FOR MEN

REAL

THE EXCITING MAGAZINE

EXCLUSIVE! From the new **BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB** Sensation

THE LAST PARALLEL

(A MARINE'S COMBAT DIARY)

BY MARTIN RUSS

Seven Terrible Days in the Life of a War-Weary Leatherneck in Korea

25c May

BUFFALO BILL

KING OF THE WILD WEST HELL-RAISERS

SECRETS OF NIGHT FISHING

POLLY ADLER'S Bawdy, Naughty Best-Seller

A HOUSE IS NOT A HOME

THE INSIDE STORY OF AMERICA'S MOST NOTORIOUS MADAM

FREE! ALL 12 TOP HIT TUNES

TO NEW MEMBERS

1. **LOVE ME TENDER**
   The haunting love ballad that has skyrocketed to the top of the hit tune surveys.
2. **GREEN DOOR**
   Here's the catchy, tricky hit tune that all America is chuckling over.
3. **CINDY, OH CINDY**
   A boy sings his plaintive love song to his lost love. Tremendous smash hit.
4. **HEY JEALOUS LOVER**
   The tune that's among the 'most played' by radio disc jockeys from coast to coast.
5. **TRUE LOVE**
   The beautiful love song from the hit movie starring Grace Kelly and Bing Crosby.
6. **JUST WALKING IN THE RAIN**
   A brand new version of an old hit.
7. **FRIENDLY PERSUASION**
   The lovely title song from the movie of the same name. A good bet for award honors.
8. **IT ISN'T RIGHT**
   The negative thought with a positive result. An exciting hit tune.
9. **YOU'LL NEVER KNOW**
   Slow, rhythmic and danceable Rock and Roll hit.
10. **OUT OF SIGHT OUT OF MIND**
    Sometimes out of sight is not out of mind in this lilting love song smash hit.
11. **BLUEBERRY HILL**
    I found my thrill on Blueberry Hill. All America is humming this hit tune.
12. **SINGING THE BLUES**
    A rollicking blues hit tune in the Rock and Roll style.

YES! Get Up To $11.76 Worth of Hit Tunes FREE!

Imagine! Each Hit Tune would cost you up to 98¢ at list price as recorded by other companies on separate records — up to $11.76 for all 12 — but they're yours FREE!

Why do we make such a sensational offer? Simply to introduce you to the amazing advantages of membership in the Top Hit Club of America, Inc. — the remarkable club that brings you the very latest popular hit tunes NOT for 89 or 98 cents each — but for only 17¢ each!

Out of hundreds and hundreds of new songs recorded every year, the Club selects the very "cream of the crop"— the songs that reach the top of the nation-wide hit tune surveys. Every time 18 new hit tunes appear on these surveys — new tunes that Club Members have never received before, all 18 are recorded by the Club's own orchestras and vocalists on special close-grooved records and are sent to you. You pay less than 17¢ each for these new Top Hit Tunes and, as a member, you get an EXTRA BONUS RECORD *entirely free* with each shipment! You also get entirely free a copy of the Club's illustrated Top Hit record magazine . . . plus other record bonuses entirely free! Thus as a member you get one of the most amazing record bargains in America!

No money in advance. No membership fees. You may cancel your membership anytime you please.

To get the 12 Top Hit Tunes at the top of this page entirely free, on two close-grooved 78 or 45 RPM records or two 33⅓ close-grooved record and to join the Top Hit Club of America, Inc., simply mail the coupon. By return mail, you'll get your 12 Top Hit Tunes as a gift, plus the latest 18 TOP HIT TUNES on 3 additional close-grooved 78 or 45 RPM records or ONE 12" 33⅓ RPM record . . . 30 TOP HIT TUNES in all.

Play the records and prove to yourself what an amazing money-saving bargain Club Membership is . . . then if you are delighted, send the low, low price of only 2.98 plus a small charge for postage and handling. After that, you are under no further obligation and may cancel your membership at any time.

Paul Whiteman | BOB EBERLY | Vincent Lopez | Dean Martin | Gordon MacRae | INK SPOTS

AS A MEMBER YOU GET FREE BONUS RECORDS BY THESE AND OTHER RECORDING STARS!

FREE SUBSCRIPTION TO TOP HIT CLUB NEWS

As a member of the Top Hit Club of America, Inc., you receive FREE a subscription to the Club's magazine "TOP HIT CLUB NEWS." It's filled with pictures of recording stars, stories about the stars and their records, plus latest record news by famous radio disc jockeys. It keeps you up-to-date and "in the know" on records.

START YOUR MEMBERSHIP WITH THIS PACKAGE OF 18 TOP TUNES!

CANADIAN SUNSET, DON'T BE CRUEL, TWO DIFFERENT WORLDS, MAMA FROM THE TRAIN (A KISS, A KISS), MIRACLE OF LOVE, NIGHT LIGHTS, PETTICOATS OF PORTUGAL, LAY DOWN YOUR ARMS, YOU DON'T KNOW ME, HOUND DOG, TONIGHT YOU BELONG TO ME, SOFT SUMMER BREEZE, THE FOOL, HONKY TONK, WHEN THE WHITE LILACS BLOOM AGAIN, ALLEGHENY MOON, MY PRAYER, WHATEVER WILL BE, WILL BE

MAIL COUPON! GET ALL 12 TOP TUNES FREE!

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New York 17, N. Y.

IMPORTANT: Be sure to check whether you wish 33⅓ RPM, 45 RPM or 78 RPM speed records.

Please send me at once the 12 TOP HIT TUNES as a membership gift.

Enroll me as an associate member of the TOP HIT CLUB of America, Inc. and send me the current selection of 18 Top Hit Tunes. I will pay the regular price of just $2.98 plus a small charge for postage and handling within 5 days after it arrives. Also, send me regularly my copy of the TOP HIT CLUB NEWS, the publication members receive FREE. I understand I may cancel my membership at any time.

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4. Communications
5. Sound Recording & Hi-Fidelity
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7. FCC License Preparation
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VETERANS: Give date of Discharge _____

LOOK FOR THESE EXCITING NEW STORIES NEXT MONTH

THE CASE FOR AND AGAINST PRE-MARITAL RELATIONS

A frank, authoritative panel discussion of a controversial question: is it right to engage in pre-marital sex relations? Read what Catholic spokesmen, a Protestant minister and a psychiatrist have to say.

JACK KENNEDY'S DEATH PATROL

Author of a brilliant book on American heroes, Massachusetts Sen. Jack Kennedy is himself a living testament to courage. As a PT boat officer, his gallantry in action made him a Navy legend. Here's the true story of a young man who could one day become President of the U.S.

CALYPSO TAKES OVER!

On the jukeboxes, a catchy Caribbean beat is knocking rock and roll for a loop. Don't miss this inside report on calypso and the stars (like Harry Belafonte, above) who sing it.

REAL

the exciting magazine **FOR MEN**

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Associate Editor H. PLEASANTS
Associate Editor M. B. KARTER
Art Editor GEORGE FRIED
Art Assistant B. FIORENZA
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Cover Painting by Harry Schaare

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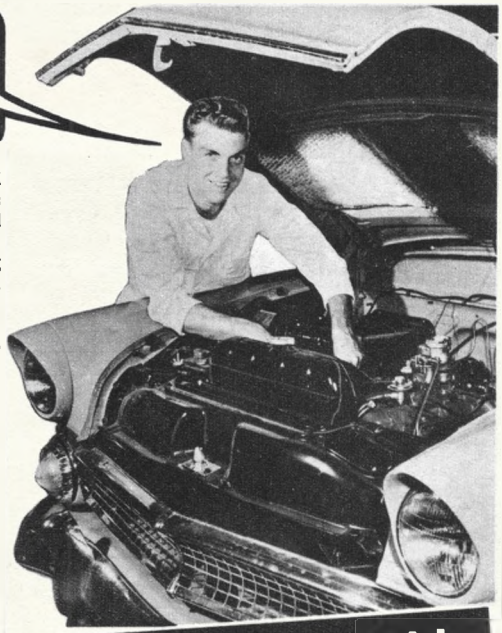
MEMBER AUDIT BUREAU OF CIRCULATIONS.

I EARN EXTRA CASH DOING REPAIR JOBS WHILE I TRAIN THE EASY CTI WAY!



CTI Shop-Method Home Training in Auto Mechanics is so practical that many students soon earn up to $15 a week—and more—fixing cars for neighbors and friends in their spare time. Some get evening and week-end jobs in the local garage. Students earn extra cash this way, and get valuable experience besides. Graduates tell us that by doing spare time repair work, they managed to build up a list of satisfied customers. By the time they earned their diplomas, they were in business on their own. There's nothing like CTI training to give you that "get-up-and-go." It inspires you with confidence—makes you want to BE SOMEBODY!

You Can Earn Good Pay And Build A Secure Future In AUTO MECHANICS

Train At Home In Spare Time

Do you know that tens of thousands of high-pay jobs are waiting for trained auto mechanics? *These are jobs that pay up to $125 a week—and more.* There are sound reasons why the demand for skilled mechanics is so terrific. Today, over 60 million cars and trucks are on the road. One-third of these are in the "heavy repair classification," according to a leading auto magazine. Over 7 million new vehicles are produced yearly—and they need maintenance. Jobs must be filled in thousands of the 600,000 auto repair shops and supply stores throughout the nation. Everywhere dealers are pleading for trained men!

You need no previous experience to make your start in the auto industry. *You can train yourself to be a mechanic at home in spare time.* CTI makes every step easy with simple, well-illustrated instruction material. So complete is CTI training that you learn engine tune-up; overhaul; automatic transmissions; power steering; power brakes; clutches; electric, cooling and lubricating systems; and many other repair subjects. But get the complete story. CTI has two new books that tell all. Read these books—then make up your own mind. *We suggest you fill out and mail the handy coupon below.* No obligation!

DIESEL MECHANICS OR BODY-FENDER TRAINING, TOO

In addition to training in Auto Mechanics, CTI will send you complete instruction in Diesel Mechanics or Body & Fender Rebuilding —at no extra cost.

PROOF THAT CTI TRAINING GETS *RESULTS*

"Without CTI training, I would not have the job I hold today. When I showed my CTI diploma, I was given a chance to work as a mechanic."—W. O'NEIL, PA.

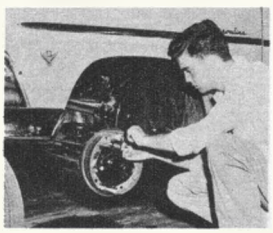
"After completion of training, I started as a full-fledged mechanic in a Buick garage."—W. CARTWRIGHT, IND.

"Showed my student card to a Cadillac-Oldsmobile dealer. He offered me a job as an apprentice mechanic. Said he would pay for my schooling if I kept at it. Also promised me a raise if I did O.K."—CORLISS DARNSTAEDT, WYO.

"Have bettered myself nearly 100%. Am in partnership with another fellow and we have 24 cars of our own."—A. H. CATES, ME.

"Have had 3 pay raises in 8 months. Before I took the course, I knew very little about an engine."—W. LONG, PA.

START YOUR OWN SHOP—BE THE BOSS



Graduates have gone into business with just a few hundred dollars capital. Many start in their own back yards, and when business justifies, they rent a building and set up shop. Or, start in a garage, make friends with customers, and go off "on your own." With skill and pluck, you can do it!

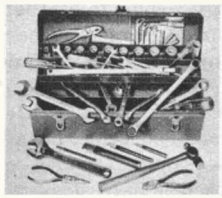
Mail This Coupon Now

Train By Practicing with Tune-Up Kit and Tools!

INCLUDED WITH COURSE

Only CTI sends you this Engine Tune-Up Kit! It helps you locate engine troubles quickly. Included in kit is a Compression Tester, a Vacuum Gauge and Fuel Pump Tester, an Ignition Timing Light, and a portable steel case. These are fine-quality instruments, the kind that experienced mechanics use. Each is the product of a famous manufacturer. You get this Tune-Up Kit at no extra cost—it's included with your CTI training.

CTI also sends you this fine set of professional mechanic's tools. You will need tools to get practical experience—and they'll come in handy when you start repairing cars for spare time profits. Tools will make you proud of your craft, keep your interest at a high level, develop your skill.



Get The Facts—Look Into Job Opportunities

Pay is high and jobs are steady in the old, established industries. That's what vocational experts say. When the industry is growing, your opportunities for success keep increasing. The automotive field is America's greatest, and auto mechanics is the No. 1 trade. If you want a better job with more pay—if you want lifetime security—then Auto Mechanics training is for you. You need not make your decision now. Get the facts, first. Fill out and mail the coupon below. CTI will send you two FREE BOOKS that outline your opportunities. Act today!—COMMERCIAL TRADES INSTITUTE, 1400 Greenleaf Ave., Chicago 26.

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WE'RE IN THE MONEY

Tips to put you in the chips!

WANNA' MAKE A BUCK?

● At press time, the hottest item for men seeking overseas job adventures is *sales*. U.S. firms are pouring it on hotter than ever at those untapped foreign markets—and they need a lot of daring young men to push their products. Here are some typical opportunities:

Aviation export sales trainees, young, top manufacturers, train in States for overseas to $6,600+
Sales trainee, fluent French.....$4,800+
Assistant to sales manager, South America $8-10,000

● Ask your boss to look into winter vacations—saves him big money by avoiding a skeleton force in the summer; saves you big money if you pick one of the many vacation spots that slash their rates in the winter. Tell the Chief he can check with Winn-Dixie Co., the big Southern food chain; it's working fine for them.

● It's going to be a fat overtime year for men in shipyard work . . . orders at the turn of the year were higher than in any month since World War II—28 new scows totaling 1,449,300. And lots more to come.

● Good place to start a lemonade stand—or what-have-you: Patchogue, Long Island, where the Marshfield Corp. is planning another of those giant industrial "parks." There'll be customers galore for all kinds of goods and services . . . If you hanker to hunker down near Syracuse, there's another, even vaster, new industrial park being built on the Barge Canal. The price tag on the project is $50,000,000—and anybody working in the vicinity of the place (when it's finished) is in danger of becoming wealthy.

HOME-BUYERS' GUIDE

● If you're new-house hunting this year, there's good news. Builders are building 'em cheaper; because of the shortage of mortgage cash, they're aiming at the $7,500-$9,000 trade. In this bracket, a man can buy a house through FHA with just $630 cash (or 7%). Most of the time, you'll be getting a hacienda just as good as last year's $11,000 job.

● Low-cost solar furnaces are a reality. You can't have them in your house yet—but Lockheed built one in L.A. for experimental work at a cost of only $1,000, and G.E. uses one to test missile parts. The furnace is simply a huge metal plate covered with sun-catching plastic or glass, with water pipes running underneath it. The heat is conveyed to the plate and then to the pipes which then heat the house. Says John Yellot of the Association for Applied Solar Research: "Less than half the average roof in Phoenix, Arizona, gets enough solar energy to heat the house in winter, cool it in summer and supply hot water . . . with enough left over to warm the swimming pool."

FISH-FINDERS AND ATOMIC FLASHLIGHTS

● Men are being singled out as special suckers for the "pre-ticketing" racket, say Federal Trade Commission enforcers. Manufacturers put an inflated price tag on merchandise, then make you think you're getting at a bargain by selling it at its real retail value. Two recent examples: men's socks made to sell at 71¢ were pre-ticketed at $1—sold for 71¢ . . . Cheap belts, $2.50, put on "sale" at 89¢.

● All Waltonians must have RCA's newly-developed electronic fish-finder. The portable, 26-pound machine spots the size, number and exact location of the finny ones at anywhere from 18 inches to 500 feet. When marketed, the price will be about $275.

● Ask your local lumberyard about the one-man blower that shoots insulation into your attic or walls; marketed by Ross Insulating Equipment Co. of Hayward, Calif., the device will insulate a 1200-sq.-ft. attic 4 inches deep inside of two hours.

● There's an atomic flashlight, run by a sealed-in radioactive element, that lights for years with no replacement (at the end of 12 years, it loses only half its brightness). Get it from New England Nuclear Corp., Boston.

● If you and your buddies can scrape together $35,000, you can get wealthy very fast. This is how much you need to set up one of those red-hot new drive-in supermarkets. The one in Houston, Texas, works this way: customers drive in one of two lanes; a basket is hooked onto his car and an attendant walks alongside him and drops the items he chooses into the basket; the lanes are 16 feet wide so that fast shoppers can pass the slowboats. The Houston operation is handling about 1,000 cars a day—and cleverly coining fabulous fortunes.

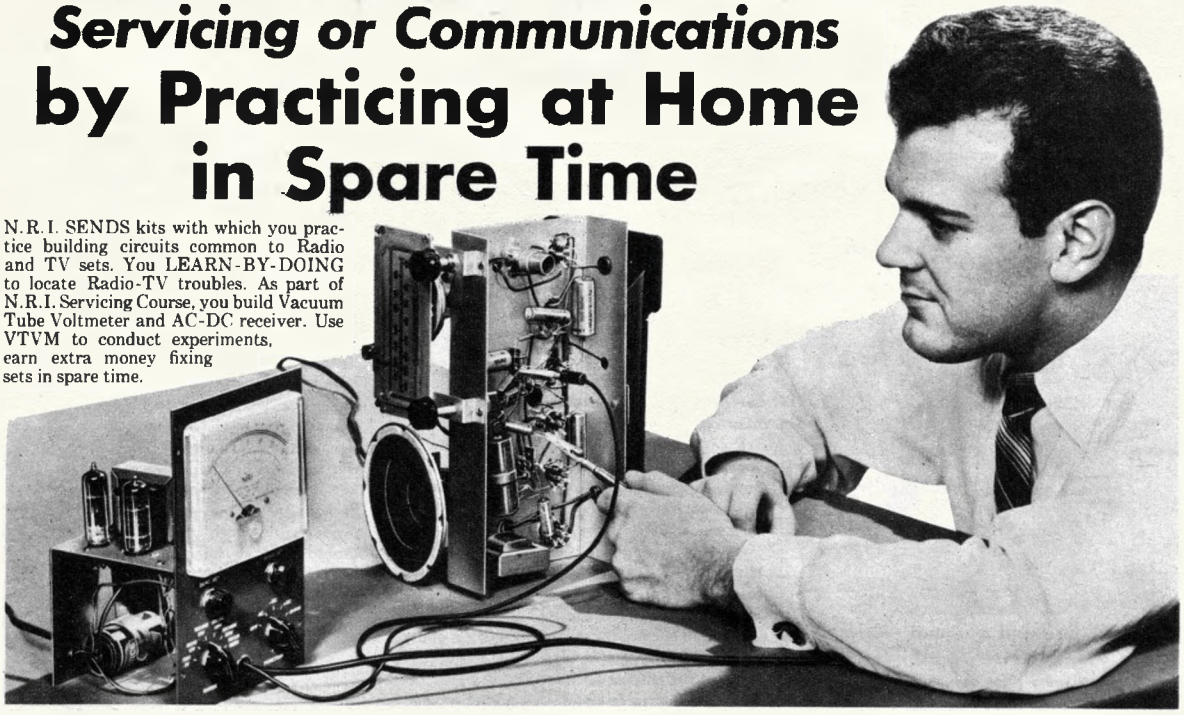
—Cy Ridgely

Learn Radio-Television

Servicing or Communications

by Practicing at Home in Spare Time

N.R.I. SENDS kits with which you practice building circuits common to Radio and TV sets. You LEARN-BY-DOING to locate Radio-TV troubles. As part of N.R.I. Servicing Course, you build Vacuum Tube Voltmeter and AC-DC receiver. Use VTVM to conduct experiments, earn extra money fixing sets in spare time.



RADIO-TV BROADCASTING (see above) offers important positions as Operators and Technicians. RADIO-TV SERVICING Technicians (see below) needed in every community. Their services are respected, their skill appreciated.

Fast Growing Field Offers You Good Pay, Success, Bright Future

J. E. SMITH
Founder

Bigger than ever and still growing fast. That's why Radio-TV has special appeal to ambitious men not satisfied with their job and earnings. More than 4,000 Radio and TV stations. More than 150 million home and auto Radios, 40 million TV sets. Color TV promises added opportunities. For the trained man, there are good jobs, bright futures in Radio-TV Servicing or Broadcasting.

Training PLUS opportunity is the *ideal combination* for success. So plan *now* to get into Radio-TV. The technical man is looked up to. He does important work, gets good pay for it. Radio-Television offers that kind of work. NRI can supply training quickly, without expense of going away to school. Keep your job while training. You learn at home in your spare time. NRI is the OLDEST and LARGEST home study Radio-TV school. Its methods have proved successful for more than 40 years.

Added Income Soon - $10, $15 a Week in Spare Time

Soon after enrolling, many NRI students start to earn $10, $15 a week in spare time fixing sets. Some pay for their training and enjoy extra luxuries this way. Some make enough to start their own Radio-TV shops. NRI training is *practical*—gets quick results. Easy to understand, well illustrated lessons teach you basic principles. And you LEARN-BY-DOING by practicing with kits of equipment which "bring to life" things you study.

Find Out What NRI Offers

NRI has trained thousands for successful careers in Radio-TV. Study fast or slow—as you like. Diploma when you graduate. Mail coupon now. Paste it on a postcard or mail in envelope. ACTUAL LESSON FREE. Also 64 page catalog that shows opportunities, shows equipment you get. Cost of NRI courses low. Easy terms. **NATIONAL RADIO INSTITUTE, Dept. 7EF6. Washington 9, D. C.**

N.R.I. TRAINED THESE MEN FOR SUCCESS

"I was repairing Radios by 10th lesson. Now have good TV job." M. R. LINDEMUTH, Fort Wayne, Ind.

"Doing spare time repairs on Radio and TV. Soon servicing full time." CLYDE HIGGINS, Waltham, Mass.

"I had a successful Radio repair shop. Now I'm Engineer for WHPE." V.W.WORKMAN, High Point, N.C.

"There are a number of NRI graduates here. I can thank NRI for this job." JACK WAGNER, Lexington, N. C.

VETERANS Approved Under G.I. Bills

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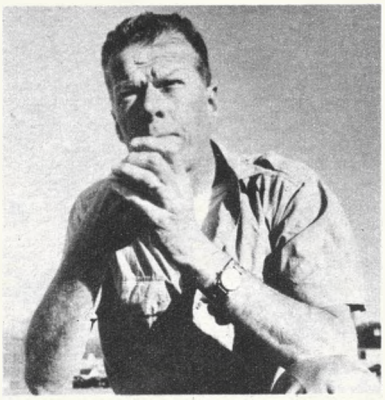
READING for ADVENTURE

THIS is the month all America salutes Armed Forces Day—so here is a tribute to a fine war book with a perfect title.

GIVE US THIS DAY, by Sidney Stewart (W. W. Norton & Co., $3.50) is the story of the heroic men who waged that gallant battle on Bataan, endured untold agonies in the Death March, and emerged from Jap prison



TAYLOR: pace and authentic air-savvy.

camps three years later as unconquered living ghosts. Sidney Stewart is the lone survivor of his group, and his book, first published in Europe, has been called a work of art throughout the Continent. As Americans, we can be proud of such courage and talent.

But not even the stubborn infantry of Bataan can hold all of the critical high ground. Here's ROLL BACK THE SKY, Ward Taylor's grand bid in behalf of the Air Force. Originally published by Henry Holt and now available as a 50¢ Popular Library Giant, this novel vividly describes those first desperate fire-bomb missions over Japan and, between raids high in the sky, plunges deep into the hearts of the fliers' women. It's packed with pace and authentic air-savvy. It should be: Ward Taylor is a leaf colonel in the USAF.

Katharine Sullivan's GIRLS ON PAROLE (Popular Library, 35¢) is equally authentic and full of know-how, and for the same reason. Miss Sullivan is a member of the Massachusetts Parole Board and a veteran in slum social work. She's had to cope with con women, prostitutes and murderers. Yet she says, and proves it, that no matter how shameful her offense, no girl is beyond help.

For an all-out excursion into fiction that makes the most of romance and adventure, read Vincent James' ISLAND OF THE PIT (Popular Library, 25¢). Two men and a woman alone on a South Sea island. They find gold. And greed. And passion. And violence. And you name it. Vincent James has got it, fast and full of fury.

For those who hanker after a top-notch Western, MAN WITHOUT A GUN, by Hal G. Evarts (Popular Library Eagle Books, 25¢) is the saga of a man who always met trouble head-on—and he sure met plenty!

—Tom Edwards

THE EDITORS GIVE YOU—

the REAL McCoy

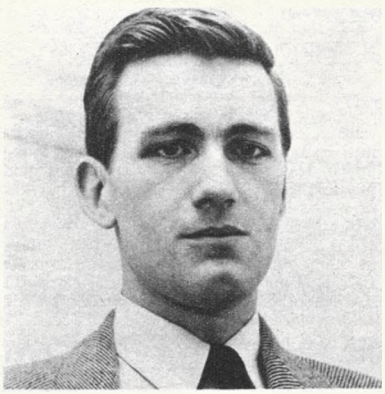
IF reviews and acclamation by a healthy segment of the press mean anything, Martin Russ is the author of the finest book written on the Korean War, and perhaps the best description of actual combat that has ever flowed from the pen of an American writer. That's just the point (no pun intended). Martin originally wrote his entire Book-of-the-Month Club manuscript in long-hand. It was rejected by a distinguished book publisher, who chose to send Martin a typewriter instead of a check.

Undismayed, Russ then sent the typed version of *The Last Parallel* (see Page 12) to Rinehart & Co., who apparently were satisfied with the story as well as the typing.

Russ was born in Newark, New Jersey, 25 years ago. Blond and 6' 3", Martin attended South Kent School in Connecticut and St. Lawrence University in Canton, New York, before succumbing to the charms of Company A, First Marine Regiment, First Marine Division. His unusual book was originally written in the form of letters sent from Korea to a close family friend. The friend had the makings of a successful editor; he saved the letters and returned them to Martin at the war's end.

After his discharge from the Marines, Russ spent some time in the following jobs: handyman, actor, caretaker, gardener. But with the success of *The Last Parallel*, he's a cinch to devote himself exclusively to writing from now on. He has already indicated that his next book will be concerned with retarded children and the institutions in which they are forced to live.

"I'm not sure anyone can improve the conditions for these kids except high officials," says Martin. "But I can give it a try. This is something I want to do for these kids."



RUSS: no pay check, just a typewriter.

Russ feels he's said all he wants to say about the Marines in his book. But when a newspaper reporter queried him on Parris Island, an adjunct of Leatherneck life that has been a hot headline subject lately, he commented:

"Believe it or not, I actually enjoyed Parris Island. It proved I could take it. I understand they're softening up the training, and I'm sorry to hear it. I think there should be one military unit prepared to do shock work. The Marine Corps has been that kind of a unit."

Of course, the Marines have been insisting that life at Parris Island is as tough as ever. Andrew St. George's article in REAL (March, 1957) emphasized that some techniques may have changed, but PI is still no easy way to make a living.

As a chronicler of combat Russ uses a different approach than men like Erich Maria Remarque (*All Quiet on the Western Front*). Remarque was not enamoured of the subject of war. His disenchantment was typical of many war books of his time. Russ, on the other hand, can scarcely conceal his pride in his work. Perhaps the unique nature of the Korean War accounts, in part, for the fact that Martin looked upon his sergeant's role as a challenge and an adventure.

ADLER: "B" for course, "A" for effort.

NO DOUBT Polly Adler's role in American letters is secure, if only for the fact that she was the first madam ever to write a 374-page book on her business (see Page 19). She was probably also the first in her trade to pursue a college education (at a West Coast institution) after her professional years were completed.

"None of my teachers or fellow students had any idea I was the proprietor of the nation's number one bordello," Polly has written, "and, as a result, I found myself constantly in situations whose irony only I could appreciate."

Some typical situations: she was chairman of a discussion group that included a police officer; her teacher innocently proposed that she write a theme based on her past life and experiences.

When Polly finally let her teacher in on her big secret at the end of the semester, she trotted out a scrapbook full of such headlines as: Vice Queen Sought, Death Threat Delivered to Red-Light Czarina. The result was a colossal double-take on the teacher's part. But Polly still wound up with a B in the course.

Don't Be Half A Man!

Let Me PROVE I Can Make You a REAL HE MAN from Head to Toe—in Just 15 Minutes a Day!

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- Nervous?
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Then I discovered the secret that changed me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." The secret I have shared with thousands of fellows like you to turn them into marvelous physical specimens —REAL HE-MEN from head to toe!

Charles Atlas

Holder of the title "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

My Secret Builds Muscles FAST!

My Secret—*"Dynamic Tension"* —will turn the trick for you FAST! It's the NATURAL easy method you can practice right in the privacy of your own room—JUST 15 MINUTES EACH DAY — while your scrawny chest and shoulder muscles swell so big they almost split your coat seams . . . you get sledge hammer fists, a battering ram punch . . . ridges of solid stomach muscle . . . mighty legs that never tire!

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VALUABLE TROPHY GIVEN AWAY

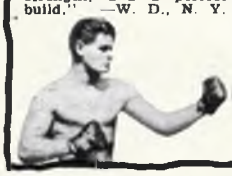
Be the envy of friends! Win this strikingly handsome "Atlas Champions" trophy, over 1½ ft. high! All pupils eligible

Here Are Just a Few of the Men I've Turned into Atlas Champions!

Five Inches of New Muscles
"That is what you have done for me—and in almost no time."
—C. W., W. Va.

Proud of His Build Now
Gained 20 pounds. "My whole upper trunk is now in proportion to the rest of my body. I'm really proud of my body, thanks to you." —P. V., Va.

"New Health and Strength"
"I feel like a lion. I can easily lift 185 pounds. You gave me new health, strength, and a perfect build." —W. D., N. Y.



Make Wonderful Progress
"I am sending you this snapshot showing my wonderful progress."
—W. G., New Jersey

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IT'S IN THE MAIL BAG

THE ELVIS PRESLEY WAR

The article "I'm Sick of Elvis Presley" in the February issue of REAL *launched a war of words. Scores of readers rushed to pen or typewriter—either to eat out authors Carl "Gloves" Fletcher and Charles Einstein, or to offer them support. The mail ran roughly 14 to 1, Presley over "Gloves." Lack of space prevents* REAL *from publishing all the letters received—but here is a sampling:*

I have just completed reading your article, "I'm Sick of Elvis Presley," by a narrow-minded nincompoop who has the mentality of a two-year-old. His article would have been much more true if he had just called it, "I'm Sick."

—H. L. Ridder
Duluth, Minn.

I got a big kick out of the article, but tell me this, what's he trying to prove? He has to realize the teen-agers are the ones that make these rock 'n' roll singers what they are.

—Pfc. James B. George
Fitzsimmons Army Hospital
Denver, Colo.

We resent your implication that Elvis makes no sense, that he can't sing, that his voice sounds distant, watery and like he is singing in the bathtub with his head under water.

—Jim, Danny, Lenore, Betty
Elaine, Deen and Jean
Nanaimo, B. C., Canada

If "Gloves" thinks liking Elvis is foolish, he should also feel riding a motorcycle is foolish, trying to kill people. At least Elvis isn't hurting anybody!

—Barbara Clausius
Batavia, N. Y.

Carl "Dr. Pepper" Fletcher's theme song can be summed up thusly:

"I, too, got a gal named 'Sue,'
And Elvis, boy, I'm jealous of you!"

Presley has a fine voice and is a clean-living (non-smoker, non-drinker), church-going kid!

L. S. Thornwald (age 32)
Springfield, Mass.

Mr. Fletcher, the self-styled hoodlum and would-be author, is just jealous. It's not Elvis' fault that teen-agers swoon over him. The way they try to pull his clothes off is silly. There are two kinds of emotional infants—people like this and people like Mr. Fletcher, who go to the other extreme.

—Molly Baker
Comstock, Tex.

"Gloves" isn't sick of Elvis, he's just jealous, like a lot of other people. . . .

—Charles Craddock
Martinsville, Va.

My opinion of "Gloves" Fletcher is that he's a crazy lunatic!

—Sharon Combs (age 13)
New York, N. Y.

We think "Gloves" Fletcher is more immature than the teen-agers he's criticizing.

—Pvt. Bill Talley
Pfc. Martin J. Murdock
Pfc. Carl R. Murdock
Munich, Germany

I say give three cheers for "Gloves" Fletcher on his article, "I'm Sick of Elvis Presley." Buddy, I'm telling you, so am I. The only people who go for this square are girls that still have runny noses and should still be in diapers.

Tell "Gloves" the next time I'm in Arizona I'll take him to Axel's Cooler and buy him a Dr. Pepper if he will give me a ride on his bike.

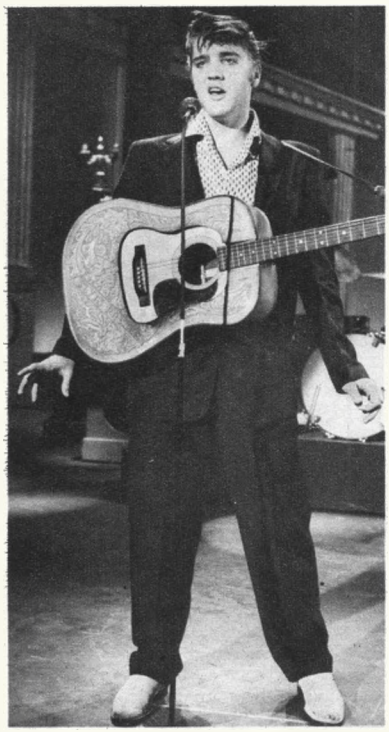
—Gary D. Lybarger, USN
San Diego, Calif.

My congratulations for printing a truly fine article. It did my heart good to see that one of our own age group had the intestinal fortitude to speak up for the millions of teen-agers like myself who are also "sick of Elvis Presley."

—B. G. Laurie
RCAF Station
Edmonton, Canada

Sick of Elvis Presley? Hell, yes! And of the dizzy young dames that go nuts over him.

—H. B. Ross
Indianapolis, Ind.



WIGGLER Presley: who's sick of who?

MACARTHUR'S HELMET

I've just finished reading "The Truth About MacArthur" (REAL, January). I must admit that Matthew Gant did a tremendous job in writing this fine article. However, I have one little question. The article states on page 44 that "he [MacArthur] has never worn a steel helmet." Yet on page 15 appears a picture of General Pershing awarding the DSM to MacArthur and he darn sure is wearing a steel helmet. What gives?

—T/Sgt. Robert S. Borucki
7602 Air Base Group
APO 284, New York

When a man receives a medal from his commanding general, he darn sure wears what the Army darn sure tells him to. Gant was, of course, talking about MacArthur on active duty.—Ed.

WHO WON IN KOREA?

I see where a Maryland reader by the appropriate name of Noyes ("It's in the Mail Bag," REAL, February) wonders if integration of the U. S. Army caused our "loss" of the Korean war. To start with, it was less of a loss than a draw, due to the fact that we made up most of the land losses and took a slice north of the 38th Parallel. In addition, the Chinese and North Korean Reds are slightly less in numbers.

He evidently did not read past the comic page during the long wrangle at Panmunjom that allowed the Reds to make a 14-mile belt of field fortifications that no field piece could break and few naval guns could affect. He did not see that we were trying to operate under a mixture of wartime draft and peacetime economy that saw us using stuff reclaimed from Pacific battlefields against our own lend-lease gear in Chinese hands and Russian weapons in North Korean hands.

He sees only his own pet hate as a possible cause of our mess in Korea.

—John P. Conlon
Newark, Ohio

As a veteran of World War II, I would like to comment that Mr. Noyes has been grossly misinformed about the Negro soldier. I have seen both Negro and white soldiers perform in combat and I saw no difference in their fighting ability.

I landed in France on D-Day with the 490th Port Battalion, and every soldier I saw, black or white, was doing the same thing—trying to keep up his end of the fight. Also, the Army started integration in December, 1944, not in the Korean situation.

I gave up the rank of staff sergeant

to volunteer for combat. I was assigned to the C. C. R. Rifle Co., 19th Armored Infantry Battalion, 14th Armored Division, one of the first mixed units in World War II. From the time we started spearheading until V-E Day, I never once heard a complaint from a white soldier concerning the Negro's conduct in combat.

—Monroe B. Harris
Los Angeles, Calif.

I enjoyed the article "The Truth About the Negro Soldier." I think it is about time we read something in favor of Negroes.

Then, in the February issue of REAL, a letter by a Mr. Noyes attracted my attention. What's he got against Negroes—they're Americans, aren't they?

I think it's about time we started to think about the principles of our nation, which say that all men are equals, whether they have white or brown skins.

I would like to ask that the people who degrade a man because of his skin color please not refer to themselves as Americans. I have white skin, not brown, if *that* is supposed to make any difference.

—John Dancoe
Oxford, Mich.

PEARL HARBOR POSTSCRIPT

I have just read "The Man Who Almost Saved Pearl Harbor" (REAL, December) and think it to be one of the better articles I've seen on this subject.

When I returned to the States from Hickam Feld, Hawaii, shortly after the Jap attack, I was greatly disappointed. Some civilians acted as if they didn't know we were at war, a few didn't seem to care, and a few more were glad to be making more money. But what hurt most of all was the false rumor that many servicemen were drunk on Dec. 7. I perhaps saw as many GIs as the next fellow at Hickam that day, and everyone was sober as a judge.

Perhaps the main event to rob us of a last minute warning that morning was the second large, secret flight of B-17s arriving from California at the same time the Japs came in. Here came our B-17s, low on fuel, with guns but no ammunition, and hardly a place to land. I still think we did fairly well that day, taking everything into consideration.

—M/Sgt. Walter E. Schildt
Travis Air Force Base, Calif.

SUICIDE SUBS

Referring to "The Navy's Incredible Suicide Subs" (REAL, February), and the incident in which the sub *Gabilan* was fired on by friendly forces: I well remember the incident (I was a seaman on board the destroyer *Topeka* during World War II). I believe that we did recognize the sub as friendly when she fired the green rocket mentioned in the article—or our destroyer would surely have dropped depth charges to try and destroy the sub for fear she might give a warning to the Japanese and thereby ruin any element of surprise which we hoped to achieve.

—Sp/2 Arthur Breinlinger
78th Trans. Co. (Med. Trk.)
APO 215, New York, N. Y.

FROM THE BOOK-OF-THE-MONTH CLUB SELECTION

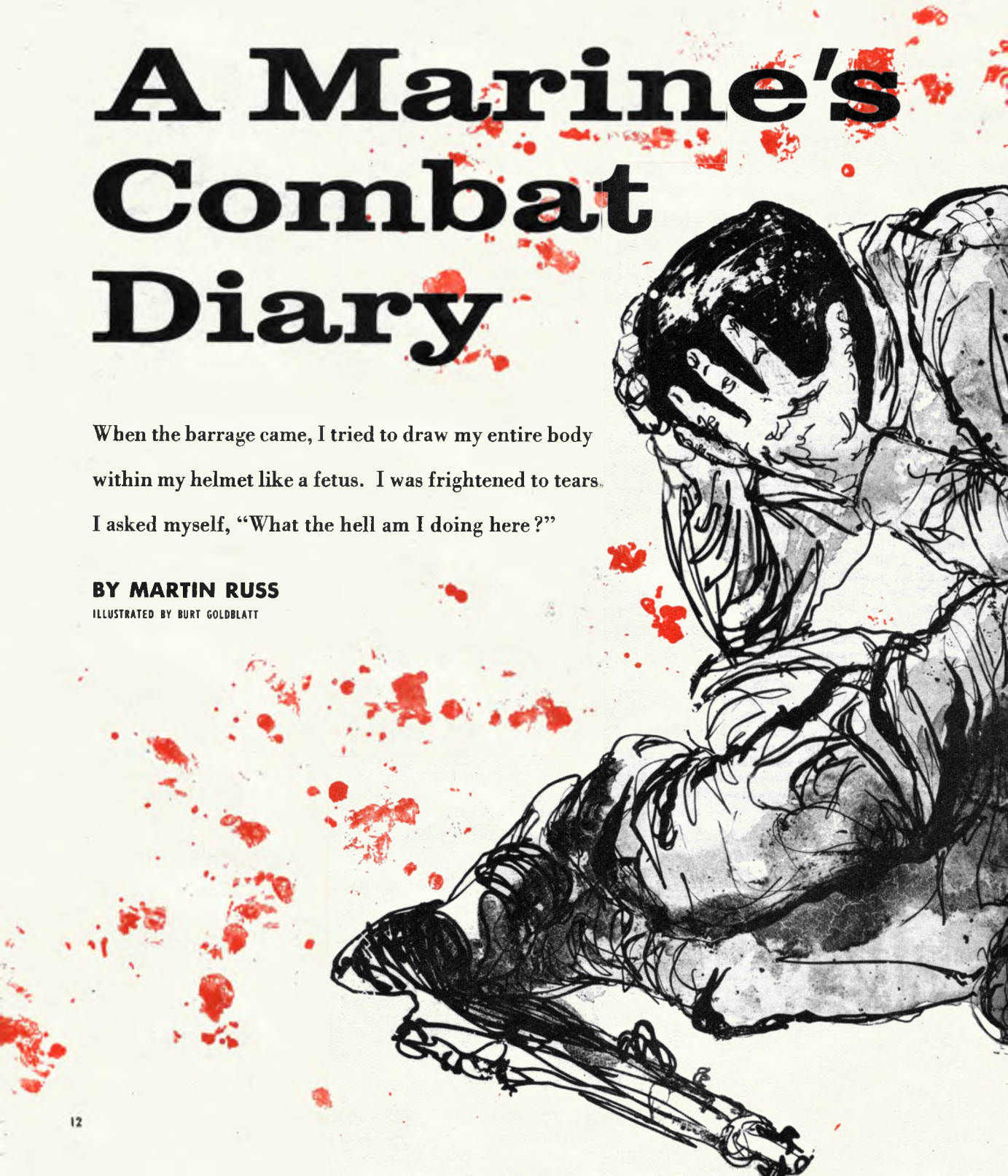
THE LAST PARALLEL

A Marine's Combat Diary

When the barrage came, I tried to draw my entire body within my helmet like a fetus. I was frightened to tears. I asked myself, "What the hell am I doing here?"

BY MARTIN RUSS

ILLUSTRATED BY BURT GOLDBLATT



The following story, which ex-Marine Martin Russ originally wrote under the title of "Bunker Hill Notes," serves as a partial basis for his 1957 best-selling Book-of-the-Month Club selection, "The Last Parallel." Some critics have already compared Russ' book with that classic of war reporting, "The Red Badge of Courage." Others insist it is the best account of combat ever written by an American. It is by all odds the best description of the Korean war that has appeared to date.

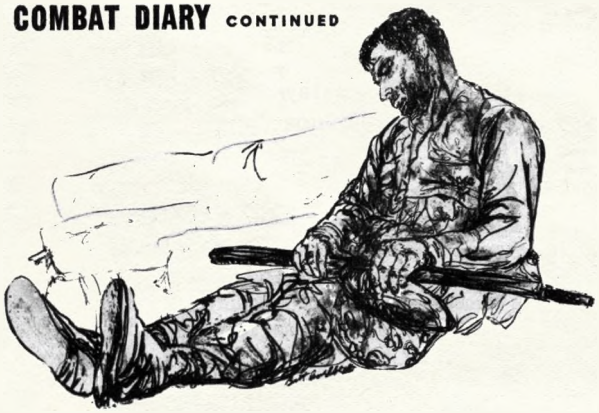
APRIL 4TH, 1953, KOREA

THIS is our second week on Bunker Hill. I am in good shape except that my senses are markedly dulled. The most interesting stimulus available is an occasional chocolate chip cookie sometimes found in our individual rations. There is so little to do during the afternoon that I will keep notes, of which this is the first entry (or whatever it's called), to pass the time.

For several days I've rarely talked with anyone other than to acknowledge or transmit an order, or to discuss details of the outpost defense. If camaraderie exists, it is unspoken. No one ventures down the trench merely to talk, as was fairly usual last week. Andy hasn't been around for three days although his (*Continued on next page*)

"The Last Parallel" was recently published ($3.95) by Rinehart & Co., Inc.

COMBAT DIARY CONTINUED



position is located less than 50 yards from mine. Sometimes during the night I hear him making a routine report over the intercom, and occasionally I swear briefly at him before the lieutenant yells, "Cut that out!" to both of us. Most of the men are tired, body and spirit, and such occasions are rare. The usual flow of crude humor, with infrequent exceptions, is dormant.

My hands are remarkably repulsive. They have not been washed for some time, despite having handled corpses and bleeding men. Looks exactly as though I'm wearing dark gloves; actually it's the stain and residue of a variety of commodities: tobacco, molasses (from the C-ration beans), jam, rifle oil, bore cleaner, blood—all of which are caked together in the pores of my hands.

A sort of mildly traumatic experience earlier this week in regard to my hands:

Coming in off watch one morning, I began to eat a portion of my rations and was casually opening a tin of red raspberry jam when I became aware of the fact that this particular jam approximated the odor with which my hands were scented even then. I fought off the urge to vomit by making a rather weak jest to Bellinger, who shares the cave with me, in order to conceal my embarrassment. Bellinger, my alleged "buddy," has twice since managed to locate a tin of red raspberry jam, offering it to me with mock sadistic glee.

Why not wash? you say. No goddamn water, sez I. Or rather, very little—also too lazy. The risk involved in carrying supplies out to us is considerable, due in particular to the ominous presence of several enemy snipers who have apparently formed a general perimeter around this outpost. The supply train, ten Korean civilians guarded by four Marines, cannot be hindered by excess impedimenta, so that we receive a disappointingly small amount of ammunition, food, water and mail. Accordingly, water is used primarily for drinking; few men retain enough dignity or interest to wash themselves in the dregs of a five-gallon water can.

Two of us, Bellinger and myself, occupy the right flank listening post, called Burgundy One, or more often simply "B-One." 100% watch is maintained throughout the night, meaning that neither of us sleep until the position is evacuated at dawn. To say that sleeping on watch is frowned upon would be something of an understatement. One would think that it would be almost impossible for a man to nap in the middle of No Man's Land, but unfortunately this is not so. During the early hours of the night, the men are alert enough so that they are not obsessed with the thought that they should be home in bed. After midnight loginess moves in and one must fight it as well as the cold. The hours between 2 A.M. and 4 A.M. are the hardest.

The standing order is such that we on listening posts may withdraw as soon as the dawn mists disperse sufficiently for us to be able to view the nearest enemy fortified position, which in our case happens to be a Chinese outpost referred to as Old Bunker (our position is sometimes called New Bunker), located 300 yards to the northwest.

Twice within the past nine days, an enemy assault force has advanced to within a hundred feet of the slope at the top of which lies our listening post, B-One. On both occasions Bellinger and I heard the approach and immediate-

STANDING ERECT. Bellinger waved his arms in the direction of the enemy, drawing immediate fire.

ly reported the presence of enemy to the lieutenant, who on the first occasion suggested: "Play it cool, boys; it's probably a deer," and on the second: "Keep your head down and let me know." The lieutenant is not a fool as I suggested. While we waited in panic, he commandeered a mortar barrage and in this manner both incipient probes were choked.

It is imperative that all listening posts (there are four) be evacuated as soon after daybreak as possible. If for some reason one of them remains occupied until full daylight, the watchful ghouls on Sniper Ridge can hinder the escape of the occupant until sunset. This unfortunate experience, we have heard, was undergone by a member of the unit we relieved nine days ago.

In the morning, we sleep; in the afternoon, we clean our weapons, write letters and eat before going on watch. Movement through the trenches is extremely dangerous in daylight. In several of the bends we are in full view of the Ridge. The platoon that we relieved suffered four casualties due to sniper fire alone, one of which casualties was a lieutenant, who died. No one in our platoon has been hit yet, although several have been fired upon. The first morning here, I slept with my feet and ankles protruding from the mouth of our cave, and one of those Chinese idiots fired at them. Since then I have slept entirely inside, which means that Bellinger and I are almost as one . . .

APRIL 7TH, 1953

This morning, instead of withdrawing as usual, I sent Bellinger home with the phone, and remained in position to see what there was to see. By way of preparation, we had gone to work around midnight, filling sandbags with dirt and building up a fourth wall to our small bunker as a daylight protection against sniper fire from the Ridge. Fifteen bags were required to complete the wall, the entrance through which is large enough for us to crawl under on hands and knees.

Bellinger had departed at 6:35 A.M. Reluctant to move, with no urgent desire to peer through the aperture, I squirmed about, getting comfortable, as the first rays of the sun began to play through the rapidly dispersing fog. A minute or so later, I distinctly heard a man cough, somewhere down the forward slope of B-One. I was alone, without phone; alone. I succumbed to a fear-chill which has nothing to do with the weather. One is cold and one shivers from it even in summer heat. The first time I went on a raid I was almost completely helpless because of it and terribly ashamed until told that this was usual, and have since learned to operate in spite of it. So, having heard his cough, I sat quaking and tense as an axle spring, because my damned imagination had presented the rather morbid picture of a Chinaman or two lying not 20 yards from the bunker.

I took a rapid look over the parapet and huddled below it again, having seen precisely what I had imagined: the head and shoulders of a man—however at least 75 yards away, directly between my position and Old Bunker. I looked again; he was not easy to miss—a dark silhouette against the light sand-shale of the surrounding terrain, which is entirely devoid of vegetation due to months of prolonged mortar and artillery fire. My excitement at seeing a Chinese soldier for the first time—that is, other than in the form of a shadow at night—was enormous. I noticed the following details:

His uniform is of an indeterminate color. He wears a headpiece of some kind, also indescribable; possibly the regulation Mongol-type winter issue of quilted materials. His features at that distance were at least definable enough to show that he is a thick-featured man with wide head and swarthy skin. As a matter of fact, he resembles a former member of the third squad: Russell Bearshield, a Navajo from Nevada, whose nickname, oddly enough, was "Chief," as men from Texas are invariably called Tex, blond men are sometimes called Whitey, and so on. At any rate, the resemblance between the two men is remarkable, a fact which I mentioned to Bellinger later today. He now refers to the sniper only as Chief.

Upon looking out a second time, I noticed that he was engaged in some task; looking down toward the ground and moving slightly back and forth—probably cleaning his weapon. Excited as hell, more excited than I can remember having been, I fired a poorly aimed burst of three or four rounds at him and huddled nervously below the parapet once more.

He returned fire almost immediately. Three rounds, one of which slammed into a sandbag of the bunker. After a short interval he fired again, twice. Judging from the rapidity of shots, I presume that (*Continued on page* 52)

MY RED TRACERS streaked into the shadowy cluster of dunes. "Gung ho, you poor bastard," Andy muttered.

BUFFALO BILL

KING OF THE WILD WEST HELL-RAISERS

They claimed he slaughtered more Indians than the whole U.S. Cavalry. But to his sister, he was the "biggest, most lovable liar God created"

BY EDWIN V. BURKHOLDER

ILLUSTRATED BY SAM SAVITT

IT started as a joke and ended in one of the most amazing careers of showmanship the world ever knew. The joke stemmed from the fact that the fat, pompous, eccentric Elmo Judson, known to the public as Ned Buntline, prodigious author of dime novels, weary of writing hundreds of thousands of words, dreamed of a life of comfort, ease and riches as a theatrical producer.

The dream was deep within him, but he had little knowledge of the trials and tribulations that turn the hair of many a producer prematurely gray. He arrived in Chicago in December, 1872, carrying the manuscript of *A Soul at Bay,* a profound psychological study of human emotions.

As the great fire had destroyed all but a few of the theaters in Chicago, Buntline had difficulty leasing one. Finally James Nixon, who had just completed one of the side-board and canvas-top theaters built hurriedly to fill the need, offered to lease it to Buntline for the week of December 16, the price being $600, a staggering sum which Ned paid. (*Continued on page* 18)

DRUNK or sober, Cody was a real trouper. When he recreated Custer's Last Stand, strong men wept.

KING OF THE WILD WEST HELL-RAISERS CONTINUED

ECCENTRIC writer Ned Buntline (above) discovered Buffalo Bill and dreamed up most of his "adventures."

Then his troubles began. John Ashton Gray, an actor of some fame in those days, was hired by Buntline to carry the lead in his great masterpiece. Gray demanded $500 before he would agree to come West. Buntline wired the money and Gray came to Chicago, read two pages of *A Soul at Bay,* groaned, "Oh, my God," and walked out of the hotel room. Buntline never again saw John Ashton Gray or the $500.

Buntline tried to hire other actors. Some were temperamental, some got drunk, all laughed when they read his play, and all fleeced him out of his money. Finally Buntline found himself without funds, a bulky play on his hands, a theater for which he had paid $600 for a week, no leading man and no cast.

December 15 was the Sabbath. His play was due to open the next night, which was a physical impossibility. He walked wearily down a Chicago street, his dream shattered. Then out of the crowd came a wild yell, "Ned Buntline, you old coyote, what are you doing in this city?"

Buntline looked up and saw two men dressed in buckskins, Bill Cody and Texas Jack, cronies of his on the frontier. The meeting with his friends was as jovial as Buntline's depressed state of mind would permit. He invited Cody and Texas Jack to his hotel. The two cast a longing eye at a saloon, but one of Buntline's eccentric characteristics was his rabid hatred of liquor.

In his hotel room Cody explained that he and Texas Jack were in Chicago to make a deal to guide a party of millionaires, headed by Patrick Mullen, into the Rockies. Buntline gave his two cronies the sad details of his venture into the theatrical world.

"Why you old varmint," Cody exclaimed. "When did Ned Buntline ever get stumped for a story or a play? Jack and me don't know much about acting, but we can kill Indians."

"You know nothing about acting," Buntline said. "We'd all be lynched before the play was over!"

"Let 'em lynch us," Cody laughed. "I always wanted to be an actor. You got a theater. Texas Jack and I will get them millionaires to fill it."

Buntline, sadly in need of funds, said, "By God, I'll do it, even if we *are* lynched."

Ned Buntline locked himself in his hotel room and in four hours wrote *Scouts of the Plains.* Meanwhile, Cody and Texas Jack were on the street getting ten supers to play the part of blood-thirsty Indians.

When the curtain rose for *Scouts of the Plains,* on the night of December 16, 1872, the Nixon Theater was packed. Patrick Mullen and his millionaire friends had seen to that. Buntline was playing the part of Gale Durg, an old trapper, and Texas Jack and Cody were the two scouts of the plains.

Buntline had not written any lines for himself, knowing he would have to extemporize with his two friends. He might just as well never bothered to have written any lines for them. When these two rough characters of the (*Continued on page* **64**)

She was the most notorious madam of all time—in the naughtiest era of them all. Here's her true story

BOOK-LENGTH BONUS

A HOUSE IS NOT A HOME

BY POLLY ADLER

DURING the 25 years I ran a house, it often seemed to me that my time was about equally divided between answering questions and avoiding answering them. Customers and cops, reporters and prosecuting attorneys, kept me constantly on the receiving end of a fusillade of queries which ranged from the routine to the dynamite-packed, from the naïve to the knowing, from the obscene to the ridiculous. The *Daily News* said of me: "Her career has made her name synonymous with sin."

Actually, I have been (and still am) written about quite a lot—in hard-cover books as well as newspapers and (*Continued on next page*)

HOUSE IS NOT A HOME CONTINUED

agazines—and not merely because of the public's erennial curiosity about my former profession, but ecause, like Jimmy Walker and Texas Guinan and eggy Joyce and Scott Fitzgerald, I played a con- picuous role in the comedy-melodrama of an already egendary decade, the Golden Twenties. My name rst became news during the years of that cockeyed ational sleigh ride which ended in the crash of '29. lthough my career as a madam was by no means nded with prosperity (neither depressions nor wars ave an adverse effect on the whorehouse business), till in many respects I was a creation of the times, f an era whose credo was: "Anything which is eco- nomically right is morally right"—and my story is nseparable from the story of the Twenties. From the parlor of my house I had a backstage, three-way view. I could look into the underworld, the half-world and the high. What I saw may shock or disgust some readers, but it was there to be seen, and it belongs on the record.

I was born in Yanow, a White Russian village near the Polish border, on April 16, 1900. I was 14 when I left my home and traveled alone to America, the "Goldine Madina" or "Golden Land," as we called it. For over a year I lived with a family in Holyoke, Massachusetts, and worked in a paper factory while I finished school. But America was a whole big country, not just one town called Holyoke. Why shouldn't I see some of it? Was I to spend all my days like a mole, hidden away from the sun, buried behind the dark walls of a factory?

Father had written that I had a cousin living in Brooklyn, New York, and one night at dinner, as I looked around at the stolidly chewing Grodeskys, with whom I boarded, I decided to toss a bombshell.

"I'm going to New York," I blurted, and waited tensely for their reaction.

"Pass the mustard, Nadja," said Mr. Grodesky.

When I arrived in Brooklyn, I was startled by the signs of poverty in the neighborhood where my cousins lived.

Almost immediately, I found a job in a corset factory. I made five dollars a week, out of which I paid three dollars for room and board and a dollar twenty for carfare and lunches. That left 80 cents for clothes and shoes and all the things a growing girl needs. I learned to shop for remnants from the bearded pushcart men on Dumont Avenue, and sewed blouses and skirts and underwear for myself by hand. I had to get up at six to be at the factory on time, and I came home just in time for supper.

In April, 1917, when the United States entered the war, the corset factory closed down, and I found a new job in a Blake Avenue factory which manufactured soldiers' shirts. At first I was doing all hand work, but as soon as I had learned to operate a machine, the foreman put me on piece work, saying I could work overtime if I wanted to make more money. I worked overtime.

Now, at 17, I had matured physically. I had reached my full height of four feet eleven, and my chest had taken on a new look.

One day a new foreman came to work. His name was Frank, and whenever he walked past my machine I got weak in the knees. If he so much as looked at me, even though his glances were impersonal and cold, my heart thumped like a tom-tom. He affected the other girls the same way. They all raved about Frank—how handsome he was, how sexy, what a spiffy dresser. When I saw him swagger down the aisle between the machines, every girl giving him the eye, when I saw the lordly way he acknowledged their homage and disdained it—well, let's face it, I was a dead pigeon.

One day I really gave out every time Frank was in the vicinity, and finally he sauntered over.

"Come to my office right after lunch," he said.

I almost strangled. From then until noon hour I was on tenterhooks. But when I went into his office there was no longer anything cold or impersonal about the way he looked at me. What he wanted to see me about, he said, was would I care to go out to Coney Island with him that night?

Would I? My voice has always been low and husky, but it dropped a full two registers on that "Yes."

Frank asked me if I'd mind coming along while he picked up some clothes he'd left in a cottage out there. It was the end of the season and the place was being closed for the winter. We arranged to meet.

It was a long walk from the station to the cottage where Frank was to pick up his things. The boardwalk was deserted, and there were shutters on the concessions. An icy wind flattened against us as we walked along, and by the time we reached the cottage, I was shivering with cold.

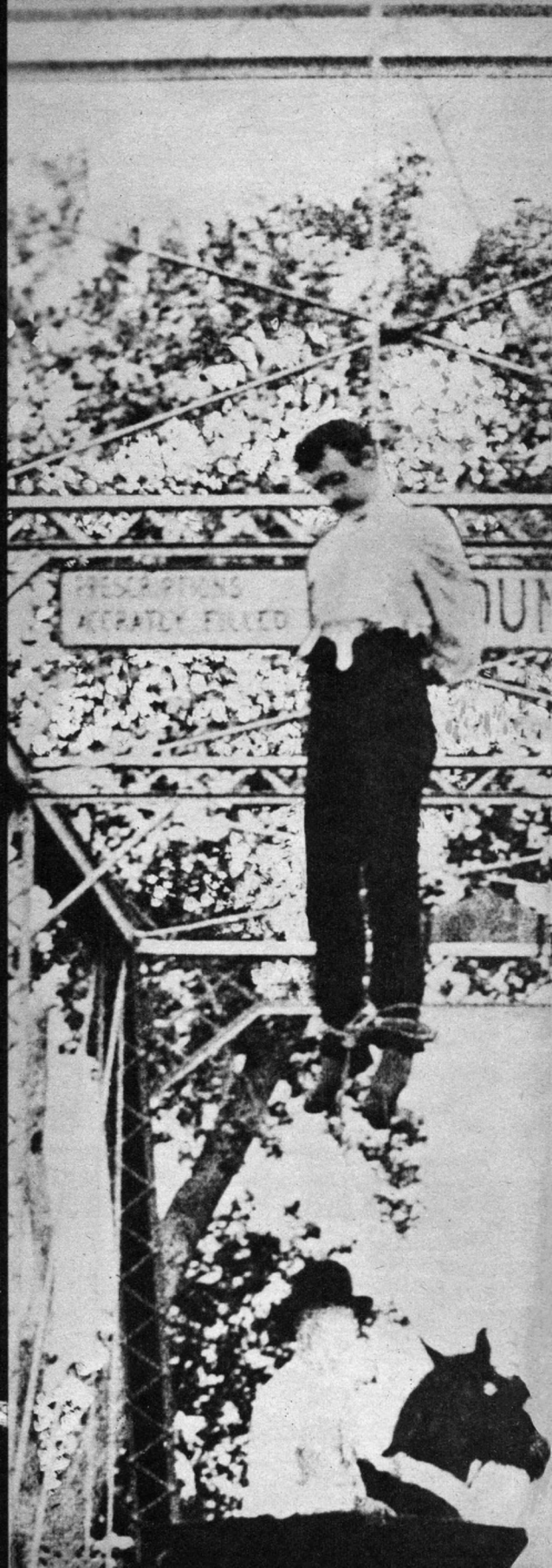
We kidded about mutual acquaintances at the factory while Frank packed. When he closed the grip, I stood up ready to leave.

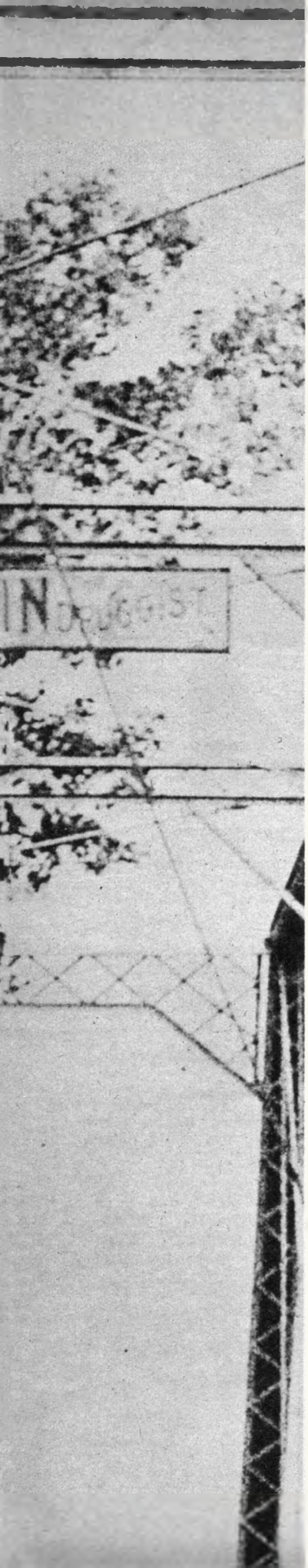
"What's your hurry?" he said. "The evening is young." He put a record (*Continued on page* 36)

THE ROARING TWENTIES made "Polly's place." But neither wars nor depressions hurt her business.

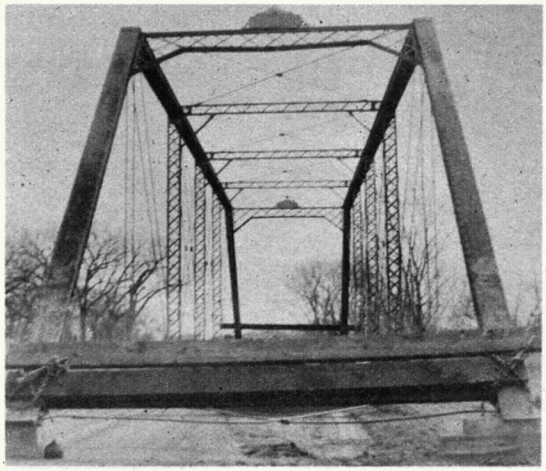
The last thing the stubborn Irishman saw was a long line of masked men—his neighbors—all swinging on him, every damned one of them . . .

They're Hanging Chub McCarthy in the Morning





BY PIERCE NACE



DEATH span is replaced in '55 by more modern structure.

BUSHES hide Chub's grave.

THE night they planned to hang Chub McCarthy, there was the brightest moon Kansas had ever seen. Moonlight was bad for a lynching, of course. But the hanging had to be tonight or never, and the 60 masked men knew it. Tomorrow would be too late. The law would have McCarthy out of their reach by then.

Their plans were all made. Nobody would talk during the hanging or afterward. The world would never know who had hanged this man, not even the wives of the lynchers. All that anybody would know was that he had swung for his crime and that the community was avenged.

God knows they had cause enough. They had been building up to it for six years. That was when Mike Dorsey came to Ottawa County and settled just outside the little town of Minneapolis on the Kansas prairie. Mike, the lonely bachelor who minded his own business and won the respect of everybody. Everybody but Chub McCarthy. And likely Chub didn't respect anybody, not even himself.

A quarter section of land could be claimed by any man over 21, and Mike claimed his. Good wheat land it was, and Mike was a damn good farmer. He had no folks and nobody really knew where he came from. But he was quiet and decent and friendly, a likable cuss. He started building a little shack on his 160 acres of land and settled down to farming it. He would live on it his five years, improve it, then get the clear, free title that the government gave a man.

His shack wasn't too substantial, being thrown together out of white-washed sod and some logs Mike hewed out. But it suited him. A lonely old codger didn't need anything fancy, just shelter. The wheat was more important than the house.

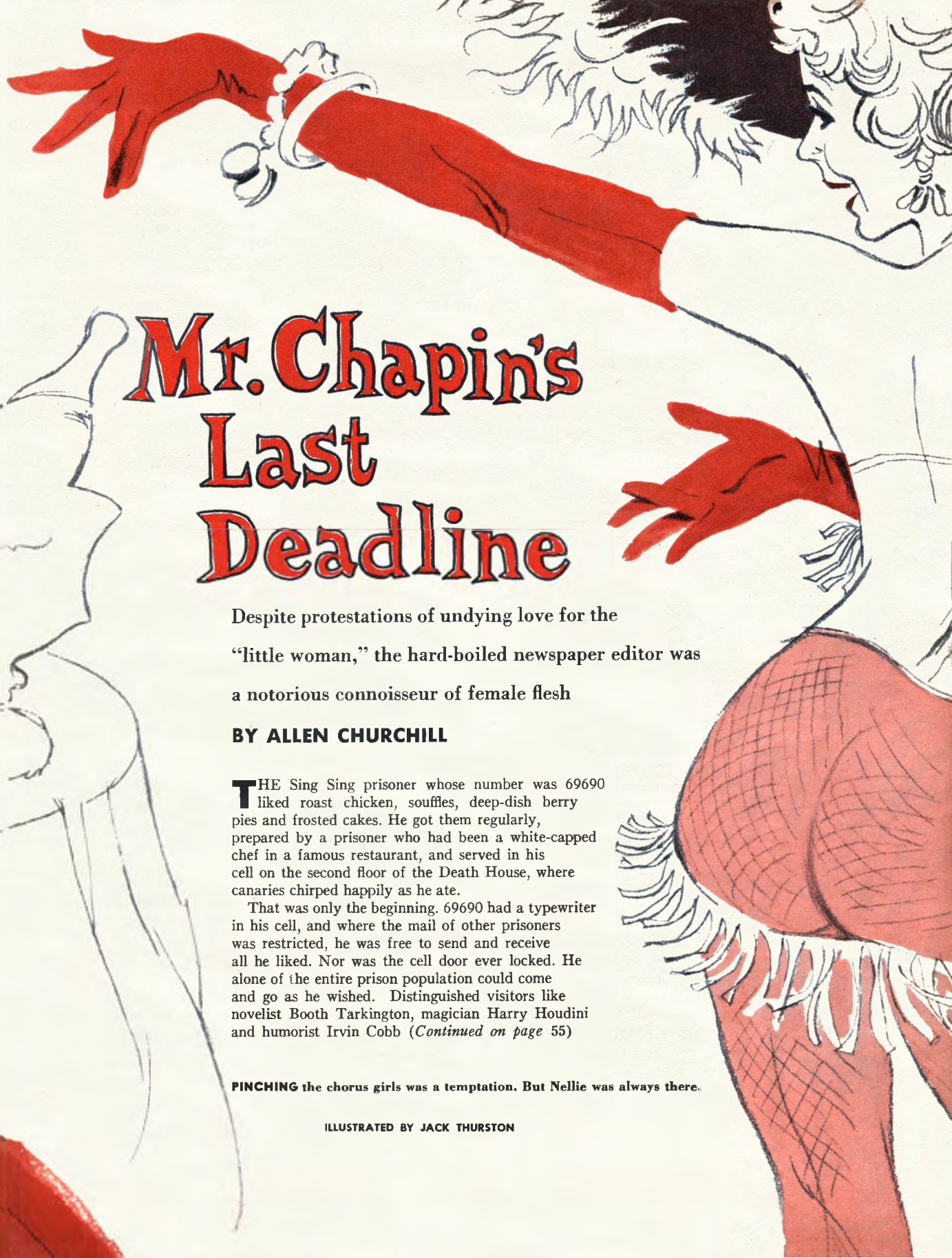
Then one day he looked up from his supper of grits and salt pork to see a burly stranger standing in his doorway. The man was as tall as the door frame itself, and he was glaring down at Mike like a coyote at a rabbit.

Mike said, "How do, Mister. Come in and set. Always grits for one more."

The man came in. But he didn't sit. He kept standing, still glaring down at little Mike. Mike put down his stew pan, dropping the extra dish beside it. This was the first unfriendly face he'd seen in Kansas. (*Continued on page* 58)

VERY DEAD, Chub dangles from girder of Geison Bridge outside Minneapolis, Kansas, where lynchers left him. Face of horseman in photo was scratched off negative.


Thurston



Mr. Chapin's Last Deadline

Despite protestations of undying love for the "little woman," the hard-boiled newspaper editor was a notorious connoisseur of female flesh

BY ALLEN CHURCHILL

THE Sing Sing prisoner whose number was 69690 liked roast chicken, souffles, deep-dish berry pies and frosted cakes. He got them regularly, prepared by a prisoner who had been a white-capped chef in a famous restaurant, and served in his cell on the second floor of the Death House, where canaries chirped happily as he ate.

That was only the beginning. 69690 had a typewriter in his cell, and where the mail of other prisoners was restricted, he was free to send and receive all he liked. Nor was the cell door ever locked. He alone of the entire prison population could come and go as he wished. Distinguished visitors like novelist Booth Tarkington, magician Harry Houdini and humorist Irvin Cobb (*Continued on page* 55)

PINCHING the chorus girls was a temptation. But Nellie was always there.

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK THURSTON

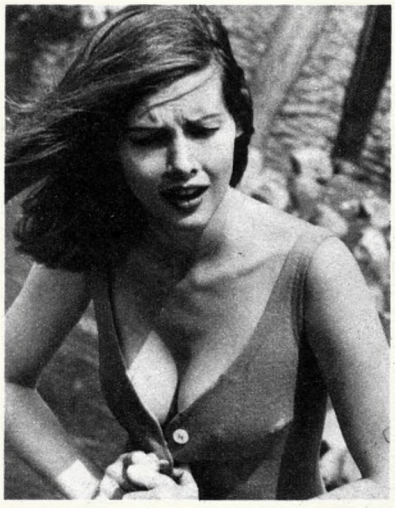
Sharpshooter!

A PICTURE STORY BY GLOBE PHOTOS

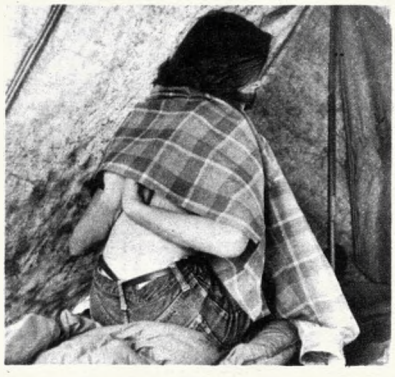
Hunting with Janet Lake is fun— if you can keep your eye on the right target

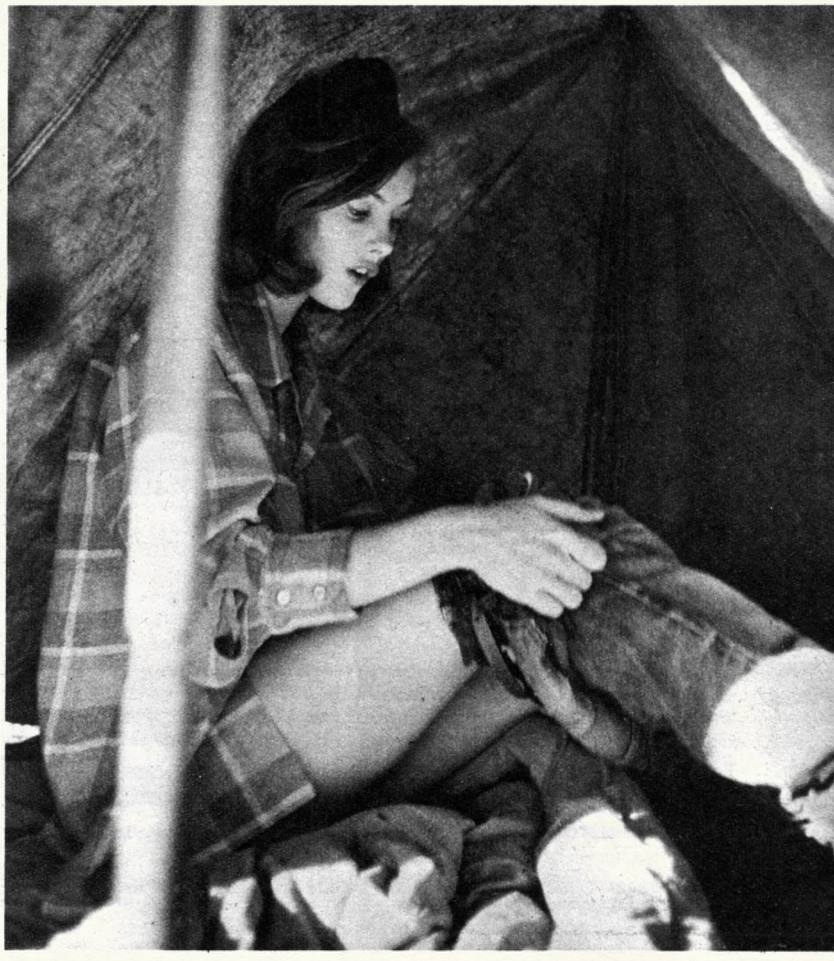
BEING female, Janet Lake has always had it in for hunting. For one thing, she's soft-hearted and doesn't like seeing animals killed. For another, the man in her life is Robert Dix, son of the old Western actor, Richard Dix. Bob is always going off on hunting trips, leaving Janet home with her latest movie script (which happens to be MGM's *Raintree County*). Recently, Miss Lake got fed up. "I want to go on your next trip," she told Dix. "Okay," Bob said, "but this is too good to miss. Mind if I take a couple of photographers along?" Janet didn't mind and neither did the editors of REAL. (*Continued on page* 28)

RISE AND SHINE! Janet peeps sleepily out of pup tent. Bob warned her to keep her rifle close by.



DRESSING with males clumping all around can get difficult. Janet wiggled into blue jeans and an old flannel shirt.





SIGHTING the rifle was easy, thanks to Bob Dix. But Janet just couldn't pull that trigger.

Sharpshooter! CONTINUED

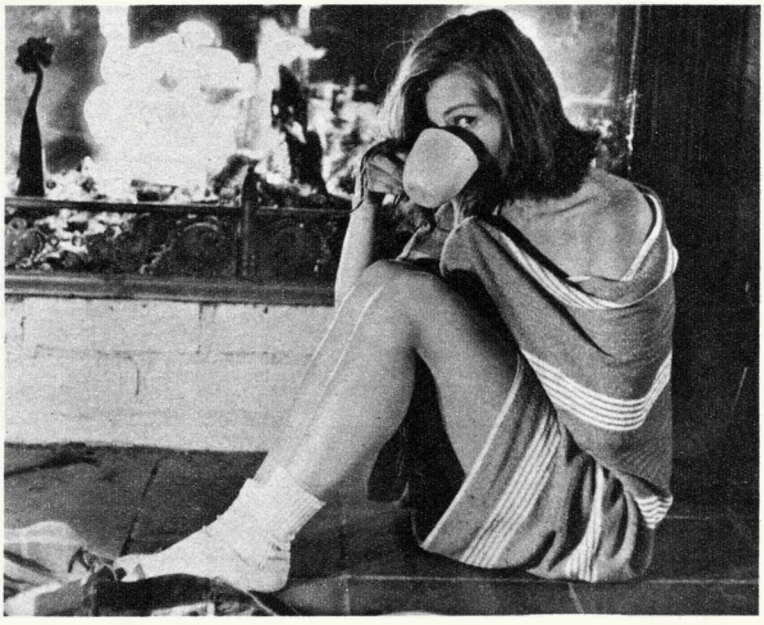
THE hunting safari turned out to be something less than a flaming success. The expedition trekked up into the California hills to find something to shoot at, but nothing happened.

Nothing but a big rain squall that soaked Janet to the skin and made everybody thoroughly uncomfortable. The deluge came just when Bob Dix was putting his arm around her shoulder, teaching Janet how to point the rifle in the proper way. Bob is very helpful. So Janet never really did fire a shot in anger. Or in anything else for that matter.

But, like millions of soldiers, the little actress had to pay the price for taking her weapon out in the rain: she had to clean it. Bob Dix said so; he is *not* very helpful in this respect.

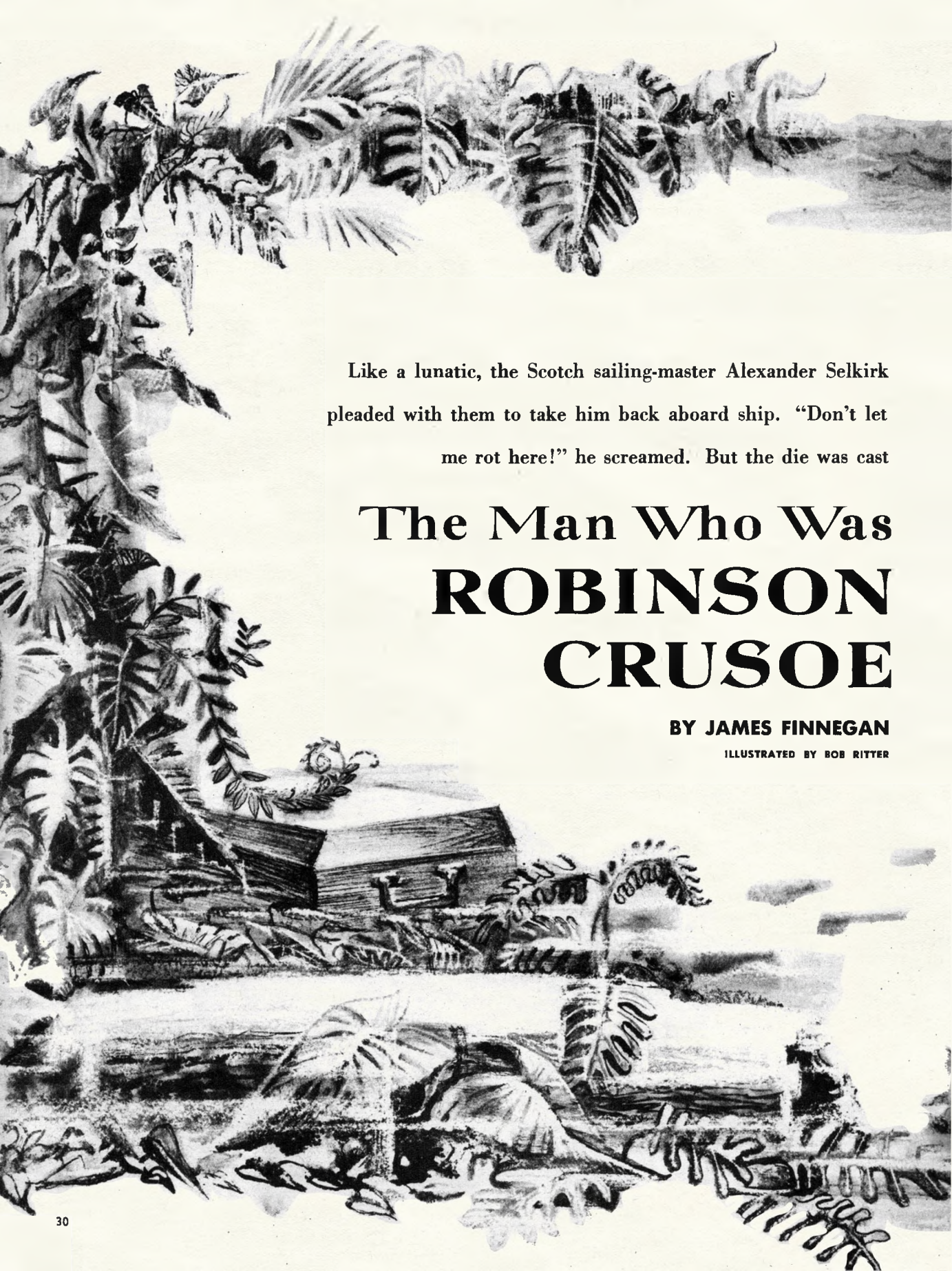
So that's the way one day in the life of a sharpshooter ended—not with a bang but a sniffle. Bob Dix is still the man in Janet's life, but as for hunting in the woods—brother, he can have it!

END



SUDDEN RAINSTORM sent her scurrying for a nearby lodge. There, a dry towel and a hot cup of coffee saved the day.

OUTDOOR LIFE isn't really on Janet's hate list. She loves to fly a light plane, but will settle for her blue roadster.

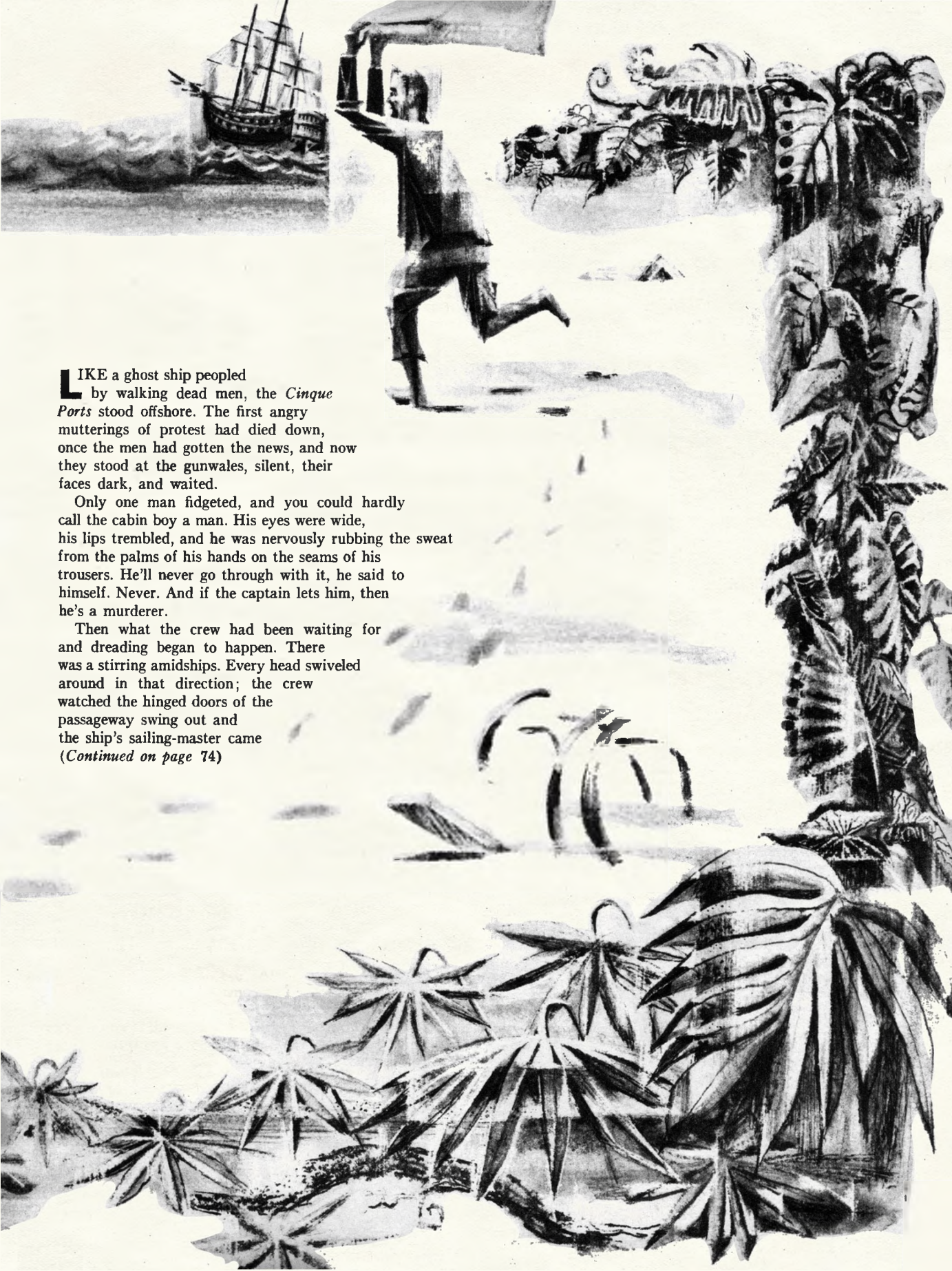


Like a lunatic, the Scotch sailing-master Alexander Selkirk pleaded with them to take him back aboard ship. "Don't let me rot here!" he screamed. But the die was cast

The Man Who Was ROBINSON CRUSOE

BY JAMES FINNEGAN

ILLUSTRATED BY BOB RITTER



LIKE a ghost ship peopled by walking dead men, the *Cinque Ports* stood offshore. The first angry mutterings of protest had died down, once the men had gotten the news, and now they stood at the gunwales, silent, their faces dark, and waited.

Only one man fidgeted, and you could hardly call the cabin boy a man. His eyes were wide, his lips trembled, and he was nervously rubbing the sweat from the palms of his hands on the seams of his trousers. He'll never go through with it, he said to himself. Never. And if the captain lets him, then he's a murderer.

Then what the crew had been waiting for and dreading began to happen. There was a stirring amidships. Every head swiveled around in that direction; the crew watched the hinged doors of the passageway swing out and the ship's sailing-master came

(*Continued on page* 74)

GUNFIGHT at the O.K. CORRAL

Six-shooters bellow and Boot Hill gets a few new customers as Wyatt Earp and Doc Holliday take on the West's feared Clanton gang

IF the history of the American West was written in gunsmoke and punctuated with six-shooters, then the famous "Gunfight at the O.K. Corral" was the episode that supplied the necessary exclamation point. It was at the O.K. Corral that the Earps—Wyatt and his two brothers—plus the deadeye dentist, Doc Holliday, wiped out the Clanton gang and tranquilized Tombstone, Arizona.

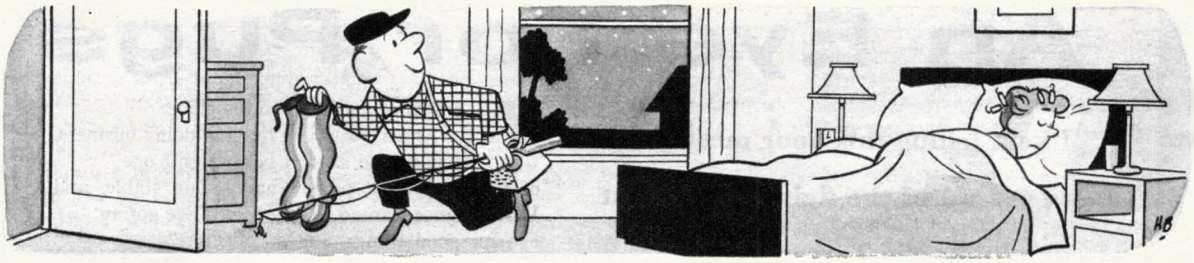
In bringing this thunderous gun battle to the screen, Paramount hasn't spared the horses. Teeth flashing, Burt Lancaster plays Wyatt Earp, while Kirk Douglas, equally acrobatic, fills the Doc Holliday role.

END

BULLETS WHINE as Earp (Burt Lancaster) goes after deadly Johnny Ringo. Gun duel lasts 5 minutes.

PAIN-KILLER Holliday, his dental tools forgotten, sticks with Marshal Earp when trouble comes to Tombstone.

WOMEN PINE as Jo Van Fleet uses all she has trying to make Holliday (Kirk Douglas) quit six-gun business.



MOONLIGHT fish forays combine best of hayride, coon hunt and Halloween.

SECRETS OF NIGHT FISHING

Here's a pastime you might as well take up. Your wife can't challenge your morals when you bring home a string of fish

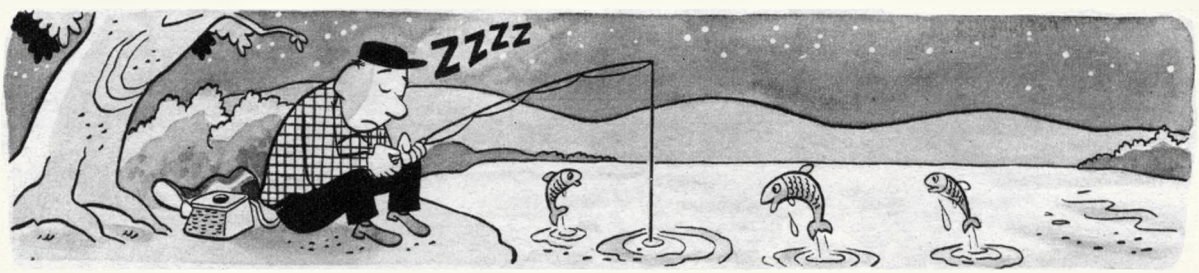
BY ROBERT DEINDORFER

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY BOLTINOFF

SOME years ago a brash, convivial personality named Al Henderson bought a general store in Wisconsin's rolling lake country at the going price, meaning not much at all. As a storekeeper he sold large quantities of snuff and kindred staples to resident sophisticates without allowing anyone to run up outrageous bills. Nobody, not even Henderson, ever ranked him much more than a routine businessman, hardly a prospect for Merchant-of-the-Year awards, yet hardly a prospect for the county poorhouse either.

It wasn't any flourishing commercial success that caused Henderson's reputation to filter far beyond the narrow boundaries of his town and attract strangers from all over the state. The general store was strictly incidental. As countless people came to discover sooner or later, Al was a fisherman—probably the best there was. Or, if he wasn't actually the best by definition, he at least became the most successful, a simple fact of life illuminated by the whopper bass, pike, pickerel, even muskies, mounted on the walls of his store after he'd pulled them out of neighboring rivers and lakes.

For a number of years, Al Henderson caught enough trophy-sized fish to stock an aquarium without ever falling on the lean, blankety- (*Continued on page* 62)



CAT-NAPPING and hook-biting go together. Anyway, you catch the biggest damn fish.

FICTION

An Eye For Pugs

I kept telling this poor meathead to get out of the fight racket. But you know Vic Torrance. He never lets a slob get off the hook

BY MATTHEW GANT

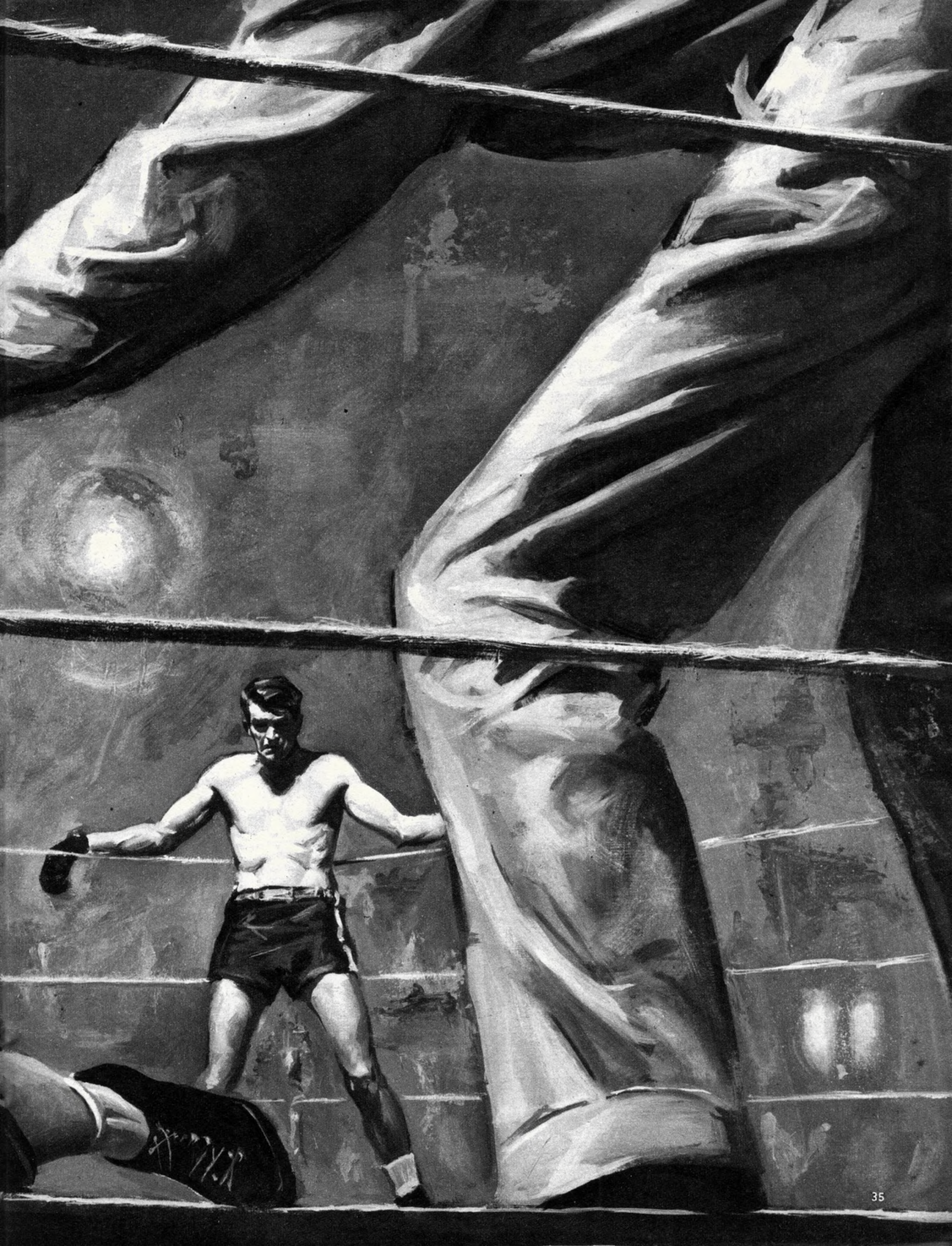
ILLUSTRATED BY EVERETT RAYMOND KINSTLER

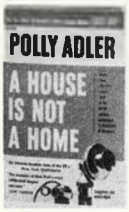
VIC Torrance and I sat in his office at the Arena, swapping lies and doing business. I had latched onto a good lightweight, one of the few decent pugs I had in my stable, and Vic Torrance wanted to buy him. "I've got an eye for good things, I'm a collector," Vic Torrance used to say. "I like to own good things." My lightweight was a good thing.

Torrance's office was like most any manager's, the walls covered with photos, all autographed "To my good friend Vic," and

(*Continued on page* 68)

BEATEN MAL tried to blink the blood away as the referee counted him out.





A HOUSE IS NOT A HOME (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21)

I have seen many beautiful women, but none who could equal

on the talking machine. Then he sat down on the couch and patted the place beside him, beckoning for me to come and sit there. I complied, and after a moment he leaned over and began pulling the pins out of my hat. All of a sudden I got scared. I jumped up from the couch and said it was time to go. Instead of answering, he went over to the door and locked it.

When I resisted him, he knocked me cold.

The next morning I was too sick to go to work. My jaw was bruised and my eyes swollen nearly shut from crying.

I stayed away from work the next three days.

After I had been back at work a month, I discovered I was pregnant. Though my feelings about Frank were the same as I would have for a dangerous reptile, only more so, the child inside me was his, and I asked him to marry me. His answer was to kick me out of his office.

So what was there left to do? Sidonia, my best friend at the factory, and I talked it over, and she took me to a doctor for an abortion. But his fee was $150, and all I had was $35. Again Frank refused to help out, and at last Sidonia found a Dr. Glick who would do the operation for what I had saved. But when he heard my story, he would only accept $25 and told me to take the rest and buy some shoes and stockings.

Soon after, I left my cousin's in Brooklyn and found a room on Second Avenue and Ninth Street which I rented for ten dollars a month, payable in advance. Did I say room? It was a windowless hallway, leading to the basement flat occupied by the janitor and his family.

Next day, bearing firmly in mind that "God helps them that helps themselves," I set out to look for a job. By the end of the week both the soles of my shoes and my faith in the adage had worn a little thin. But, although I had not found a job, I had made a friend. This was Abe Shornik, a man about my father's age, who worked as a cutter in a dress factory. Abe took his evening meal at the same restaurant I did, and one night when it was crowded we shared a table. After that we often ate together. Abe had come over from Russia in the early nineteen hundreds, he had lived in a village very much like Yanow, and it worried him that I was alone in New York. All unknowingly, I had selected a very tough neighborhood in which to reside, and the restaurant was a hangout for streetwalkers and hoodlums. While briefing me on the perils of the big city, Abe pointed out the hustlers, and I eyed them covertly, embarrassed even to be caught looking at them. I wondered how any woman could sink so low.

Finally I landed a part-time job at the Trio Corset Company.

I hung on there for a little more than a year—from December, 1918, until January, 1920. Now, looking back at those months, the only impressions which remain are of unrelieved drabness, of hurry and worry and clawing uncertainty. In view of the fact that my life was so soon to take the turn which it did, perhaps I should make something more of this—perhaps I should lay it on about what a bitter, hope-quenching, miserable sort of existence it was for a girl of 19. But after thinking it over I've decided to skip it. (For one thing, probably the reader would, too.) Sure, it was a tough life, it was a hell of a life, but—as I hasten to point out before everybody else does—no tougher for me than for plenty of other poor working girls who *didn't* become madams.

Like the old year, 1920 began for me with the same day-to-day uncertainty as to where I stood. When business is slow part-time workers are the first to be laid off, and I begged Abe's help in finding a steady job at the dress factory. But there were no openings and no prospects

"MAKE ME take it," Mae said, with a wild scream. "I hate the monkey on my back."

Joan. Yet there were poppies in her clover patch—she was a dope addict

of there being any. Finally, as a last resort, Abe took me to see the daughter of a friend who had come to America when he did. She had married a well-to-do dress manufacturer, and Abe thought that maybe for old time's sake she might ask her husband to employ me.

THEY lived in an apartment on Riverside Drive, which, in 1920, was as plushy an address as Park Avenue is today, and my visit there was an eye opener. Probably the M.'s apartment was no more luxurious than that of any upper-middle-class New York family, but to me it was a revelation of how people—the people in the sun—could live, a miracle of richness and comfort. Now at last my nebulous longings came into sharp focus and crystallized, now I saw the goal I must set for myself. There really was a "Goldine Madina," and it was right here on Riverside Drive.

It seemed only fitting that the Golden Land should be inhabited by a Golden Girl. Since Mr. M. was related to the head of a big theatrical supply house, he was acquainted with a number of theater people, and it was at the M.'s I met Joan Smith. In the years since that night I have seen many beautiful girls, but no one who could measure up to Joan. She was tall and blonde, with sapphire-blue eyes and a radiant smile: when she smiled, you felt as if not just the room but every corner of your heart had been lighted up.

One day, about a month after we had first met, she suggested that I move in with her until I could find a steady job. I thought she was kidding, but she explained she had just leased a nine-room apartment on Riverside Drive, as she was expecting a visit from her mother and dad. Until they arrived, she said, she'd just be rattling around in that big place, and I would be doing her a favor to come and stay. That was how Joan operated. She wouldn't be content merely to give you the shirt off her back; she would hand it to you on a gold platter and make you feel you were saving *her* life by taking it.

Oh, I was in clover all right, but unfortunately—for Joan, tragically—there were poppies growing in that particular clover patch.

I made this discovery one day when I happened to admire a beautiful Chinese robe—black satin embroidered with a scarlet dragon—that Joan was wearing. I had never seen anything like it, and she told me it was her favorite costume when she went on a hop party. I must have looked puzzled for she held up her sleeve for me to smell. The cloth gave off a curious acrid aroma.

"What kind of perfume is that?" I asked.

"Not perfume, honey, hop," she said. And when I still didn't get it, "Opium—don't you know?"

At first I thought she must be joking—how could anyone speak so lightly of taking drugs?—but she proceeded to explain in detail about the stick, yenhok, lamp and pills.

Now that she had confided in me, Joan was much more open about her habit. She began to have hop parties almost nightly, and would be peeved at me for not joining in. Up to this time I had put off job-hunting, but now when I spoke of it Joan begged me not to desert her. What could I say? She had been so wonderful to me and still was, except when she was lying on her hip. It was a nerve-wracking, even dangerous situation, but I thought surely when her mother got there the parties would stop.

But when the family finally did arrive, I was in for another shock. "Dad" turned out to be a young man hardly older than Joan. I could not help commenting on this and Joan explained, between shrieks of laughter, that he was her mother's gigolo.

The hop parties did not stop with the arrival of Joan's family. They simply moved over to the apartment of Mary Jane W. on 86th Street. There was no reason I had to go, but I tagged along with Joan. I would not smoke opium, but I was dazzled by the parties and by the state in which Mary Jane lived.

Mary Jane was then the mistress of a well-known Wall Street man, and her establishment put Joan's in the shade. She had a car and a chauffeur, gorgeous clothes, a platoon of servants and a duplex apartment which was, in more ways than one, like something out of the Arabian nights. In the middle of the drawing room was an enormous white fur rug on which Mary Jane usually was reclining, and stretched out on divans around her would be an array of celebrities—stage and screen stars (the late Mabel Normand was one), directors, writers, composers—all hitting the pipe.

Whenever there was a party Mary Jane was always the first to start smoking. And it was not as if she was unaware of the consequences. One time, she told me, she was sleeping with two well-known Broadway characters whose first names were the same, and she got so charged she committed the *gaffe* of calling one Georgie by the pet name of the other Georgie at the most inexcusable moment. Another time she awakened from a drugged sleep to find her Japanese houseboy climbing into bed with her. She ran from him and telephoned a friend for help, knowing that she had neither the strength nor the will to keep off any man who chose to take advantage of her self-induced helplessness.

If I had not heard these stories and if I had not seen what dope did to Joan and Mary Jane, I might have sought this escape during the frantic, hectic years to come. But I was always mortally afraid of drugs, and later was to become well known for my aversion to addicts and my bitter hatred of drug vendors.

I CONTINUED to live with Joan and her family through the spring of 1920. This was at her mother's request. Joan had begun using stronger drugs, cocaine and heroin, and had become very hard to handle—sullen and nasty, sometimes violent. Soon she was missing rehearsals and when we pleaded with her to think of her career, she turned on us with wild accusations. After repeated warnings by the director, Joan was replaced in the show, but even this had no effect on her. There was nothing I could do. Just talking never got anyone off the junk. Moreover, when Joan began to display Lesbian tendencies toward me, I knew I had to get out of there.

I talked over my troubles with a fellow named Tony, a bootlegger and later a well-known gangster. At that time he was having an affair with a rather prominent woman; she was married and they had to be careful. He said if I would take an apartment and allow him to meet his friend there, he would pay the rent. I jumped at his offer.

Now that I can look back over the whole story, it seems obvious that this was my first big step down the so-called primrose path. But then it never even occurred to me to think of Tony's plan and my part in it as being moral or immoral. It did not touch me personally. It simply paid my rent. I didn't think, "Now I'll be a madam and run a house of assignation." I thought, "Here's Tony willing to pay my rent just so he can

Joe jerked off his belt and began to beat the girl, and when I flew at

use my apartment a few times a week." I am aware that in the judgment of the stratum of society which decides these things I should have drawn myself up and said, "No, thank you, keep your dirty money! I'd rather sew shirts for five dollars a week." But I am not apologizing for my decision, nor do I think, even if I had been aware of the moral issues involved, I would have made a different one. My feeling is that by the time there are such choices to be made, your life already has made the decision for you.

With the money Tony gave me I rented a two-room furnished apartment on Riverside Drive and moved in at once.

I had not been in the new apartment very long before Tony's romance went on the rocks, and he asked if I could find a new girl for him. His request didn't shock me—far from it. Since I had begun to travel with the crowd at Joan's and Mary Jane's, I had met plenty of girls who made no bones about their being available for a fee, and when Tony said he would give me $50 and the girl $100 I really believed there was a Santa Claus. Right away I got in touch with a pretty blonde called Lucy, and she was delighted to keep the date.

With $100 or more a week coming in, I was able to do as I pleased. I got myself nice clothes and on my free nights went to dance halls and speakeasies. Soon I was meeting a lot of money men and when I saw the way they flung their dough around I thought to myself: "Why shouldn't some of it be flung my way?" So I gave my address to the ones whom I thought would be discreet, and it wasn't long before three girls were coming in several nights a week to entertain acquaintances made along the Gay White Way.

It was in this informal, almost casual, fashion that I began my career as a madam. Of course I didn't think of it then as a career or of myself as a madam. I suppose, in the way people do, I managed to sell myself a bill of goods—I didn't invent sex, nobody had to come to my apartment who didn't want to, I was really doing them a favor—that sort of thing. But I had a bad conscience when I thought of my parents, and I used to have terrible nightmares in which my father would chase me down the streets yelling, *"Kirva! Bliad!"* ("Whore! Bum!")

To me it was a question not of morals but of economics. As I saw it, it came down to this: Did I want to leave my apartment on Riverside Drive and go back to a hole on Second Avenue?

I made up my mind quickly. So far as I was concerned the Golden Land was still Riverside Drive, and I was determined to stay there. However, like everyone I've ever heard of who has gone into this business—madam or prostitute—I regarded it as just a temporary expedient, a means to an end. I'd quit when I had enough capital to finance a legitimate enterprise.

Having made this decision, I began to do things in a more businesslike way. To build up a bigger clientele I patronized more night clubs and let it be known to headwaiters and captains that my apartment was now a house, cautioning them to send only those who could afford to pay $20 or more. Since my objective was to make my stake as quickly as possible, I took care of my house 24 hours a day, and never said no to anyone who was out to spend, regardless of the hour. It meant that I had to be on the job all the time, and I began to find out how much work and thought go into the preparation of an evening's pleasure. My only recreation was watching my bank roll grow.

PRESSURE of business had kept me from seeing much of old acquaintances, but Joan's mother, Helen, had kept in touch with me and called every now and then to sing the blues about her troubles with Joan and "Dad." One morning I was awakened by a call from her. She was crying so hard she was almost incoherent and insisted that I come around at once. I arrived to find Joan charged to the gills, Helen hysterical and "Dad" nowhere to be seen. He had forged a check, drawn out Helen's savings, and left them high and dry.

Joan, of course, was not working. All she cared about in the world was drugs. Now she took the opportunity to shack up with the peddler who was supplying her, while Helen came to live in my house. She was a very striking blonde who looked ten years younger than her age, and she became a great favorite with the men who frequented my place.

Subsequently Joan's peddler threw her out into the street; not even he could put up with her temperament, especially when she ran out of money. She moved into a cheap furnished room, and Helen gave her the money to live, including enough to pay for her daily ration of drugs.

Then one day Helen begged me—"Let me bring her here, Polly. I know you hate drug addicts, but please, please make an exception in her case. She was good to you. Let her come and stay until I've saved enough to take us back to Ohio."

There was a risk in having a drug addict around, but I agreed to take Joan in. And that was how a mother and daughter came to be working side by side in my house. It was also how I became aware that in some people sexual gratification is obtained in dark and terrible ways. For when the relationship between Joan and Helen was discovered, there were men who would pay double and triple for the kick of having a mother and daughter in bed with them.

I was relieved when Helen decided to go back to Ohio. She talked it over with me, and I convinced her that it was insane for a woman of her age to go on prostituting herself. For a while Joan stayed on with me, but I kept after her to take the cure and—tired, I think, of my constant harping on the subject—she left the house a few weeks after Helen.

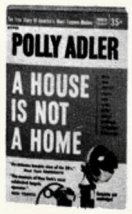
The next time I saw Joan, the only thing I recognized about her was her beautiful smile. She had become a derelict. My heart broke to see her in such a condition. I took her home with me—she had been locked out of her room for days—and bathed her and fed her and put her to bed. Again, I begged her to take the cure, offering to pay the hospital bills, and she promised to begin the following week. I gave her money for her hotel bill and food and clothes. This was a mistake. Several weeks passed before she returned. When she did come back, she promised faithfully she would go to Dr. Gould's sanitarium on the West Side. I gave her $100, saying I would visit her as soon as she was allowed to see anyone.

However, when she left I followed her. And, sure enough, an elderly woman was waiting for her under a lamppost on the corner. Joan made a beeline for the woman and quickly handed over the money, receiving in return a packet containing a fresh supply of drugs. I swooped down on them, jerked Joan away, and screamed every vile word I could think of at the old woman, who, needless to say, did not wait to hear most of them. Then I told Joan I was through believing in her and not to attempt to see me again.

"If you ever want to be cured," I said, "let me know, and I'll take you to the sanitarium myself and stay with you till it's over."

She would not look at me, and as soon as I let go her arm, she walked away from me down the dark street. I never saw her again.

Several years later I met a friend of hers, a song-writer, and he told me that



she was down in Chinatown, living with a Chinese. In August, 1925, I saw in the papers that she had been arrested for illegal possession of narcotics, and a few months after that she was dead. I was glad to know she was out of her misery. She weighed 50 pounds when she died.

The years rolled by and I was in the whorehouse business in a big way. The year 1926 saw prohibition gangsters, racketeers and bootleggers enjoying just about their palmiest days. Quite often on their spending sprees they made my place a hangout, but it wasn't because I encouraged them to come back. Too frequently, they wrecked not only the house, but my nervous system.

ONE episode began calmly enough with a phone call from a friend who ran a night club. He said to have a couple of cases of champagne chilled as he was bringing up seven or eight very important people. This was good news to my girls and me. It had been a slow night, and the prospect of a party with a flock of big shots cheered us all up. But what a shock I got when I opened the door on a group of the town's toughest boys headed by George McManus, Mike Best and Eddie Diamond—Legs' brother.

All were very drunk and McManus was drunker than all the others put together. He had been one of the gamblers who helped me buy my first mink coat, and on previous visits always had behaved like a gentleman, but now he shouldered his way past me.

I said, "Hello, George. It's nice to see you again."

"Who the hell are you?" he growled, staring blindly at me from under his hat brim. "I never saw you before in my life."

"Quit your kidding," I said. "I'm Polly."

"Oh, you're Polly, are you?" He whipped out his gun and waved it back and forth under my nose. "If you're Polly, prove it. Go look out the window."

If I obeyed, it meant I would have my back to him. I didn't move.

Suddenly he laughed. "Okay, okay," he said and staggered against me. "I was just gonna give you a little scare."

I said, "Georgie, remember when I first started running a house, you used to check your gun with me? How about leting me take care of it now?"

He thought this over, then slammed the gun in my hand and walked away.

I hid the gun in the bathroom hamper and hurried out to mingle with the rest of these troublemakers and try to keep things under control. As I came into the room, I overheard a character known as "Playful Joe" saying to one of my girls. "Why do you work for this Jew-bastard?"

"Because I like her and she's fair to us," the girl said.

Apparently this answer annoyed Joe for he quickly jerked off his belt and began to beat her. The belt had a metal buckle and when it bit into her flesh, the girl shrieked. I got across the room in a hurry and grabbed Joe's arm. He shook me off and when I came back and fastened myself on him again, he gave me a shove that slammed me up against the wall. I was a little stunned because my head had banged into the wall so hard, and, like a wild woman, I ran around the room begging everyone to make him stop, but they laughed at me.

The girl was sobbing and I couldn't stand it. I ran back to Joe. "Leave her alone!" I screamed. "She hasn't done anything to you! I'm the one that's wrong. I deserve the beating for letting you bums up here!"

"That's okay with me," said Joe. "Since you deserve it, you'll get it." He turned and the belt cracked down across my back. The steel buckle ripped my dress.

My friend from the night club tried to interfere. "What's the matter with you guys?" he shouted.

Two of them whipped off their belts and started for him, and when he saw them coming he turned and ran out of the apartment.

Somebody fired a shot, creating even more confusion. The bullet shattered the French doors leading to the bedroom which Mike and Catherine were occupying, and everyone rushed in to see if there had been any casualties.

"Jeez, Mike," somebody said. "I'm sorry. You okay?" (The hell with Catherine. She didn't matter, dead or alive.)

While they were all pushing and milling around the bedroom, I got the girls out of the apartment, dressed or undressed. I told them to hide in a friend's apartment across the street, and they cleared out in a hurry. This was one time I prayed that the cops would arrive, and hoped against hope that somebody had reported the shot.

When the gang trooped back again, George asked for a girl whom he had met at my place some years before. I explained she was a movie star now.

"Then get others," he said, giving me a shove. "Get lots of them."

"I can't—not at this time of night."

"Okay then, Polly," he said, "we'll all sleep with you."

"Over my dead body," I said, and I meant it.

"Okay," one of them staggered toward me, "if that's the way you want it, that's easy."

He grabbed me by the throat and started choking me, laughing as I twisted and kicked and tried to claw away those hands that were crushing my windpipe. I would have screamed, but there was no air in my lungs. No one would have heard me anyway. Finally he dropped me to the floor.

"She's not dead yet," one of them said when I sucked in a painful breath.

I knew it would be smarter to stay where I was, but the rage in me was so strong I staggered to my feet and stood there swaying, facing the whole pack.

"You dirty, yellow rats," I gasped in a whisper, which was all the voice I had left, "you wouldn't have done this to me before, when I was a green kid, because you'd have been scared I'd call the cops. But you can do it now because you know I won't squeal on you. You know what you are, you dirty sons of bitches?" As I began telling them, one of them really let me have it. His fist crashed into my right temple and I went down as though I'd been struck by lightning.

That about concluded the evening's fun. They rifled the apartment, helping themselves to $750, and then, as they were leaving, some humorist unscrewed a light bulb and threw it down onto the sidewalk. It made a noise like a pistol shot, and apparently this killed them, for they exited laughing merrily.

I WAS in bed a week with a swollen face, a raw throat and a back that looked like hash from the whipping. But what made me feel sicker than anything was the knowledge that there was no way in which I could retaliate. However, several of my friends bawled out the man who had unloaded the gang on me, and he made the excuse that they were in a troublesome mood and he didn't want them shooting up his place. I sent word to him kindly in future to refrain from doing me any more such favors.

The $750 was returned to me by messenger, and I heard that the gang had used part of it to buy a couple of bushels of straw hats. Then they had gone to a saloon on Eighth Avenue and had themselves a ball punching their fists through the skimmers. I thought it was too damn bad their heads weren't in them at the time.

For a long while after, whenever I saw

Our conversation at breakfast was what might be called "shop talk."

any of the pranksters, they would practically break their necks to avoid meeting my eye. Finally, one night I all but collided with George McManus, and he apologized for what had happened, offering me a large sum of money in compensation. It gave me some satisfaction to tell him what he could do with it.

There was a curious postscript to this episode with the hoodlums. Several years later Arnold Rothstein was shot in Room 349 at the Park Central—George McManus's room. When McManus was held for the murder I got a phone call from one of the gang, who asked if the District Attorney had sent for me. It seemed that one of my girls had talked about that night at the apartment and had said it was George who fired the shot through the French doors. If the D.A. could prove that George went around shooting up places just for his own amusement, it would certainly strengthen the case against him, and my informant had heard I was going to be questioned. Since I was the only one who could back up George's statement that he had turned over his gun to me before the shooting occurred, this placed me in a rather ticklish spot. I assured the caller that my girls would do no more talking. Luckily, I was never called and George was acquitted without my having to testify.

SOONER or later everyone who came to my house would ask about the daily life of my girls. "What do they do with themselves? Do they ever read? How do they get along together? Are there any dope fiends among them? Any Lesbians? What do they do with their money?" and so on.

This curiosity about the girls and what goes on behind the scenes is not limited to the patrons of houses. It is universal and age-old. The literature of all countries teems with novels and stories and plays about prostitution, and the prostitute as a character has fascinated the men with the noblest minds, the giants of letters, no less than the hacks and the pornographers. The overwhelming proportion of writing on this subject—both fiction and what purports to be factual—is cheaply sensational, or distorted by prejudice, or uninformed, often all three. In this kind of writing, the prostitute comes in two standard models. Either she is presented as a brazen hussy who arrived in the world equipped with marabou-trimmed garters, black silk stockings and a sexy leer (heart of gold optional), or as an innocent victim, a babe in the woods, seduced and abandoned by a city slicker, or maybe shanghaied by a white slaver while on her way from choir practice.

Now, like all stereotyped conceptions, these have some basis in fact. There have been and there are prostitutes who are slovens and drunkards, just as there have been and may still be (though I very much doubt it) cases of innocent girls being lured into houses and held captive there. Certainly it is true that many girls are forced to ply their trade in the most degrading surroundings under conditions ruinous both to their physical and mental health. But just as the owner of an exclusive Fifth Avenue gown shop operates on an entirely different level than a Lower East Side pushcart peddler, so did the kind of a house I ran compare with the ordinary bordello. Far from having to lure girls there, I was forced to turn away 30 or 40 for every one I accommodated.

The routine of life in my house varied only if some customer on a binge took it over for a nonstop party. Our "business day" was, of course, night, and after it was over, the girls usually took a long walk and then had breakfast before retiring. Breakfast was a hearty meal and always included waffles or hotcakes and sausages, or bacon and eggs. It was the only time we would all be together, and the conversation consisted mostly of what might be called "shop talk." The girls would relate their experiences with the men they had entertained that night and compare notes about the quirks of their customers. Sometimes the episodes reported seemed to us very funny and we all laughed long and loud—perhaps because the tension of the night was over, and it was a relief to let go. But many times the stories were anything but amusing, and then the girls would yawn and look at their plates, sympathetic but not really wanting to hear and be reminded of humiliating or painful experiences which they themselves had gone through.

Most of my girls were of at least average intelligence and I don't think a one of them, in her right mind, ever had any intention of staying on in the business. They knew that it was a short-lived career and that, like baseball players, they had to be young to stay in the game. Therefore, the smart ones either saved their money against the day they would have to retire, or learned a trade, or worked out ways and means of snagging a rich husband.

Unfortunately, however, the majority weren't smart. It worried me to see so many of them making no preparations for the future, and I used to nag and prod the girls to read good books and make something of themselves.

Few of the girls had any sense of values. They would buy anything in sight. Childishly, they would think that blowing their money gave them an excuse to continue in the life. They would have to make more in order to blow it—the old vicious-circle pitch.

Some of my girls were talented—actresses who couldn't get that first break, singers or dancers who had run out of dough before they clicked solidly, show girls between jobs. When they weren't working for me, they were dancing in night clubs or going to drama school, and some even took secretarial courses. But most of the girls spent their days in not too purposeful a fashion.

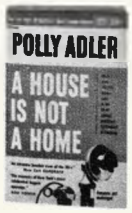
In general the girls got along as well as, or better than, a group of chorus girls sharing the same dressing room. Inevitably I had a few Lesbians, some of them troublemakers, some very peaceful souls. It's often been said that a prostitute becomes so tired of being mauled by men that she turns to a woman for tenderness.

In the evenings, waiting for calls, the girls most often played cards. Their favorite game was Hearts, and there was always an outburst of squeals when Dirty Dora (the Queen of Spades) was passed to somebody.

During a lull between calls, I would try to relax in one of the back bedrooms —read or listen to the radio—but there was never quiet in the house for very long. The constant ringing of the telephone was in itself enough to get on anyone's nerves. And for the girls there was the added strain of knowing they always had to be ready with a bright smile and a big hello, no matter what the hour. Sometimes when a late call came and a girl had just retired, I wouldn't have the heart to disturb her and would arrange for an outside girl to keep the date. But the next day, if the girl found out, I'd be raked over the coals because an outsider had gotten the money. They were go-getters, my kids.

Every fall some of them would announce that they planned to spend the winter in Florida and talked expansively of the wonderful vacation awaiting them. But they never made hotel reservations. The minute they got off the train in Miami, they headed straight for one of the better whorehouses. Which probably explains why they came home in the spring with no sign of Florida suntan. Some vacation!

I often have been asked what yard-



The girls would compare the quirks of the men they entertained

stick I used in selecting my girls, what traits and qualifications I looked for or required. Well, naturally, beauty or at least comeliness was practically a must. And I never employed a novice. Although I was a madam, I never wished to have it on my conscience that I had inducted a girl into the life. So I always engaged girls with enough experience behind them to make them interesting to my customers. And then, of course, their health and personal habits were big factors.

In interviewing a girl who wished to get on my call list, I always asked the candidate to undress so that I could make certain her underwear was fresh and her armpits free from hair. If she passed inspection in these departments, I could feel reasonably confident about her personal cleanliness, and that it would not be necessary to coax her into taking a weekly examination. (When I found that my girls did not like to go out for the examination, I retained a doctor to come to the house and put them through the routine which meant safety and protection for my patrons.)

Those experts on white slavery, the holders of a Sunday-supplement degree in sociology, will be disappointed to learn it, but often I have tried to talk girls out of prostituting themselves.

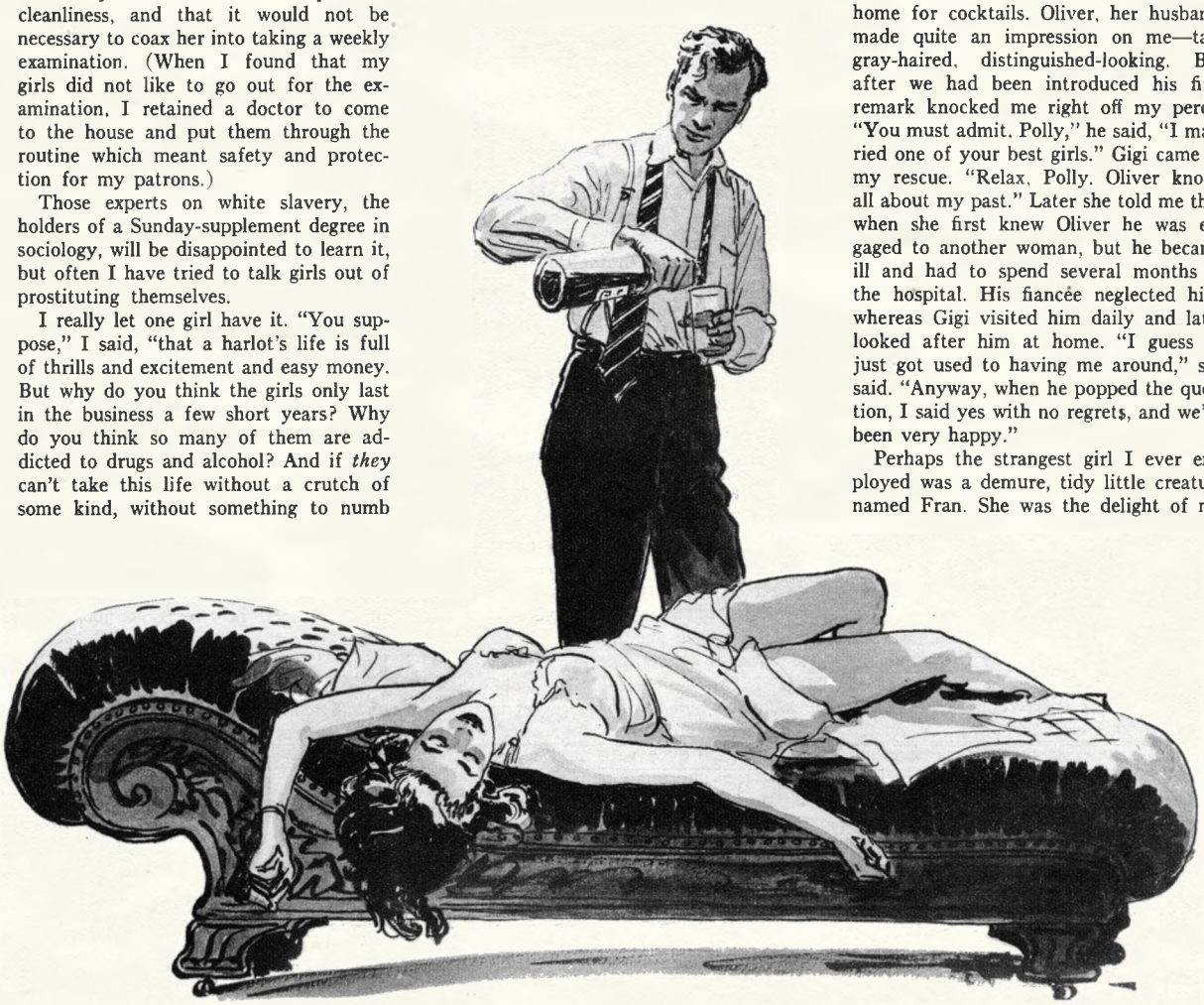
I really let one girl have it. "You suppose," I said, "that a harlot's life is full of thrills and excitement and easy money. But why do you think the girls only last in the business a few short years? Why do you think so many of them are addicted to drugs and alcohol? And if *they* can't take this life without a crutch of some kind, without something to numb their misery and wretchedness, what makes you think you can? Believe me, whoring is just a slow form of self-destruction!" Then in the bluntest possible language I told her some of the shocking things I had known to happen to girls—the abuse they took from some of the customers, the degrading acts they sometimes were compelled to perform—and I really laid it on. I wound up by telling her to mull over what I had said for a couple of days, and then, if she still felt like entering a house, "Take my advice and shoot yourself—you'll be better off dead!"

My harangue scared her off all right. She never called me again. As for the girls' conduct in the house, the rule was: Be a lady in the parlor and a whore in the bedroom.

I tried not to play favorites among the girls, but of course there were some that I liked better than others. One of my particular favorites was Gigi. Gigi was one of the few who enjoyed reading, and she made a point of keeping up with the best-sellers and subscribing to the class magazines. My brighter clients found her especially good company. She had an alert mind, was witty and gay, and could swap repartee and opinions with the best of them. She had the good sense and the character to get out of the business while she was still young enough to make another life for herself, and while working at a hotel behind a jewelry counter, met the man she later married.

Not so long ago, after losing track of Gigi for many years, I encountered her in New York and she invited me to her home for cocktails. Oliver, her husband, made quite an impression on me—tall, gray-haired, distinguished-looking. But after we had been introduced his first remark knocked me right off my perch. "You must admit, Polly," he said, "I married one of your best girls." Gigi came to my rescue. "Relax, Polly. Oliver knows all about my past." Later she told me that when she first knew Oliver he was engaged to another woman, but he became ill and had to spend several months in the hospital. His fiancée neglected him, whereas Gigi visited him daily and later looked after him at home. "I guess he just got used to having me around," she said. "Anyway, when he popped the question, I said yes with no regrets, and we've been very happy."

Perhaps the strangest girl I ever employed was a demure, tidy little creature named Fran. She was the delight of my



KNOCKING me cold, Frank tossed me onto the sofa and poured himself a drink. The next morning I was a lot older.

A handful of us attended Muriel's funeral. I wanted to believe in hell

patrons for some time, especially one literary gentleman of whom I was very fond. He never failed to ask about her, always with a slow grin spreading across his big good-natured face.

"How's the schoolgirl?" he'd ask.

For that's what Fran was. She was about 21, and I don't know how she had got started in the business. When she came to me and asked for work, she explained that she was a student of journalism at Columbia and intended to continue her studies. She would come to work after school and remain on call until eleven o'clock. Every afternoon she would arrive after her classes, carrying her schoolbooks, wearing the short skirts, oxfords and berets that were the thing among the coeds, and settle down to work. She neither drank nor smoked and, when not otherwise occupied, stayed in her room and studied. She saved every cent she could, traveling to her dates on the subway—all the other girls went in cabs.

Fran was pleasant, smiling and matter-of-fact about her method of earning a living, and no matter what amount of money was offered her after her deadline of eleven o'clock, her answer always was "No." I once saw her refuse a man who had offered her a thousand dollars. She explained to me that she needed her sleep if she was to get good grades and the honor degree she was after. When Fran finished "working her way through college," she disappeared from the demimonde to emerge a well-known novelist. I have kept Fran's secret, as I have kept many secrets in my life.

THEN there was Yvette. She was a troublemaker, as I discovered when my cook gave me two weeks' notice. This surprised me because I had thought she was satisfied. When I questioned her, she said she was quitting because of the girls —they were forever complaining. It turned out that the one who was fomenting the trouble and egging the others on was Yvette. As good cooks are hard to find, I told Yvette she must leave the next day. But that night I had a group of politicians as my guests, among them a noted legislator, and—boom!—it was love at first sight when he saw Yvette. I didn't blame him. She was a striking blonde with a French accent (and, although he didn't know it, a caustic tongue). He furnished a luxurious apartment for her in the Fifties and gave her a gorgeous country home. He was married, but not working at it.

I ran into Yvette years later at Bonwit Teller's. She looked marvelous—chic, well-groomed, as young as ever. She thanked me for introducing her to the legislator, saying that he had recently received his divorce and she planned on marrying him within the next few months. But shortly after this encounter the legislator died, leaving Yvette a hundred thousand dollars. Subsequently, she married a successful broker and, I am told, has lived happily ever since. Although she had not been a girl of whom I was particularly fond, I was glad for her. This kind of luck happens once in ten thousand blue moons. Most of the girls end up so tragically.

Far more typical was the fate of Muriel. I don't know much about Muriel's background, but originally she was from the West Coast, and when she first came to New York lived with the chap who brought her there. He was studying medicine, and Muriel worked as a model. As soon as her lover graduated and began his internship he threw her over for a girl from a wealthy family, whom he later married. This almost killed Muriel. She began to drink to excess and asked a madam named Renée W. if she would get dates for her. (It was Renée who told me this part of Muriel's story.) At first she worked not so much for the money, but because she wanted to be around drinking people who would help her forget.

At the time I knew her, Muriel was a stunning girl—jet-black hair, rather Spanish features, about five feet five, weight 115. She dressed simply but smartly, had a likable personality and none of the hardness of the average prostitute. (No, I don't have total recall—I kept a card index of the girls.) She would not accept every date, only choice ones. I used her when a man wanted a girl for the whole evening—dinner, theater, night clubs and so on—and the price for that was high. Muriel had a very profitable clientele which she had acquired on her own, but she was a square-shooter. When a man asked for her telephone number, she would tell him he'd have to get in touch with her through me.

Later she lived with an Englishman, a night-club and radio comedian. He wasn't a pimp, but his engagements were few and far between, and Muriel kept up the expenses of their apartment and occasionally helped him out financially. One time when he was playing a date in Detroit, Muriel telephoned and begged me to let her come over. When she arrived at the apartment she was talking wildly.

"Polly, be careful," she kept repeating. "Two cars loaded with cops followed me here. They're trying to arrest me. It's that girl's family. (The girl who had married her lover.) They're afraid I'll blackmail their son-in-law. But you know I wouldn't do a thing like that. I still love Don." She pulled me to the window. "Look! Cops! They're getting out—they're coming upstairs! Hide me!"

The poor kid was seeing things. There were no cops around. I gave her a sedative and then called her boyfriend, Cedric, in Detroit and told him Muriel was not herself and shouldn't be alone. At my suggestion, he called her back later and invited her to spend the rest of the week in Detroit. I thought if she felt somebody needed her and wanted her, it would steady her down. She seemed delighted to hear from him and agreed to take the midnight train out there.

THE following Sunday at a milk farm where I was week-ending, I got a call from Renée W. Muriel had committed suicide by turning on the gas. She left several notes, including one to her parents. When Cedric arrived he telephoned them long distance to make arrangements for shipping the body. "We don't know anyone by that name," her parents said. "Our daughter died when she went to New York. Do as you like with the remains. We don't want them."

Muriel was buried on Long Island. Cedric, Renée, a few call girls and myself were the only ones who attended the funeral. As I stood there by Muriel's grave, I wanted to believe in hell so that I could think those unforgiving parents and that snide doctor-lover would one day go there and burn.

I have said that my girls were go-getters, but it wasn't only because of the money that they liked to keep busy. It was also an escape from thinking. Even the least introspective could not always avoid recognizing the precariousness of her position—and the loneliness of it. By becoming a prostitute, a girl cuts herself off not merely from her family, but from such a great part of life. She is isolated not just by social custom but by working conditions, and she has to some extent deprived herself of her rights as a citizen for she has forfeited the protection of the law. It is not syphilis which is the occupational disease of the prostitute, but loneliness. And no one yet has discovered a miracle drug to cure it.

Inevitably, there is one question which every customer puts to a prostitute—what might be called the $64 question: "How did you get into this business?"

so I could think her unforgiving parents would go there one day and burn

No girl, as a social worker once said, sets out to be a prostitute. Such stupidity would be incredible. Who wants to be a pariah, a social outcast—treated with contempt, jailed, beaten, robbed and finally kicked into the gutter when she is no longer salable? A prostitute can count on no more than ten money-making years. Then she is through—if not dead or diseased, so broken by drugs, alcohol and the steady abuse of her body that no one will hire her again. And since the sordid and pitiful fate of the prostitute is far from being a secret, no wonder people ask what propels a girl into this short and unhappy life.

No doubt there are as many answers to this question as there are sociologists, psychiatrists, philosophers and doctors of divinity. But in my opinion the greatest single factor—and the common denominator in an overwhelming majority of cases—is poverty. It is true that, though many girls are poor, only a small percentage of them take to hustling. But there is more than one kind of poverty—there is emotional poverty and intellectual poverty and poverty of spirit. As well as material lacks, there can be a lack of love, a lack of education, a lack of hope. And out of such impoverishment the prostitute is bred.

When a 15-year-old girl looks around her with the new awareness of adolescence and sees only poverty and ugliness, the groundwork is laid. She doesn't want to wind up like her mother, worn out from too much childbearing, slopping around in an old ragged dress, beaten by a drunken, stupid husband every Saturday night. She wants a chance at the kind of life she's seen in the movies, with becoming frocks to wear and handsome men to pay her court, a house on a pretty street, clean, smiling children. . . . And suddenly she sees that she might not get all this, nor even any part of it, that in fact she does not even know how to go about getting it.

But she's heard that wishing will make it so, and she keeps on hoping that someday Jimmy Stewart or Dana Andrews will come through town and see her. And she does her hair the way Rita Hayworth does, and walks with a strut the way Lana Turner does, and she wears a tight sweater designed to emphasize she's a woman. And maybe she begins to get a bad name in the neighborhood because she makes such a parade of her nubility, and one of the guys outside the drugstore tells his pals he's had her and he'll line her up for them some night. And the story gets back to her parents and they call her a bum and she sasses them back, and after that there's a new defiance and don't-careness in her manner.

Then one day she meets Jimmy Stewart. Well, not exactly Jimmy Stewart, but a guy with a new convertible and sharp clothes and a snap-brim hat and a fast, easy line. And he wants to know what a pretty kid like her is doing without a boyfriend. He tells her she's beautiful, and he can see she's got too many brains to stay in this little tank town, and how would she like to take a trip? So why not? He says he loves her—and anyway what's she got to go home to? So she goes away with him in his shiny car, and he buys her some flashy clothes, and she thinks the pretty house on the pretty street comes next.

He has told her he's a salesman, but before long she finds that his line is selling underwear and junk jewelry to girls who works in joints. When she's gotten used to that idea, she meets some of the girls and the madams, and it seems that he's kind of in love with one of the girls in one joint. When she questions him, he tells her he owes a lot to Dolores. She's helping him get the money together to buy a shop of his own so he can settle down. Soon she understands that he would love her more if she helped him, too.

He takes her to the madam and she goes to work. She stays there all week, and at the end of the week he comes and collects the money she's made. She gets a card, which she wears fastened inside her working dress (with a zipper down the front, easy to get out of, which is important since no man can spend more than fifteen minutes with her, according to house rules), and every times she takes a customer, she opens the door and holds out her card so it can be punched. When it looks like a lace curtain, she's made her quota.

At first she's a little offended that the men don't even take off their shoes, but pretty soon she stops noticing those things. When the girls kid her about her "sister-in-law," she learns that they mean Dolores, and that other girls working for pimps have their "sisters-in-law," too. She makes about $150 a week, at $2 a customer. She's glad when her period intervenes to keep her from working, and she can spend the time with her lover.

She loves him. He's all she's got to love. The other girls are competition, and the madam is a slave-driver. She does without everything—new clothes, underwear—to get the money faster. She lives for that week with him. Only, after a while, he tells her he knows a way she can work that week, too. When she cries, he tells her to forget about it. But she learns that her sister-in-law does it, so, since she can't lose him to her sister-in-law, she agrees to work the full month, and then he loves her again. When they're raided and she's thrown in jail, he gets her out. When she has to move on because they're tired of her in that house, he gets her in another. When she gets pregnant, he pays the doctor who takes care of it. She can't do without him.

But one day she rebels. She screams and yells and flies out at him because suddenly she's gotten a vision of how it really is and what's really happening to her. She threatens to turn him in to the cops for transporting her across the state line, and he quiets her down with a needle. And then for the first time since she was a kid (now she's 17), she's happy.

The time goes by and she isn't shocked any more at what she's doing. She almost forgets that there's any other way of living, and when she remembers, there's always the needle and the immediate happiness she can get from it—and from him. But now he says she's got to work harder. On the dope she costs him more, and he withholds the dose, won't give her that, won't give her anything, tells her she's an old hag he's ashamed of, that he can't sell her in the houses any more, and she can get out and walk the pavements for the money to pay for her stuff.

So she hits the small hotels, the beer gardens, the street corners, learns how to stand in the shadow so the man won't see her too clearly. After a while she can't kid herself any more, she knows she's sick. She has pains that shoot up from the groin so sharply that she staggers and people stare at her as if she were drunk. One day on her beat she walks up a dirty stairway to the doctor's office, afraid all the time that her sweetheart will find out she's spending the money on this, or that the doctor will say she has something that will keep her from working. And the doctor does say that. He tells her she must have an operation or she'll die, and she says she can't take the time. Only there's no other way.

She's almost calm when she stumbles down the wooden stairs. Now she doesn't have to worry any more because tomorrow (and she knows when she's charged it'll be easy to go through with it) she's going to step into the East River. She likes the idea of death by water. There won't be any blood or noise or pain, and the river will feel cool and it will be dark

With the stock market crash, the Roaring Twenties became the Whining

and solemn as death should be. But first there is tonight, and maybe tonight he'll be nice to her.

Almost everybody, I guess, would find it easy to understand why I loathed pimps and drug peddlers, but the average law-abiding citizen would hardly go along with me in my detestation of cops unless he, too, at some time or another, had locked horns with a crooked bull. I didn't resent the honest cop, and I was able to stay in business because of the dishonest variety. But the members of gendarmerie who really started my adrenalin flowing like wine were the boys who believed in playing it both ways, and who wouldn't have turned a hair if their own mother happened to be the one in the middle.

It can't be denied, however, that the boys were right in step with the times. It was becoming increasingly fashionable to make money any way you could—except by working for it.

As far as the boys in blue were concerned, bleeding me and the other madams was the handiest of shortcuts on "the way to wealth." Picking on women didn't worry them—it was not a notably chivalrous age. Even so popular a figure as Belle Livingston had drawn a 30-day sentence for running a night club, and Mae West spent ten days on the Island for appearing in a play called *Sex*. And, in 1927, Ruth Snyder had been the first woman to die in the chair at Sing Sing—a news item which one tabloid considered so tasty that it whetted the public's appetite with the announcement that she was "to cook, and *sizzle*, AND FRY!"

However, even though I was resigned to the shakedowns, I was *not* resigned to including a jolly laugh and a party on the house in the pay-off—particularly when all I got for my pains was a close-up view of the hindside of the eight-ball. But what could I do? The double-dealers who were sitting in on the game were officers of the law, and they were to keep right on raking in the pots until Judge Seabury yanked their chairs out from under them.

During those years I had one terrible experience with a drug addict. Her name was Mae and she begged me to make her take the cure.

"Make me take it," she said, her voice wild and high. "Oh, you don't know how I hate the monkey on my back. I'll do what you say, Polly, honest to God I will."

Mae said she'd prefer to get the agony over with as quickly as possible so I might as well give her the Cold Turkey cure. This meant that there'd be no tapering off. All drugs would be withdrawn at once, and, if the patient lived, she would be cured in five days. I didn't know about the "if," or I wouldn't have done it that way. But Mae would not go to a sanitarium, and anyway, in most of them, it was possible for a smart junky to get drugs.

The first step was to give Mae a laxative. When the time came for her shot, the cure proper would be begun. I settled her in my bedroom. She smiled at me and said, "Better clear the sharp things out of here." It was the last time she smiled.

She was due for a shot at 4 P.M. I sat with her, working at my desk, while she lay on the bed staring at the ceiling. Glancing at her now and then, I observed that she kept looking toward the clock on my vanity table. As the hand crossed four o'clock and crept slowly down to the four thirty mark, she kept twisting her fingers, cracking her knuckles. She tossed back and forth on the bed and finally got up and wandered to a chair. But she did not stay there long. Next she went and stood by the window, then began to pace aimlessly, running her hands through her long mane of red hair and biting her lips. She kept going the rounds, wandering from bed to chair to window and back again.

About six, she yawned and stretched. For the next two hours she yawned almost steadily, great, gasping yawns which shook her entire body. I found it hard to stay in the room with her, because yawning is catching and soon my jaws ached from imitating her. Then she began to shiver and complained that it was cold.

THE nightmare closed in on us now. Mae could not stay still a moment. First, she would roll herself up in a tight cocoon of blankets and lie on her stomach, pushing her head as hard as she could under the mound of pillows. Then she would jerk upright, throw herself the length of the bed, moaning and gasping, and begin to plead incoherently, dragging herself up from the bed to pace back and forth, trailing the blankets like some crazy queen in her royal robes. She walked with her head lowered, her shoulders hunched. Her lips were drawn back tightly, exposing her teeth, and she looked like a ravening animal. She would hurry to the radiator and hold her hands over it, complaining irritably of the cold, only to beg me a moment later to open the window—she was stifling.

I was even more frightened when Mae began to breathe in a funny way, sucking air into her lungs hungrily like someone who had been running. Toward dawn, she broke out with such goose flesh as I have never seen. Her skin, ordinarily soft and creamy, turned blue. Presently little bumps appeared and swelled into weals. It did look like the flesh of a turkey, which is how the cure got its name.

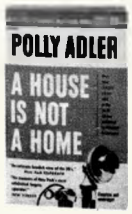
Mae said she couldn't breathe through her nose, and in two hours used two boxes of handkerchiefs, blowing her nose harshly, loudly and constantly, as though she had a very bad cold. Then, all at once, to my intense relief she fell into a deep sleep, lying perfectly still and breathing naturally. I lay down on the chaise longue. I was tired out, but I imagined Mae would be better when she awoke.

Instead, I had a shrieking madwoman on my hands. She grabbed her throat and swore she was suffocating, called on God to help her, sneezed, cried, sobbed, threw herself out of bed onto the floor and screamed and jumped up again. I dragged the mattress off the bed and hauled it over beside the radiator (she was freezing! freezing! she yelled at me) and put her there. She had a great bruise on her forehead where she had struck the floor. But in a moment she got up and charged at me, her fists flailing, then clawed at my face. She tried to force open the windows and throw herself out, and when I called for one of the maids to help, she fought her off so ferociously that no one would come into the room after that.

She developed diarrhea, vomited almost constantly, and screamed that her appendix was ruptured. Really frightened, I examined her abdomen, knowing that if her appendix were inflamed the muscle over it would be more rigid than on the other side. Then I saw that she had a scar there—her appendix had been removed years before.

Attacked by violent cramps in the muscles of her abdomen and legs, she shrieked so loudly I was sure that someone would come to investigate. When she banged her head on the floor, crawled along to the wall and began banging her head against that, I feared I could no longer control her, and went to see if I could find someone reliable to help.

From among the people in the living room, I singled out a stalwart chap who I knew was a cop, although I didn't know his name. I called him out into the hall, and he introduced himself as Irwin O'Brien.



Twenties. But men wanted to forget and my business boomed

I said, "Mr. O'Brien, I'm in trouble. I have a girl here I'm trying to cure of drug addiction. Can you help me?"

He looked at me thoughtfully. "Cold Turkey?" I nodded. "That's taking kind of a chance, isn't it?"

I listened a moment—it was ominously quiet in the bedroom. I said, "I can't stand here talking to you. She's alone in there," and started back to Mae. I was relieved when he followed me. Though he hadn't said so, I had a feeling he would help.

No sooner had I unlocked and opened the door than Mae made a lunge at me. O'Brien caught her in his arms and let her fight him. He stood holding her until her strength was spent, then laid her down carefully on the mattress and pulled up the blankets. His eyes were kind as he knelt there, watching her, and Mae must have sensed this for she took his hand.

The maids refused to enter the room for any reason whatsoever. They were frightened and disgusted, and I couldn't blame them, for Mae had become so weak that she was completely incontinent. I regretted that I had ever gotten involved in such a thing, but I couldn't quit now or all we already had gone through would have gone for nothing.

PERSPIRATION welled from every pore of Mae's wasted body, soaking her night clothes and the sheets. I was constantly changing the linen, and when she had to be bathed O'Brien would carry her to and from the bathroom. When Mae would have destroyed herself, O'Brien held her, letting her pound the solid bulk of his shoulders, catching her when she would have pitched herself against the wall.

By the end of the fourth day, I feared that she would not live. Her cheeks were sunken, her eyelids swollen and blue, her lips purple and her mouth shriveled to a small O. Her eyes were half open, with just the white showing. She would take no food, only water, and this only from O'Brien. The day before, it had been necessary to place cardboard between her teeth to keep her from biting her lips to pieces. Now she lay absolutely still. Throughout the day she remained quiet, never moving, scarcely breathing. I sat beside her bed that night, afraid of the very shadows in the room, leaning forward now and then to check her respiration. Toward dawn, I slumped over in my chair and fell sound asleep. I could not have stayed awake for anything; I had run through all my reserve strength.

When I opened my eyes, sunlight lay across the bed, blazing whitely on Mae's thin hands. I raised my eyes to her wan face.

"Thanks, Polly," she said in the faintest of whispers.

It was over.

I went for a walk—my first time out of the house in four days and four nights. When I returned, I changed Mae's bed linen and gave her a sponge bath, powdered her and brushed her long red hair. I tied it back with a blue hair ribbon, and she looked like a sick child.

I said, "if you knew what you've been through, you would never touch drugs again as long as you live."

"I know. I'm cured." Her tongue was still thick and swollen. "I can feel the difference. I don't know how to say thank you."

I took a piece of paper folded like the packet of drugs which Mae had hidden from the police and set it down on the night table within her reach. "I believe you," I told her, "and I'm leaving this beside you to prove it."

"Quit kidding me," she said. "I'm off the stuff forever." She managed to smile. "Could I have a drink of water?"

"Sure." I said. I went out of the room, but once outside I tiptoed back and stood watching through the open door as Mae's trembling hand crept slowly across the table top to the folded paper. I came back into the room, took the paper and slapped her across the face.

"I was only kidding," she cried. "I knew all the time you were watching. I wouldn't have taken it for anything in the world."

After the lift it had given me to believe Mae was cured, the letdown was terrible. I felt I had been a fool to waste my time on a junky. However, I sent her to the country and although I expected the worst, she did stay off the dope. Instead, as many addicts do after they have had the cure, she started drinking to excess and eventually became an alcoholic.

In 1929 I planned a three months' tour which would take me to Niagara Falls, Montreal and Quebec, and then on to Europe.

I arrived in Montreal the last week in October, but instead of seeing the sights I spent the days in a brokerage office, bent over a hot ticker unable to believe my eyes. Abandoning all thoughts of continuing the trip, I hurried back to New York and found my apartment snowed under with telegrams from my broker, calling for margin. Everything I had was tied up in stocks and, like so many others, I could not liquidate my holdings. Too numb even to take off my hat and coat, I sat there in that empty apartment for hours, trying to get a fix on the situation. After working and planning for all these years, one turn of the wheel and I was staring straight at double-O—goose eggs again.

ALL OVER the country people were sitting in stunned bewilderment just as I was, trying to understand what had happened to all that money. One minute you were kinging it on top of the world and the next you were flat on your behind in the street, and that "world" you had been on top of was a collapsed balloon. The Roaring Twenties were tamed all right. In the space of a few weeks they became the Whining Twenties as people hobbled around, licking their wounds.

I had thought that my business would fall off, but it was just the opposite—I had almost more customers than I could take care of. Men wanted to go out and forget their troubles, blot out, at least temporarily, those headlines which each day told of more bankruptcies and suicides. The easiest escape, of course, was alcohol, and in the months immediately after the crash I had my biggest profits at the bar. Champagne at $30 a bottle sold like soda pop, but even on the less fancy drinks I did well. The maids used to shake a bottle of beer until it was foamy and in this way stretch it to yield three glasses instead of two. The beer cost me 12 cents a bottle, and I charged a buck a glass. On a case of 24 bottles, costing me less than $3, I netted $70.

Some men who had been terrific womanizers now came to the house solely to drink, and no longer showed the slightest interest in my girls. Others who had been separated from their wives for years, or steadily unfaithful to them, stayed home and turned into model husbands. And still others, who had been casual customers, now came in nightly and behaved like satyrs. The atmosphere, at times, was more that of an insane asylum than a bordello. One man kept repeating over and over again: "I used to control Wall Street. Now I don't know how I'm going to pay next month's rent." Another one told me that he came there night after night because, "A whore house is the only place I can cry without being ashamed."

A man whom I had always liked and considered a gentleman appeared one evening, requested the company of a cer-

"Poll," said Dutch Schultz, "you aren't going to quit because you can't."

tain girl and then proceeded to practice the most vile, cruel and inhuman acts until the girl was a physical wreck. The following morning the man went to his office and shot himself.

Between the Boom and the Depression came the Seabury Investigation. I weathered the storm fairly well. And whatever else it may have accomplished, ironically enough, the Seabury investigation turned New York into a wide-open town. While the guardians of the law were busy answering questions, the law-breakers had a holiday, and they proceeded to make the most of it. Because of the odium attached to the name of the Vice Squad, many plain-clothes men begged to be put in uniform and allowed to pound a beat, and every cop on the force had to watch his step. In the old days, a policeman's unsupported word had been enough to damn a prostitute. The officer had only to stage a raid, bring in the girl, and write on the "green sheet" what suited him. The charge could be changed later if a bribe had softened him up. But now, after the revelations of the extortion victims, this vicious abuse no longer was tolerated.

Another reform instituted, of which I heartily approved, was the ordinance requiring a prostitute to undergo an examination for venereal disease before she could be released on bail. Treatment was mandatory for a diseased girl even if she should be found innocent of the prostitution charge. If she were found guilty, the probation officer would compile a full report for the judge so that sentence could be passed on the basis of former arrests and past history as well as the present law violation. A girl with a long record could receive up to two years, while a first offender might get off with a suspended sentence.

It could hardly have been what the reformers and citizens' committees and legislators had hoped to accomplish, but I found when I got back in business that the Seabury investigation had sure as hell made *my* life easier. The police no longer were a headache; there was no more kowtowing to double-crossing Vice Squad men, no more hundred-dollar handshakes, no more phony raids to up the month's quota. In fact, thanks to Judge Seabury and his not-very-merry men, I was able to operate for three years without breaking a lease.

During the next couple of years, Dutch Schultz decided to call my house, home. He gave me a tough time and he finally left me with a rough thought.

"Poll," said Dutch, "you aren't gonna quit business because you can't. All this notoriety you've had—it's been great for bringing in customers, but it's gonna trip you up if you try to set up as a legitimate operator. Face up to it, kid; you're tagged as a madam and a madam is what you're gonna stay . . . Breaking away from a racket, that's something that can't be done."

He seemed to be right, too. I tried to break away and people wouldn't let me. There wasn't any place for a reformed "Madam."

It was getting hard to operate in New York, though. What with the clean-up committees and investigations and a jail sentence I decided New York was getting too hot to hold me.

In any case, I was fed up with the wire-tapping and police double-crossing (the leader of the arresting flatfeet had fallen out of one of my beds the very morning of the pinch), and I decided they could find another target. I was getting out. The burning question, of course, was what town to settle in. There were not many which could support a de luxe establishment such as mine, all the year around. Outside New York, as I knew, so many madams depended on the convention trade—or, at resorts, on seasonal business—to keep operating.

I had got to know quite a lot about houses in other towns, from hearing the girls talk about where they had worked. For example, on their "vacations" in Florida, my girls usually would work either for Gertie Walsh or Colette. At Colette's a girl was required to drop her own name and assume that of the movie star whom she most resembled. A blonde might call herself Lana Turner, a brunette, Hedy LaMarr, and a redhead, Lucille Ball. Perhaps because of this gimmick Colette did a thriving business. Men flocked to her place to meet the

DUTCH Schultz used the house as a hideout when Mad Dog Coll was after him.

You're tagged as a madam and a madam is what you're gonna stay"

namesake of their favorite movie queen and to be able to say next day, "I spent the night with Lana Turner"—or whoever. But the girls preferred to work at Gertie's house because it was the busiest and best-paying. There was no time wasted in conversation and "sociability" as at my house. Men came there for one reason, and one reason only. The girls worked in shifts. In the dining room there would be two spreads: the girls going off duty would have breakfast before retiring, the girls going on duty would have dinner before starting work; and a buffet setup would follow later.

ONE OF my girls told me she had once worked for the famous Madam Swift. The girl was new in town (one of the Madam's requirements, by the way—she would not hire local girls whom her clients might recognize), but a friend told her about the Madam's place, and she went to see about work. Madam Anna Swift ran a massage parlor advertised in the newspapers as a legitimate business and conducted as a legitimate business, but with variations. A client who came to her building and asked for a massage or a high colonic got what he asked for. A trained nurse took care of his needs. Then a "finisher" came in, a pretty girl who proceeded to give him a rubdown. This young lady was part of the establishment. No price was discussed. Madam Swift charged ten dollars for his massage. His gift to the girl was her pay for the "finishing," which could involve pretty much whatever he wanted, and the amount was up to him.

The girls lived upstairs, but even they saw little of the Madam. A white-haired grande dame, said to be in the Social Register, she dined alone, formally, her table gleaming with fine linen and silver and graced by candles and flowers. My girl told me she found it hard to believe that Anna Swift really was a madam and knew what was taking place in her house. For years the cops had tried without success to get the goods on her, but eventually Madam Swift got careless. Some girls whom she had sent out on call got tagged, and the cops, when they finally had the evidence to raid her, found all the equipment for the off-beat pleasures sought by a sophisticated and twisted clientele. Whips, cat-o'-nine-tails and a whole torture chamber convinced them and the world that the Madam had known what she was about all right. Having raided her once, the cops kept at it until at last she was driven out of town. She went to the District of Columbia and foolishly opened up there, where every crime is a federal offense. As a result the old lady has done a lot of time.

But of the million-odd prostitutes in America, only a very small percentage are fortunate enough to be employed in the first-class parlor houses and call houses. While I seldom came in contact with the madams who ran cheap whorehouses, I had learned something about them from Rose Blake, a well-known out-of-town madam, whom a patron had brought to my house one night after a big fight at the Garden. With her was one of her girls, Trixie, and from them I got a fairly comprehensive picture of the operation of the lower-priced establishment.

Rose's house was in Pennsylvania in a wide-open town. "I have ten girls working for me regularly," she said, "and when the mines are in full operation, I increase my staff to fifteen or twenty. My girls work in shifts, as we are open from eight in the morning till midnight. The girls alternate. Those who start at eight and quit at four will take the four to midnight shift the following week. Of course the night shift is the busiest."

"How many men a day visit your house?" I asked.

"From two hundred to two hundred fifty," she said, smiling at my look of amazement. "My girls must have contact with twenty-five men a day to net thirty dollars a day. I run a strictly three-dollar house." (Of the $75 taken in, half would go to Rose, and the odd $7.50 would go for tips, personal expenses and so on.)

"Well, Rose," I said, "I guess you're better off than I am. With all the raids and shakedowns and my high overhead, I'm always winding up on the wrong side of the ledger. But you must make quite a profit."

"My average gross is eight thousand dollars a month," Rose said, "and I know that sounds like a real bundle. But let me tell you where it goes. I pay five hundred dollars a week to the Chief of Police for protection. The collector doesn't tell me how this money is passed around, so I don't know. All I know is that it costs me fifty dollars a week per girl to stay in operation, and when I have fifteen girls with me, the five hundred jumps to seven hundred and fifty. The two uniformed cops who patrol my beat get one hundred and forty dollars weekly, or twenty dollars a night. Then there's rent. I pay five hundred dollars a month for a house in the slums on the outskirts of town, a house nobody in his right mind would pay fifty a month for. But I'm told that the landlord is a friend or relative of the police officials, and this is the only place they'll let me keep open. Actually I operate with two partners, the landlord and the police.

"I, as the madam, am an outcast," she went on, "but my partners rake in the profit and still stay respectable. What's more, I have to help them stay that way. I'm expected to take at least one pinch a month, more at election times. They warn me in advance of a coming raid, and I see to it there's only one girl and the housekeeper around to take the rap. The girl's bail is set at three hundred dollars and the housekeeper's at five hundred. We forfeit the bail so they won't have to appear for trial. Thus the city becomes my third partner, because these pinches cost me from eight hundred to one thousand dollars a month." She hesitated a minute. "What gripes me most is the parade of compulsory charities. Every month they hit me for tickets to the Policemen's Ball, or the Firemen's Outing, for contributions to the church bazaar and baskets of food for the poor . . . There are lots more, all of them compulsory. So just to meet this monthly pay-off, my house has to bring in eight thousand a month."

I HAD been running over the figures she had given me and now I said, "Supposing the graft you have to pay off adds up to five thousand dollars. If your house makes eight thousand, is the other three thousand yours?"

She laughed. "Aren't you forgetting running expenses? Besides the graft, I have to have two maids and a housekeeper. The maids get fifty each a week, the housekeeper a hundred. I have fifteen mouths to feed, including my girls and the cops who drop in around midnight for a snack. My table costs me around two hundred dollars a week. This is partly because the grocer jacks up the prices for me—everybody gets his cut ,you know—and besides, he's like the others on the outside, figures all we do is coin the money."

I said, "Yes, and there's laundry."

She smiled again. "You keep thinking of my house in terms of yours. You see, we use trick beds. These look like regular beds, but instead of a box spring, there's a mattress over the slats—it's easier on the girls' backs. Then, we don't use sheets but just throw a cotton spread over the bed and the pillow, and put a small rug on the foot of the bed for a man to rest

My opening in Chicago laid a terrific egg. An actor friend consoled me

his dirty shoes on. I hand out paper towels and Lifebuoy soap."

I broke in, "What's a man doing in bed with his shoes on?"

"Listen, all he's got is fifteen minutes. You don't think he's going to waste time taking his shoes off, do you? Why, even with the girls' trick dresses—zippers all the way down front so they can peel them right off and nothing underneath to take off—still the men complain they don't get ready fast enough."

WHEN I asked about paying, she told me that each girl was paid off at the close of her shift when she turned in her "lace curtain"—the card that bore a punch mark for every customer entertained. "If her lace curtain matches the card on which the housekeeper keeps her tally, everything's fine. I have a special puncher that makes a different mark that can't be copied. Each punch-hole means a dollar fifty, and if I left it up to the girls and didn't have my special punch, their cards would be like old lace at the end of the first hour." As it was, she said, a girl was timed from the moment when a customer entered the bedroom, and after fifteen minutes the housekeeper tapped to indicate time was up. "Of course a man is privileged to remain longer, but the girl must collect at fifteen minute intervals."

At this point the maid beckoned to me, and I excused myself to Rose.

"You better straighten yourself out with the girls," whispered the maid. "They're on my neck ,complaining about that Trixie who came here with Miss Rose. She hasn't left the bedroom since she got here." She pointed to the bill of the guests present. "You can see for yourself, no other girl's name is on it, only Trixie's. She sure works like lightning."

Later, when I called Trixie aside to give her her share of the money she had earned that night, she declined it saying, "Split it among your girls. They work here. I'm just vacationing." I insisted, but she was firm.

The kid puzzled me. Here she was, a cute little blonde with all the qualifications to work in a high-class house, and yet she chose a three-dollar house in a coal-mining territory. When I asked her about her home town she said, "My home is in whatever town I'm booked. I make the same circuit every year and, like a good actress, I have no trouble getting return bookings. My 'landladies' tell me I increase their business when I'm performing in their houses. They start billing me with their customers weeks in advance as 'Bedroom Trixie.'

"But I guess you'd call Detroit my home. Six months out of the year I work there in the two busiest houses. I never leave the bedroom, except for my meals, from the time I start to work. That's why they nicknamed me 'Bedroom Trixie.' Right now I'm staying in New York because my man had a stroke. He's under a doctor's care here, and I'm going to stay with him until he gets well. But the doctor's bills are terrific, and I have to get to work. Can you refer me to a house with lots of action?"

"You scored a hit with my patrons, Trixie. You can keep dates for me."

"Jack may object if I worked in a call-house. There's not enough money in it. And, besides, I never worked in a high-class house. I probably wouldn't know how to get along with a better class of men."

"A man's breeding, education, social or financial position," I said, "have nothing whatsoever to do with the way he behaves when he enters the bedroom of a whorehouse. So be at ease."

Early next evening Trixie phoned me. "My sweetheart gave me permission to give your house a tryout," she announced. She remained in New York until Jack had his second stroke—this one fatal. After that she drifted back to the "circuit" again, and the last I heard of Trixie she was working in a crib in Panama. It made my blood run cold to think of it. Panama was one of the lowest spots on the face of the earth for a prostitute—the bottom of the barrel, the last port of call.

Having mentally cased the nation for a likely site, I packed up my belongings lock, stock and barrel, and headed for Chicago. Maybe it was because the words "Gold Coast" evoked associations reminiscent of "Golden Land," but I decided that it was here I would stake out a claim and try my fortunes. However, first it seemed politic to sound out the "early settlers," and see if they had any objections to my opening a house there. I knew from past experience that madams sometimes resent newcomers, and cut-throat tactics on their part could be just as big a nuisance as framing cops. But far from discouraging me, the old established firms were all in favor of my opening up here. "We need someone like you to pep up these old skinflints out here," they said. "Maybe you can pry loose some money from them. They're such cheapskates they've never even been inside a really good expensive house."

Well, it causes me much chagrin to record it, but my career as a Windy City madam was strictly a one-night stand. I leased an apartment and called up a few friends, but my opening laid a terrific egg. The very same men who spent generously when they patronized me in New York were tighter than the bark on a tree in their own backyard. I guess in Chicago even sex has to have a New York label. Or, as an actor friend told me in an attempt at consolation, "The thing is, Poll, the provinces just aren't ready for you yet."

Anyway, so far as I was concerned, the famous *Variety* headline should have been rewritten to read HIX NIX SEX—P. A. CHI SERAGLIO IN 5G FOLDEROO. But I wasn't ready to go back to New York yet. I guess I was still mad at the town and everybody in it and thought I'd "punish" them by staying away. So for the next few months I was a lady of leisure, catching up on my sleep days and spending nights chinning with the bartenders.

One night I decided to pay a call on Vicki Shaw, a notorious old-time madam who had been in the business since the days of the Everleigh Sisters. I wanted to talk to someone who knew all the ins and outs of the business, who could tell me what future there was for a person like me, what I could expect from life if, as seemed inevitable, I must go on being a madam to the bitter end.

THE cabby almost fell out of his seat when I gave him Vicki's address. "Lady, are you aware that place ain't no night club?" he asked. I explained that I had lived most of my life in Europe, where it was not at all unusual for women to visit houses. He bought this, and drove me to Vicki's without further ado.

The door of the little two-story red-brick house was opened by a pale-faced, gaunt woman, whom I assumed to be the housekeeper. I couldn't help but wonder, as I was ushered into a small sitting room, if she had been one of the girls in her younger days. I could almost feel her resentment at my being there. Evidently she thought I was one of those thrill women, seeking some excitement. But when the colored maid served me a drink I gave her a five-dollar bill and told her to keep the change, and that brought a smile of welcome.

"Is it possible for any of the unoccupied girls to join me in a drink?" I asked.

"Sorry, ma'am," she answered, "we're very busy tonight."

with this thought, "Polly, the provinces just aren't ready for you yet"

And indeed they were! The house was playing to standing room only. Men were coming and going as if it were Bargain Day.

I scribbled a note to Vicki, introducing myself, and gave it to the maid. Almost at once I was ushered into the madam's bedroom where a fire crackled cheerily in a big fireplace. Beside the hearth in a rocking chair sat Vicki, and when she reared herself up to greet me it was an enterprise. There was a good 300 pounds of her. While I was trying to dope out if Miss Shaw's hair was white or an overbleached blonde, my hand was crushed in a Strangler Lewis grip.

"So YOU'RE the famous Polly Adler!" she boomed in a voice that shook the house. "Your reputation certainly don't match your body. How do you manage to stay so little? Sit down and pour yourself a drink." And with a wide sweep of her hand, she motioned to both a bottle and a chair.

A maid came in to report that the last guest had gone, and I accompanied Vicki while she saw to it the house was locked up for the night. When we returned to her bedroom she insisted I have "one for the road." The fire on the hearth was long since dead ashes, and without its warm light Vicki looked all her 70-odd years.

"Miss Vicki," I said hesitantly, "I'm curious to know why you've never retired. Here it is 6 A.M., and you've spent the night playing watchdog to a lot of revelers. You must have enough money to quit. Why is it you haven't?"

"Maybe I should," she said. "I've enough money—why wouldn't I have? I been running a house fifty years. But goddamnit, I'll never quit. I was born in a whorehouse, and raised in a whorehouse, and I'll die in a whorehouse."

As she spoke, it seemed to me I heard Nettie Gordon saying: *Who'd come to visit a whorehouse madam? Who wants to sit alone and die of loneliness?* I heard Dutch Schultz saying: *You'll never quit because you can't. You're tagged a madam, and a madam you're going to stay* . . . And suddenly tears—probably pure bourbon tears—began to roll down my cheeks.

"I wasn't born in a whorehouse," I sobbed, "and I'm not going to die in one!"

Somewhat startled, Vicki drew me to her massive bosom and patted my shoulder consolingly. "What the hell you talking about dying for—a kid like you? Why, I'm more'n twice as old as you are, and dying don't worry me. It's something we all got to go through."

I launched into a rather incoherent explanation to the effect that it wasn't dying that worried me, but living. "I can't ever be anything but a madam," I wailed in conclusion. "Society won't let me."

"Seems to me," said Vicki slowly, "it's a waste o' breath bellyachin' about the cards being stacked. You still got to play the hand that's dealt you. And the way I look at it, *somebody's* got to be a madam. Maybe madams ain't considered respectable, but by God, Polly, the world ain't ever been able to get along without 'em . . . Leastwise not since civilization set in. I guess back when we was all living in caves and a guy got to feeling randy, he just picked up a rock and went huntin'—"

As no doubt she had intended, Vicki's anthropological lecture started me laughing and snapped me out of my self-pitying mood. I had always told my girls: If you have to be a prostitute, be a good one. Well, the same applied to me. If I had to be a madam, I'd be a good madam. Instead of sulking in Chicago, I'd go back to the town I loved and where I stood for something, even though that "something" was what most of the world regarded with disapproval. Nobody knew better than I that a house is not a home, but in the words of Edgar Guest's famous poem: ". . . ye sometimes have t' roam afore ye really 'preciate the things ye lef' behind."

If I was to make my living as a madam, I could not be concerned either with the rightness or wrongness of prostitution, considered either from a moral or criminological standpoint. I had to look at it simply as a part of life which exists today as it existed yesterday, and which, unless there occur changes more profound than can at present be visualized, will exist tomorrow. The operation of any business is contingent on the law of supply and demand, and if there were no customers, there certainly would be no whorehouses. Prostitution exists because men will pay for sexual gratification, and whatever men are willing to pay for, someone will provide.

I had found that being cynical and half-hearted about my profession had worked out to the disadvantage both of my customers and myself. But if I could think of myself as fulfilling a need, as one in a long line which stretched back to the beginning of civilization, then, no matter what stigma attached to my calling, at least I was not "antisocial." I had a very definite place in the social structure. I belonged.

To the uninitiated, it might seem that there can hardly be much difference in houses, and of course in the bedroom the procedure is fairly well standardized, varying only with the customer's whim. (This last item would make a book—or, rather, a whole library—all by itself, and is a subject I will leave to Kinsey and Freud.) Actually, however, the atmosphere, surroundings and quality of entertainment depend on such factors as geography, economics and contemporary tastes. In America today you would find no counterpart of an Algerian peg-house or the Yoshiwara in Japan or the Fish Market in Cairo. In fact, for the most part, the red-light district is a thing of the past. And, in fact, the old-time sporting house has vanished like the old-time saloon. There are no more establishments like the Everleigh Club or like the famous house in St. Louis run by Babe Connors (she of the diamond-inlaid teeth), where Paderewski once accompanied bawdy songs on the piano and in which, so it is said, a Republican platform once was written.

YET ALL whorehouses, past and present and wherever located, exist to cater to an instinctive appetite, just as all eating places exist primarily to supply food. But aside from their common reason for being, you will find little resemblance between a "greasy spoon," an automat and the Colony or Chambord. Similarly, there is a world of difference between a two-dollar house and a ten-dollar house, between a twenty-dollar house and what a punning friend of mine once called a *maison carte blanche*. Moreover, just as in top restaurants it is the personality of the maître d' which gives a place its particular cachet, so does the personality of the madam count for a great deal, and in the long run the difference between my place and other houses in the same price bracket was me.

Leaving modesty aside, I still cannot say what, in particular, it was about me which put Polly Adler's house in a class by itself. But I can say that I did have a somewhat different attitude toward my customers than did the other madams. To me (once I'd dislodged those chips on my shoulders) my patrons were not just ambulatory bankrolls, but individual human beings—social acquaintances and often friends—entitled to the cordiality and consideration one extends to an honored guest. There is a Polish saying:

As New York's premier madam, I was an unofficial greeter of VIPs. My

"When a guest enters the house, God enters the house," and this was the golden rule of my hospitality.

The way I looked at it was this: When a woman marries a man she knocks herself out (or should) to gratify his every wish. She will cook to please his stomach, dress to please his eye, behave to suit his mood. After all, why not? Isn't he supporting her? Isn't he giving her his love and respect? Well, I didn't get the love, and I didn't always get the respect, but there were certainly a lot of husbands supporting me, and I figured it was my duty to find out what they wanted.

I RECALL meeting an old-time madam in, of all places, a Turkish bath, and as we were sitting there in the steam room, as was to be expected we got to talking business. "Tell me, Polly," said Evelyn, "what is the secret of your success? I'm a much older hand in the make-believe love game than you, but I've never seen anything like the way you've come to the top. What's the angle?"

"If I have an angle," I said, "it's quality and consideration—the quality of my establishment and the consideration for my customers. Bergdorf's and Bonwit's dress their windows attractively to pull in trade. I give my customers an attractive house. People in stores prefer to patronize good-looking, capable sales girls. I give my customers good-looking, capable hostesses. In the finest and most exclusive shops, the customers are treated as privileged friends of the management, their special likes and dislikes are tabulated, and they are given personalized service. Well, that's the way I try to run my business."

Though I didn't go on to say so to Evelyn, there were two other precepts which I applied to running my house: *Cleanliness is next to godliness,* and *Honesty is the best policy.* I was a fanatic on the subject of cleanliness. It was a must that both the house and the girls be immaculate. As for honesty, I considered it a keystone in my relationship with the customers. The men knew they would never be rolled at my house, nor be given a padded check. As my reputation for square-shooting became established, I had a number of customers who would simply hand me a signed blank check when they arrived, and tell me to fill it out in the morning—and they were men whose bank accounts did not contain peanuts. Also, often when a patron had an out-of-town guest whom he wished to be entertained, he would telephone me and name the amount which he was prepared to spend on the evening, and he could be sure his guest would not be shortchanged. Sometimes, my patrons made me handsome presents when they were particularly pleased with my brand of hospitality. And if I liked the man I would accept his gift. After all, if Washington officials can accept deep freezes, why shouldn't I grab off a little ice?

A man's visit to Polly's meant more than just sleeping with a woman. He expected to be amused and even informed. He knew he could count on conversation about the latest plays and the newest books; he would hear fresh and funny stories and anecdotes about the town characters. Good talk and good liquor, good-looking girls in good-looking surroundings, these were the ingredients which went into the making of a good night, and when my men said, "Good night" (though usually it was five or six in the morning), they meant it.

During these last peacetime years, I, as New York's premier madam, ran a close second to Grover Whalen as an official greeter. Whenever it was a question of providing a visiting V.I.P. with the more informal type of female companionship, I was usually appointed chairman of the subrosa entertainment committee, and, as a result, could boast a clientele culled not only from Who's Who and the Social Register, but from Burke's Peerage and Almanach de Gotha.

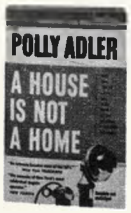
It was in July of 1939 that I received the ultimate, untoppable tribute to my business career. I entered the Valhalla of the American executive. I could feel that my name would go down in history inscribed on the rolls with Morgans and Mellons and DuPonts, with Henry Ford and John D. Rockefeller. I, Polly Adler, was written about in *Fortune* Magazine!

This particular issue of *Fortune* was devoted to New York City, which was playing host to the world at the great fair which had opened on April 30.

The article, which seemed to me remarkably accurate, commented on "the cop's loathing for Vice Squad work—a nine-year heritage of the Seabury investigation," after which arrests for prostitution declined by 50 per cent. Speaking of the Dewey investigation, it said that "the law's heat did bring about one outward change: it finished off the 'parlor house'—or 'sporting house,' as some still call it—in New York City." My place and Peggy Wild's and Diane B.'s were mentioned as "some of the fanciest parlor houses in the U. S. until the law closed them all up." Then, after noting that Peggy and I had "opened again on a less extravagant scale," the article continued: "The would-be visitor has small chance of getting into an establishment like Polly Adler's unless he is on her card index—a priceless and heavily guarded file that gives not only the patron's name, business address, and telephone number, but also such information as his preferences in women and liquor and his degree of liberality. Peggy Wild is not quite so cautious as Polly Adler, but one must still come well recommended to get in."

Well, I would still like to know who recommended the writer of the article; somebody certainly held the door open and let the flies in! It is quite true that I did have a card index as described, with symbols in a code which was known only to the maids and myself. In my absence, this enabled them to ascertain whose credit was good and which man paid what. (Incidentally, call girls too had a code in their address books listing the Good Time Charlies. For example, an exclamation mark after a man's name meant he was a liberal spender; a question mark meant it was up to the girl and the man's mood whether she struck it rich or not; and a comma denoted a poor sport. As one girl once told me, "It took me six months to go through my exclamation and question marks. Then, when they began to ask me to bring girlfriends along, I knew they were getting tired of me, and I'd better try another town.") The article was also correct in saying that my place could scarcely be called a parlor house, it was a "glorified call flat, *i.e.,* a place run by a madam who calls girls in for the evening." After my arrest in 1935, I never had girls living in, and it would be technically correct to describe me from that time on as a call-house madam.

SPEAKING of prostitution in general, the writer said it was hard to guess the number of prostitutes in New York City. "True it is that prostitution *seems* to have leveled off in prevalence since the start of the depression—a statement that apparently runs counter to the notion that prostitution *flourishes* in depression . . . A great many women take to the streets in hard times, but the general effect is a lowering of price standards, and a fall off of business in the upper brackets of harlotry." (This is untrue. I was certainly operating in the upper brackets and my business *never* fell off, regardless of depressions or anything



else.) "Moreover, there is the important fact of shifted moral standards—particularly in a city like New York—by which men have freer associations with women of their own social strata, and less reason to seek out prostitutes."

Well, that raised a point about which I often wondered myself: why men came to my house for something which they could so easily secure—for free—elsewhere. And so, after reading this article, whenever a client asked me how I got into the business I countered with the query, "Why do you keep me in business?" Most of the men replied that sex was their most important form of relaxation and since they couldn't find it at home they sought it elsewhere. Some said their wives were good mothers, but indifferent bed-partners; others that their mates were naggers and after that "hard day at the office," they wanted companionship, not needling. "I don't want to hurt my family," said one man, "but I have no outlet for my emotions at home. If I took a mistress, that might lead to complications. Coming here is simpler and safer." The feeling of my bachelor clientele could be summed up this way: "Why waste the effort wining and dining and sweet-talking a girl just on the chance that you may score? It's going the long way around when we know you're here to arrange things. And besides, an experienced girl is never a disappointment."

For a bachelor, perhaps a house is the best solution for his sex life, but I do believe that nine times out of ten a wife could keep her husband on the reservation if she used half the effort to hold him that she did to hook him. When a woman sets her cap for a guy, she goes all out to be attractive to him. She keeps herself groomed to perfection, she always has that dab of perfume in the right place, she laughs at his jokes, she goes along with his whims, she flirts with other men just enough to keep him up on the bit, and whatever she does, she convinces him she does it all for great big wonderful Him. But after girl gets boy, why should a two-buck marriage license entitle her to turn off all that charm she turned on during the courtship? Why doesn't she continue to dress up for him? Why doesn't she use her eyes to see how he's feeling, and her ears to listen to him, and her tongue for compliments and interesting conversation instead of digs and gossip about her neighbors? And why, after waving her sex like a flag to get him, doesn't she at least pretend to enjoy his caressees? And yet I suppose I should thank such wives instead of criticizing them—they helped keep me in business.

Why wouldn't a man turn from such a wife to my girls, who were always beautifully groomed and lovely to look at and gay and responsive, who were always flattering him, sympathizing with him, telling him what a terrific lover he was? Of course they were getting paid for it, but doesn't a wife get paid, too? It is not a new point of view, but so far as I'm concerned a prostitute is anyone who sells herself for gain. The women who take husbands not out of love but out of greed, to get their bills paid, to get a fine house and clothes and jewels; the women who marry to get out of a tiresome job, or to get away from disagreeable relatives, or to avoid being called an old maid—these are whores in everything but name. The only difference between them and my girls is that my girls gave a man his money's worth.

I will admit there are some men who couldn't be kept home by a whole harem of wives. And there are some wives who do their darndest, but just don't have enough of the old Eve. It's my hunch that some of the legitimate women who visited my establishment came there expressly to find why men, including their own husbands, frequented places like mine. And if, as sometimes happened, they asked my advice about how to keep a husband faithful, I would quote to them a line from Clare Boothe's play, *The Women*. Speaking of losing her man to another woman, one character says bitterly, "I should have licked that girl where she licked me—in the hay!"

The Second World War meant boom times again on Broadway and saw the appearance of a new crop of fat-cat spenders—the under-the-table traders known as black marketeers. It seems hardly necessary to say that my business was flourishing. The more desperate the times, the more men seek the great escape of sex. The streets swarmed with "V-Girls," but it was a question whether the V stood for victory or venereal. They were, as one of my patrons ironically remarked, the kind of girls who give prostitution a bad name.

As a result of the shortage of hotel accommodations, men who previously had engaged hotel suites in which to entertain now brought their parties to my house, and my bar did a thriving business. Also as a result of this shortage, I had some customers who were, I think, less interested in spending the night in amorous pursuits than they were in having a roof over their heads.

Your heart often knows things before your mind does, and I think that toward the end of the war, psychologically speaking, I was already retired from the business I had been in so long.

And suddenly it seemed to me there was no direction to my life at all. I had been tacking back and forth for years over the same waters, running before the storm in bad weather and hoving to when it was calm. Yes, and I had been wrecked and in drydock and refitted. I'd even learned the compass and a star or two, but I was just keeping afloat; I wasn't going anywhere.

I knew that so long as I stayed in my present profession, it would be the same portless voyaging. I knew that, even supposing I had the money to do so, if I retired and lived on my "ill-gotten gains," I'd still, in a sense, be a member of the profession. The only difference would be that instead of being an active madam, I'd be a madam emeritus. It wasn't enough merely to disassociate myself from the business, to get away from the whorehouse. I'd still be adrift unless I had a destination. Like a mariner taking his bearings, I had to get a fix on myself and the future. If I knew where I was and what port to make for, then I could line out my course and head for land—and not golden land, either, but land to grow things in and build on.

I decided to go to college and I did, matriculating at a school on the West Coast. And on June 17, 1945, "Operation Autobiography" got underway. I didn't know how to begin.

And suddenly there flashed in my mind the memory of a long-ago conversation with Robert Benchley. During the years of our friendship I had told him much of my life story, and one evening he had urged my to write my memoirs. Thinking he was joking, and, as always, self-conscious about my lack of education, I had reminded him that I was no Vassar girl—the only degree I held was from Jail University.

"It's not a college degree that makes a writer," said Bench. "The great thing is to have a story to tell. And, Polly, you certainly have a story."

"Fine," I said. "Now all I need is to know how to write it."

"Write it the way you've lived it," said Bench. "Write it with your heart." And I have. **END**

he uses a semi-automatic rifle, probably a Seminov, possibly a Garand.

Now the feces hit the fan. I heard the characteristic THUNK! of a mortar tube discharging its projectile into the air. The sound came from behind Old Bunker. Seconds later: sh-sh-ssss—VA—RUMPH! The projectile exploded somewhere off to the left, between Burgundy One and Burgundy Two. Looking out again, I saw Chief peer over the rim of his hole for a second, obviously in function as a forward observer for a 60 mm. mortar crew on Old Bunker, besides serving as a sniper. He was then directing consecutive shells in such a manner that the area around B-One shall be "zeroed in" for future reference. My interest in military affairs does not include being zeroed in; I scrambled down the shallow trench before the second projectile landed. Stewart, one of the machine-gunners, met me at the junction of the finger trench and the main trenchline. He asked if I were all right. I replied yes and began to tell him about the sniper when a second round exploded so close that we went our separate ways, he into the machine-gun bunker; I sprinted to the living-cave. Bellinger, squatting in the cave entrance, was nearly flattened when I catapulted inside. We lit a pile of heat tablets near the entrance—the fumes are nauseating—and boiled water for coffee. In the meantime, Chief continued calling in projectiles, correcting the enemy mortar tube. The process ceased after the sixth or seventh round.

Bellinger is of course wildly excited at the prospect of having located a sniper, this having been the first one seen in daylight since we occupied this outpost. He expressed his impatience to man the listening post at sunset. I explained to him that B-One is zeroed in, and he is also writing a letter.

APRIL 8TH, 1953

Nighttime security was assumed at dusk last evening. We were both a bit squeamish about sauntering up the slope as usual. Instead, I crept up on all fours, Bellinger covering me from the rear. When we were settled, I whistled as loudly as possible in the direction of the sniper's hole. To our delight and amazement, the Chinese whistled back, approximating the sound which I had made—a kind of dog whistle. A broad reaction over this; Bellinger and I were rolling in the aisles; rather, in the bottom of our bunker. We whistled again, but received no response, even after trying again several times. Bellinger believes that Chief withdraws as soon as it becomes completely dark, being a sniper, not a listening post. This is probably the case.

AT TEN O'CLOCK we went to work reinforcing the bunker. In its original condition, the shelter would not have withstood a direct hit from a 60 mm. mortar. In the course of two hours, we filled nearly 20 sandbags and lay two more rows of them upon the overhead, a total of three layers. The sandbags are supported by a uniform layer of 2" by 6" planks, set horizontally side by side and embedded in the earth on either side of the emplacement. This constitutes the ceiling, which is in turn supported by four vertical planks of larger girth. We feel that the structure is extremely solid. Bellinger expressed the opinion that it will withstand a direct hit from an 82 mm. projectile; this I am inclined to doubt.

Bellinger was anxious to see the sniper. When, after dawn, the mist cleared away, we asked permission to withdraw, which was granted. Bellinger carried the phone down the slope to the machine-gun bunker, the usual procedure. He borrowed Stewart's M1 rifle and a pair of #400 binoculars from someone else. When he returned, I commenced orienting him as to the exact location of the sniper. The terrain between Burgundy-One and Old Bunker is of a singular nature; I'll describe it:

There is a shelf of earth directly in front of our bunker, ten yards across. This shelf is bordered by a natural parapet two feet in height. On the opposite side of this hump the ground descends at a fairly steep angle for 15 or 20 yards. The bottom of the slope is not visible from our small window. What we see is a large expanse of white-yellow shale, almost a miniature desert, extending perhaps 50 yards toward Old Bunker, at the end of which rise a series of small, barely noticeable dunes. The skyline of Old Bunker, almost white in coloring, looms beyond these dunes some distance away. Chief's hole is not actually visible, although its location is. It is situated about three yards to the left of one of the smaller dunes and immediately in front of a broader one. When I saw him it looked as though he were planted in the sand up to his chest.

It was therefore practically impossible to orient Bellinger by means of description. I solved this minor problem by simply placing the binoculars upon the parapet and focusing them on the spot. Bellinger gazed through the glasses for a long time, sitting with his legs crossed under him like an Indian. I was beginning to be bored when he suddenly sat up like a puppet and said, "Oh, Lord!" Then he moved so fast that I had difficulty seeing him. He grabbed his rifle, shoved it through the aperture and cranked off an entire clip of eight rounds, rapid fire. As he proceeded to jam a second clip into the open receiver, I was busy pulling grenades off the earth shelf, having decided that we were being overrun. Through the haze of gunsmoke, I saw nothing at all, however. We were not being overrun in the least. This had been Bellinger's frantic reaction to his first daylight view of the enemy, a reaction which came very close to stoning me forever. Bellinger said that the Chinese had appeared briefly above the sand, disappearing even before my excitable friend commenced fire.

After we had calmed down, he crawled through the rear opening of the bunker, stood erect and waved his arms in the direction of the enemy—drawing immediate fire. One of the rounds crashed into a sandbag inside of the shelter; I shrieked at him to come inside. He tumbled in and we hugged the ground and laughed like a couple of frightened idiots. We laughed, I suppose, because there was a man out there trying to kill us, because this was utterly incongruous, and because we felt quite safe and secure.

WE HEARD A THUNK! noise from Old Bunker and hugged the earth even closer, not laughing. Seconds later, a mortar explosion rocked the rafters and showered dirt in upon us. Not consulting each other, reacting by instinct, we scrambled out of the bunker and crawled like two rapid turtles down the slope and into the main trench. Four consecutive explosions rocked the hillside, but we were now quite safe, smoking cigarettes in the cave.

Chief must not have a very good sense of humor. Bellinger still refuses to take him seriously, says Chief is a "nasty man."

APRIL 9TH, 1953

Outpost Hedy, our neighbors to the left, received a relatively light probe this morning between 2:15 A.M. and 2:30 A.M. Hedy is located 400 yards away, due west. Although Sniper Ridge obstructs our view of Hedy, we could nevertheless hear the encounter. The raid was preceded as usual by a series of wolf, rooster, dog and other animal calls which echoed over to us, a very unhappy sound. Marines were immediately alerted all along this sector of the line: outposts Ginger, Ingrid, New Bunker and, of course, Hedy—it not being unusual for the Chinese to attack in more than one place within a given sector. Presently we heard the POP of a flare pistol and

watched a brilliant but small parachute flare, green in color, detonate with another POP high in the air above the Ridge.

Immediately following this, the attack commenced, the green flare having been a signal. As the green flare continued its slow, oscillating descent, casting weird, moving shadows along the landscape, a chorus of burp guns (Chinese submachine guns) commenced fire, followed then by a variety of sounds: machine guns, rifles, carbines, fragmentation and phosphorous grenades, shouts and whining ricochets. Frequently stray tracer rounds would appear above Sniper Ridge and we could follow their trajectory until the tracer extinguished itself in the air. Each time a phosphorous grenade was detonated the skyline of the Ridge looked as though the sun were about to rise from behind it, such is the intensity of phosphorous sparks. The firefight lasted for five or six minutes.

We learned this morning that the attacking force was of platoon strength—approximately 40 Chinese—and that several of them had reached the crest of the slope, and that four or five of them had entered the Hedy trenchline, causing considerable terror. One of them threw a phosphorous grenade into a machine-gun bunker, severely burning all three occupants.

All things equal, it is usually easier to defend a fortification than to attack it. In this case, however, the Chinese gained the advantage, due for the most part to their knowledge of Hedy's unusual reverse slope defense. Three Marines were killed, five were evacuated with wounds. Two Chinese dead were found.

ALTHOUGH the Hedy probe was the main attraction of the evening, we on B-One had an experience which will be etched in our memories, in acid, for the rest of our lives:

Chief responded as usual to our whistles at dusk, but only once. Bellinger stood up outside and blasphemed, naughty man, in a sonorous voice. Something about the spawn of turtle dung, in Chinese, of course. Sounded like: *nee wamba toosa molika fee*. No response. I joined him outside and shrieked every bit of Chinese that I know. *Mao Tse-tung Chou En-lai Chu Teh Gung Ho Ding Boo Hao* —in one breath. *Gung ho,* a phrase known to all Marines as a sort of cynical battle cry, means "work together." *Ding boo hao* means "very bad." No response. Bellinger then cried out *"Gung Ho!"* himself, and something wondrous occurred. His cry was still echoing about the hills, causing I am sure, a certain amount of confusion to many Marines and Chinese, when the sound of one clear and colorless voice reached our ears, from the direction of Old Bunker. One word: "Okay."

We made a resolution, on the spot, not to fire at Chief again and to attempt communicating with him when morning came.

The supply train, having arrived soon after 10 P.M., was detained in order to deepen the finger trenches leading to the four Burgundies. B-One is the most accessible to the enemy, and was loaned four men with three shovels and a pick. These men are members of the Korean Service Corps, comprised of natives either too old for combat or otherwise lacking in health. Most of them are tough as nails and content to be treated exactly as slaves. The work these four accomplished was almost unbelievable, in spite of the fact that they were obviously frightened by their dangerous position. Bellinger, who is apparently a fan of Rudyard Kipling, said something like this to me while they were working: "It's lucky they don't know how close they are to their little yellow brothers out there. We'd never get any work out of 'em, the heathen beggars."

We allowed them to rest at midnight. They crouched together in the bottom of the trench, which they had deepened considerably, and smoked their shredded-compost cigarettes. In the meantime, Bellinger and myself took turns at digging. One would work while the other maintained watch inside the bunker. It is still extremely cold at night and usually windy; this exercise warmed us so that we removed our gloves and parkas.

Bellinger told me later that one of the Koreans crawled into the bunker with him, while I was working outside. Not having removed his gaze from the aperture, he took it for granted that it was myself entering the bunker. Upon speaking to the figure crouched in the dark corner and receiving no answer, he affected the double-take of the century, according to him. An unannounced Oriental face in the corner, leering, of course. It wouldn't have been at all unlike Bellinger to have shot the man down, so excitable is he. The Korean was allowed to remain inside for a few minutes and apparently seemed intensely interested in observing the terrain in front of the parapet. Bellinger is therefore convinced that he is a spy. The Koreans were collected at 1 A.M. and escorted back to the lines, probably arriving well before the probe on Hedy.

When, at dawn, we were told to withdraw, Bellinger again took the phone down to the machine-gun people and returned. When the air was clear of mist we whistled and waited, then yelled and waited. We had hoped that Chief would appear so that we might wave benignly at each other across No Man's Land like a trio of idiots, but our new friend did not show himself.

APRIL 10TH, 1953

The incongruous friendship came to an abrupt end last night.

I recall mentioning that our listening post is bordered by a small hump of rubble on the other side of which is a steep descent. Since, from our bunker, it is impossible to observe any activity that might occur on the other side of the hump, we decided to dig a listening post for the listening post. At about 11 P.M., I crawled around the outside of the bunker and onto the shelf, armed with Bellinger's carbine, two phosphorous grenades and an entrenching tool. The night was almost totally dark so that Bellinger, lying on top of the bunker, was able to cover me with my own automatic rifle. Making no effort to muffle the noise of the shovel against the hard earth, I hollowed out a prone shelter just this side of the hump.

I had worked for more than a half an hour when the mortar crew behind Old Bunker sent off a round. I recall saying to myself that Chief wouldn't do this to me. In the meantime another round left

"Why, Reverend! What a pleasant surprise!"

the tube, then another. A sharp whistle in the air high above us, rapidly increasing in intensity; then the first projectile plummeted down, exploding, according to Bellinger, ten or 15 yards left of the bunker. I was not aware until several moments later that Bellinger had been knocked off the bunker and bore splinters of shrapnel in his left arm from the blast. Altogether six projectiles of 60 mm. variety screeched down upon us, rocking the earth around B-One, landing in the same ordered interval with which they had been discharged. During the barrage I tried to draw my entire body within my helmet like a fetus, and was frightened to tears. Each time a round detonated I wondered that I was still alive, and asked: "What the hell am I doing here? This is all a ghastly mistake, etc." Not one of the incoming projectiles exploded on the shelf, and the only damage I suffered was a severe headache which I still have this afternoon and a minute of complete, helpless terror.

BELLINGER did not fare so well. His left forearm is badly cut. He had retained enough presence of mind to crawl inside the bunker before the second projectile arrived.

Our phone wires had been severed during the barrage and we were unable to call for the corpsman. I presumed that Bellinger was in a state of shock, for he did not speak until we reached the CP (Command Post). The first thing he said was: "Lord, I thought you were KIA (Killed in Action), Russ." He insisted that the corpsman examine me for shrapnel splinters. He was well enough to be able to walk back to the lines with the supply train. Bowles, the corpsman, says that he will be all right.

The lieutenant questioned me shortly after the incident; I did not mention the proximity of the sniper. He could justifiably have punished us both for not reporting the situation to him and for assuming ridiculous risks. I did mention that B-One seems to be zeroed in. The lieutenant stated that it would probably be necessary to move the location of B-One.

APRIL 11TH, 1953

The cave is unusually quiet this morning; Bellinger used to mumble in his sleep, and also cough and snore a good deal. I did not sleep well anyway; a particularly compelling idea had occurred to me before lying down. Earlier this afternoon, I proceeded to carry it into effect.

WITH BAR (Browning Automatic Rifle) and binoculars, I returned again to the Burgundy and immediately set to work building up a crude stand of sandbags inside the bunker, having removed them from the rear wall. The BAR was then placed in such a way that its stock was supported by the crude stand and so that the muzzle of the weapon was pointed roughly in the direction of Chief's hole. The muzzle rested within the crotch of two sandbags of the parapet. The magazine contained only one round.

Having located the target through the binoculars, I squeezed off a round and observed, through the glasses, the strike of the bullet, which landed more than two yards to the left of the target. It was necessary to place sandbags on either side of the stock and one to the rear of the butt plate, in order to compensate for the recoil of the heavy weapon. Aiming with more care this time, again firing from a magazine of one round, the slug skimmed the right flank rim of the hole. (As I mentioned before, this hole is not actually visible, although its relative position is.)

Using this trial-and-error method, the weapon was, within four rounds, zeroed in or precisely trained on the sniper's position. To explain further, that fourth round skimmed the forward lip of the hole, a few inches off the ground above which Chief had appeared on three occasions. It buried itself in the sand-shale of a small dune which rises up immediately behind the hole. Obviously, if Chief had been standing in his hole at that moment, he would have been shot through the chest. The object is to lure him into appearing tonight, the weapon being trained on him when he does.

CAREFUL not to disturb the fixed line of fire, I removed the magazine, inserted a round of tracer ammunition in it and replaced the magazine carefully. I left the weapon in this position.

Bellinger had asserted that Chief probably occupies his position in the same manner that we occupy Burgundy One; that is, only at night and for a few minutes after dawn. If this is so, Chief would not have been aware of the process mentioned above.

APRIL 12TH, 1953

At dusk, Andy and I assumed night security. I did not whistle as usual, nor did we make any noise whatever. The night was cold and windless and the moon shone on the white terrain, casting deep, jagged shadow. I had informed Andy as to the condition of the BAR and he was careful not to touch it. At nine o'clock I told him, in a whisper, to crawl beside the bunker with an entrenching tool and commence digging. He was to lie flat, but to make as much noise as possible, in order to attract Chief's attention.

I remained within the bunker seated next to the cocked and trained weapon. As soon as he began making noise, I inserted a finger within the trigger guard and waited. Andy had been scraping for about ten seconds when the Chinese fired one shot, which made a TSING! noise as it whipped overhead. When he fired a second time, I squeezed the trigger and watched the brilliant red tracer streak across the expanse, disappearing into one of the shadows among the cluster of dunes. I heard Andy mutter: "Gung ho, you poor bastard." He crawled back inside and we sat numbly for the rest of the night.

We haven't heard from the sniper since and doubt that anyone ever will.

I would describe how I feel today, but I don't really know. Not happy, but not sad either. **END**

"You don't have to do that, Hadley, I know you work like a dog."

MR. CHAPIN'S LAST DEADLINE (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25)

made trips from New York to see him. To Warden Lawes he was, proudly, "*my* prisoner," and from this eminence treated the other convicts like servants. They respectfully called him "Boss," and only a few of the more famous ones were permitted to call him "Charlie."

It is said that on the night in January, 1928, when Ruth Snyder finally turned to walk to the electric chair, she took a last look out the barred window and whispered, "Say thanks to Charlie for me." Finally, when Warden Lawes sat down to write his best-selling *Twenty Thousand Years in Sing Sing,* he devoted a full chapter to his favorite prisoner, titling it "The Rose Man."

It all adds up to a bizarre side of prison life. But it is topped by the full story of the man who became the Impersonal number 69690. Before Sing Sing, he was Charles Chapin, the most celebrated newspaper editor of his day. For 27 years his personal bailiwick was the City Room of the New York *Evening World*. He sat there behind a desk on a raised platform, a tight-lipped, stiff-backed figure with a strangely foppish taste in clothes. Even in the busy City Room he favored wasp-waisted double-breasted suits, spats and bunched ascot ties of baby blue, pink, purple, crimson and red. On the bridge of his nose perched a pair of tortoise-shell glasses anchored to a buttonhole in his lapel by an elegant black silk cord. From 1894 to 1918, the *World* always seemed to get the news first and in the most vivid detail—and it was all Charles Chapin's doing. He was a man who worshipped only one thing in life—"That inky-nosed, nine-eyed, clay-footed god called News."

Yet with him it was not healthy worship. It was fanaticism. His *World* reporters called him "Hardboiled Charlie," and seldom since the days of the mad monarchs has a man driven his subordinates with such ruthless tyranny. In the City Room, he was an iron-handed dictator, a relentless despot, a whip-cracking slave driver. Today, with the Newspaper Guild, he could not get away with it. But then he could—and did—for behind him was the full support of his publisher, Joseph Pulitzer. Reporters stayed with him because of the prestige of working for the *World,* and because only Chapin, of all the city editors of the day, left his men strictly alone when writing and would permit the occasional kidding, tongue-in-cheek treatment of a story. His men admired him, but hated him, too. His star, Irvin Cobb, spoke for them all on a day Chapin phoned in to report sick. "Let us hope it's nothing trivial," Cobb said.

From the vantage point of today, Chapin looks like a psychoanalyst's nightmare. He had all the neuroses and complexes, tripled in spades. Much of this could come from an ironic fact of his birth. He was born in Watertown, New York, in 1859, the only nephew of Russell Sage. Sage, who came out of Albany to accumulate a fortune of $80 million, has come down to us as a philanthropist. Actually, he was one of the tightest men who ever lived. When a young stock clerk saved him from the impact of a madman's bomb, Sage refused to pay the fellow's hospital expenses. Sage was a self-made man in the true Horatio Alger tradition. He started out with nothing and saw no reason why his nephew shouldn't do the same. At age 14, young Chapin, "a woeful, underfed little fellow," quit school to begin earning a living delivering newspapers and telegrams. His salary was $4 a week. Uncle Russell was just about clinching his $80 million.

DELIVERING papers gave Chapin a furious desire to be a newspaper reporter. The grind of poverty led him to dream of living in hotels, which in later life he always did. "I can get along without necessities, but I must have luxuries," he liked to say. But the way he started life also made him seem prematurely old. He came to the *World* in 1894 at the age of 35, but already he looked to be in his mid-50s, or even 60s. Tense, wiry and nervous, his skin was an unhealthy gray, his snake-eyes dull and empty. "The light from those eyes never seemed to come from within, but always from without," a writer has said. His voice was part snarl and part whine. "Big game hunters have told me the hostile leopard has a voice like that," another associate said.

With Chapin it was always the story, never the people involved. When the excursion boat *General Slocum* sank in the East River with a thousand women and children aboard, the accounts phoned to the City Room were so awful that toughened reporters rushed to the men's room to vomit. Not so Chapin. He paced up and down, exultantly shouting, "Women and children jumping overboard with clothing afire! Water full of charred bodies!" On another occasion he followed one of his famous hunches by assigning a photographer to cover Mayor Gaynor of New York as he boarded ship for Europe. As the photographer snapped, an assassin shot the Mayor, to make what remains one of the grisliest news pictures of all time. "What a wonderful thing," Chapin exclaimed when it was handed to him. "Look, blood all over him —and exclusive, too."

Chapin's many detractors claimed that the misfortunes of others acted on him like heady wine, and the sadistic way he fired his men bore this out.

Once, after firing a reporter, he addressed the entire City Room. "That was the 108th man I've fired," he stated proudly. This was, if anything, an understatement. Chapin was a connoisseur of firings. "He would carry a grievance for days, hugging it to him like a possession dear and fragile, before he loosed the vials of his wrath on the condemned man," Irvin Cobb has written. Yet Chapin equally enjoyed the spur-of-the-moment firing. He fired men for being two minutes late, for being sick, for permitting wives to have babies. Once, on his orders, a reporter hurled himself into the East River to get access to Bellevue Hospital for an exposé. It was a cold winter day and the reporter arrived in the hospital almost dead from exposure. "Tell him he's fired," Chapin shouted, when a call came saying the man would live.

But the most famous Chapin story of all involves the time he sent a reporter to interview a burly Irish contractor whose young wife had run away with a Chinese delivery boy. The husband threw the reporter down a flight of stairs. "He says he'll kill me if he ever sees me again," the legman phoned in to Chapin. "Go back and tell that so-and-so he can't intimidate me," Chapin yelled.

But on the afternoon of September 17, 1918, the City Room of the *World,* which Chapin usually ran like a taut ship, was a strange sight. Men pounded each other on the back and danced jigs on top of desks. A bottle passed from hand to hand and lip to lip. For, in an event unprecedented in journalism, Chapin's own paper had just gone to press with the screaming headline: CHARLES CHAPIN WANTED FOR MURDER! "I always told you the Boss was crazy," reporters shouted at each other. But a few, like Cobb, who had a deeper understanding of human nature, didn't jubilate. They sat silently aside.

CHAPIN was wanted for the murder of his wife Nellie, to whom he had been married 39 years. It had always been a strange marriage, begun when Chapin, at 21, was an itinerant actor. He was playing Simon Legree in *Uncle Tom's Cabin,* and his City Room could never be persuaded that he had not patterned his entire life after that character.

As an actor, young Chapin drank and whored. Once, in a dispute over a girl of the gutter, he fired shots in anger at Eddie Foy, the comedian. Discovery of such depths of violence in his character

caused Chapin to swear off drink. He never touched another drop, but ate candy constantly in the belief that the sugar and starch fermented in his stomach and eased his craving for alcohol.

He swore off loose girls, and almost immediately decided to marry. His roving eye fell on Nellie Beebie, the upright ingenue of the company. He overwhelmed the pretty young girl by suddenly appearing at the door of her hotel room with a clergyman and witnesses. The surprised Nellie agreed to marry him, only after the ceremony noticing the color of the dress she had had on. "Black is an evil omen for a bride," she said.

It was; life with Charlie was no honeymoon. The fact that he had a wife to support seemed to bring needed impetus to his dream of becoming a newspaper reporter. For years he had tried for a job on a paper, only to be told he lacked education. But now, in Chicago, he succeeded. Nellie sat neglected in the inevitable hotel room while Chapin worked around the clock to prove himself, first as reporter, then star reporter, and finally city editor.

When he was brought to New York by the *World*, Nellie continued to sit—in the elegant Hotel Plaza. Now Chapin not only had his big-time job, but he had discovered that as an important editor and nephew of Russell Sage he could move with the social 400. He bought racehorses and a yacht, but Nellie never had a home, a child, or owned a stick of furniture. It made her age faster than her husband, yet he seemed to love her, calling her "such a great little pal." To others it was "an incongruous, but apparently sincere devotion he seemed to have for the faded, delicate wisp of a woman who was his wife."

By the time September, 1918, rolled around, the 60-year-old Chapin had been thinking of killing Nellie—and himself—for over a year. The reason he always gave was debt. He was the top editor of his time, but his grateful employer never paid him more than $150 a week. For years he had lived high, borrowing on his expectation of inheriting millions from Russell Sage. But Sage left him $50,000, not even enough to pay back all he had borrowed. After that his only hope seemed to be the stock market, which he played characteristically, disregarding the advice of experts to plunge on his own wild hunches.

The result, he later said, was catastrophic. Shortly he owed more than he could pay back in three lifetimes. Chapin was, if nothing else, a proud man. He could see no way out except to kill himself, but then there was Nellie. "Who would take care of her after I'm gone?" he asked himself. Kill her first, then turn the gun on himself, seemed to be the only answer.

He tried to do it first late in 1917, on the couple's 39th wedding anniversary. As a treat, he took his faded little wife to Washington, where they registered at the Hotel Willard. There he told her, "I've got a little business to get out of the way." He went to Glenwood Cemetery, where he bought a lot for two. Then he went to an adjacent stonecutter's, to select a large block of granite. "I want two names on it," he ordered. "Charles E. Chapin and Nellie B. Chapin." So saying, he headed for the White House, where he knew the red carpet would be out for him. As a famous New York editor, he never had to pre-arrange visits to the White House. He just dropped in, and whether the President was Teddy Roosevelt, Taft or Woodrow Wilson, they always had time to chat with good old Charlie.

In the evening, the Chapins had dinner at the Willard, then went to a tryout performance of a New York musical comedy. "Did you finish your business, dear?" his wife asked in the course of the evening. "Cleaned up everything," Chapin assured her. "By this time tomorrow, Nellie, we'll be home."

While his wife undressed in the bathroom, Chapin slipped a small revolver under the mattress of the bed. He forced himself to stay awake until at last she slept. Then he retrieved the pistol and turned to point it.

Suddenly something stopped him. It was the spirit of his dead mother. "She stood there in the room," he later swore, "a few feet from the bed. Not the white-haired woman, wasted with disease, I had seen when she died. But the beautiful mother I had idolized when a child. She looked at me with the same sweet smile and gently shook her head. I do not know if it really was my mother's spirit or a figment of my fevered brain. But there was no murder that night."

In New York Chapin continued his desperate stock market hunches. To get more money, he raided a trust fund of which he was an executor. His losses grew heavier. By September, 1918, he was again in a mood for murder and suicide.

He took Nellie to Atlantic City, where again they went to dinner, a show, and then to bed. The shade of his mother's ghost failed to appear, but he still could not summon nerve to pull the trigger. For two nights he tried; on the third morning he gave up and hustled Nellie toward the railroad station. On the way they passed an old woman selling pencils, and Nellie uttered the words that sealed her doom. "Poor old soul," she whispered to Chapin. "How awful if that should ever happen to me."

The vision of his wife reduced to selling pencils was all too real to the frantic Chapin. On the way to New York, he found himself able to view with equanimity the act of killing Nellie, then turning the pistol on himself. He sent her home to the Hotel Cumberland, where the couple had lived since leaving the Plaza over a debt of $2,000. Chapin went downtown to the *World* office to crack the whip over his staff. At the desk on the dais, he also wrote a letter to Don Carlos Seitz, business manager of the paper. It complained of pains in the head, declared he felt on the verge of mental collapse, and ended, "By the time you get this Nellie and I will be dead."

He put the letter in an envelope and addressed it. With it in his pocket, he walked to Police Headquarters, where he went to the office of Commissioner Waldo and asked the loan of a service pistol. He was a close friend of the Commissioner and it was given to him without question. It was this newer, bigger pistol which he put under the mattress on the night of September 16. He had mailed the letter to Seitz, and now he lay awake nearly the entire night waiting for Nellie to turn on her side, so the bullet would not make a pulp of her face. It was after 6 A.M. when finally she turned. Chapin lifted the big revolver, pointed it behind her right ear and fired.

For half an hour—some say longer—the frail little woman writhed in death agony. "And he cradled her in his arms," says one sympathetic account, "and talked of love and joy and other beautiful things." But what of his own death? It was Chapin's turn to turn the revolver on himself, but if the thought occurred to him he never said so in voluminous confessions. Instead, he "knelt by her side, and held her hand and prayed that God would understand."

At 8 A.M. a bellboy knocked with the morning papers. Chapin was up and about. The dapper oldster was attired in a light gray summer suit, with a bright orange tie. The pince-nez with its elegant black ribbon was planted firmly on his nose and in his buttonhole was a gay calendula. He took the newspapers without a word, but spying a maid down the hall he called out, "Mrs. Chapin was up late. Let her sleep this morning."

Back in the room he lettered a DO NOT DISTURB sign on a piece of paper and stuck it by a hatpin to the outside of the door. Then he put the smaller pistol in his pocket, clapped a derby on his head and went to the barber shop to be shaved. Though his later confession said, "My brain was dead, I felt numb and insecure," he gave every outward appearance of jaunty normality. On leaving the barber shop he did not take a taxi to the *World* office, but went to Grand Central. There he took another cab to Central Park, where for a time he walked the pleasant paths. Then he descended into

the subway—"All day I rode around the city on subway and elevated trains. Riding on and on, like a dead man might." While he rode, Don Seitz received the death letter. He phoned the hotel, where the manager and a policeman entered the Chapin suite. In one room were two untouched meals from the night before. In another was Nellie Chapin, dead.

RIDING THE subways, Chapin may have heard the shouts of "Extra!" announcing he was being sought. At any rate, he got off, to find himself in Prospect Park, Brooklyn. He sat on a bench through the balmy evening, trying to work up enough nerve to shoot himself. At midnight the strength came and he lifted the pistol to his temple. Just then a policeman sauntered along, and Chapin again made for the subway, where he rode, dozing, until 6 A.M. Rising to the street, he found himself on the West Side. He was on familiar terms with every precinct captain in the city, and now he walked into the West 68th Street station. For the final time in his life, he could be "Hardboiled Charlie," the terrifying newspaperman. "Call Captain Tierney and get him down here right away," he ordered the man at the desk. "Tell him I won't talk to anyone else."

As he sat behind bars in the Tombs over the next few weeks, a curious change took place in Chapin. He chewed a cold cigar stub and ate sweets as usual. He pored over accounts of his case, and finally released a characteristic statement: "As well as I know newspapermen, I cannot understand how the reporters managed to distort what I said as much as they did."

But at the same time, he appeared to change physically. The shallow, empty eyes turned a bright, deep blue. The raspy whine of a voice became deep and resonant. The gray skin gained a healthy, human glow. In every way Chapin took on the appearance of a man from whose life a dreadful weight had been lifted.

Which brings up the possibility that instead of adoring his fragile little Nellie, Chapin actually loathed her. Indeed, one fact of his existence seemingly supports this. Despite his protests of undying devotion to his wife, Chapin was known as a connoisseur of female flesh, an expert ogler of women. He always sat in the front row at the opening of the Follies and other girl shows. He was a tireless frequenter of night clubs, where he always insisted on ringside tables, near enough to reach out and pinch the bare flesh of the girls dancing by.

But he never did. There was always drab little Nellie at his side, and so it is possible to visualize Chapin as a man seemingly in complete control of himself, but inside a seething mass of frustrations. Chapin lived by a rigid code which said a man who married a woman must continue to love her. But after nights of leering at Follies beauties, he had to return to a hotel room with his dried-up wife. It is possible he came to hate Nellie's guts, and to blame her for all his misfortune. Once she was out of his life—even with all the problems facing him because of his terrible act—the world may have seemed sweet again.

Still another factor may have brought him cheer. To his staff Chapin may have been a sadistic martinet. But to those he considered his equals, he was hail-fellow-well-met, and to his superiors he adopted a fawning flattery that made him well liked. He was a close friend of Governor Whitman, Mayor Mitchel and Police Commissioner Waldo. The new, optimistic Chapin could not hide the belief that a man with such splendid connections would eventually get off free. To facilitate this, he hired Abe Levy, wiliest of contemporary court lawyers. Levy first tried to have his client declared insane, but after hearings a lunacy commission ruled this out. Following backstage huddles with important officials, Chapin was permitted to plead guilty to second-degree murder. He considered this nothing more than an interim step to a pardon, and in court his happy voice, "quick as lightning and piercing shrill," cut in ahead of Levy's to plead "Guilty of murder in the *second* degree."

He was given 20 years to life in Sing Sing, and on arriving there felt his first twinge of fear that he might never leave. He was a superstitious man, and adding up the numbers 69690 found they came to 30. In the newspaper world, 30 means end-of-story.

Even so, he acted like a man finding pleasure in life. He took over the prison newspaper, encouraging prisoners to contribute the stories of their crimes to it. Under his inspired editing, these were so readable and lurid that outside papers picked them up. Officials quickly killed the paper.

He turned to writing his autobiography, which was published in 1920. After that he seemed to be at loose ends, and his friend Warden Lawes feared that Chapin might kill himself at last. Lawes suggested that Chapin plant some flowers in the cindery prison yard which, in the warden's words, was "barren to the eye, hopeless to the heart." On the same day a gluey poem to the beauties of gardening appeared in his beloved *World*. The superstitious Chapin reacted by plunging into gardening with a vengeance, writing to all his millionaire friends of yesteryear for help. Adolph Lewisohn responded first, sending bales of priceless plants. Chapin was given a garden crew of convicts, and he drove them as he had driven his *World* reporters. "He removed Sing Sing's raiment of sackcloth and ashes and draped it with a mantle of green verdure," Warden Lawes wrote. "He helped dispel drabness, he dissipated gloom and despondency."

It all made a heart-throb story, and soon newspapers were writing of Chapin and his Sing Sing gardens. He got mountains of mail, including letters from a girl named Constance, who lived in Ohio. Chapin answered her perfunctorily, until Constance sent her picture. Then the old ogler sat up—Constance was a young beauty. He began a correspondence with her which later was published in book form. Connie came east and the two lunched with Warden and Mrs. Lawes. Prison scuttlebutt still has it that as Connie's visits became more frequent, the Lawes left the couple alone for lengthy periods.

But though Chapin had mellowed physically and mentally, there were traces of the old martinet. In 1925 a released con-

MR. CHAPIN'S LAST DEADLINE CONTINUED

vict got in touch with Connie, who for Chapin's sake tried to give him help. The thought of a younger man seeing his beautiful girl more often than he did made 69690 erupt into a tornado of jealousy. Connie came East to explain, but Chapin refused to see her. In the months that followed he sent her such unreasonable letters that slowly the correspondence tapered off.

So, having killed off the second love of his life, Chapin returned to his gardens. He tended them devotedly for five years more. Then in 1930 the state began making improvements in Sing Sing. Tractors tore through 69690's priceless gardens and from the roof workmen tossed debris into them. Chapin took to his bed to die. In vain did Warden Lawes assure him that the gardens could be re-made in all their glory—as they were. Chapin would not listen. "I want to get it all over with," he told the warden.

On December 16, 1930, he did. **END**

THEY'RE HANGING CHUB McCARTHY (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23)

The man was young, a lot younger than Mike. He didn't look more than 24 or 25. And he'd make two of Mike. His hands were calloused, his arms heavily muscled, as if he'd worked hard all his life.

Finally Mike asked, "Something bothering you, Mister?"

"Sure is. You."

"Me?" Mike laughed. He'd never hurt a flea.

"You mean you don't know why I hate your guts, Mike Dorsey?"

"I sure don't, drat it. But I'll thank you to tell me your name. And how you come to know mine so smart-like."

"I'll tell you, all right. William F. McCarthy. Chub McCarthy. Know me now?"

"Hell, no. I ain't never knowed anybody by that name." He saw that the man hadn't stirred after he put both feet inside the door. He was standing there like a shaggy statue. And every time Mike looked up, the fellow's great eyes were piercing him, seeming to burn through his whole insides. He moved back to the stove uncomfortably. "Hey, Mister, you'll sure have a cuppa coffee . . . Well, will you or won't you? And quit starin'."

"Keep your swill! And I'll gawk till you move offa my land."

Mike was leaning over the stove as the words flew at him. He straightened slowly, wincing as if a knife had been thrust into him. He faced McCarthy.

"Oh, I get it. A claim-jumper. Well, you better jump somewheres else, Mister. This here's my claim, filed all legal."

The younger man took two steps. That was enough for him to reach Mike and grab the faded front of the little man's overalls. "And I say it ain't your claim, Dorsey! I filed on this claim before you did, and you're gittin' off of it. Mighty damn quick, too, if you know what's good for you."

Chub McCarthy dropped Mike back on his heels, sneering as the older man rocked for a second. Then he said, "Take your time, Dorsey. Take two whole days. One day to go to town and check my claim on this here quarter section and one day to get out. This here's Monday, ain't it? Well, I'll be back on Thursday morning. Movin' into your shack. Ain't much to look at, God knows. But it'll do for me and the wife and kid till I can build something better." The man turned and disappeared quickly into the night.

Mike's supper sat untouched for an hour. Flies buzzed through the unscreened windows and dabbled in the milk that covered the cereal. Mike mostly hated flies and cooked only what he could eat each meal, so the bugs and mice had poor pickings at his house. But tonight he gave no mind to varmints. None, that is, except the one named Chub McCarthy.

Suddenly he leaped up from his rough board table, his deep-set eyes wild. "By Gad, he ain't jumpin' my claim! Nobody ain't jumpin' it!"

He blew once into the coal oil lamp that flickered on the shelf above the wash stand. It puffed and went out, leaving a trail of smoke and smell. Mike went outdoors and around to the lean-to where he kept his one cow and his horse, Dander. On Dander, he could get to the county seat long before morning. Be there when they opened the claims office. Show that bellowing, big-talking McCarthy who'd jump whose claim.

It was between ten and 15 miles to the town of Minneapolis. Mike wasn't sure exactly. It wasn't a big place, just a friendly little burg. A few streets of houses and some stores and things. And the court house, thank God. The court house where the claims office kept its records. Mike Dorsey's claim was there, filed legal and real. Nobody, not even a man as big as McCarthy, could change the records.

But as Mike walked down the creaky corridor of the court house next morning, he felt a queasy uneasiness in his stomach. And when his eyes swept the scurrying figures in the claims office, his fear deepened.

He waited for somebody to notice him. But he couldn't see a single face that was here three or four months ago. At last he asked loudly, "Where's the feller filed my claim, Mister? Where's that feller?"

A youngish clerk on the other side of the counter paused, eyeing him. "Yes, sir? What's the name, please?"

"Dorsey. Michael Dorsey. But you ain't the feller filed my claim."

"No, sir. But I'll look it up for you. Having trouble about it?"

"Well, yeah. Feller come by my house last night. Says my claim is his'n."

"Do you know his name?"

"Sure do. William F. McCarthy."

Mike waited quietly, the way he always did. Too bad to take the young feller's time for nothing. But a man had to be sure about things like this.

THEN the clerk brought a book to the counter, holding it open toward Mike. His face was serious. "Mr. Dorsey, this McCarthy claim *is* on the same land as yours—and filed the same day. I guess we just never noticed it before. I suppose two different clerks filed the claims."

"Hunh?" Mike's hands dropped to his sides, lifeless. "But that can't be right, Mister. Wasn't no claim on that land when I filed. You look again."

"I've gone over and over it, Mr. Dorsey. These things happen, you know."

"Well, where's the feller filed my claim?" Mike was yelling now, frantic with fear. "Tall, heavy-set, mustache. . . ."

"That must have been Sid. He left here, couple months ago."

"Where'd he go? I'll find him and see he remembers."

"No use, Mr. Dorsey. We've no idea where he went."

"Then what about my claim?" Mike gripped the counter, his eyes glued to the clerk's face. "Ain't there no way to keep McCarthy off my land?"

The clerk shrugged. "You might try out-staying him. It's worked before."

Mike made his way out the door. He was confused in his mind, sick to his stomach. Why, he remembered the mustached man saying his claim was the first one ever filed on that land. No trouble, the man had said. Hell, no. Only McCarthy.

But Thursday came and there was no re-appearance of the big fellow. Mike took heart. Maybe he'd checked at the claims office himself and been told that the Dorsey claim was filed a few hours ahead of his. Must have.

Then on Friday afternoon the livery wagon from town came rattling up to the door of Mike's shack. Mike squinted out at it through the beating sunlight. He knew who it was even before the burly young man jumped off the wagon.

McCarthy bellowed, "You still here, Dorsey? Gave you a day more'n I promised. Now get offa my claim, damn you!"

Mike's eyes didn't flicker. "Maybe you're the one gittin' off. I sure ain't."

The younger man's jaw dropped. Evidently he'd counted on scaring Mike. But he turned his back on the little man and

hollered toward the wagon, "Git on in here, you. We're stayin'."

A timid-looking woman climbed down from the wagon. She was thin and bony, and she held a little boy in her arms. Cute little feller, too, Mike thought, except that his eyes were too much like his pa's.

Mike said, "You ain't comin' in here. You ain't jumpin' my. . . ." But he stopped. The woman's face was tired, beaten. Her right arm was bruised black, as if somebody had been beating her. Mike went on, "Sure, come on in, Missus." He eyed McCarthy. "It's just for them. And just tonight. Tomorrow you all git out."

THE livery wagon rolled away after dumping out two boxes, and the trio came into the shack. The woman held back, standing just outside the door. But McCarthy took charge at once, yanking Mike's cupboard open. Mike said, "All right, I'll feed you this once. But I'll be thankin' you to tell me why you filed on this claim after I did—and then kept still about it all this time."

The woman said, "Chub, I told you—"

But McCarthy whirled toward her and struck her across the mouth, hard. The blood began to ooze from her bitten lips. Mike clenched his fists but kept his place. Chub said to the woman, "Shut up, you." Then he turned back to Mike. "Why, ain't nobody told you, you damned sucker? I filed on this land the same day you did, only earlier. But when I seen you squattin' here, makin' all kinds of improvements, I knowed I'd be a fool to stop you before you had a house built. Saved me buildin' one myself." He grinned.

Mike set about getting supper, his eyes hardly leaving Chub's ungainly figure as the younger man swaggered about the room. All right, so they'd have to stay here tonight. He'd give them his pallet. Probably the woman would be shoved onto the floor, but she looked like she was used to it. Mike would sleep outside—with his dog and his gun.

After they'd eaten the little Mike had to offer, the woman washed the three plates, the tin cups and the stew pan. McCarthy planted himself on the pallet, taking a drag from his whisky bottle every few minutes. Mike picked up the squalling baby when Chub only kicked at the boy, and held him awkwardly on his knees. The kid quieted right down and went to sleep in Mike's arms. Mike smiled, friendly-like, as he handed the baby back to the woman. But when he went outside, he still took his old shotgun.

Early in the morning, he awoke and remembered. Cautiously he moved up to the shack and peered through the crack in the rickety door. The two adults were up, and they evidently intended to take possession of the place. Their two boxes were unpacked, and McCarthy was dumping things around the room. Mike stiffened.

The next moment he flung the door open, pointing his gun at Chub. "Lookee here, McCarthy, you're gittin' out . . . Sorry, Missus. Sorry you're married to a claim-jumper . . . Now, both of you, git out. Pack and git!"

He stood grimly, still aiming the old shotgun. Chub didn't move his massive body, but he jerked his head toward the woman and the empty boxes. She repacked them, sobbing nervously. Then she picked up the baby and came out the door. McCarthy kicked the boxes outside and followed them.

"All right, Dorsey. But you ain't seen the end of me."

Mike didn't answer. He only watched them trudge down the dirt road. He wished the baby wouldn't cry so loud. But, God, it was McCarthy's kid. Let him worry about it.

All that day he told himself that he'd seen the end of Chub's claim-jumping. But a few days later, he was riding home from town and he saw something going on ahead of him. Way at the far end of his quarter section, somebody was throwing up a shack. And it didn't take much figuring to know who.

He heard the clomp of horse's hooves behind him and turned to face his neighbor, Zeb Haigh. Zeb nodded toward the building going up. "Know him?"

"Yeah. Name of McCarthy. Tryin' to jump my claim."

"Is, huh?" Zeb's lanky six feet went tense in his stirrups. "Well, we'll see he don't do that, Mike. You're our neighbor. Folks like you."

They rode down the dusty road to where Chub was building. His stoop-shouldered wife was helping the best she could, looking scared of Chub's raised fist. More often than not, he swung at her when she handed him anything. And most times he hit her.

But the two of them didn't get a thing out of McCarthy. He cussed and shook his hammer in their faces. He told them to go to town, by God, and see whose claim this was.

Well, like Mike told Zeb, he already knew. He knew Chub could sit on this land as long as he could. And the Claims folks might back him up. Couldn't tell.

THE neighbors called on Chub, separately and together. Mike noticed that nobody was cordial to the big man. They told him Mike was here first and so belonged here. They threatened to mob Chub. He cussed them all and stayed.

The months dragged by and the years came. Six of them while Mike and Chub fought over the land. Mike sat on his end of the claim and Chub stood pat on his. They never spoke when they met, and they met as little as possible. Mike tried to be nice to the woman and little boy, being as he was sorry for them. He even brought the kid sacks of candy from town sometimes.

At the insistence of the neighbors, he filed suit to get the McCarthys off his claim. But he soon learned that McCarthy had beat him to it and sued first—to get *him* off. So they went to court and lawed it out for six years. And all the time they squatted on opposite ends of the land. Each farmed half the ground, trying desperately to make his half bigger than the other man's.

Then, after the half dozen years of court suits, a judge who looked to Mike like he wasn't particular who got what, just so he got shut of the case, gave the land to the McCarthys. Mike had never bawled in his life, till then. But he wiped his ragged sleeve across his eyes as he left the court house that day. Six years of fighting Chub McCarthy. Six years shot to hell.

Well, he wasn't budging. Let Chub put him off. Let the smart judge put him off. Let the Devil put him off. And none of them could do it.

The night Chub came to his shack, Mike was asleep. He woke suddenly, as a lantern was thrust into his face. Then he heard Chub's voice bellowing at him: "Get up, you damn squatter! You made me walk offa here six years ago. Now you're walkin'. Git up and git!"

MIKE raised himself on one elbow. He'd never been really afraid of this man. All he'd ever feared was the loss of his land. He said, "I'm stayin'. I like this place. And it's mine, law or no law." He flopped back on the pallet, his back toward McCarthy. He added, to the wall, "Shoot me off, if you think you can, William F. McCarthy."

Those were the last words Mike Dorsey ever spoke. Heavy feet moved across the room. There was a burst of gunfire. And little Mike Dorsey was dead . . .

Chub McCarthy raised himself from the crouching position he'd taken to shoot Mike. He blinked, stared hard again, and then felt his supper coming up. He'd meant to kill the damn sucker, sure. Killin' wasn't nothin'. But he'd never done it this close before, firing right into a guy's head. Why, the old fool's brains were splattered all over the wall.

Suddenly he heard the sound of a horse's whinny in the still night. Quickly he yanked the door shut and stood against it, breathing hard. Suppose somebody came in here now? They'd see he killed old Dorsey, never give him a chance. They'd take Dorsey's part, the way they'd taken it for six years, damn them all. Even been against Chub when the judge gave him the land. Yelled things at him when he left the court house. Said they'd help Mike get back the land.

Well, he'd damn well made a mess of things now. The law would have been on his side if he'd left Dorsey alive. But Mike was dead. And dead guys always got all the sympathy.

He heard the horse go on by, and he relaxed a little. But he knew he couldn't

keep Mike's killing a secret for long. Mike had too many callers.

He blew out his lantern and went outside. There was only one thing to do. Get the law on his side again, before the folks that lived around here got to the sheriff first. Sheriff Smith would give Chub protection. This claim was Chub's and the sheriff would have to stand behind it. That and protection from Dorsey's neighbors. The law bound him to do that.

Chub knew he couldn't go back to his own shack. The woman and kid would get up and bawl. There was only one thing to do—and that was walk, walk, walk till he walked off this whole damn thing. Walking always cleared his mind.

HE GOT to town by daylight. He banged furiously on the locked door of the court house. He heard muffled sounds inside, and he yelled wildly, cussing. At last he heard feet coming down the hallway. The door was unlocked and the sheriff looked at him coldly. "You're in a helluva hurry, Chub."

"Take me in, Sheriff. I killed Mike Dorsey. Had to do it. Take me in."

Smith still eyed him warily. "What's all the rush? Mike's friends after you?"

"Hell, no, Sheriff. Just playin' safe. And it was self-defense. Man's gotta protect his claim, ain't he?"

"Depends. Mebbe. Mebbe not." They walked down the long corridor to the cells. Sheriff Smith motioned him into one of the empty ones and slammed the door. Then he said, "All right, McCarthy. Let's hear your story."

Chub told him. He made it big, a fight and all. Said he had his gun along when he went to Mike's house because he'd been shooting coyotes. Ordered Mike to stop coming at him. Shot when Mike didn't stop.

Sheriff Smith just grunted when Chub quit talking. Chub couldn't tell by the man's face whether he believed a damn word of it or not. And he didn't find out till the county paper came out on Thursday.

That was June 21—two days after Chub had killed Mike. The city marshal, walking through the jail, tossed Chub a paper. "Here, man, read about yourself. Think you're a hero, maybe. Well, if you do, nobody else does."

Chub's hands shook a little as he reached through the bars and took the paper. The story was inside the back page, the way crimes always were. Politics and ads kept the front pages full . . . The finely printed news headline read, CHUB MCCARTHY SHOOTS MIKE DORSEY TO DEATH WITH A SHOTGUN. The whole thing was there. The end of the article said, "The reputation of McCarthy is very bad. He is generally believed to be vicious, cruel and untrustworthy. The sympathy of the whole neighborhood has always been with Dorsey. An impression prevails that even the story of the murder as told by McCarthy does not give the facts in as cowardly and deliberate a manner as they occurred."

Chub threw the paper to the floor and ground his heel into it. So nobody believed him. But, God, how could they when they saw Dorsey's brains all splattered? Why hadn't he had the damn sense to remember about that, when he was telling Smith about the killing? They'd all found out, when they went out there, that Mike didn't die standing up.

ALL RIGHT, let them say the land was Dorsey's. Law said it was McCarthy's. The law had saved his land. It would save his life, too. Sheriff Smith had sent him a lawyer, fellow named Ellis. They'd make it, Chub and this Ellis.

When he looked down the corridor and saw his wife that afternoon, he groaned aloud. She'd have the kid dragging along, sure. He didn't want the boy seeing his pa in jail.

Then he saw that the pale-cheeked woman was alone. He said, "Hullo."

She took hold of the bars, and the veins stood out on her hands. "Chub, did you do it—what they said you done?"

He couldn't meet her eyes. He'd always been half-afraid of her honest gaze. Maybe that was why he always talked big to her, even beat her up. He said dully, "Yeah. I done it." Then he raised his face, "But I only done what I had to. And it was fer the land. The land fer you and the kid."

"Sure, Chub."

"I got me a lawyer. He'll clear me."

"I hope so. I don't know why, but I do. The disgrace, maybe. The disgrace of having you put away for murder." Her face went tighter, and her hands began to shake. "Chub, they're mad out there. They had a meeting in Fountain Township last night."

"Well, so what'd they do at this here meetin'?"

"Mrs. Haigh told me when I begged her to. She said they decided to let your preliminary trial go on, if it's held in Ottawa County. Then they'd see."

"They'll see, all right. They'll see I'll come right back out there and farm my land. No batch of damned Kansas farmers is scarin' me off my own claim." He yelled it loudly. But he knew the echo was not nearly so loud in his heart.

A week dragged by. Other people brought him newspapers, from other towns around. He'd made the news all over, it looked like. One reporter said it was rumored around that the preliminary trial would be moved to another county, where there would be less chance of prejudice. And the article added that if that happened, the murderer might go free. Chub stuck that paper inside his shirt, where he could feel it all day. He hoped to hell his trial was moved. No judge or jury in Ottawa County would give him a decent hearing. He'd found that out this week. Nobody had said a good word for him, not even his own wife.

The hearing was to be the next day. Chub slept fitfully that night. Every so often, he woke up and listened for the sound of stomping feet, of shouting men.

But when they did come, he was sound asleep. And they hadn't made a sound. The first thing he heard was a gun shot. He sat up, rubbing his eyes. Masked men were everywhere. And a lot of them were aiming guns at the lock on Chub's cell door, trying to shoot it open, firing again and again.

He heard the jailer say, "Mobbing's against the law. You men know that."

There was no answer. The place seemed full of silent figures, milling like ghosts, uttering no sounds. Chub shouted, "Don't let them in here! Where's Smith? Why ain't he protectin' me?"

THE JAILER snorted. "He's locked in his room. They broke down the door of the court house. They've got guards at every corner of the block and every door in the place." His gaze went up and down the corridor, and he shuddered. "Better start prayin', McCarthy. I counted over fifteen of 'em." But he planted himself firmly in front of the cell door. "Now go home, you men. This is a case for the law, not a mob. You don't want to get sent up for murder, just because McCarthy'll be. And he'll get life, I swear to God. Now go home, all of you."

But not a figure moved. They stood, still silent as corpses. Only their eyes were alive, staring out of pillow cases, gunny sacks, bandannas. And Chub didn't know eyes, not when they were apart from faces, like this. But he sure as hell knew what they held in their hands. Guns and clubs and sledge-hammers. Even bars of railroad iron. Lord, did they mean to beat him to death?

Then the man closest to the jailer jerked his head, and the men closed in. Guns popped into the jailer's face. He handed over his keys.

But the mob couldn't find the right key. Chub held his breath, hoping they'd give up. They'd tried every key. Chub knew which one it was. He knew too that the mob was too edgy to have steady hands, same way they'd been too shaky to shoot the lock.

Then Chub saw the jailer jerked into the air. Two men were doing it, shaking him like dogs with a rag doll. They set him down and motioned toward the lock, handing him the keys. But still they said nothing. Not a word. It was spooky, Chub thought, or it would be if it wasn't so damned deadly. Every minute brought him closer to a rope around his neck. He

could feel it now, cutting his flesh, choking his breath . . .

The jailer fitted the key and the door swung wide. Chub glanced at the big clock and saw that it was two o'clock in the morning. He'd be dead by daylight. There was no escaping now. The jailer was tied and gagged, then dumped inside Chub's cell. He couldn't give the alarm. Nobody could.

Chub was in his wool underwear, crouched in the far corner of his cell. As they moved toward him, he shouted. "Lemme dress, will you?"

They threw him his clothes and let him put some of them on. Then they tied his hands and feet, gagged his mouth, carried him out of the building and into a wagon. God, it looked like the death wagon. They must have stolen it from the undertaker.

More men joined the mob, seeming to come from every corner of the town. The narrow streets were teeming with masked men on horseback. Only one wagon was along, the wagon McCarthy was in. He crawled toward the seat, beating his head against the wood. Goddamn, wouldn't any of these fools talk to him?

There was no sign that the driver knew he'd moved. The silent lynching party rode out of town, out into the moonlight of the country. Chub struggled to a sitting position, staring out across the silvery fields. Why, nobody in town even knew that this mob had got him. Nobody could save him. He shut his eyes, swallowing hard, feeling the chafing of that rope around his neck . . .

Suddenly he saw the outline of a bridge ahead. It was the new Geison Bridge, built just last year. It had girders high and strong, plenty strong enough to hang a thousand men like Chub McCarthy. He strained and tried to cough. The gag came loose, dropping out of his mouth. He yelled wildly. "You can't hang me on that bridge, you hear? You'll all swing if you do! You gotta let me go. You gotta—" But the driver turned, still unspeaking, and kicked him back into the bottom of the wagon.

Well, they'd have to talk when they tried to hang him. And he'd talk, too. Like he'd never talked before. Tell them about the wife and kid. Sure, that was it. These men had families. They wouldn't widow a woman with a little kid.

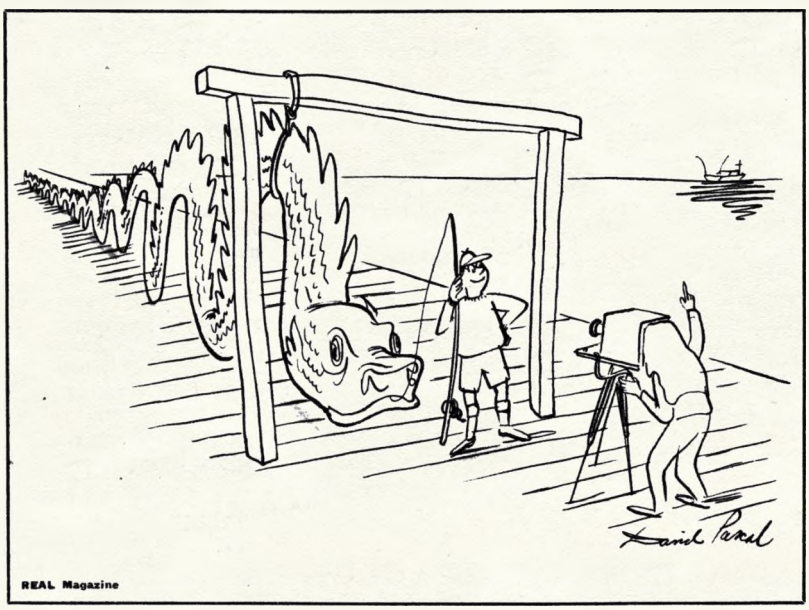
The party drew up at the east end of the bridge. The horses milled about, and dust filled Chub's lungs. He wished to God it would choke him before the rope did. He felt numb as he was shoved out of the wagon and yanked along toward the high girders of the bridge.

Then the man with the rope in his hands flung it down, reared his horse into the air and pulled away. Another man snatched up the rope, fingering the prepared noose. But the second lyncher dropped the rope too and fled to the outskirts of the crowd. Chub felt his heart pounding out of his body. Maybe nobody would do it. Maybe they'd all turn and run. God, if they only would!

But when over half the mob had tried and failed, things changed. Three men began to move through the mob, jerking shoulders and nudging ribs. Though they spoke no words, Chub knew their meaning. And he knew that the men knew it, too. They were signalling that every man in this mob was to be in on the lynching. Not one was to leave here without Chub McCarthy's blood on his hands.

He saw them lining up. Somebody was even tying another rope to the first one. God above, they were all going to swing on him, every damned one of them!

Big hands, even bigger than his, flashed before his face. The rope fell about his neck, and it was real this time. Frantically he shrieked. "Who are you, damn it? Who's doin' this to me? You, Zeb? You, Tom, Fred, Steve?" The silence was enough to drive a guy out of his mind. He shouted, "I got a wife, remember? And little kid. Kill me and you'll take all they got. Lemme go—lemme go, I say!"



BUT HE felt the rope tighten. His feet left the ground. A terrible choking gushed through him. And the last thing he saw was the long line of men, all swinging on him, every damned one of them. . . .

And so Chub McCarthy was dead. The neighbor closest to the Geison Bridge found him, next morning. He told folks later that his wife made him get up and go to the bridge at daylight. He told her no mob would lynch a man on a bridge on the main road. But she'd seen the horses and the wagon go by in the moonlight, and she said it would be the bridge. It was. He found Chub McCarthy hanging there. He was swinging from one of the highest crossbeams, his feet six or seven feet above the floor of the bridge.

The man stood there, horrified for a minute. Then he heard a horse behind him and turned to see who it was. He saw Mrs. McCarthy and the little boy. They were driving their old buggy toward the bridge from the west. The man opened his mouth to yell at her, to try to stop her in time. But he didn't make it. Her eyes went to the crossbeam and the lifeless body of her husband.

The man said he'd never forget the scream she let out. He'd never heard agony like it, and he hoped to the Lord he would never hear it again. Then she turned the buggy around and headed the other way. That was the last that that man or anybody else ever saw of Chub McCarthy's wife and boy. It was as if the earth had swallowed them somewhere between the bridge and town. Some said, later, that they boarded a train. Others said the woman drove a foaming horse into the horizon. Nobody knew for sure.

And so Mike Dorsey was avenged. His neighbors atoned for his murder and went home to forget. And forget they did. From 1888 to 1956, not a soul in middle Kansas has learned the names of the men who hanged Chub McCarthy in the early morning hours of June 28.

The sheriff's files for 1888 list McCarthy's name—and not a damn thing more. There is no record of offense, of time served, of what happened to him. It doesn't even say what the man looked like. It is as if the town meant for nobody to remember William F. McCarthy.

And they don't. Not in words, anyway. In looks, sure—looks that tell you to mind your own business. In downcast eyes begging you to believe their grandfathers weren't among the lynchers that night.

It's still an issue in the town. It will be as long as nobody knows who did it. And nobody ever will. **END**

blank times that occasionally come to everyone else. Eventually, one of the Milwaukee newspapers ran a feature spread on his feats, and he had the honor of personally guiding a Hollywood troupe shooting some outdoor footage. Throughout the big lake country Henderson was regarded with awe and/or envy by even the most experienced fellow ichthyologists.

One of the memories old-timers relish the most concerns the summer day a carload of visiting Chicagoans stopped by Al's store for the healing touch, and maybe a little advice, before they tried their luck in a nearby lake. Happily, in infinite detail, Al spun an epic play-by-play commentary describing precisely how he had hooked, fought, landed, cleaned and, finally, baked a 53-inch muskie. The monologue came to one hour and 12 minutes, according to a friend who had the presence of mind to clock it.

WHAT MADE Al Henderson a really unique character in an area celebrated for its fishing was the blunt fact that he was one of the few who recognized a curious truth. "The fish are bigger at night," he would say. Like not many others before or since, Al softly rowed the dark rivers and lakes of northern Wisconsin while almost everyone else was asleep, except the fish.

Despite its many charms, millions of fishermen who first began by swimming a gob of worms in the dark for bullheads and suckers have all but forgotten this nighttime sport. The normal advance from cane poles to bait or fly rods and the change from live bait to artificial lures somehow causes sportsmen to neglect both the joys and the catches of angling at night.

In a way, the joys must always come first. There isn't much real adventure left in a world in ferment, and the best adventure is about 80 per cent synthetic anyway. Even an elephant hunt is simply shooting a big animal with a high powered rifle at reasonably safe range unless you happen to supply some thrills out of your own head. Night fishing isn't elephant hunting, of course, but it is available to all men, while the darkness and the sounds of things unseen offer even the feeblest imagination some of the stuff thrills are made of.

Night fishing is akin to the coon hunt and frog-gigging party, with a touch of Halloween and the hayride thrown in. And if it's fish more than thrills you seek, don't ever overlook the catches. For as Al Henderson learned in the tall grasses of long ago, fish bite best when mosquitoes bite best: at night. Trout, bass, pickerel and muskies all feast in the still of night, along with carp, crappie, catfish, sucker, rock bass and bluegill.

Plug casting in the dark is hard to beat anywhere in the whole catalogue of outdoor sports. Sometimes a lake will be so still that the splash of your plug will sound as if it's the only noise in all creation, and you can't escape the feeling that every big fish for miles around will strike at the plug. They won't, obviously, but you get the same feeling every time the plug winds out into the void around you.

Aside from such predictable hazards as baiting a dark hook with your thumb, or stepping a little too close—glug!—to the water, night fishing has no elements of danger beyond the sunshine variety, and the rewards go far beyond it.

Rewards? Glen Graff could tell you about the rewards of setting forth at night instead of by daylight. In a pale wash of moonshine, Glen went out on a lake in lower Missouri not long ago. The muffled oars, swung as lightly as possible, pulled him into a familiar cove where he dropped an anchor over the side. Not far away water lapped against a shoreline, and somewhere overhead a bird whistled an eerie song. All around him other sounds magnified until the slightest rustling ashore or the soft splash of a panfish was electrifying.

Quietly, Graff attached a red and white plug, checking the gang-hooks, tugging at the short leader. Into the pitch black he made his first cast. He heard the reel run out the line and the plug splash loudly in the night. Edging back in his seat, he hooked his feet forward for whatever might happen. Almost afraid to breathe, he reeled in without feeling the jerk of a fish. He bent the rod, spit on his plug in the ancient ritual and snapped his wrist, unwinding line in the darkness. After the plug hit water, his wrist almost tore from its socket. A tremendous noise amplified around him, echoing off the water, pounding the pole.

GRAFF'S eyes searched the darkness for some sight of whatever monstrous fish had gotten entangled on his pole, but nothing except blackness and a series of splashings touched his senses. All at once the fish throbbed and yards of line stripped off the reel. It felt like a bass to Glen, and yet bass didn't grow so big—maybe 20 pounds. His wrist grew sore as he whirled line onto the reel. Something thrashed not far from the boat and a curl of line, dripping wet, fell on his wrist. The fish had fooled him, doubling back and slacking the line.

Graff pumped his rod and spun more line, hoping that somehow it would hold. It did, and he began to work the fish closer foot by foot. Twenty pounds? Not quite. The bass had shriveled away to a five-pounder by the time Glen got it into the boat, but even so, it still remains the biggest small-mouth he has ever taken.

Much could be made of the thrills Glen Graff felt during his dark, lonely battle with the unknown. Best of all, though, he doesn't have a monopoly on them, for there is nothing restrictive about fishing after sundown. It includes pan fishermen as well as the fanciest fly or bait-caster, and it is good for anyone who likes to get away now and then.

For all its sense of contemplation and adventure, though, night-angling wouldn't be worth a nickel-plated casting spoon if it didn't also involve large numbers of gamey, rod-curving fish. And it does. Exactly why so many fresh-water fish develop enormous appetites in the evening is a mystery even the most renowned authorities haven't yet agreed on. But they do agree on one blunt fact: fish naturally seem to feed more then.

"Look at it this way," prize-winning tournament caster Mike Healy is apt to say. "In addition to fish like the bass, which feed nocturnally, and fish like the cat, which feed any time they can scare up a meal, other species make a logical adjustment. They stay down deep in hot weather and come up to the surface or along the shore lines foraging for food in the cool of evening."

EVEN SO, angling after dark calls for a miscellaneous catalogue of special techniques. No matter how many big ones you may hook by day, night-fishing is a sport unto itself, and, as such, must be approached along somewhat different lines for the most exciting rewards.

1. ALWAYS CARRY AN EXTRA FLASHLIGHT. Lights have an agonizing habit of getting lost in the bottom of the boat at night. Occasionally the extra light can save that lunker fish you're trying to land by net. For better maneuverability, the real pros wear lightweight mining-type lamps strapped to their skulls.

2. KNOW YOUR WATER. If you aren't familiar with the river or lake you'll be pulling a boat over after dark, better look it over in the daytime. And if you haven't had the chance to do that, it's safer to do your fishing off a pier or along the shore.

3. STICK TO BAIT-CASTING RODS. SPINNING TACKLE OR CANE POLES. You'll get plenty of action with this conventional equipment. Because of the obvious hazards of the long backcasts, fly-rod fishing is recommended only for the authentic virtuosos on bright moonlight nights.

4. TRY DARK ARTIFICIAL LURES IN LARGER SIZES. While virtually any lure is more productive at night, fish seem to notice dark lures more than the lighter shades—silly as it sounds. And since sounds are important, large plugs which splash loudly promise even better action. "Poppers" are especially good.

5. ADD A STRIP OF PORK RIND TO PLUG. There is no guarantee here, but

any time things slow down it's worth the time to string a strip of pork rind on the hook of a dark plug. It wriggles like a tail. One night a fellow I know caught a nine-pound large-mouth bass on exactly such cuisine.

6. ALWAYS USE HEAVIER TEST LINE. If, for example, you're accustomed to fishing a six-pound test in a particular river by day, double the weight to 12 pounds at night. There is good reason for this. After dark you'll probably get lunkers bigger than anything you've ever seen come out of those same holes.

7. AND, FINALLY, CARRY MORE LIVE BAITS. If you happen to be fishing live baits—nightcrawlers, helgramites, frogs, shiners, minnows—you'd better bring along a bigger supply than usual. There's a reason for this too. Chances are you'll be feeding more fish.

To those who have tried it with any success, meaning almost all night-fishermen, the sport has certain other values, too. Even doubting, skeptical wives have come around to accepting it as a legitimate, socially acceptable excuse for a night out, and for very good reason. It's impossible to challenge the morality of a fellow who comes home with a string of fish.

Not long ago, for example, an Aurora, Illinois, a housewife whose dark suspicions of her husband may well have been justified, reluctantly allowed him to leave the house one evening for what he vowed was nothing more than a spot of fishing the Fox River. In the past, he had returned after several hours of mysterious absence intended solely as an expedition for a newspaper, cigars, magazines, even ice cream, without any of these goods in hand, and maybe an aroma of alcohol and lipstick smudges to contradict the innocent purposes of an expedition launched hours before. Yet in this particular instance he brought back for the first time within memory some documentary evidence that he had, in fact, done precisely what he'd outlined as night closed in. The evidence measured 25 inches and weighed seven pounds.

"Night fishing is a sport unto itself," says another husband, a big, bumbling ex-Marine named Bob Stumm. "You sit there in the darkness dreaming a little and listening to the noises. And you catch the biggest damned fish of all."

For myself, I can't think of any angling as exciting as landing a big one you can't even see until you turn on a flashlight after it's safely in the net. I remember night fishing for Midwestern bass one summer, only to come up with what looked like a bad dream—a dark, sawnosed three-foot scavenger known as a garfish.

Obviously I had been able to see nothing at all there in the darkness, which, in the last analysis, is the margin of excitement between daytime and nighttime fishing. For red-blooded sportsmen, that difference is more than enough. **END**

frontier looked into the sea of faces in front of them, they were seized with a paralyzing stage fright.

The first line thrown to Cody by Buntline was, "Where you been lately, Bill?"

In the script Cody's answer was, "I been killing Indians, Gale, and they be coming after me."

None of these words came from the throat of Cody. He stood staring glassy-eyed into space. Buntline threw the line at him again. Cody came to life, grinned, and said, "We're supposed to be actors, ain't we?"

This brought a roar of laughter from the audience. Buntline repeated the line. Cody pointed to Patrick Mullen and said, "I been on a hunting trip with Mr. Patrick Mullen."

Mullen let out a bellowing laugh. Buntline tossed Cody this line, "Well, Bill, tell us about the hunt."

Cody described the hunting trip with an earthy humor that kept the audience roaring with laughter. The grand finale of the first act came when Buntline shouted, "The Indians are upon us!" Out of the wings came the ten supers, faces covered with war paint, Indian headdress all askew on their heads, waving hatchets purchased in a hardware store. Texas Jack came to life, drew his two six guns, as did Cody, and the two scouts, using blank cartridges, killed the ten murderous Indians as the curtain went down to the applause of the audience.

The second act was the same, with the same ten Indians killed again as the curtain went down. In the third act Cody added a homely touch. Seeing his wife sitting in the third row, he walked to the edge of the stage, cried, "Oh, Mama, ain't I a terrible actor," and threw her a kiss. The audience stomped their feet, clapped and cheered. The act ended with the same ten Indians again being slaughtered.

Buntline pleaded with the newspapermen to be kind about the play as he had had to write it in four hours. The reviews passed quickly over the play, the only comment of the reviewers on Buntline's claim that he wrote *Scouts of the Plains* in four hours was wonder that it took him so long. On Cody's acting the reviewers used superlatives to acclaim the greatest natural actor ever to hit Chicago.

That night in his hotel room, Cody said to his wife, "Mama, I'm going to be an actor. I'm going to be the greatest showman of the country."

On this night of December 16, 1872, William F. Cody was 26, a happy-go-lucky roustabout of the frontier, six feet three, straight as an arrow and handsome as a god, with none of the egotism so often found in handsome men. He was jovial and friendly, with an earthy humor, generous to a fault, giving his last dollar to anybody in need, and as his sister wrote, "The biggest and most lovable liar God ever created."

He had one cross to bear, but it must be admitted he bore it with a hilarious joy. It was his liking for whiskey, and his drunks were events long remembered by his friends. His drunken wolf yell, which could be heard at a far distance, caused many a good citizen to awake in the dead of night frozen with fear.

THE LEGEND woven around the character of Buffalo Bill, result of 44 years of well-financed publicity writing, must have made the old timers who knew Cody on the frontier laugh long and heartily. He was pictured as the greatest Indian killer of all time, having to his credit twice as many scalps as any other man. It was also written, and believed by millions, that his body was covered with 160 scars.

The one person who should have known better than anybody else about the scars was his wife. She said the only scars her husband had were from bumps on the head when he fell down drunk. Jack Crawford, newspaperman and poet, a close companion of Cody in the frontier days, wrote, "Cody never got a scratch and never killed an Indian." In his later years, Cody himself often remarked, "Gosh, what terrible things they wrote about me."

The fable about Cody as a buffalo hunter brought deep belly laughs from the old timers. Cody is supposed to have killed thousands of these animals, as many as 1,500 in one day. He did hunt for a brief time when the Kansas Pacific Railroad was being built across Kansas and buffalo meat was the food for the workman. His marksmanship was notoriously poor. He was nicknamed "Buffalo Bill" not because he killed so many buffalo, but because he killed so few and this nickname was given as a joke.

When he was 20, Cody married the pretty Lois Frederici, a belle of St. Louis. This marriage was to ride some tumultuous seas, but Cody, at least, started it out right by settling down. He leased a hotel near Leavenworth and announced his wild days were over. This business venture lasted exactly three months. Probably no hotel in the old West did such a flourishing business as his. The trouble was that few, if any, of the guests paid. When the news spread that Cody was running a hotel, every deadbeat from far and wide journeyed to Leavenworth for free whiskey and lodging.

Cody took his failure with a happy grin and moved with his wife to Fort McPherson, Nebraska. His wife kept the family in food by taking in sewing, while her husband raced ponies, sometimes guided cavalry units and on rare occasions got a good fee as a guide for Eastern dudes. But no matter how much he made, it disappeared quickly, either in wild, drunken sprees or given to anybody who asked for a handout.

During these years at Fort McPherson, he had only one skirmish with the Indians and there was nothing bloody about it. The Indians had stolen Powder Face, his favorite pony, and with a few soldiers he went after his pony, retrieved it and some cavalry horses. General Sheridan, in appreciation of getting one of his horses back, recommended Cody for the Medal of Honor, which was liberally bestowed in those days.

This medal formed the background of much of the publicity for Cody over 40 years. In 1917, the War Department began checking over the owners of this coveted medal and struck hundreds from the list, including Cody.

On the afternoon of May 12, 1869, Cody was under a wagon at Fort McPherson, sleeping off a drunk. He was awakened by somebody yanking his shoulder. He opened his eyes and saw a fat, pudgy man, a civilian, his chest covered with glittering medals.

"Name is Ned Buntline," the stranger said. "Are you Buffalo Bill?"

Cody crawled out from under the wagon, nodded that was his name and looked at Buntline with some amazement. Of all the eccentric characters of the old west, Elmo Judson, whose pen name was Ned Buntline, was probably the strangest. In his lifetime he wrote 200 entire volumes, twice the output of Dickens and Scott combined. He was a rabid prohibitionist, a fanatic patriot, one of the organizers of the Know-Nothing party, a member of many secret societies and a man who, despite his pudgy build, loved a fight better than anything else.

THE MEDALS he wore were mostly of secret societies. He came West for more gory copy, and had gone to Fort McPherson to get the permission of Major Frank North, known as the white chief of the Pawnees, to use him as a character in a novel. North said no, but suggested if Buntline wanted a character, he might find Buffalo Bill sleeping off a drunk under the wagon.

Buntline used Buffalo Bill in a novel that wasn't a flaring success, but Bunt-

line liked Cody and had him take him on several trips. Then Buntline disappeared from Fort McPherson. The next time Cody saw him was on the street in Chicago, deep in the dumps over his failure to produce his play, *A Soul at Bay*.

Nobody could claim that Cody was a Booth or a Barrymore on the stage, yet by the time the play, rewritten by Buntline and renamed, *Scouts of the Prairies*, reached New York, the New York *Times* review said, "We have this to say of the Honorable W. F. Cody that he exhibited . . . a surprising degree of aplomb, ease of gesture and vocal power . . ."

Scouts of the Prairies played to packed houses. In that year Cody earned close to $40,000. This didn't satisfy him; he felt he should be making more money. Back of this feeling was probably the conflict with Buntline. At best, Ned Buntline was a difficult person, but Cody's drinking put any amiable relation to the test.

THE CONFLICT came to a head in New York when the play was put on at the old Broadway Theater near Eighth Street. New York had a small but loud and militant prohibition group. Ned Buntline was their hero. To boost the play Buntline naturally wanted Buffalo Bill to get some of this publicity, so he made a stirring speech against demon rum before the curtain went up, extolling the virtues of Buffalo Bill, whom he quoted as saying something about liquor never touching the lips of a brave man.

Buntline's speech was rudely interrupted by the unearthly wolf yell Cody would emit when in his cups. He had been out with the boys, was late to the theater, and when he came, he had difficulty walking. It would probably not have been so bad if he had only stopped walking, something he didn't do until he was on the stage, in full view of the prohibitionists. It took no imagination whatever on the part of any member of the audience, even the youngest child, to know that the brave Buffalo Bill was drunk as hell.

Ned Buntline never forgave Cody, and from then on their relations were cool. At the end of that season Buntline and Cody decided both would be happier if they parted ways. So Ned Buntline stepped out of the picture, never to return. Many writers credit Buntline with being the brain behind Buffalo Bill and his skyrocketing to fame. Outside of the part he played in starting Cody on the stage, Ned Buntline didn't figure in the story of Buffalo Bill.

Another man did—John T. Burke—about whom little is known. When Cody and Texas Jack broke with Buntline and organized their own company, Burke became their business manager. And for 44 years John T. Burke was always at Cody's side, and more than any one man it was Burke who sent Bill Cody to the top as the greatest showman of all time.

Burke has been described by a friend as a man with none of the small virtues but all of the greater ones. He was never punctual for any appointment, was obscenely profane in language, imprudent in his personal life, a wastrel with money. But he had a deep and abiding sense of loyalty to a friend, and his loyalty to Cody never wavered. He was probably the greatest publicity man of that day.

Cody's new troupe had a third member of Western fame, Wild Bill Hickok. Before Wild Bill joined the show, Cody was a fervent admirer of his. A month later Cody's opinion of Wild Bill was close to nil. Wild Bill was incorrigible, impossible to handle, with a mean and vicious streak that found expression in many ways. One was to fire his six-guns with the blanks close against the legs of the supers in the grand finale of each act, burning their legs and causing them to jump and dance instead of falling dead. When it became difficult to hire supers, Cody admonished Wild Bill to act human. Wild Bill walked out on the show, asking a stage hand to "tell that long-haired son of a bitch named Cody I have no more use for him or his damned show."

Burke's job was to build up the character of Buffalo Bill. Custer's massacre gave him his great chance. The newspapers carried the story that Buffalo Bill was hurrying west to avenge Custer. Cody didn't go in buckskins, but in one of his stage costumes as a Mexican, the explanation being that the minute he heard of the massacre, he ran off the stage and headed west without taking time to change, all of which was a good sample of Burke's publicity sense.

Cody joined the Fifth Cavalry commanded by General E. A. Carr in the Dakotas. General Carr had been ordered to pursue Sitting Bull and his Indians. On July 15, word came to General Carr that 700 Cheyenne had left the Red Cloud reservation, led by the young chief Yellow Hand. Two days later the Fifth Cavalry made contact with Yellow Hand and his men. Many versions of what happened at that meeting have been written. Only on one point is everybody agreed, and that is the fact that Yellow Hand was killed.

Cody himself gave many versions of that fight. The first, and the one which got a full column in the New York *Herald*, was that Yellow Hand rode up to the Cavalry and challenged Cody to a duel. The two rode toward each other at breakneck speed, with Cody firing the bullet that killed Yellow Hand. Later Cody claimed that his horse stepped in a gopher hole, broke his leg, and single-handed, with his knife, Cody leaped on Yellow Hand's horse and slew the Indian chief.

As the years passed, Cody would tell how he and Yellow Hand grappled and fought to the death for half an hour be-

fore Cody got the opening that enabled him to make the death thrust. Members of the Fifth Cavalry had still another version. Sergeant Jake Blaut rode with Cody to meet Yellow Hand in the duel, and it was Sergeant Blaut's bullet that killed the chief.

In the front page story in the New York *Herald*, Cody got full credit for the deed and the story was headlined, "The first scalp for Custer." Other papers picked up the story. Overnight Buffalo Bill became a national hero. The dime novel boys leaped with glee on the new Indian killer and Buffalo Bill books came off the presses one and sometimes two a month, all enjoying great sales.

Burke estimated that Cody netted close to $200,000 in the seven years he was on the stage, but Cody never liked acting. His sister Nellie wrote that after each new play, he would say to her, "Nellie, if Heaven will only forgive me this foolishness, I promise to quit forever when this season is over."

Cody long had the dream of a Wild West show. About everybody connected with him claimed to have been the originator of that show. Cody was thinking about it long before many of these men even knew him. In 1871 he had made the suggestion to General Sheridan. The General shook his head and said it was all a crazy dream, that the shooting and bucking horses would scare Eastern audiences.

Two events in 1882 were responsible for the birth of the Wild West show. Martin Keetin, an old-timer, had a herd of buffalo and he needed money. Bill Cody bought the herd, wondering at the time what he would do with the animals. In that same year the town of North Platt, close to Fort McPherson, planned a rip-roaring Fourth of July celebration. They asked Cody to put it on for them. He gathered cowboys from all the ranches and that celebration was probably the first rodeo to be staged in the West.

But what caught the eye of the crowd was Buffalo Bill's herd of buffalo, with Cody riding among them, using blank cartridges, re-enacting the buffalo hunt. Buffalo had long passed from scene in that part of the west and the crowd cheered the act wildly.

Burke said to Cody, "Bill, that's a show. I could sell it anywhere and we can make a million dollars out of it."

On May 17, 1883, at the Fair Grounds in Omaha, Nebraska, the public got their first view of Buffalo Bill's famous Wild West show. That year it was called The Wild West, Rocky Mountain and Prairie Exhibition. There were no freaks, no side shows, no clowns, no great canvas top.

The public loved the show. It moved east. Sedate Boston turned out en masse to see the show and liked it. As a tent was impossible because it would quickly be riddled with bullets, the Wild West Show had to play in the open, eliminating night shows—except at Coney Island, where lights were available. When the show got to the Aquinduct Park outside Providence, the upper ten of Newport society were among the 12,000 who jammed the arena to see the show.

But all was not well with the show. There was considerable confusion, due to almost daily show dates, necessitating all-night travel and little sleep. The one thing that struck terror in the hearts of Burke and everybody with the show, a thing that became something of a nightmare to all, was Buffalo Bill's wolf yell that told one and all he was drunk. With money rolling in in large amounts, Bill spent each evening entertaining everybody at the bars and imbibing heavily. Often he was still drunk the next day.

The crisis came when the show got to Hartford. Buffalo Bill started his rounds of drinking the night before, kept it up into the next day, and while the audience was waiting for the main attraction—Cody—a wolf yell split the air. Burke and the whole cast knew Buffalo Bill was on a roaring rampage, one they couldn't get him out of in time for the show.

He staggered into his quarters at about the time the show was due to start. He demanded his horse, got on it and led the jittery members out into the Fair grounds, head high and eyes flashing.

Drunk or sober he was a showman, as shown in this story in the conservative Hartford *Courant*, published the following morning: "The real sight of the whole thing, after all, is Buffalo Bill, a perfect model of manly beauty, erect of body and noble of looks and actions. . . . It was, indeed, an impressive sight as he led his show . . . with the American flag waving in the sunlight and the band playing the National Anthem. It was America, great and true and strong. America embodied in the magnificent figure of Buffalo Bill."

THAT FALL Cody chose new partners. Nate Salsbury, a well-known comic actor, and Captain Bogardus, Burke added many new features to the show, the most popular being the re-enactment of the Custer massacre. The climax to this gory and bloody scene was Buffalo Bill riding up after the Indians had killed Custer and his soldiers. This was Buffalo Bill's favorite act. He would bring his horse to a skidding stop, look over the dead and shout in a voice that could be heard in every corner of the scene, "Too late, oh God, too late . . ." And always this was greeted with thunderous applause.

The next fall Buffalo Bill's Wild West Show came close to complete extinction. Cody decided to go South for the winter. It was Burke's idea to go down the Mississippi on a huge flat boat. It was a good publicity stunt, but Burke had no way of knowing that for 40 days and 40 nights it would rain.

Arrangements were made to use the Metarie Race Track in New Orleans for the show. The rain had flooded the race track. It caused the Mississippi to rise and the boat carrying the show collided with another boat, and the Wild West Show went down under 30 feet of water. The buffalo, the elk, the wild sheep—all the animals drowned except two horses.

Cody wired Nate Salsbury who was singing a comic song at the Opera House in Denver. The wire from Cody was handed Salsbury. (*Continued on page* 68)

"He left this world flat broke and his last wish is that you all chip in and pay my fee."

World's Smallest Adding Machine* Amazes Experts in Contest

Used by United States Army, Nine European Governments, Giant Business Firms throughout the World!

Does Your Math Brainwork—Successfully Competes with Machines Costing 10 and 20 Times As Much! Quickly Adds and Subtracts up to One Million! Pocket Size! Feather Weight! Fast! Noiseless! NEVER Makes a Mistake!

By Art Wilson

3½ Million in Use Saving Time, Work, Headaches and Frazzled Nerves.

Now I've seen everything! I'm a veteran tax accountant and naturally a fairly fast expert mathematician myself. When we audit a big firm's books, we often have as many as 20 accountants move in. And in the process we bang away at dozens of adding machines, keeping them clackety-clack-clacking till they actually run hot.

So I thought I was familiar with all the latest, most efficient and improved adding machines now on the market.

But today I witnessed a contest that truly floored me. Everyone who saw it could hardly believe their eyes. It was amazing.

This featherweight precision adding machine was given to a slip of a girl who had operated it for the first time just a week before. And they lined 'em up to compete against a male expert working with pencil and paper. And against two machine operators with a $150. hand operated machine, and with the most modern $300. electric!

A David and Goliath Battle

Bang! They were off! Adding columns and columns of numbers with each number running to 4, 5, 6 and 7 figures! You never saw such speed. All four contestants were amazingly fast.

But that little featherweight ADDIATOR went zip-zip-zipping through those heavy columns of figures and came up with the RIGHT ANSWERS EVERY TIME! Almost as fast as the $150. hand-operated machine! TWICE AS FAST as the pencil and paper mathematician! And only seconds behind the $300. machine.

Little ADDIATOR should be called "Gladiator." It sure knocked 'em dead! Surprised and delighted every one of us!

No Wonder 3½ million Are in Use!

No Wonder It's Used by U. S. Army and Giant Business Firms Throughout the World!

"Hooray for ADDIATOR! It practically does my math for me," says high school student **Olivia Greenes.**

"Helps me give my customers lightning fast estimates. Pays off in increased sales for me," says building supply salesman **John Miller.**

"Now when I'm forced to take work home, ADDIATOR always gives me fast accurate results—instead of the aching head I used to get from old - fashioned figuring. And it's just as reliable as my office adding machine. **John Willis,** New York Tax Consultant.

"It's wonderful for checking grocery bills and other budget items. Now I know where every penny goes," says housewife **Haiels Strong.**

Not satisfied with the contest in adding, the judges lined up 40 difficult Subtraction Problems, each running to 6, 7 and 8 figure numbers.

Again that slip of a girl made that whiz ADDIATOR zip-zip-zip out the answers fast as you could read!

Again it almost tied the $150. machine.

Again it was hot on the heels of the $300. electric—only a matter of seconds behind!

Anyone Can Use It

You just zip the numbers and ADDIATOR DOES THE REST. IT'S SUPER-ACCURATE. SUPER-FAST. Compact-Simple-Uncomplicated! Even a child can work it. And it NEVER MAKES A MISTAKE.

Marvel of Precision Design Never Needs Repairs

The average small adding machine is more of a toy than a serious business machine. Made of brittle plastic or short-lived metal substitutes — Movement rough and uneven — Often so poorly designed you can't even see the numbers without straining your eyes. But NOW wonderful durable ADDIATOR gives you dream-like perfection. The world's smallest precision adding machine. The ONLY pocket adding machine constructed entirely of long lasting aluminum or brass. The ONLY pocket adding machine that gives you perfect accuracy — everytime. Try it — ENTIRELY AT OUR RISK! Watch in amazement as it does your brainwork for you.

Sensational New ADDIATOR Makes Tax Computing Easy. Amazes you with office machine performance everytime. Yet it fits flat in your pocket or handbag. Read below how it saves you time, money and frazzled nerves.

Your Dollar Goes Further When You Know Where It's Going

YOU SAVE because miraculous ADDIATOR quickly tells you where every dollar is going — **before** it's gone. Protects you from the evils of frustrating **hidden** spending. YOU SAVE because amazing ADDIATOR goes with your wife when she does the marketing and protects her from overcharges. YOU SAVE because handy ADDIATOR accurately checks your bank statements, budgets, monthly bills, expense accounts, automobile mileage — almost automatically.

In short, it performs 1001 jobs for the entire family! Checks your bridge, canasta and golf scores. Speeds up homework for students and teachers alike. Pocket size and featherweight. Fast! Noiseless! NEVER makes a mistake! Gives you office machine performance for only a fraction of the cost.

Amazing Results or Trial Costs You Nothing

Don't spend a single penny now. Simply clip the NO-RISK Coupon and mail for your **pocket size** ADDIATOR. See for yourself what a BIG difference it makes. See how easy you accurately compute whole rows of difficult figures — as fast as you can tick them off.

Thrill to the ease and simplicity of its **noiseless** operation. See how handily it fits into your pocket or handbag — always ready to serve. Yes, get office machine accuracy for only a fraction of the cost, or claim full purchase price refund anytime within 10 days.

HURRY! Wonderful **precision** ADDIATOR is imported from West Germany. Demand is leaping ahead faster than available supplies. Avoid delay. Mail that NO-RISK Coupon Today!

***ADDIATOR is precision made by top West German craftsmen. It is the world's smallest precision adding machine.**

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AMERICAN EXPRESS—Giuseppe Guetta—Venice, Italy. "... fully satisfied with its simplicity . . . its effective usefulness and accuracy."

INSURANCE — Societa Italiana Di Assicurazioni, Milan, Italy. "... already in use in our accounting office . . . our employees are enjoying the simplicity and usefulness."

TAX EXPERT—Theodor Mozer, West Germany. "... nerve wracking additions of long columns of ciphers have become as easy as a game."

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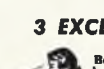

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WILD WEST HELL-RAISERS CONTINUED

He read as he sang:

"OUTFIT AT BOTTOM OF RIVER. WHAT SHALL I DO?" Salsbury never stopped singing as he scribbled his answer on the back of the telegram.

"GO TO NEW ORLEANS AND OPEN. WIRING FUNDS."

Burke and Cody, exerting superhuman efforts, rounded up enough animals from zoos to stage the show on the scheduled day. The rains stopped and great crowds came out to see the show as Cody and Burke took it through the Southern states.

The next year Annie Oakley, Sitting Bull, Lillian Smith and other attractions were added. On July 10, Burke pulled his greatest publicity stunt. He persuaded the aging P. T. Barnum to see the show. Barnum had consistently refused to acknowledge there was any other show but his. He saw the Wild West Show, then said without a trace of humor, "You have a great show, a truly great show."

This tribute of the old master tabbed Buffalo Bill's show as the greatest, and until well after the turn of the century Cody played to millions and was to our fathers and grandfathers as much the American scene as was the Fourth of July or Thanksgiving.

In 1917, Bill Cody was old and penniless. The million dollars he had made on his show had been squandered with happy abandon. On January 10, he was stricken and lay dying. His wife was at his side to the very end. He looked up at her and smiled his boyish grin. "Remember, Mama, long ago when I told you I was going to be a great showman? Well, Mama, I was."

His chin dropped a little and his mouth gaped open. Buffalo Bill was dead. **END**

AN EYE FOR PUGS (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34)

signed by this champ or some other one.

There was one thing different about Torrance's place. On one wall he'd had a little shelf laid in and on the shelf was a glass case and in the glass case was a silver trophy. On the trophy you could read, "Victor Torrance — National Marble Shooting Champion—1918." It doesn't ring right, but there it is, and you can check it in the old files of the papers. Vic Torrance, when he was a kid in the East Bronx, won the marble-shooting championship of the whole country. And on his desk, set in a little cupped-out section, is the clear, pale-blue marble he won the championship with.

So now Torrance leaned forward and picked up the marble, rubbed it against his cuff, the marble catching the light in the room and winking it back, and then he put it back down, almost lovingly. "I'll give you twenty grand for your lightweight," he said.

I got up. "So long, Vic. See you in jail."

"How much?" he said.

"Sixty gees," I said.

He grunted. "So long, *goniff*."

I KNEW we'd get together sooner or later. Torrance wanted my boy, and I wanted some dough. Maybe thirty-five or forty thousand would do it. I was in no hurry. I started for the door. I didn't quite make it. There was a rap, and Vic Torrance said, "Come in."

The door opened and a guy walked in, big, young, around 180.

Torrance measured him quick and said, "Whaddya want?"

The boy was blond, with clear blue eyes and big hands. "I want to fight," he said.

Torrance snorted. "Drive a truck, carry coal. It's healthier." But he kept eyeing the boy.

The boy's mouth tightened. "Look, I'm hungry. I want to fight. You understand?"

Vic turned to me. "All right, Joey, get out. Business." It was business, all right. Torrance would give the boy the business. That was the kind of manager he was. But it wasn't my concern. I forgot about the kid for a couple of weeks, and then one night at the Arena, there he was, fighting the four-round opener.

His name was Mal Tigh, and I guess it would be swell to say the young, hungry kid was a great prospect, a comer.

He was lousy.

He wasn't fast enough and he didn't hit hard enough. He was clumsy inside, he telegraphed his right and when he finally let it go, he dropped his left arm.

OH, HE WON his fight. He was in with a moth-eaten slob who ran out of gas in the second round after making mince of the kid for five minutes, slicing his right eye. But the kid could take a poke on the kisser and come back roaring. He was a perfect club fighter.

So maybe I'm a sorehead, seeing this boy as a mealticket for Torrance, maybe that's why I did what I did. I had a seat at ringside that night, and when his four-rounder was over, and the kid hurried up the aisle, I got up and stood in his way where he'd have to knock me down to get by.

He saw me, five feet away, and he blinked blood out of his right eye. I said, "Get out of the racket, son. It's not for you."

Torrance was behind him. He pushed the boy past and then he turned and said, "Quit it, Joey. He's my boy. Stop cutting in." They got lost in the crowd.

Torrance kept picking his shots carefully, and pretty soon the boy had a six-fight string, getting notices in the press. Once in awhile I saw him in a small night club after hours, a patch of white adhesive over his right eye, a nice-looking boy still, with clear blue eyes and a nose that hadn't gone thick yet, a good trim body. He'd have a blonde with him, some chick all teats and taunt, a dame who'd go under the sheets and end up with a twenty-dollar bracelet for her time.

So in a way the boy was stuck, sucked-in and sealed-up. He had come in for money—and for dames like this, too—and now he was getting the money, and the dames were getting him and the money. He had to keep on fighting, making his three or four hundred every month or maybe twice a month, because the promise of bigger money and more and better blondes was ahead.

One day after my usual business in Torrance's office trying to settle on a price for my lightweight, Torrance picked up his blue marble, rolling it like he did, and he said, "How about throwing your meathead heavy in with Tigh?"

I shrugged. "Why not?" My boy was a nobody and Tigh had his string going.

"Forty percent for me and Tigh," Torrance said. "Twenty for you and your slob."

The Commission has a rule about such fights. Sixty percent, split half and half. "Uh-uh," I said. "Thirty-thirty."

Torrance said, "Beat it, Joey. I'll do business elsewhere."

So what could I do? My heavy deserved a couple of bucks. He hadn't fought a main event in six months, and then only at the smaller rival club downtown. This would be the most money he'd see all year. "Thirty-five, twenty-five," I said. "My last word."

We settled a private agreement at 37 for Tigh and 23 for my meathead.

WE HAD to get together two days before the fight at the Commission office for the pre-fight exam, the real exam. The exam on the day of the fight is just for publicity, and to weigh the boys in.

At the Commission office, the doctor said to Torrance, "This boy here is a little myopic."

"My what?" Torrance said, and he laughed at his joke. He knew damn well what myopic meant.

"Near-sighted," the doc said.

The five of us were alone, just Tigh and Torrance, me and my heavy, and the doc.

Torrance said quietly, his hand going to his pocket, coins jingling, "How bad?"

The doc looked at the hand, nervously, and he said, "Well, not very bad. Not bad enough."

So we went on a couple of nights later, and in the first (*Continued on page* 70)

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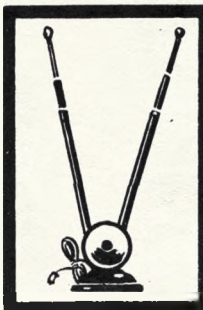

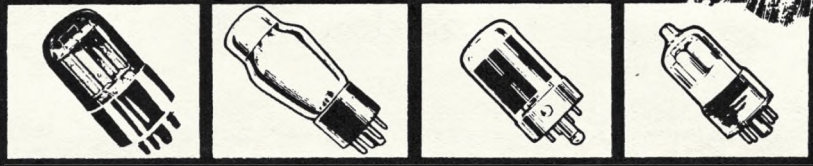

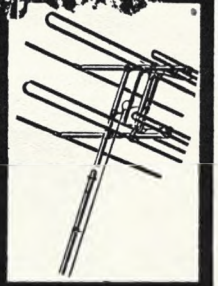

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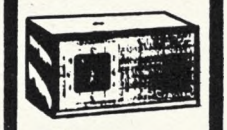

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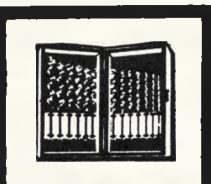

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round my boy landed a looping left hand and split Tigh's right eyebrow like he laid a scalpel to it. It didn't bleed bad, because Torrance had collodion all over the eye, a ton of the goo, and it filmed the cut and kept the blood from streaming into the boy's eye.

The flapping skin at Tigh's eyelid was like a magnet. Tigh just couldn't get away from my boy's wide hooks. But Tigh kept coming, throwing his pushy punches, and in the sixth he started to wear my boy down. In the eighth, my boy got too tired to stand, and the referee stopped it.

It was a big win for Tigh, coming back from that split eye. The press made a noise and Torrance pressed in for the kill.

I read about it in the papers a week later, how Tigh was going to fight Pitman, the St. Louis belter everybody figured was going to be champ in a year or two. Pitman was on the road, packing them in wherever he fought. He came out our way, and Torrance had got there first, the Commission okaying a fight between Tigh and the St. Louis belter who wasn't in the same world as Tigh.

I WENT to the official pre-fight exam because I knew there'd be bigshots there, a couple of out-of-town promoters and all the Commission wheels, and I figured I might be able to do some business for my stable.

I was ten feet away when the doctor squinted into Tigh's right eye and muttered something. The Commission chairman said, "What's that, Doctor?"

The doctor said, "The boy's myopic. Right eye."

"How myopic," the chairman said, breathing hard, and maybe thinking he had a big fight lined up and now a punk little sawbones was trying to chisel him out of it.

The doctor shrugged. "How should I know?"

Torrance was looking at the doctor, but he couldn't grease his palm this time.

Somebody—a reporter, I think—said, "Give him an eye-chart test. That ought to settle it."

They dug up an old eye chart, and the doctor said to Tigh, "Cover your left eye, son, and read the line I point to." Everybody watched the doctor walk to the wall and put a pointer to a line about halfway down.

Everybody but me. I watched Tigh. I knew what the kid was going to do, a boy who saw his mountain of crisp bills and breasts and behinds all beckoning to him. He very carefully spread the fingers of his left hand a trifle, and he read the line perfectly. With his good left eye. Five minutes later, the fighters got dressed.

It wasn't much of a fight. Pitman jabbed Tigh and Tigh's right eye swelled, and even though it wasn't bleeding, the kid started wiping at it. Then he sort of shrugged and waded in, firing both fists, the crowd getting up and loving it for thirty seconds, until Pitman weaved through the fists and knocked Tigh cold with a trigger right hand.

Tigh made three thousand dollars out of the fight, and Torrance told the kid to take his jock strap elsewhere; he was through.

So—somehow—the boy came around and asked me to take him on, squinting at me out of his clear blue eyes. I signed him to a contract and got him to work in the gym with a lightheavy. And right away the lightheavy began slapping Tigh silly with left hands.

I said, "Hey, that's all," and they dropped their gloves. I told the lightheavy to beat it, and I climbed into the ring and said to Mal Tigh, "Put up your hands."

He grinned foolishly and I hooked a wide left at him. If I hadn't stopped it an inch from his face, I'd have hit him.

"Jesus," I said, taking the kid by the arm. "You jerk, you poor sucker, you."

We went to an oculist who charged 15 bucks and he gave us the bad news.

He said quietly, the boy sitting next to me, "He's got a retinal detachment."

TAKE it slow, Doc," I said. "Don't big-word me."

The doctor shrugged. "Big words or small, he's got a rip. On the retina. That's the inner coating of the eyeball, the part of the eye that receives the picture. He's got a rip, a detachment we call it. A bad one."

The kid sat slump-shouldered. His eyes looked like they always looked to me, pale, blue, clear. I said, "What's it all mean?"

The doctor said, "We'll have to operate, weld the rip together."

"Is that it?"

"Half of it."

"What's the other half?"

The doctor looked sharply at the boy. Mal said, "Tell me, doc. You mean I'll lose the sight in my eye?"

The doctor smiled. "You haven't much to lose, have you, son? Your field of vision's narrowed practically to nothing by now, hasn't it?" He held a pencil to the side of Mal's right eye. "You can't even see my hand, can you?" The boy shook his head.

The doctor went on. "I'm no retinal detachment surgeon, mind you. It's a new field, so my word isn't final. But I think you've waited so long that the fluid beneath the outer layer of the eyeball has drained out through the detachment. And without that fluid, the eye has deteriorated and will continue to deteriorate. We can probably weld the detachment so your vision won't get any worse. But I'm not sure we can keep your eye itself from drying up."

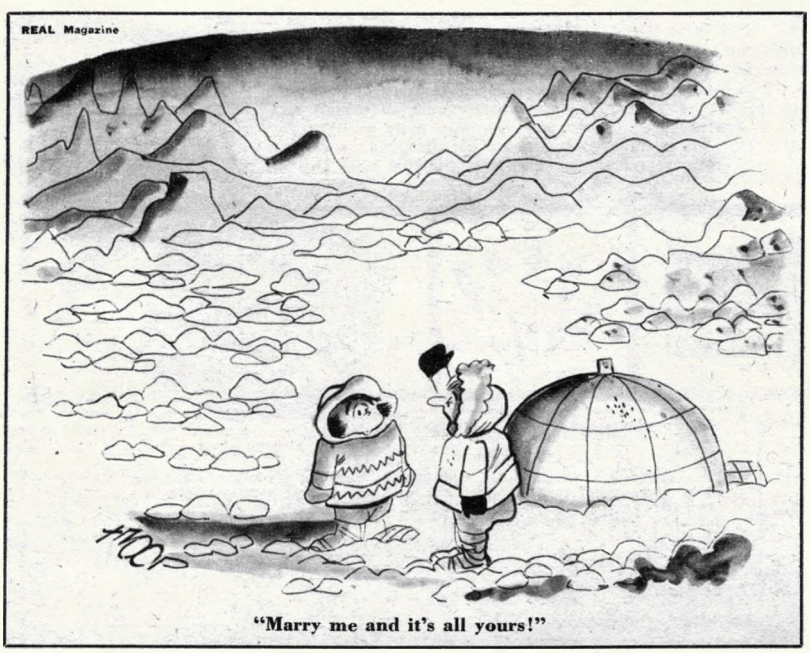
So I said it, because somebody had to, "You mean the boy may lose his eye?" and the doctor nodded very slowly.

We went to two more guys, specialists, and they said it had to be done right away, and then they'd see about taking out the whole eye.

The kid went to a hospital, and they sandbagged his head so he wouldn't be able to move it and make the detachment worse or lose more fluid, and they welded the rip together.

But it was no go. Six months later, Mal Tigh went back to the hospital.

By now I had heard from the sawbones in the hospital how myopic people, badly myopic people, were most prone to this retinal detachment, and any severe blow, even a sneeze, could cause a rip. So I gave Mal Tigh a job (*Continued on page 74*)



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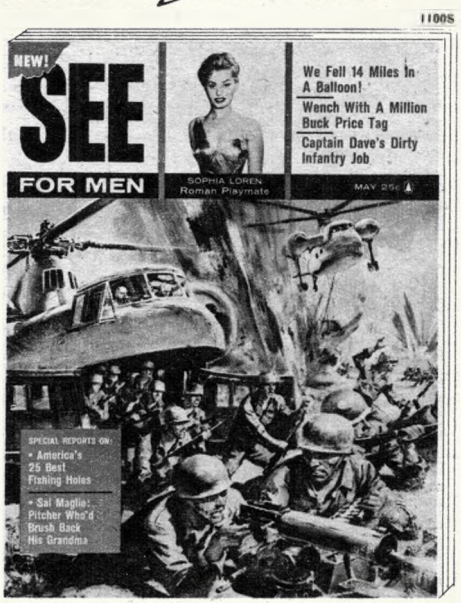

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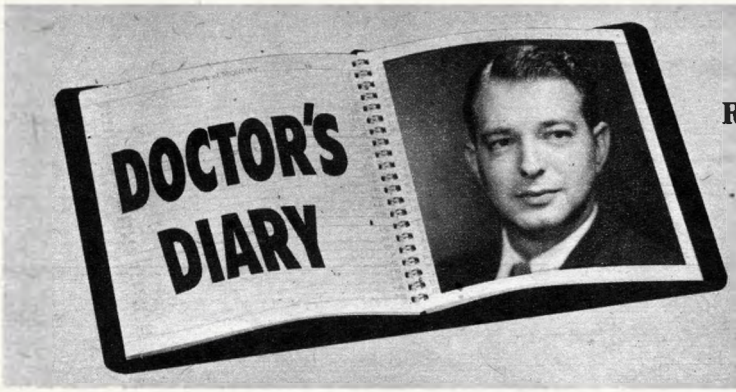

REAL's expert reports on the latest developments in the medical field which are of special interest to men

BY JOHN SCOTT

Producer, MBS-Radio's "Footnotes to History"

ULCER AND SMOKING: Doctors often tell peptic ulcer patients to stop smoking cigarettes. The belief is that smoking makes the stomach pour out large amounts of acids which irritate the ulcer. It appears to be a belief rather than a fact, according to studies by a group of New England physicians who tested the supposed "acidifying" effects of smoking in 120 peptic ulcer patients. Half the patients were forbidden to smoke, the other half allowed to. Stomach secretions were analyzed regularly. Variations occurred in all patients, whether they smoked or not. The study indicates that the ulcer patient can continue to smoke within reason. Smoking itself produced no significant changes.

INJECTION FOR BURSITIS: A simple injection gave remarkable relief to most of 37 patients who suffered from excruciating bursitis of the shoulder. None had been helped by other methods. The treatment, reported by Drs. Charles J. Frankel and David V. Strider of the University of Virginia Medical School, consisted of intravenous injections of Priscoline, a powerful dilator of small blood vessels. A single injection gave "immediate dramatic relief from severe pain" to 32 of the 37. Priscoline injections are simple and inexpensive, but doctors warn that the drug should not be used in persons who have heart disease, peptic ulcer or who are heavy consumers of alcohol.

YOU'RE A GOOD DRIVER, BUT—No matter how expert a driver you are, many things can dull your skills, according to the Committee on Highway Safety of the National Academy of Sciences. Two bottles of beer or two ounces of whiskey impair driving performance by about 35 per cent. Tobacco smoke (like car exhausts) contains carbon monoxide. A single cigarette saturates more than 1 per cent of the red blood cells with carbon monoxide—a pack a day, from 4 to 8 per cent—and reduces the oxygen load of the blood by that amount. Small decreases of oxygen cause measurable loss of seeing efficiency.

LEAN-FAT ATHLETES: It's a mistake for a supposedly "fat" athlete to go on a reducing diet just because he weighs more than standard height and weight tables say he should. A study of nutrition at the Harvard School of Public Health gives examples of 17 athletes who were greatly overweight by usual standards. But 11 of the men had a whale of a lot of lean muscle, not fat, and were actually so lean that weight reduction would have impaired their athletic ability. Rigorous preparation for competition usually trims an athlete down to his own ideal weight for best performance.

SPACE MEDICINE: You may doubt that man will ever travel in outer space. Scientists are so sure he will that a special Air Force medical division, the Space Medicine Branch, is already knee-deep in studies of special hazards. Chief "space doctor" at Holloman Air Development Center in New Mexico is Dr. David G. Simons. Some scientists fear that cosmic particles at high altitudes may wreck human nerve cells, damage skin, cause cataracts. Dr. Simons has been studying mice, guinea pigs, monkeys and samples of human skin that have spent a day or more in balloons at heights up to 120,000 feet. Up to now he has found no eye, nerve or skin damage, or any other significant reason why you should rush to cancel your reservation on the first space ship.

HEART EXERCISE HELPS: Does exercise build new channels of blood supply to hearts impaired by narrowed coronary arteries? Dr. Richard W. Eckstein of Cleveland reported that exercise helps, at a scientific session of the American Heart Association. His conclusion is based on studies of dogs whose coronary arteries were artificially narrowed. Dogs that were regularly exercised grew a more extensive new heart blood supply system than animals kept at rest. Measurable growth of new vessels occurred after several weeks in dogs that were merely kept at rest. An automatic repair system of the heart is stimulated by narrowing of the arteries themselves. But dogs that were exercised grew a more extensive new heart blood supply system. **END**

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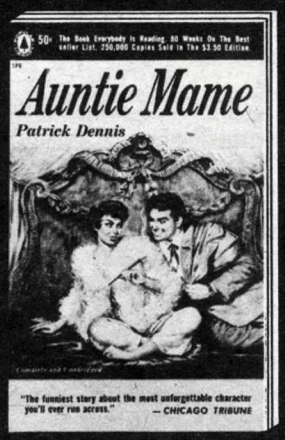

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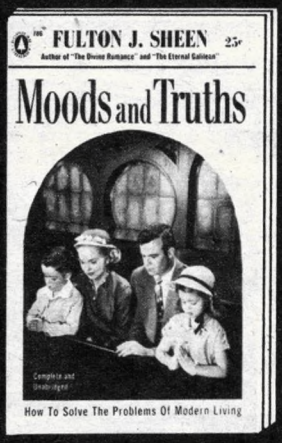

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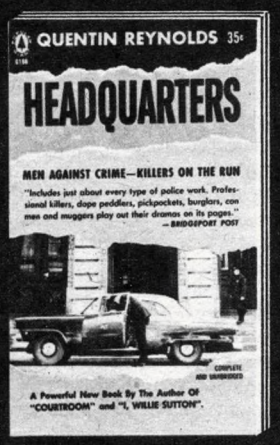
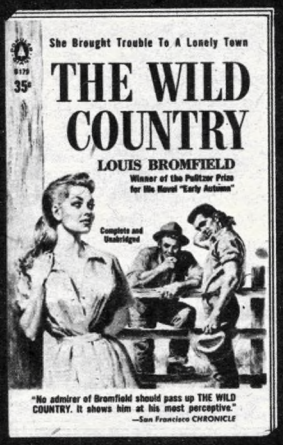


A gripping true story of police work



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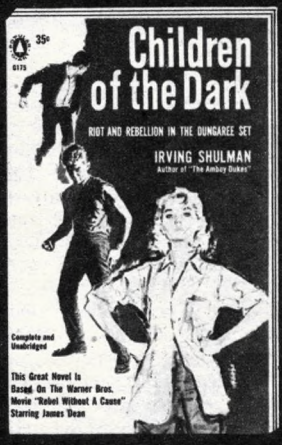

Story of James Dean movie, "Rebel Without A Cause"!

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AN EYE FOR PUGS CONTINUED

with me as long as he wanted it, trainer or second or whatever he wanted to do. I was getting by all right, and I knew where I could pick up big cash in a hurry.

I called Torrance one day.

He said, "Well, pal Joey, how's the *goniff?*"

"Vic," I said, "let's wind up the deal for my lightweight."

Vic said cautiously, "What price, Joey?"

I said, "Thirty-five gees."

He said, "Come on up and sign the papers."

I said, "All right," and then I paused, like I was thinking, and I said, "Vic, how about making a big show out of this? I'm peddling a helluva fighter here. Let's get the papers in, and everybody. You take my contract and sign the check in front of the reporters. Drinks on the house and that sort of crap." And, quickly, "I'll buy the whiskey, Vic."

That was how we did it.

There were five reporters, one of them a dame looking for some woman's angle for her paper's sagging circulation, three photographers, a couple of Commission smallshots, and me and Torrance.

The reporters asked some questions, and the dame reporter simpered at Torrance and asked him about winning the marble-shooting championship and I said, "The other kid must have taken a dive," and everybody laughed. Then Torrance signed the papers and the check and handed it to me, and I did what I had to do, which maybe wasn't much.

I took a little package out of my pocket, a gift-wrapped box with pink ribbon all curlicued, and I held it like it was valuable. Vic started to look pleased, and the newspapermen crowded around, and the photographers got up on chairs for a good shot. "Vic," I said. "I've got a little present for you, a token of my esteem—as the boys put it."

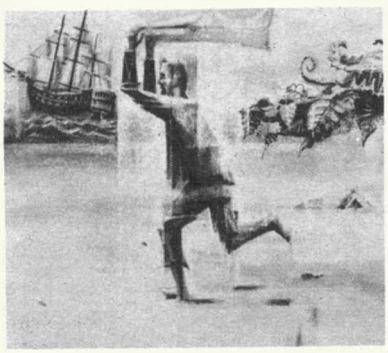
He took the box, the kind of box that might hold a heavy gold ring or a diamond pin or solid silver cuff-links, and he said, "Well, whaddya know. This sure knocks me on my blankety-blank," which made the dame reporter wince a little.

Torrance tore open the paper and then he tilted up the lid of the box and . . .

It rolled out across the desktop, catching the light in the room and shooting it back, and everybody began to scream and flashbulbs popped, and the dame reporter said in a horse voice, "It's an eye, it's an eye!"

It came to rest against the blue marble, the two of them winking like crazy. **END**

MAN WHO WAS ROBINSON CRUSOE (CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31)



up from below and stepped out on deck, white-faced, tight-lipped, looking like just what he was—a man who by his own choice had selected a singular kind of living death.

The sailing-master hesitated halfway between the passageway opening and the gunwale. He turned and looked back over his shoulder. The passageway doors swung open a second time, and two of the crew struggled out on deck, manhandling what looked like a long wooden casket. This was the sailing-master's sea chest.

The last man to emerge from below was the ship's captain. He moved to the head of the procession, led the way to the gunwale and directed the lowering of the sea chest with ropes to the open long-boat below.

The captain went over the side on a rope to the long-boat, and the sailing-master followed, watched closely by the crew. The captain nodded his head, and the bare-chested oarsmen started to stroke. Not a word was spoken until the boat had come close into shore, and the hot tropic sun had pulled the sweat out of the oarsmen's skins and run it down their heads in salty drops into their eyes, so they had to blink as they stared at the sailing-master and wondered if he realized what he had committed himself to.

Then the boat scraped upon the sand and ground to a halt. The sailing-master hesitated again, but the captain didn't give him a chance to change his mind. He motioned to one of the oarsmen to help him, and together they lifted the sea chest out of the boat, carried it through the surf and heaved it up on the sand. There was nothing the sailing-master could do now. He avoided the belligerent eyes of the captain, stepped over the side, went knee-deep in water, dragged his leaden feet through the waves, his back to the boat, got up on the dry sand and stared in at the land before him, the trees, the brush, the thickly-growing vines, the jutting rocks.

Behind him, there was quick activity. The oarsmen and the captain shoved on the boat, taking it out into deeper water where it floated, and then they clambered aboard, and the captain motioned to his men to start stroking. The boat turned in the water and moved out through the surf.

When the boat had moved out about 30 yards, out past where the waves of the surf could carry it back into shore, the captain waved his hand and the men rested on their oars. The oarsmen turned in their seats and looked at the solitary figure on the shore, staring in towards the land.

Then, very suddenly, it happened, what they had all been waiting for, the captain anticipating, the men dreading.

The lone figure on the shore suddenly spun in his tracks and raced down to the waterline like a mad man, legs pumping frantically, arms waving hysterically, mouth twisted and working, the voice coming out and reaching towards the captain and the men in the boat in a high-pitched scream:

"Don't leave me behind," he pleaded. "Take me back to the ship!"

As the sailing-master splashed into the water, heading out towards the long-boat, the captain reacted. He cracked his open hand down on the shoulder of the oarsman closest to him so that it sounded like a shot.

"Row!" he yelled, glee in his voice. "Row, you bloody bastards! Row!"

The men bent to their oars, and the bow dipped low from the sudden power stroke. The long-boat was soon out in deep water where the sailing-master, floundering and beating at the shallow water like a bird with broken wings, could not reach it.

Finally, the sailing-master gave up and stood in the water that came up to his chest. He had stopped screaming now and he stared out at the long-boat that was moving away from him. He was completely beaten, and the muscles of his face had gone slack. He listened dully to the captain's shouts floating to him over the water.

"No," he heard, "you're not coming back to my ship! You wanted to go aboard this bloody island. You refused to obey my commands. And, by God, it's here you're going to stay until the flesh rots from your bones!"

And stay on the island the sailing-master did, for the next four years and four months, from 1704 to 1709, for he was Alexander Selkirk, Scotch sailor, and the man whose island experiences were to be immortalized in Daniel Defoe's novel, *The Strange and Surprizing Adventures of Robinson Crusoe*, a best-seller for the last two and a half centuries.

THE uninhabited island was Juan Fernandez in the South Pacific, off the coast of Chile, 100 miles from the regular shipping lanes. The man who put Selkirk in solitary confinement on that island was a ship's captain, one Lieutenant Thomas

Stradling, a man crazed with the god like power of the commander at sea, alternately given to abusing his men with his sharp tongue and lacerating their backs with a whip.

The ship that Stradling commanded was the *Cinque Ports,* of 120 tons burden, mounting 16 guns and carrying a motley crew of 63, evenly divided into sailors, criminals and cut-throat buccaneers. The *Cinque Ports* was a privateer with a spectacularly unsuccessful record of piracy.

Alexander Selkirk, a tough and experienced sailor out of the fishing and shipping port of Largo in the county of Fife, Scotland, had signed on as sailing-master for the *Cinque Ports* at the London docks.

The privateering expedition had run into one disaster after another. Captain Charles Pickering, ship's commander, had died of a tropical fever off the coast of South America. In his place was appointed Stradling, a man with a vicious temper and a gift for incompetence and bad navigation. The men had mutinied and deserted at Stradling's abuse. At one time, 42 out of a crew of 63 went ashore with their sea chests and only returned at the pleading of William Dampier, captain of the other ship of the expedition.

Stradling had given chase to and lost a French bark whose speed outclassed that of the *Cinque Ports.* He'd organized and led his crew in a pillaging attack on a Spanish port, been taken by surprise and driven off ignominiously.

THERE WAS little, if anything, that Alexander Selkirk found right with his lot aboard the *Cinque Ports.* Time was passing, and there was no plunder to share. Living conditions aboard the ship were close to unbearable. The bark was infested with every sort of vermin, rats, cockroaches and beetles. The quarters were cramped; the men crouched under low bulkheads in cabins that were lit by sooty lamps and candles. Their meat ration had been improperly salted and had turned putrid. Their biscuits had become soaked with sea water and were alive with maggots. The drinking water had gone foul and stank.

Selkirk himself felt like pulling out of the expedition. And he was in this frame of mind when the *Cinque Ports* picked up the six crew members they'd abandoned months before on the island of Juan Fernandez when Stradling had hauled anchor and given chase to a ship that was faster than his own.

Deep in the guts of the ship, Selkirk interviewed the six men who had been picked up from the island. As he listened to them talk, Selkirk couldn't help comparing them, and their healthy look, with the crew around him, men who had boils and blisters, the fat melted out of their bodies by an inadequate diet, here and there an occasional scarred back from the whip. And he (*Continued on page* 76)

couldn't help comparing the description of the verdant island with the stinking hold that he was in.

THE WEATHER was beautiful," one of the men was saying, "never too hot or too cold. You got all the fresh meat you could ever want to eat in the goats that run wild on the island, all the fish and crabs you want in the bay waters. There's as much fresh water as you want to drink, and you can grub out the earth turnips and almost any kind of vegetables you could name."

Selkirk went up on deck, telling himself that he wasn't going to take Stradling's abuse much longer. If Stradling cursed him out one more time in front of the crew, he'd jump ship. He'd go ashore and be a man again on the island.

It was Selkirk's responsibility as sailing-master to supervise the heeling over of the ship in shallow water, see that repairs were made, the bottom scraped clean of barnacles, weeds and other marine growths, a job that could never be escaped for long in those days, although Stradling like to put it off as long as possible.

What Selkirk found the next morning when he looked at the hull of the *Cinque Ports* in shallow water was enough to kick him over into rebellion. The wood in the hull was rotten and green with scum. With his fingernail Selkirk dug a deep hole in the sea-rotted wood and chipped big chunks of caulking out of the seams. It would take the ship's carpenter weeks to repair, and then it was doubtful if the ship could be made seaworthy.

"Mr. Selkirk!" Selkirk looked up at the cabin boy. "The captain wants you forward."

The interview between Selkirk and Stradling was the powder keg that exploded and blew Selkirk off the ship and on to the island. For Lieutenant Stradling was determined to put to sea immediately and make some kind of a record as a privateer.

"The ship is in a sinking condition," Selkirk advised his superior officer. "It'll take the ship's carpenter a month at least to repair the rotten wood in the hull and recaulk the seams."

Stradling insisted on sailing immediately. He believed that Selkirk was deliberately working against him, envious because he had not been given command of the ship when Captain Pickering had died.

"You've been organizing the men against me!" Stradling accused, livid with rage, spraying Selkirk with his spittle. "You're trying to ruin my command, but before you succeed, I'll cut your back open with the cat in front of the whole crew!"

The Scot fought to control his rage, his face dark with fury. "I won't sail with you," he stated. "I'll take my chances on the island, Juan Fernandez. Put me ashore with my tools, my sea chest and my musket."

Thus had the die been cast. Those first few hours on the beach were agonizingly long for Selkirk. He stood there and looked out to sea at the *Cinque Ports* whose sails had taken the wind. The bark was getting smaller and smaller as she sailed away, and Selkirk followed it until his eyes ached and he could see it no longer. He dropped his face in his hands and sobbed, realizing that his voice was hoarse and his throat ached from the senseless yelling and pleading he had continued long after the boat was out of earshot. When he tried to talk now, just to hear the sound of his own voice, only a croak came from his throat, and when he hawked and spat in the sand, its whiteness was discolored by a glob of blood.

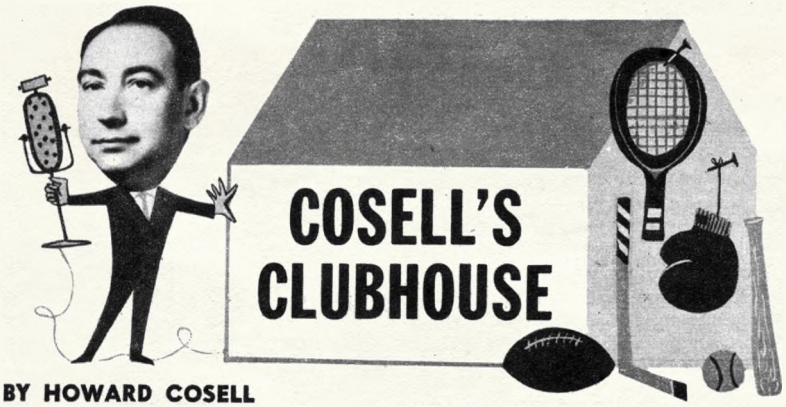
His last contact with fellow humans gone, Selkirk turned his back on the sea and looked in towards the island. He stood motionless, quiet, straining his ears, fearful of what he might hear. There came to him the small sounds, the noises insects make, the rubbing of one branch of a tree against another in a tropic breeze, the grinding of the grains of sand under his heavy shoes, the roll of the surf coming in behind him. But what he wanted to hear most, he could not: the sound of a friendly human voice.

IT WAS an awful moment, the kind of a moment best understood perhaps by a child afraid of the dark, or an old man afraid of approaching death, or of a green soldier facing his first combat. Insofar as Selkirk was concerned, he was the last man on the face of the earth. He was as terribly alone as any man will ever be.

The spirit and the driving life force drained out of Selkirk. He cursed himself. If he could have taken back his words, been given the last few hours to live over again, he would have gladly chosen to remain on the *Cinque Ports*, to listen to the voices of its crew, if only to hear their complaints. Even Stradling's whining voice would have been welcome.

Disheartened, Selkirk let himself sink into the sand, and he lay there and began to cry, something he could not remember doing since he was a boy. And as he lay there, the hours slipped away, the sun went down in the sky and silence closed in.

Darkness fell, and with it came terror. Selkirk raised his head and peered into the blackness around him. He could *sense* movement, know that he was being watched, hear the sound of something living, the small bodies that scurried across the (*Continued on page* 78)



COSELL'S CLUBHOUSE

BY HOWARD COSELL

I HOPE he breaks both legs." John McGraw, manager of the New York Giants, was talking about Eddie Roush, the outfielder who had been holding out that year (1929).

McGraw's venom had two motivations: first, he had never liked Roush—the history of that personal animus traced back to 1916; second, he knew that Roush, by forcing the Giants to meet his terms, had done what few individual ball players had ever been able to do before or since. Namely: hold the whip hand over a ball club. Actually, the Roush story is almost a classic, because at the time baseball was not in the rich period that it is today. There was Babe Ruth, of course, but he was in a class by himself . . .

IN the event you've forgotten, here's the case history of the McGraw-Roush affair. The Giants acquired Roush out of the old Federal League back in 1916, but McGraw disliked him even then because of the very fact that Eddie had been a Federal Leaguer. Thus it was no surprise that Roush was traded to the Reds, where he established himself as a good ball player with a penchant for spring holdouts. Eddie didn't like spring training; he did like to stay home and hunt.

If you have any sports questions you want answered, send them along to "Cosell's Clubhouse," REAL Magazine, 10 E. 40th St., N.Y.C.

McGraw re-acquired Roush for the Giants in the late '20s, and in 1929, in accordance with custom, Roush held out. As the Giants proceeded with spring training, McGraw became more and more enthusiastic about an unknown center fielder named Lebourveau. Finally, one day in Chattanooga, McGraw could stand it no longer. He called a press conference and announced that Roush had been signed. As the writers left the room, McGraw called New York baseball writer Dan Daniel back and admitted privately, "You've had your way. Roush is coming back. I hope he breaks both legs."

THE signal victory Roush won is no longer so signal. This is the era in baseball of the great name stars, the big gate attractions around whom whole teams revolve, and these individuals have a realistic bargaining power in their negotiations with their ball clubs that the average ball player rarely enjoys. In recent years, there have been actual instances where the ball club has been in the grip of the player, rather than vice versa.

Again, let's omit Babe Ruth because of his unique stature. But how about Ted Williams? Ted already had written his retirement story for a magazine when Red Sox officials, with hats and $100,000 in hand, "induced" him to return to the game. True, Williams is friendly with Boston owner Tom Yawkey and also had legal complications surrounding his marital status which would have made announcement of his return to baseball unwise at that time. But don't let anyone tell you Williams didn't know he had the upper hand.

RALPH Kiner was never a great ball player, but he had Branch Rickey, the most astute front office man of them all, over a barrel. The Pirates were a pathetic club, with a rigged left-field fence that presented an inviting target to Kiner, who was averaging in the neighborhood of 50 home runs a year in the early 1950s. The fans would come out to see Kiner and would stay through nine innings, no matter what the score, just to see Ralph get his final turn at bat. Thus Kiner, the one attraction Pittsburgh had, commanded an enormous salary even though as an all-around ball player he offended Rickey's esthetic sense.

Actually, in many ways, Mickey Mantle had the proud and powerful Yankees in his grip this year because he has become the biggest draw since Babe Ruth. But it must be confessed that Yankee resources are so strong they could weather the loss of any player.

BUT one man who really held the whip hand over not one but two ball clubs was Jackie Robinson when the Dodgers traded him to the Giants. The Giants needed Jack desperately this year and made no bones about it; they made him a fabulous offer in order to induce him to play. The Dodgers, on the other hand, wanted to get value for Jackie in cash and player personnel. The result was that as the Giants (via veep Chub Feeney) persuaded and placated, the Dodgers (via veep Buzzy Bavasi) stormed and ranted. There has never been so vivid a situation in baseball where a player's importance surpassed the club's.

As for the fan, often he views the ball player as a pawn to be traded according to whim. Often he resents the money a ball player gets for a pleasant life. But to us one thing is sure: the ball player is worth every cent he can get, and if he can get the bargaining edge, more power to him.

Listen to sportscaster Howard Cosell every Saturday morning (11:30-12 EDT) on "All League Clubhouse," and "Speaking of Sports," weekends around the clock, both ABC Radio.

sand on tiny feet, coming closer to him, until he heard them breathing, his own body tense, every nerve drawn tight.

Then the inevitable happened. Something small and wet and furry scuttled across Selkirk's hand. The man went berserk, leaping to his feet, his arms and legs flailing, a terrible, woman-like scream tearing itself out of his throat.

Shivering with fear, Selkirk stumbled across the beach, his hands dragging like claws through the sand, scraping the driftwood together. He struck his flint and built a roaring fire. He fed the fire constantly, refusing to let it go out, and spotted the tiny eyes that watched him from the ring of darkness. These were the rats which had landed from ships that had put in at the island to revictual.

Selkirk huddled next to the flames, fighting sleep. Suddenly new sounds, horrible noises that neither he nor any other man had ever heard before, filled the air. Fearing for his sanity, Selkirk shivered and listened to the cries, the noises like wet animal flesh being slapped, like the groanings of humans in torture.

Selkirk's only thought was to hide, to close himself in from the dreadful sounds of the night. Taking a burning stick out of the fire to light his way, he collected stones and rocks and built a cairn just big enough for his body. He crawled inside the womb-like cairn and closed off its entrance with a boulder. Then he lay in darkness, hearing the animal sounds, afraid to sleep, finally drifting off into the deep and merciful sleep of exhaustion.

The next morning, when Selkirk awoke, still afraid to go inland, he toured the shoreline. He stumbled on the beings whose strange sounds had caused his terror of the night before. They were seals and sea-lions which used the island as a breeding ground. They were in heat, and they resented Selkirk's intrusion, rushing to attack him. Selkirk beat a hasty retreat. It was his first lesson in self-preservation on the island.

AT FIRST, Selkirk was no heroic figure. He did not immediately gallop around the island, penetrating its interior, providing for himself, getting his food, building himself a shelter, making his own clothes. If anything, he sank into a kind of numbness. He slept when he couldn't stay awake any longer, ate only when he was weak from hunger, taking a crawfish from the sea, or a wild goat that had ventured down too close to the shoreline. Otherwise, Selkirk sat at the shore with his back to the island, staring out to sea, straining his eyes looking for friendly sails. He kept a fire going constantly, hoping it would be seen. Selkirk was to remain in this torpor for almost a year.

He finally snapped out of his trance on a goat hunt. At the beginning, he had bagged the wild goats with his musket. His supply of powder soon ran out, however, and he became agile enough to run the wild goats down, wrestle them to the ground, then slit their throats with his knife.

ON THIS one hunt, however, events took an unexpected turn. Selkirk ran a wild goat to an impasse on a rocky crag. He threw himself on the goat, and man and animal went rolling into a clump of scrub brush which concealed a drop over a cliff wall.

They landed at the bottom of a rocky ravine. Selkirk was lucky. The goat was under him. It had died breaking his fall. Even so, he was stunned, his body bruised so badly that he could not move. For 24 hours he lay at the bottom of the ravine, alternately sweating and suffering chills, until he finally gathered the remnants of his will power and forced himself to crawl a mile to his cave of rocks on the beach. There he collapsed again, and lay for ten days until his strength returned.

In those ten days, Selkirk could do little else but think. He was grateful that his life had been spared in the fall, but he realized how alone he was on the island and how much depended on his own efforts. He proceeded to make his peace with himself, with the island and with his God. For the first time he faced up to the fact that he might live out his remaining days on the small strip of land and might never see a fellow human being again. He determined to make the best of his fate.

When Selkirk got up off his rocky sickbed, he did his best to become the self-sufficient islander and set the pattern after which Defoe later patterned his fictional character, Robinson Crusoe.

He built two huts of pimento wood, covered them with long grass and lined them with goatskins. In the smaller hut he skinned and dressed the goats he had killed; in the larger hut he slept and spent his waking hours reading his Bible, singing psalms and praying.

Selkirk cooked his wild goat meat over fires he made by rubbing two sticks of pimento wood together. A mainstay of his diet were crawfish, big as lobsters, weighing eight to nine pounds apiece, which he took out of the bay waters using as bait the entrails of a seal that he had bludgeoned. In season he had turnips which had originally been sown by a crew which had put in at the island. He got a kind of cabbage from a species of cabbage-tree. His meat was seasoned with the fruit of the pimento tree which is similar to Jamaica pepper. Selkirk also found an herb, Malagita, which he used to control his recurrent diarrhea.

When his shoes wore out, Selkirk went

barefoot and developed thick calluses on the soles of his feet. Using a nail for a needle and goat tendons for thread, he made himself a coat and a cap out of goatskin. He fashioned a hatchet out of iron he found on the beach, and when his own knife wore down, he used rocks to grind out a new blade from the iron hoops previous visitors to the island had left down on the shore.

When his loneliness weighed on him heavily, Selkirk went to a huge cave in the center of the island and shouted the Lord's Prayer into it so that he could hear the echo of a human voice, even if it was his own. He took to taming kid goats and wild cats, sang and talked to them, and even taught them to dance with him.

In spite of the fact that he had adjusted himself to the lonely island life, Selkirk's thoughts inevitably turned to the day when he might be rescued. He knew that he was off the beaten track of the shipping lanes, but there was always a chance that a stray or a privateer like the ship he had deserted would put in at the island.

Finally, some four years and four months after Selkirk had set foot on Juan Fernandez, two vessels out of England, the *Duke* and the *Duchess,* commanded by the pirate Woodes Rogers, approached.

Selkirk lighted signal fires on the beach. It was a good thing he had, for aboard his flagship Rogers was already debating a move elsewhere. Even though he was short of fresh water, Rogers and his men had seen signs of the man on the island and suspected that Spaniards had established a garrison on the land inside Cumberland Bay.

WHEN Selkirk's fires were seen, Rogers ordered a boat to prowl the confines of the bay. Finding no evidence of enemy boats, the yawl, commanded by Captains Dover and Fry, with six men all well armed, went in to shore at about noon on the 2nd of February, 1709.

Waiting on the beach was Selkirk, dressed in goat skins, his speech incoherent, running back and forth, waving his arms like a mad man, shrieking and howling, almost insane with joy at the sight of human beings. Perhaps he was an even more frightening sight to the English pirates than Spaniards waiting with guns.

Selkirk made the Englishmen welcome, ran down a goat before their wondering eyes and cooked them a stew. He bade them welcome to his island home.

Selkirk was signed on for the balance of the piratical cruise. He was appointed master of the *Increase,* a 50-ton bark that was captured some weeks later on the high seas and converted into the expedition's hospital ship.

Woodes Rogers' expedition was a highly successful one, taking many vessels and plunder in the form of timber, cocoa, coconuts and tobacco, successfully sacking the Spanish town of Guiaquil, taking a ransom of 25,000 pieces-of-eight and much other loot.

In the autumn of 1711, the expedition returned to London. Selkirk's share of the booty amounted to some 800 pounds, a not inconsiderable sum for those days. More important, perhaps, was the fact that Daniel Defoe heard Selkirk's story and set to work on his great novel.

During those first months, Selkirk was at loose ends in London. He had not completely readjusted to the give-and-take demanded by society. He lived with one woman, and when that didn't work out returned to his home town of Largo, dressed in new gold lace clothes.

SELKIRK was a misfit at home, too. He shunned the company of family and old friends, was a loner who took to teaching tricks to cats. He constructed a cave for himself on a small hill behind his father's home, and went to this retreat and stared out to sea for hours, perhaps mourning the loss of the solitary life he had left behind on his island.

While on his hill Selkirk met a local girl out caring for a cow that belonged to her parents. Her name was Sophia Bruce. There was a quick love affair, they eloped to London, and finally Selkirk abandoned the girl and enlisted.

Selkirk was assigned to H. M. S. *Weymouth,* then being outfitted for a voyage at Plymouth. While waiting for his ship, Selkirk made advances to a widow, one Frances Candish, who owned and ran a public house, saying he was unmarried.

Selkirk married the widow, thus committing bigamy, and then sailed aboard the *Weymouth.* When the ship reached the coast of Africa, an area of slave-traders and pirates, tropical fever raced through the crew. Selkirk was one of the victims; he died on December 13, 1721.

Perhaps Selkirk found in death what he had been seeking and which had eluded him since his return to civilization—the peace he had known on the island of Juan Fernandez. No matter what, he had already attained an immortality granted to few men. The fictional Robinson Crusoe, whose adventures were patterned after Selkirk's experiences, still lives after almost 250 years. **END**

PHOTO CREDITS

REAL, May, 1957

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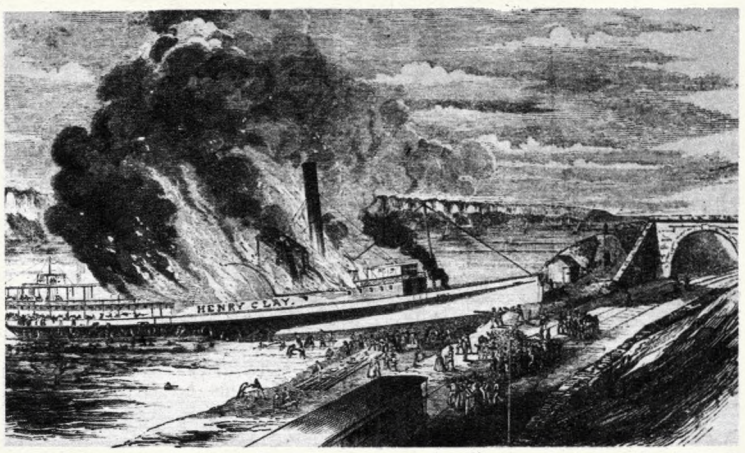

"THE BURNING ship rips into the bank of the Hudson with terrific force."

FULL STEAM TO DEATH!

The river captains knew no law until a wild era went up in smoke

KEEN AS the competition for the mythical blue ribbon of the transatlantic liners has been for generations, it has never approached the reckless rivalry generated by the Hudson River steamboat captains for speed records some 100 years ago. Stubborn, and independent, the river captains refused to slow down—until the fateful morning of July 29, 1852. . .

The sleek steamer *Henry Clay* rocks gently at her Albany pier. Her rival ship, the *Armenia*, is moored alongside. The crews of the two vessels trade a barrage of lurid oaths as each ship prepares to cast off for New York City. The *Henry Clay* has over 300 passengers; the *Armenia* considerably fewer.

The *Henry Clay* starts off first. The *Armenia* noses out into the Hudson a few minutes later, and points her bow southward. Several miles above the town of Hudson, the strident voice of a *Henry Clay* deck hand cuts through the hot summer air.

"*Armenia* closing fast," he yells.

The *Henry Clay* is being eased into position at the Hudson dock when a chorus of angry shouts rings out from the lower deck: "The *Armenia's* going on ahead! She's not stopping!"

This is a challenge thrown right into the teeth of the *Henry Clay's* crew. They feel they are now committed to a contest. The rumble of the *Henry Clay's* engines changes to a sustained roar as the boiler pressure mounts. The objections of the passengers go unheeded.

It's not until both ships clear Catskill and are approaching Kingston that the *Henry Clay* draws alongside the *Armenia*. The two prows knife down river in tandem. Then, suddenly, Jim Elmendorf, the *Henry Clay's* pilot, rams his vessel into the *Armenia's* port side. Screams of passengers are drowned out by the sound of splintering rails and planking.

The two vessels cling to each other like monsters locked in combat, but the struggle is an unusual one; the superior engines of the *Henry Clay* are gradually elbowing the *Armenia* aground. The *Armenia's* skipper, cursing, gives the signal to cut speed.

The race now seems to be over. Yet, strangely, there is no easing off of the *Henry Clay's* engines. The *Henry Clay* wants to rub salt into the wounds of the *Armenia* by arriving in New York far ahead of her.

Suddenly, a puff of smoke belches from a hatchway midway on the 206-foot *Henry Clay*. An instant later, a pain-maddened fireman, his clothes burned from his body, staggers up to the deck, flings himself overboard as he shrieks: "Fire!" His scream no sooner dies out than the whole mid-section of the *Henry Clay* bursts into flames as a boiler explodes.

The pilot spins the wheel hard aport. Trailing black clouds of smoke, flames leaping into the air, the *Henry Clay*, now a floating inferno, heads for the shore off Riverdale. Her nose goes crashing with terrific force into the Hudson's east bank, digging a 25-foot trench up the slope. The impact is so great that many passengers, huddled at the stern, are catapulted into the water; others are hurled toward the leaping flames. A few passengers on the bow of the ship are knocked off the vessel on to the river bank.

With most of the ship jutting out over deep water, the only hope for most of the passengers is to swim ashore. One or two rowboats help rescue some of them, but the rest must try swimming.

When the last body has been gathered along the Hudson shore during the next few days, the toll of known dead reaches 80. Shocked by the disaster that has sprung purely from the mad whims of ship captains, public opinion demands an end to all racing on the Hudson River. And several months later, a law forbidding the racing of river steamers on the Hudson is enacted. The *Henry Clay* disaster was the last of its kind, but it was an expensive lesson.

—James H. Winchester

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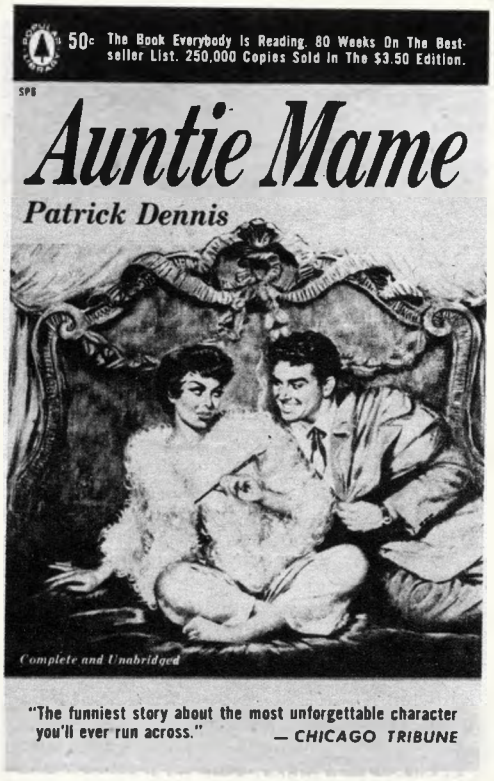

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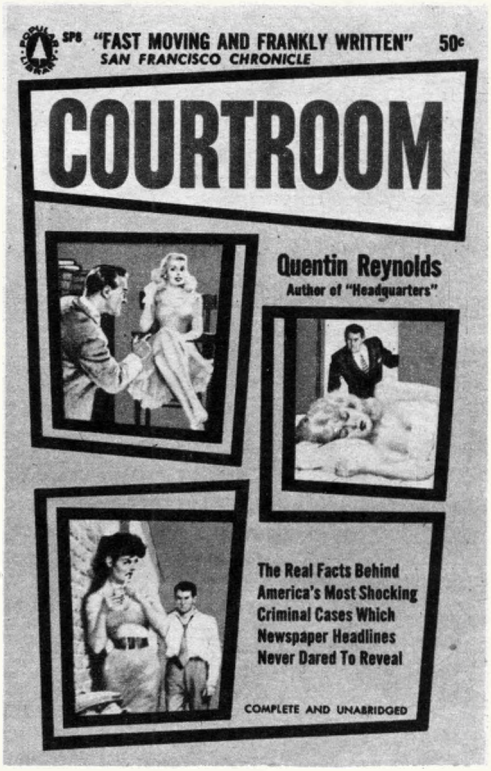

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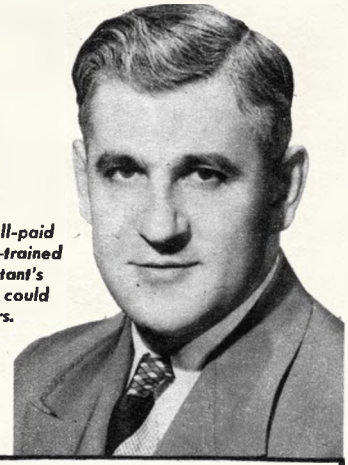

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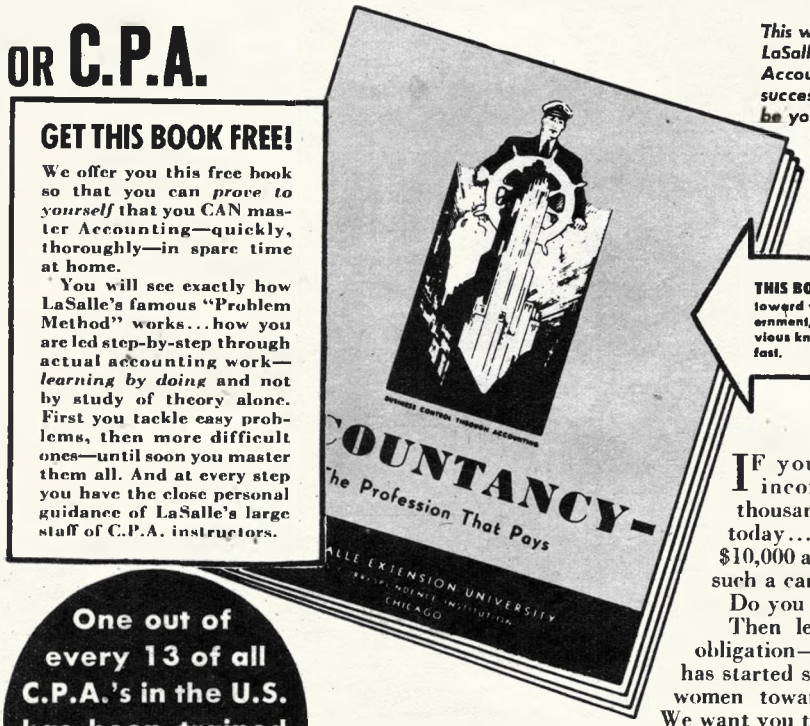

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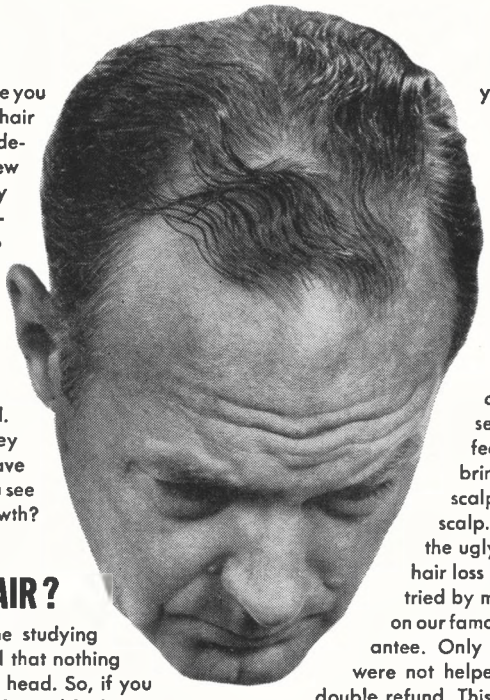
WILL YOU SPEND $2 TO SAVE YOUR HAIR?



How many hard-earned dollars have you spent to save your hair? How many hair tonics, gadgets, restorers, electrical devices, have you tried in the last few years — with no success? How many times after an unsuccessful hair-growing attempt have you sworn not to spend another cent on another hair treatment?

Yet, you buy the next product that comes on the market with hair-growing claims.

Stand in front of a mirror, take a long hard look at the top of your head. What have you to show for the money you spent on hair restorers? Do you have as much hair as one year ago? Do you see any signs of new hair, or new hair growth? Why the failure?

CAN YOU GROW HAIR?

Doctors who have spent a lifetime studying hair and hair growth have concluded that nothing now known can grow hair on a bald head. So, if you are bald, prepare to spend the rest of your life that way. Accept it philosophically and quit spending hard-earned dollars on hair growers.

If you can't grow hair — what can you do? Can you stop excessive hair loss? Can you save the hair you still have? Can you increase the life expectancy of your hair? Probably. Please read every word in the rest of this statement carefully, since it may mean the difference to you between *saving your hair* and losing the rest of it to eventual BALDNESS.

HOW TO SAVE YOUR HAIR

Itchy scalp, hair loss, dandruff, very dry or oily scalp, are symptoms of the scalp disease called seborrhea. These scalp symptoms are often warnings of approaching baldness. Not every case of seborrhea results in baldness, but doctors now know that men and women who have this scalp disease usually lose their hair.

Seborrhea is believed caused by three parasitic germ organisms (staphylococcus albus, pityrosporum ovale, microbacillus). These germs first infect the sebaceous glands and later spread to the hair follicles. The hair follicles atrophy, no longer can produce new hairs. The result is "thinning" hair and baldness.

Many men and women suffer needless worry and heartache as they peer into the mirror at their retreating hairlines. Worse, they suffer needless loss of hair because today seborrhea can be controlled—quickly and effectively—by treating your scalp with the amazing scalp medicine called Ward's Formula.

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In seconds, Ward's Formula kills the three parasitic germ organisms retarding normal hair growth. This swift germicidal action has been proven in scientific tests by a world-famous testing laboratory (copy of laboratory report sent on request). Ward's removes infectious dandruff, stops scalp itch, brings hair-nourishing blood to the scalp, tends to normalize very dry or oily scalp. In brief Ward's Formula corrects the ugly symptoms of seborrhea, stops the hair loss it causes. Ward's Formula has been tried by more than 350,000 men and women on our famous Double-Your-Money-Back Guarantee. Only 1.9% of these men and women were not helped by Ward's and asked for their double refund. This is truly an amazing performance.

Why not join the men and women who have successfully ended their troubles? Treat your scalp with Ward's Formula. *Try it at our risk.* In only 10 days you must see and feel the marked improvement in your scalp and hair. Your dandruff must be gone. Your scalp itch must stop. Your hair must look thicker, more attractive, and alive. Your excessive hair loss must stop. You must be completely satisfied — in only 10 days — with the improved condition of your scalp and hair, or simply return the unused portion for Double Your Money Back. So why delay? Delay may cost your hair.

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