

# This Week

M A G A Z I N E

Democrat  Chronicle

MAGAZINE SECTION • OCTOBER 19 1952



NEW LOOK FOR NEW PEOPLE. SEE "DIAPERS FOR DANDIES," PAGE 33

## FOOTBALL'S FBI

A new "private-eye" program to clean up college athletics...Page 7



KARSH

**DIPLOMAT JEBB:** "Even to recognize the good is something . . . It means having sympathy . . . striving"

# MAKE YOUR OWN LAWS

by Sir Gladwyn Jebb

Permanent Representative of the United Kingdom to the United Nations

*"Do what thy manhood bids thee do,  
From none but self expect applause;  
He noblest lives and noblest dies  
Who makes and keeps his self-made laws"*

THIS little known verse, from a poem by Sir Richard Burton, has always had an attraction for me.

I don't mean, of course, that there is no such thing as absolute truth. Still less do I mean that whatever anyone *thinks* is good, is necessarily good for him. But this is obviously not what Burton had in mind. What he meant, I suggest, is that everybody should make an effort to discover the good and true by himself, and then set standards based upon his own findings. In doing so there are the great masters to guide us; but it is still the individual who must seek and find.

So we should "make our own laws" in the sense of embracing some principle or principles which justify, at any rate to ourselves, an otherwise

purposeless and meaningless existence. That is hard enough, but "keeping our own laws" is harder. Here one sometimes feels like the Latin poet who said, "I recognize better things and approve them: I pursue worse things." Yet even to *recognize* the good is something; indeed it is a great deal. It means constantly acquiring knowledge, whether in great books or in the great school of life. It means having sympathy and understanding. It means striving. And it means having a readiness, at least, for some kind of personal self-sacrifice.

ALL of us have occasionally met people who seem to have made and kept their own laws. They are the creative ones. Their personalities are in some way illuminated from within. Perhaps, as the Greeks thought, they have often learned through suffering. But they alone are happy because, as Burton suggests, they are fulfilling their manhood.

## Sidelines

**NEW CHAMPS?** A few weeks ago, in this column, we told about a couple of TWA air-men who travel almost 19,000 miles each month. The catch: about 5,000 miles of this is commuting distance between their homes in Miami and New York, take-off point for Europe.

Now we hear about two other airmen who put up with even greater portal-to-portal commuting. They're Capt. James H. Keeton of United Air Lines and R. A. Ellis, Jr., of American Airlines. Both commute to San Francisco to start their flights to Tokyo — Capt. Keeton from Meridian, Miss., by way of Chicago. Ellis does a cross-country jaunt from Reading, Mass., and Mrs. Ellis says she has figured he travels roughly 26,000 miles each month — or a little better than once around the world at the equator!

**COMING UP.** You may have read about him — Lieut. James F. Low of the U.S. Air Force — and if you have you've probably marveled at his cool self-assurance and sheer bravery in air battles over Korea. But next week Lieut. Low, considered America's greatest young ace, tells his own surprising story in "I Was a Failure." It's the revealing human record of how an aimless, unfortunate boy, heading for trouble, finally found himself.

Also next week: Words To Live By from Robert Hillyer, Pulitzer Prize poet; "Girl In Trouble," a mystery story by John and Ward Hawkins; a special food article, "Switzerland, U.S.A." by Clementine Paddleford; "How To Fool The Experts," by Mort Weisinger; "Beware of Safety Devices," by A. E. Hotchner; "How Owen Young Learned the World Is Round," by Joseph Auslander; an etiquette article on the proper way to entertain the boss, plus many other features. — THE EDITORS

## This Week

THE SUNDAY MAGAZINE

WILLIAM I. NICHOLS, Editor

Editorial offices: 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, New York

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Cover by Nolan Patterson

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You'll find a variety of Betty Crocker recipes in each sack of Gold Medal. If you don't find the Apple-Raisin Coffee Cake recipe, write for it to General Mills, Dept. 30, Minneapolis, Minn. Specify recipe by name.

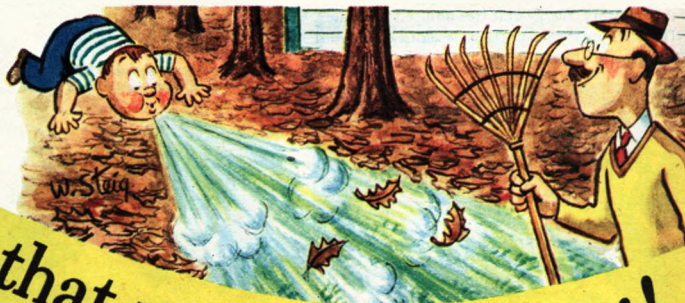
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## PUN-AMERICAN CONFERENCE



**Bennett Cerf** **THE TIME** has come to mete out more pun-ishment and we might as well begin with the tale of Pat Flanagan who stretched a pint too far one night and ended under the wheels of a truck while teetering across a crowded thoroughfare. A priest rushed up and asked, "To what do you owe your sad predicament?" Pat answered, "Three Fathers, Feather."

Possibly Pat landed in the same hospital with the beautiful chorus girl cited by Reader Eva Jackson, of Clarinda, Iowa.

The doctor put the chorine in a private room, explaining, "She's too cute for wards."

**HUGH MacNAIR KAHLE**, of Princeton, N. J., claims discredit for the story of the editor who warned an underling, "Not another murmur about your indigestion! I've got enough of my own without worrying about anybody ulcers!"

John Clark, of Hollywood, watched a fat lady sneak onto the scales, drop in a leaden slug and silently steal a weigh. And Mary Powers, of Watervliet, N. Y., won't rest content till we tell you about the private eye who was assigned to investigate his own personal life. From that moment on, he became just a shadow of his former self.



Problem of a private eye

Back from a cruise in Southern waters, Ambrose Poindexter said he found it hard to adjust himself to the vagaries of the weather. "It's Chile today," he complained, "and hot tamale." Poindexter's ship put in first at Haiti.

"What came after Haiti?" asked a friend. Poindexter (aiming at a job as M.C. on a TV panel show) answered, "H'eighty-one."

**RIDING IN A DOGCART**, notes Janet Pinckney, of Charlotte, N. C., one wire-haired terrier said

to another, "Heard from your beau lately?" "Yes, indeed," was the reply. "I had a litter from him Tuesday." There's a pun concerning cats, too, but you have to know a little French (very little) to appreciate it. Seems there were three cats riding on a barge in the Seine when a river steamer rrammed into it and sent it to the bottom.

The headlines in Paris papers the following morning read, "Un, Deux, Trois, Cats Sank."



Au secours! Cats overboard

**HAL SMITH**, of Stamford, Conn., notes one peculiarity in the Israeli forest being planted in honor of Professor Albert Einstein. All the trees have square roots . . . Ruth McNames, of Philadelphia, claims she knows what Cleopatra told Mark Antony when he asked her if she was true to him. Cleo swore, "Omar Khayyam!" . . . George Grieshaber, of Cincinnati, insists that when our famous General was President of Columbia they referred to it as Ike . . . Dian Manners, of Los Angeles, boasts that he scored a clean scoop on a bit of choice movie gossip, and adds, "It takes doing in this town to get Hedda Hopper!"

**Paul Griffith**, of Sunbury, Pa., had news to impart, too. It's about a quarry owner who was pinched for profiteering. He was taking too much for granite.

**THE LAST STRAW**. Before seeking out some quiet sanctuary where I won't be able to hear a pun drop, I must tell you about the handsome young couple who waltzed dreamily, oblivious of the world. As the girl danced, she murmured, "You're the kind of man I feel I can trust."

"Really?" replied the boy soulfully. "Say, we must have met before. Your faith seems familiar." — **BENNETT CERF**

Ten dollars will be paid for every original pun reprinted in future reissues. Send your contribution to Mr. Cerf, c/o THIS WEEK, 430 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y.

# Better health around the corner

## *The druggist... your friend in sickness and in health*



Remember, as a child, hurrying to the drugstore to have a prescription filled? You probably ran all the way. What a wonderful feeling when the pharmacist handed you the precious package and you were able to rush home with it.

The drugstore long has been a familiar beacon of health—an indispensable aid to the physician in his practice. This year marks a historic occasion—the 100th anniversary of the founding of the American Pharmaceutical Association, the organization through which the profession of pharmacy has developed its high educational and ethical standards.

For centuries, the name Merck has been identified with pharmacy, and today Merck prescription chemicals are a familiar part of every modern pharmacy.

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**Just go to your grocer** and get a can of Spry with the special yellow label—the recipe for Chocolate Dream Cake is on the back of the label. Its luscious mint-chocolate flavor is sure to make a hit with your men-folks. And you're sure of higher, lighter layers than you can make with any other kind of shortening. So get Spry and save 15¢ on your next dozen eggs, too!

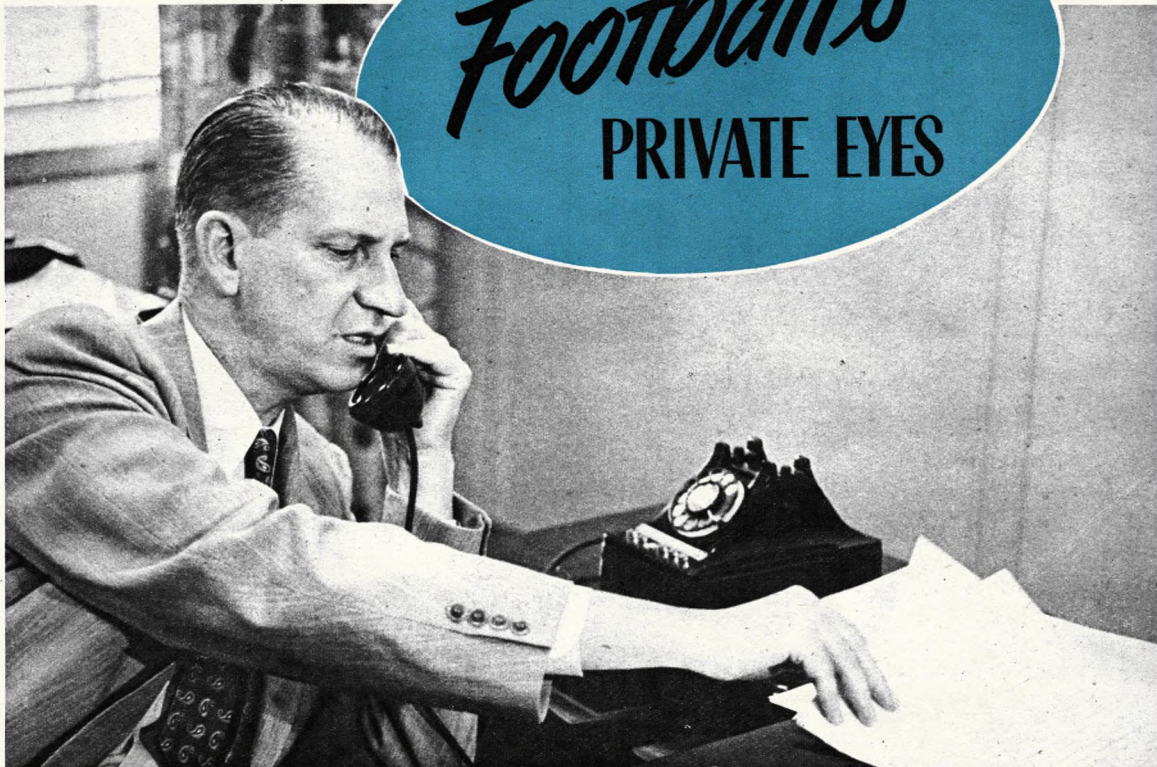
Make this delicious cake and

**SAVE 15¢  
ON ONE DOZEN EGGS!**

Look for Spry with the Special Yellow Label



**SAVE NOW—OFFER!  
LIMITED!**



# Football's PRIVATE EYES

**VIC SCHMIDT.** Alumni, coaches, players — even college presidents — are on the spot when he goes into action

**A**T a night high-school game on the West Coast not long ago, a college football coach slipped quietly into the stands. His purpose: the scouting of a fleet halfback and — if the boy showed unusual promise — a \$200-a-month-bid for his services.

It was a brash violation of the Pacific Coast Conference code — (coaches cannot attend high-school games or even appear except as speakers at a banquet). The coach arrived late, bought a seat in the darkest portion of the bleachers and spoke to no one. He drifted out as anonymously. Next day he told his scouts, "That kid's a great passer and runner — go get him."

What the coach and his college got instead was a stinging rebuke and a cash fine. At a conference meeting a short time later, lanky, soft-spoken Victor O. Schmidt revealed full details of the scheme. He had been 1,000 miles away. Yet his case dossier was as complete as any FBI agent's. This season, the player is an outstanding freshman star on the coast — but as an amateur and at a school he picked himself.

Vic Schmidt, a former lawyer, is a modern product of higher education. He's a football cop.

You can find his counterpart unearthing shady deals in conferences all over the country. In 1950, 10 prep-school boys, given

**Top college conferences have found a dramatic new weapon in their war on undercover professionalism. Here's how Vic Schmidt, football detective, operates**

## BY AL STUMP

Photograph by Nolan Patterson

"excessive offers," were banned from South-eastern Conference play. Mississippi University, Tulane, Georgia and Louisiana State were fined \$5,000. Last August, 14 Brown University gridgers were declared ineligible after shocking disclosures of alumni handouts. In the Western Conference (Big Ten) watchdog Kenneth (Tug) Wilson has hired a former FBI agent to keep an eye on the squads.

### Fake Records

IN ARIZONA last year a coach was fired for faking a player's eligibility record. Just recently two Kentucky University guards were ousted on "cash inducement" charges and the school fined \$1,000. Similar chapters in college football's drive to purify itself are being written everywhere.

Officially Schmidt's title is commissioner of Coast Conference athletics. But his real job is to patrol a four-state, nine-school, 400,000-square-mile beat where football brings in \$3,000,000 a year and ferret out violations of the league's "purity code." At 45, Schmidt has been doing this for eight years. He is what the game's 90-year-old sage, Amos Alonzo Stagg, calls "the only practical answer to the creeping sickness of professionalism in our colleges."

Last season the disease crept quite a way. With the sport at peak earning power, stadiums jammed and more pressure on coaches to win than ever, an estimated million dollars was spent recruiting and subsidizing rugged youths who could run, block and tackle. Educators, alarmed by scandals, yet unwilling

to call for a national grid czar, are depending almost solely on private investigators to clean house. There are at least a dozen in action across the country. Schmidt, earning upwards of \$10,000 a year, reputedly is the highest paid.

Those behind the excesses in hustling athletes — coaches, their assistants and sub-rosa alumni "friends" — think twice before breaking the rules. A Vic Schmidt-type Sherlock is likely to pop up anywhere. To outsmart him, some extravagant stunts have been pulled.

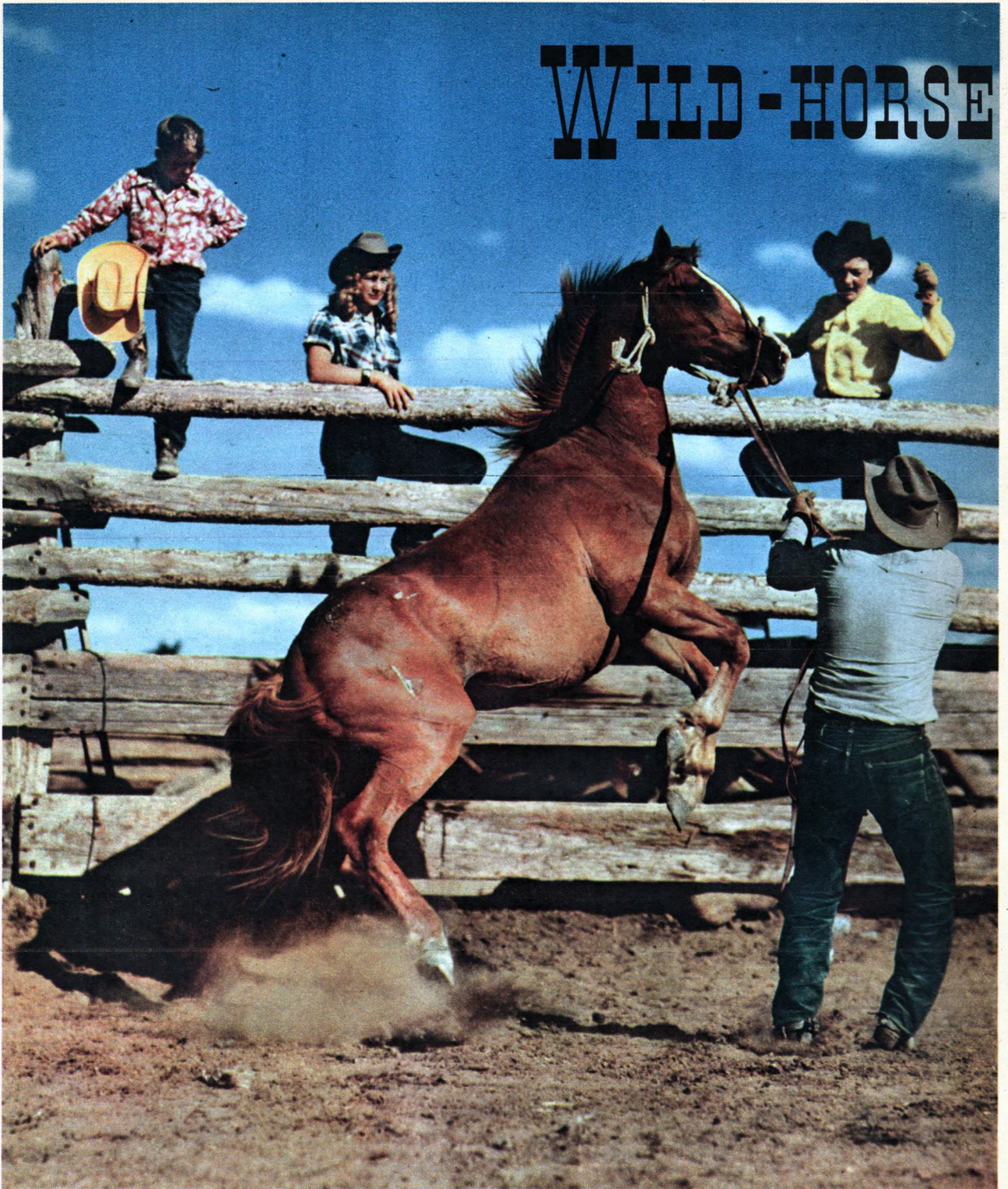
### "Stake Out"

ON a recent balmy evening, a private plane owned by Alumnus "X" took off from Los Angeles. Aboard were a pair of 18-year-old southern California prep all-stars. Their destination: a college "stake-out" in another state. When the plane landed at an obscure airfield, the boys were hurried to the home of another affluent graduate of the university.

It seemed a sure-fire way to beat the rap against putting undue temptations in the way of susceptible youngsters. The boys were sworn to secrecy along with their parents. Sumptuously entertained a safe distance from campus eyes, the two players were backslapped by members of the coaching staff, promised \$100 a month each above tuition and

*Continued on page 36*

# WILD - HORSE



**SKITTISH YOUNGSTER** has no use for the corral, gives the cowpoke a hard time. But the wilder they are the better when rodeo time comes around



# ROUNDUP



**I**F WILD horses had any brains they'd run Bud Kramer out of business — but since they don't, he's running them out of business. Bud and his wife, Bobbie, are operating what is said to be the biggest wild-horse ranch in the country. About 125 miles northwest of Miles City, Mont., the ranch is 20 by 20 — miles that is — and over the plains some 1,200 horses romp at will.

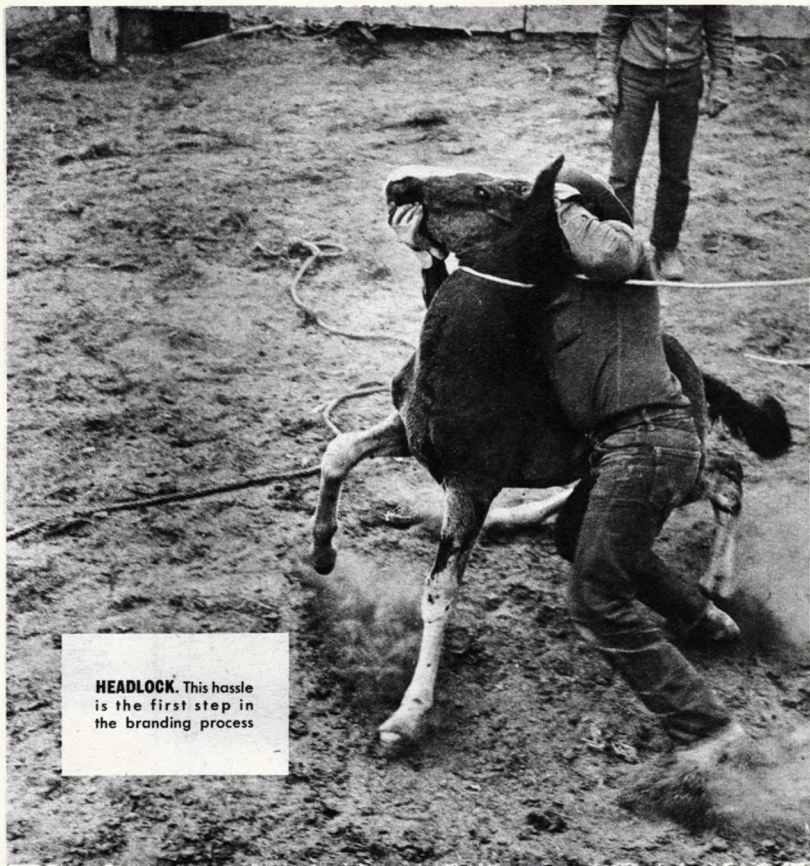
Several times a year, Bud, his wife (both ex-rodeo hands) and two helpers bring in 400. The colts are branded, and some freed. Others are then sold to rodeos, the government, or to plain citizens for riding purposes.

Kramer, in his late 30's and standing six feet, four, is one of the strongest men in the state. He can lift a wild horse right off its feet and is an expert at "breaking" them.

Occasionally someone will tell him about a particularly vicious animal on another ranch. Kramer will buy it for a song, then break it and sell for a neat profit. It pays to be tough.

— R. S.

*Photographs by Hy Peskin*



**HEADLOCK.** This hassle is the first step in the branding process



**ON THE LOOSE.** Some 1,200 wild horses gallop across the plains of the ranch. Kramer and his wife are ex-rodeo hands, do almost all the work themselves

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**MOSCOW'S BIGGEST LIE**

by Peter Viereck

History professor and Pulitzer Prize poet

The Reds say we're the "imperialists." But just look over the figures!

What are the facts? How many people have been enslaved by the Soviets? How many people have been liberated by the West?

The brutal truth is that the Soviet "liberators" have since 1939 seized or satelitized over half a billion people!

But what's more, in this period the Western nations — the so-called "imperialists" — have actually liberated an almost equal number of people! Here is the score:

**66** "IMPERIALIST!" is a dirty word, and one of the Kremlin's favorite charges against the free world. In Africa and Asia millions of people accept it as a true description of the West. Even in Europe confused liberals and fuzzy intellectuals are taken in by this Red accusation.

**ENSLAVED BY RUSSIA**

TERRITORY ANNEXED	SATELLITES CONTROLLED
Estonia, Latvia, Lithuania . . . . . 3,031,000	Albania . . . . . 1,100,000
Eastern Poland . . . . . 11,000,000	Bulgaria . . . . . 7,100,000
Finnish Provinces . . . . . 450,000	Czechoslovakia . . . . . 12,400,000
Romanian Provinces . . . . . 6,700,000	Eastern Germany . . . . . 10,007,000
Northern East Prussia . . . . . 1,107,000	Hungary . . . . . 9,324,000
Eastern Czechoslovakia . . . . . 731,000	Poland . . . . . 24,500,000
Japanese Possessions . . . . . 400,000	Romania . . . . . 16,007,000
Tannu Tuva (in Asia) . . . . . 85,000	China . . . . . 450,000,000
	Outer Mongolia . . . . . 2,000,000
	North Korea . . . . . 8,100,000
	<b>TOTAL . . . . . 574,844,000</b>

But the figures above give only half of the story. While Russia was swallowing country after country, what was the "imperialist Western World" up to? Since World War II, sometimes gladly, sometimes grudgingly, the West has peacefully relinquished rule over the same number of human beings that the Soviets have seized. These are the newly independent countries:

**LIBERATED BY THE WEST**

India . . . . . 347,300,000	Philippines . . . . . 10,200,000
Pakistan . . . . . 75,300,000	Burma . . . . . 10,000,000
Indonesia . . . . . 70,300,000	Israel . . . . . 1,000,000
Ceylon . . . . . 7,000,000	<b>TOTAL . . . . . 545,400,000</b>

So HERE is the proof. Hitler who invented the Big Lie, would have to admit that the Kremlin has polished his technique to a dazzling perfection by this phony charge of imperialism.

# THIS NEW SLEEP IS THREE LAYERS DEEP —

- 1. It cushions**—ENGLANDER MATTRESS of AIRFOAM by Goodyear cushions you coolly on billions of bubbles of air!
- 2. It yields**—BUOYANT UPPER SPRINGS of Englander Red Line Foundation act individually to conform to your weight and body contour.
- 3. It supports**—LOWER SPRINGS, topped by flexible red steel band, give you proper support for deep, healthful sleep.



**AIRFOAM BREATHES FRESH AIR!** So porous you can blow smoke right through it, AIRFOAM stays fresh and cool—is virtually air conditioned and nonallergic. It never lumps or sags, *never needs turning!* And no other type cushioning can match the restful resiliency of AIRFOAM's billions of bubbles of air!



**EXCLUSIVE TWO-WAY SPRING ACTION.** Only Englander offers this famous Red Line Foundation. Flexible steel band joins springs in the middle—each spring in top layer acts individually to conform to weight and body contour while bottom layer gives proper firm support.



**GUARANTEED BY ENGLANDER FOR 20 YEARS.** The Englander Mattress of AIRFOAM by Goodyear and the exclusive Englander Red Line Foundation are made for each other. That's why only this wonderful ensemble can give you the luxurious comfort you want plus the scientifically firm support you must have for healthful sleep.



**POSITIVE X-RAY PROOF.** Englander spent two years to develop a way to X-ray a full figure on its new sleep ensemble. See an actual reproduction of this remarkable X-ray at your favorite store. It will prove that your spine rests perfectly level and you sleep without tension or distortion on this Englander Ensemble.



**PROVE TO YOURSELF** why this is the greatest mattress value in years! Have an Englander Red Line Sleep Ensemble delivered to your home and *prove* to yourself why it's better for your body, your health, and your pocketbook. Enjoy restful, healthful sleep now. See your Englander retailer right away and arrange for this no-obligation trial.

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Your favorite department and furniture stores are featuring this outstanding Englander Ensemble and other Englander values, too. Be sure and see them!



# HOW TO BECOME PRESIDENT

**Either go to law school or join the Army. Only one man who was neither lawyer nor general ever got elected**

by **Albert P. Blaustein**

**I**T's part of the great American tradition that any boy can grow up to be president but, with the exception of the 1928 election, every one of the nation's 41 presidential campaigns has had a candidate who was either a general or a man trained in the law.

As far as statistics go, only five men who have sought residence in the White House have been neither generals nor lawyers — and of those five only one was elected. This occurred in 1928 when Herbert Hoover, "The Great Engineer," defeated businessman-politician Alfred E. Smith.

Next November's election between General Dwight D. Eisenhower and lawyer Adlai Stevenson will mark the ninth time that general has met lawyer in the contest. And so far the honors have been pretty even.

General George Washington, of course, twice was the choice over lawyer John Adams. In 1836 New York Surrogate Martin Van Buren defeated the hero of the Indian Wars, General William Henry Harrison.

#### **Top Man**

**B**UT in 1840 General "Tippecanoe" was top man and Judge Van Buren returned to the practice of the law. In 1848 a general was again victorious. He was Mexican War hero Zachary Taylor who beat lawyer Lewis Cass.

Lawyer James Buchanan entered the White House after defeating General John C. Fremont in 1856, and eight years later lawyer Abraham Lincoln won his second term over General George B. McClellan. The generals turned the tables on the lawyers in 1868 when Ulysses S. Grant scored a victory over Horatio Seymour, but the lawyers won a qualified victory in 1880

when Regular Army General Winfield S. Hancock lost to lawyer-general James A. Garfield.

The only candidates for the presidency who have neither worn stars nor studied law, besides Hoover, were unsuccessful nominees Horace Greeley, James G. Blaine, James Cox and Smith. Tailor-turned-politician Andrew Johnson became the 17th president following the death of lawyer Lincoln, but he was never a candidate for the office.

#### **He'd Be No. 23**

**I**F GOVERNOR STEVENSON takes the oath as the 33rd president, he will be the 23rd practicing attorney to be chief executive. Three others — Theodore Roosevelt, Harding and Truman — studied law but did not practice.

But the Republicans' goal is to see the eleventh general in the White House, four of whom, like "Ike," were primarily "military men." These were Washington, William Henry Harrison, Taylor and Grant. All of the other six

president-generals were lawyers as well as soldiers. **Andrew Jackson, victor in the Battle of New Orleans, was not only an attorney but a judge of the Supreme Court of Tennessee.** Lawyer Franklin Pierce was a brigadier-general in the Mexican War and lawyers Rutherford B. Hayes, James A.

Garfield, Chester A. Arthur and Benjamin Harrison won their stars in the Civil War.

Since 1792, in addition to the eight campaigns between lawyers and generals, there have been 21 elections in which lawyer faced lawyer.

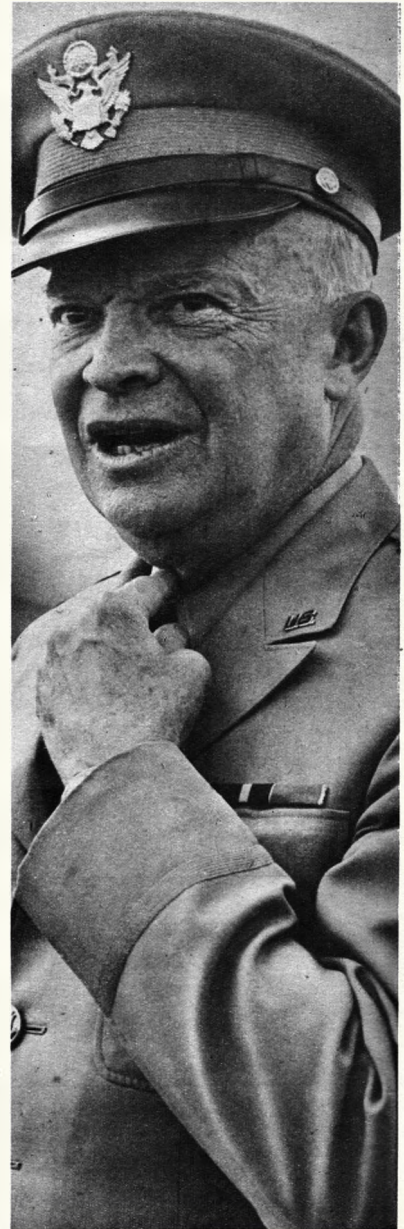
Thus, in the final analysis, Americans have gone to the polls with only one possible alternative: general or lawyer, take your choice. *The End*



**GOVERNOR STEVENSON**, a practicing attorney before entering politics. If he is elected, he will be the 23rd lawyer in the White House



**IN 1928, Hoover shattered the old precedent**



**GENERAL EISENHOWER**, West Point, Class of 1915. If he succeeds in November, "Ike" will become the eleventh general in office

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THE MYSTERIOUS WOMAN WAS NO LONGER THERE TO SPEAK.

TO INSPECTOR MAYO UNTIL

# THE FURNITURE

by EVERETT RHODES CASTLE

Illustrated by Walter Skor



"I gasped at the sight of the K'ang Hsi. It was worth a king's ransom"

## FICTION

I HAD no idea when my telephone rang at two minutes of ten, that Fate had selected me to put the finger on one of the most audacious criminal conspiracies to hit our town in decades. Lieutenant Arthur Mayo, in charge of the Fraud Squad, was on the line — you called him Art if you wanted to be irritating.

I wanted to be irritating.

"What's on your mind — Art?"

"Something's come up," Mayo said mildly. He is a big man with an inflamed face, glacial blue eyes and the gentlest voice this side of a nunnery. "Something that smells big — Doc."

The Doc repaid me for the Art.

"Something big is always coming up," I reminded him tartly. "I'm a medical examiner not an expert on forged instruments. It is raining, and I have a cold. If you have a forged corpse on your hands call Melloy. He —"

"I wasn't thinking of your profession when I called you," Mayo protested. "This thing is right down your other alley. Your hobby is old furniture, ain't it? Antique stuff. What the French call Ojay Dart."

"Listen, Lieutenant," I snapped and sneezed violently. "If all you want is an expert on antiques I can give you the telephone number of a dozen —"

"I don't want any telephone numbers, Doctor," Mayo cut in swiftly but not so fast that he neglected to repay my use of his title. "This thing is too delicate to go outside the department. If it blew up Scoville would have my badge before I could turn around."

"Max Scoville, the lawyer?"

"No less."

FOR a moment I forgot my blocked nasal passages. Max was the biggest criminal lawyer in town. He guided the big gambling syndicates. He was a big wheel in politics. He was popularly supposed to be worth two or three million dollars. But I had never heard of him as a patron of the arts. I said so.

"Not Max," Mayo explained patiently. "One of his clients — Cassie Gentry." She died a few months ago. It was all over the papers. Besides leaving a private mint she left this place of her's — Foxehill. The newspapers called it a Metropolitan Museum with eleven

bathrooms and a private lake. Well, we just got an anonymous tip that we ought to look it over before the stuff in it is sold."

"Why?"

"Hanky-panky," Mayo said briefly. It was one of his favorite expressions.

"You're tangled up with a psycho — Art," I assured him shortly. "Now hang up and let me go back to bed. I remember the case perfectly. As I recall the old lady died under an oxygen tent surrounded by five of the State's leading medicos. She suffered from high-blood pressure, hardening of the arteries, uremic poisoning and a touch of pneumonia. No obscure South American poisons. No devilish injections of insulin in the gums. Just eighty years or so of high living."

I laughed unpleasantly.

"Nobody said the old lady was murdered — Doc," Mayo protested plaintively.

"What hanky-panky is there left?" I demanded querulously. "Max Scoville was her lawyer. But that is no crime. The will made him executor of her estate which, as you point out, was about the same as owning a private mint. But, as I recall the newspaper accounts, the will was made way back in 1930 and disposed of an estate of over five million dollars. After the old lady died, Max filed a preliminary report, as executor, indicating that the net worth of the estate had increased to nearly seven million dollars.

"SO, if there was any financial monkey business — my dear Art, it was all in the old lady's favor. But more important, every penny of the money was left to old, well-known charities, she apparently being without kith or kin. So, if she wasn't murdered or her estate high-jacked, where is your hanky-panky?"

"Out at Foxehill." Mayo was not disturbed by my waspish logic. "This ojay dart stuff. I understand the old lady had a lot of it around. Maybe a quarter of a million dollars' worth. Not hay either, huh?"

"You mean the place has been looted?"

"And a lot of junk moved in to take the place of the ojay dart stuff. Right."

I sneezed. It reminded me that I was running a slight temperature. But a chance to see this fabulous lair made me hesitate for a moment before I said no firmly and finally.

Mayo caught it. He is smart that way. Actually I liked the man for what he was. A good, honest cop. It was his own smug conception of himself as a master mind, adept at using the talents of lesser men for his advantage, which I found tedious and irritating.

"That's swell!" Mayo heartiness was as insincere as a bartender's smile. "I knew I could depend on you. I'll pick you up in front of your apartment in fifteen minutes."

WAITING under the canopy, I tried to recall all I had read about Cassie Gentry's life and works. She had been born, of a good family, in San Francisco about 1876. At seventeen she eloped with her violin teacher — a character named Gambetti.

She shot him to death in Chicago three years later. The jury acquitted her on a plea of self-defense.

In 1913 she turned up in Denver under the name of Birmingham. In 1922, giving her marital status as a widow, she married Colonel Jack Gentry. When he died six years later, he left Cassie the sole owner of two of the country's largest gambling casinos, a racing stable and a major interest in Oklahoma oil.

Cassie promptly got rid of them all. In 1930 she came to town and bought Foxehill, filling it with all the art treasures Gentry had purchased to decorate his casinos. Despite her lurid background the woman must have loved and appreciated fine things. Using what amounted to unlimited capital she continued to fill Foxehill with what Mayo called ojay dart.

Unfortunately, as Cassie obviously hoped, Foxehill did not become a Mecca for the Best People. The gentry would have none of her. And Cassie, apparently, would not settle for anything less than the best. Thereafter, according to the accounts, she sat in the midst of her grandeur, wearing the towering yellow wig she had affected ever since an attack of flu had robbed her of her hair in 1927, drinking herself into a first class legend. Undoubtedly on the best brandy.

IT WAS quite a picture. I was still thinking about it when Mayo slid his 1948 sedan to the curb and stretched out an apelike arm to open the door for me.

"How do we get into this eleven-bath museum?" I inquired sourly as he jerked the heap out into traffic.

"The butler is still living there," Mayo explained benignly. "Acting as a sort of caretaker until the place is sold. His name is Meggat. His wife who died in 1932 was maid to the old lady. Apparently he was the only person that could handle the old harridan."

"If there was any hanky-panky about the ojay dart," I pointed out tartly, "this Meggat must have been in it. The minute you flash

your hodge Meggat will call Max and then where is that long awaited captaincy of yours?"

"You have a neat and orderly mind," Mayo said admiringly. "But it just so happens I thought of that, too." He crowded a cab, narrowly missed a soft-drink truck and beamed. "The matter is all arranged. I called Max and told him my old friend Doctor Breene, the medical examiner for the department, was a nut about old furniture and such and wanted to see Foxehill before its furnishings went under the hammer. Max was delighted to oblige. He said he would call this Meggat right away. Nary a suspicion."

"SO THAT'S it," I muttered savagely and thought of my warm, dry bed. "You didn't want an antique expert — did you, Art? You — you wanted protective coloration. I'll get out at the next corner."

"Now listen, Doctor," he pleaded earnestly. "I know you think I fancy myself as a slick operator. And maybe I am a little devious now and then. But, as God is my judge, I am not hiding behind your hobby. I merely killed two birds with one stone — getting an expert and an excuse at the same time."

He slid his eyes around to see my reaction. Apparently the appraisal did not satisfy him.

"Maybe I had another reason," he said, staring ahead through the windshield. "I mean for wanting to keep the matter within the department. But the fact is, like every honest cop, I hate Scoville's guts. And the guts of all his kind."

"Before your time there was a young fellow on Homicide named Curry. His people came from Sligo, too. He had a fine wife and two swell kids. Well, he was a witness in a murder case involving one of Max's clients. The only way Max could win the case was to discredit Curry's testimony. Well, he did. I'll tell you the whole story some day. It isn't pleasant. Curry shot himself a month later. I'll never forget the look on his wife's face — her name was Emma — when they started to close the casket..."

"Okay," I growled finally.

FOXEHILL looked like the Ideal House of Mystery For Incomes of Fifty Thousand Dollars a Year and Up as Mayo wheeled the sedan toward the front door. A long, dark, expensive wreath half buried in a dripping shroud of elm, oak, blue spruce and tangled ivy. Mayo stared at it curiously as he pulled up before the ornate entrance.

I stared at it, too. "I suppose you realize,"

WHAT HAD HAPPENED REMAINED A SECRET

# TALKIE

I pointed out as he turned off the ignition, "that your mysterious tipster must have had access to this house?"

"Your cold hasn't affected your gray matter," Mayo said approvingly. "Yes, I thought of that." With a degree of agility surprising for a man of his girth he slid out from under the wheel and trotted through the rain. When I caught up with him his big thumb was buried in the bell. He clucked sympathetically as I sneezed. "You'll feel better when we get inside," he promised as we waited. "Maybe this Meggat has a medicinal bottle."

The door opened suddenly. From the smell of him the man standing in front of us had recently taken considerable medication. He had a large, loosely assembled face just a few shades lighter than damp clay. His tight, striped trousers barreled around his thin shanks. Their tightness contrasted sharply with the sag of his wrinkled alpaca coat.

Mayo went into his act. "Mr. Meggat, I am Lieutenant Mayo. This is Doctor Breene. Perhaps Mr. Scoville called you?" He bent his head inquiringly and brought out the smile which he fondly believes proclaims him a guileless, friendly soul.

The butler stepped back from the door. "Won't you come in," he invited us. His voice was hoarse. A three-drinks-before-lunch baritone. He smiled politely enough and took our hats and coats. "Yes, Mr. Scoville called." He looked at me. "Another day and you would have been too late, Doctor. The appraisal was completed yesterday. The packers are coming tomorrow. The important things are being shipped to a New York Gallery for auction. The rest of it" — he fluttered a pair of white, pulpy hands — "will be disposed of here."

I stared around the huge hall. "Appraising a place like this must have been quite a chore," I said carelessly. "Who handled it?"

"The Catledge Gallery. Mr. Leon Catledge, the head of the firm, spent two weeks here personally."

Mayo, the rat, knew what I was thinking. "Well, well, well," he said swiftly. "That makes you pretty busy, eh, Mr. Meggat? We won't keep you. We'll just mosey around until the Doctor gets his fill of the ojay dart. As an officer of the law I'll see to it that he don't walk out with a priceless table or two under his coat." He laughed loudly.

Meggat pretended it was humorous. "The house is built on three levels," he explained. "The dining room, pantries and service are on the lower level. The bedrooms are directly above us. If you should want me for anything there is a bell pull in every room."

Meggat pointed to the right. "You might begin with the library."

*Continued on page 30*



"As I recall — when that queer old lady, Cassie, finally died she left an estate worth more than seven million dollars"

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"The spitting image of Joe, our butcher"

# KITTEN MERCHANT

by Parke Cummings

**This writer claims only one talent, but it's a real gift. He can palm off a kitten on a friend**

WHOOPEE! Hand me my medals and my citations! I've pulled off my specialty again. Our cat had four kittens about six weeks ago and I've succeeded in giving every one of them away. Not everybody can do that, you know. There are people who can clean up on the stock market, sing in grand opera or touch their hands to the floor without bending their knees, but I've seen plenty who couldn't unload one kitten, let alone a whole brood.

Frankly, I don't take much credit for the first giveaway I engineered. Too elementary. This one happened to be a male, and I put heavy stress on the fact, having long since discovered that it is exactly 7.1834 times as easy to give a male kitten away as it is a female.

### Billy's Temper

BUT the second one, a female, presented more of a problem, and I finally decided to use the hard-to-get or I-doubt-if-you're-worth-it approach.

Happening to run into a neighbor, Mrs. Peterson, I frowned thoughtfully and remarked:

"Wish we could find the right person to give this kitten to."

"How do you mean, the right person?" Mrs. Peterson inquired, falling right into my trap.

"Well, there are some families I just wouldn't trust with it," I explained, giving her a meaningful look. "Their kids might abuse it."

"Why, our children adore animals," Mrs. Peterson protested.

"Yeah, but you can't be certain. I've noticed that Billy of yours has quite a temper. The other day I saw him fall off his tricycle, and then he got up and kicked it."

"Look here, are you implying that my Billy would kick a kitten?" Mrs. Peterson demanded.

"Oh no, certainly not. Not *deliberately*. If he happened to stop and think first, but — well — I mean you can't be certain —"

### Looks Like Joe

THAT did it. Mrs. Peterson not only insisted on getting the kitten, but offered to supply three impartial character witnesses for Billy. I finally gave in to her and she stalked off carrying the kitten under her arm.

The Blakes took the third one. I accomplished this by asking them if they'd like the one that looked like Joe, our butcher. I did this because I happen to know the Blakes are always on the lookout for some screwy gag.

Blake bit perfectly, guffawing loudly. "No kidding?" he inquired. "That kitten looks like Joe?"

"The spitting image," I replied, using my patented jape for that situation. I then showed the Blakes the kitten, they both avowed that by golly it *did* look like Joe, and they promptly accepted it, chuck-

ling over the fun they'd have displaying it to other friends who knew the butcher.

Personally I didn't think the critter looked any more like Joe than it did like Winston Churchill, but I've found that with impressionable people like the Blakes you can invent any kind of fancied resemblance and fool them into believing it.

The Walkers are different from the Blakes—very serious and very humane. I took advantage of that in getting rid of the fourth kitten. "How would you like to take Stinker?" I asked.

Mrs. Walker gasped. "You mean you've named a poor innocent little kitten Stinker?" she asked. "I think that's the meanest, cruelest thing I ever heard of!"

Here I pretended to get very indignant and very hard-boiled. "How would it make any difference to a dumb cat whether it's named Stinker or not?" I roared. "Moreover, it's *my* kitten, and I can call it any blanket-blank name I want to and nobody's going to stop me! I can name it Hitler if I feel like it — or Judas Iscariot or —"

### Home for Stinker

"Suppose it weren't your kitten," interrupted Mrs. Walker (right on cue). "Suppose you gave it away. Would its new owners have the right to name it anything *they* wanted to?"

"Why certainly," I conceded magnanimously.

"We'll take it," said Mrs. Walker, and soon thereafter flounced out of the house with it. I learned afterwards that they re-named it Cuddles.

Good enough, I guess, although I still prefer the name we'd originally given it — Fluff.



She had to have the kitten

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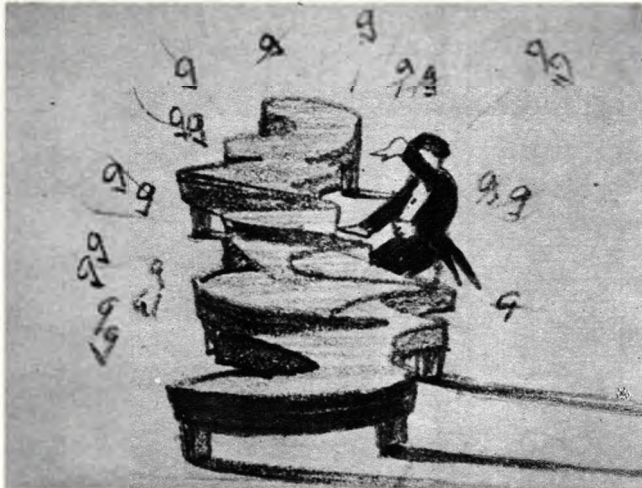
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AT CONFERENCE, someone mentioned music. Irwin drew this piano



## THREE-STAR DOODLER

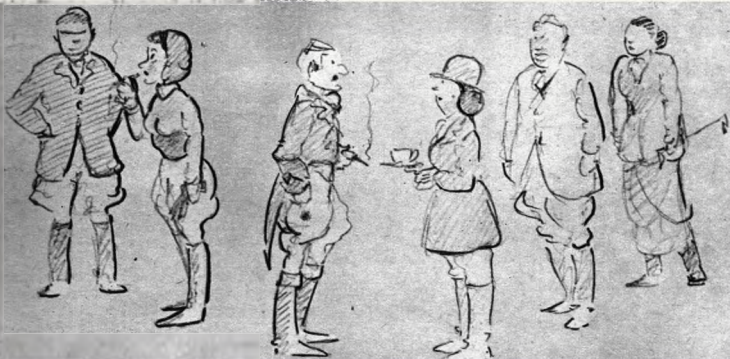


SIGNATURE on this golfer: "Picasso"

Gen. "Red" Irwin's zany sketches are collector's items in the Army

A HIGH-LEVEL four-power conference is on. The U.S. Commissioner for Austria is making a crucial point. Generals, diplomats, aides listen attentively — all except one. A red-haired officer with three stars on his shoulder is quietly penciling notes — or so everybody thinks. Actually Lt. Gen. S. Leroy Irwin (now ret.) is doodling. Results of three conferences are shown here.

General Irwin doodled at West Point, later kept up his unconscious sketching in both World Wars. But only when he got his "paper-and-pencil" job as U.S. Commander in Austria did he gain a wide reputation. There GI's and officers alike scrambled for the wastebasket when he left the conference room. — SYLVIA MARTIN



"HORSEY PEOPLE" are an Irwin aversion. He calls them "world's worst bores"



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ON DECK of Coral Sea, control crew readies "Katie"

## THE NAVY'S BABY-JET TARGET

LATEST addition to the Navy's air wing is a pilot-less plane hardly bigger than a toy that opens its own parachute to land.

"Katie," as the 12-foot, 200-pound, radio-controlled aircraft is called, is an AA target, designed as a better and cheaper substitute for the obsolete fighter planes the Navy was using for antiaircraft gunnery training. "Pulse-jet" motored, "Katie" can zip around the line of ships firing on her at 200 miles an hour in a good imitation of a high-speed jet attacker.

Only a direct hit will knock "Katie" down (no proximity-fuse ammunition is used against her). Generally she is only temporarily disabled. Her parachute landing-gear opens automatically in case of a hit and can be opened by her control crew when her fuel runs out.

The "Katie" shown on these pages is being catapulted from the flight deck of the carrier Coral Sea in Guantanamo Bay, Cuba.

Photographs by Barrett Gallagher

EARPH



CATAPULT launches her and starts her jet motor



ONED OFFICER "pilots" tiny target plane as AA guns open fire



"Just Cake" becomes  
Just Wonderful with  
**Reddi-wip!**

**REAL CREAM** and Improved Home-Style Flavor Makes  
Genuine Reddi-wip America's Favorite Dessert Glamorizer!

If they've been taking your chocolate cake for granted, surprise them tonight—add Reddi-wip! Because Reddi-wip makes "just cake" just *wonderful!*

And it's so easy. At the touch of a finger, Reddi-wip swirls out, whipped automatically for each individual serving. It's made with real cream, sweetened your home-style way to taste even better than it looks.

If baking day is your busiest day—don't worry. Just "frost" your cake the 10-second way with luscious Reddi-wip. Gelatin, pudding, fruit, salad, or pie . . . every dessert tastes just *wonderful!*—with real cream Reddi-wip! From your friendly grocer or milkman.

Reddi-wip® designates the fresh cream product of Reddi-wip, Inc., and its authorized processors throughout the United States and Canada. © R.W. Inc.



And the Same Can of Reddi-wip Glorifies These Desserts, Too!

**CHOCOLATE SURPRISE**

Break left-over angel food or sponge cake into small pieces. Over it pour chocolate pudding made from package mix. Chill. Then top generously with tasty Reddi-wip. M-m-m-m!



**WAFFLES DE LA NUIT**

Bake waffles using waffle mix or frozen waffles. Pour chocolate sauce over waffles and top with Reddi-wip. Sliced sweetened fruit topped with Reddi-wip is also delicious over waffles.



**STRAWBERRY SHORTCAKE**

Roll out ready-prepared biscuit dough and spread with butter and brown sugar. Roll up like jelly roll, slice 1-inch thick and bake as usual. Serve with fresh or frozen berries. Top with Reddi-wip.





## GAS

*After Breakfast...*

## HEARTBURN

*After Lunch...*



## SOUR STOMACH

*After Dinner...*



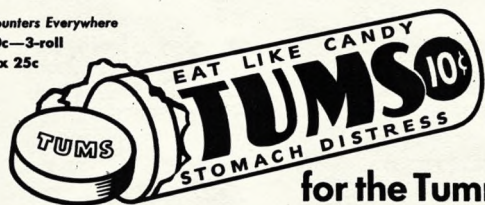
# Too Bad They Don't Know About TUMS!

Lots of people have digestive upsets after eating because favorite foods cause their stomachs to churn up too much acid. But Tums neutralize excess acid almost before it starts—and make short work of nagging heartburn and gassy pressure pains.

Tums are different. They contain no baking soda or other water-soluble alkali. This means that Tums can't over-alkalize your stomach—*can't cause acid rebound!*

That's why millions always carry Tums in pocket or purse. Tums require no water, no mixing, no waiting. Just eat 1 or 2 Tums after meals or whenever acid distress occurs and presto—you get top-speed relief. Tums are still only 10c. Get a handy roll today.

On Top of Counters Everywhere  
Still Only 10c—3-roll  
Economy Box 25c



for the Tummy

## MOVIES



## VENUS ON



HER LATEST MOVIE, "Anna" co-stars her sister, Patrizia (right)

**ITALY'S MANGANO:** She started the world in "Bitter Rice" . . .



to sign her up, she was equally loffy. "I like to be able to walk about in public without incidents," she said. "I am not a protest meeting."

In the second place, she had retired from films to have her first child — she is married to Italian Producer Dino de Laurentis. Miss Mangano luxuriated in motherhood and also in all the *pasta* she cared to eat, which was a good deal.

Ultimately, her husband's pleas prevailed. He was a big producer in Italy, but not nearly as big as when Silvana Mangano was his star. There were now two children — both girls — and doubtless their mother took their futures into consideration.

**Slimmer Than Ever**

**SHE** dieted. Reducing salts, sweat baths — it was a cruel process, but it worked. Italy's modern Venus is slimmer and more beautiful than she ever was in her life.

Her screen career has been phenomenal. At 17, on the strength of her winning the title of Miss Rome, she appeared in a single picture, "Bitter Rice." The now familiar photograph of her, standing in a rice field, wearing a jersey, work shorts and torn stockings, appeared in almost every newspaper. The body was sensuous, the face innocent beyond compare.

Half English and half Sicilian, she is moral in her attitudes almost to the point of prudishness, highbrow in her conversation and as purely "cheesecake" in appearance as Marilyn Monroe.

Her current film, "Anna," is scheduled to play here in connection with the Italian Film Festival, which would hardly be the same without her. Her two sisters, slim and beautiful, Patrizia and Natasha, are in the film with her — perhaps as insurance against her gaining weight again. For Miss Mangano is talking, not of Hollywood, but of having a third child. She wants a boy. *The End*

# A DIET

**by Louis Berg**

*This Week Movie Editor*

**T**wo years ago catastrophe struck the Italian film industry. Silvana Mangano, the Italian Rita Hayworth, called by some the Most Beautiful Woman in the World, gained 64 pounds. This brought her weight up to 200 — she was always a hefty 136, which is large by export standards — and put an end, for the time being, to her screen career.

It is our pleasure to report that Miss Mangano is down to a meager 126 and in pictures again. But this was not accomplished without a struggle.

In the first place, Miss Mangano did not particularly want to lose weight. She saw no point in starving herself. She cared nothing for fame or fortune.

"I consider the desire to be rich for the sake of being rich a form of lunacy," she told the press. When Hollywood tried



**MAMA** Silvana and baby Veronica



Only one soap gives your skin this

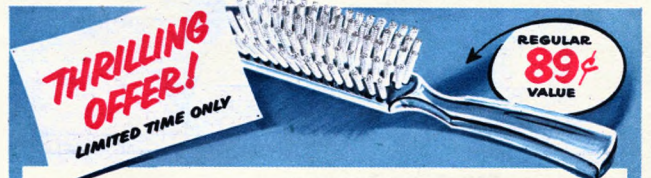
*Exciting Bouquet*

And Cashmere Bouquet is proved extra mild . . . leaves your skin softer, fresher, younger-looking!

Now Cashmere Bouquet Soap—with the irresistible "fragrance men love"—is proved by test to be extra mild! So amazingly mild that its gentle lather is ideal for all types of skin—dry, oily or normal! Daily cleansing with Cashmere Bouquet helps bring out the flower-fresh softness, delicate smoothness, exciting loveliness you long for! Use Cashmere Bouquet Soap regularly . . . for the finest complexion care . . . for a fragrant invitation to romance!



Now at lowest price!  
**Cashmere Bouquet Soap**



**Nylon Bristle Hair Brush**  
*Only 25¢*

With 3 Cashmere Bouquet Soap Wrappers (Any Size)

A wonderful brush at a wonderful bargain! 8" long, of crystal-clear Polystyrene, with springy, long-lasting Nylon bristles that gently coax thickest hair into place, reach deep-down to stimulate scalp. Washes, dries in a flash. Order one for your own use, several more as gifts to friends. Mail coupon today!

*Order Several While Supply Lasts!*

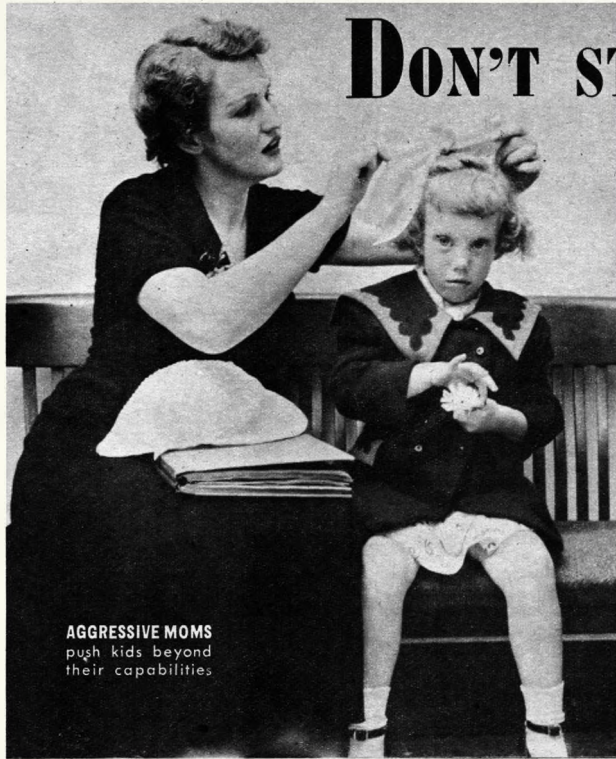
Cashmere Bouquet, P. O. Box 4  
Brooklyn 1, New York  
I enclose . . . in coin and . . . Cashmere Bouquet Soap wrappers (any size). Please send me . . . Nylon Bristle Hair Brushes as described in this advertisement.

NAME . . . . .  
ADDRESS . . . . .  
CITY . . . . . ZONE . . . . . STATE . . . . .  
Order 1 brush or as many as you wish. For each brush ordered, enclose 25¢ in coin and 3 Cashmere Bouquet Soap wrappers. Offer good in Continental U. S. (excepting Montana). Closes April 1, 1953.

# Tampax solves the monthly problem

Modern science at last finds an answer to everywoman's problem — monthly protection

Tampax represents the greatest advance in this field of sanitary protection for hundreds — even thousands — of years. It changes the entire method from outside application to internal absorption. Think what this means to a woman! Instead of bulky outside pads held together by belts and pins, Tampax consists simply of pure absorbent cotton contained in a slender disposable applicator. It is many, many times smaller and daintier. You need not fear odor or chafing or edges that show through your clothing. You can't even feel the Tampax. You can wear it in tub or shower — or when swimming. Month's supply goes into purse. (Easy disposal.) Sold at drug or notion counters in 3 different absorbency-sizes. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.



# DON'T STAGE-MOTHER

Here's good advice from a TV expert for parents who think their children have talent . . .

by Ted Mack

of the "Original Amateur Hour"

AGGRESSIVE MOMS push kids beyond their capabilities

MARVIN KONER

I've never seen greater opportunities in show business than there are today. That's because of television. More programs are going on, new stations will be opening and the cry is for new faces — more and more and more of them.

But if you have a talented child — or suspect that you have — I have one important warning. There are parents who guide young talent intelligently and well. Fine. But don't let your ambition make you one of those frightening women show business calls "stage mothers," known also as "menacing mothers." They're not limited to the professional stage — you've probably seen them urging their children on at school shows and amateur neighborhood performances.

These mothers hurt a child more than they help. They try to be "theatrical." For example, they over-dress their children. Little girls of four appear with permanents, heavy make-up and fancy clothes.

## When Nothing Else Will Help for ACID INDIGESTION

Doctor specialists who treat nothing but stomach trouble say that a tablet like Bell-ans often gives comforting relief when everything else fails for gas, heartburn and acid indigestion. Get a 25c package of Bell-ans tablets at your druggists today.

# AMM-I-DENT the Ammoniated CHLOROPHYLL Toothpaste that Reduces Tooth Decay!



THE GREEN TOOTH PASTE THAT WILL NOT STAIN

ONLY 53¢

Amm-i-dent Chlorophyll Tooth Powder too, 47¢



**AMMONIATED** to reduce tooth decay. Tests prove Amm-i-dent helps prevent cavities as no other toothpaste can. More dentists recommend Amm-i-dent's ammoniated formula than any other dentifrice offered to the public.



**WON'T STAIN.** Amm-i-dent will not turn your toothbrush green as other leading brands do. Yet, every tube contains full-strength chlorophyll for full breath protection.

**MORE FOR YOUR MONEY**

3 1/2 oz. Other leading Brands

4 3/4 oz. AMM-I-DENT

**AT THE SAME PRICE,** Amm-i-dent gives you nearly 50% more toothpaste than other leading brands. Compare, too, for proven protection against tooth decay, for no stain — and you'll buy Amm-i-dent!



# YOUR CHILD...

The kids have often acquired an unfortunately brassy manner. And while sensible mothers wait their turn in a casting office, the over-anxious mother springs across the room to tell you all about her wonderful child.

Parental delusions can reach tragic proportions. Once in a hotel, a woman pulled my arm and said, "You have to see this!" I turned around to see a very small boy doing cartwheels across the lobby.

I tried to explain that cartwheels weren't enough to make a performer, but she assured me, "We're going to Hollywood." They did too. On the coast later that year, friends told me she and the child were haunting the studios. The boy, dressed up in a Buster Brown suit, had now been taught to run up to any producer in sight, jump into his arms and hug and kiss him. The mother stood by inquiring how anyone could deny this adorable child a career in pictures.

## Six-Year-Old Sophisticate

SOME parents make the mistake of pushing children who simply don't want to perform. I knew one little girl who actually became ill every time she had to go on.

Other mothers feel they must make the child more grown-up than he is. We auditioned one youngster whose mother taught her to imitate a famous Broadway vocalist. In a long evening dress, the six-year-old sang songs like "My Man" with gestures only the most sophisticated performer ought to use.

In other words, the over-anxious mother really works against herself and, of course, her child, and the competition's too tough for that. We've auditioned over 700,000 amateurs in the 17 years the Original Amateur Hour has been in existence. Almost all of them had something, but 98 per cent of them didn't have enough. Only 13,000 made our show, only 500 became top-flight professionals.

Worst of all, the over-anxious mother hopes for too much too soon and that can mean real heartbreak for everybody. I remember a girl who sang popular songs on one of our shows. She was quite good, but she was young. Right away, mother headed her for New York and the big time.

I told the mother, "Don't go yet. Show business can be awfully tough. Wait and see if the talent grows."

But off they went — to bad dates for poor pay, but they thought the big break would come. Then the girl married and the mother decided the husband had stolen her future

star from her. She moved in with them and made life so unpleasant for the boy that he moved out. Mother and daughter are still waiting for the break that will never come.

I know you're thinking, "But wouldn't plenty of big stars have missed out except for their parents?"

Sure, and many of them have told me how grateful they are for their parents' sacrifices. But what they found when they got to the top usually depended on whether they had a sensible mother or a pushing one.

## Ex-Child Stars

REMEMBER Wesley Barry — the freckle-faced kid in the early De Mille movies? His folks never let it go to his head, and today he's a happy, successful man in the real-estate business. Raised differently, he might be eating his heart out because he isn't a star any more. Jackie Cooper, the original Skippy, is still doing fine in show business. He had real talent and an intelligent mother.

But compare his story with the life of a famous Hollywood star. The mother started the child young and you can honestly say that there'd never have been a star except for mother. She was a powerhouse. She took a child of rather ordinary talents and almost by sheer will power pushed her to the top. She got there but her daughter is an unhappy, neurotic person who's been divorced a number of times. I wonder whether it's all been worth it.

We've seen wonderful things happen on the Original Amateur Hour. Frank Sinatra, Vera Ellen, Jack Carter, Ethel Smith and Paul Winchell all went to the top. Among grand opera stars, Robert Merrill, Mimi Benzell and Regina Resnik got their starts with us. You can give your child a chance to do the same thing without anyone calling you a "stage mother." Give your child's talent every opportunity to grow, but don't let it become an obsession with you.

## Don't Commit Him

NEW YORK CITY has a law which controls young talent appearances to some extent, but the real job belongs, as everywhere, to the parents. I have tremendous faith in young talent. What I've said here is not intended to discourage parents with a gifted child, but to help them.

Just don't completely commit a child to a show-business career before the child's old enough to take any intelligent part in the decision. That's the real secret of not being an over-anxious mother. *The End*



Keep us Lively  
with French's!



## Specially Mixed for Parrakeets

If your home is cheered by perky little parrakeets (sometimes called budgies or love birds), you know what fun these little "actors" can be. So keep them lively and always at their best with a diet prepared just for them.

French's Parrakeet Seed is specially mixed to give parrakeets extra vigor and to keep their feathers bright. They will thrive on this carefully selected, air-washed diet. Your birds *deserve* French's!



For

## Canaries

French's Bird Seed and Biscuit improved with Vitamin B-12

Keep a canary healthy and happy, and he'll steal your heart with his delightful singing. French's Bird Seed and Biscuit, now enriched with Vitamin B-12, the amazing Red Vitamin, promotes new feather growth and helps build buoyant, song-inspiring health by increasing your canary's vigor. Feed French's—always!



# French's PET PRODUCTS

French's offer a complete line of quality products for pets which includes: Bird Seed and Biscuit, Parrakeet Seed, Bird Gravel, Song Food, Cattle Bone, Moulting Food, Nestling Food, Parrot Food, Iron Compound, Pelleted Goldfish Food, Tropical Fish Food, Turtle Food, Klix Dog "Candy," Flea Powder, and many others.



*Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr.*

Her beauty requires special care. "Nothing I've used keeps my skin so smooth and fresh as Pond's Cold Cream," Mrs. Vanderbilt says.

"It's my one essential cream"

Mrs. Cornelius Vanderbilt, Jr., makes one special cream a "must" for her daily skin care. This famous cleansing cream is an exclusive formulation of skin-helping ingredients. Together, these ingredients in Pond's Cold Cream work on your skin as a team—in inter-action. They cleanse embedded dirt from pore-openings, and, at the same time, supply skin with oil and moisture it needs. Use Pond's Cold Cream every night (mornings, too). See your skin look lovelier. Get Pond's Cold Cream today.



"FADO." It's the sad, sad song of Portugal

Photographs by Fenzo Jacobs

## LADY FROM LISBON

This Continental canary is something new in blues

LATEST European import to the U.S. entertainment industry is a melancholy baby from Lisbon, Portugal, whose musical anguish leaves customers at New York supper clubs crying in their cocktails. Amalia Rodrigues is her country's most exciting singer of "Fado," the gloomy but moving national folk songs:

"One never knows what fate will bring,  
One never knows if to cry or sing,  
One never knows."

Actually, Amalia has nothing to cry about. From a childhood in Lisbon's worst slum, fate ("Fado") has lifted her to the position of Europe's second-highest-paid woman, topped in



LISBON slum bred Amalia

income only by France's renowned romantic songstress, Edith Piaf.

Like most entertainers, Amalia needed an agent. Hers was Uncle Sam, whose ECA discovered her while following up various possibilities connected with European economic recovery. ECA took Amalia to Rome, to Amsterdam, to Trieste, to Dublin, finally put her on its own radio show, "Stars of Europe," over 600 U.S. stations.

Next thing anybody knew, patrons at Lisbon's famed Cafe Luso were crying because Amalia wasn't

there, and customers at New York's La Vie En Rose were crying because she was.

Latest report on Portugal's answer to Johnny Ray: she's Hollywood-bound. — D. W.



HEARTBREAK: Clients weep over Amalia; management doesn't

## Why FORCE your child to take a Laxative?



Children enjoy taking Fletcher's **CASTORIA** the laxative made especially for them

Extra Mild—Contains No Harsh Drugs—Won't Upset Sensitive Little Stomachs!

When your child needs a laxative, never upset him with harsh adult preparations. Give Fletcher's Castoria, the natural laxative especially made for children from nature's own vegetable products. Contains no cascara, no castor oil, no salts, and no harsh drugs. Won't cause griping, diarrhea, nor upset sensitive digestive systems. Mild Fletcher's Castoria acts gently, thoroughly, and you can regulate dosage exactly. What's more, it's so pleasant-tasting, children take it without fussing. Get it now.



Dr. H. Fletcher The Original and Genuine

**CASTORIA**  
Especially Made for Infants and Children of All Ages!

Tastes So Good Children Lick the Spoon!

RELIEVES HEADACHE NEURALGIA NEURITIS PAIN

**FAST**



Here's Why . . .

Anacin® is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one but a combination of medically proved active ingredients. Anacin is specially compounded to give FAST, LONG LASTING relief. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.

OIL CAR DOORS WITH A FEW DROPS OF 3-IN-ONE



Reset loose handles and hinges so easily with PLASTIC WOOD



SMOKEY SAYS - Remember—Only you can PREVENT FOREST FIRES!

STOP PAIN INSTANTLY COMBAT INFECTION PROMOTE HEALING WITH STAINLESS CAMPHO-PHENIQUE

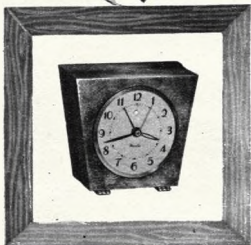
USE IT FOR PIMPLES-ACNE MINOR SKIN RASHES

Heal pimples\* without leaving ugly scars. Wonderful for fever blisters, scratches, cuts, minor burns. Many other uses. \*Externally caused.

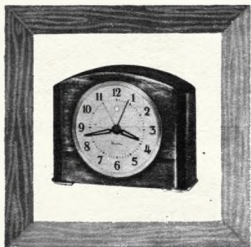


fashion decrees:

# "WOODS by WESTCLOX"



**SPHINX ELECTRIC ALARM.** Today's trend toward modern wood design . . . beautifully carried out in this elegantly simple clock with rich mahogany-finish case. Clear bell alarm. Only 4 1/4 inches high. \$7.95. With luminous dial, \$8.95.



**GREENWICH ELECTRIC ALARM.** Sleek, simple design . . . blends with modern or traditional setting. Handsome mahogany-finish wood case. Pleasant-tone bell alarm. 4 inches high. \$7.95. With luminous dial, \$8.95.

Prices do not include tax and are subject to change

## WESTCLOX

*Electric Clocks*

Made by the Makers of Big Ben

PRODUCTS OF  CORPORATION



## QUIZ 'EM

Questions and answers from current news



WIDE WORLD

**RADIO "HAM."** How old is he?

**SMART . . .** How old is the youngest ham radio operator licensed by the Federal Communications Commission?

Seven. Leonard Ross, of Los Angeles, passed his examination with a score of 85.  
— J.A.L., Oakland, Calif.

**CHAIRBORNE . . .** What new army regulation is expected to save some 1,000 tons of steel and about \$1,200,000?

Steel helmets will no longer be issued to soldiers assigned to office work. — T.G.G., Oxnard, Calif.

**PROOF . . .** Why are some 200,000 Munich pensioners required to prone once a year that they are still alive?

To end the racket of pension collection by relatives after pensioners die.  
— I.L.R., Indianapolis, Ind.

**UNIQUE . . .** Which is the only state in the Union that observes V-J Day as a full holiday?

Rhode Island. — A.R.C., Providence, R. I.

**SLEUTH . . .** How long has J. Edgar Hoover, director of the FBI, been with the Justice Department?

35 years. He began service July 26, 1917.  
— Mrs. A.L., Bonita Springs, Fla.

**RECORD . . .** What title has just been claimed by the village of Karakelic, Turkey?

World's most law-abiding community. For 96 years, not one of its 450 inhabitants has been arrested or brought into court even as a witness.  
— R.Q., Dallas, Texas

**PEEVES . . .** Do most people like their first names?

No. A survey by psychologists reveals that one person out of every three would like to change it.  
— Mrs. W.T.P., Dallas, Texas

**SHRINE . . .** On what historical site does the new UN headquarters in New York stand?

The place where the British hanged the Revolutionary patriot, Nathan Hale, 176 years ago.  
— L.F.P., Falmouth, Mass.

CONDUCTED BY *Tom Henry*

NOTE: We will pay \$2 for a question and answer used in this column. Questions are based on current news and clipping of news source must accompany answer. Address: Tom Henry, THIS WEEK, 420 Lexington Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Unaccepted contributions cannot be acknowledged or returned.



**THINK BETTER!** . . . George McManus, creator of "Bringing Up Father", plots a Jiggs and Maggie adventure — while he takes a coffee-break! A cup of coffee gently stimulates the mind. There's no more *delicious* aid to better thinking — than a coffee-break!

## give yourself a coffee-break

...and get what coffee gives to you!



**WORK BETTER!** . . . "Bringing Up Father" goes to press — and the pressmen take a coffee-break! Coffee's good for efficiency — good for easing strain. At home, in an office, in a factory, on a farm — take a coffee-break!

**FEEL BETTER!** . . . Everybody loves the comics — and a cheerful cup of full-strength coffee! There's plenty of pleasure in every cup — so pour yourself some coffee, several times a day! Give yourself a coffee-break!



## coffee always gives you a break!

**DRINK IT OFTEN!** . . . Enjoy coffee at mealtimes. Relax with coffee in-between — at home, at work, or in your favorite restaurant. In fact, wouldn't *right now* be a swell time . . . for a coffee-break?

PAN-AMERICAN COFFEE BUREAU, 120 Wall St., New York 5 • Brazil • Colombia • Costa Rica • Cuba • Dominican Republic • Ecuador • El Salvador • Guatemala • Honduras • Mexico • Venezuela

# New! COLGATE

## Chlorophyll Toothpaste

### DESTROYS BAD BREATH

Originating in the Mouth.



Here is the magic power of chlorophyll to destroy bad breath originating in the mouth! Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste in most cases acts quickly . . . acts thoroughly . . . and the purifying action lasts for hours! Keeps your breath sweet and fresh longer!

## Now! The Full Benefits of a Chlorophyll\* Toothpaste in a New, Exclusive Colgate Formula!

Now Colgate brings you wonder-working chlorophyll in the finest chlorophyll toothpaste that 146 years of experience can create . . . Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste!

**How Colgate Makes Chlorophyll Work For You!** Nature herself makes chlorophyll and puts it in all green plants to enable them to live and grow. But science must break down this natural chlorophyll into a usable, effective form (*water-soluble chlorophyllins*)—before it can help you against bad breath, tooth decay, common gum disorders.

That's why Colgate's experience and skill in creating an exclusive formula is important to you. In new Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste you get the benefits of these water-soluble chlorophyllins in a safe, pleasant form!

For real help against bad breath originating in the mouth . . . common gum disorders . . . tooth decay . . . use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste after eating. It's the finest chlorophyll toothpaste the world's largest maker of quality dentifices can produce!

#### COLGATE'S GUARANTEE:

Try Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste for one week. If you're not satisfied that it's the most effective, pleasantest, chlorophyll toothpaste you've ever tried, send back the tube and Colgate will give you double your money back, plus postage! Colgate, Palmolive-Fest Company, 105 Hudson Street, Jersey City 2, N. J.

Tested And Guaranteed by

# COLGATE!



#### Fights Tooth Decay!

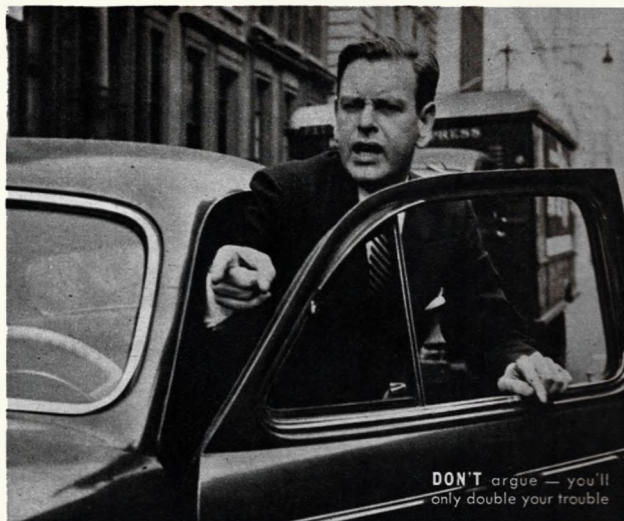
Every time you use Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste—especially right after eating—you act against the destructive acids that are a cause of tooth decay . . . actually help retard their formation!



#### Checks Common Gum Disorders!



Tests show chlorophyll promotes healthy gum tissues. Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste brings you the effective benefits of chlorophyll to help you care for sore, tender gums.



DON'T argue — you'll only double your trouble

ARTHUR DALY

## HOW TO HANDLE A TRAFFIC COP

Here are tips for the time you hear those three fatal words, "Pull over, bud!"

by C. B. Colby

SOME violent personal opinions to the contrary, traffic officers really hate to hand you a ticket for speeding. There are three good reasons: they have to risk their own necks to catch you; they will have to appear in court against you; and, worst of all, they have to listen to some highly monotonous fiction while writing out your ticket.

Probably the three saddest words in the language of the motoring public are "Pull over, bud!" And these words instantly touch off an unbelievably well-worn list of excuses.

After talking with traffic officers in six states, spending considerable time at various police barracks and training schools, and querying local, parkway, county and state police, I can assure you it's a hard job to come up with something they haven't heard before.

Take, for example, that popular one, "My baby has just swallowed a pin!" accompanied by a sly pinch to make the youngster cry convincingly. Unless the youngster is actually and legitimately blue in the face, such fiction will get you nowhere. If you resort to pinching to produce a few authentic wails, do it before the officer gets to the car and it has been seen to happen, or coach him not to pipe up with, "Can I stop crying now, Daddy?"

Women's tears can be a deadly weapon, but veteran traffic officers have seen too many of them start with the pulling out of a

summons book and stop when it's put away.

One New York State trooper stopped a speeding convertible only to have the woman passenger go into tearful hysterics, waving her arms and screaming. The husband argued that a ticket was all that was needed to bring on a complete nervous breakdown. The trooper assured him that it was nothing to be that upset over and calmly wrote out the ticket. The driver's companion stopped her hysterics and snorted, "I told you it wouldn't work!"

Back-seat ad-libbing by youngsters can get you in trouble, too. One officer, approaching an overhauled speeder, was greeted by the driver with, "For heaven's sake, officer, don't hold us up or give me a ticket. My wife is expecting a baby any minute and I'm trying to get home as fast as I can with her and my boy."

#### Interesting Condition

The young officer, trained to expect and handle almost anything on the highway, momentarily forgot the speeding violation and hurried to the car. In the back seat, the man's wife obviously pregnant, dabbed her eyes with a handkerchief, while a five-year-old watched the proceedings with popping eyes.

The officer, trying to decide whether to escort the family home as fast as possible or make a run for the nearest hospital, presently had the matter solved very neatly by the youngster. With a glance at the uniform, he piped, "When the soldier has gone, Mommy, can I have my pillow back?"

Any traffic officer is more than anxious to help in case of sickness or other real trouble on the highway, and never hesitate to call upon him for help. But don't use your difficulty as an excuse for speeding for it will

Continued on next page

# Mail coins safely



**TAPE COINS** to boxtops, cards, letters to prevent them from breaking through the envelope in the mail. For quality, insist on . . .



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creamy, creamy texture!  
10 luscious fashion shades

**STA-PUT LIPSTICK**  
100 plus tax

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## HOW TO HANDLE A TRAFFIC COP

*Continued from preceding page*

seldom save you a summons. Neither will saying your daughter has the hiccups and that you are trying to scare her out of them, nor that you did not know you were going that fast, or that your car won't go that fast even downhill!

Another maneuver that perhaps you'd planned to use is to race ahead to a filling station, stop and then rush for the rest room. If you are a lady, it is true the officer won't follow too far, but he'll definitely be there when you come out — with the summons all ready.

And madam, if your husband is stopped for speeding, restrain yourself. Don't think you can help matters as one wife did by assuring the officer that, "It really isn't his fault! He's a little bit drunk!" Such an assist can put him behind the eight ball.

### A Sick "Baby"

ONE speeding sedan was stopped by a highway patrolman, who found a large woman tearfully clutching a blanketed form to her ample bosom. Even the chauffeur looked panic-stricken. The tearful matron explained, "My baby is desperately ill and we are rushing to the hospital."

The officer dashed to his cycle after giving the driver instructions to go ahead and he'd follow with his siren screaming to clear the way. Minutes later they pulled up before a white stucco building. A hospital to be sure, but one for small animals. The "baby," a sick Pekingese, was admitted — and the chauffeur got his ticket.

Still another speeder — not too bright — blurted out, "I don't usually drive this fast, but I thought you were the cop I sideswiped last week and drove off into a ditch."

Traffic officers are out there to make the highways safe for all of us. They have a tough, dangerous job, and they'll carry it out regardless of alibis, threats, offered bribes and weird stories.

They all admit that the one man they find hardest to give a ticket to is the driver who admits he's dead wrong. They agree, too, on the best procedure to follow when you hear that command to "Pull over!" Just accept whatever the officer hands you with an open hand and a closed mouth.

- Here's what not to do:
1. Don't try to get away. The officer knows the road better than you do, and if necessary his radio can call for a road block ahead of you.
  2. Don't refuse to show your license or registration. That might be taken as evidence that you are driving illegally as well as speeding.
  3. Don't flash any sort of badge. Deputy Sheriffs, Firemen, Auxiliary Police and other "badge wearers" are normally expected to obey traffic laws.
  4. Don't try fraternity signs, pins, grips or greetings. An officer who has just risked his neck to catch you isn't feeling fraternal.
  5. Don't take out bills when asked for your license. For the one officer who would say, "Give me the one off the top and forget the license," there are a thousand who will "throw the book" at a violator for suggesting a bribe.
  6. Don't mention "names" to impress an officer. He probably knows better ones, and he may even know the ones you mention better than you do.
  7. Don't say you are on the way to a hospital or there is sickness in the car unless it is true. Even then, neither entitles you to violate traffic laws.
  8. Don't say your speedometer isn't working. It may be illegal to drive in that state unless it is working.
  9. Don't pretend deafness or inability to understand English. You may lose your license for good.
  10. Don't use profane language or offer to fight the officer on the spot. Not only will he probably pin your ears back fast, but add an assault charge to the original violation. *The End*



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## FOOD FIND



Photograph by Albert Gomme



## BULL'S-EYE HAMBURGERS

THESE are teen-age specials, giant hamburgers with snappy seasoning, the relish toppers arranged for bull's-eye effect. Salad—any garden stuffs seasonable, anything handy—is pierced on skewers, these tipped with arrowheads made of paper.

**The Recipe:** Add 1 teaspoon Tabasco to ½ cup milk, water or tomato juice. Add to 2 pounds ground beef with 1 teaspoon salt. Mix well. Shape into 8 large patties. Broil to desired brownness. Place on 8 hamburger buns.

Arrange remaining ingredients as shown in the picture—mustard, pickle relish, onion slices, catsup, sliced stuffed olives. It's bull's-eye!

— CLEMENTINE PADDLEFORD

## THE FURNITURE TALKED

Continued from page fifteen

I stood in the middle of the library. It was a large, opulent looking room in its own right but neither the size or the richness held me long. Not with the Hepplewhite bookcase in front of me. I had never seen anything quite so beautiful. It was made of mahogany and was about nine feet long. The lower part was designed in a series of curves which erased the plain look so much length would have given the front. The curves at the top of the pediment followed the same lines. I judged it was made in England around 1789 and that somewhere in the world there was a secretary to match it.

"Nice, huh?" Mayo said amiably. "A museum piece," I said shortly. "So you got your dope from Catlege." "That's a funny looking table," Mayo said. "The top is full of holes."

IT WAS a Chippendale card table. The mahogany top was shaped in deep curves with square corners. I explained that the shallow pools in the top were for counters.

"I know Catlege slightly," I went on grimly. "He's a pretty forthright character. I can't see him in the role of stool pigeon. In other words—"

"A card table, huh?" Mayo wagged his big head in what was plainly meant to be admiration for my knowledge. When I waited he coughed apologetically. "So you figure I'm still holding out. Okay the dope

did come from Catlege. But he didn't want to have his name used. An ethical guy for all his beard. I promised to leave him out of it. After all Scoville retained him. Say, that's a mighty fine looking lamp. I wonder if they will be sending it to New York? The madam was saying only the other day that she wanted a new lamp. . . "

I DIDN'T hear the rest of it. My eyes, unbidden, had strayed to the lamp. I forgot Mayo and his devious posturing. I walked over to the lamp and removed the shade. It was a cheap, gaudy piece of imitation parchment which might have cost a dollar. But the base was something. I am no expert on Chinese porcelain but if the piece below my trembling fingers wasn't genuine K'ang Hsi worth a king's ransom then I should have majored in baby sitting. Even more startling was my realization that a hole had been drilled in it to permit the entry of a light cord!

My face must have betrayed me. "You got something?" Mayo inquired eagerly.

The thing didn't hit me until almost an hour later. But I think the truth nibbled at the fringe of my understanding. I began to see why Catlege had called Mayo. I dragged my eyes away from the ruined piece of K'ang Hsi and stared at the Hepplewhite bookcase

Continued on next page



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## THE FURNITURE TALKED

Continued from preceding page

and then at the Chippendale card table. Both pieces whispered something that I couldn't catch.

I began to wonder if Catledge had fallen into the error of arguing logically from a false premise. But I was certain of one thing. Whatever clues to skulduggery the rest of the house might provide the truth stared me squarely in the eyes right here in this room.

"What is it?" Mayo demanded.

"It's a lamp," I said and for the first time since my telephone rang, I smiled.

Mayo stared at me reproachfully.

"Now who's holding out?" he demanded.

"I would be entirely justified in calling it a quaint *pot de chambre*," I assured him pleasantly. "With your knowledge of French you surely know what that is. But I won't. I doubt if there is a museum in the country has a finer piece of K'ang Hsi porcelain than the base of that lamp. It was priceless before it was drilled for electricity. The shade might be worth a buck if you have a strong stomach. The combination doesn't make sense."

My argument did not impress Mayo.

"The old lady was a dipso, wasn't she?" he said, his eyes losing their interest. "It makes sense if this Meggat, with the old lady in bed with a bottle most of the time, decided to peddle some ojay dart at fancy prices and replace same with stuff like that." He pointed at the lamp shade.

"It's a possibility," I agreed. "But why not sell the K'ang Hsi and replace it with a hunk of crockery? And if Meggat was looting the place, what about Scoville? Max is smart. He is rich. Can you see him risking his position for a fast buck or two?"

Mayo shrugged his shoulders.

"You don't buy it, huh?"

"Not with the hole in that base."

Mayo's smile taunted me. "Maybe you have a better idea — Doc."

If I had I wouldn't have said so. I was now being needled into being a mental mouse to his cunning cat. Not that I had anything to offer except a nagging feeling that whatever was wrong it wasn't grand larceny.

We toured the other rooms on the ground floor in silence. Most of what we saw only added to the confusion. There was a large Chippendale chair in the living room. The feet were carved with lion's paws and the knees with grotesque faces. I had seen a similar chair pictured in Moore's Fine Furniture.

On the wall behind it was a cheap banjo clock, its face painted with what amounted to a sign-painter's version of a winter scene. In the same room was a sounce of quill work, a tripod screen with a French foot and an 18th century girandole all cheek by jowl with a pair of imitation onyx and brass floor lamps with fringed silk maroon shades.

Continued on next page



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## THE FURNITURE TALKED

Continued from preceding page

In the hall outside the music room was a grandfather clock in a lacquered case bearing the name Marmaduke Storr, foot of London Bridge. I doubt whether I could have bought the like for the equivalent of six months' salary. Beside it was a veneer table that might have cost \$29.75!

Eventually I suggested to Mayo that we go upstairs. I was tired, baffled and irritated. Everything we had seen since the K'ang Hsi lamp-base, fitted into the theory that Foxehill had been looted and that junk had been hauled in to fill the resulting vacuum. Perhaps I was wrong after all.

I STARTED up the wide staircase. Mayo followed along behind. He was panting when I came to a stop in what was obviously the bedroom of Cassie Gentry's suite. I stood there for a long time staring around the room. Here a bitter, lonely old woman in an absurd yellow wig with a craving for alcoholic release and a love of beautiful things had lived, slept and finally died. I could almost see her lying there on the bed under an oxygen tent surrounded by soft-footed nurses and the best medical talent in town.

And then suddenly, I couldn't. Mayo pounced. "See something, Doctor?"

"One highly varnished bedroom suite," I reported as calmly as I could. "A screen, probably made in Japan. A Grand Rapids chaise longue. A black and white stuffed panda!"

"I've got eyes," Mayo reminded me sulkily. He took a cigar out of his vest pocket, stared at it suspiciously and then put it back. "Don't play games, Doc." He fluttered his eyebrows virtuously. "Something hit you just now when you were looking at that bed. It hit you like a ton of bricks."

"It did?" I inquired blandly. "I suppose it's your blood pressure," Mayo said regretfully. "Or maybe it is my size you resent. Little men resent statue, don't they—Doc?"

"You mean stature." I corrected him politely and started for the stairs.

"I never went to college," Mayo informed me with what was intended for a pathetic smile. "But I never harbored petty resentments."

MEGGAT came up the stairs from the service level as we reached the Great Hall. He came up slowly, the top of his bald head with its fringe of mouse-colored hair looking oddly like a whiskered man without features.

When he brought our coats I told



him how deeply grateful I was for the opportunity of seeing Mrs. Gentry's treasures before they were dispersed. "It was an experience I shall never forget," I assured him. I looked at the Lieutenant and smiled. "I think even Lieutenant Mayo was impressed. Who knows but this may be the beginning of a new and unique period of—of appreciation for him. How about it, Lieutenant?"

Mayo accepted his hat from Meggat. He started to say something, then changed his mind abruptly and clapped his hat on his head.

Meggat opened the front door and bowed.

Mayo started forward, then stopped and bent his head. "After you, my dear Doctor," he said with withering gentility.

I smiled and bowed. The elegance of my effort was marred by a king's size sneeze. As I started over the threshold I paused and turned.

"By the way, Mr. Meggat," I inquired carelessly, "whatever happened to Mrs. Gentry?"

"HAPPENED? Mrs. Gentry? Why it was in all the newspapers a few months ago."

"Oh, I don't mean the impostor," I explained carefully. "I mean the real Mrs. Gentry."

The big yellow-gray eyes stared at me for a moment. Then the clay-colored flesh surrounding them turned a pinkish gray.

With a tired little gurgle the butler pitched forward. I looked triumphantly at Mayo.

He didn't even know I was there. He was staring down at the puddle of clothing on the parquet floor, a captaincy glittering in his cold, blue eyes.

I do not consider myself an obstinate man. But when a head cold reaches a certain stage with me I take to my bed.

Mayo arrived at my apartment at five. He planted his mammoth finger on a small chair and waved his cigar with genial cordiality.

"I knew it would work. Get you mad and things happen, don't they? Remember the Borstch case?"

"So Meggat confessed?" I asked.

"That he did," Mayo assented jovially ignoring my sarcasm. "He's a sick man and he knows it. He collapsed again when we got him downtown. But not before we got a signed statement. Want the details?"

I admitted a small curiosity.

"It goes back to the nineteen-twenty-nine depression. Max got capped short. To protect himself he dipped pretty liberally into the old lady's till. It was easy enough because he was handling all her affairs. But something happened a little later to make Cassie suspicious. She was staying up in a little place called Bath Cove in Maine, at the time. She called Max long distance and ordered him up. Max flew in and tried to sell her the idea that he could pay the money back in a few months. The old girl wouldn't

Continued on page 34

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(See Front Cover)

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—JOAN SHORT



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**PARTISAN PANTIES** are for the politically minded infant

Photographs by Nolan Patter-

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The beauty-blend cream shampoo with LANOLIN. Jars or tubes, 27¢ to \$2.

## THE FURNITURE TALKED

Continued from page thirty-two



buy it and there was one hell of a row. In the middle of it Cassie had a stroke.

"Naturally her death put Max on the spot. He couldn't afford to probate the estate. He gave the situation a quick once-over and came up with a bright idea.

"The only people in the house were Meggat and his wife. The wife was about the same age as Cassie. One old woman in a yellow wig would look like another old woman in a yellow wig. See what I mean? Cassie had no truck with the Maine natives. Just bury the old lady as her maid and everything was under control. After all there was no question of foul play to stir up the local law. And Max had the old babe's power of attorney. Simple, huh?"

I nodded.

"The Meggats bought the caper. What the hell! They were too old to go out and start again. They had no dough to speak of. Why not live in the lap of luxury for the rest of their lives? The old lady was always hiring and firing her help. No trouble there. So they buried Cassie Gentry as Martha Meggat. A month later the Meggats returned to Foxehill. Meggat hired a new staff and everything was Jake."

"THEN it was Martha Meggat—"

"Exactly. She had Cassie Gentry's rooms redecorated. You know, up-to-date. To hell with the old-fashioned junk! From time to time she added a few things here and there just to brighten up the old place. Like having that vase wired for electricity. By the way it was smart of you to figure out the switch. One Mrs. Gentry had an appreciation of ojay dart and all that and the other one had her taste in her mouth so to speak. When you stop to think of it, it couldn't have been anything else could it?"

"Thank you—Captain," I said dryly.

Mayo smiled good naturedly.

"Scoville played it smart, too," he went on. "He knew Martha wouldn't live forever. When things turned he made sure the Gentry estate was in apple-pie order. To put a little frosting on the cake he even saw to it that the estate made a little money over the years. Then, when the phony Cassie died a few months ago, he had no problems. He was sitting pretty. He had a genuine will.

"Nobody could question the bequests. And best of all he had five of the town's best doctors to swear there was no hanky panky about the old lady's take-off. As for Meggat, he couldn't afford to talk. Everything was just peachy until we came along."

I IGNORED the pronoun. Watching me narrowly, Mayo smiled suddenly. "Funny the little things that trip up a smart operator, huh?" he mused, sprinkling ashes on the rug beneath his fat knees.

I nodded. "I was thinking of the young cop Max framed," I said slowly. "He is avenged now, isn't he? By the way, what was his name?"

Mayo took his cigar out of his mouth.

"Carney," he said loudly and shook his head sadly. "His wife's name was Ada and a finer woman never drew the breath of life. Yes, I guess I paid Max off for that one."

"Yes, the little details do trip a smart operator up, don't they—Art. This morning the young cop's name was Curry and his wife's name was Emma."

I grinned over the top of my water glass.

Mayo lifted his eyes from his smoldering cigar and stared at me anxiously. Then the hurt fled from his eyes and he grinned back.

"Don't worry—Doc," he said amiably. "It's that cold of yours. A couple of aspirin and three fingers of sour mash bourbon and you'll be right as rain come the morning." *The End*



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MRS. BEST and son eat lunch under palm trees

JOE COVELLO

## THE SPANISH TOUCH

by Clementine Paddleford

This Week Food Editor

Everything Mrs. Best cooks has a Spanish accent. Try her rice and pork dish . . .

NORTH MIAMI, FLA.

SHE has a tiny house, a not-too-big garden, a threesome family — husband Harry, son George — but life looms big, it holds abundance for Mrs. H. C. Best of North Miami, Fla.

Mrs. Best lives by what I call the open-door policy, ready to accept and experience whatever the day may bring. She has developed dozens of talents, from cooking to dressmaking to numerous crafts, and all to one purpose: to make her home a charming, happy place.

Mrs. Harry Best was born in Barcelona, Spain, lived 12 years in Cuba and then moved with her family to Miami, where she was married and has lived now for 17 years. I visited this busy little homemaker to talk about cooking. The Home Demonstration Agent for Dade County told me that Mrs. Best was one of her women who cooked with real imagination and with Spanish accents.

### Lots of Hobbies

"BEFORE talking, come see my house." I noted the furniture was slip-covered with professional skill. My hostess said, "I did it myself." One of her hobbies is making rag rugs. She makes her own lampshades. Copper tooling is one of her pastimes. Certainly, she makes her own clothes. She makes jellies and preserves from the tropical fruits she raises in her back-yard garden.

The screened porch was a cool oasis on this hot March day. Colita, the dog, stretched at our feet enjoying her mid-afternoon siesta. "Maybe you would like to try my favorite way of using the avocado," Mrs. Best suggested. We sipped iced coffee and balanced a guacamole salad on the arm of our chairs.

It's a perfect luncheon dish to serve with bread-and-butter sandwiches.

Mrs. Best invited me for dinner, to sample her family's favorite rice-and-pork combination, savory and filling, a meal in itself.

### Guacamole

- 4 cups thickly sliced avocado
- 1 cup fresh pineapple wedges
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup salad oil
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup vinegar
- 1 clove garlic, finely minced
- Salt
- Pepper

Combine fruits. Blend oil, vinegar, garlic, adding salt and pepper to taste. Pour over fruit and chill in refrigerator, turning occasionally. Serve on lettuce. Yield: 6 portions.

### Arroz Con Paucro

- 2 tablespoons vegetable oil, heated
- 2 small cloves garlic, finely minced
- 1 pound lean pork shoulder, cubed
- 2 pounds square salt pork, cubed
- 1 medium onion, sliced
- 1 green pepper, sliced
- 1 cup quick-cooking rice
- 1 No. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$  can tomatoes
- $\frac{3}{4}$  cup cooked peas
- $\frac{1}{4}$  cup chopped peanuts

Heat oil in skillet. Slowly brown 1 clove minced garlic and pork shoulder about  $\frac{1}{2}$  hour. In a separate skillet, render salt pork, add 1 clove garlic, minced, the onion and green pepper; fry until vegetables are golden. Pour off all but  $\frac{1}{2}$  cup of grease; add rice and cook until grains begin to brown. Add tomatoes, shoulder-pork mixture and tightly cover. Simmer until rice is tender. Just before the dish is done, add cooked peas and peanuts. Yield: 4 portions.

DOWN ON THE FARM — near New Glarus, Wisc. — we watch a dairy farmer's wife next week make her heirloom Swiss-cheese dishes.

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(Advertisement)

**How To 'Lift', Firm And Tighten Facial Contours**

by Helena Rubinstein

AFTER many years of laboratory research both here and abroad, I am at last able to announce my newest beauty miracle. It is called CONTOUR-LIFT FILM and it can take 10 years off your appearance! Designed to be used both night and day, it is the only cosmetic of its kind that can give you this fabulous 24-hour-a-day beauty lift!

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By day you use CONTOUR-LIFT FILM for a young, uplifted look. Its tingling, tightening action smooths away wrinkles for hours on end. In mere minutes your skin is toned, uplifted... glows with a new firm freshness. CONTOUR-LIFT FILM is instantly absorbed, completely invisible and is a perfect firming base under your make-up.

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**Here's Why It Works**

CONTOUR-LIFT FILM is formulated from a blend of rich replenishing oils,

beneficial herbal extracts and effective astringents... in the scientific proportion that does wonders for aging contours. I strongly recommend it to women who seek firmer, fresher, more youthful contours. Who wish to look and feel years younger. If you've used my products before, you know that you can count on them for everything that's claimed.

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You can buy a 2-months supply of CONTOUR-LIFT FILM for 5.00\*. Or a special introductory size for 3.00\*. Complete instructions for day and night use come with every bottle. Now at all leading department and drug stores.

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**FOOTBALL'S PRIVATE EYES**

Continued from page seven

board-room fees, a car and other flashy extras when they enrolled. Then they were flown home all within 48 hours. This time there couldn't be a leak.

Yet Schmidt might as well have been a passenger. To Conference heads he exposed the whole tawdry transaction—players' names, alumni involved, sums offered, flight schedule. Result: a \$1,500 fine on the college and loss of the athletes.

"How'd he ever dig up all that dope?" muttered the head coach. "Tape recorders?"

Schmidt never tells. His case file is secret and no "private eye" better protects his sources. "A lot of information comes from people who want to see our games kept clean," he says. "Checking coach-player correspondence and employment records and following up sports-page accounts of boys under pressure is helpful." Under conference rules, these records are all available to Schmidt.

In 1947-48, traveling more than 100,000 miles out of his downtown Los Angeles office, Schmidt turned up more than 200 cases of coaches entertaining teen-agers, alumni offering undesirable "deals," fancy parties, "jobs" for players which existed only on pay day, permanents, wardrobes (and one screen test) for girl friends of players, cash inducements to parents (lift the mortgage or contribute to Pop's business) and an offer to hire a fullback's wife as a baby-sitter.

**A Soft Touch**

THE baby-sitting seemed legal enough until it developed that the wife, who already had a child of her own, protested that she couldn't take on more work.

"Oh, it's no trouble," the college's go-between said. "That's the baby we had in mind—yours."

In the 1949-50 season Schmidt's slew-footing sent penalties rising to \$33,605. Every conference member was found guilty. Chief

offenders: University of Washington, \$7,300; Idaho, \$5,510; Stanford, \$4,640, and Southern California, \$3,970.

Last December, it was decided that the fine system isn't the answer and hereafter all misdeeds unearthed by Schmidt will be referred to the university presidents. Says Schmidt: "I think that's the solution. Once the top man of an institution is directly responsible for whatever goes on behind his back, he's liable to get awfully tough."

**\$75 a Month Top**

THE code is long and involved, but entirely clear in the fundamental matter of what a gridded can receive. The limit is a free tuition grant and a \$1.50-an-hour job not to exceed \$75 a month.

Coaches, however, are caught in the fiercely competitive switch of big business. In the past year 51 coaches—most of them career men with family responsibilities—were fired for not winning enough. Biggest headache for all concerned is the Old Grad who can't bear to see his team lose. There are some 10,000 alumni active in recruiting on the West Coast. Organized under such headings as "Bear Backers," "Cougar Club," "Bruin Bench" and "Buck-of-the-month Club," some enter into unprincipled bidding as early as a prospect's sophomore year in high school. Offers up to \$5,000, placed in a secret bank account, plus a guaranteed job for the boy upon graduation, have been reported.

Schmidt can only guess what percentage of violations he detects. He spent three months in 1951 burning up roads between San Diego and Seattle. Sometimes luck, not speed, does the trick. As in the case of a big tackle in central California. "Schmidt goes right into the kids' homes to get the proof," a conference coach said. "This time, he came in the front door just as a fixer for a certain school ducked

Continued on page 38

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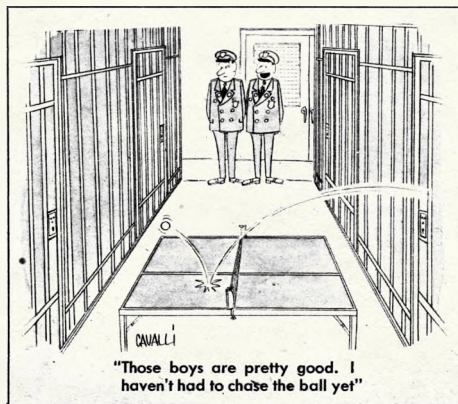
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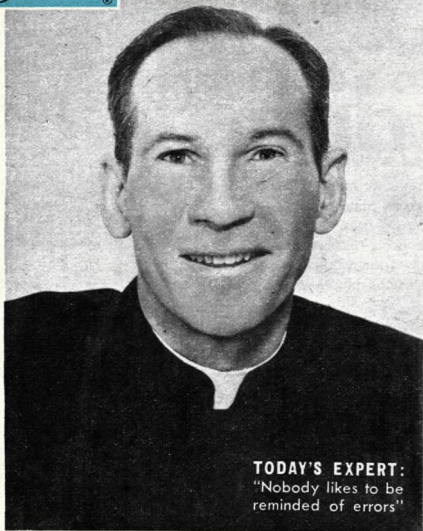
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**TODAY'S EXPERT:**  
"Nobody likes to be reminded of errors!"

**THE  
GRAND GESTURE**

by **W. Patrick Donnelly, S.J.**

PRESIDENT OF LOYOLA UNIVERSITY OF THE SOUTH

Real forgiveness means forgetting, too — and not being a martyr . . .

EVERYONE'S familiar with the old adage, "To err is human, to forgive divine." But I think that in our forgiving, there is not enough forgetting.

None of us likes to be reminded of his mistakes. There is not a one of us who does not resent the continual "forgiver" who is also a "reminder."

For example, there is the husband who laughs off, but continues to make bad jokes about the scratch his wife put on the fender. Or else the wife who accents the one time her husband failed to remember an anniversary date. And too, the person who quotes time after time a remark Mother made in a heated argument.

Sometimes the person "reminds" because he is so concerned with his nobility in forgiving that he wants the other person to keep it in mind. He becomes a martyr.

All too often it is a case of not having forgiven at all, but

of having made only a grand gesture.

Frequently these failures to forget take the form of joking references, but the shaft of wit is barbed with the iron of bitterness. It is not long before the matter becomes an unbearable irritation.

Indeed, I often think that if we were to discuss a problem before judging it, the need for any profound action of "forgiveness" might be eliminated in many cases.

We are far too willing to be Olympian in our use of forgiveness and furthermore I believe it is dangerous to assume that we have this right.

But if there is something really to be forgiven, and you want to continue your relationship on a happy basis, then thrash the matter out.

Once it's discussed, forget about it — the least said is the soonest mended.

ENTERTAINING the boss need not be the problem some wives make it. Read *Manufacturer Harold Pearl's advice next week.*



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## BAKED TOMATOES WITH RICE

Remove seeds and pulp from 6 firm tomatoes. Save pulp. Salt inside of tomatoes. Invert and let stand 5 minutes. Bake in shallow baking dish at 375°F. 10 to 15 minutes, or until tender but not soft. Meanwhile, melt 2 tablespoons butter in saucepan; add ½ cup diced celery, ¼ cup diced green pepper, 2 tablespoons chopped onion. Cook 3 minutes. Add ¾ cup Minute Rice, ¾ cup water, ½ teaspoon salt, dash of pepper. Bring quickly to boil, uncovered, fluffing once or twice with fork. Cover and remove from heat. Let stand 10 minutes. Add tomato pulp. Fill baked shells with mixture. Bake 5 minutes longer. A heavenly dish—in only 25 minutes! Serves 6.

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## FOOTBALL'S PRIVATE EYES

Continued from page thirty-six

out the back. The fixer got away without being seen, all right.

"But just then the player's small brother piped up, 'Bill's gonna have his own convertible at college—and a swell apartment! Wow! When Schmidt got through X-raying that one, there were some red faces. The school never saw the player again.'"

**Winning and dining boys off-campus is another heinous sin by the book.** Some time back, a coach at a southern California school slipped into Hollywood's Brown Derby with a young bruiser in tow. They ate \$10 worth of plank steaks. But the bill was \$260. Ten dollars went for the steaks and \$250 was the fine recommended by Schmidt when he reported the *Steak-Steak*. Coaches cannot entertain athletes off the campus, says the code.

With the country's largest collegiate territory to cover, Schmidt at times arrives too late at the scene of the crime. Two years ago backers of Southern California and U.C.L.A. landed in the headlines in a tug-of-war over a 19-year-old T-formation quarterback. One day the boy was at a U.C.L.A. fraternity house. The same night he mysteriously disappeared. Next morning, with a bodyguard of Trojan rooters, he appeared at U.S.C., registered and attended class.

### A \$1,000 Fine

THE losers screamed, "Kidnaping!" and charged a U.S.C. alumnus had promised the boy a partnership in his business after graduation.

When he got on the case, Schmidt found the newspaper accounts were of little help and the schools even less. No action ever has been announced by the conference and Schmidt, it seems, was finally thwarted. He won't talk about it.

But he fared much better in the instance of a red-hot Bay Area alumnus, who went to the amazing extreme of personally hiring an out-of-work coach to scout material.

Caught flat-footed by Schmidt, this alumnus cost his school a \$1,000 fine. Conference code makes each school directly responsible for the recruiting activities of their alumni.

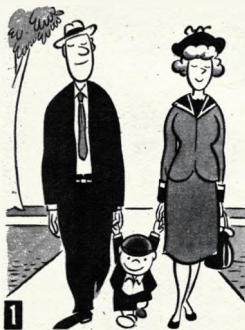
Do schoolboy players and their parents regard Schmidt as a menace? Some. But far fewer than before. Many would like to be freed of the hounding of the talent-hunters. "People are becoming more aware that no lad should sell his services to a school," he says. "They see that a 'free ride' can sometimes warp his sense of values." This season, Schmidt wrote letters to 60 outstanding Western high-school players, explaining the code and warning against bidders. Many replied, asking for more information. Numerous fathers have expressed their thanks to Schmidt for stepping in.

### No More Clock-winding

"THE scouts really had me confused in high school," said Bill McColl, Stanford's All-American end of '51. "I had offers from all over the country, about twenty of 'em and very plush. Then Vic Schmidt came to see me. Right after that the agents stopped pestering. I'll always be glad I picked my own school and earned my own way."

The gains made by these detectives are encouraging. Before Schmidt, nobody knew exactly what the Saturday heroes were getting. Now every incoming freshman's finances are certified under oath, all correspondence with coaches examined and his campus job checked for its legitimacy. Clock-winding and phone-booth-sweeping have become lost arts. Even coaches are displaying a new attitude. Just recently one of them phoned Schmidt, asked permission to attend a Los Angeles high-school game.

"I know it's against the rules," he said, "but my son is playing." Schmidt can temper justice with mercy. "Okay. We'll make an exception in this case," he said. But he added severely, "Don't talk to anybody else." *The End*



1

We're told that our child

# SPARE THE CHILD . . .

and Spoil the Parent!

by Don Tobin



2

must have freedom



3

to develop naturally



4

without repressions



5

or inhibitions, so he will grow



6

into a normal, healthy person



7

like his mom and daddy

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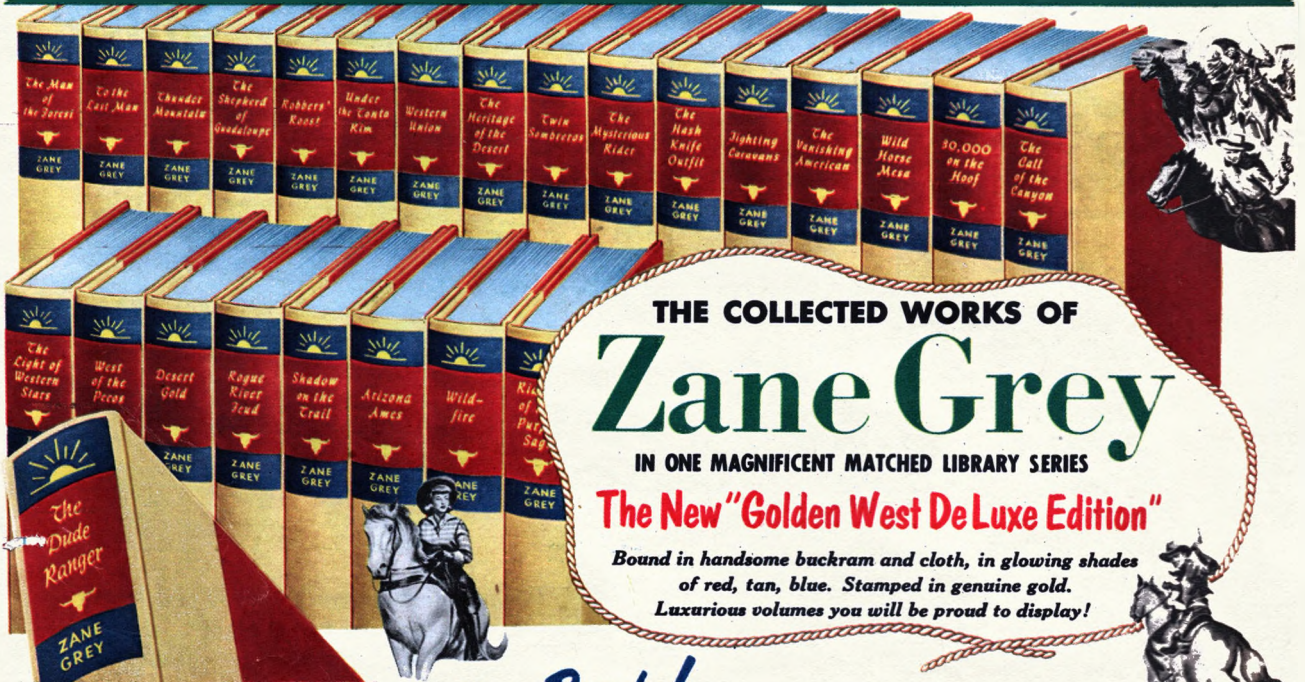
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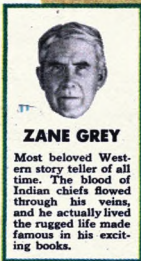
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