg, Tuckahoe and Metlock. They lack polish.

What could you say to your boss? "I'll see you in hell before I'll wear garters for you to snap?" Or just, "That's my thigh you have hold of, dear Mr. Longden?"

"I hope," she said to Mrs. Mark Hassenwood, on the stool beside her, "that you like the Stork Club. I mean if you've seen the Empire State Building and the subway you can't go home without seeing the Stork Club. What would your friends and neighbors think?"

It was odd, she thought, that Mark Hassenwood had brought his wife to New York on this visit. "She wants to see New York," he had told Julie Ives over the telephone, "she's never been there and mostly she can't get away. Politics."

"Politics?" Julie Ives had said.

"She's a Republican committeewoman," Mark Hassenwood said. "Don't start any political arguments with her, that's all."

"Me?" said Julie Ives. "I can feel the cold damp on my brow at the thought."

This tall, rawboned woman was in no wise disturbed by Julie Ives. "You're just about what I thought you'd be, from what Mark told me," Mrs. Hassenwood said. "I'm glad you've been such a help to him in New York. Mark likes to have a good time and I was a schoolteacher too long. I cramp his style."

So here we are, Julie Ives thought, having a wonderful time at the jolly old Stork Club.

I love the Stork Club, she thought. I'd rather be here on Christmas Eve than anywhere. I'd rather be here than in Bellevue or Hiroshima or the Gobi Desert or anywhere. This is the place to spend Christmas Eve and always will be, and the way our little committeewoman on my left wears her rubies and emeralds and diamonds out on the ends of all her branches you don't even miss a Christmas tree.

She began to laugh.

Mrs. Hassenwood turned to look at her.

"If you look in that mirror," Julie Ives said, "you'll see the cutest little old third monkey."

Mrs. Hassenwood looked. She took another drink of Scotch and looked again. "I guess it's too early in the evening," she said apologetically.

"Not for me it isn't," Julie Ives said.

For there they were. Mr. and Mrs. Mark Ready-Cash Hassenwood, two by two on the bar stools. And, in chartreuse chiffon, little Julie Ives.

Pretty soon Philip Baring would be along. He was late as usual. He'd had to take that young widow—the one whose husband had died of taking sleeping tablets at night and benzedrine in the morning, and had left her half the real estate in New York—home from the Mitchell, Ryan & Metlock whingding. But he'd be along.

Then she'd look less like a third monkey.

Or would she?

THE END

THE PECULIAR QUEST OF DANNY O'HARE

Continued from page 16

been working on a fire wall beneath the dock.

"What's the trouble, Felix?"

"No trouble," Felix answered. "I'm takin' a blow."

Felix was a big man, as big as Tom O'Hare. He had the black hair, black eyes and swarthy complexion of a man part Indian. A good hand when he wanted to work, he was as mean as time when he'd had a drink or two, or when he thought he had the upper hand. Right now, he had the smug look of a man holding aces, back to back. Tom O'Hare felt his stomach tighten. He drew a deep breath.

"You're doggin' it," he said. "How come?"

Felix Johnson spat and wiped his chin. He was in no hurry to answer. "I'll tell you," he said, finally. "I figure any time the snapper can crawl behind a fire wall and sleep, I can come up here and take a little rest for myself."

"When Danny's not workin', I'm pushin' the job."

"That ain't news to me," Felix said. "Ask anybody how come Otto hires a booze-bum like Danny to push a job. They'll tell you—he don't want Danny, he wants you. He can't get you unless he takes Danny, so he hires you both. Most of the time Danny's off the job, loaded, an' you do a snapper's work for a pilebuck's pay. When Danny's around, which ain't often, Otto gets two snappers for the price of one. Otto ain't got a kick in the world."

Tom O'Hare knew Felix was telling the truth. He realized suddenly, that he'd known all along why Otto put up with Danny; he'd just refused to admit it. Now he had to admit it. He faced Felix Johnson's insolent grin and felt his stomach draw tighter. He felt sweat start on his back, on the palms of his hands.

"So Danny's a walkin' whisky keg, and I'm the boss. Does that give you the right to sit on your pants for a dollar six bits an hour?"

Felix spat again. "I reckon it does," he said. "As long's your old man's sleepin' on company time, you can't get tough with me for sittin'. . . ."

"Mister," Tom said. "You never been worse wrong in your life!"

HIS booted foot lashed out. The nail keg shot from beneath Felix Johnson and left him sitting on nothing, then flat on the ground. Felix's face turned dark with fury. He got up, spitting curses. Tom O'Hare was waiting, his hands on his hips. Felix swung a hammerlike fist that caught Tom high on the side of the face. Tom took the blow with little effort to duck or roll—and that was for the code that says a snapper can't swing on a man who works for him. There's nothing in the code, however, that says a snapper can't defend himself, once he's been hit. Tom O'Hare set about defending himself with grim enjoyment.

He tagged Felix with a long left. He put this right hand full in Felix's face and Felix was flat on his back, his mouth full of blood and tobacco. Felix was up, almost at once. He bent his head and came in swinging. He was big and tough and mad enough for two men. Tom was hit a number of times and knocked down once in the space of a moment or two. Then he got Felix lined up again. A lot of the anger in Tom's right hand should have fallen on Danny O'Hare. No doubt about that. But Felix had asked for it, and Felix got it, right between the eyes.

Felix stayed on his back for some time. He started to get up, then decided against it. Tom O'Hare helped him to his feet. He used a fistful of shirt front for the lift; he turned Felix around and booted him through the gate and off the job.

Tom O'Hare spent the remaining half hour of the workday in the time shack. He was waiting for Danny, and what he had in mind for him, in the first moments, was a miserable prospect. Later, his anger cooled. No man in the O'Hare family had ever been able to stay fighting mad for more than five minutes. But the spent anger left in its place a determination almost as terrible. Tom O'Hare knew he had a job of work cut out for him—a job he'd been ducking for years—but now, come hell, come earthquake, he was going to see it through.

THE quitting whistle brought Danny O'Hare to the time shack with the rest of the men. He came through the door and saw Tom sitting on a keg against the wall. He saw a swollen face, cut lips and skinned knuckles. He saw something in his son's eyes that promised trouble. Danny swallowed. He remembered a jag of work that needed him, now and far away. Tom's voice held him at the door: "Stand fast, Pop! We got to talk."

Danny stayed. He buried his face in the blueprints again. He got pencil and paper, and busied himself at a table across the room from his son. When the last of the crew had gone, a thick quiet settled upon the time shack. Tom O'Hare turned upon the keg to look at his father. If Danny heard him, he gave no sign. He worked harder than ever.

Danny, Tom thought. How am I going to do this to you?

He stared at his father's back, seeing Danny as he'd been ten or fifteen years ago. One of the very best. A tough little rip, with a big heart in him for any man who needed a break, with a hard head on him for any job that needed doing. If someone had a bridge, a dam or a jetty to build, the first man they thought of was Danny O'Hare. If Danny were working, they'd hire someone else, not liking it, because if Danny had the job they'd get it done faster, safer, and make more money. There wasn't a rig Danny didn't know. There wasn't a tool—peavey, cross-cut, top maul, adze—he couldn't use better than any man who worked for him. What's more, he could tell a taller tale, drink more whisky, yell louder and swear harder than any three ordinary construction hands. But what had really labeled Danny was something Otto had said, long ago, when Tom had asked for a job.

"You're sixteen and you want to work for me? Any time, boy. Any time, from now on. How can I miss on the son of Danny O'Hare?"

Otto wouldn't say that now. Now he'd reverse it and say, "Sure, Danny, I'll give you a job—as long as that boy of yours will do work enough for two." And that was an awful thing to face—the day when the best of them all couldn't hold up his end of a lift. When a Joe Magee like Felix Johnson could call him a booze-bum and not be very wrong.

Tom O'Hare knew how and why it had come about. Sarah had been the heart of Danny's life. More, she'd been the guide that kept him rolling straight. With Sarah gone, Tom had taken over. Then the war, and for three years there'd been nothing and nobody to keep Danny on the track. And now—

"All right, Danny," Tom said. "Here it is."

Danny turned to face his son. "Let's have it, boy," he said quietly. "As tough as you want to make it."

It was tough. Tom told him about Felix Johnson, not softening a word or sparing an ounce of hurt. Then he went

back across the years. He showed Danny what he had been, and what he was now. When he'd finished, he tied it up right and tight.

"I've had enough," he said. "I can't stand to see my old man in the shape you're in, and I'm not about to. You've had your last drunk and chased your last redheaded woman. One more time—just one—and I'm bunching it. I'm taking my tools and shoving off."

Danny's face was gray and weary. "I don't blame you," he said. "I've cut a sorry spectacle since you came home. You can put it on the dog, right now, if you're a mind to. But I wish you wouldn't. I'd like to have me this one more crack to see if I can make it pay."

"You've got it," Tom said. "One more."

His throat tight and hurting, he turned away from his father and walked out to the gate. He knew, just as he knew the sun was coming up tomorrow, what the final answer would be.

Tom was checking a blueprint when a woman walked past on the sidewalk. A young woman, graceful and tall. The evening wind was blowing her hair, red hair, about her face and shoulders. Like that, Tom thought. There'll be a redheaded woman going down the street. Danny, with a drink or two under his belt, will see her. If he had that drink right now, if that woman out there were twenty years older—there'd go Danny.

FOR a week it was fine. Tom O'Hare watched his father push the job, as only Danny could. The old man had a clock in his head. The pilebucks were scattered the length of the dock, on the deck, on the catwalks, working braces. They'd never see Danny until the last spike went down, or the last bolt was tightened. Then they'd look around for a handy timber on which to sit and take five and let the sweat dry. They'd look around and there'd be Danny, with his hands in his hip pockets and a smile on his face.

"Well, now," he'd say. "I got a bit of a fire wall over here that could use a couple of good strong boys."

Payday came, and with it payday night. But on Monday morning, Danny was in the tool shack, his eye bright and clear, his hand steady. "Thomas," he said. "Let this show you your father is a man of his word."

"Let me hear that six months from now," Tom said.

"I named you well," Danny said. "You're a doubtin' man."

Tom O'Hare shrugged. He watched the redhead pass the window again, as cool as an offshore wind, as proud as a new-made journeyman. If she were twenty years older, he thought again, and twenty pounds heavier, I'd have to snub Pop down with a four-inch line.

He turned to the supply bin to get the bolts he'd come to find. He was still head down there when Jake Kovac walked into the shack.

Jake was short one eye, and long a lot of years. He was thin and hungry and on the bite.

"Danny, boy," he said. "Down at the hall they told me you was snappin' out here. I got to thinkin' about old times. I figured the least I could do was drop around and say hello."

Silently, Tom said—*"And hit him for ten."*

Danny thumped Jake's back. "Glad to see you, Jakie."

"You wouldn't be needin' a hand?" Jake asked.

"You?" Tom asked the supply bin. *"What could you do but maybe wipe the sweat off a good man's brow?"*

"Just happens I do," Danny said.

Tom O'Hare choked on a smothered oath.

"I could be here in the morning." Jake rubbed his lips with the back of his hand. "I could, that is, if my tools wasn't—"

Danny O'Hare had his billfold out and open. "Here's ten," he said. "Get your tools out of hock."

"Danny—ah—the ticket's for twenty-two."

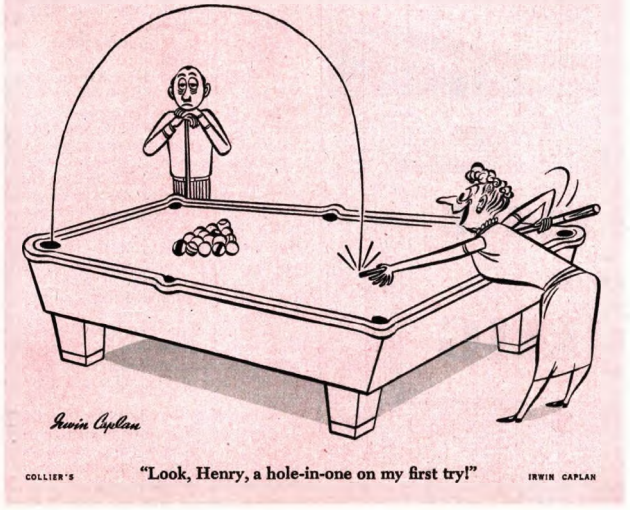
Danny O'Hare went deeper, fifteen dollars deeper. He shook Jake's hand and walked with him to the gate. Then he came back to face his son, his jaw squared, his hat yanked down over his eyes.

"Jake's a good man," he said.

"Sure," Tom said. "For a two-man lift, all you need is Jake and two other guys. He'll do the gruntin', they'll do the work. He's always about to do something. Always takin' a hitch at his pants, gettin' his feet braced, his hands spit on. I never saw a man do a better job of spittin' on his hands than Jake. He's a deadhead. But you're the snapper. Do what you want to do."

"Don't think I won't," Danny said.

Tom O'Hare shouldered the bolts and went back to the skid rig, back to work. Jake Kovac was a one-eyed wonder when it came to wasting time. He'd been a good man once—like the Mayflower had been a good ship—but he was old and beat-up now. A day of mauling green deck plank, or an eight-hour stretch on a



COLLIER'S "Look, Henry, a hole-in-one on my first try!" IRWIN CAPLAN

bracing crew would kill him. Danny knew that; Danny would take care of him. But what about Jake? How was he going to feel, riding the feathers, collecting his pay, while other men did his work? Easy enough, if you've done it all your life. But Jake had been a top hand.

Jake had only himself to worry about—no family, no kids. But it must be a hell of a thing when your muscle's gone and you can't swing a top maul, or lean on a spud wrench. When the old heads you've worked with have drifted away, or retired, and the new crop—like me, Tom thought—can't find a job for you. Then what? Then you spend your days warming a chair in a water-front hotel, or hanging around the hall to bum chow money from one of the younger bucks.

Jake couldn't be more than a year or two older than Danny. They'd both worked on that Snake River job in 1910. Danny had worn a little better. He'd had more on the ball, more luck. And he'd had Sarah, Tom thought—until I was old enough to hold him up, dry him out. Danny had money in the bank and Jake was broke, but for the rest they were alike. They'd worked past their day, outlived their friends, and they called a hotel room home. They lived in a lonely four-walled box. Maybe that's why Danny went on the town. He'd sit up there and stare at the wall until the black horrors climbed up his back. Then he'd reach for a bottle and go on the hunt for the wanted feeling he couldn't find.

Men their age deserved a better break: a family, a spot of garden, maybe, and a place of their own to tinker around. Instead, they went on working until the years or the bottle beat them down. Perhaps it was a good thing Jake had come along. He'd be company for Danny—a sort of one-eyed substitute for the wife and home Danny didn't have. They could tell each other lies about the jobs they'd built, the miles they'd traveled, the brawls they'd seen.

And they did—at first. Jake became a storekeeper on a job that had never before had or needed one. He spent his time in and around the tool shack. Tom O'Hare heard them talking of men long gone; giants, apparently, who'd gained stature with each passing day. He saw them leave the job, still talking. He heard Danny come down the hall each night between ten and eleven. A sober Danny who clattered cheerfully about his room as he got ready for bed.

A MONTH of that; then a bleak, windy day when Danny passed the skid rig twice, without so much as a side glance. Tom O'Hare watched him swing down a diagonal and vanish into the forest of bracing. The old signs were there: the pushed-back hat, the cocky walk, the suddenly averted eye.

"I'll see you at quitting time," Tom told Danny's back.

But Danny and Jake Kovac jumped the gun. They left the job before whistle time. Tom O'Hare stayed on in the tool shack, after the crew had gone. He saw the redhead go up the street, bound for wherever she went at this hour of the day. He sat at Danny's table and argued with himself. Danny was a man grown, wasn't he? If he wanted to kick his life down the drain, that was his business. But there was the promise Danny had made. He's two-blocked the rig, Tom thought. He's used up all the slack. I'll wait until I'm sure, and then Danny's on his own.

He searched the tool shack. He found what he was afraid he'd find, covered by a bit of sacking, stuffed deep in the center of a coil of line. One quart bottle, empty.

Danny didn't come home that night. The next morning, Tom made one round of the job to be sure the crew was busy, then cornered Jake Kovac. Jake put one hand on the tool-house wall; he needed that wall to hold him up.

"I'll take my time before I take your lip," he said.

"I don't hit old men," Tom told him. "But I can learn."

Jake rubbed his neck with a shaking hand. "Danny was gettin' a cold," he said. "You know how that is."

"Forward and back, I know," Tom said. "You had one to knock the cold, and the rest of the quart to keep the first one company."

Jake blinked. "A hell of a way to talk about your father."

"Where is he?" Tom demanded. "What's he up to."

"He'll kill me for tellin' you," Jake said. "He knows this redhead up the street. Last I see of him he was headin' that way."

Tom said, "I know the rest. Where does she live?"

"She runs a boardin'house. Seven-eight blocks from here."

JAMMING his car against the curb, Tom got out and checked the address. This was the place. The house was big and old. There were wide verandas around three sides. The fenced yard was a half-block square. At one time, when horses were pulling streetcars, when the riverbank had been free of docks and mills, the house had been a show place. Now it needed paint and carpenter work. The yard needed muscle. The Room and Board sign beside the door tagged the place, for Tom, as just another joint.

Danny, Tom thought, you've done it again.

He went up the sidewalk, jumped a broken step, and crossed the porch to the door. He intended to open the door and barge right in. His hand was on the knob when he changed his mind, and rang the bell instead. It was an old-fashioned, mechanical twist bell, set in the center of the door. It made a lot of noise. The door didn't open at once. Tom rang the bell again and again. The door opened, finally, with an abruptness that surprised him.

"In the name of Heaven!" a girl said.

She was the tall, redheaded girl who'd walked past the time shack every day, cool and self-possessed, and deaf to the whistles of appreciation. Tom O'Hare hated finding her here, hated it suddenly and thoroughly.

"So you're the one?" he said.

"The one what?"

There was nothing cool about her voice. She was as angry as only a redheaded woman can be. Her eyes—very nice green eyes—held a look that plainly said Tom O'Hare was a heavy-handed idiot who went around tearing doorbells apart. Tom O'Hare wasn't interested in her anger. He stared at her, thinking unpleasant thoughts.

"Well?" she demanded. "Did you want something?"

"I want Danny O'Hare."

"Oh, you do . . ." she said. "And who might you be?"

"Tom O'Hare."

Her face showed surprise. She had a close look at him, and then her belligerent attitude softened a little. "You could happen to anyone, I guess—even Mr. O'Hare. He's upstairs."

"I'm taking him out of here."

"Suppose you discuss that with Mr. O'Hare. You'll find him in the room at the end of the hall. In bed."

She opened the door and nodded toward the stairway. Tom shouldered past her without a word. He saw very little going up the stairs and down the hall; he was too angry, too disgusted to bother to look around. The door at the end of the hall was open. Danny O'Hare was in bed, up to his neck in covers, and when he saw Tom O'Hare in the doorway he shrank as far as possible into the pillow. Tom O'Hare pushed his hat to the back of his head.

"This ties it," he said. "This really does."

"Now, Thomas—" Danny said. "Look here, boy, I—"

"Don't give me any talk," Tom said. "I'm takin' you out of here—and that's all I'm doing. This is my last job for you. After this, you're all on your own."

Danny put his hands on the covers and pulled them tighter around his neck. "Listen to me, son. I got to tell you—"

"I don't want to hear it. Get out of that bed."

A voice said, "He's staying right there."

The voice was a woman's and it came from the doorway behind Tom, an angry voice, holding plenty of authority. Tom swung, his jaw set. He expected to find the redheaded girl again, for the voice was the same. This wasn't the girl. This was a woman of fifty, a big-boned woman, with the same red hair and the same green fire in her eyes.

Tom said, "He's coming with me."

"No," the woman said. "He's not!"

Again, she had spoken with rocklike authority. Tom O'Hare had never run into anything like this on his other rescue expeditions. It sobered him. He began to see things more clearly. He saw a woman whose face, though angry, was clear-skinned and smooth. She was large and she wore a crisply starched house dress of bright print. Her hands, determinedly on her hips, were covered with flour . . . and that flour stirred a memory long dead in the back of Tom O'Hare's mind. Uncertainty was in his voice when he finally found it.

"Why isn't he coming with me?"

"Feel his forehead," the woman said.

Tom O'Hare crossed the room to stand beside the bed. Danny O'Hare looked sheepish as Tom put a hand on his forehead. The skin was hot and dry, much hotter than it should have been. Tom was thinking about that when he heard Danny's whisper.

"Take it easy, boy. I've known her a month, an' she's not a gal to fool with . . ."

"Your father," the woman said, "is taking sulfa. Anyone will tell you he has to stay in bed at least three days."

Tom O'Hare didn't answer that. He was looking at the crisp curtains, the snowy bedspread. His eyes found Danny's hands, still clutching the covers. Tom took his hand from Danny's forehead and made it into a fist. He hit Danny gently on the jaw.

"You old blister," he whispered. "You finally made it." He turned to face the woman, smiling now. "Could it be you're makin' pie for his breakfast?"

"Why—yes," she said. "He doesn't have any appetite at all. Apple pie was the only thing that appealed to him."

Tom O'Hare went to stand before her, to take both her hands in his. Her hands were warm and strong, and somehow the grip of them went clear to his heart.

"Lady," he said, "how glad I am to see you . . ."

A faint blush touched her cheeks. "I really feel I know you quite well," she said. "Mr. O'Hare has spent most of his visits talking about his son."

Danny said, "That ain't the truth. We talked about her daughter, mostly. I couldn't hardly get a word in edgewise."

"That would be the young lady who let me in," Tom said. "I wonder if I could talk to her for a moment."

The woman smiled. "I'm afraid she's angry."

"That's why I want to talk to her."

"I guess you can take care of yourself," she said. "She's in the kitchen." She told Tom how to get there, and stayed to talk to Danny for some reason of her own.

TOM said goodby to both the woman and Danny, and went down the stairs. He found his way to the kitchen, stopping in the doorway, his hat in his hand. The girl was finishing the pie her mother had started.

"Miss," Tom said, "I'd like to apologize."

Her level stare was cool. "For what?"

"For . . . well, I guess what I was thinkin'."

Her gaze held firm, measuring him. Tom felt his face grow red. He turned his hat in his hands, shifting his feet uncomfortably. Presently, she relented, shrugging.

"Have you had your breakfast?"

"Come to think of it, I haven't."

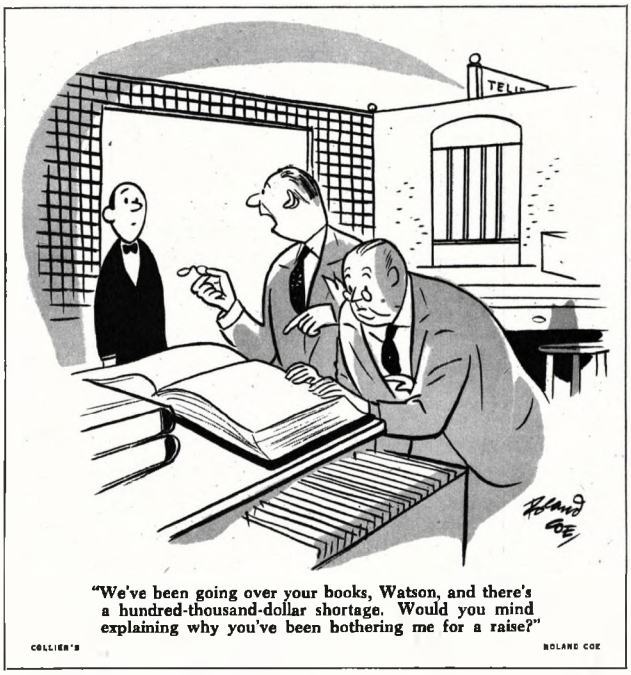
"Have a chair. It will be ready in a minute."

Tom O'Hare suddenly smiled.

She said, "What's so amusing?"

"It won't mean anything to you," Tom answered, "but I was just thinking—could be, there goes Junior. . . ."

THE END



"We've been going over your books, Watson, and there's a hundred-thousand-dollar shortage. Would you mind explaining why you've been bothering me for a raise?"

COLLIER'S ROLAND COE

THE PROVIDENTIAL PROVIDENT

Continued from page 19

jewelry with an eye to just such an emergency.

Smaller tradespeople use the society for routine financing. Early every Monday morning an immigrant fish peddler used to come to the lower East Side branch for a loan of $50 with which to buy his weekly inventory of mackerel and herring. Before the office closed on Friday he was sure to turn up in time to redeem his wife's diamond brooch so that she could wear it proudly to the synagogue on Saturday. A laundry driver in the Bronx was a regular pledger. He helped embarrassed customers by telling them to let the bill go until next week and then financed this consumer credit by pledging his turnip-shaped gold watch every Friday.

Coney Island concessionaires sometimes can't get credit at the bank because they are gambling on the weather with perishable supplies. They keep going by putting the take of a sunny Fourth of July into jewelry which can be pledged after a rainy week end. If Provident Loan should suddenly shut up shop, hundreds of small entrepreneurs would become hard pressed financially. Some writers, photographers and musicians would have to desert their financially hazardous arts if there were no sure way of getting a meal out of typewriters, cameras and violins.

Actors and actresses last out spells of unemployment by pledging their diamond-studded cigarette cases and emerald clips. When they graduate to the steeper financial roller coaster of Hollywood they sometimes mail their sensational jewelry back to the society's Seventh Avenue branch, where they used to raise money for room rent. One successful star packed up her jewels and flew East to pay for some plastic surgery her husband didn't think was necessary.

Winter may bring in packages of valuables from playboys in Florida who have guessed wrong on the ponies.

Motivated by a strange sense of shame, people used to travel miles to visit secretly a pawnshop in unfamiliar territory. To encourage the timid, several shops had a private entrance after the style of the old-fashioned saloon. Then there are people to whom hocking is like eating peanuts. They don't do it because they have to, but for sheer love of the process. A bad victim of the pawnshop fever has the hallucination that every trinket in his house is an uncashed check.

Legal Curbs on Hockitis

To quarantine this disease, New Hampshire passed a law against pawning the clothes off your back, and Delaware won't let you hock your wooden leg. Although there's no New York State law against it, the Provident Loan won't take false teeth.

"What most people can't seem to get through their heads," the manager of Provident complains rather patiently, "is that a pledge loan is a legitimate business deal. It's a lot more honorable than getting a friend to sign a note you may never be able to repay. In fact, a pledge loan isn't a debt at all. If you don't pay up, all we can do is to sell your property.

"Of course there are times when it's better to borrow at the bank. That's where we send people who have jobs but insufficient collateral, and the personal credit departments of the big banks return the compliment. If one of their applicants can't qualify, they ask him if he has something he can pledge at the Provident Loan."

If you go into a Provident Loan office you can expect businesslike treatment. On the benches in the marble lobby you'll find self-assured, well-dressed people, some of them women with babies in their arms. Time was when women were so shy they commissioned their menfolk to do their hocking for them. Pawnbrokers tried to make it easier for the real owners of most jewelry by providing special booths for members of the weaker sex. Now 60 per cent of the society's visible customers are women.

If you hope to get more than $100 the chances are nine times out of ten you'll be bringing in diamonds. If you think your stone is worth more than $1,000, take along the sales check or an insurance policy. If you don't have any proof of ownership—and most people don't—be prepared to answer a few personal questions. Remember that the clerk is sympathetic but you are required to establish your right to pledge. He'll listen if you tell him your story, but it won't change his loan offer.

The Appraiser Goes to Work

How much you get depends on the appraiser's judgment, which, in turn, is based on a scientific compilation of the society's fifty years of experience with the slippery diamond market. The taciturn, alpaca-coated clerk will first take your stone to a little laboratory stand behind the counter and scrub it in ammonia, soap and secret chemicals which remove fake dyes. Since he can't take it out of its setting to weigh it, he measures the diameter and depth with a specially made caliper and consults a table to get its approximate carat value.

To grade its color he compares it with four test stones hanging under a daylight lamp. This is a tricky job which can't be done by any mechanism more reliable than the human eye. Dealers who buy unset stones can study them from all angles, but even so they sometimes refuse to make up their minds unless they are on the north side of the fourteenth floor at 2 P.M. on a cloudy day after a good night's sleep. A pawnbroker has to do it while you wait.

The clerk next pulls out of his pocket one of the "loupes" which diamond men carry around like pipe cleaners. He is hunting for flaws—tiny cracks or imprisoned spots of carbon. At the same time he is noticing how the stone has been cut. Does the bottom taper to a tiny "culet" and is it centered exactly? Is the "table" or top surface too wide? Is the "girdle" or largest diameter of the gem a crisp, even edge? Is the "crown," or distance from girdle to table, the mathematically correct proportion for greatest reflection? It should be a third of the over-all vertical measurement.

Tables Decide Jewel Values

To his experienced eye, every answer is represented by a number. All he has to do is to look it up in a manual as thick as an unabridged book of logarithms. A lot of ordinary pawnbrokers would give their best color eye for a peep at the society's appraisal tables.

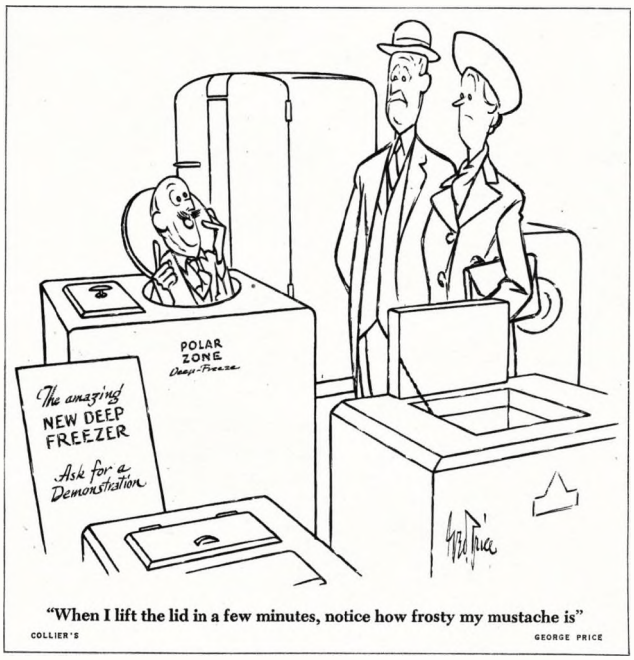
When the clerk tells you what you can have you may be surprised.

"Only $250 for my engagement ring?" you'll storm. "Why, my husband paid $1,000 for it!"

"I'm sure he did," the appraiser will say. "But that was at retail. Retailers can wait until they get a buyer. If we liquidate your loan and have to sell at auction the public will probably pay only $400 or $500. We don't dare lend even that much, because we have to guess what the diamond market will be more than a year from now. Realized prices at auction fluctuate under the influence of many intangibles. It's been known to drop 30 per cent in a single depression year."

This sounds sensible, but you know you'll never feel the same again about your diamond. You sign a card and walk out with your money and a pawn ticket in less time than it takes to buy a toothbrush. Meanwhile, the clerk is writing out a full description of your ring to file with the police for checking against theft reports.

Bright thieves avoid the Provident Loan like a plague. Those who do try the big uncle usually give themselves away as soon as they open their mouths. But appraisers can't be too careful.



"When I lift the lid in a few minutes, notice how frosty my mustache is"

COLLIER'S GEORGE PRICE

Your diamond goes into a box labeled with a pledge number and then into a burglarproof vault where no one but you will give it a second thought for a year. If you are an average borrower, you'll be back to redeem it within six months. But suppose you forget. Four days after the expiration of the loan year you'll get an informal notice. About a month after that will come a legal notice giving the approximate time that the collateral will be sold if the loan is not previously attended to. At least half the people who ignore both notices turn up frantically after the deadline, and occasionally they are still in time to snatch a family heirloom from the block itself.

Dealers come to the sales at Gimbel's Kende Galleries because it is against Provident policy to bid in to prevent losses as some pawnbrokers do. Sale days brew the tight-lipped tension of an involuntary gathering of hereditary enemies. After spending hours peering through eyepieces at piles of rings, watches and lockets, the big dealers slide into rear seats to keep tab on who is bidding what. To foil one another they use private bidding signals—a sudden jerk of the hand, a wave of the catalogue, a lift of the eyebrows intended for the hawk eyes of the man with the big voice.

Dealers used to have Provident Loan sales almost to themselves, but the bargains have been drawing more and more consumer purchasers.

No Profits from Auctions

Provident Loan appraisals are so conservative that the pledger usually has something coming to him after the loan, with interest and cost of selling, is satisfied by sale of the collateral. From the very beginning the society refused to profit in any way from its sales. It even fostered legislation permitting the society to pay to the State Comptroller any money from auction sales which is unclaimed after six years. Such surplus can be recovered from the State Comptroller by the holder of the loan ticket at a later date. If the sale results in a loss, it is borne by the society. One woman who stumbled over several twenty-year-old Provident Loan tickets in her attic collected an unexpected legacy of $300.

To raise as much surplus as possible for its defaulting pledgers, the society encourages the public to attend its sales. Its estimates on the auction value of such hard-to-figure articles as cameras and gold-headed canes are generally accurate because they are based on continuing market research. When the society began lending on unused U.S. postage stamps this year, two economists spent four months constructing the tables of value.

Today Provident Loan makes roughly 65 per cent of the pledge loans in New York City. An ordinary pawnbroker competes at a disadvantage because Provident attracts persons who are interested in the society's lower rates and who are not seeking merely to dump their collateral permanently.

Psychology in Moneylending

How do commercial pawnbrokers stay in business? The answer is a delicate compound of cold cash and sentiment. In New York State pawnbrokers can charge three per cent a month on loans under $100 for the first six months. In some states they have taken as much as 60 per cent a year. For a return like that, a reasonable man expects to take risks. And it is on the risk that the ingredient of sentiment turns—sentiment on the public side of the counter, of course. A woman pledging her engagement ring is going to redeem it even if she gets twice its value on loan.

"Don't look at the pledge," one pawnbroker admonished his son, "look at the pledger."

In the last fifteen years the entire pledge loan business has suffered from the wartime economy, the rise of small-loan companies and the willingness of established banks to lend small sums to salaried people. Prosperous war years cut loans so much that many pawnbrokers were forced to become out-and-out retailers of the new watches, guns, jewelry and musical instruments they ordinarily buy to dress their windows. One was so desperate for business that he used to lend a solid-looking customer what he estimated to be full auction value.

Provident's new loans fell from $44,000,000 in 1929 to a quarter of that amount in 1945. The drop, though, did not unduly alarm Provident's trustees, none of whom gets so much as a twenty-dollar gold piece for his pains from one end of the year to the other. Come the millennium when no one need pawn his watch, they will simply divert the society's assets to charity. Unfortunately, that day isn't in sight. The tide of loans has been rising again since the end of the war. If inflation drives wage earners to pledge borrowing, Provident Loan, which does not encourage borrowing, may be as busy as it was in the depression.

THE END

WAR MADE US RICH – OH, YEAH?

Quite different [from Russia's situation] is the case of the United States of America, which, fortunately, was not subjected to enemy occupation and, what is more, enriched itself during the war. The data which have been published testify to the fact that the profits of big property owners in the U.S.A. reached unprecedented heights during the war years.

AT THE late lamented London Conference which failed to draw up peace treaties for Germany and Austria, V. M. Molotov, Russian Foreign Minister, got off the above remarks. It is a charge that is batting rather freely around the world these days and that happens to be 100 per cent false.

True, many U.S. corporations did make big profits 1940-45. But they also paid unprecedented taxes, and still are doing so. There is no great permanent enrichment in that.

While we were not invaded or bombed during World War II, the indirect effects of the struggle were devastating to our economy. That fact is evidenced by our persistent housing shortage, the deterioration of our roads and railways, the decadent condition of many of our hospitals and schools, parks and playgrounds, the inadequacy of our oil and gas pipelines, and so on.

As a result of the war, we have a national debt which will probably be plaguing our grandchildren's grandchildren, and we have an inflation which is getting worse by the day.

Our Lend-Lease program took an extra 40 billions' worth of real wealth out of us—real wealth which won't be coming back.

The truth is that, like every other nation actively engaged in World War II, the United States sustained a deadly blow to its aggregate wealth, and a blow the effects of which will be a long time wearing off. For us to pretend otherwise would be to kid ourselves in a highly dangerous manner; and when others say the war made us rich they are either misinformed or talking through their hats.

●

CHARLIE, YOU'RE INSPIRED: Charlie Chaplin hasn't had any Grade-A ideas that we know of for some 10 years last past; but in his current notion to quit the United States cold, we think Charlie has an inspiration.

His feeling is, as he has been mumbling recently in a London publication, that the United States has little more to offer him; and "I, Charlie Chaplin, declare that Hollywood is dying."

If Chaplin never comes back to this country, we think most Americans will be able to control their grief. Parting in this case would be an uncommonly sweet sorrow.

Had Chaplin been content to go on being the top-notch slapstick clown that nature and study made him, he would be as high in American affections today as he once was. But he had to go and get arty, and then he had to go and get political. Though he never has seen fit to take out U.S. citizenship, he lectured us severely back in 1942 on our duty to open a second front in western Europe, long before we were ready, so as to take some of the German pressure off Stalin.

Any time this mummer wants to abandon us to our fate, he'll find the door wide open, and the applause will be far heartier than any that his last three or four movies have drawn.

●

SUBSIDIZING M.D.'S: United States Surgeon General Thomas Parran suggests that the government take to financing scholarships in medical schools for future doctors.

The main object would be to insure against doctor shortages in government services, chiefly the armed forces; so that recipients of these scholarships would agree to spend a specified time in government employ after graduation.

We can go along with Dr. Parran to that extent. At the rate we are now not producing medical school graduates, we'll need between 50,000 and 55,000 more doctors in 1960 than we'll have. Our shortage of physicians, especially in country districts, is already serious and growing more so.

Somehow, we simply must enlarge the supply of doctors—general practitioners, specialists, surgeons. Government subsidy may be the only adequate way.

However, Dr. Parran also suggests that appointments to these medical scholarships be entrusted to members of Congress, as are appointments to West Point and Annapolis. That is where we part company with Dr. Parran. The scheme is too-too political, on the face of it. If members of Congress are to have any hand in such appointments, which we doubt they should, their selections should be limited to candidates chosen on merit by impartial panels, perhaps composed of leading members of city and county medical societies.

Anyway, let's get started soon on some kind of well-planned, large-scale attack on the doctor shortage. It's about the most dangerous shortage now afflicting this country.

●

NEED MORE HELP? More than 58,000,000 persons are holding down paying jobs in the United States at this writing, and more could be hired if more could be found.

It so happens that more can be found, with a little effort. We have some 1,000,000 physically handicapped persons—veterans, survivors of accidents, and so on—who could be trained for various jobs without much trouble and could deliver highly satisfactory results.

The Department of Labor and other interested agencies are backing a year-round movement to stimulate employers to hire physically handicapped people, and to inspire such people to study for and look for jobs. It's a movement which deserves general co-operation and support, we believe.

If you need more help in your business, you are earnestly advised to look into this labor reserve of around 1,000,000 men and women—and to rest assured that statistics show physically handicapped workers to be, by and large, extremely adaptable, energetic, conscientious and reliable.

Incidentally, if you hire one or more of these workers, you can expect not only to do your plant a favor but also to deal yourself the great personal gratification of doing something constructively helpful for one or more of your fellow citizens.

●

JUST TELL THE PASSENGERS: U.S. railroads are making all sorts of efforts to improve passenger service and attract more public good will. Fine; and we think we can suggest one service improvement which wouldn't cost any railroad a dime and would make a big hit with the traveling public. Here it is:

Whenever a train is materially delayed in the daytime or at any waking hour of the night, why not have the conductor announce the reason for the delay and the best available guess as to how much time the train is going to lose altogether?

Why this practice has never been universally adopted on American railroads, we don't know; but it never has. The usual procedure is for the trainmen to let the passengers guess what's holding things up, and to tell them nothing specific. Result in each instance; a trainload of people fretting and fuming and silently cursing the railroad. We can detect no gain in public good will there.

No charge to the rails for this tip. We'll feel more than compensated if they'll just pick up the tip and put it into effect.

WASHINGTON PARTY LINE

IF HE wants it, Supreme Court Justice William O. Douglas can have the Number Two place on the Truman ticket. The forty-nine-year-old New Dealer from Washington State is Truman's secret choice as his running mate.

Douglas turned down one Truman offer when he declined the Interior portfolio because he didn't consider it sufficiently important.

But for Truman, Douglas is the answer to a lot of prayers. He was close to Roosevelt, and rates tops with the liberals and labor. At the same time, Douglas is on warm personal terms with key Southern leaders. Also, he is highly esteemed by potent business elements.

Douglas was largely responsible for bringing Defense Secretary James Forrestal, formerly of Dillon, Read & Company, into the Roosevelt Administration. Finally, Douglas is a natural geographically. Truman has to sweep the Pacific Coast to win. Douglas on the ticket would help a lot in doing that.

THE next big move in Germany will be economic and not political. Behind the façade of the existing political setup of the four occupying powers, the U.S., Britain and France will quietly establish a new unified economic government. Capital of this economic Bizonia will be Frankfurt.

The prevailing political system will not be tampered with for two reasons: (1) to avoid giving the Russians an excuse to take over all of Berlin and (2) to keep the door open for possible unification of all of Germany later. A major feature of the new economic government will be greater use of Germans in running their industries.

IT'S by no means a sure thing that Senator J. Howard McGrath will manage the Truman campaign. The youngish and not always astute Rhode Island successor to Bob Hannegan isn't doing so well as Democratic National Chairman. Old-timers consider McGrath a bungling amateur; and liberals are irately plastering him as a "reactionary." National Committee insiders are betting that next summer the White House will decide that McGrath's doubtful talents are needed elsewhere and someone else will mastermind the Truman campaign.

SOTTO VOCE A.F. of L. comment on John L. Lewis' "disassociation": "Defeat seems to have gone to his head."

FOES of universal military training are spreading the word on Capitol Hill that General MacArthur is against it. The Pacific commander has said nothing publicly on the issue. But according to the antis, he disapproves of UMT on the ground that mass armies are outmoded and that major defense efforts should be concentrated on research and Intelligence.

WILLIAM HUTCHINSON, long-time boss of the powerful A.F. of L. carpenters' union, will head the Republican National Committee's Labor Campaign Committee. A lifelong, rock-ribbed Republican, Hutchinson is boycotting the A.F. of L. drive to raise a $7,000,000 fund to oppose Taft-Hartley Act supporters.

SHERIFFS and county clerks in Representative John Rankin's home district are betting that the clangorous Mississippian is serving his last term in Congress. The inside word among the potent local politicos is that either Judge Claude Clayton or Lieutenant Governor Sam Lumpkin will retire Rankin. He has been much subdued since his dismal showing in last year's special senatorial election.

PRAYER by Scotch-born Senate Chaplain Peter Marshall in opening a session of the chamber: "Forgive, O Lord, our failure to apply to ourselves the standards of conduct we demand of others."

ROBERT S. ALLEN

COLLIER'S

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Swing Shift at an African Copper Mine

1 **"I got quite a shock** when I visited what I'd heard was a *modern* African copper mine in Namaqualand," writes Warren Morgan, an American friend of Canadian Club. "Jungle natives, in war regalia, were doing a blood-curdling dance near the mine. My Afrikander host must have noticed the puzzled look on my face for he laughed and said, 'These men work in the mine. They are just enjoying a day off.'

2 **"The weird music** from the primitive flute called an *ipayipi* would never rate Number One on our Hit Parade—but our music sounds just as strange to them. I played some swing records on my portable. They just stood listening with bewildered grins.

3 **"The next day I went into the mines,** and I found it hard to believe that the men I met were the same primitive dancers I had watched the day before. They operated pneumatic drills and electric dump trucks with all the skill of an experienced hand in Butte, Montana.

4 **"The intense heat of molten slag,** added to the tropical temperature, made this the *hottest* picture I've ever taken. Even the natives, accustomed to great heat, give the slag pit a wide berth. It's like a red hot sun working 24 hours a day.

5 **"Later, I joined my friend** for 'Sundowners'—a time honored custom in South Africa. As we sat on the *stoep* of the *rondavel*, I got the greatest surprise of the trip when he brought out my favorite whisky—Canadian Club. 'You must have been in the States lately,' I said pointing to the bottle. 'Not at all,' he replied. 'Canadian Club is popular down here, too.' "

6 **"Almost everywhere,"** world travelers write, "we find Canadian Club a prized treasure." Why this world-wide popularity? Canadian Club is *light* as scotch, *rich* as rye, *satisfying* as bourbon. You can stay with it all evening—in cocktails before dinner and tall ones after. That's what made Canadian Club the largest selling imported whisky in the United States.

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