July, 1958 • 35¢

COSMOPOLITAN

The Big-Money Crowd

Gambling Boom in America — Bingo to the Sport of Kings

Special Fears of the Wealthy + Patino Family of Bolivia

If You Had a Million + Gloria Vanderbilt's New Happiness

Fiction: Five Stories and a Complete Mystery Novel

PRINCESS MARGARET

The Heartbreak of Royal Romance

QUEEN SORAYA

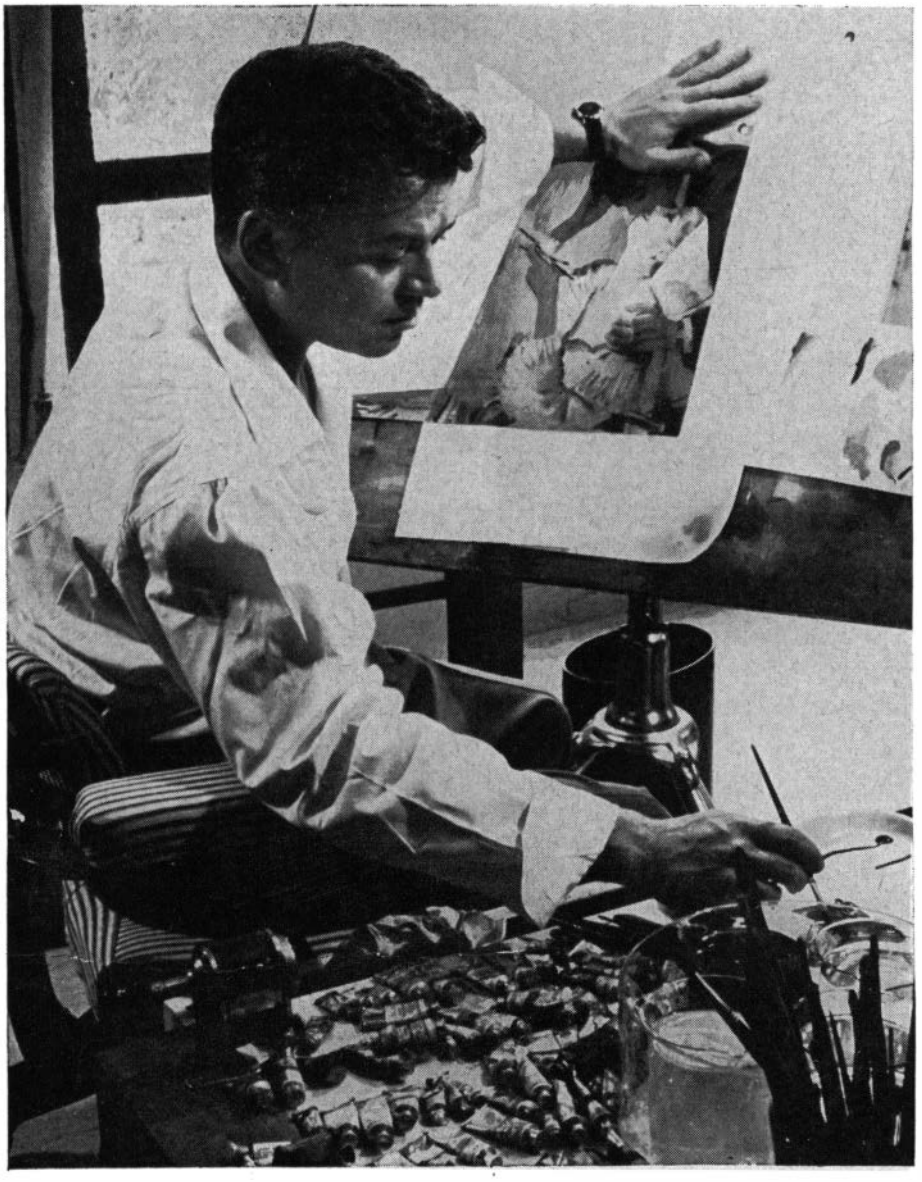
Fort Mill, S. C., the Heart of the Cotton Belt, by Vernon Grant

THIS IS THE OFFICE THAT RUNS THE MILLS that make the sheets that lie on the beds that stand in the house that Jack built.

THIS IS THE HOUSE THAT MAKES THE SALES THAT GO TO THE OFFICE THAT RUNS THE MILLS
that make the sheets that lie on the beds that stand in the house that Jack built.

Church and Worth Streets, the Heart of the Textile District, by Frederick P. Goodrich, Jr.

IF YOUR SHEETS are tattered and torn,
And bedmaking leaves you all forlorn,
Make haste to the store, as fast as you're able,
Make a purchase of sheets with the Springmaid label,
They're whiter than white, will never wilt,
And will outlast the house that your Jack built.



"We're Looking for People Who Like to Draw"

By JON WHITCOMB
Famous Magazine Illustrator

DO YOU LIKE TO DRAW OR PAINT? If you do — America's 12 Most Famous Artists are looking for you. We'd like to help you find out if you have talent worth developing.

Here's why we make this offer. About ten years ago, my colleagues and I realized that too many people were missing wonderful careers in art . . . either because they hesitated to think they had talent . . . or because they couldn't get top-drawer professional art training without leaving home or giving up their jobs.

A Plan to Help Others

We decided to do something about this. First, we pooled the rich, practical experience; the professional know-how; and the precious trade secrets that helped us reach the top. Then — illustrating this knowledge with over 5,000 special drawings and paintings — we created a complete course of art training that people all over the country could take right in their own homes and in their spare time.

Our training has helped thousands win the creative fulfillment and financial rewards of part-time or full-time art careers. Here are just a few:

Three years ago, Don Smith knew nothing about art, even doubted he had talent. Now, he's an illustrator for a New Orleans advertising agency and has a secure, promising future.

Mother Boosts Family Income

Thanks to our training, busy New York mother Elizabeth Merriss now adds to her family's income by designing greeting cards and illustrating children's books.

John Busketta was a pipe fitter's helper with a gas company when he enrolled. He still works for the same company—now as an artist in the advertising department at a much higher salary.

Bored with an "ordinary" job, Harriet Kuzniewski sent for our talent test; later decided to study with us. Soon after, she landed a job as fashion illustrator. Today, she's assistant art director of a big New York buying office.

Father of Three Wins New Career

Stanley Bowen, a father of three children, was trapped in a dull, low-paying job. By studying with us, he was able to throw over his old job to become an illustrator for a fast-growing art studio . . . at a fat increase in pay!

A great-grandmother in Newark, Ohio, studied with us in her spare time. Recently, she had her first "one-man" show — where she sold thirty-two watercolors and five oil paintings.

Earns Seven Times As Much

Eric Ericson used to be a clerk. Thanks to our training, he is now an art director at seven *times* his former salary.

Gertrude Vander Poel had never drawn a thing until she began our training. Now a swank New York gallery exhibits her paintings for sale.

Free Art Talent Test

How about you? Wouldn't you like to find out if you have talent worth training for a full-time or part-time art career? Send for our revealing 12-page talent test. Thousands paid $1 for this test, but we'll send it to you *free*. If you show promise, you'll be eligible for training under the program we direct. No obligation. Mail coupon today.

America's 12 Most Famous Artists

NORMAN ROCKWELL	FRED LUDEKENS
JON WHITCOMB	BEN STAHL
AL PARKER	ROBERT FAWCETT
STEVAN DOHANOS	AUSTIN BRIGGS
DONG KINGMAN	HAROLD VON SCHMIDT
PETER HELCK	ALBÉRT DORNE

FAMOUS ARTISTS SCHOOLS
Studio 656, Westport, Conn.

Send me — without obligation — your Famous Artists Talent Test.

Mr.
Mrs. Miss (please print) Age.....
Address.....
City ..... Zone .....
County ..... State .....

PICTURE OF THE MONTH

At this mid-year point, we state that not only is "Gigi" our "Picture of the Month" — it will doubtless be our "Picture of the Year" as well. And, unless something even more wonderful appears on the horizon, it's our candidate for the Academy Award.

The reason is that this Metrocolor and CinemaScope production with the first Alan Jay Lerner-Frederick Loewe score since "My Fair Lady" is simply wonderful.

The selection of the stars Leslie Caron, Maurice Chevalier and Louis Jourdan is a triumph of true-to-life casting. As for the Lerner-Loewe love songs, which we've all been hearing on the air, well no wonder 17 record albums (including the original sound track album by M-G-M) and scores of single discs have already been made.

So brightly integrated are the songs that they suggest "Gigi's" story:

The city is Paris, the season is Spring, and the reason is "Gigi" . . . when silver-haired boulevardier M'sieur Lachaille sings . . . *Thank Heaven For Little Girls.*

But his handsome young nephew is bored with amour, suspecting that his current flame, the glamorous Liane, is faithless . . . *She Is Not Thinking Of Me.*

Nephew Gaston finds more charm in the company of "Gigi", a teen-age gamin who thinks romance is just silly enough to be left to . . . *The Parisians.*

However, the day comes when Gaston suddenly discovers that the real love of his life is grown-up, bewitching and . . . *"Gigi".*

Exercising a woman's privilege to change her heart, "Gigi" rejects Gaston. That seasoned lover, M'sieur Lachaille commiserates . . . *I'm Glad I'm Not Young Anymore.*

But then comes a night of gaiety and love for "Gigi" and Gaston, it is . . . *The Night They Invented Champagne.*

Space prevents listing other songs, but you'll love 'em all!

Producer Arthur Freed and director Vincente Minnelli last teamed for the Academy Award Winner "An American In Paris". Their new production — elegantly designed and costumed by Cecil Beaton — has even more continental charm. Our tributes also to: Alan Jay Lerner's script from the Colette novel and to Frederick Loewe's music. And to supporting stars Hermione Gingold, Eva Gabor, Jacques Bergerac and Isabel Jeans. Do *see* "Gigi"!

P.S. The Broadway reserved-seat presentation of "Gigi" at the Royale Theatre, scene of many stage successes, is an added distinction for this enchanting production.

COSMOPOLITAN®

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JULY, 1958 Vol. 145, No. 1

SPECIAL SECTION: THE BIG-MONEY CROWD

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FEATURES

FICTION

COMPLETE MYSTERY NOVEL

COVER—*Born on a night when lightning flashed about Glamis castle twenty-seven years ago, Her Royal Highness Princess Margaret Rose, since twenty-one, has been loosing some lightning of her own. Her night-clubbing, "daring" bathing suits, and much-discussed romance with Peter Townsend have kept staid old England in a constant dither. Yet, many Britons feel the dynamic personality of this dark-haired beauty has given court life the dash of glamour it has lacked for years. An avid reader, a piano natural, she may have had an indirect word for her critics when she said, "I like being Princess Margaret."*

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What Goes On At Cosmopolitan

Digging the big money, Zsa Zsa prefers pogonotropy, and orange-crate authors

Probing into the lives of the rich turned out to be eye-opening work for the writers and researchers of this issue's special section on The Big-Money Crowd.

Eugene D. Fleming, who on page 60 writes about the fabulous things the rich buy, claims he now can spot the difference between an original $25,000 William Blake folio and an imitation. "I can also tell the difference between good chinchilla and just chinchilla," says Fleming pridefully. Says Fleming's wife: "Any chinchilla will do."

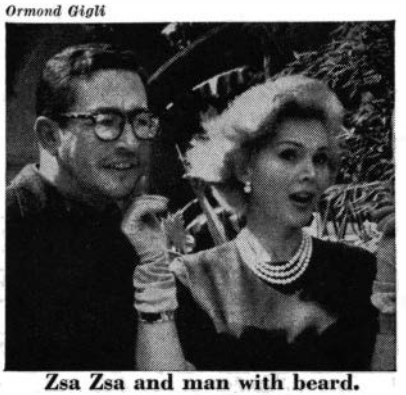
"What Is This Thing 'Money'?"

Also on the trail of the moneyed, writer Richard Gehman (his story of the millionaire Patiño family is on page 52) went to the source of knowledge about accumulating the stuff: Zsa Zsa Gabor.

Miss Gabor, who publicly had lamented, "I would like to get married again—but who could afford me?" arrived for lunch at the Hotel Bel-Air in the Trujillo-gifted Mercedes-Benz, took one look at the bearded Gehman, and promptly shifted the conversation from pecuniary matters to pogonotropy (the study of beards) with "I am crazee for beards!"

Many Hungarian expressions later, our writer tried again with "What about that Mercedes out there?" "What Mercedes?" replied Miss Gabor blandly, and back went the conversation to beards. The talk never did get around to money.

Ormond Gigli



Zsa Zsa and man with beard.

One thing we did find out about the rich is that they're up against plenty of jostling. At least, so claims one of our researchers, who returned to our office in a slightly frayed condition after being trampled by a horde of women at Aly Kahn's press party.

The researcher indignantly insisted that immoral newspapermen had black-marketed their press tickets for $50 apiece to ladies who wanted to meet Aly Kahn. "Even Elsa Maxwell and Henry Cabot Lodge got pushed around. And one enterprising lady wore Aly Kahn's racing colors."

Maurice Zolotow, who writes about Gloria Vanderbilt (page 44), says he ran into no jostling and that while lunching one day with Gloria's husband, Sidney Lumet, in a restaurant on Second Avenue, he was even given a table for four.

Other complaints? Other eye openers? E. M. D. Watson, after chatting with a Park Avenue psychiatrist to the troubled rich, bumped heads—literally—with a twenty-million-dollar name on the way out, and sustained a forehead bruise. "The rich are harder-headed," he explained. His article on the troubles of millionaires is on page 20.

Write-where-you-are Twosome

Television buys a startling number of COSMOPOLITAN stories. But not the short story "Yankee Angel," page 89. Any TV producer would run screaming from it; but everyone else will love it.

Oliver Wyman, who wrote the story, is really a couple of other people: the husband-and-wife writing team of Olive Holmes and Wyman Holmes. This Boston-born pair met at Harvard, where John Mason Brown was trying to teach them how to write plays. In the strange game of becoming a writer, Wyman first became a Broadway actor and was playing in Clare Boothe Luce's "Kiss the Boys Goodbye" when he married Olive. The show promptly folded; no connection.

Unlike lots of writers of our acquaintance who can write only in a particular room or setting, this team can write anywhere—even in their two-room shack on a ten-acre island off the Maine coast. If too many guests turn up by motorboat, they retreat to a nearby tent and keep batting it out while sitting on an Army cot, their typewriter on an orange crate. COSMOPOLITAN, so far, has published four Oliver Wyman stories, mostly about the rich and stubborn Yankees that this Boston pair knows to a fare-thee-well.

—H. La B.

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Miss Williams has developed a home swimming pool which she firmly believes will make backyard swimming a reality for millions. In this column she answers any questions you may have about the Esther Williams Pool.

I'm very interested in an Esther Williams Swimming Pool. How can I best determine where to put the pool in my backyard?

Mrs. E. B. Powell
Garden City, N. Y.

You're so right to ask. Nothing is of greater importance than a pool's location. Even if you're not ready to buy, your Esther Williams dealer will be glad to survey your property. He's thoroughly trained and experienced to choose the best place for your pool, considering such things as sun, wind, leaves and beauty of setting.

I love to swim, but I'm not too agile. It's hard for me to get out of a swimming pool, unless I'm right by a ladder. Can you help me?

Mrs. K. Remington
Westport, Conn.

Absolutely! The "Safety-Rest" ledge that runs all around our pool was designed for folks like you. This ledge is only three feet deep, shallow enough to let you stand and rest, or pull yourself up out of the pool. Perfect for small kids, too. It's only a foot wide, so there's plenty of depth for diving where you want it.

We have a local drainage problem. What happens to those gallons and gallons of water when the pool has to be emptied?

Mr. Emerson Lloyd
Dayton, O.

You never have to empty an Esther Williams Pool! The big-capacity, economical "Re-Fresh" Filtration System keeps the water fresh, pure and sparkling-clear always, and in freezing weather a few floating logs will prevent ice damage to the pool.

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Budget Safari

PRACTICAL TRAVEL GUIDE BY EDWARD R. DOOLING

There is a point at which vacation prices zoom out of sight into the ionosphere. Anyone troubled by too much folding cabbage will encounter a certain reluctance on the part of airline personnel and yacht owners to get down to specifics when discussing financial aspects of super-luxury vacations. They have an allergy to figures and give the clear impression that such mundane matters have no place in the rarefied atmosphere in which they orbit.

Still, it is possible, by dropping a studied remark here and there, to extract a quoted price of $70,000 for a charter-plane ride to South Africa, plus perhaps $5,000 for a two-week safari for four.

This means that any tycoon desirous of entertaining three friends on such an expedition can charter a DC-6, complete with crew and the necessities of life, for a round trip from New York to Johannesburg for about $70,000. Of course, this budget price doesn't include transportation from Johannesburg to Nairobi, jumping-off point for most big-game hunting expeditions. The tycoon will also need enough pocket money to pay for the services from Nairobi of two professional white hunters and some gunbearers, drivers, skinners, cooks, personal servants, and porters. These incidentals will cost him $240 a day, but the tab includes complete equipment for roughing it on the veld: sleeping bags, tents, dining tents, portable bathrooms, bedding, table, chairs, water filters, radio receiving sets, food, first-aid equipment—in fact, everything one could possibly need for a delightful fortnight among the lions, zebras, wildebeest, and elephants.

Luxury-loafing on a neat little 100-foot yacht is cheaper, though—you can rent one for a mere $3,000 a week. Such a vessel, chartered in New York, would have a crew of six or seven, and three or four bedrooms with, of course, all the modern conveniences. The charter price would not include the cost of fuel, food, and liquor, estimated at around $1,000 a week for a party of four to six people. Roughly, the total cost would be about $8,000 for a two-weeks' cruise.

Practically speaking, you couldn't get far in two weeks, even on your own chartered yacht. You might make it to Bermuda or the Bahamas if the weather wasn't too rough. Your best bet probably would be to sail up and down Long Island Sound or to hug the New England coast and slip in and out of the pretty bays along the Maine shore line.

For a more practical and colorful kind of private yacht travel, start your cruise from the little British island of Antigua in the West Indies. Here at Lord Nelson's old dockyard, Comdr. V.E.B. Nicholson and his happy family have a whole fleet of sailing yachts which they charter to would-be ocean adventurers.

You will enjoy going ashore in the Caribbean perhaps even more than the calm sea voyage, for the islands offer beauty, excitement, and variety. At Iles des Saintes, for example, tourists discover a tiny village peopled by descendants of Breton sailors, and find a large fort with moats and a drawbridge. In contrast, Portsmouth offers authentic British atmosphere and a very pretty little palm-fringed bay. The aromas of both French perfume and French cuisine permeate the air of Fort-de-France on the island of Martinique, while the air of St. Vincent, a British town, is filled with the sounds of calypso bands.

Estimated rental fee for yacht plus crew of six is $216 per day. THE END

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CHECK THE NUMBERS OF THE ALBUMS YOU WANT

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- ☐ 12. RAY ANTHONY
- ☐ 20. MISTY MISS CHRISTY
- ☐ 17. TOMMY SANDS
- ☐ 18. LES AND MARY
- ☐ 10. NAT "KING" COLE
- ☐ 19. DUKE ELLINGTON
- ☐ 28. MANHATTAN TOWER
- ☐ 40. NOCTURNE
- ☐ 38. LES SYLPHIDES
- ☐ 7. FRANK SINATRA
- ☐ 39. DEAN MARTIN
- ☐ 42. HEY . . . LET YOURSELF GO!
- ☐ 11. TENNESSEE ERNIE
- ☐ 30. BRAHMS' VIOLIN CONCERTO
- ☐ 23. HARRY JAMES
- ☐ 37. LES BROWN'S IN TOWN
- ☐ 1. GERSHWIN
- ☐ 21. GEORGE SHEARING
- ☐ 36. GORDON MACRAE
- ☐ 41. ALL THROUGH THE NIGHT
- ☐ 6. STAN KENTON IN HI-FI
- ☐ 8. SCHEHERAZADE

Please accept my application for membership in the Capitol Record Club in the division checked below, and send me at once the 3 ALBUMS I have checked at the left as a FREE GIFT.

I agree to buy 4 records during my first year of membership (from almost 200 to be offered). For each record I accept I will send you 7 days after receipt the usual retail price plus shipping. If I wish, I may cancel my membership after buying 4 records.

You will send me FREE each month the handsomely illustrated Record Review magazine, describing the forthcoming record album releases of each division. You will also send me a printed form each month so that I may notify you whenever I do not wish the forthcoming selection of my division, but prefer some other record, or do not want any record at all.

After I have purchased four records, you will send me a FREE BONUS ALBUM, of my choice, worth at least $3.98 *each time* I purchase two additional records.

NO-RISK GUARANTEE: If not delighted, I will return my 3 FREE ALBUMS within 7 days and my membership will be cancelled without further obligation.

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Be sure to see

THE COSMOPOLITAN SHOPPER

Pages 16, 17, 18 and 19 of this issue

Tommy and Jimmy

BY PAUL AFFELDER

One summer night in 1955, Tommy Dorsey outlined to an executive of Columbia Records his ideas for his next three albums, one of sweet songs and ballads, one of swinging spirituals, and one of original swing tunes by prominent jazz composer-arrangers. When the recording man expressed interest, Tommy admitted that the job was already done. He and brother Jimmy had made and paid for the recording themselves. It's a good thing they acted when they did, for a little more than a year later Tommy was dead, and Jimmy followed him in another six months.

After the Dorseys died, Columbia purchased the tapes from Tommy's estate, and they have now been issued in a two-disc album. Though these are Tommy's and Jimmy's swan songs on records, there certainly is no sign of deterioration in the quality or inspiration of their performances.

Two sides are given over to the sweet stuff, featuring characteristic renditions of songs like "Yesterdays," "Rain," "Moonlight in Vermont," and "Autumn in New York." The third side is devoted to Dean Kincaide's deft arrangements of six spirituals. On the final side, we are treated to six swinging originals by Ernie Wilkins.

(*The Fabulous Dorseys in Hi Fi.* Columbia Set C2L-8. 2-12″. $7.98)

Travel talk. Most recorded language courses are long and relatively expensive, and go rather deeply into problems of grammar. This is fine for the serious student, but sentences like "My aunt's pen is on the table" can be of little use to an American tourist in Europe. If you want a quick, workable and ridiculously inexpensive course designed specifically to meet the problems of travel talk in French, Spanish, German, or Italian, then be sure to investigate the ***"Listen and Learn"*** series. A handy 128-page booklet and three 10-inch LP records will make you sufficiently conversant in any one of these four languages to get through customs inspection, buy a train ticket, have a flat tire repaired, find the rest room, and order a wide variety of foods. No situation, it seems, has been overlooked. (*Listen and Learn French, Spanish, German, Italian.* Dover Publications, Incorporated, 920 Broadway, New York 10, New York. 3-10″ and booklet, $4.95) THE END

at last...a complete, modern, doctor's guide to lasting mutual sexual happiness for all couples.

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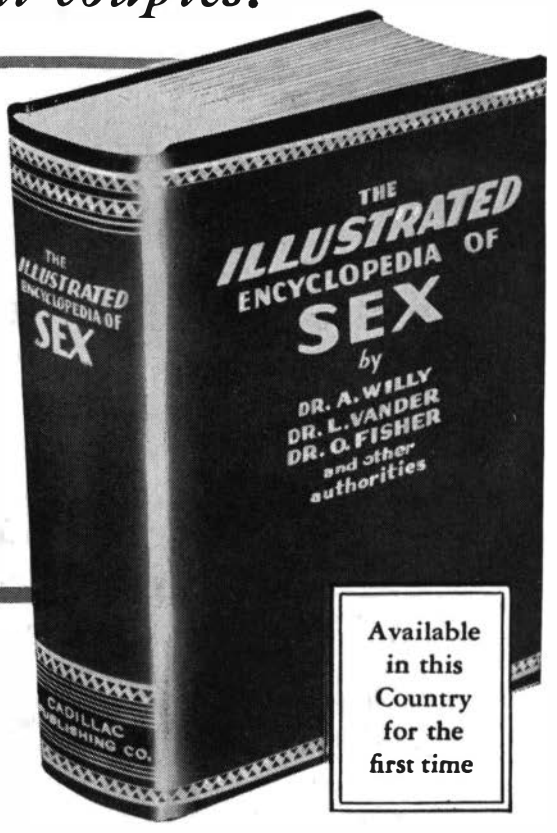
By DR. A. WILLY, DR. L. VANDER, DR. O. FISHER AND OTHER AUTHORITIES



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- How sexual urge in woman differs from man
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- Reactions of man and woman during sexual relations compared
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Need a Psychiatrist? Overambition, Water Witching and Mind Readers

BY AMRAM SCHEINFELD

Need a psychiatrist? According to Dr. Ivan C. Berlien (Detroit), psychiatric help is needed when, over a period of time, a person (1) isn't himself; (2) expresses nonsensical ideas; (3) makes silly mistakes repeatedly though he apparently knows better; (4) acts as if he doesn't know where he is or what day it is; (5) consistently makes people around him unhappy and upset; (6) begins to drink too much; (7) loses weight without physical cause; (8) has insomnia serious enough to cause irritability.

Overambition. Don't hitch your wagon to a too-far-away star, warns vocational guidance expert Donald G. Paterson

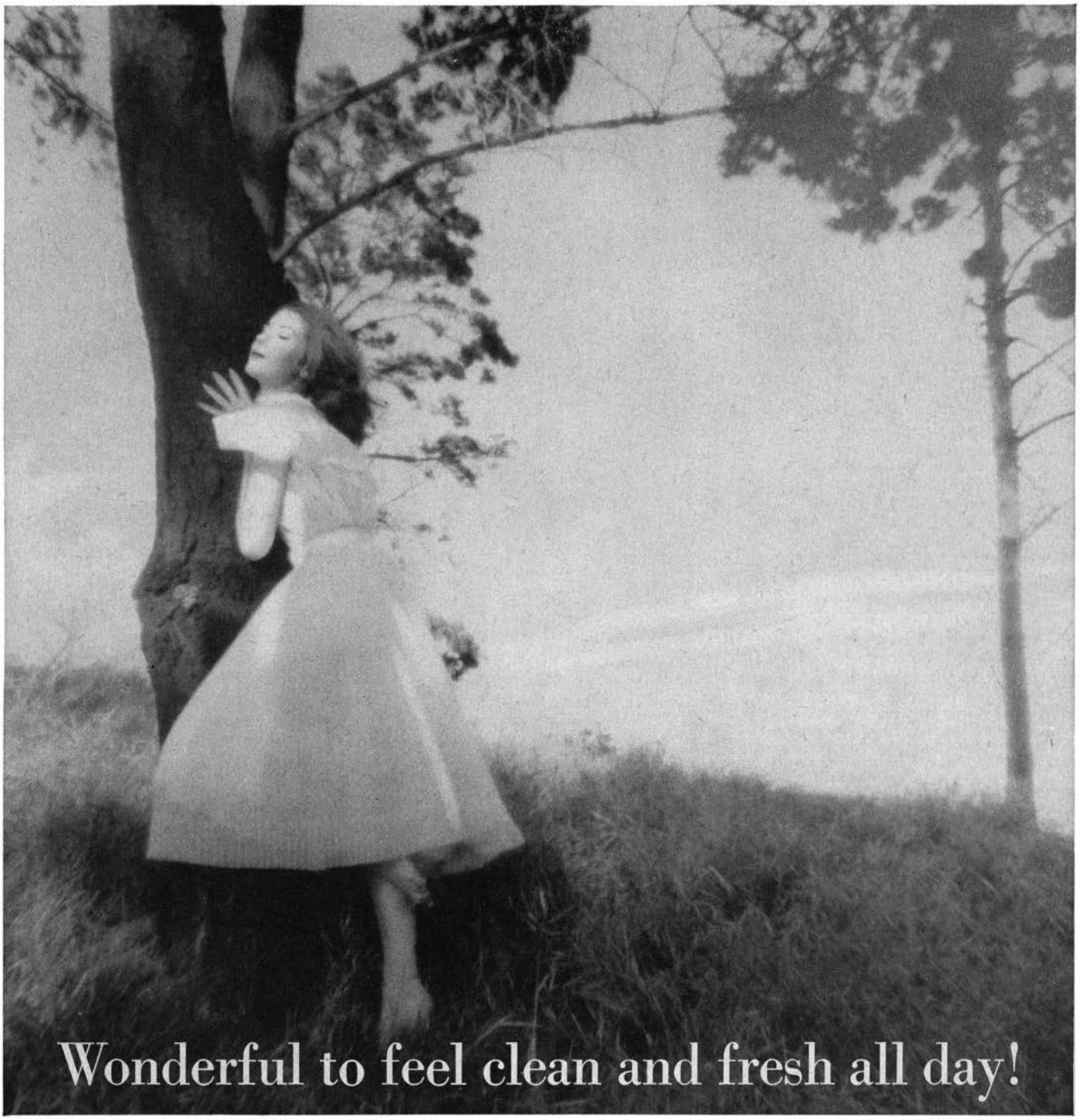
(University of Minnesota). The "log cabin to White House" tradition, and the belief that anyone who works hard can achieve anything he sets his mind to, has forced many youths and adults to strive for goals much beyond their capacities, Dr. Paterson believes. One study among high school youths with below-average IQs showed that the great majority had aimed at high-level positions and that one in three had hoped to become a professional man (though none did); most of them, however, ultimately ended up in semi-skilled or unskilled jobs. Fewer men would strive for impossible goals and suffer the tragedy of failure, Dr. Paterson adds, if we laid less emphasis on the social ranking of jobs and, instead, stressed the dignity of all labor.

Water witching. Although discredited by scientists, water witching, or dowsing (locating underground water with a forked stick or divining rod), is still believed in by large numbers of Americans. Harvard researchers Ray Hyman and Elizabeth G. Cohen estimate that in the United States there are about 25,000 persons who do water witching, and millions who employ them, particularly in farm areas where water is scarce. Some view water witching as supernatural, but the majority regard it as scientific, even though they can give no scientific explanation for the phenomenon. Among county agricultural agents, 56 per cent consider it bunk, 20 per cent think it has merit, 24 per cent are open-minded. One reason water-dowsers are popular is that they often serve without pay, or, if they do charge, it is very little; naturally, clients are glad to take a chance on the dowser's five- to twenty-five-dollar fee before trying much more costly water-finding methods.

Stage "mind readers." You may have wondered about professional performers who find objects hidden by members of an audience. Do they work

by mental telepathy or extrasensory perception? When psychologist S. G. Soal (England) investigated one of these performers, he took precautions to make sure that the mind reader couldn't get voice or sound clues from accomplices. Thus deprived, the "mind reader" did no better at finding objects than anyone could do by simply guessing. Until there is scientific proof to the contrary, you can assume that any stage mind-reading performance depends on tricks.

Marine D.I. meanies. The tough, harsh, aloof Marine Corps drill instructor is probably not as mean as he seems. In fact, it's much more likely that he's putting on an act which he thinks his job demands, according to a study made at the Parris Island and San Diego bases by psychologists Walter L. Wilkins and Marilyn K. Rigby, of St. Louis University. Whatever instances of sadism there may have been in the past, recurrences are being prevented by personality tests which screen out any D.I. candidates who reveal inner hatreds. THE END



Whisk away odor! Whisk on protection!
Throw your deodorant problems away!

Start your day with one quick stroke of a 5 Day Deodorant Pad and get all-day double protection. Whisk off odor-forming bacteria, the real cause of odor. Whisk on clean, clear, cool deodorant lotion that checks perspiration...stops odor all day. Then throw the pad away. Each snowy-white 5 Day Deodorant Pad is pre-moistened with just the right amount of clear, quick-drying deodorant lotion to give you this double protection against perspiration and odor all day. Start using fresh, clean 5 Day Deodorant Pads today and throw your deodorant problems away!

5 day DEODORANT PADS

On Top of the World

BY DAVID E. GREEN

TV LAND . . . Top television money-maker of all time will be Bob Hope. His new contract calls for eight shows at

I.N.P.

Mansfield and Hope

$275,000 per show, netting him two and a quarter million dollars for eight hours of TV performing.

KREMLIN KORNER . . . When you spot a Soviet marshal wearing a decoration, don't dismiss it as sheer vanity. Each decoration entitles him to a bonus of one hundred dollars a month.

RUSSIA . . . The richest Red capitalist is Gregori Mikoyan, inventor of the MIG fighter (named after him), who runs a string of plane factories. The list of certified Moscow millionaires includes two playwrights, a ballerina, and three movie stars (names on request). They are favored by a tax law which most free countries would reject as reactionary: the rich need pay a tax of only 13 per cent on their income; if they have received prizes or high decorations, they need pay no tax at all. (Makes you see red.)

MONTE CARLO . . . When an insistent Spaniard kept demanding that the casino raise its betting limit for him, he was permitted to wager twelve thousand dollars on a single spin of the roulette wheel. Result: the casino gave him train fare to Paris.

SAUDI ARABIA . . . King Saud, who has an income of three hundred million dollars a year, has ten thousand dependents in his household. Among them are three wives, ninety concubines, and twenty-five sons (daughters don't count). Each son is given a Cadillac and driver on reaching the age of twelve. Saud's cars are distinguished from those belonging to other members of the family by their gold-plated exteriors. On a recent visit to Iran, Saud gave the queen nine hundred thousand dollars' worth of gems.

DOUBLE CROSS-ROADS . . . More loot is stolen by respected employees than by all the nation's professional criminals combined. According to the FBI, professional thieves—burglars, pickpockets, armed robbers and auto thieves—last year stole 440 million dollars. Trusted employees swiped nearly a hundred million more.

TARRYTOWN, NEW YORK . . . Although he had a reputation for stinginess, John D. Rockefeller, Sr., squandered fantastic amounts of money on himself. At sixty-nine he was a dying man worth one and a half billion dollars. He erected his home, "Kykuit," for thirty million. It was equipped with ten elevators, contained every piece of medical equipment known, and had an oxygen tent in every other room. He employed 350 people, including a full-time physician, to operate this barony at a cost of half a million a year. Did it pay off? Well—he was dying at sixty-nine and he lived to be ninety-eight.

LONDON . . . Queen Elizabeth is the owner of the world's largest jewel collection. The jewels are not insured; they are simply held as a "crown risk." The emeralds in her most elaborate tiara were won in a lottery (the winner was her great-great-grandmother, Augusta, Duchess of Cambridge).

I.N.P.

STRONGBOX STREET . . . The will left by the world's richest woman financier—Hetty Green (above)—was found in an old tin box along with four pieces of soap.

THE END

Ben Alexander

Officer Frank Smith tells how to go into business for yourself

"People who know me as Officer Frank Smith on *Dragnet* are always surprised to discover I'm a businessman as well as an actor.

"My 'business career' started back in 1945. I had been a radio announcer in Hollywood for years before the war. But when I got out of the Navy, the only outfit that would give me my old job back was Union Oil. I was rehired to announce their *Point Sublime* radio show.

"In April of 1946 I bought a Union Oil station. It did so well I bought another in October. I ended up with four of them.

BEN AND DON MYERS, STATION MGR.

"Then I branched out into the motel business and bought my place at Franklin and Cahuenga in Hollywood.

"The next step was my car agency in Highland Park. I opened another in Upland, and right now I'm dickering for the third one in Redondo Beach.

"I've always made it a point never to go into a business until I had learned it thoroughly. At the service stations, I worked right along with the boys. I can lube a car or wash a windshield with the best of them.

"My wife and I made the beds and scrubbed down the bathrooms for a long time before we hired a manager for the motel. At my car agencies, I'm on the floor with the other salesmen, but they get full commission on anything I sell.

"Sometimes people ask me why I bother with all the additional work when I'm doing well in television.

"CREATING JOBS GIVES ME MORE SATISFACTION THAN ACTING."

"Maybe acting isn't enough. Or maybe it's simply that creating jobs for other people gives me more satisfaction than any part I've ever played."

* * * *

Ben Alexander could have left his money in the bank, or buried it in his back yard. Instead, he invested it at his own risk and created jobs for 135 people.

As long as people who can save money have the incentive to put it back to work, our economy will prosper.

That incentive is profit. It creates thousands of new businesses in this country every year. It is the backbone of the American economy.

YOUR COMMENTS ARE INVITED. *Write: The Chairman of the Board, Union Oil Co., Union Oil Center, Los Angeles 17, Calif.*

BEN TAKES DELIVERY ON A TRAILER-FULL OF CARS AT HIS DEALERSHIP.

Union Oil Company OF CALIFORNIA 76

MANUFACTURERS OF ROYAL TRITON, THE AMAZING PURPLE MOTOR OIL

Maintain a Healthy Weight

BY LAWRENCE GALTON

Though they are not as well-publicized as the millions of overly well-nourished Americans for whom removing fat is a problem, there are large numbers of people who need to add and hold extra pounds. For many of the latter, a study at the Nutrition Clinic of New York's Mount Sinai Hospital promises good news.

Results of the study show that rauwolfia, an agent used to treat high blood pressure and anxiety states, often produces excellent weight gains, even after other measures have failed. One woman, for example, who weighed only 94 pounds despite high-calorie diets, vitamin supplements, and sedative treatment, added 23 pounds in eight months on small daily doses of rauwolfia—and kept the gain afterward.

Since 1954, forty-two persistently underweight and malnourished patients have been treated with rauwolfia. A few had had cancer, and surgery for it, previously; a number had inactive tuberculosis, asthma, bronchiectasis, duodenal ulcer, or some other organic disease; several had neuroses; the rest had uncomplicated malnutrition and underweight problems. The patients' ages ranged from sixteen to seventy-two years, and all had received many types of treatment, mostly without appreciable results.

Of the forty-two patients, thirty-five showed definite improvement on rauwolfia, averaging a gain of more than one-third pound per week. After treatment stopped, there was usually no further weight gain and, in some cases, slight weight losses occurred. But most patients derived permanent benefits.

Besides gaining weight, many felt stronger. Some who had been depressed, morose, or tense prior to treatment showed improvement in their mental attitudes as well. Many resumed activities and hobbies they had long neglected. Some reported improvement in certain obsessive habits such as nail biting.

Rauwolfia treatment, the Mount Sinai report indicates, may be a "substantial help" for many physicians and their underweight patients in combatting the difficulties of gaining needed poundage.

In alcoholism, promising results have been obtained with glutamine, a nutritional supplement. In a small-scale study, seven men and three women with long histories of excessive drinking were given capsules of glutamine to take at meals for periods of three weeks or more. In every case but one, the patients reported being helped greatly, and their opinions were usually corroborated by families and friends. The capsules diminished the desire to drink, decreased nervousness, and improved ability to sleep.

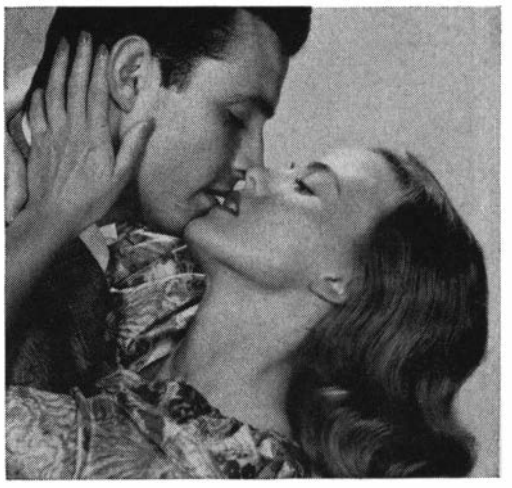
New pain-killing agent, Ethoheptazine, is reported to be effective and safe in a wide variety of medical and surgical conditions, including post-childbirth pain. A tablet, taken every four hours, brought satisfactory relief for 73 per cent of a group of 107 ambulatory patients, regardless of the cause of the painful state. The drug was used for as long as ten weeks, as needed, without significant harmful effects. Sixty-two per cent of a group of hospitalized patients with more serious painful states responded to higher doses used for as long as 285 days. Post-childbirth pain was controlled in 82 per cent of women. When combined with aspirin, the new drug controlled post-childbirth pain in every case.

Puzzling fevers. What can be the cause of recurring, even chronic, fever when no infection can be found and all blood and other tests are normal? One woman, for example, had a 102° fever for four years when she was worried over a relative's illness; another had a fever for months after contracting a foolish marriage. An editorial in a recent medical journal points to these and other cases—notably to cases of women who have elevated temperatures when they enter a doctor's office and almost-normal temperatures when they leave—as an indication that, in some instances, spells of fever can be brought on by anxiety, excitement, anger, or remorse, especially in "oversensitive and impressionable or hysterical women." THE END

For more information about these items, consult your physician.

"From the bottom of my heart...

I THANK YOU FOR MY NEW BODY!"



"...thank you, SLIMTOWN, for the slim, chic body Providence intended for me to have...for making it so easy, so calm, so peaceful to lose the fat, unhealthy bulk I'd been carrying around so long..."

This letter, in a neat frame, hangs on the wall of the office of the president of the SLIMTOWN Corporation. In the files of the Company are hundreds of similar letters... letters of thanks and of gratitude... letters full of the joy of a new life... letters of wonder that SLIMTOWN had done what it had said it could do—to let a fat person lose all the weight he wanted to lose—up to 10, 20, 30, even 50 or 70 lbs. of ugly overweight without struggle, without the stress of giving up good foods (even desserts), without a doctor's prescription.

Once more, please read the excerpt from this lady's letter—*"...thank you for making it so EASY, so CALM, so PEACEFUL to lose the fat... I'd been carrying around so long..."*

Yes, this lady has good reason to bless SLIMTOWN. SHE didn't have to pay the old-fashioned price for her new, slim figure. She didn't have to go through the long, long months of excruciating diet, giving up the foods she loved so much. Nor do YOU have to sweat and strain and labor week after week just to take off a solitary stubborn inch. You no longer have to watch hated calories, rely on habit forming drugs, snap at your friends and family, go through months of torture always with that hunger-pang deep in your stomach.

No! You Don't Have to Suffer to Become Slim

Stop for a moment and read this sentence again: **You don't have to suffer to become slim!** Think what this advertisement is promising you—is GUARANTEEING you! YOU CAN LOSE THAT UGLY FAT QUICKLY, SAFELY, WITHOUT DISCOMFORT, WITHOUT HUNGER PANGS, WITHOUT FRUSTRATION... Right now, right this minute you can plan your NEW figure. Do you want to shed 9 pounds the very first week? Up to 24 pounds the first month? 40... 50... 70 pounds in all? Do you? What a question! Of course, you do.

But you ask another question: Will it cost me blood, sweat, tears? The answer is NO. You will eat what you want to eat, anything you want... and the pounds will drop off. You will be calm, peaceful, sleep like a baby... and the pounds will continue to melt away. You may have less will-power than a kitten. No matter. Steadily, surely, safely you will become slimmer and slimmer. Will you be tired, depressed, ill-humored? No, none of these. Astonished as you may be at the speed the fat is leaving you, you will be even more amazed at how much AT PEACE YOU ARE WITH YOURSELF. Your energy, your disposition, your zest for life will bring you almost as much joy as the new, slimmer you that your mirror will show you with each passing day.

This Sounds Too Good to Be True. What Makes It Possible?

The answer lies in one word—SLIMTOWN. And behind this name is a story. An exciting, thrilling story of a doctor and his goal—a medical doctor who became obsessed with the belief that nature hadn't intended for people to become fat. Troubled by first-hand effects of obesity in his patients—heart disease, diabetes, hypertension, deep insecurity—he became a sworn enemy of fat, the killer.

He knew the problem wasn't so complex. The reason people become fat is simple. They overeat. How about the answer to the problem? Ah, not so simple. Up until recently, he, like other doctors, knew only one answer—vigorous, self-disciplined dieting. But in case after case he saw how rarely that was successful, how many times a patient would start off bravely on a diet and then, unable to stick to it, wander off it and grow even fatter than before.

Then along came a substance which depressed the appetite. Immediately, a rash of "reducing" pills, tablets, liquids, cookies, wafers all hit the market, all promising fancy results. But the trouble with this appetite depressant was that it also upset the person taking it. It made one feel lost, vaguely dissatisfied, jittery, as though all the fun had been taken out of life. And so, after a few days of half-hearted and miserable trying, the pills and the cookies and the liquids were doing nothing but taking up room in the medicine chest—all failures.

But clouds have silver linings, they say; and from these failures the doctor suddenly knew the clear, exciting answer—the answer to the quest for a safe reducing product which could make any fat person reduce, no matter how much he loved to eat. Of course, the pills and the liquids—the so-called reducers—had been bound to end up in the medicine chest! How in the world could they be anything but failures when the one, vital, all-important element was missing—the one substance that would go to work, not only on the appetite, **but on the hunger pangs**... the one agent that would SOOTHE THE PATIENT, KEEP HIM CALM AND HAPPY, AT PEACE WITH HIMSELF, HIS STOMACH, AND THE WORLD! That was the basic problem... and from that SLIMTOWN was born.

Now that he was on the right track, the doctor-scientist began his search for the method that would once and for all get to the real cause of overweight and overcome it... a method that a doctor could confidently recommend to all normally healthy people, but which would not require a doctor's prescription. And then he discovered the benefits of **Pacifin.** Yes, PACIFIN, the amazing wonder drug that calms and soothes. PACIFIN, the all-important ingredient which all other reducing products lacked, and which made the difference between struggling to lose weight, or losing pounds easily, pleasantly, almost automatically. PACIFIN, that lets you sleep like a baby, smile at the world, look forward to each day with pleasure, secure in the knowledge that this is another day on the road to the body and health you've dreamed of possessing.

But like a true scientist, the doctor worked carefully. He knew he had the key to overcoming obesity; now his job was to test it beyond doubt. Expertly, he combined PACIFIN with other substances, each designed to perform a particular function. Experimenting and testing for months, he finally created what is unquestionably the only true reducing product sold without a doctor's prescription—SLIMTOWN.

What Is Slimtown?

There is no mystery to SLIMTOWN. It is simply another testimonial to the great work coming out of medical science today. There are three medically-known ingredients that all work together to make your SLIMTOWN weight reducing program the surest, quickest, safest, and most pleasant you have ever tried. Here are the three ingredients, GUARANTEED to help you, no matter how many other methods have failed you in the past:

(1) SLIMTOWN TABLETS CONTAIN PACIFIN—the peaceful wonder-drug that calms and soothes you. PACIFIN'S all-important function is that it removes from you the strain that is inevitable in all other reducing methods. It helps your disposition to remain sunny, it helps you sleep healthfully and calmly, it eliminates the edginess that accompanies other reducing programs and pills. It is the benevolent weight guardian that insures the success of SLIMTOWN.

(2) SLIMTOWN TABLETS CONTAIN ANTIPATIN — another amazing substance that goes right to work on the centers concerned with hunger. With ANTIPATIN you continue to enjoy all your favorite foods, but magically that old craving for food has diminished, you hear yourself refusing seconds and thirds; you feel full, satisfied with life. You just don't want to eat more.

(3) SLIMTOWN TABLETS CONTAIN GASTROFILIN—a remarkable no-calorie ingredient that actually "fools" your stomach, makes it feel half-full of food, even before you sit down to eat. With GASTROFILIN you just don't find the room to put away your usual over-supply of food.

The Most Unprecedented Guarantee You Ever Read

You are going to read a guarantee you've never seen before—a guarantee that can be made only because the makers of SLIMTOWN are convinced they are putting out the finest reducing method known, without a doctor's prescription. Here is our guarantee:

- **Lose 5 lbs. the first two days or every penny back (10 day Supply)**
- **Lose 9 lbs. the first week or every penny back (10 day Supply)**
- **Lose 20 lbs. the first 20 days or every penny back (20 day Supply)**
- **Lose 30 lbs. the first 30 days or every penny back (30 day Supply)**

Lose in all every pound you've filled in on the coupon or EVERY PENNY BACK you've paid for SLIMTOWN (reckoned at 1 day's supply for every pound you want to lose).

The Most Unprecedented Guarantee You Ever Read

You are going to read a guarantee you've never seen before—a guarantee that can be made only because the makers of SLIMTOWN are convinced they are putting out the finest reducing method known, without a doctor's prescription. Here is our guarantee:

- Lose 5 lbs. the first two days or every penny back (10 day Supply)
- Lose 9 lbs. the first week or every penny back (10 day Supply)
- Lose 20 lbs. the first 20 days or every penny back (20 day Supply)
- Lose 30 lbs. the first 30 days or every penny back (30 day Supply)

Now read this:

Lose, in all, every pound you've filled in on the coupon or *every penny back* you've paid for SLIMTOWN (reckoned at 1 day's supply for every pound you want to lose).

That's right! If you wish to lose 50-60-even 70 lbs. and if the proper supply of SLIMTOWN doesn't do it for you EVERY PENNY BACK and no questions asked! Have you ever seen such a guarantee? Can't be made by any product that isn't absolutely confident it can do the job? Of course not! And because SLIMTOWN is supremely confident that you will lose your excess weight quickly, easily, pleasantly, it makes this unprecedented offer. So go to the coupon now. Read it carefully, filling in the order that will be right for you. In a matter of hours SLIMTOWN will be on its way to you—ready in its peaceful, safe, pleasant effectiveness to make you as slim as you want to be or your money back. We mean just that—EVERY POUND YOU WANT TO LOSE! CONGRATULATIONS IN ADVANCE TO THE NEW YOU!

SLIMTOWN, INC., Dept. B-8207, 228 Lexington Ave., New York 16, N.Y.

Gentlemen:

Please RUSH my SLIMTOWN TABLETS as ordered below. You promise that unless SLIMTOWN loses weight for me as outlined in your guarantee, I will be refunded my full purchase price.

( ) Rush 10-Day SLIMTOWN Supply. ☐ I enclose only $2.98. ☐ I will pay postman $2.98 plus C.O.D. and postage charges on arrival.

( ) Rush 20-Day SLIMTOWN Supply. ☐ I enclose only $4.98. ☐ I will pay postman $4.98 plus C.O.D. and postage charges on arrival.

( ) Rush 30-Day SLIMTOWN Supply. ☐ I enclose only $6.98. ☐ I will pay postman $6.98 plus C.O.D. and postage charges on arrival.

I expect to lose_____pounds in_____days (reckoned at 1 day's supply for every pound). If I don't, I am to get back every penny I spent for SLIMTOWN.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

Important: Save expensive postage & C.O.D. charges by enclosing payment. Same guarantee.

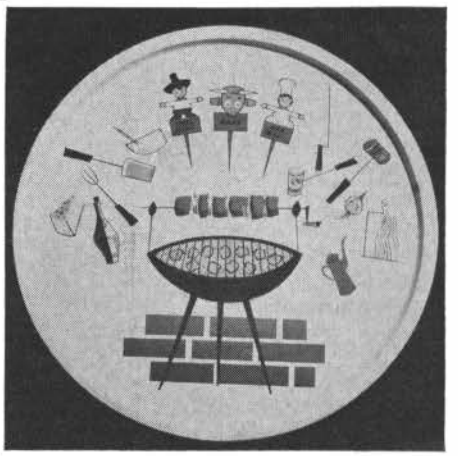
The Cosmopolitan

Where The Smart Money Goes: There's No Gambling

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

NATIVE TOUCH, $3.99

The Samoa chair, designed to catch the trade winds, consisting of a circle of woven rattan in a new tropical open pattern set firmly on slim black wrought iron legs. Comfortable, light-weight, can be used as that "extra" chair in any room and, of course, delightful for your patio or garden. Wonderful, too, in a basement rumpus room. Order 3 for $11.00. Shipped freight collect from The Akron, Dept. CS-7, 4369 Sunset Blvd., Los Angeles 29, Calif.



RUSTIC DINING, $1.95

A set of four exceptional quality white metal trays may function as individual food platters or serving pieces at indoor and outdoor picnic-barbecues. Heavy enough to support soda bottles, too. About 10½" in diameter, the trays are decorated with colorful drawings of barbecue paraphernalia. Extra plates are 50¢ each. Would make a wonderful addition to a new summer home. Add 25¢ postage. Order from Downs & Co., Dept. CS-7, Evanston, Ill.

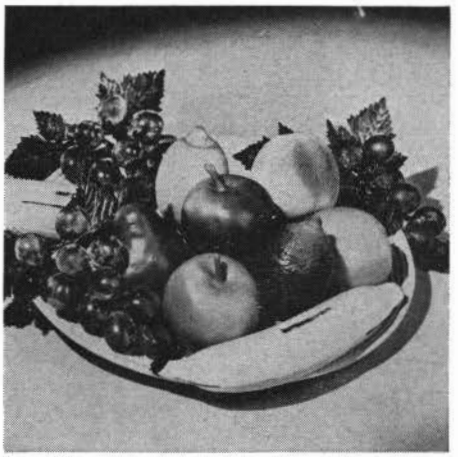
FROM TEE TO TEA, $17.95

Fashion with a function . . . a practical golf shoe and a smart casual combined. Allows a lady to walk right into the club room from the 18th hole because they are equipped with the unique Ripple Sole—there are no cleats to remove! Made of glove-soft leather with tie front and stitch trim in all brown, brown with white vamp, blue with white vamp. Sizes 4½ to 10, AAA to C. Hack Shoe Co., Dept. CS-7, 28 W. Adams St., Detroit, Mich.

Shopper

On These All Time Favorites **BY CAROL CARR**

★ ★



FRUIT OF A LIFETIME, $7.95
In basket, bowl or platter, these natural color fruit will lend a beautiful decorative touch . . . and they'll stay ripe forever! Made of dimensional vinyl, they respond naturally to the touch and look appetizing enough to nibble on. Full size and virtually indestructible—won't fade, won't chip. 12 piece set consists of 3 grape clusters, 2 bananas, 2 apples, and 1 lemon, lime, orange, peach and pear. Jeff Elliot, Dept. CS-7, Flushing 52, N. Y.

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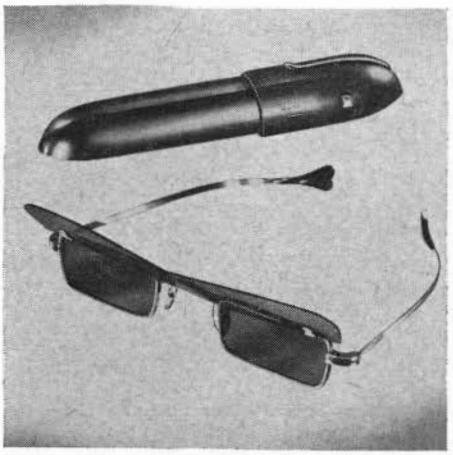
Imported braid trims a blouse and skirt combination which is ideal for country and suburban living, patio parties and informal dances. Executed in fine drip-dry cotton to leave you ironing care-free. 3-tiered pleated skirt, blouse has open neck and ¾ push-up sleeves. Color-fast in white with turquoise, coppertone or brown with gold, black or turquoise with silver. Sizes 8-20, 7-17. Old Pueblo Traders, Dept. CO-7, Box 4035, Tucson, Ariz.



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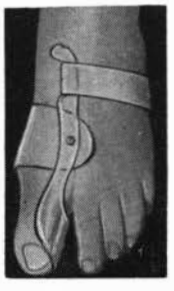

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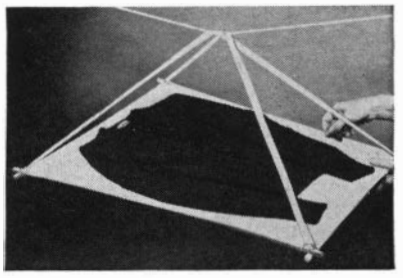

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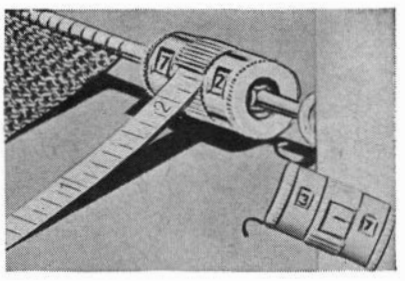

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Here's one to satisfy the knitting circle. A plastic stitch and row counter that fits right on any size needle. What's more, there's a hidden measuring tape included. 7/8" long. 2 for $1.00. Sunset House, 97 Sunset Bldg., Los Angeles 16, Calif.

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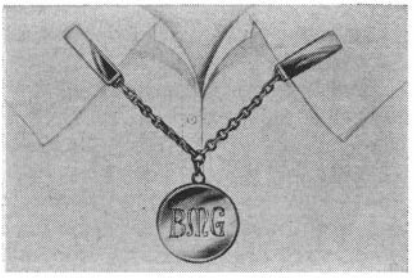
WINGED SPREAD, $44.95

Ready-to-finish white pine frames a 3 panel screen of butterflies set in plastic. Also, in hemp fibre, $29.95 or an autumn leaf design, $34.95. Extra panels, $10 to $15. Manor House Shutters, Dept. CS-7, 75 Carmans Rd., East Farmingdale, L.I.



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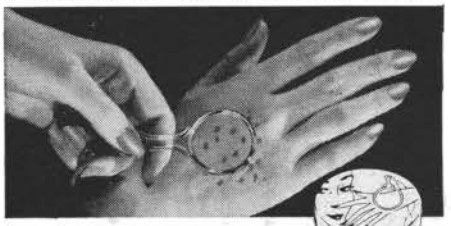
Consisting of a plastic cup and flag set in the ground so that top edge is level with surface of the "green." Arrange your own golf course. Flags are obtainable numbered from 1 to 10. Best Values Co., Dept. CS-7, 403 Market St., Newark, N. J.

THESE HORRID AGE SPOTS*



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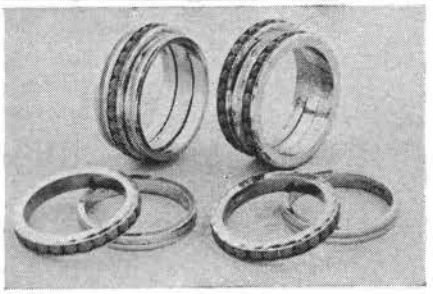

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Send ring size or measure with string. Satisf. guar. Send cash, check or m.o. For COD send $2 deposit.

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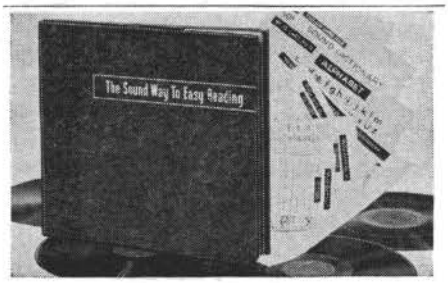

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With the new, improved Mahler Epilator you can remove unwanted hair FOREVER. Use it conveniently and privately at home. Brings permanent relief. Be charming and have new freedom of mind. When you have read our instruction book carefully and learned to use the Mahler Epilator safely and efficiently, then you can remove all unwanted hair PERMANENTLY. MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE (Our 76th year). Our 16 page illustrated booklet gives complete details.

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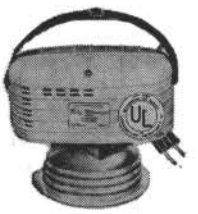
SPOT REDUCER

with or without electricity. Also used as an aid in the relief of pains for which massage is indicated. Restores elasticity to sagging skin!



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TRY THE SPOT REDUCER 10 DAYS FREE IN YOUR OWN HOME

Mail this coupon with only $1.00 for your SPOT REDUCER on approval. Pay postman $8.95 plus delivery—or send $9.95 (full price) and we ship postage prepaid. Use it for ten days in your own home. Then if not delighted return SPOT REDUCER for full purchase price refund.

BODY MASSAGER CO., Dept. B-118
403 Market St., Newark, New Jersey

Please send me the Spot Reducer for 10 days trial period. I enclose $1. Upon arrival I will pay postman only $8.95 plus postage and handling. If not delighted I may return SPOT REDUCER within 10 days for prompt refund of full purchase price.

☐ **I enclose $12.98. Send Amazing Deluxe Model.**

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The Psychology of Wealth

You think the rich don't have your problems and worries? You're right—they have a special, harassing set of their own

BY E. M. D. WATSON

At a dinner party not long ago, Dorothy Parker wondered aloud what it would be like to be a millionaire. "I never expect to become a millionaire—but," she added, "I think I would be *darling* at it."

Most people think they too would be darling at it. They would not be unhappy, like Barbara Hutton and Tommy Manville. Unlike the thrift-ridden rich Bostonians and the self-conscious Rockefellers, *they* would not be afraid to spend money on themselves. They would really enjoy the Riviera, delight in each sip of a vintage wine. Although they may tell themselves that money isn't everything, most people still believe it offers outsized plushy advantages and no real headaches.

"Money can't buy happiness," one heiress tried to tell a less solvent friend.

"Maybe—" replied the friend cynically "—but I'd rather cry myself to sleep on a silk pillow."

Millionaires, Rich and Poor

Millionaires grow more numerous every year; there are currently thirty-three thousand in the United States. They are not all on the same financial level, of course. There are the "poor" rich—those who have only a couple of million. On a slightly higher level are those who have perhaps five to ten million, and who make nervous stabs at the social strata above them. Then there are the even richer—an estimated 150 to five hundred who won't ever have a thing to worry about, financially speaking, because they have fifty million or more. In a more rarefied atmosphere are a handful, about seventy-five, whose fortunes range from seventy-five million to one billion.

What can this favored group possibly fret about?

Just a few little things. For instance, just how do you tell your real friends from the hangers-on? Is it your wealth and social standing that really intrigue them? Children are another worry—how do you avoid spoiling them? Then there is the problem of dealing with the crackpots who write asking for "only a million dollars" or a new washing machine. And there is your need to prove to the world that you're bright or talented or individual, or something *besides* rich.

Maybe that goal was established when Elsa Maxwell swore she'd give parties "to which everyone would want to come, but the rich would be invited only if they had something more important to offer than money." Whoever started it, it's in full swing. And every super-rich man knows that every time he lays out a dollar, whether for lunch, a necktie, or a gift, a host of people will claim he's tightfisted because it should have been more. The rest will claim it's too much—he is flaunting his riches.

Moreover, almost no one treats the very rich like normal human beings. A neighbor of the Rockefellers in Tarrytown, New York, once wrote an open letter to her "rich neighbors" which tells something of the reason for this. "You are simple," the letter read; "you are kind. And yet, we are not friends. . . . The explanation is *your money.* We are so afraid that you will think we are after it that we dare not talk freely on any of the subjects which interest us most deeply—because those subjects are all *objects;* and *objects* always need money."

Mrs. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., replied, "Most rich people seem unresponsive, but it is not entirely their fault; they are not treated naturally. . . . The rich are given what they are expected to want. . . . A sense of humor and a good mind may be hidden beneath a tiara."

Liquid Assets

But, oddly enough, most people don't seem to think so. One reason is that the rich are commonly afflicted with a fear that makes it impossible for them to behave naturally themselves—the fear of being taken. Seen in the light of this fear, even a normal pleasantry or an impulsive kindness becomes a cause for suspicion. Riches attract all kinds of people, and the rich naturally fear to become friendly with those who may have ulterior motives. With huge households to manage, they frequently become convinced—with or without justification—that money and possessions are finding their way into the pockets of retainers. The behavior resulting from this belief often looks like bewildering eccentricity. Illustrative of this is Palm Beach society's favorite story about Mrs. Frederick Guest. Mrs. Guest, whose estimated fortune is between two hundred and four hundred million and who has been known to be quite generous with her money, arrived one day at her Palm Beach bank followed by her chauffeur carrying a crate of soup. She wanted the soup placed in her bank vault. It would be called for at the rate of three cans a day. Someone on her staff, she explained, was an untrustworthy servant.

When bank officials demurred, pointing out that the vaults were filled with jewels and vintage wines, the dowager showed her power by ordering the manager to

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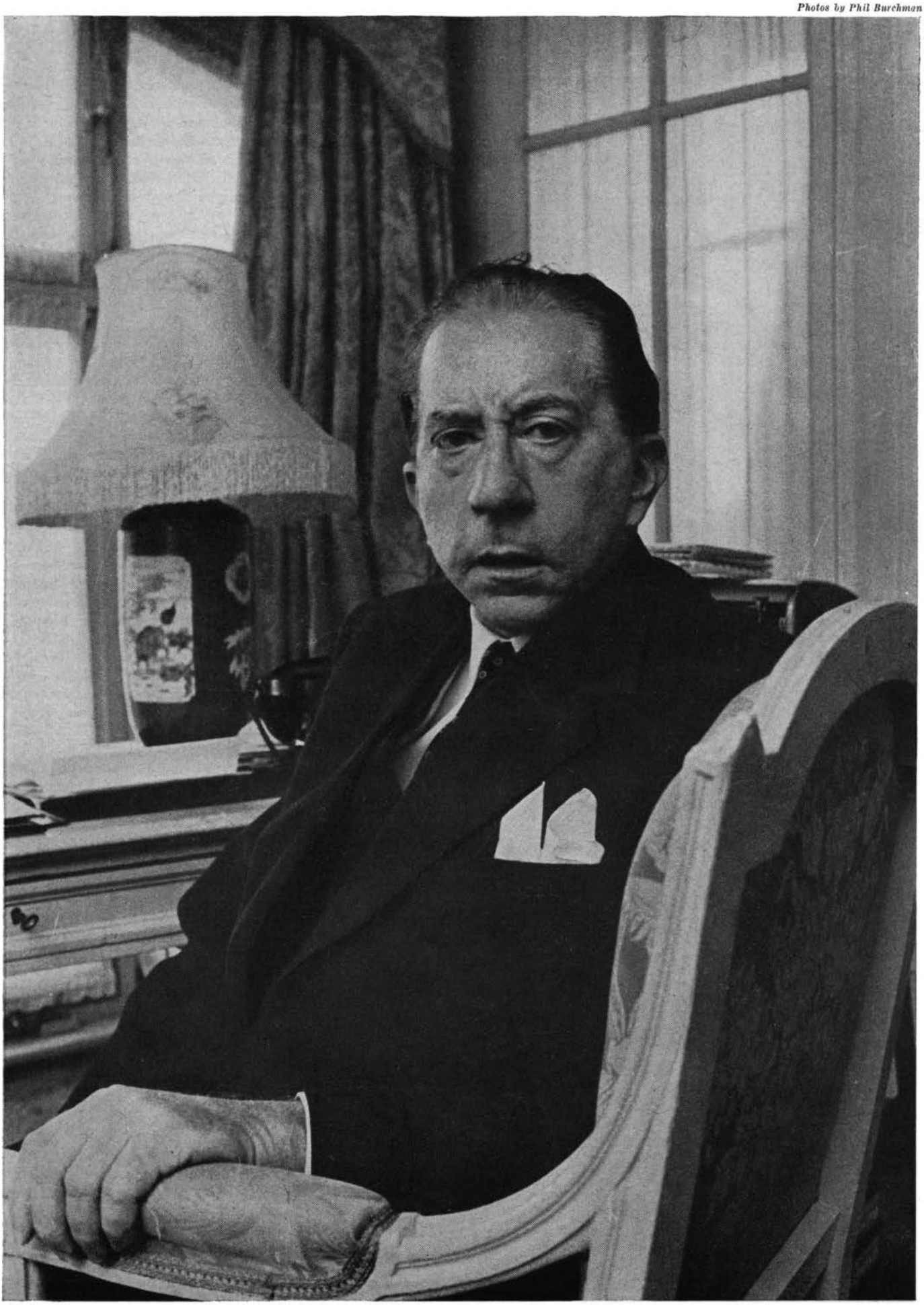
Photos by Phil Burchman



JEAN PAUL GETTY, America's once-obscure billionaire, got a stepped-up mail delivery of begging letters when his wealth became known. Hate letters, crackpot requests like "Buy me a car or else . . ." and "I'll kill myself in a week if you don't send two million" badger the rich. From lonely Getty, no one gets a cent. Afraid he'll be "taken," Getty even scrimps on himself.

ONASSIS and wife look carefree as they arrive at party for Y.M.C.A. at Glyfada, Greek coastal resort. Main event was a performance by the Monte Carlo Ballet. Few people knew that Onassis had spent his billion-dollar time organizing the benefit.

transfer some twenty-eight million dollars' worth of her securities to a bank down the street. "*They* have enough room for soup," she declared.

The bank hastily accepted the soup. As Mrs. Guest departed, she sent a parting shot at the flustered manager. "*If* you remain in the banking business, young man," she said, "you will learn that there's more to banking than knowing accounting."

To a millionaire, "being taken" may also mean being overcharged. He resents this bitterly. Tommy Manville's generosity is well known: one year he gave fifteen limousines to friends for Christmas, and he has been known to cross streets to hand money to panhandlers. Yet when he gave a party at a plush night club and a non-drinking friend was charged seventy-five cents for a Coke, Manville flew into a rage. insisted he was being overcharged, and left, never to return.

But other millionaires are incredibly casual about money—especially other people's. During a visit to the United States, Lady Astor, who had not been permitted to bring any money in with her, casually suggested to Gerard B. Lambert, of Listerine and Gillette Blue Blade fame, that he give her a million dollars; she wanted to give it away to people. Lambert, amused, refused to come through with even a dollar. The hard-working Lambert was further amused at the bewildering psychology of his wealthy friend when, having invited her to go on a yachting trip, he received Lady Astor's cabled regards and the lofty answer that she had "no time for the idle rich."

A Friend in Need . . .

Why are the rich frequently so casual of other people's money, allowing less affluent friends to pick up dinner checks, letting acquaintances pay their tips, often being caught without enough money in their wallets to pay their share of a taxi fare? The fear of being taken *emotionally* rather than financially is at the root of this. A rich person, knowing the attraction money has, often forces his friends to go to extremes to prove that they like him for himself.

But sometimes the rich feel contempt for friends who kowtow and pay the bills. One millionaire has his suits made without pockets, because money spoils the lines of his clothes. He has been known to travel across the country without carrying money. Who pays the bills? Anyone who thinks it's worth it. Another, who belonged to a skeet-shooting club in Chicago, never had the $1.25 for his round of ammunition. What's more, he didn't even carry his own cigarettes. Someone would always pay for the ammunition and give him a cigarette.

The fact is that many a millionaire

is so intent on making his companions prove they're sincere friends that he frequently drives away real friends who won't stand for such shenanigans. The people who take it are usually hangers-on—and the millionaire is aware of it.

The sphere in which the millionaire most fears being taken is that of matrimony. No wonder. Heiress after heiress has found herself the target of fortune hunters. One fortune hunter reportedly even pursued Barbara Hutton while on a honeymoon with a lesser heiress.

Can Money Buy Love?

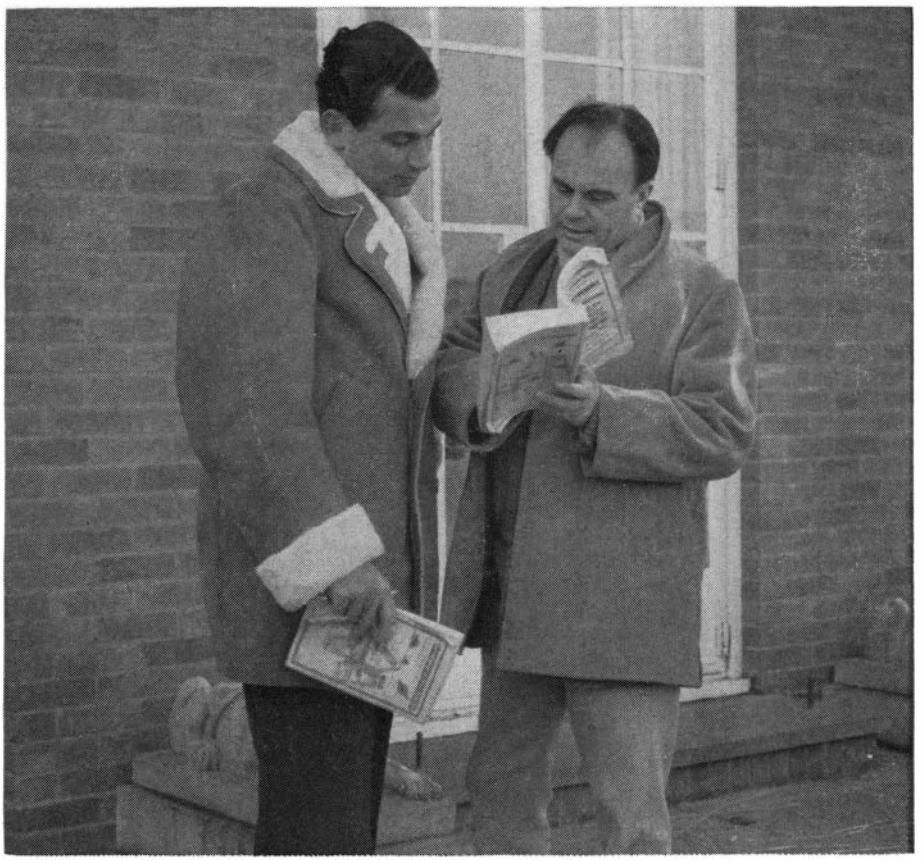
No woman wants to believe that her money is her big attraction. In her mind remains the perplexing question: "How attractive would I be to my suitors [or husband] without those millions?" She wonders whether she's loved. Probably the man of smaller fortune who marries her can't answer the question himself—money *is* attractive, and how can he tell whether he is really in love with her or with luxurious living?

Most fortune-favored girls are inclined to play safe by marrying men with equivalent fortunes. On the other hand, more and more rich young men, unable to get into Ivy League colleges, are attending western colleges and marrying the girls they fall in love with, solvent or not.

The rich who inherit money rather than make it have a special problem. As one psychiatrist who ministers to many of the troubled rich puts it, "Wealth displaces common achievements." The inheritors of wealth, cushioned against life, must provide their own challenges. Some go to great lengths to prove themselves. A Mellon becomes influenced by Dr. Schweitzer, becomes a doctor and establishes a hospital for poor natives in the Caribbean. A certain young heiress at college knits all her own sweaters and makes her clothes as a way of saying, "I'm *me*. I didn't just buy this on a charge account." Huntington Hartford supports the theatre. The beautiful Shirley Oakes, sister of Nancy Oakes, becomes a brilliant lawyer. Averell Harriman and "Soapy" Williams go into politics. Marshall Field, Jr., once stated that he didn't give a damn about the money he had—he cared only about the money he earned.

The average person assumes that Thomas Watson, Jr., is head of IBM only because his father was. But Thomas Junior proved himself by making a success of an agency in an outlying district in which everyone else had failed. Yet people are inclined to believe that most sons who take over their fathers' businesses are incompetent figureheads—dummies who can't produce anything better than a good game of golf. The rich are exasperatedly conscious of this.

Some attempt to prove themselves through anonymity. The young John D. Rockefeller IV, studying Far Eastern affairs at International Christian University in Tokyo, tries hard to escape the family name and stand on his merit alone. It's not easy. Last June, when he became twenty-one and received his inheritance, his name and picture were splashed all over the Japanese newspapers. Now, no matter how much his classmates may want to treat him like everyone else, they no longer find it possible; the distinction of money has been drawn.



ALY KHAN (right) compares notes with Evelyn Rothschild at Newmarket Bloodstock Sales, at which sixteen of the late Aga Khan's mares were sold. Like fellow millionaires John Kennedy and Averell Harriman, Aly Khan is trying to prove himself in politics.

The self-made millionaire has less need to prove himself than has the inheritor of a fortune. He has already accomplished something. Moreover, power rates high. Today, no top social function in New York is complete without a sprinkling of powerful tycoons.

Along with power, the rich pursue personality and talent. If they can't possess it themselves, they can at least associate with it. Talented playwrights, composers, writers dot the parties of the rich. Being friendly with celebrities like Clark Gable, Katharine Hepburn, Douglas Fairbanks, and Mr. and Mrs. Gary Cooper gives one prestige. An even greater triumph is to be friendly with a millionaire of accomplishment, like Cole Porter, who inherited timber millions before he ever wrote his first song.

These friendships serve a double purpose, a psychiatrist has pointed out. Besides enjoying the reflected glory of glamorous friends, the rich person gains the soothing feeling that "since the talented can be 'bought' as friends, talent may not be that important after all. . . . To the untalented but very rich, there is a featherbed ease in this reflection."

But others with fortunes are less concerned with success in society than with putting their money to public use. For their pains, they are often repaid with cynicism that makes them grit their teeth. Some people say they give to charitable causes only because their tremendous wealth gives them guilt feelings. Others suggest that heavy taxes are the only reason the rich are generous. Whatever their real motives are, they must generally be resigned to having only selfish ones attributed to them.

Philanthropy Is a Business

When the rich do put money into foundations, they must give more than money; they must give their time. Giving money intelligently, Andrew Carnegie once pointed out, takes as much business acumen as earning it in the first place. There are always two questions to be considered—Who wants the money? and Who should get it? When Ford gives fifty million dollars for teachers' salaries and twenty million dollars for a national

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Which is the true friend, which the hanger-on? How much would your spouse love you without those millions? And just how do you keep from spoiling the children?

scholarship fund, Benson Ford has more time-consuming obligations than just signing the checks involved.

Besides the "general purpose" foundations like the Ford, the Rockefeller, and the Carnegie. there are 7,300 private foundations that give money away. One private benefactor, oilman H. R. Cullen of Houston, Texas, had given away at least two hundred million dollars at the time of his death last year. Cullen claimed his motives were purely selfish —he enjoyed it. But it took time, energy, and careful consideration.

Giving away money sometimes does help cut down on that nightmare of the rich—taxes. The rich are kept dodging every which way to get out from under this crushing burden. The Ford family would have lost control of the Ford enterprises through inheritance taxes if they had not established the Ford Foundation, to which they gave billions. There are other methods for disposing of surplus wealth. Some millionaires buy undeveloped oil land and sell it to their children. If the land later gushes oil, the children are richer; if it's a dud, the parents buy the land back and assume the loss. Others figure that a good way out is to give away their money to their families at a jucicious rate. They give perhaps three thousand dollars to each of a number of people every year. This money is tax-free, as long as no individual gets more than three thousand. But this is a slow method. Others set up trusts—but nevertheless must pay gift taxes.

Most rich people who have children are worried about how best to equip them to handle the wealth which they will someday inherit. And they worry about how much of all those millions it is safe to leave children. Gerard Lambert, in discussing this parental headache, says, "We know of the evils money will probably bring, but we prefer to think that in our case it will be different. In these days the tax situation will spread what you leave very thin and in one more generation the problem disappears."

BARBARA HUTTON and her sixth husband, Baron Gottfried von Cramm, German tennis star, stretch their smiles for the press. In her teens, Barbara tried hard to prove she had something besides money, wrote poetry which she hoped would sell. It didn't.

Public or Private Schools?

The problem of how much it's "safe" to leave children goes hand in hand with the question of which kind of schooling—public or private—will best prepare them to handle their fortunes. In a recent survey, 41 per cent of wealthy parents favored public schools. But the prevalent attitude is expressed by the Boston lady who said, "I could have been a pioneer and sent my daughter to public school, but who wants to be a pioneer with her own children?"

One nervous mortgage broker, worth forty million dollars, is so concerned about the possibility that money will "spoil" his son that he has had the child on a strict allowance from the time he was six. The child has worked on building projects during the summer months for "experience."

Spoiling children is obviously a danger. Where money is limitless, a parent cannot fall back on the handy refrain of the middle-income parent, "We can't afford it."

Abby Rockefeller, fearful that her children would develop false values, made a famous attempt to give her children training in handling wealth responsibly. The result of this training is that her sons feel themselves trustees of the family fortune, as did John D. Rockefeller II. To the comment of Marshall Field, Jr., that he didn't give a damn about the money he had, Rockefeller retorted that *he* gave a damn about *his* money and intended to take good care of it.

But Abby Rockefeller's efforts to teach her children the value of money were

sometimes frustrating. Young Winthrop, at boarding school, was so impressed with the importance of earning his way that he took time from his studies to cut his schoolmates' hair. His mother had to point out that this was "poor economy in the end."

One thing about which rich parents worry less these days is the danger of kidnapping. The fears that were prevalent during the era of the Lindbergh and Weyerhaeuser kidnappings have died down. There are still some few estates where guards and radio-equipped police cars patrol constantly, but no longer is the fear of kidnapping as strong as it was in the days when Newport's John Nicholas Brown, once known as "the world's richest baby," was tied by a cord to his governess's wrist and surrounded by guards in a feudal castle. Incidentally, Cleveland Amory reports that Brown, in reaction to such protection, now lives in a house built entirely of glass, on Fishers Island, the exclusive resort of the very rich.

Brown's cottage, called "Windshield," has a mere twenty-eight rooms—a big retreat from the lavishness of Newport days, when a house like "The Breakers" cost five million dollars to build and had seventy rooms. Today's wealthy flinch at the very idea of ostentation. Houses with eighteen gardeners and a gaggle of servants are no longer the rule. Lambert admits to embarrassment over the fact that when he attended Princeton he had five rooms, a limousine and a chauffeur.

Dislike of ostentation is stronger among those who have inherited their wealth than among the newly rich. In fact, the many-generations-rich Bostonian is probably no longer even capable of spending money simply to give himself enjoyment. He feels it is less sinful to put his money into charity.

Frugal Billionaires

Naturally, the Bostonian looks askance at Palm Beach, New York and Texas. Yet in these places too, the rich, while they may not be leaning over backward in the pursuit of simplicity, live less lavishly now than they did twenty or even ten years ago. In Texas, oil-rich Haroldson Lafayette Hunt, whose income is approximately a million dollars a week, lives an almost monastic life; he eats simply and keeps one servant. Sid W. Richardson, rated a billionaire by financiers, lives in a two-room suite in Fort Worth.

One Texan who would probably horrify Bostonians is James Marion West of Houston. West spends part of his hundred-million-dollar fortune on his thirty cars and four planes, starts the day by flinging showers of silver dollars to the help. But West's new-money showiness draws disapproving glances from rich fellow Texans.

Why, with all that money, do so many of the rich pursue simplicity with even greater fervor than some Bostonians, who feel that it is a sign of virtue to wear old, three-times-repaired shoes? Why, at exclusive resorts like fifteen-mile-long Hobe Island off Palm Beach and eight-mile-long Fishers Island off New London, is it disastrous for a guest to dress for dinner? Why are tennis sneakers, the more battered the better, *de rigueur* for Whitneys, Bassetts, and Harrimans?

Playing Indian

The answer is that where the normal, everyday challenges of life don't exist, artificial ones are created. There is as little reason for the fabulously rich at Hobe Island to stumble along with flashlights to visit each other as for Gloria Vanderbilt to do her own shopping at a supermarket. But to the rich person, it proves—or gives the illusion—that he is not dependent on the trappings of riches; that he has some personal self-sufficiency. One psychiatrist likens this kind of behavior to that of a child who goes off to the woods to play Indian, just to see whether he *can* get along all on his own.

Whatever the rich do is news. It's about as impossible to be rich and obscure as to be a soundless woodpecker. Many a public relations man is paid fearsome sums to keep conservative families' names out of the newspapers. But riches are so conspicuous that the feat is practically impossible. The rich worry more about the disastrous effects of publicity on their children than about its effects on themselves. When a wealthy youngster commits one act of folly, whether it is running away from school or getting arrested for speeding, his deed is seized on by the newspapers and blown up; the youngster is branded as incorrigible. At the slightest pretext, the folly is raked up again and gone over with relish. Having the name, the youngster may inevitably be driven to playing the game. Yet in what town in the United States have youngsters not committed similar follies long since forgotten?

Maybe the rich *do* have problems. Agreed, Cary Latimer may be plagued by publicity about her broken engagement. Some of the du Ponts may fret about how much money they can safely leave their children. A man as rich as Howard Hughes may wonder whether the girl loves him or his money. It *does* take some of Nelson Rockefeller's time to handle big money responsibly.

Some Headaches of the Rich

What's more, you may be "taken," emotionally or financially. That friend who laughs wildly at your jokes may really think you're a nitwit, and merely want to enjoy the luxuries of your summer home. And while you're poking around Hobe Island with your flashlight, the caretaker of your town house may be drinking up your champagne. Saddest, you may, like thrifty billionaire Jean Paul Getty, have trouble getting your money unstuck from your fingers, and get caught pouring short jiggers of whiskey for your friends or taking girls out to dinner "Dutch."

Okay. We freely admit that being rich has its problems. But we'd still be willing to take our chances. We think we'd be darling at it. THE END

JOCK WHITNEY smiles as his stepdaughter, Kate Roosevelt, curtsies to the Duchess of Kent at London party after screening of Mike Todd's "Around the World in 80 Days." Unlike many of the rich, Whitney seems breezily able to enjoy his Midas fortune.

Gambling Boom in America

From the secret casinos of the Syndicate to parish bingo and parlor poker, Americans bet $30,000,000,000 a year. Here is a look at where the action is heaviest, what odds they are bucking, and why they love it, even when they lose

BY T. F. JAMES

If someone asked you to name the largest industry in the land, your mind would skip rapidly from automobiles to steel to coal, with perhaps a passing glance at chemicals. These vast industrial complexes, whose factories fill our skylines and backstop our economy with the most solid coin of the realm, are dwarfed by an industry which is almost entirely invisible: the business of gambling. In no other nation in the world does the amount gambled come close to the staggering sum of money Americans wager each year. The current estimate stands at an unbelievable 30 billion dollars. Compare this to Britain's 1.8 billion (which nonetheless makes gambling its seventh largest industry), and you get some idea of gambling's proportions in the United States. This 30 billion figure is the estimated gross; the estimated profits are equally incredible: over 6 billion a year. This is more than the combined profits of U.S. Steel, General Motors, and General Electric; in fact, it is more than those of all the hundred largest American manufacturing companies. It is close to our total expenditure for national defense.

Gambling is the favorite pastime of the big-money crowd—and it is rapidly becoming the favorite of the average citizen, who is so eager to imitate their well-heeled ways. According to a survey by George Gallup made several years ago, 57 per cent of the great American public admittedly gambles at least once a year. As the findings of the Kefauver Committee so graphically demonstrated, the result is a major social problem. This fabulous 30-billion-dollar industry exists, almost in its entirety, outside the law of the land, and has largely fallen into the hands of the "Syndicate," the American branch of the international Mafia. The situation, in the words of one law-enforcement official, is a "proliferating social cancer" which is continuously corrupting our society. In reality, there is only one way a 30-billion-dollar industry can escape the notice of the nation's police, district attorneys and other officials, who are sworn to enforce our antigambling statutes. The passive permission of these officials is obtained by what the gambling fraternity calls "ice," a cool word for the slice of the gambling melon which enables certain police chiefs to own yachts, and some county sheriffs to retire to twenty-room cottages in Florida.

Racketeers on the Run?

Senator Estes Kefauver, commenting on the current state of gambling in the United States, declares that as a result of his committee's work, the "syndicate has been broken up, its leaders have been made known to the American public, and its bases of operation have been pretty well eliminated." The recent meeting of sixty-five luxury-car-owning hoodlums at Apalachin, New York, immediately after the demise of gang boss Albert Anastasia in a hail of bullets, makes the validity of this statement questionable. The general consensus of those in the know was that the Apalachin meeting was a congress of Syndicate big boys to discuss reapportioning the slain Anastasia's territories. The sad fact is that the Kefauver probe, like many other gambling investigations before it, did no more than arouse a spate of public indignation which ruined the political careers of a few officials such as New York's William O'Dwyer, who played ball with the *Mafiosi*, and made several of the Syndicate king pins, such as Joe Adonis and Frank Costello, pushovers for the Internal Revenue agents. (The taxes and penalties collected as a direct result of the Committee's work total $336,036,220.) But no matter how many of the big boys went to jail for tax evasion, or were deported because of various irregularities in their immigration here from Italy, the same post-investigation gambling pattern that has appeared a dozen times before in America prevailed again. After a suitable cooling-off period, ranging from a month to a year, depending on the locale, the bookmakers, numbers men, and dice game operators came crawling cautiously out of hiding, and were soon doing a roaring business at the same or slightly

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Ruth Adams—Black Star

SLOT MACHINE FAN at one Reno club has choice of 800 one-armed bandits. Odds against hitting jackpot: 2,677 to 1.

"Gambling gives substance to people's dreams," says one bookie

shifted stands—and the Syndicate cash registers started to ring again.

Books, newspapers, magazines have hammered these facts at the American people for years. Yet we still gamble. It is an awesome testimony to the power of the gambling urge, and it is also a basic argument for those who are convinced that our antigambling laws are as silly and socially corruptive as our great experiment in Prohibition. Legalize gambling, they say, and the government will not only reap a huge tax bonanza, but gambling will be cleansed of the hoodlum kings who now control it.

Before we can even begin to debate such an argument, we need to take a look at why people gamble, and an even closer look at the gambling urge as it manifests itself in America. Let's begin by seeing what the psychiatrists and other experts tell us about the psychology of the bettor.

Pastime or Passion?

There are two basic types in the gambling world. First on the list is a category which almost certainly includes me and thee: the recreational or social gambler. We may go to the race track once or twice a year, place a bet on a baseball game, take some chances in a raffle, or play pinochle for a penny a point. The amount of money we lose is not significant, and we defend the pastime as a perfectly legitimate and harmless recreation. Most psychiatrists would be inclined to agree with us that this kind of gambling is relatively harmless. Their explanation of our inner motives, however, may come as a surprise. The reason a person selects gambling as a recreation and not, say, stamp collecting or photography, is that he has a hidden urge to return to the world of childhood, where magic and not the harsh mathematics of reality seems all-powerful. Children, analysts point out, are under the illusion that their wishes can influence reality. Dr. Iago Galdston, executive secretary of the Committee on Medical Information of the New York Academy of Medicine, points out the parallel between the child and the gambler: "The gambler behaves as if he were still a child to whom gifts may come by mere solicitation or by teasing for them. This is true of all gamblers. The so-called social or recreational gamblers, of course, are merely demonstrating that all of us have a need to take an occasional recess from reality and return for a while to an atmosphere governed by magic."

Why We Like to Gamble

Others feel that the "normal" gambling impulse is part of the human drive for self-expression and freedom. In our modern life, with its built-in security, opportunities for daring are limited. By taking a chance, whether it be an adventure, a daring sport, or simply a bet, we assert our independence. "Gambling throws out the harsh realities of a cause-and-effect society," wrote Dr. Edward Devereux, Jr., in a Harvard sociology thesis. James Carroll, a St. Louis, Missouri, bookmaker, told Senator Kefauver: "It gives substance to people's dreams."

For others who prefer games that involve an element of judgment or skill, gambling can be a kind of psychodrama in which the fears, frustrations, and irritations of real life are worked off harmlessly. Albert H. Morehead, New York *Times* bridge columnist, says this is particularly true of the card player, and uses President Eisenhower as a telling example. When Ike was Supreme Commander at SHAEF during the war, bridge, not golf, was his favorite recreation. The reason, according to Morehead, was that "all day long he had been making decisions that, if wrong, might cost thousands of lives. What a relief to play a game in which the decisions were just as excruciating, but the penalty for being wrong was merely a few hundred points on a score pad."

When we analyze the second basic type of gambler, the man for whom betting is a passion, we are in a completely different world. The compulsive gambler believes he can make a living on his luck. For him gambling is, in the words of psychoanalyst Theodor Reik, "a question addressed to destiny." Dostoevsky, who was himself a compulsive gambler, declared that the man who bets everything he owns on a single throw of the dice is trying "to give fate a punch in the nose." Tragically heroic as these motives may seem, the compulsive gambler is in the grip of an addiction as ultimately destructive as alcohol or morphine addiction. For the man who makes gambling a way of life, who bets continuously from one end of the year to the next, cannot possibly come out ahead. In every form of gambling known to man, the odds are against the gambler, if he plays long enough. Most compulsive gamblers are more or less aware of this. They tell jokes about gamblers who play on crooked wheels and who, when warned, reply: "Yes, but it's the only game in town." Another favorite is "No bookmaker ever went to the poorhouse except in a Cadillac to see his mother." But they keep right on gambling.

Gambler's Symptoms Outlined

Dr. Edmund Bergler, New York psychoanalyst, is one of the few doctors who have taken an extensive interest in the depth psychology of the compulsive gambler. His conclusions are somewhat startling. Every gambler, he declares, is a neurotic (that is, he is in flight from reality), and no matter how hard he apparently tries to win, subconsciously he wants to lose, because only by losing can he solve, temporarily, the inner conflicts which are torturing him. Beginning with a revolt against his parents, the gambler ends in revolt against all adult society. Here, according to Dr. Bergler, are the six symptoms of the compulsive gambler:

1. He habitually takes chances.
2. He allows the game to preclude all other interests. Work is for "suckers."
3. He is full of optimism and never learns from defeat. "He conveys the impression of a man who has signed a contract with fate stipulating that persistence must be rewarded."
4. He never stops when winning.
5. Despite initial caution, he eventually risks more than he can afford to lose.
6. He experiences a "pleasurable-painful tension" (thrill) between the time of betting and the outcome of the game.

In the last-mentioned respect all gamblers, from recreational to addicted, are

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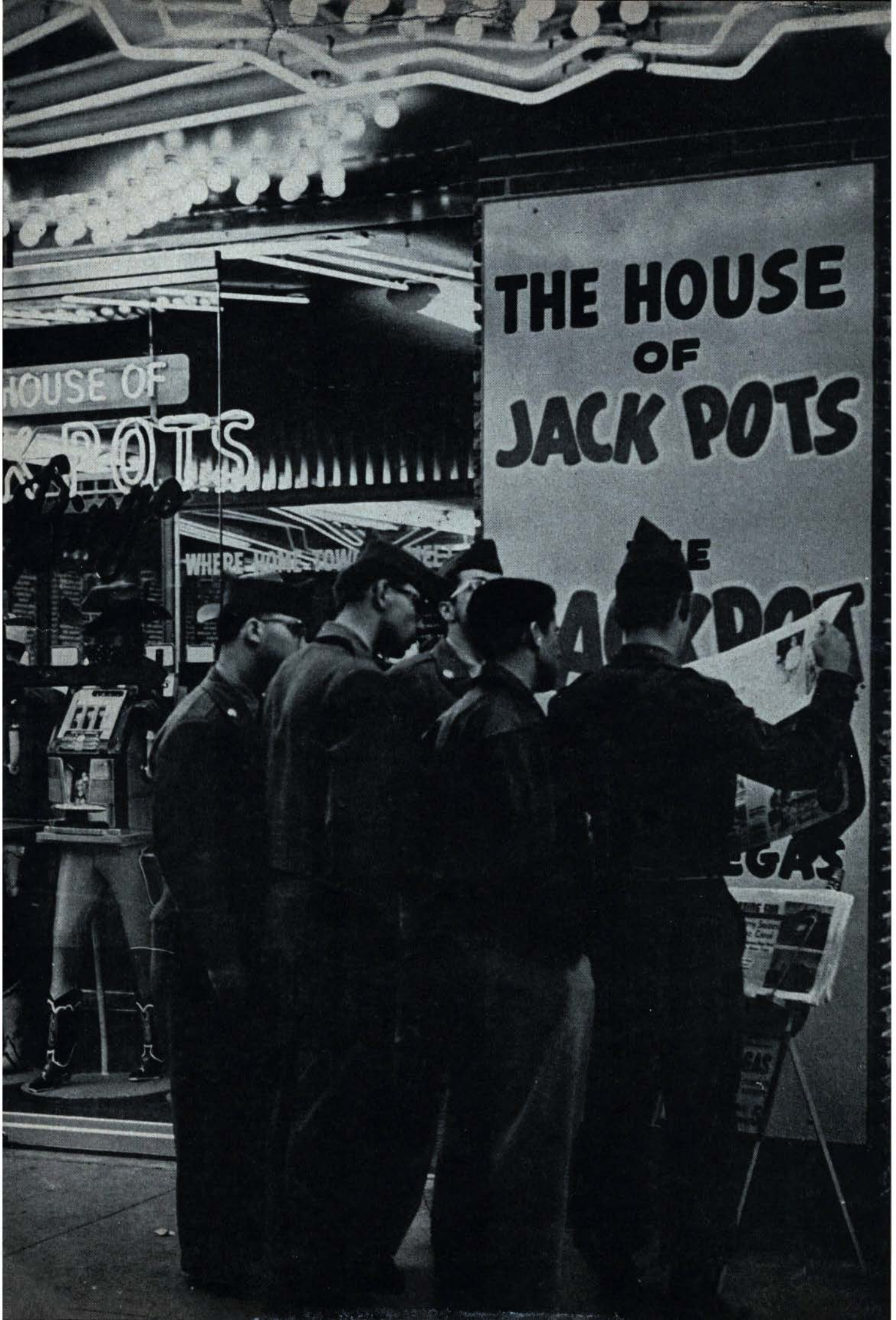
LAS VEGAS lures gamblers with many testimonials of honesty. Bettors leave 119 million dollars a year in Nevada, 70 million in Las Vegas' casinos alone.

Hubmann


THE HOUSE
OF
JACK POTS
HOUSE OF
POTS

A $10,000 executive, booked for robbery, said reason was debts to bookies operating in his own plant

brothers. The thrill is the innermost heart of gambling's attraction. Nicholas Dandolos, otherwise known as Nick the Greek, legendary dean of living gamblers, who reportedly has won (and lost) five hundred million dollars in forty years of betting, summed it up when he remarked, "The next best thing to playing and winning is playing and losing. The main thing is the play."

One other highly salient fact emerges from this brief survey of the gambler's psychology: *The gambler is a person who wants something for nothing.* The social gambler, of course, is only in search of a passing caress from Dame Fortune. But the addicted gambler perpetually tries to turn that fickle lady, Luck, into a bountiful, faithful hausfrau. Thus the addict reveals this aspect of the gambling process in its most naked form. This is an important insight when we compare playing the stock market and taking other kinds of risks to the risk we ordinarily call gambling.

What is the most popular form of gambling in America? The sport of kings, which is legal in twenty-four states, wins going away. In fact, horse racing ranks first in the nation both as a sport and as a gambling favorite. In 1957 attendance at the nation's 83 thoroughbred or "flat" race tracks totaled 32,999,842, and these improvers of the breed bet a whopping $2,937,452,735 at the pari mutuel windows, which comes down to $89 per track visitor. In 1957 New York State garnered $41,661,240 from thoroughbred racing, with harness racing contributing another $31,423,938.

Unlike many forms of gambling, horse racing is not a game of pure chance. Theoretically, at least, it puts a premium on the bettor's skill; a good student of "form" can pick more winners than a poor one, and to devotees the past-performance sheets are an eternally fascinating puzzle in the mathematics of furlongs, fractional times, weights, and track conditions. Moreover, a horse race, while it is happening, is one of the most exciting spectacles ever devised. More than any other kind of gambling, it prolongs the "thrill"—"the crazy moment when you don't know," one gambler calls it—and adds to the mathematics of chance the intangible human and animal responses under pressure, making the challenge of the gamble that much more alluring. No matter how ardently the experts have weighed and divided and compared, no one can foretell the interaction of these imponderables once the bell clangs and the fillies spring from the barrier. A jockey's courage, his experience, the condition of the track, the horse's nervous system—any one or all of these factors can make the smart bettors look silly. One year, at Gulfstream Park, Florida, favorites lost twenty-one successive races.

Acme Photo

CARNIVAL WHEEL, the poor man's roulette, is almost always "gaffed" to give operator extra percentage. Wheel seems to prefer stopping on least-bet numbers.

Portrait of a Bettor

The average race track customer has little or no resemblance to the "Guys and Dolls" type Damon Runyon made famous. One survey has revealed that he is more apt to be a church member who is married and gets to the track about once a year. Eighty-seven per cent are twenty-six to fifty-five years old, 44 per cent are businessmen, professional men, or executives. Forty-two per cent own their own homes; 76 per cent own cars; and 49 per cent earn $5,000 a year or more. Many are so little interested in winning that they forget to cash their tickets when their horse comes home in front; in one year New York State collected $205,172 from unclaimed winnings, which by law go to the government, not the track.

Still, no one would deny that a good portion of the racing public is lured to the track by the dream of big money.

Every year in the United States a score or more daily doubles—in which the bettor must pick a two-horse combination—pay off better than $1.000 on $2 tickets. The size of the pot depends, each day, on the total amount bet on the daily double and on how many bettors have picked the winning combination. The biggest double payoff in history was won on July 4, 1954, by a San Diego widow, Mrs. Ottillia Alexander, who held the only ticket issued on the combination of Slick Trick and Rocklite at Agua Caliente, Mexico. It paid $12,724.80.

Except for the daily double, the chances that the modern bettor will make a killing at the race track are slight, if not nil. In the palmy days of Pittsburgh Phil, at the turn of the century, a big plunger could sniff a hot long shot and send out a platoon of assistants to approach all the bookmakers simultaneously, a few minutes before race time, and place the biggest bets they would accept, at, say, 30 to 1, and win a fortune. Under the pari mutuel system, this kind of betting on a long shot would automatically hammer the odds down to nothing, and even make the 30 to 1 shot the favorite. Pari mutuel bettors actually wager among themselves. Those who bet on the winning horse divide proportionately all the money bet on the other horses, less the 15 per cent slice off the top which goes to the state and the track. The same disposition of money is made for place and show horses.

You Can't Beat the Races

This take-out percentage prompted the late Damon Runyon's "You can beat a race but you can't beat the races." No one, no matter how good he thinks his system is, can beat the horses with consistency because even when he wins, he gets only 84 to 85 cents of every dollar. The other 15 to 16 cents, the commission, goes to the state for taxes and to the track for operating expenses and profit. This applies to all wagers whether they be on favorites or long shots.

The only consistent bettors who make money on the races are men who have devoted their lives to the study of horses; they are, according to one estimate, one-tenth of 1 per cent of the bettors, and they rarely show a profit of more than 20 per cent on their money. But that's chicken feed to the plunger, who dreams in terms of daily-double odds, and bets on every race. In nine out of ten races, the horses are so evenly matched it is impossible to handicap them. The professional bettor will limit himself to a few dollars on these nine, and plunge only on the tenth, in which his handicapping skill pays off.

Although it is difficult to win big at the races, it is still easy to lose. Last year, at New York's Belmont Park, Roy Stovall, a Beverly Hills realtor who obviously yearns to be considered the biggest plunger since Pittsburgh Phil, dropped $65,000 in no time at all. His wife finally called a halt to his madness by wiring him: "Come right home. Phil. and stop making a fool of yourself." Stovall was betting as much as $4,000 at a time, and was playing every race.

Amateurs Can Get "Hot"

Most of the people who win at the races today are amateurs who bet on the color of the jockey's silks, or the position of the horse in the race. They are hunch players who get "hot" for a day, and if they come back the next day and try to repeat the performance, the chances are good that they will be cold as iced turkeys. The ultimate example of this phenomenon, which is, paradoxically, another reason why people go to the races with hope springing eternal, was the luck of eleven-year-old Duane Hunter of Detroit, who was smuggled into the track with a false birth certificate by his father, and proceeded to parlay $30 into $2,805, including one $1,200 long shot.

Horse-race betting—at the track—is probably the most harmless recreational gambling in America. For one thing, all bets must be made in cash, and unless a man brings his life's savings with him (a rarity, certainly), he is not likely to go in over his head. Moreover it is a scrupulously honest game. The Thoroughbred Racing Association spends millions each year policing the tracks to keep out known criminals, fingerprinting all racing employees, lip-tattooing each horse. Unfortunately, however, not all, not even half, the betting is done at the tracks.

For every dollar bet legally at a race track, an estimated three are bet illegally, outside, with a bookmaker (1.5 million dollars is bet on horses every day, according to one statistical analysis). This comes to about 6 billion dollars a year. Moreover, these same bookmakers handle at least another 3 or 4 billion dollars in bets on prize fights, golf tournaments, baseball, basketball and football games. One expert estimates that the total amount wagered on these other sports, both privately and through bookies, exceeds the racing total. Whether he is right or not, there is no doubt that sports gambling of all kinds accounts for between one-half and two-thirds of all American betting, and a whacking percentage of it is handled by bookmakers.

It is with the bookmaker that one might say the real betting—and the real trouble—begins. The average man cannot get to the track every day; he has a job that keeps him busy five or six days a week. But the bookmaker is constantly available, and if the customer is even mildly affluent, he will accept bets on credit. There are an estimated 60.000 bookmakers operating in the United States. They are, of course, the supporters of a considerably larger army of agents who may operate candy stores or shoe-shine parlors, or work in factories. So lucrative is the business that the average bookmaker will willingly spend as much as 60 to 70 per cent of his profits to pay for agents, protection, and other operating expenses.

Once he gets his setup operating, the bookmaker may be indolent, stupid, or addicted to drink, but if he has a solid bankroll behind him he cannot lose. Louis A. Lawrence, a professional handicapper and long-time student of bookmaking, offers three telling reasons why, if you bet habitually with a bookmaker (and most people who go to bookmakers do), you are guaranteeing him the price of a new Cadillac and winter vacations in Florida.

First, the average bettor is at a tremendous disadvantage because his available capital cannot approach the bookmaker's bankroll. This is a crucial consideration in all forms of gambling. If a man bets consistently, he cannot hope to come out ahead if his opponent has more capital, because the cold laws of mathematical probability are running against him. Even under the most favorable auspices, that of an even chance (and most bookmakers refuse even bets), a person with ten dollars who tosses a coin with a dollar bet on each toss would be an almost certain loser if he played long enough against another person with fifty dollars.

The second advantage of the bookmaker, probably the most destructive of the three, is psychological. A glance at the customers' betting sheet tells the story. The greater part of all betting with books is done on credit, with settlement the following day or at the end of the week. In the case of a moderate bettor the first few bets will be made in amounts of two to five dollars each. As the day (or week) goes on, and if the customer is losing on the balance, the bets will increase until the last entries will show bets of ten, twenty, and thirty dollars. This breakdown of morale is particularly common among horse players.

"Trustworthy" Tips Prove False

The third advantage, according to Mr. Lawrence, is the mass of conflicting and, generally speaking, worthless information to which the horse player is exposed. There are innumerable scratch sheets furnishing selections and probable odds, countless tipping services, and fraudulent touting bureaus. Systems, all purporting to be infallible, are published by the thousands. The professionals—horseowners, trainers, and the like—skim off a

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"Often the bingo addict is a woman involved

substantial amount of money daily with the help of inside information, such as knowledge about first-time starters who have proved their speed in secret trials. In other kinds of sport betting, where emotion enters the picture, the odds are even more heavily in favor of the book. Many people will bet wildly on a favorite baseball or football team, when rational reflection would force them to admit that their team had only the slightest hope of winning.

From the profit point of view, the bookmaker is away ahead of the track because he pays pari mutuel prices to his winners but is under no obligation to contribute to the track's huge overhead or to pay the state 10 per cent of the "takeout." This, plus the mathematical, psychological, and emotional advantages we have just discussed, explain why the bookmakers keep at least a fourth of all the money bet with them—about 2.5 billion dollars a year profit.

Wager as You Work

Thanks mainly to the ingenuity of the bookmakers, one of the least known but most profitable sources of American gambling revenue is the millions of bets collected daily from workers on the job, in factories and offices across the nation. According to a survey by *Business Week* a few years ago, one out of every 250 employees of industry is also employed by a gambling syndicate as an agent. The illegal income of these agents varied, in cases studied, from 50 per cent to 1,700 per cent of their legitimate wages. For every job opening as an agent, there are a dozen applicants among workers in the plant. The risk of being seriously punished if caught is relatively slight; in many plants foremen or assistant foremen act as gambling agents, or look the other way for a "cut." Finally, it is the survey's sober conclusion that national syndicates supply the cash which supports the operation.

Harsh testimony to the lure of this kind of gambling, which is mainly on horses and other sports, and on numbers, is the story of Donald E. Bronston, twenty-five, son of a millionaire New York industrialist, who was booked in Milwaukee on February 13, 1958, for aggravated assault and attempted armed robbery. A $10,000-a-year executive at the Milwaukee Crane Company, Bronston, according to police, slugged Mrs. Dolores Zilke, thirty-eight, with a wrench in a robbery attempt. He told police that he had been driven to this desperate act by heavy losses to a gambling ring which operated in his plant with the backing of Chicago bookies, who threatened violence and beatings when a bettor welshed.

Sports "Pools" Flood Nation

When taking bets on sports, a bookmaker will either give odds, or he will handicap. If Minnesota has a stronger team than Michigan, he will give Michigan fourteen points, and Minnesota backers won't collect unless the Gophers win by more than fourteen. A growing favorite is the football or basketball "pool" in which the bettor receives a list of fifteen games scheduled for the following week, each game "equalized" by its handicap. If he picks four winners (the minimum), the payoff is 3 to 1; eight winners, 10 to 1; payoffs range up to 300 to 1, if he gets all fifteen. If there is a tie, the book keeps all the money. The operators' take often runs as high as 80 to 90 per cent.

The summer variation of this gambling game is the baseball pool, usually built around the thirty-two teams of the four largest leagues in the country. Combinations of four or five teams are sold, and prizes are awarded for daily and weekly high total runs or low total runs. Since there are 35,960 different combinations of four teams, and 201,376 different combinations of five teams, operators take from 50 to 80 per cent of the money wagered.

Horse racing pools are also popular. Thousands in Southern California play the "penny" horse pool based on the races at Agua Caliente, Mexico. On April 27, 1958, a Navy submarine torpedoman, William Ferrara, won $85,360.80 by picking all the winners in the fifth through the tenth races. He will have to divide the spoils with six of his mates, who helped pay $22 for the multiple ticket. Around almost every other track, bookmakers operate pools for bettors in the vicinity.

Horse lotteries are also popular. In this variation, the bettor simply picks out of a hat the name of a horse which might conceivably run in a big race, such as the Kentucky Derby or the Santa Anita handicap. The odds against winning are enormous, but the payoff odds are huge, too. One Pittsburgh steelworker won $40,000 a few years ago. Most famous of the horse lotteries is the Irish Sweepstakes, which are, ironically, illegal in this country, as are all other foreign lottery tickets. Thousands of tickets are smuggled in each year, and smart operators sell an estimated three hundred thousand counterfeit tickets to the gullible in the bargain. The only way to be sure you have not bought a counterfeit ticket is to get a receipt from Ireland. But the best guarantee is to buy your ticket from someone you know—and trust.

Although many people bet as much as fifty dollars a week on football or basketball pools, most of this gambling is on the dollar or two-dollar level. The really big sports money is bet on golf and boxing. It is impossible to get an accurate estimate of the amount bet on a championship fight, such as the recent Robinson-Basilio match; one sportsman who is a heavy bettor himself estimates a million dollars as a minimum. But the best public picture of how the big-money crowd likes to bet on sports comes from golf—Las Vegas' annual Tournament of Champions.

The second richest golf tourney in the country ($37,500 in prizes), this meet offers gamblers, professional and amateur, golf's biggest Calcutta pool (player auction)—just the sort of risk the high rollers like to take. There is no house cut. There are no handicaps to figure. The field is small and full of class (to be eligible, players must have won a P.G.A.-sponsored tournament during the past year). The game begins with an auction in which the bettors bid for the individual golfers. They pay between five and twenty-five thousand dollars for the privilege of "owning" their man. The winning backer takes 40 per cent of the pool, with 20, 15, 10 or 5 per cent going to backers of other top finishers. As the meet progresses, the gamblers hedge bets by selling shares of good men to others, often in fragments which add up to two or three times the auction price. There is also a lot of side betting; bookies (legal in Nevada) patrol every hotel lobby, the odds pasted in their hats. One participant estimated that over one million dollars

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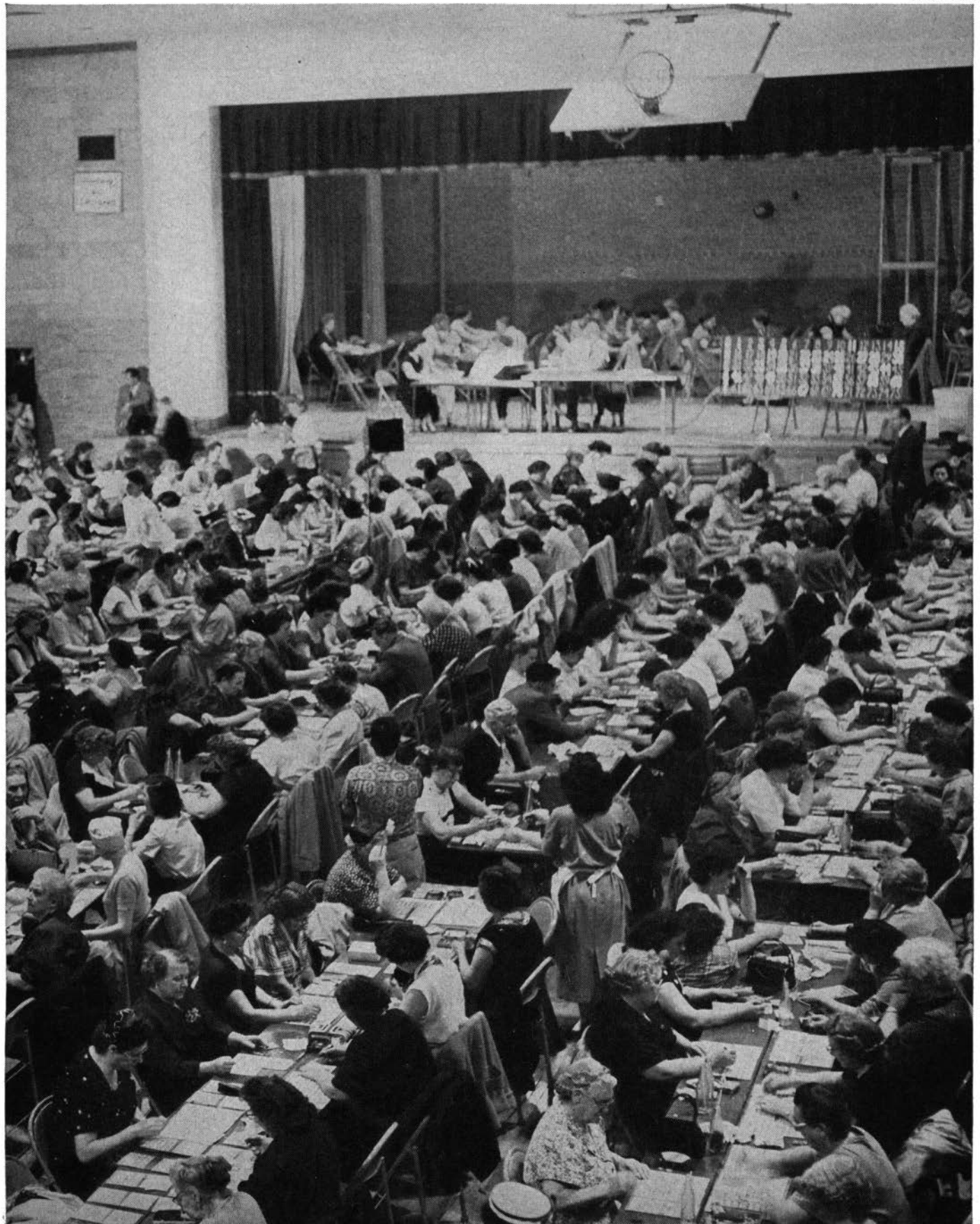
PLAYERS CROWD first legal bingo in New Jersey, for benefit of Catholic Church in town of Garfield. Jersey's law limits prizes to $1,000 an evening.

in a loveless marriage," says a psychiatrist

United Press



Flecknoe—Monkmeyer

WILLIE HARTACK, nation's number-one jockey, is all alone in the stretch at Laurel, Md. Despite Eddie Arcaro's assertion that a good jockey is only worth half a length, Hartack's name alone is able to lower the quoted high odds.

I.N.P.

DAILY DOUBLE HOPEFULS at Atlantic City's race track. Top payoff here was $2,135.60 on August 18, 1950. The 1957 meet set new highs for track, with $78,180,743 bet. In fifteen years, track's attendance has risen 167 per cent.

The average horse race patron is married, belongs to a church, owns his home, visits track only once a year

is wagered outside the Calcutta pool before the play ends. In 1955, 1956, and 1957, singer Frankie Laine averaged over $70,000 in winnings backing Gene Littler. This year the purse was bigger than ever —a record $266,000—and Los Angeles car-loading mogul Carl Anderson collected a neat $95,760 by backing winner Stan Leonard, who picked up $20,000 himself in first-prize winnings, plus the customary 10 per cent cut from his owner's take. Ten per cent off the top of the pool total goes to the Damon Runyon Cancer Fund.

Besides the thrill of the bet, sports gambling has many other things in its favor. Beating a pool is a challenge to every red-blooded American's knowledge of football or basketball. A day at the track is healthful, relaxing. But none of these extra attractions can be claimed by the next biggest type of gambling in America: policy. The "numbers game" is a pure chance gamble. Skill and knowledge have absolutely no bearing on winning. Ironically, in recent years it has been growing faster than any other kind of gambling in America. In New York City policy arrests jumped from 5,543 in 1953 to 11,531 in 1957.

Basically, the numbers game is a lottery. In the beginning, numbers were simply drawn from a bag or revolving drum, but suspicion of chicanery by the operators led to the present system, in which the player can select any three-digit number from 000 to 999 that strikes his fancy or bears superstitious significance for him. This he notes on a slip which he gives to a collector or runner, with the nickel, dime, quarter, or dollar which is his bet. The payoff number may be any figure which is widely publicized. For many years the last digits of the daily turnover at the New York Clearinghouse, published each day in the newspapers, were used. When newspapers stopped publishing these figures, the policy operators turned to the last three figures of the daily pari mutuel take at a given race track. In the South the small cards in contract bridge hands published in the newspaper are frequently used.

The odds against the numbers player are 1,000 to 1. Although the bank rarely pays off at more than 600 to 1, these odds are enough to attract the poorest bettor, who, with a stroke of luck, can win $150 for a quarter. The small amount bet by the average individual—most policy bets are in the 10- to 25-cent bracket —are one of the reasons why public officials look on it as a relatively harmless diversion. However, the pattern of numbers betting has changed radically in recent years, with one- or two-dollar gambles becoming much more numerous. Also, there is no limit to the amount of numbers a bettor can play each day.

Even more than the sports bookmaker, the numbers-game operator thrives on availability. A big "bank" may have as many as two hundred runners, each of whom gets 10 per cent of all the bets he picks up plus a 10 per cent slice of any money his clients win. Some banks in residential sections have adopted the old industrial insurance method, and send runners to homes of regular players weekly to collect their bets. According to one estimate, the racket nets $150,000,000 in New York City alone.

Figures Which Proved Fatal

Probably the most realistic picture of the profits to be gained in numbers came from Theodore Roe, operator of one of Chicago's most lucrative "wheels." (In Chicago they still draw numbers out of a revolving drum—the old-fashioned way.) Roe gave the Kefauver Committee a typical set of figures for a single drawing. A few months later the Syndicate shotgunned him to death for his candor.

Wheel gross—$13,711.
Commissions to writers and station operators—$2,742.
Winnings—$4,187.
Amount of winnings going to shills (hirelings with prearranged winning numbers)—$3,687.
Amount returned to the wheel by shills—$3,181.
Real winnings—$1,006.
Profit to the wheel on one drawing—$9,963.

And the wheel has two drawings a day, every day in the year.

If horse racing is the most popular form of gambling, the slot machine has the dubious distinction of being the most raided. The one-armed bandits, as the slots are called by the fraternity, have been the subject of more laws, court decisions, newspaper articles, and indictments than all other types of gambling paraphernalia together. Invented in 1895 by Charles Fey in San Francisco, the slots put commercialized gambling on a five-cent basis, and made it easily accessible to the general public. Like the numbers, on which the single bet is small, the slot machine has been called a harmless amusement. But no other machine has ever been invented from which the profits derived were so fabulous on so small an investment.

One-Armed Bandits Multiply

The average slot machine costs about $250. The average take from a single machine, according to surveys conducted in the state of Washington and by the California Crime Commission, is $2,680 annually, or about $50 a week. Until 1951, the center of the slot machine empire was Chicago. A 1949 publication of the Bureau of Census of the Department of Commerce discloses that 49,271 slot machines with an f.o.b. plant value of $11,192,000 were shipped by manufacturers in 1947. The Kefauver Committee put a severe crimp in this operation by inspiring Congress to pass a law making it a federal offense to transport a slot machine or even a component across a state line. However, there has been little or no effort made to regulate or eliminate the 200,000-odd machines which are estimated to be still in operation in the United States.

From a percentage point of view, playing slot machines is sheer madness. The chances of hitting a jackpot are 1 in 2,667, and the machines can be set so that they will never yield a jackpot at all. If a machine shows an inclination to be overgenerous, it is a simple matter for house mechanics to regulate it by plugging certain holes, rearranging the sequence of the fruit symbols on the wheels, weighting the cylinders to make few payoff stops. The average machine is usually set to retain anywhere from 60 to 80 per cent of the customers' money (although Nevada claims its machines keep as little as 5 or 6 per cent), and the annual gross from slot machines has been placed at one billion dollars per year.

Watching slot machine addicts at work will rapidly dispel the illusion that this

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A $10 bet on every spin of a roulette wheel automatically loses $53 in an hour. Same betting on dice can lose $333

type of gambling is a petty pastime. In the first place, there are nickel, quarter, fifty-cent, and silver-dollar spins, seven-slot horse races, secret combinations that pay off unexpectedly. For many players a single machine doesn't furnish swift enough action, and they will tackle two or three simultaneously, left hand dribbling in the coins, right hand working the levers with a rhythmic swing mastered through long practice. Often the women wear gloves to prevent their hands from becoming calloused.

A Slot in the Law

In Virginia, slot machines alone have been packing twenty thousand customers per weekend, in spring and summer, into what was a sleepy little resort known as Colonial Beach. Gambling is illegal in Virginia; but through an old British grant the state of Maryland includes the entire Potomac River, and when Charles County, Maryland, just across the river from Colonial Beach, voted to legalize slot machines under a local option law passed by the Maryland State Legislature, several Virginians with a keen sense of legal geography promptly built piers out into the Potomac and opened up slot machine palaces on them. In nine fabulous years the bandits have made at least one of their operators a millionaire and have transformed Colonial Beach into a boom town. More than two hundred new buildings, residential and commercial, have gone up, and the population has jumped from 1,400 to 2,000. Busses, cars, boats, even planes bring in the crowds.

Maryland is one of the five states that permit slot machines varying degrees of activity. Nevada has no restrictions whatsoever. Idaho permits them on a local referendum basis. Washington and Montana permit them in private clubs. The experiment has not been completely happy for Idaho. In Twin Falls, pauperism and armed robbery increased at such an alarming rate that the city ended the two-year experiment by reversing itself and canceling all slot machine licenses. Several other states, notably Wisconsin and Minnesota, have enacted potent anti-slot machine laws that have all but driven them out of existence inside their borders. But although some believe the one-armed bandits are on the wane, the clank of coins at Colonial Beach would seem to prove that their popularity is still very high wherever the public is permitted to get at them.

The slot machines are a favorite among the ladies. But the all-time female gambling favorite is a game which takes in more money than Americans pay to watch baseball, football, basketball, and boxing combined: bingo. About a million and a half women play bingo nightly, and the gross for the operators is a billion dollars a year. In New Jersey, where bingo has been legal, within limits, since 1954, 7,801 licenses have been issued to churches, synagogues and charitable organizations, and, to recent date, the game has grossed some $82,000,000. It is currently the rage of Latin America, and on some Cubana Airlines flights games begin as soon as the seat belt signs go off. Still illegal in forty-two states, bingo is played across the nation with the tacit permission of the local police, because it is invariably associated with raising funds for a church or hospital, or with some other worth-while cause. One New Jersey church made $250,000 a year from bingo while it was still illegal.

Bingo by the Busload

The bingo addict is almost always middle-aged, or older, and she follows a circuit, often playing seven nights a week. Most buy half a dozen or more cards—one woman admitted spending twenty-four dollars a night and traveling as far as sixty miles to find the games with the biggest prizes. In many areas the games have swelled to enormous proportions, with chartered buses bringing players from all over the state, and prizes of $5,000 not uncommon. The New Jersey law, which has been highly praised, limits prizes to $250 a game, and $1,000 an evening.

Bingo players are akin psychologically to numbers players and daily-double horse players—they are out to get a large return from a small outlay. Like numbers players, they realize the odds against them are huge: 1,691,814 to 1, for example, against making bingo in the first five numbers called. The odds are 210 to 1 against a player's winning a given game, and 7 to 1 against his winning even one of the thirty to thirty-five games usually played in one night's program. But bingo's big unbeatable lure is the often-repeated slogan: "Somebody wins every game."

The numbers, bingo, the slots do not have much snob appeal. They attract lower-income groups, by and large. The game that attracts the high rollers is an American invention with an undignified name: craps. Played with a pair of spotted cubes in surroundings which range

Carroll Seghers II

TOO MUCH ADVICE can lead horse player to confusion, disaster. Standby of the steady bettor is the *Daily Racing Form*, with a circulation of over a million.

from back alleys to the plushest cabarets. craps, in its simplest form, merely requires that someone shake the dice and throw some money on the ground, perhaps a dollar. Another player throws down another dollar. saying, "You're faded." Then the man with the dice rolls them.

The skilled crapshooter always keeps the odds in mind when figuring his wagers. Among amateurs, the common impression exists that the advantage lies with the player holding the dice. Actually, the mathematical odds are against the man with the dice at any time. and shrewd players make a practice of betting that the shooter is wrong, except when impelled by a hunch that a man is getting hot. There are thirty-six possible combinations on a pair of dice, including six ways to throw a seven and two ways to throw an eleven. On the initial cast, therefore, the shooter's chances of throwing a "natural" (7 or 11) are about eight in thirty-six. Once he has established his point, the odds in favor of his throwing a 7 before throwing the point number vary from six to five down to six to three, but the odds are always against him.

Bank craps, the kind that is featured in casinos, is a much more complicated game than alley craps. It is played on a specially built long table with a layout printed in white on green cloth. The players place their bets in various sections of the layout before the shooter's first throw of the dice, called the "come-out." If they believe the shooter will pass, they put chips or money inside the "pass" (*i.e.*, "win") line. This pays even money if they win, minus, of course, the house percentage of 1½ per cent. Sometimes there is a "don't pass" line on which you can bet that the shooter will lose. Most prominent on the layout are the rectangles containing the Big 6 and the Big 8. After the initial toss, when the point is established, the house offers even money that a 7 will be thrown before the point. Most crapshooters like this bet, because they believe it is a fifty-fifty proposition. The fact is, however, that the house has at least a six-to-five advantage. The 6 and 8 exemplify this: they can be thrown only five ways, whereas 7 can be thrown six ways.

The Bank Never Loses

There are almost innumerable bets possible on bank craps. The shooter can wager that the dice will roll under 7 or over 7 on the next throw, or that he will make one of the box numbers before throwing 7. On the layout, the numbers 4, 5, 6, 8, 9, and 10 appear in squares or boxes so the players can put their chips on any number they choose, regardless of the shooter's point. You get paid thirty-to-one if you bet that the shooter will make a double 6 in one roll and he does; the same payoff is made on double ace. The bank is happy to cover any and all bets allowed on the layout, because the operators have faith not in their luck but in the laws of mathematics, which guarantee them a continuous advantage over the players. They even hedge this built-in guarantee by limiting bets to two or three hundred dollars, so that no one can break the bank on a single throw.

The great crap games you read about (the ones in which fortunes are won or lost in a night) are open craps, wherein the customers are permitted to bet against one another. This is the usual style of play in the illegal casinos operated by the Syndicate in and around New York and Chicago. Alson J. Smith, in his excellent book *Syndicate City*, describes a floating (post-Kefauver) crap game that, when he saw it, had been rolling for five successive years in the country outside Chicago (and there is every reason to assume that it is still going strong). The game has a bank of $100,000, and after midnight the folding money on the tables may crowd $40,000.

Oddly, this underworld-operated game is strictly honest and is comparatively quiet, because trouble-makers and cheats are keenly aware that if they get out of line they can wind up damaged or dead.

Mayer-Monkmeyer

ADVICE FOR SALE Dozens of "scratch sheets" crammed with racing advice and information claim to aid bettor. Follow-up on "tips" would prove this false.

Smith tells about how Nick De John, a Chicago gambler, got burned up during a long losing spell, cast some loud aspersions on the honesty of the game and the ancestry of its operators, and, aided by some friends, began trying to take the joint apart. Syndicate blackjacks quickly restored order, but from then on Nick's number was up; he was later murdered.

Gamblers' Gambols

Another time a madcap feminine movie star, a notorious "crapolic" (craps addict) got into the game by cutting her hair and dressing up in men's clothes. She lost heavily, got drunk, stripped to the buff, and knocked over three folding dice tables; they had to slug her to keep her quiet. She woke up in a roomette on the Chief down to Hollywood.

Probably best is the story of the corn cobbler from Kansas who, wearing button shoes and pants that left an inch of his socks exposed, was suckered into joining the fun when he flashed a roll at a bar and said something about having sold his wheat crop. This character was welcomed with joy and handed a pair of cold dice. He threw twenty-four straight passes and walked out with $21,500 dollars.

Events like this explain the eternal lure of craps. The percentage is in favor of the house or the shrewd gambler who

(continued)

understands where the odds lie, but these mathematics of chance are based on thousands of throws. No amount of mathematics can deny or explain a dice player's "getting hot" and rolling a string that knocks the law of averages right out the window. In Las Vegas, at the Desert Inn, there is a satin cushion under glass on which a pair of dice rests regally beside a placard reading: "These are the original dice that made the twenty-eight straight passes." Ironically, the young man who created this legend left the casino only seventy-five dollars richer, apparently because he would not believe in his own luck. But the Desert Inn lost $150,000 to side bettors who sensed which way the luck was blowing. In theory, if the casino had waived the house limits, and faded him with the backing of the United States Treasury, the young man could have won $264,435,456.

Swindlers Join Society

Unfortunately, there are an enormous number of craps players who prefer to hedge their bets by tampering with the weight, markings, and other aspects of the little cubes to guarantee that the money will flow in their direction. Once these dice hustlers were penny ante gyps lurking on the fringes of carnivals and rundown race tracks. Today they frequent the best hotels and the swankiest country clubs, and their prime target is the business convention. Michael MacDougall, an expert on dice and cards, estimates that the dice swindlers take a million dollars a week away from businessmen on the convention circuit.

Another casino favorite is roulette, oldest and most glamorous of the gambling games, producer of countless legends about daring young men whose incisive mathematical intellects divined the inner secret of the spinning wheel, with its scrambled numbers in alternating panels of red and black, and were able to break the bank and live happily ever after. Like craps, roulette is played on tables covered with green baize or felt, upon which the betting numbers are laid out, and there is a bewildering assortment of bets which can be made. A gambler can bet on a single number, which pays thirty-five to one. He can bet on the first, second, or third dozen, that is, 1 to 12, 13 to 24, or 25 to 36, which pay two to one. He can bet that the white ball will land in the red or the black, which pays even money. He can bet on the line between 5 and 8, and if either comes up he gets seventeen to one.

No matter how you bet at roulette, this much is certain: no one has ever found the secret of the wheel, because there is no secret, beyond the anguished adage, "The wheel does not remember." One professor of mathematics spent a month in Monte Carlo studying a wheel, and reported that out of 31,074 spins the wheel went black 15,292 times and red 15,283. The trouble—and the allure—of roulette is that the red and black do not alternate monotonously. One Reno, Nevada, wheel went black twenty-eight consecutive times. A Monte Carlo wheel did it seventeen times. Ironically, no one in the great gambling house had the nerve to ride it all the way. The last faint-hearted bettor dropped out on the thirteenth black, with $8,192 profit on his original one-dollar bet. In 1947, two Chicago University math students came to Reno with a system, and built $120 into $9,000. But the professional gamblers said it was luck. "The last big winner here had a system, too," they said. "He's a dishwasher in a local beanery today."

The Wheel Spins Against You

Some mathematician once figured out that a person betting $10 at roulette every spin of the wheel, and having normal luck, which means he would win occasionally, would automatically lose $53 at the end of an hour. The wheel is set, by its very construction, to earn approximately $5,200 on every $100,000 wagered, or $52,000 on every $1,000,000.

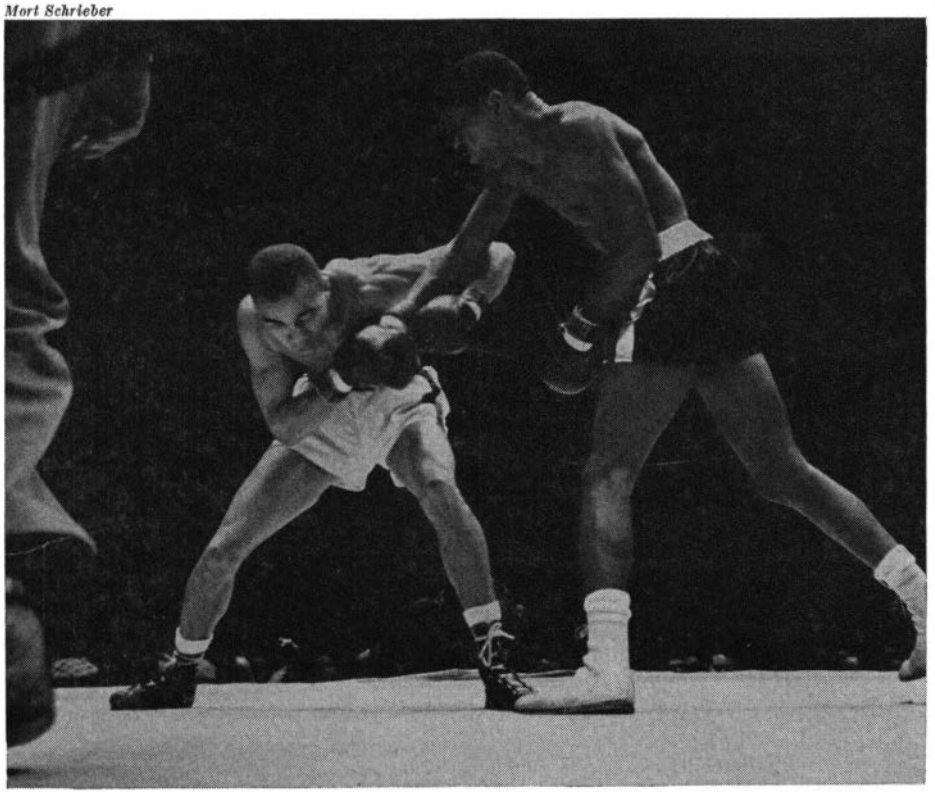
Blackjack, which is the gambler's name for the old parlor game of 21, is another very popular casino sport. It is fast, quiet, simple and profitable—if your luck is running in the right direction. One Las Vegas cocktail waitress came up with what looked like a foolproof system about a year ago. Night after night she pre-empted a whole table, playing all six hands. Once she was ahead $60,000, and bought herself a new $85,000 house on Desert Inn Road. But suddenly her luck turned and she lost everything; the house is still unfurnished.

Another group of blackjack players did not even get that far. Three of America's leading atomic scientists, who had little to do when prolonged unfavorable weather delayed a series of experiments at the Nevada testing grounds, pooled their mathematical genius and worked out an infallible system of beating the house at blackjack. Then they went to Reno and discovered that, like roulette wheels, the cards had never gone to college and had remarkably little interest in obeying the laws of probability.

About sixty million decks of playing cards are sold in the United States every year. We can assume that at least a third of them are used to gamble. One card-and-dice expert puts the number of gambling card players at twenty-two million. Most of this wagering is for very small stakes; the days when Wall Street plungers like "Bet-a-Million" Gates lost $750,000 in an evening of poker at the old Waldorf are pretty much over. But some very substantial amounts of money are still won—and lost—by Americans playing bridge, gin rummy, and poker.

(continued)

Mort Schrieber



FIGHTS lure big bettors. Most sporting odds are set by Athletic Publications, Inc. Known as the "Clearing House," this company handicaps events.

Photos by Foldes and Hibbs—Monkmeyer

DOG RACING is legal in seven states. Track attendance in Florida alone almost equals combined total of other six states. Last year, Florida fans put $134,525,506 on the dogs' noses. Above, greyhounds at St. Petersburg's track.

HARNESS RACERS, here running at the state fair in Danbury, Connecticut, are legal in thirteen states but most popular in New York, where nine licensed tracks drew 6,137,990 in 1957 and a record $387,757,390 was bet.

BLACKJACK, the old parlor game "21," is popular in casinos, was servicemen's best-liked card game in both World Wars. It originated in France, and was a favorite of Napoleon's. Casino holds the deal, gaining an advantage.

CRAPS is favorite casino game, probably because players are permitted to throw the dice themselves. This bettor is putting his money on the "don't come" line, which means he bets the shooter will roll a 3 or a 12 on his first throw.

Over 500,000 cardsharps operate in America. A firm that sells marked cards grosses $1,000,000 a year

California and Nevada are the only states where cards are played commercially on a large scale. California, which bans all other forms of gambling, considers draw poker a game of skill, and under local option several towns have permitted poker clubs to rent tables to devotees of the game and to supervise the honesty of the play. Most famous of these is Gardena, which has six poker palaces at least one of which grosses over $15,000 a week. Taxes from the clubs pay a third of Gardena's municipal budget, and when antigambling churchmen tried to push through a law banning the poker players this year, they lost by 3 to 1 in a local election.

Several court decisions have determined bridge to be a game of skill, and dozens of bridge clubs are maintained in our larger cities for those who have more than casual skill and interest in the game. The percentage of bridge gambling, compared to gin rummy and poker gambling, is not high, although there are more than a few people who make a comfortable living from playing bridge for money. Oddly, they are rarely considered gamblers, and are enthusiastically accepted in the best society.

There is a much larger number of people making money out of the other American card games, and the "skill" by which they make it is not so acceptable, even in impolite society. In the *Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science*, Albert Morehead estimates that there are no less than 500,000 professional cardsharpers operating in America. In California, the poker clubs have had to hire specialists to detect them, and an average of two would-be cheaters are ejected from Gardena's clubs every week. Privately the clubs admit that there are probably some twenty more among the regular players who are so skillful that they continue indefinitely to escape detection. One cardsharper told Morehead that at the height of the Miami season there are well over four thousand operating in this happy hunting ground, all looking for high-stake gin rummy games.

How do they cheat? By techniques so well developed that even were they to tell you their intentions, you would not be able to detect the method. Often they have artificial assistance. One supply firm which deals in marked cards and elaborate machinery for concealing cards within one's clothes grosses a million dollars a year. But the professional cardsharpers maintain that most of this equipment is bought by amateurs, who have some other means of livelihood and merely want to assure their winnings in the one or two games in which they play regularly. The true pro relies on his skill. Michael MacDougall, who was a magician before he made a career of exposing card cheats on ocean liners and elsewhere, can take an honestly shuffled and cut pack of cards and deal a hand of bridge in which all the high cards fall to himself and his partner. He does this by "flashing" each card before it is dealt, and giving it to an opponent if it is a low card, or saving it (by second dealing) for himself or his partner if it is a high card. He flashes the card by holding it slightly apart—never more than a thirty-second of an inch—for a fraction of a second. The average person could not identify the card if he had all day to look at it.

That's it. You have now completed your tour of American gambling. We have, of course, omitted a few minor diversions, such as dog racing and the more exotic casino games (chemin de fer, faro bank). Punchboards, which flourish in candy and paper stores, and introduce even six-year-olds to the lure of big odds, make their operators several millions each year. But these are not important when compared to the billion-dollar departments of the industry we have examined.

Taking Stock of the Investor

Now that we have seen what gambling is like, what about the stock market? Is the investor in United States Steel gambling in the same sense that a man who plays a dollar on number 131, or puts ten on a long shot's nose, is gambling? The obvious answer, on the basis of this particular comparison, is no. The man who invests a thousand in United States Steel wants a decent return on his money each year, and he is pretty certain to get it. He is not looking for a return of 600 to 1, like the numbers player, or even 30 to 1, like the horse player. One commentator on the stock market has summed it up thus: "An investor is a man who wants to make a little money out of a lot of money; a gambler wants to make a lot of money out of a little money."

So much for the theory. How about the practice? There is no doubt that in the twenties and earlier the stock market was crowded with wild gamblers and speculators applying the little-lot-of-money formula. Men like Jesse L. Livermore ("the boy plunger") and members of the "Waldorf crowd" could amass millions by banding together to buy vast amounts of a stock on 10 per cent margin, thus sending the price up and enticing thousands of small investors, and then selling at a stupendous profit when the price had doubled. This pooling and pyramiding was common and often profitable beyond the ardent gambler's dreams.

Blue Chip or Gamblers' Chip?

Today it is *verboten* to buy on 10 per cent margin. For most listed stocks a buyer must put up 50 per cent. Moreover, large-scale "bear raiding"—organized selling of a stock in great quantities by a group of speculators in order to frighten other investors into selling, too, enabling the original group to buy their stock back at lower prices—can be prosecuted as a criminal conspiracy. Finally, the law maintains that one must engage in a given speculation for at least six months before one is entitled to the 25 per cent capital gains tax on the winnings. The days of the quick killing are gone.

All this does not by a long stretch mean that all aspects of the gamble have been eliminated from the stock market. There is still a vast amount of gambling in unlisted stocks, "penny" uranium ventures, and Canadian oil bonanzas. Those who deal in commodities—buying futures of cotton, wheat, corn, sugar, coffee—are often shrewd and daring gamblers, who bet thousands and even millions that a commodity's price will go up six months hence. By far the most interesting and significant information on the gambling aspect of the stock market appears in the 1957 fiscal report of Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith. The investment firm, the largest in the world, sent out 300,000 questionnaires to its customers across America, and received 125,000 responses. It is by far the largest survey of stockholders ever made, and even Merrill

Top Photo by Ruth Adams
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Proponents of a national lottery say it could earn the government $10,000,000,000 a year

Lynch, who have been in the securities business for seventy-three years, admit that they were surprised by what their customers told them. "We have long known that our customers like to make money," said a spokesman for the firm, "but we always had a feeling that the majority were more interested in safety of capital or liberal dividends." How wrong they were.

Almost regardless of age or income bracket, the people answering the survey put "capital gains" at the top of their list of investment aims. Safety of principal came next, and liberal dividends a poor third. Need we suggest that there is more than a hint of the gambler's motive in this response?

If we have allowed these quasi gambles to become respectable, is our society hypocritical when it legislates against other forms of gambling? Is the answer to America's prodigious betting spree legalization of all forms of gambling, Nevada style? Few experts recommend this. Nevada itself, which depends almost entirely upon tourists for its gambling revenue, shudders at the thought. A study of history would seem to prove that mass gambling, with the approval and cooperation of the state, has always led to severe social disorders. Almost every society has had to pass laws against gambling at one time or another, including the ancient Egyptians, Greeks, Romans, and Hindus. Most recently the President of Brazil, where gambling has been wide open for decades, suppressed most forms on the ground that gambling had become "a social cancer."

Gambling Operates in Cycles

One writer suggests that every society seems to follow a kind of cycle, repeated over and over again: 1. Under open gambling so many people begin playing and losing that the whole social structure is threatened. 2. All gambling is outlawed. 3. The law proves to be unenforceable and a source of corruption. 4. A few types of gambling are legalized, but this proves to be an unworkable compromise. 5. All types are permitted and we start all over again. In the United States, Nevada excepted, of course, we would seem to be in the fourth phase at present. This probably explains why most of the arguments currently advanced have to do with liberalizing our gambling laws rather than relaxing them completely.

The vast popularity of numbers and sports betting in America has been the prime source of arguments for legalizing two kinds of gambling: bookmaking and a national lottery. The average citizen, the argument runs, simply cannot get it through his head that it is legal to bet two dollars on a horse inside the track, and illegal to make the same bet with a bookie, just outside the gate. Nor can he see any harm in throwing a quarter or half-dollar to the numbers man, in the eternal hope that Lady Luck will beam on him. The best thing to do is give up trying to stop him, and get some income out of it.

Should We Legalize Betting?

The argument is persuasive. In England bookmakers are legalized and have regular customers, each of whom has a credit rating, which he is not permitted to exceed. But the English have much more self-control than Americans, as their crime and traffic-accident rates attest. Many question whether Americans could resist the gambling fever if betting were made too convenient. Also, a major problem would be how to keep the crime syndicate, which controls most of the bookmaking at present, out of a legal setup. As Nevada experience has shown, Syndicate operators like Frank Costello and his friends have shrewd ways of infiltrating behind a façade of front men. In fact, according to Senator Kefauver, they are already prominent in over fifty areas of legitimate business.

The backers of a national lottery are particularly vociferous. Many urge that it could earn billions of dollars for the government. Funds for the Revolutionary Army, they remind us, were raised in part by a lottery, and throughout the early days of the Republic, lotteries were legal, and were used to build courthouses, schools and hospitals. In 1832, 420 lotteries were drawn in eight states, and they grossed sixty-six million, five times the cost of maintaining the federal government for that year. But they neglect to point out that "lottery fever" became so virulent, and so much corruption crept into the operation of the lotteries, that the state governments had suppressed them by 1870. The last great lottery experiment in America, the Louisiana lottery, had offices throughout the United States and became so powerful that it all but owned Louisiana. It spent $300,000 in six years bribing public officials, and pauperized thousands, who bought tickets by the dozen in desperate hopes of winning big. In 1892 the sole issue of the entire campaign for the governorship was the lottery. Then people voted it out of existence.

The federal government, we might assume, would be better able to control any lottery it sponsored, but Ernest Blanche, a noted statistician of gambling, suggests that many of the schemes are scarcely the bonanzas their sponsors claim them to be. One of the earliest lottery bills, sponsored by Representative Kenney of New Jersey, provided for tickets at $2 each, with the government retaining 80 cents, and $1.20 of each bet being paid out in prizes. In order for the government to gross one billion dollars, it would have been necessary to sell 1,250,000,000 tickets, which at that time was equivalent to about ten tickets for every man, woman and child in the country. The cost of conducting the lottery would have reduced the gross by as much as 50 per cent.

Do It for Devilment Only

In 1951, immediately after the Kefauver hearings, Dr. Gallup polled the country and reported that 38 per cent of Americans favored legalization of gambling, and 55 per cent were opposed, with 7 per cent neutral. The chief opposition came from the farm areas, with the city dwellers, particularly in the East, more tolerant.

Whether we decide to legalize gambling or allow it to flourish in the hands of the underworld, the important thing for you to remember is the wisdom in the advice of Sunny Jim Fitzsimmons, racing's grand old man, who has trained more champions, and seen more horse races, than any man alive. "My idea," says Sunny Jim, "is that betting a few dollars for devilment is all right. But betting on the horses to make money is downright foolishness." The same is true of every other kind of gambling.

THE END

Top Photo by Ruth Adams

Bottom Photo by Ace Williams—Phil Burchman

POKER PLAYERS in club at Gardena, California, where draw poker is permitted under local option. Players pay house a "buy-in" fee, plus space rent from twenty-five to seventy-five cents an hour, depending on limit of the game.

PLAYING HORSE ROULETTE in swank casino at Montevideo, Uruguay. In all Latin countries, horse racing and a national lottery are legal. Lotteries are legal in many other nations. Australian prizes run as high as $562,000.

Gloria Vanderbilt's Search for Happiness

All her life, Gloria Vanderbilt has had everything except what she truly wants. After two unhappy marriages and immense emotional pain, she's just beginning to come into her own as a person

BY MAURICE ZOLOTOW

When Gloria Vanderbilt was born, the gods smiled upon her. They endowed her with beauty, a keen mind, artistic talent, the ability to work long and hard, and a romantic temperament. They then proceeded to shower upon her one more gift —wealth—which was to complicate her enjoyment of the others and bring her much loneliness and sorrow.

She is one of the three richest American heiresses of our time. (The others are Doris Duke and Barbara Hutton.) In 1945, when she was twenty-one, she inherited $4,346,940.10. This was the remnant of a fortune of $100,000,000 originally left by old "Commodore" Vanderbilt, her great-great-grandfather, who started by operating a small commercial sailboat between Staten Island and New York, and ended up controlling the New York Central Railroad. Gloria's great-grandfather was William H. Vanderbilt, who said, "The public be damned." Her grandfather was Cornelius Vanderbilt, who did his share to increase the family fortune, and her father was Reginald Vanderbilt, who did more than his share to deplete it. A sportsman and playboy, he once lost $300,000 in a single night at Richard Canfield's Saratoga casino.

STARING MOODILY *out the window of her Upper East Side apartment, Gloria strikes a pose that is symbolic of her wistful longing for emotional serenity—a goal she has been seeking all the thirty-four years of her life.*

Reginald died at forty-four, of sclerosis of the liver. As a family, the Vanderbilts have always been known for indulging in huge, extravagant displays of wealth—for being the most conspicuous of conspicuous consumers. The summer cottages of W. H. Vanderbilt and of his son George in Newport, Rhode Island, and Asheville, North Carolina, respectively, are literally enormous palaces. They are now open for visitors to marvel at. Cleveland Amory, social historian of the dying leisure classes, tells how John D. Rockefeller, III, asked by a friend why he did not have a certain toy he wanted, replied, "Who do you think we are, Vanderbilts?"

According to Amory, Gloria Vanderbilt represents a rebellion against Society. "She isn't in the *Social Register*," he says, "and she doesn't want to be. She represents the Bohemian and artistic expression. She's too Bohemian for Society. She doesn't want to conform to the social way of life."

On the other hand, she is not exactly roughing it. She lives in an eighteen-room penthouse apartment on the fourteenth floor of 10 Gracie Square. Gracie Square is a short, exclusive block in Manhattan. From her terrace windows, she can observe the Mayor's mansion, the girdered Triboro Bridge, the scows and tugs moving in the choppy waters of the river, and the lights on the other side. Yet her *modus vivendi* is like that of the upper class only in respect to her apartment and her servants. She has two maids, one cook, and a nurse for the children. The children are Stanislaus, eight, and Christopher, seven. They attend St. Bernard's, a private school. Their father is Leopold Stokowski, the maestro, who was her second husband. She is now married to Sidney Lumet, a director of plays, films and television dramas.

She does not like to do the things that the very rich do; and what the very rich do is nothing, but on a grand scale. She is, above all else, a serious person, rather on the intellectual side. She likes good conversation, but her favorite activity is reading. Almost every day, she reads from about 10 P.M. until 2 A.M. Her favorite writer is Katherine Mansfield. She has carefully read and reread every short story in the Mansfield canon. Four photographs of Miss Mansfield adorn her walls. Her other two favorite writers of prose fiction are Henry James (she has read every one of James' novels) and Marcel Proust, whose fifteen-volume *A la Recherche du Temps Perdu* is a study of decadent high society. A poet herself, Miss Vanderbilt has great admiration for the modern poets Marianne Moore and Wallace Stevens.

"The common thread in what she admires in literature," her husband says. "is beauty of form and good style. She is fabulously well-read. She makes me feel like an ignorant fool at times. Among modern playwrights, she admires Tennessee Williams. The only time I've seen her lose her temper, lately, was when we were with a group of people and somebody began attacking Williams as a 'sick writer' and she sprang to his defense and explained what she thought Williams was

Color Photo by Inge Morath

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Daughter of a playboy, a child torn between her mother and her aunt, Gloria Vanderbilt's life has been a long succession of emotional crises

trying to do. I think the role Gloria would most like to play is Alma Winemiller in 'Summer and Smoke.'"

For two years, Miss Vanderbilt studied acting with Sanford Meisner, a pedagogue of the Stanislavsky persuasion.

A Stage in Her Life

One morning, in class, Gloria did a scene from "Summer and Smoke." "It was a beautiful job," a fellow student reports. "What's surprising about Gloria's acting is how versatile it is. I've also seen her do high comedy in acting class like, say, Shaw or Oscar Wilde, and do it with real flair and wit. And then she'll turn around and do something so vivid, and, oh you know, with suffering and like that."

Miss Vanderbilt, who's just beginning to progress professionally, has played a pregnant woman whose baby dies after birth (in "No Deadly Medicine," a two-part production on Studio One); a sophisticated society temptress (in Noel Coward's "Shadow Play"); a princess (in Ferenc Molnar's "The Swan"); a sex-starved Midwestern girl (in William Inge's "Picnic"); a nurse who freely grants amorous favors to the boys (in William Saroyan's "The Time of Your Life"). She has not managed to persuade mass audiences that she was born with a spark as well as a silver spoon in her mouth. In at least two appearances, she was quite poor. Yet she is intensely serious about acting. Her agent, Gloria Safier, says, "No client of mine works harder than Gloria, but she's always been up against this idea producers have that she's not serious about it."

Search for Right Role

Like any other actress, she reads many scripts every month, hoping to find a suitable role. Miss Safier is convinced that as soon as she is properly cast in a Broadway hit, she will be recognized as the fine actress she is. Of course, Miss Safier does have a vested interest. Still, the young lady regularly discusses probable future productions with her agent, attends auditions and reads for parts. Miss Vanderbilt has played two seasons of summer stock. She has also studied ballet, to gain flexibility, and singing, to improve her voice control. She constantly reads dramatic literature. At the moment, she is embarked on an intensive, long-range study of all of Shakespeare's plays.

"I think she'd make a magnificent Ophelia," Lumet, who may be somewhat biased, says. "Gloria has a lyric, delicate quality. Her money hasn't helped her one bit in getting ahead on Broadway; it's held her back. True, she doesn't have to do TV commercials to pay the rent. But that's the only advantage. She works as hard at her trade as anyone else. She has complete discipline. At rehearsals, she gets extremely absorbed in the job she's doing. She has a grasp of the technical problems of the stage. She responds quickly and intelligently to any suggestion a director makes." Lumet has directed her in "Picnic" and "No Deadly Medicine." "I honestly think," he adds, "that Gloria's got more guts than anybody I've ever known because, don't you see, it would have been so easy for her to just throw up her hands and walk out on the whole damn struggle of making it in the theatre. There has always been that easy life to fall back on, but she has never given in to it. I think it's because she's got an artistic drive that's so strong it just won't be denied." There are those who wish it were weaker.

Not Just a Name

Miss Vanderbilt has always resented being exploited by a producer because of her name. She once hired a press agent to keep her name out of newspapers, magazines, and gossip columns. She is desperately afraid, always, that she will be hired to appear in a play not because she is right for the part but because a producer wants to cash in on the Vanderbilt cachet. When she was on tour with "Picnic," in which she played the lead, she was irritated because, in several cities, local editors sent their society columnists, rather than their critics, to review the play. Miss Vanderbilt has always insisted that she receive only the billing she deserves in advertisements. When she was in "No Deadly Medicine," she got sixth billing in a cast of nine.

Not only does her social position make people view her aspirations with suspi-

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FAMILY PICTURE—*Reginald Vanderbilt, Gloria's father, Gloria, and her mother, shortly before her father's death. He was noted for extravagance.*

cion, but her beauty also creates qualms. Gloria Vanderbilt is tall and slender—she is 5 feet 8 inches tall and weighs between 110 and 115 pounds. Her eyes are grayish brown; she is nearsighted and wears glasses at home but not outdoors. The eyes and her full, sensuous lower lip are inherited Vanderbilt characteristics. Her skin is a lovely milk-white, her hair is thick and strong and dark brown in color. She does not patronize the Fifth Avenue beauty salons, but cuts, washes, and sets her own hair.

In her clothes, she follows no consistent pattern. "One day she'll be dressed as simply as a teenage girl," says actress Geraldine Fitzgerald, one of her best friends, "and the next she'll look as smart and chic as if she'd stepped out of the pages of *Harper's Bazaar*. Whatever she wears, though, will be in perfect taste. She is an aesthetic person in everyday living, in the little things; her artistic gift comes out in everything she does. She loves fresh flowers, and she gets up the most exciting flower arrangements."

She Sets Her Own Style

She anticipated the current mode of sack or chemise gowns back in 1955 when she had Dior run up a waistless white satin sheath number in the style of the 1920's for her. The dress had beaded fringes and was knee-length and very loose-fitting. She got a New York seamstress to copy the dress in purple, orange, black and emerald green.

At other times, it's been her fancy to go out wearing blue lipstick, a green felt skirt, Capezio ballet slippers, purple cotton stockings, and a yellow blouse—a color scheme so bizarre that in the hands of anybody without her sense of color-tone the ensemble would have looked a fright. As a matter of fact, it looked a fright on her, too. In other moods, when she desires to recede into the clothes that others wear, she chooses a simple gray tailored suit and a single strand of pearls. She inherited a collection of pearls from her grandmother, the dowager Mrs. Vanderbilt, who once said, "The foundation of every Vanderbilt woman's wardrobe is pearls."

Temperamentally, Miss Vanderbilt is a still-waters-run-deep girl. She isn't loud or flamboyant or argumentative. She has almost the quality of a wraith. She seems to float through life, silently, transparently, withdrawn and passive. Nobody tells anecdotes about Gloria Vanderbilt. This may be significant. Possibly because of insecurity feelings engendered during traumatic episodes in childhood, she has a reluctance to express herself directly and clearly. Her way is subtlety, allusiveness, indirection, a surface appearance of gentleness, shyness, and placidity. The normal human quotient of hostility and passion is controlled. The impression she makes on strangers is one of aloofness. "An iceberg," says an actor who worked with her. "Terribly quiet and rather self-conscious," says Cleveland Amory. "Not so much any more since she married Sidney Lumet," says Gloria Safier, her agent. "She's coming out of her shell."

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LEGAL BATTLE *for ten-year-old Gloria's custody was highly publicized and very bitter. Here, she leaves courtroom with her mother (right) and governess.*

For many years, Miss Vanderbilt suffered a severe functional disability in speech: she had a chronic stammer which got worse when she spoke to strangers and when she spoke over the telephone. Stammering, almost always a masculine infirmity, is an attempt to control the immediate environment by using the infantile vocal device, but substituting for the scream from the cradle a delay in finishing words and sentences. The stammerer seeks to hold the wandering attention of his parents, especially his mother, by leaving words and sentences in the air. (Gloria Vanderbilt had a strong need to hold on to her mother.) Her stammering began to improve when she started writing stories and poetry at age sixteen. She also went to a psychoanalyst from 1950 to 1954. Miss Vanderbilt's difficulties in life show vividly the truth of the old cliché that money will not buy happiness.

The Tarnished Spoon

She was born Gloria Laura Morgan Vanderbilt in New York's Lying-In Hospital on February 20, 1924. Gloria—who was named for her mother—was a healthy and normal baby. When Gloria was two weeks old, a nurse was hired. She was Emma Sullivan Keislich, a Swiss-German and a strong, puritanical woman of lofty morals. In 1934, a Dr.

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IN SUMMER STOCK *she appeared with Viola Heming at Paper Mill Playhouse. Being rich has been a real handicap in each of her artistic endeavors.*

I.N.P.

IN REHEARSAL *for "No Deadly Medicine," a TV show that also starred Tom Broderick (left), Lee J. Cobb. This performance was first to win praise.*

St. Lawrence, a family physician, described Miss Keislich as a "God-awful nurse; she suffers from flights of words and ideas—a terrible person for Gloria. She hovers over her like a hen and makes the child introspective and neurasthenic" (from official testimony during the court battle over who was to get custody of Gloria Vanderbilt).

"Rich Children Can Be Lonely"

Of her *Fräulein*, Miss Vanderbilt later said, "I loved her deeply. She always gave me mother love." During the court battle in which her mother and her aunt, Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney, fought for her custody, Gloria told Justice John Carew, "I locked myself in my room because I was afraid my mother was going to take me away from my aunt. I hate my mother. So I threw away the key."

She also said, "My mother was mean to me and never let me see anything of her. She never came to kiss me good night. She has never been nice to me."

Judge Carew: "Would you like to live with your mother?"

Gloria: "No. Never. I only want to live with my aunt."

"Don't you think you could learn to love your mother?"

"No."

"She never did anything bad to you, did she?"

"Yes. She never let me have toys or friends to come and see me and in the daytime she never used to see me at all. She used to go off with her friends."

Recalling her childhood, Gloria once said, "Every time I was hurt or lonely as a child, I wished I had a father living, and a mother who loved me and loved him. Rich children can be lonely, very lonely." Another time: "All during that trial I told myself that when I grew up I'd marry and have a lot of children and I'd love them so much that they'd never be lonely and unhappy."

Gloria Vanderbilt's mother was one of the most beautiful girls of her time. She was one of the three popular Morgan girls (Consuelo and Thelma, her sisters, were the other two). Maury Paul, who wrote a society column for the Hearst newspapers under the name of Cholly Knickerbocker, called the girls "The Magical Morgans" and always described Gloria as "Glorious Gloria." She encountered Reggie Vanderbilt at a dinner party given by Lady Furness in New York. Reggie was instantly captivated by her charms and proposed marriage three weeks later. He proposed with Maury Paul as a witness. He said that the five million dollars he possessed was held in trust and he received only the income from it. The capital was to go to his children. His wife would get none of it by the terms of the will. "If you marry

Gloria's greatest ambition: that her two children shall not experience the neglect and fears that marred her childhood

me," he said, "you will be a Mrs. Vanderbilt without any money."

A year after the marriage, little Gloria was born. Eighteen months later, her father was dead. There was never a strong, protective, all-embracing father in her life. It was this she sought in her first two marriages. After Reggie's death, Gloria senior and Gloria junior, the nurse, and Gloria's grandmother, Mrs. Laura Kilpatrick Morgan, all went to Paris to live. During the trial, Mrs. Morgan took the stand against her own daughter. She testified: "Little Gloria was like a poor little orphan. She was not wanted. When we lived in Paris my daughter paid absolutely no attention to little Gloria. She devoted herself exclusively to her own gay pleasures."

Until she was ten, little Gloria was raised by her grandmother and the nurse. The foursome floated from city to city during the pleasure-intoxicated years—Paris and Biarritz and Cap Ferrat and Nice and Newport and Palm Beach. Gloria's mother was lovely and filled with excitement, and the years were a succession of fantastic parties that started with champagne for breakfast. But the child lived a lonely and sequestered life in a quiet corner of the rented villas. She had no friends, except imaginary playmates, and few juvenile amusements. She also had become the center of a battle of wills between her grandmother and her mother. Mrs. Vanderbilt describes one scene:

She had told the nurse, "Emma, change Gloria's white kid gloves. She is going to the Bois to play—they soil so quickly."

Mrs. Morgan turned to little Gloria and said, "Now, you soil as many white kid gloves as you want. All the Vanderbilt money is yours. You can buy as many as you like. No one will ever divide you from a single cent of it while I'm alive."

And Mrs. Vanderbilt said to her mother, "Mama, don't say such things before the baby."

A Nightmare Childhood

According to Mrs. Vanderbilt, both the nurse and the grandmother constantly played on the girl's sympathies, trying to frighten her into loving them more than her mother. The child neither ate nor slept well. She was chronically underweight and suffered from various low-grade infections of the stomach and respiratory tract. Dr. St. Lawrence, having examined Gloria before the trial, reported: "She was highly strung, hysterical upon the slightest provocation, sensitive, suffered from phobias—afraid of the dark, cried easily, and always emotionally excitable; she suffered from dreams of death and night terrors."

During the summer of 1932, little Gloria went to live at Wheatley Hills, the Whitney estate on Long Island, with her aunt, Mrs. Gertrude Vanderbilt Whitney. She was Reggie's older sister. Mrs. Whitney conceived a strong affection for her skinny, pale, quiet niece, who did not speak much and stammered when she tried to say something. When Mrs. Vanderbilt returned to Europe, Gloria remained with her aunt. In 1934, her mother returned to New York and rented a

(continued)

Hans Knopf

GLORIA *relaxes during rehearsals at Ivoryton, Connecticut, Playhouse, where she played lead in William Inge's "Picnic" opposite actor Jack Warden.*

(continued)

Gloria has tried to express herself in poetry, in painting and currently in the theatre. She has found a measure of happiness at last

house where they lived for several weeks until, in July, Mrs. Whitney made a secret arrangement with the nurse to take little Gloria to her studio in Greenwich Village. The newspapers described this as a "kidnaping." At that time, Mrs. Whitney was a famous American sculptor and patron of the arts. It was she who founded the Whitney Museum of American Art.

Scandal in Court

Mrs. Vanderbilt now got a court order compelling Mrs. Whitney to return the child. She refused, asserting that Mrs. Vanderbilt was incompetent to bring up her child. The case went to New York's Supreme Court. The trial lasted seven weeks and the testimony covered thousands of pages. The revelations shocked the public and rocked international Society. There were allegations of perversions and immoral parties, and a curtain was lifted on the iniquities of the so-called international set. Nurse Keislich and Mrs. Morgan testified against Mrs. Vanderbilt. They said she was unfit to be a mother. They painted a horrifying picture of perpetual drunkenness and immorality and they dragged in the names of titled persons in England, France and Germany, as well as those of several playboys and playgirls of no particular nationality and many famous movie and stage actors and actresses.

During the trial, the child moved about in a state of cold terror. She seemed to be in a trance. She once tried to sum up how it felt: "I remember little things about the trial, like someone asking me if I wanted a glass of water when I was in the judge's room. I said yes because I thought they expected me to, but I didn't want the water. I can remember thinking I must speak very carefully because I knew I stood alone. My mother had taken away my nurse, Dodo [Emma Keislich], because she thought I was being prejudiced against her by Dodo. That broke my heart. Dodo had been with me since I was born. She was closer to me than anyone else. She loved me and I loved her. I cried and cried. The trial and the quarrel between my mother and aunt were nothing compared to being separated from Dodo.

"*No child should ever be brought into a courtroom.*"

Justice Carew ruled that Mrs. Vanderbilt's treatment of her daughter was "in every way unfit, destructive of health, neglectful of her moral, spiritual, and mental education." He granted custody to Mrs. Whitney. Mrs. Vanderbilt appealed the case. She was exonerated of all charges of moral and physical unfitness. A compromise was finally worked out. Gloria would live with her aunt five days a week and with her mother, two. During Christmas and July, she would be with her mother. This is how her life continued until she completed finishing school. She attended Miss Porter's School in Farmingdale, Long Island, and then Miss Wheeler's School in Providence, Rhode Island.

In July 1941, on the eve of her debut, Gloria Vanderbilt visited Los Angeles, where her mother was now living. After so many years of coldness, a rapport suddenly sprang up between mother and daughter. The two gave parties and dinners and Gloria suddenly found herself being squired about Hollywood by such eligible bachelors as Howard Hughes, Franchot Tone, Bruce Cabot, George Montgomery, and Pat De Cicco. De Cicco, a self-confident actor's agent, was ten years older than Gloria. He quite bowled her over with his vivacity, his wit, and his strength. He combined the advantages of a father substitute and a handsome lover. They were married in Santa Barbara on December 28, 1941. Mrs. De Cicco stated that her ambition was to be the kind of mother her own had never been.

Life grew complicated for the De Ciccos, however, as soon as Pat was drafted into the Army. He was shipped to Ft. Riley, Kansas. Mrs. De Cicco followed him. She rented a nine-room house in Johnson City, Kansas. Crowds gathered to watch her move in. Gloria was puzzled by all the excitement. "It's silly to have so much fuss over one man joining the Army and his wife going to live with him," she said.

A Stab at Domesticity

The experiment at normal average American domesticity failed. Gloria tried to manage the house on a budget. She cooked all the meals. But whether because of instinct, upbringing, or thieving tradespeople, she could not do it. After six months, she retired from Kansas. Local storekeepers cried that the bills had not been paid. They attached her furniture and were about to hold a sheriff's auction to satisfy the claims, when Mrs. De Cicco sent a lawyer to pay up all the debts.

She made a bitter and revealing statement at the time: "They're not suing me because I owe them money; they're miffed because they rolled out the red carpet and I wouldn't walk on it. I thought I'd find the real America. I thought they'd treat me as a human being. Instead they looked on me as a freak, something to be exploited, to be stared at, to make money out of. I was a young bride who knew little about housekeeping and budgets and they took advantage of me. We were like young birds being preyed upon by hungry hawks. Why, it cost us $17,500 just for food and rent for five months."

In 1945, after De Cicco's discharge, they were divorced. Gloria gave him $200,000 as a going-away present. Interviewed recently in Los Angeles, De Cicco said, "When I came out of the Army we were both in a highly nervous state. My weight was down from 215 to 135 pounds. Neither of us was in any condition for a good marriage. We had been separated too long and we'd become strangers. But she's a wonderful person. She's thoughtful, generous, and very sweet. She is very domestic, she really is. She learned to cook while we were married."

Wedding of the China Doll

Her next matrimonial episode was with a more solid father substitute: Leopold Stokowski, who was sixty-three to her twenty-one. Stokowski has a domineering personality and is driven by egotism and genius to be the center of whatever group he is in. Gloria and he lived together for ten years. He gave her many things. He gave her a protective warmth that she found satisfying, at first. He also gave her an intellectual stimulation she had never experienced before. Stokowski loved painting and music and literature. She lived and breathed in a cultural atmosphere. What made it difficult was that Stokowski wanted to keep her immature as long as possible. She had to wear her hair long and be devoted and obedient to him and completely appreciative of him. She was to be the china doll on the mantel.

Then in her middle twenties, Gloria

Vanderbilt became increasingly frustrated. She found that even having her two children was not enough. She loved the children and took care of them herself from the time they were born. But she began to chafe in the prisonlike existence. She developed psychosomatic symptoms. The night terrors and fears of death came back. She suffered from attacks of choking and dizzy spells during which she blacked out. Her physician recommended psychotherapy and she began a four-year psychoanalysis.

Through the insights she gained, she began to stand on her own feet and declare her rights as a human being. Her first outward sign of rebellion was the cutting of her hair. Stokowski objected to this. Once, during a "Person-to-Person" show, he publicly proclaimed his distaste for Gloria's bobbed hair. "I like long-hair music and long-hair girls," he told Ed Murrow and a television audience of thousands.

Launching Her Own Craft

Stokowski opposed her artistic aspirations when she declared she wanted a career of her own, entirely apart from his, and that she was tired of living in his reflected glory. Her psychoanalysis stiffened her resistance. She knew she could not give in to Stokowski's stronger personality. She rented a small flat at 8 East Sixty-sixth Street—the address was unknown to everyone except very close friends—and there she went for six hours a day to write and to paint. She is a fair artist. She has painted oils and watercolors, done charcoal sketches and pastel drawings. Her work has a romantic, wild, and, at times, unreal quality about it. She distorts reality to get imaginative lyrical effects.

Writing and painting are lonely crafts. Miss Vanderbilt felt an urge to do something that would bring her into closer contact with other people. She began to study acting, began to go about socially with men and women of the theatre. As an actress, she made her debut playing Princess Alexandra in "The Swan" at the Pocono Playhouse in Bucks County on August 16, 1954. Stokowski, indignant, stayed away. *Theatre Arts* Magazine called it the most exciting dramatic event of that summer. Gilbert Miller, producer of many hits, compared her with Audrey Hepburn. "She is that rare thing, a truly theatrical personality," he said. "She has charm, presence, magnetism." She acquired an agent and began reading for roles in prospective Broadway productions and appearing in television plays.

The antagonism between her and Stokowski increased. He kept insisting that she give up the theatre. Finally, in December 1954, she left the Gracie Square apartment and moved to a hotel

Phil Burchman

SHE'S FOUND HAPPINESS *at last with Sidney Lumet, television director, say Gloria's friends. He says, "She's a wonderful actress—but then, I love her."*

with her two sons. A few days later she went into rehearsal for "The Time of Your Life." She divorced Stokowski in Mexico City in October 1955. In August 1956 she married Sidney Lumet, a dynamic, articulate, excitable young director. They were the same age, thirty-two.

For the first time, she had fallen in love, not neurotically, not in a secret search to satisfy infantile needs that had not been satisfied during her lonely childhood, but out of the normal desire of a woman for a man. Now she was sharing her life with a man who both responded to her womanliness and respected her need to fulfill herself as a writer, an artist, an actress. He did not complain when she went up to her studio to paint for ten hours at a stretch. Gloria's first book of poetry, *Love Poems* (World Publishing Company, New York, 1955), was dedicated "to S. and the search." Her poems are simple and honest, but are not on the same highly original creative level as her paintings.

The End of the Search

After a long time, the search of Gloria Vanderbilt seems to be over. She has found what every woman, and every man, seeks—love. In discovering love, she has come upon herself—or, perhaps it was only through finding herself that she was able to give and receive love. And the $4,346,940.10 of Vanderbilt gold she inherited when she was twenty-one has nothing to do with the peace, serenity, and joy she has today. THE END

The Patiño Family of Bolivia

Simon Patiño stumbled upon a tin mine in Bolivia and became one of the richest men in the world. He couldn't have known his wealth would ultimately make his family one of the unhappiest of all time

BY RICHARD GEHMAN

Simon Iturri Patiño, a Bolivian of humble origins who founded one of the most fabulously wealthy dynasties the world has ever seen, once was approached by a man who offered to sell him a tract of land reputedly rich in minerals. The title to the land was clear, the man said. "There is no dispute over the property," he added.

"If there is no dispute," said Patiño, "it can't be worth much." And he refused to buy.

Fortune and Misfortune

In that hard, realistic, calculating sentence lay the essence of Simon Iturri Patiño's philosophy and of his life. Perhaps no other man in the past hundred years, anywhere in the world, ever managed to make himself worth so much. Patiño's fortune was incalculable. He never revealed the extent of it. By the end of World War I it was estimated at $500,000,000, and may have been half again that much. Even though various inroads were made upon the total by governments and by lawsuits against members of the Patiño family, his fortune went on increasing—and by the time Patiño died in 1947, it was enough to make some people refer to him as the richest man in the world. "Compared to Patiño," says a London financier, "Commodore Vanderbilt was a man of means who had put a little by."

The trouble was, Patiño himself was the living, breathing—and often, kicking and screaming—example of the fact that riches do not necessarily bring happiness. His life, while he was making himself worth all that money, was nothing but one long dispute.

In some respects he was typical of all the enormously wealthy men of our time. Old Vanderbilt ended his days raving and yelling at his family, seeking medical advice from crackpots. Henry Ford set his family against itself, and his industrial executives as well. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., had to survive on mother's milk, a fact that was kept a dark secret from the public while he was alive. The Astor sons had trouble staying married—and so, for that matter, did some of the Whitneys.

But none of these families could touch the Patiños' ability to bicker, battle, and bound in and out of headlines. The very name Patiño has come to be a symbol not only of wealth but of wild transoceanic and international fracases. A writer named Worth Gatewood once did an article about the family called "The Luck of the Patiños," but as far as their personal affairs are concerned, they have had nothing but bad luck.

In his later years Simon became an almost classic example of the arrogance some wealthy men affect. Once a reporter asked, "How does it feel to be so rich?" Simon hurled back, "How does it feel to be so poor?" and refused to answer any further questions.

His origins were humble. He was born a cholo, the Bolivian word for a person of mixed Indian and Spanish blood. From the Spanish side of his parentage he inherited a hot temper which, part of the time at least, took the form of fierce ambition. He was born in Bolivia in 1860, in Cochabamba, a city 8,400 feet above sea level. He was a quick, bright boy; he taught himself to read and write and do arithmetic. When he was still in his early teens, he went to work in a general store high in the Andes. The store's main customers were prospectors looking for the fabled gold and silver that the Spaniards had mined during the days of the early explorations. Patiño was fired by their tales of ancient riches. He spent hours poring over old history books, and carefully studied all available maps of gold and silver mine sites.

A Fortuitous Turn to Tin

But somehow, after a few years, he revised his thinking. He decided that tin, which everyone else thought was worthless, would some day be in tremendous demand. In the late 1880's or early 1890's (no one is certain of the exact date, for Patiño never would talk about himself for publication) he acquired ten or twelve acres of mountain land in

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United Press

VICTORIA CARRIZOSA Y PATIÑO, *twenty-five-year-old niece of Antenor, is one of the more restrained Patiños. Here, following her marriage, she leaves the church with her husband, Count Henri du Chastel de la Howarderie.*

The Patiño Family of Bolivia (continued)

Uncia. According to Miss Elsa Maxwell, he actually got the land by accident: he accepted a silver mine in lieu of payment for a $250 bill owed the store in which he worked. The proprietor became enraged and immediately discharged him. then gave him the mine instead of the back wages due him.

For about ten years he took a slim living out of the mine. Then he discovered that his original hunch had been correct: it was rich in tin, and the property nearby was even richer. In 1889 Patiño had married Albina Ocampo Rodriguez, who came from a family that once had been rich and famed in Bolivia. Her people disapproved, but she persisted in her desire to wed the cholo youth. As it turned out, it was the best thing that could have happened to him. Soon after he discovered the tin veins, he and his wife began to work the mine themselves, literally tearing the ore out of the earth with their hands and driving the carts that took it away.

Presently it began to appear that his original hunch had been spectacularly correct. The story goes that he had a chance to sell his property for $350,000. and was all set to do it—until Albina rushed in, snatched the paper as he was ready to sign it, and cried, "We will *never* sell!"

They never did. Instead, they bought more property. They found a vein that soon was producing an estimated eight thousand tons of tin per month. Representatives of the Guggenheim banking interests in New York originally had tried to buy out Patiño. Now he went back to them with a proposition. In 1907 they set up a company to exploit the mines together. Patiño was paid approximately $5,000.000, and given 51 per cent of the stock. It was not long before he controlled most of the tin in Bolivia, and nearly one-third of all there was in the world. The name of the company was Patiño Mines & Enterprises, Consolidated, Incorporated.

Keystone

JIMMY GOLDSMITH AND ISABELLA PATIÑO *after their runaway marriage in Scotland. Isabella died soon after their child was born.*

The Patiño Saga Begins

Simon and Albina Patiño were, at least in their grubstaking years, happily married. She left off slaving away in the mines long enough to have five children: two boys, Antenor and Rene, and three girls, Graziella, Luz Mila, and Elena. And now begins one of the most complicated family sagas ever recorded, one that makes Mazo de la Roche's stories of the Whiteoaks seem as simple as the story of Adam and Eve. If the publicity-shy Simon, favored as he was with extraordinary financial foresight, ever had been able to predict the extent of the domestic dilemmas that arose among his offspring, he might have thrown up his entire tin empire and retired to the relative quiet of the general store.

All but three of his children, and several of his grandchildren, displayed a marked ability to get into the news, the very thing that Simon hated most. During his lifetime he refused to grant interviews and went to immoderate lengths to keep his name out of the papers. Wherever he happened to be living, he posted armed guards at the doors to keep out intruders. Every move he made was made in secrecy. But his children . . .

To dispose of the three quiet ones first, they were Elena, Luz Mila, and Rene. Brought up with every known luxury at their beck, they were well-educated, cultivated people. Elena was married in Paris in 1929 to a Spanish nobleman from an old family, the Marquis del Merito. Her dowry, which was widely reported at $20,000,000, may have been one reason why her marriage remained reasonably placid. By del Merito she had one daughter, Victoria Elena. When the child was in her teens, Elena died. The Marquis married a second time and is now living

in Spain. The daughter lives with him.

Luz Mila, the second daughter, also married well. In 1938 she became the wife of Count Guy de Boisrouvray, who came from a line of French nobility. They had one daughter, Albina, and are still living in Paris.

Rene, Simon's second son, never married. Nor did he take much part in the affairs of the family. He now spends his time—and his part of the family fortune—in a villa in Portugal, hobnobbing with various royal exiles who have sought refuge there.

Graziella Patiño married one of Simon's executives, Jorge Ortiz-Linares. Some years previously, old Simon had had himself appointed Bolivian Minister to France and had taken up permanent residence in Paris. Jorge Ortiz-Linares, after managing his father-in-law's interests for several years, followed him into the Parisian embassy. His two sons, Jorge Ortiz-Patiño and Jaime Ortiz-Patiño (in Spanish and South American circles it is customary for sons to take their mother's name, preceded by their father's), grew to manhood in an atmosphere of wealth—naturally—but also, says an observer, in one of strictness and severity. "The boys apparently could not wait to get out on their own, so they married very early," says this reporter.

Each was unlucky in his choice. Jorge married a beautiful blonde Cuban, Tagmar Sanchez de Betancourt. Amid much fanfare, the wedding was held in September, 1953, in Turin, Italy. Miss de Betancourt evidently knew a good thing when she saw it. According to charges Jorge later made, she brought her grandmother, mother, sister, and other assorted relatives to live with them. Then, he declared, she added insult to injury by kicking him out of their apartment. To complicate matters, a son was born to Tagmar in the midst of their estrangement.

Divorced and Disinherited

Jorge endured his life with his bride for less than a year. He then went to his family and announced that he was divorcing her. According to one family friend, he was told that this was out of the question. The Patiños are old-line Catholics. Simon was a heavy contributor to the Church. If he got a divorce, Jorge was told, he would be disinherited. Jorge nevertheless went ahead with his plans, and he was cut out of his share of the fortune. He also cut himself out of the headlines. Nothing has been heard of him since. At last report he was living quietly in Switzerland.

Jaime Ortiz-Patiño's life was even stormier, especially after he met Joanne Connelly, the beautiful American debutante whose first marriage, to the internationally famous golfer and sportsman Robert Sweeney, had been one of the most glittering and talked-about events in New York society for two decades. Joanne, in the words of one of her close friends, was a girl who had everything except stability. She and her husband were among the more active members of the international set, and that fact alone probably made it inevitable that she should some day meet Porfirio Rubirosa, the Dominican Republic's extraordinary ambassador to the world in general and to the female world in particular. Rubirosa was named as corespondent in Sweeney's suit for divorce.

By the time she was divorced, Joanne had met Jaime. He married her in April 1954, over his family's strenuous objections. She was twenty-four, he twenty-five, and apparently he was unable to cope with whatever emotional troubles were tormenting her. That there *were* troubles there could have been no doubt. The sixth week after her marriage saw her entry into a clinic in Rome, the result, Jaime said later, of her overcon-

(continued)

Paris Match

ISABELLA GOLDSMITH *at three and a half, when she was flower girl at the Parisian wedding of a cousin. This was her first public appearance.*

The Patiño Family of Bolivia (continued)

Keystone

Notorious law-suits, ill-fated marriages . . . the plague of the Patiños followed publicity-shy patriarch Simon to the grave—and afterwards

sumption of Seconol and Dexedrine, which (he added) she alternated in large quantities. On June 10 she fled the clinic—and Jaime. According to her version, she had gone into the clinic because she had no further desire to go on living. He had beaten her and twisted her arms cruelly on their honeymoon, she said.

She started divorce proceedings against him in Swiss courts. He, in turn, sued her for the recovery of jewels he said she had taken, and also sued for divorce in England, France, and Italy. Then, going further, he had her tried in an Italian court for defaming his character in an interview she had given Michael Stern, an American journalist, for an Italian weekly. She was sentenced to eight months in jail, but the ruling was reversed by a court of appeals at Turin. Jaime still was not finished. In February 1957 Jaime brought a libel suit against the London *Sunday Graphic* for an article which, he said, implied that he had treated her with sadistic cruelty. He brought a series of doctors to the stand to prove that she had been a drug addict even while married to Sweeney. In Paris, his family ranted privately over this further display of the Patiño dirty laundry, but Jaime persisted. He won the suit, getting £20,000 from the newspaper.

Tragic Finale to a Marriage

Jaime was not yet ready to vanish from the headlines. The divorce suit in the Swiss courts which Joanne had filed came up in June, 1957. She withdrew her previous demand for $500,000 and a lifetime allowance of $3,000 a month, and settled for $67,000, plus a bracelet and a ring worth $56,000. But she was not destined to enjoy those riches. On July 2, just before the divorce decree was to become final, she died of a heart attack in Neuchâtel, Switzerland. Jaime is now living in France, presumably spending the money he collected from the *Graphic*—for he, too, was allegedly disinherited.

The two brothers were mere children playing the game of headline-hopping compared to their uncle Antenor, who was to become the reigning figure in the family after the death of old Simon. Antenor started off very well. His marriage to Maria Cristina, daughter of the penniless Prince Fernando de Bourbon, Duke of Durcal, was the top social event of Madrid in 1931. King Alfonso of Spain, cousin of the bride, turned up at the wedding. There are those who believe that old Simon personally arranged this union in order to gain some of the social prestige he had been denied by the aristocrats in Bolivia.

Arranged or not, the marriage went along quietly enough for a period. Antenor also bought his way into the diplomatic business, and became envoy extraordinary to the Court of St. James. Unfortunately, this did not give him the diplomatic immunity he claimed when, in 1945, Maria Cristina sued him for adultery.

Actually, the troubles between Antenor and Maria Cristina were infinitely more complicated. They had been battling in various courts since 1942.

Who's Got the Fortune?

Before the marriage, they had signed a contract designed to keep the Patiño fortune in his hands no matter what happened between them. This did not prevent other judges from deciding, during the next ten years, that he should pay her various sums totaling a reported $1,763,633. In 1953 a French court decided that she should pay this sum back to him, and the following year a higher court

(continued)

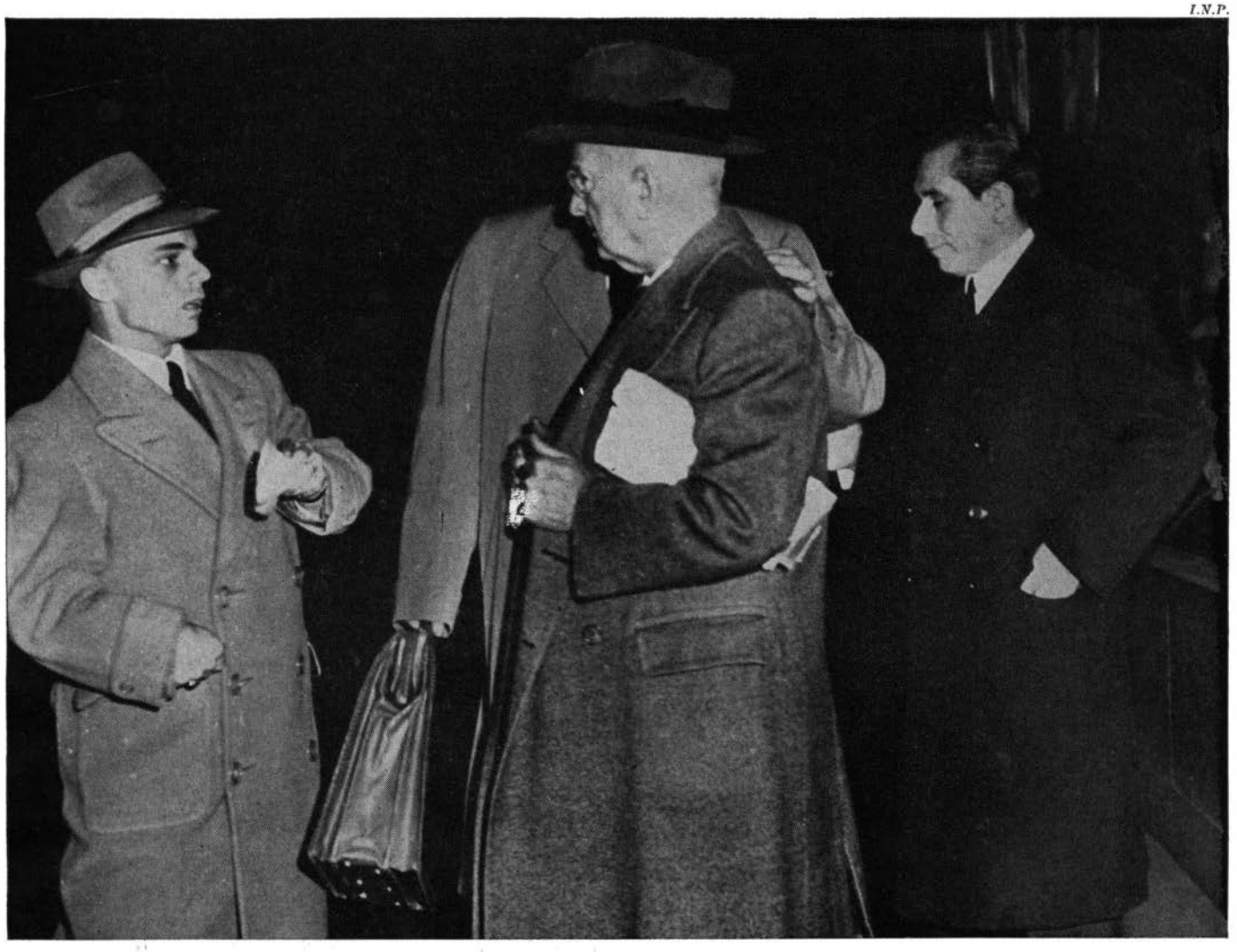
I.N.P

SIMON PATIÑO, *the Bolivian cholo of humble origins who amassed a fortune through his tin mines, arrives by ship in New York from Europe with his wife Albina (center) and their two daughters, Luz Mila (left) and Graziella.*

JOANNE CONNELLY *Sweeney Patiño, onetime debutante-of-the-year in New York, married Jaime Ortiz-Patiño after first husband, Robert Sweeney, divorced her, naming Porfirio Rubirosa corespondent. The marriage was fraught with disaster. She died of a heart attack while in Switzerland.*

The Patiño Family of Bolivia (continued)

I.N.P.



ANTENOR PATIÑO, *Simon's son, with lawyers who intercede as he is served with papers demanding support for his wife. He married Maria Cristina, daughter of Prince Fernando de Bourbon, Duke of Durcal, and cousin to King Alfonso of Spain. No Patiño had more trouble than Antenor, especially after he had an affair with a model.*

reversed that decision. All Antenor got out of these lawsuits (there were at least ten, all widely publicized) was an order from the French courts empowering him to keep his wife out of his Paris home "with the help of the police superintendent and, if need be, the army."

Before they began having difficulties, Antenor and Maria Cristina had two children. One, named for her mother, married a titled Frenchman, Prince Marc de Beauveau-Craon. The Prince, who once had dated Princess Margaret of England, was deemed a great catch. He and the daughter now have a daughter of their own.

The second daughter, Isabella Patiño, was to bring the family more publicity. On Coronation Day in London, in 1953, Isabella fell in love with rich young Jimmy Goldsmith. Antenor disapproved on several grounds, among them her youth—she was eighteen—and the fact that he did not want her to marry outside her Catholic faith.

Antenor ordered Isabella on a chaperoned holiday to Casablanca. Goldsmith chartered a plane, flew there, and found that her father had ordered her back to Paris. Then she escaped to London, where he joined her. They headed by automobile for Scotland where they believed they could marry without parental consent.

Youth's Battle to Marry

Antenor set out from Paris to try to block them, and on January 5, 1954, he induced the Scottish High Court to grant an order barring any Scottish authority from issuing a certificate for the wedding, on the grounds that Isabella was a French resident and therefore subject to the French law that prevents people under twenty-one from marrying without the approval of their parents. The couple then fled from Edinburgh, where they had been staying, and attempted to remain hidden for the fifteen days necessary to establish Scottish residency. On January 6, they appealed the decision Antenor had obtained. Antenor withdrew from the fray and the two young people were married in Kelso, near the border.

The marriage was not to endure for long. Isabella died of a cerebral hemorrhage on May 14, 1954, but not before her premature child, a girl, had been delivered by Caesarian section. The child was given to Isabella's mother, Maria Cristina, for care. But when Jimmy Goldsmith returned from a trip to Africa in September he charged that the Antenor Patiños had kidnapped his daughter. He opened a court battle for custody and won it. Antenor appealed, but lost again. The child is now living with her father.

As though his domestic problems were not enough, in 1952 Antenor began having business problems as well. In that year the Bolivian government seized the Patiño Mines & Enterprises. In the annual report published in April, 1954, Antenor said that the government had paid only $8,798 to the family, but during the previous year had extracted tin to the value of

$24,000,000. This evidently made no impression whatever upon the government, for in August, 1955, the Bolivian Supreme Court decided that the company owed its workers some $1,802,000 in back wages. This battle is still going on.

Antenor has one small consolation, however. No matter what happens to him, he will never outdistance his father in terms of sheer ability to attract attention. Old Simon was the champion. Reams of copy were written about him during his lifetime, even though he spent a fortune in a vain attempt to find some privacy. He spent another fortune trying to impress the first citizens of Bolivia with his eminence and position—a total of $30,000,000, in fact, on three palaces in the country to house art objects he picked up in his travels. Simon never set foot in any of these places, nor were they ever lived in. Once he allowed them to be opened so the townspeople could see the treasures, but the peasants defaced the marble corridors with obscene scrawls. In 1924, after being refused membership in the Spanish Club of Cochabamba because he was a cholo, he had himself appointed Bolivian Minister to France and left his homeland forever. He took up residence, then, in Paris.

Simon Invests in an Oil War

Even while living the life of a multimillionaire in Paris, he could not keep out of Bolivian affairs. Shortly after he took up his diplomatic post, oil was discovered in the uncharted Grano Chaco area, which lies between Bolivia, Argentina, Paraguay, and Brazil. Simon determined that Bolivia should have the oil, even if it meant going to war. The fighting went on between 1932 and 1937, and cost 800,000 dead and wounded. It also cost Simon an estimated $204,000,000, it was said—an allegation he sharply denied in Paris in January, 1936. He declared that anyone who could have seen his company's reports during that period would have known that he could not have afforded a contribution of that size. But he did say that he had contributed.

Simon broke into the news again in 1943, when Alicia Appiato Musich, lady's maid to his wife Albina, sued for $100,000, charging that the Patiños had accused her of stealing a watch and had "roughed her up" when she denied it. In court, she finally was awarded $6,000. Out of court, she sounded off, complaining that the Patiños were penny pinchers. They had given her only $1.50 per day for food, she said, while they were on a trip to Panama.

In 1945 there was another commotion. A pretty, twenty-four-year-old French girl, Suzanne Auclert Roth, decided that Simon owed her at least $400,000. He was her "godfather," she said, and had promised her $1,000 per month for life if she would devote all her time to him. She had been twenty when she entered into the agreement, and a year later had married Roth, who committed suicide some time afterward. The United States judge who heard the case was outraged at her description of the contract between herself and Simon. He said it was "grossly repugnant to any civilized society based on the sanctity of marriage . . . even if French law can be applicable to this contract, there must be considerations of morals and public policy." And he dismissed the complaint. Simon, then eighty-five, entered a blanket denial. The girl returned to her native France from New York, where she had filed her suit, and thereafter was not heard from again.

Nor was there much more heard from Simon. He died in April, 1947, of a heart seizure in a hotel in Buenos Aires. Albina outlived him by six years and died in 1953. Antenor then took over the family reins—and the family troubles.

Plagued Even After Death

But Simon was plagued even after he died. The undertaker who buried him—in a blue marble mausoleum in the mountains where he was born—sued the estate. He said the $500 he had been paid to embalm the richest man in the world was not nearly enough. It was worth at least $10,000, he claimed. The suit was settled out of court. THE END

Phil Burchman

A BLONDE CUBAN BEAUTY, *Tagmar Sanchez de Betancourt, was the unfortunate marriage choice of Jorge Ortiz-Patiño. Soon after they were married, the lovely new bride began spending the Patiño money lavishly.*

DUTCH ART DEALER HEKKING studies Mona Lisa he bought two years ago in a small bric-a-brac shop on the French Riviera for 3,000 francs (about $8). Seller and buyer thought it only a good copy of the famous original, but something about the quality of the painting made Hekking check it more closely. Result: the world's foremost Da Vinci authority, Professor Georgio Nicodemi of Milan, has declared that the figure is a true work of the master, and that the landscape background was done by a French pupil. Oil tanker king Aristotle Onassis, on hearing this testimony, paid Hekking $2,000,000 for the painting.

Baronial estates and private railroad cars are passé, but prize art, rare books, chinchilla cardigans, Rolls Royces, castles in Austria, islands off Scotland: these are a few of the baubles you could—and probably would—buy

If You Had a Million

BY EUGENE D. FLEMING

"You haven't really arrived financially," says a prominent New York art dealer, long accustomed to distinguishing between the rich and the very rich, "until you can afford to pay cash for the priceless."

Those who *can* are the inhabitants of a sparsely populated, publicity-shy world of great wealth where personal assets of at least twenty million dollars are one of the first qualifications for citizenship. This is the astral social stratum of the Whitneys, the Rockefellers (whose 2,500 acres of baronial estates near Tarrytown, New York, are protected from prowlers and peepers by fifty private policemen), the Vanderbilts, Donahues, Goulds, Mellons, and other families of "substantial wealth" who constitute America's moneyed nobility.

Whims of the Wealthy

For these favored few, price need never be an obstacle in the way of whim or want, whether the heart's desire be a $750,000 painting by an old master or a living room underneath Route 1. This latter was the Solomonesque solution by pharmaceuticals millionaire Gerard B. Lambert of a dispute with his wife over whether to build a house on the ocean or a lake. Their property, near Palm Beach, Florida, fronted on both, but was divided by the highway. Lambert preserved family peace by building half the house on the ocean, the other half on the lake, and connecting the halves with a soundproof room located beneath the much-traveled roadway. At another time, to overcome a problem created by British customs regulations, Lambert built a $40,000 house for his dogs near Miami Airport, so he and his wife could fly in to see them from Nassau, in the Bahamas, where the dogs were not allowed entrance.

This blithe unconcern for money among the elite applies to almost every area of life. Last January, for instance, when Georges Kaplan, New York furrier to the international set, announced a sale on his fur masterpieces, the heiress of a West Coast banking family immediately flew east to take advantage of the reduced prices. The dear lady, who already owned several closetfuls of furs, snapped up $95,000 worth of the bargain pelts in twenty minutes before rushing off "to do some other shopping," presumably for a few thousand dollars' worth of accessories to go with the sable stole, chinchilla poncho, and other furs she had just acquired at a saving greater than most people's yearly income.

Usually, though, the women in the social register are more conservative, and they rarely buy more than they, on their own special terms, need. They will buy the best, perhaps a $12,000 mink coat, but they will wear it for eight or nine years before buying another. A suit bought at Mainbocher's, for example, may cost $1,500, but it is so designed that it will be in style for three to four years.

There are, however, extraordinary circumstances that warrant—again on those special terms—an extravagance. For the April in Paris Ball, *the* event of the New York social season, not a few women buy a fur piece—at a no-bargain price of several thousand dollars—lined with the same fabric as the dress they plan to wear to the Waldorf on that diamond-studded night. The stole or what-have-you is bought for the one occasion, to be worn once and then stored or given away.

Yet, sometimes it seems that the female's love of furs gets the better of a wealthy woman, and then it's a case of "occasions be damned." The individualistic wife of a leading New York banker, for example, buys thirty to fifty thousand dollars' worth of furs a year. Her passion for fur even extends to her bedroom, where a $4,000 fox bedspread adorns her four-poster. This same woman recently bought a $5,000 chinchilla blanket as a present for her granddaughter's christening. She also owns four detachable fur linings, the current ultra in the one-upmanship of wealth—unostentatious ostentation—for her assorted non-fur coats, including her raincoat.

When it comes to another everyday item, a car, the wealthy's preference is the Rolls Royce—not, of course, the standard $13,500 model, but the custom job, whose price starts at $19,000 and goes up in accordance with your choice of a gold steering wheel, mink seat covers, or some other unique touch of distinction. At one time, all Rollses used to come with a vanity case from Cartier's, which added two or three thousand to the price, but in line with current conservatism this has been discontinued.

The Car to Suit the Buyer

It seems that even the rich have become conformity-conscious. According to J. S. Inskip, head of the agency which distributes Rolls Royces in the east, Rolls customers now expect their cars to look more functional than fanciful. One car delivered with elaborate petit-point upholstery, gold fittings, and deep walnut woodwork disappointed the buyer because, Mr. Inskip says, it simply didn't resemble the buyer's unconscious image of an automobile. Still, it's all a matter of taste. The son-in-law of a late steel

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magnate has a Rolls with a built-in commode and hot and cold running water so the family won't be inconvenienced on picnics. Another Rolls owner ordered a $2,000 clock for the dashboard. Even without idiosyncratic extras, however, the Rolls fits the wealthy's conception of a good buy. It's the best you can get for the money, and it's exclusive! Only three hundred are exported each year.

Back in the Good Old Days

But you have to go back a few years to witness wealth in the full splendor of its virtually unlimited buying power, back to the days when superabundant wealth was a novelty in America, and its possessors were trying to forget rough-shirted pasts or, at least, the residual impressions of them which were implanted by their fortune-founding fathers. These were the days before taxes, when the first millionaires spent huge sums of money sheerly for personal satisfaction and didn't give a damn what the public thought.

From the mid-1870's to the Great Depression of 1929, which made the display of wealth appear more obscene than enviable, the private railroad car, along with art collections, Fifth Avenue mansions, and country estates, was the hallmark of established position in society and finance.

In what one commentator has described as a "widely competitive sweepstakes of elegance," the owners of private Pullmans enriched their cars with rare inlaid woodwork, gold-plated plumbing fixtures, sunken bathtubs, crystal chandeliers, French chefs, and murals by celebrated artists (on the ceiling of the *Loretta*, owned by steelman Charles M. Schwab). Mrs. J.P. Donahue's *Japauldin*, possibly the most expensive private railway car ever built, had quartered oak beams running the length of the drawing-room ceiling, solid gold lighting fixtures and plumbing, brocaded draperies costing more than $100 a yard, and a wood-burning fireplace with an electric blower for draft. Publisher Cissie Paterson's *Ranger* was kept fully staffed twenty-four hours a day and had seven complete sets of furniture slip covers so the passengers wouldn't become fatigued with the dècor. For a lark, a close friend and traveling companion of Cissie's, Mrs. Evelyn Walsh McLean, always wore her Hope Diamond and the huge Star of the East ruby when she showered in the car's bath.

George Gould, heir to father Jay's vast railroad dynasty, achieved some sort of an ultimate by maintaining an entire private train. In the 1880's, Count Boni de Castillane noted in his diary that guests aboard the train donned full evening attire for dinner, which was served from gold plates by liveried servants and prepared by a French chef from Delmonico's. Aboard the *Atalanta*, the traveling showpiece of the elder Gould, there was a French chef who specialized in water cress sandwiches, the main diet of the ailing mogul.

As late as the mid-twenties it was not unusual to see clusters of twenty and thirty cars on the private car track of the since-vanished Royal Poinciana Hotel in Palm Beach; but during the thirties their use declined sharply and, finally, most of them were turned over to the railroads for government use during World War II. All told, about 450 private cars were built, ranging in price from $50,000 for the *Atalanta* (a sizable wad in the 1880's) to $350,000 for Harry Payne Whitney's car in 1930, the last one put out by Pullman. W. Averell Harriman's *Avis*, built when he was chairman of Union Pacific, reputedly cost half a million dollars. Although some of the rolling suites are still used as business cars by individual railroads, most met a fate similiar to the *Atalanta*, which ignominiously ended its days as a yardmaster's shack on the Missouri-Pacific in Overton, Texas.

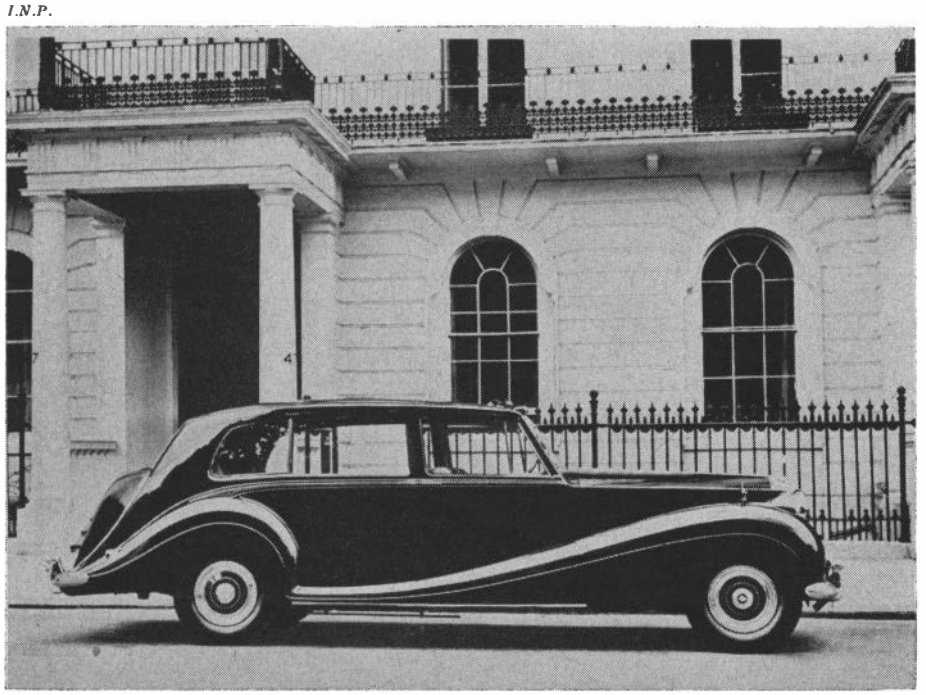
Today, there are only a few privately owned cars in operation, the most lavish of which is the *Virginia City*, owned by railroad buffs Lucius Beebe and Charles Clegg. This ninety-seven-foot, all-steel vestige of a bygone era boasts a white marble fireplace from the palace of a Venetian doge. It is finished throughout in a Venetian Renaissance décor of red and gold, with antiqued gold panels on the walls, gold-baked mirrors in the salon, and especially woven carpets shot with metallic gold threads. There are Venetian crystal chandeliers and murals of famous railroad scenes in the three bedrooms, and all doors have a two-way hinge to accommodate the meanderings of the owners' 185-pound St. Bernard, the eminent T-Bone Towser. The cost of transportation in such a gilded rig is relatively inexpensive: eighteen full first-class fares, plus additional charges of about forty dollars.

Price No Object

Extravagant as the private cars were, the big spenders didn't really hit their stride until they plunged into the realm of art, where for the privilege of buying an object of immortality no price was ever considered too high. Art collecting also afforded an excellent excuse for conspicuous consumption, a custom current millionaires—outside of Texas—regard as passé. But then, they aren't trying to prove anything; they grew up in imperial surroundings. The original fortune-makers, their forebears, had a point to make, both to themselves and the world at large; and they made it most tellingly in their unrestrained purchases of old masters.

In the early 1930's, financier Andrew Mellon bought, for cash, twenty-one paintings worth $7,000,000 from the Hermitage Gallery in Leningrad. The art treasures were stored in a vault in the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, where,

I.N.P.



BEST BUY in automobile history was this $22,400 Rolls Royce, built for Princess Margaret in 1954. Company declared it "the most beautiful we have ever made." Margaret's car has every possible convenience, from a glass paneled roof with pushbutton-controlled shutters to an electrically operated mast designed to carry the royal standard.

from time to time when the spirit moved him, Mellon would retire to contemplate them. The masterpieces included Raphael's "Alba Madonna," for which Mellon paid over $1,100,000; Botticelli's "The Adoration of the Magi," which cost $838,350; and John Van Eyck's "The Annunciation," which set him back a mere $503,010. This, incidentally, was only two years after he paid $970,000 for Raphael's "Cowper Madonna."

$21,000,000 Art Buy

A few years later, Joseph Duveen, probably the most spectacular art dealer who ever lived, rented the apartment below Mellon's in Washington, hung forty-two rare paintings on its walls, posted a few guards, and gave Mellon the key. Mellon, as Duveen knew, had decided to establish the National Gallery of Art in Washington. It was Duveen's shrewd guess that the financial giant was ripe for a huge buy in order to bring his already extraordinary art collection up to gallery proportions. Mellon became so enraptured with the paintings that he took to entertaining guests in Duveen's apartment rather than in his own. Finally, unable to bear the thought of parting with any of the paintings, he bought the whole lot for a kingly $21,000,000. For once in his life, he couldn't pay it all in cash; he settled the purchase in securities, without, however, any great difficulty.

Duveen used a similiar maneuver to entice John D. Rockefeller, Jr., into buying three exquisite busts: a Verrochio, a Donatello, and a Desiderio da Settignano. Duveen offered them to Rockefeller for $1,500,000. When Rockefeller balked at the price, Duveen granted Rockefeller a year's option on the busts, and allowed him to keep them in his mansion. After a few months, Rockefeller became sufficiently attached to the sculptures to offer one million plus some tapestries for which he had paid a quarter million. Duveen refused but, gambling on Rockefeller's fondness for the busts, allowed them to remain in his possession. Then, with a week remaining before the option expired, Rockefeller told Duveen he was absolutely not going to buy the busts, and asked him to take them back. Duveen politely suggested he keep them a while longer since "they're as safe in your house as they would be in mine." Finally, at the eleventh hour of the option's last day, Rockefeller succumbed to his desire for possession of the busts and informed Duveen that he would buy them, for $1,500,000.

"Art is not the symbol of wealth," said the late Francis Henry Taylor, former Director of the New York Metropolitan Museum of Art, "it is the actuality of wealth." To do a double-think on this observation, art may nevertheless be "the symbol of the actuality of wealth." At least, some wealthy men, who were not quite in the Mellon and Rockefeller league, behaved as if this were so. One in particular was John R. Thompson of Chicago, owner of a chain of profitable restaurants. When he came to Duveen's gallery to look at some pictures, Duveen, after keeping him waiting for an hour, at last took him upstairs where the masterpieces were hung. With Thompson following, Duveen walked quickly through a dimly lighted room in which six old masters reclined on easels. Thompson was almost out of the room when he stopped. "What are these pictures?" he asked. Duveen turned around and took him gently by the arm. A master of the reverse sell, he informed Thompson that the pictures would not interest him. When Thompson inevitably asked "Why?" Duveen matter-of-factly explained that he considered the pictures to be beyond Thompson, not only aesthetically but, what was worse so far as Thompson's ego was concerned, economically.

"How much for the six?" Thompson demanded.

"A million dollars," Duveen replied coolly.

"I'll take them," said Thompson, proudly.

A $10,000 investment in great art 100 years ago would be worth $10,000,000 today. A $3,000 investment in IBM stock in 1914 would now net you $2,250,000

While art collecting commands the greater prices, book collecting, another favorite avocation of the wealthy, generates, dollar for dollar, greater enthusiasm. Although the prices of rare books hardly ever exceed $100,000, and are more often much lower, collectors approach the fanatical in their attempts to obtain prized volumes. The late book-dealer and bibliophile A. S. W. Rosenbach spoke of "that expressive pride in ownership that verges on madness with many people to whom possession can mean but one thing: books." And at least one man, a Spanish monk no less, committed murder a little over a century ago to obtain a book. Predictably, when his trial lawyer pointed out in his defense that two copies of the book existed and, therefore, the copy in the accused's possession was not necessarily the copy belonging to the murdered man, the monk was stunned rather than relieved. His only regret was that his book was not, as he had believed, unique.

Two years ago, John D. Rockefeller, Jr., wanted a certain book so badly that he authorized New York bookdealer John Fleming to bid as high as $120,000 for it, even though the book was authoritatively valued at only $20,000. Rockefeller wasn't taking any chances. As it turned out, Fleming got the book, Washington's *Williamsburg Journal*, for $25,000. Rockefeller wanted it for his collection at his pet project, the Williamsburg, Virginia, reconstruction.

Perhaps the most dramatic event in book collecting history took place at the Parke-Bernet Galleries in New York City on the evening of January 28, 1947. A little book about the size and shape of a drugstore paperback was up for auction. Most of the bibliophiles present were in evening clothes, purely as a gesture of respect for the 307-year-old book, one of eleven known surviving copies of the first matter printed in America. No one was surprised when bidding for the volume. *The Bay Psalm Book*, began at $30,000.

High-bidding Bibliophiles

For the first half hour, the contest was between Fleming, then representing Dr. Rosenbach, the foremost book dealer in the world, and a buyer from the Scribner Book Store. Both wanted the book desperately, but the Scribner man had a ceiling of $90,000, whereas Fleming was prepared to go to any price. Topped at $90,000 by Fleming, Scribner's representative glumly dropped out. Then, after an agonizing pause, up rose Cornelius Vanderbilt "Sonny" Whitney, son of the book's late owner. "One hundred thousand dollars," he said resolutely. The bidding seesawed back and forth for another half hour, with Fleming cautiously upping the price $1,000 at a time and Whitney recklessly pushing it up at $4,000 a shot. When the bidding reached $150,000, Whitney surrendered. Fleming bid $151,000 and the treasured volume was his—or rather, Yale's, for Fleming

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had been bidding on behalf of a group of Yale alumni who wanted to donate the book to the university.

The Bay Psalm Book was certainly no bargain at the highest price ever paid for a book by private individuals, but bargains do occur in book collecting although, admittedly, they are usually as rare as the books themselves. Fleming once picked up a letter of Washington's with a winning bid of $235. On closer examination, the letter turned out to be the most important of all the first President's letters, worth $7,500.

For a bargain of bargains, the next time you're browsing in an old book store keep your eyes peeled for a copy of the *New England Primer*, printed by Benjamin Franklin. Franklin's records show that 37,100 of these primers were sold, but only one is known to exist today. If you find one, you'll suddenly be many dollars richer. And should you ever find a letter written by William Shakespeare, you would become the country's newest millionaire. Just remember that age doesn't mean a thing in book collecting. It's uniqueness that counts.

As a symbol of wealth, however, rare books cannot compare with flawless diamonds. Although some rich men consider diamonds pointless baubles, others find the heady excitement and glamour of owning a famous gem irresistible.

Trials of a Diamond Cutter

Strangely enough, the men who probably have the greatest respect for diamonds are not the ones who own them, but the ones who shape them to perfection from their rough natural state. These are the cutters, in whose hands rests the ultimate value of any diamond. Just how seriously they take their exacting work is illustrated by this classic story involving the Cullinan diamond, the largest gem ever unearthed. The 3,106 carat stone, bought for $150,000 by South Africa's Transvaal government, was presented to King Edward VII of England, who chose the noted Amsterdam cutter J. Asscher to cleave it. Asscher studied the one-pound, six-ounce gem for months before he finally made a groove on one edge, placed his wedge, and, perspiring heavily, brought down his hammer. The steel blade broke instead of the diamond, and Asscher collapsed and had to go to a hospital to recuperate.

When the state of his nerves returned to near normal he tried again. This time the stone split perfectly, but Asscher didn't learn about it till later. At the instant his mallet hit the wedge, he fainted into his doctor's waiting arms. The largest gem Asscher cut from the Cullinan is now the priceless 530-carat Star of Africa I, the capstone of the British Royal Sceptre.

You can buy F.D.R.'s twenty-three room summer home on Campobello Island in New Brunswick, Canada, for $50,000 furnished

The Ice Queen

The greatest diamond cut in recent years was the 426½-carat stone dubbed the Ice Queen by its cutter. In January 1956, New York jeweler Harry Winston bought the giant and 50,000 other lesser diamonds from the vast De Beers diamond empire for more than $8,400,000. The big diamond, once described by the late head of De Beers, Sir Ernest Oppenheimer, as "the most magnificent stone ever discovered in South Africa," was reduced by Winston's cutter to a 128-carat pear-shaped beauty and sold for close to $2,000,000 to Greek ship operator Stavros Niarchos. It is now known, appropriately, as the Niarchos Diamond.

The modern American millionaire, however, shies away from fabulous diamond buys because they invite unwanted publicity. The same thinking applies to residences. Most of today's men and women of vested wealth prefer modest one- and two-hundred-thousand-dollar country homes and large apartments rather than the multi-million-dollar estates of yesteryear.

Today no one would consider building anything like Charles M. Schwab's two-million-dollar Riverside Drive Chateau in New York City, which had seventy-five rooms, forty baths, a $50,000 pipe organ, a private chapel with a $35,000 altar, a gymnasium, and a swimming pool in a colonnade of Carrara marble. In addition, the place had a billiard room with ten tables, and a wine closet of mahogany.

Still, in some ways, this was conservative compared to the block-square Indiana limestone and marble palace of Henry Clay Frick at 1 East Seventieth Street, New York City. Frick, who had made a fortune of some seventy-five million in coke and steel, built the mansion in 1913 to spite his ex-partner, Andrew Carnegie, from whom he had parted after a struggle for control of Carnegie Steel. Carnegie had just built a million-dollar abode on Ninety-first Street, and when Frick saw it, he decided to build a house that would "make that place look like a miner's shack." He originally set aside five million for it, but it is estimated that before he died in 1919 he spent close to seventeen million, plus another sixteen million for his gallery of art masterpieces.

A Man's Home Was His Museum

When Frick died, he willed the building, with its art pieces and paintings, to the city of New York and threw in fifteen million dollars for maintenance. It is now one of the most beautiful museums in the world; but for six short years, it was, unbelievably, one man's home.

Today, the shortage of domestic help makes it impractical to maintain such huge estates, according to John C. Tysen, president of Previews, Incorporated, the national real estate clearing house that has done more business with the wealthy than any other real estate firm. "No one wants to be a servant any more. They feel the work lacks dignity," says Tysen, lamenting the passing of a way of life which he, a very proper Englishman, strongly admires as a hallmark of civilization. "Most of your estates are being sold, often to institutions, for a fraction of their original cost," he declares. "Take the Joseph E. Widener home in Palm Beach. It was built in 1930 at a cost of over a million dollars. A beautiful place," he continues. "It was equipped with such flourishes as bronze window frames that could be raised and lowered electrically, a wall safe in each of its nine bedrooms, and a recreation room for the servants, for whom sixteen bedrooms were also provided. It was sold a few years ago for a mere $7,000."

Partly as a result of this trend toward smaller-scale living, Previews has quite a few of these "bargains" on its books, along with a long roster of distinctive and unusual properties in the $35,000 to $60,000 range. There is, for example, F.D.R.'s twenty-three-room summer home on seventeen waterfront acres of Campobello Island in New Brunswick, Canada, offered at only $50,000 furnished. The furnishings alone, which are the actual pieces used by the late President and

his family, are valued at $55,000. Then there is an historic fifteenth-century palace on the Riviera, which is a steal at $75,000. Completely remodeled in 1951, the thirteen-room main palace (there are two other buildings which need some restoring) has magnificant fireplaces, beamed ceilings, stone floors, wrought iron balustrades, and silver-plated wall mirrors set in hand-sculptured stucco moulding by fifteenth-century artists. It is set in the very center of the tiny French village of St. Paul de Vence on a headland jutting out into the Mediterranean. So far, none of the addicts of TV Westerns has come across with the $25,000 for a ghost town with thirty buildings near Cardwell, Montana. Seventy mining claims go with the town, and there just might be some gold left in them old hills, which once unloosed $3,000,000 worth of the stuff.

With the wealthy heading for apartments, the merely well-to-do are showing more and more of a liking for castles and other exotic structures. A California architect, for instance, who from all reports had a normal American boyhood, recently latched on to a thirty-five-room castle in the Austrian Tyrol. Called Schloss Matzen, it was built by the Romans in the fifth century, with additions in the twelfth and fifteenth centuries. The price? $75,000, with furnishings including a collection of arms.

If Grandpa Had But Known

There are plenty of fine old mansions, palaces, and castles left, and if Grandpa had only had the benefit of our hindsight and had bought a few of the right things way back then, we might be snatching up the structure that caught our fancy. What things? Well, Standard Oil stock, for one. When John D. Rockefeller, Sr., opened shop in 1870, he did it with a capital stock of about one million dollars. The descendant Standard Oil of New Jersey now has assets worth eight billion dollars. You figure it out. About eight years ago a woman who didn't bother to figure it out, walked into a Pennsylvania bank and asked whether she could borrow $10,000 on a few shares of stock. When she handed the shares to the banker, he gasped audibly. The shares were certificates of ownership in the original Standard Oil Company signed by old John D. himself. The woman walked out of the bank a multi-millionairess, undoubtedly blessing Grandpappy for having been so thoughtful.

There are, of course, any number of corporate giants that had lowly beginnings in the early 1900's. A $3,000 investment in IBM stock in 1914, with about $3,000 more for rights to new stock issues over the years, would net you about $2,250,000 today.

But don't moan about your forebears' lost chances. Give yourself a few swift kicks while you're at it. As late as 1946, an investment of $2,600 in IBM stock at the market-low would have been worth $36,000 at the market-high in 1957. In 1932, that same amount of stock was selling for $400. Alcoa stock worth $1,000 in 1932 could have been sold for $136,000 in 1956. Is a word to the wise needed? As Louis Engel, esteemed partner in Merrill Lynch, Pierce, Fenner & Smith says, "over any long period of time . . . the market is bound to go up." Because, as he points out, "it always has."

Talking about investment buys, let's not forget art. Nothing, absolutely nothing, appreciates in price as much as great art. In the long run, it's better than an oil well. "If in 1855, one had invested $10,000 in what is considered great art today," says art expert Dr. Rudolph Heinemann, "that investment would be now worth a conservative and indisputable ten million." A Jan Vermeer masterpiece sold in Rotterdam in 1816 for the equivalent of about $1.80 in current American dollars. When it was bought a few years ago for $350,000 by Texas oil-millionaire Charles B. Wrightsman, it had increased in value some 19,000,000 per cent. The 1816 price of the picture at 3 per cent interest compounded quarterly from then to now would amount to about $69.

A good Cezanne still-life in 1895 would have cost about $100; the picture would bring you more than $110,000 today. Renoir's "La Loge" sold for about twenty cents in 1874; today you could get more than $200,000 for it. Again, the gloomy canvases of Bernard Buffet went for $10 f.o.b. his studio in 1948; they sell for $500 to $3,000 now.

Spotting the right artist to bet on takes a combination of both luck and sound artistic judgment. In another area of fantastic appreciation—postage stamps—all it takes is luck.

With a Little Bit of Luck . . .

To mention just one of many lucky instances: In 1918 a man named Robey, employed by a Washington bank, bought a sheet of 100 twenty-four-cent stamps for the newly established air-mail route between New York, Philadelphia, and Washington. The stamps had a conventional carmine border with the picture of an airplane in flight in the blue center. The planes on Robey's stamps, however, were inverted, and Robey had the good luck to notice it. So far as is known, his 100 stamps were all of the issue that ever reached the public, since additional sheets in stock were destroyed once the error was discovered. Robey eventually disposed of his find for $15,000. The stamps passed from collector to collector, always at a profit. Today, any wealthy collector would gladly pay $4,000 for just one of them. Robey's $24 buy has, in forty years, increased in value to $400,000.

So keep your eyes open. With a little luck, ingenuity, foresight, and nerve, maybe someday you'll be able to claim that castle in Spain, or donate a few art treasures to the local museum. THE END

I.N.P.

COSTLIEST HOUSE is steel magnate Henry Clay Frick's New York mansion, on which he spent seventeen million dollars, plus another sixteen million for art collection to hang on its walls. Sixteen bathrooms have carved silver fittings and marble tubs. Above is marble entrance hall. It is now an art museum belonging to the City of New York.

London Daily Express

PRINCESS MARGARET'S *ill-fated romance with RAF hero Peter Townsend stirred up a "people-versus-palace" battle in Britain. Although a London newspaper's poll showed 96.81 per cent of readers favored the marriage, the efforts of Prince Philip, the Duchess of Kent, and the Archbishop of Canterbury nipped the romance in the bud.*

The Heartbreak of Royal Romance

Love is the precious possession of two people—unless one is born into a palace or decides to marry into one. Then it becomes everybody's business. Here are the tragic stories of a queen and two princesses who were forced to make the difficult choice between desire and duty

BY JOHN KEATING

Once upon a time is the way it begins.

In the world of the fairy tale, it is always once upon a time, and the lovely princess always meets and falls in love with the poor but handsome lad who has been imprisoned in the body of a loathsome toad or a terrifying lion. Oh, they have their troubles, of course. But there are no dangers so deadly, no villains so wicked that they can thwart the princess and her love. Always and inevitably, they conquer the villains and cheat the perils and live happily ever after.

In another fairy-tale world—that of present-day royalty—the rules have been changed. Nowadays, even if the poor but handsome hero turns out to be a member in good standing of the nobility, he's in for a rough time if he seeks the hand of a royal princess. Take the case of Robin Douglas-Home, tall, blond scion of the ancient House of Home. Graduate of Eton, ex-officer in the Seaforth Highlanders, he has bloodlines which reach back into antiquity—back to 1473 and the first Earl of Home.

Robin was a buddy of the young Duke of Kent and a frequent escort of that royal prankster's sister, Princess Alexandra. Frequent, that is, until he met the shy, slim, six-foot-tall Princess Margaretha of Sweden, granddaughter of that country's ruler, King Gustav Adolf.

A versatile youth, Robin was working at the time—it was the fall of 1956—as a piano player at the Casanova Club in the evening and as a trainee in the copy department of J. Walter Thompson's London branch by day. Margaretha, who was improving her English while working as a volunteer therapist at London's Middlesex Hospital, dropped into the Casanova one night with a group of friends. From that moment on, the Princess had eyes for no one but the piano player. When he moved over to the cocktail bar of the Berkeley Hotel, she moved right along with him. Robin wrote a tune which became a West End anthem. "Spring Is in the Air" was its title, and for him and his Princess, though the season was autumn, spring *was* in the air—until the real spring (the weatherman's spring) arrived and Robin sat down and wrote a letter to Margaretha's mother, Princess Sibylla. Object: matrimony. Quicker than he could play the "Minute Waltz," his Princess was whisked off to Stockholm.

No one might have known anything about it if the London newspapers, ever eager to drop a tear over a thwarted royal romance, hadn't sniffed out the story and trumpeted it across their front pages. Soon the press of the world had taken it up. "Asks Princess' Hand, Gets Back of Mama's" was the way New York's *Daily News* capsuled the story.

The Royal Brush-off

In Stockholm, Baron Carl-Reinhold von Essen, Master of the Royal Household, attempted to brush the whole thing off: "It was an innocent little affair, as so often happens with young people, and the whole matter was declared ended with Princess Sibylla's reply to the letter of proposal. This reply was polite but very definite. The proposal was, from the Swedish point of view, to be considered impossible."

Minutes after his pronouncement was received in Fleet Street newspaper offices, typewriters were put to work churning out indignant editorials and feature stories. The *Daily Express* huffed: "The Bernadottes (Princess Margaretha's family) are of good French middle-class stock, and have been royal since 1810. The Homes have been noble since 1473." The Stockholm *Morgon-Tidningen* went even further: "Four hundred and fifty years ago, an Earl of Home wouldn't even have looked at a Bernadotte."

With the newspapers of both nations building up a good head of steam, the harassed von Essen attempted to straighten things out. It was only a matter of money, he explained. Princess Margaretha had no personal fortune to speak of and Douglas-Home's combined pay from his two jobs was only about $126 a week. They would have to live on that income and "she would have to go to market, cook her own food, and keep house for her husband. You can't expect this young lady, this young Princess, to get along without at least one maid. She can't do everything herself."

Immediately, helping hands were thrust out to the young lovers from all directions. The Strand Restaurant in Stockholm, the Princess' favorite, weighed in with a handsome offer to Home. The Embers, New York citadel of polite jazz, offered him an engagement at a thousand dollars a week.

Meanwhile, back at the palace, Princess Sibylla was reported boiling with anger, King Gustav was allegedly mad as a hatter at the way the affair had been handled, and von Essen, presumably, was

(continued)

looking around for a good public relations man. Nobody heard a word from Margaretha, although there were rumors—and rumors of rumors—that she and Robin were in daily telephone communication, that she was pining away, that she was preparing to defy the King and her mother and rush off to London, ready to turn to with cookbook, dust mop, and dishcloth. Finally, the King announced that he had not imposed any ban on the wedding but had advised Margaretha to wait a reasonable time before making a decision. If at the end of the waiting period she and the young man still felt the same, then let the wedding bells chime.

The Lovers Meet Again

And that, except for an occasional society column squib, was that, until early this year. At that time word leaked out that Robin, who had put piano-playing and J. Walter Thompson behind him to take a job with a printing firm, was headed for Stockholm. It had been a year or more—a reasonable time?—since he and the Princess had parted, and journalistic ears perked up.

Amid a mounting storm of predictions that the engagement would be announced momentarily, Robin flew to Sweden, had an audience with King Gustav on March seventh, lunched with Margaretha the next day and, the day after that, flew back to England to inform the world that they had been persuaded to wait a bit longer.

The story of Robin's trip to Stockholm had scarcely faded from the front pages when the hounds of Fleet Street picked up a richer, more familiar scent—that of Peter Townsend, ex-Group Captain in the RAF, ex-equerry to King George VI, and ex-principal in the most gaudily chronicled royal romance since King Edward VIII traded in his kingdom for love of Wallis Warfield Simpson. From Brussels, Townsend, who had just completed a sixty-thousand-mile trip which had taken him through six continents in seventeen months, announced that he would make a brief "private" visit to London to turn in a report to the Land Rover automobile company, one of whose cars he had driven on the world tour. Fleets of press cars met him at the London airport, followed him to Land Rover's Piccadilly showrooms, and kept him company on a drive to his solicitor's and back to Piccadilly. Then, shortly before 4 P.M., he left the showrooms again, and this time the chase led to Clarence House, the residence of the Queen Mother—and Princess Margaret.

When he made his exit, almost three hours later, several hundred gawkers were gathered round. They raised a ragged cheer as he leaped into the Rover and sped out a side entrance, with the press in hot pursuit. Next morning, headlines blazoned variations on a theme: "Together Again"—"Townsend Again"—"Is It Goodbye Again?" From The Hague, where the Queen and Philip were on a state visit, came roars of regal anguish. "It is sheer perversity by both of them," barked Commander Richard Colville, the Queen's press secretary. The Queen herself was officially reported to be "irked," but reporters on the spot found that too mild a description of her mental state. They said she was furious. And Philip, who hadn't liked Townsend from the first, was livid.

Buckingham Palace leaped to slam the lid on rumors with the announcement that "this meeting does not mean any change from the official statement issued two years ago that they would not marry." Townsend, through his solicitor, issued a statement that was worded slightly differently but said precisely the same thing.

It had been, one paper pointed out, just 876 days since Margaret announced: "I would like to have it known that I have decided not to marry Group Captain Peter Townsend . . ."

That had seemed final enough. It was intended to put a round, firm, dignified period to what had been one of the most sensationalized news stories in years. The romance began, so far as the public was concerned, at the coronation of Princess Margaret's elder sister as Queen Elizabeth II in June, 1953. A sharp-eyed girl reporter saw something personal and tender in the way the Princess brushed a speck from Townsend's lapel, then smoothed it down. Immediately, the sensationalistic element of the London press shifted its telescopes to focus on Townsend.

A Hero for Margaret

He was, they discovered, a handsome, charming, fastidious man of thirty-eight, who had been one of the outstanding heroes of the Battle of Britain—one of the "gallant few" to whom so many owed so much. Twice awarded the Distinguished Flying Cross and a recipient of the Distinguished Service Order as well, he had downed at least eleven Luftwaffe planes before he was shot down himself. The very model of a fighter pilot hero, he seemed an eminently suitable choice for the position of equerry to King George VI. His appointment to the post was in accordance with the King's policy of rewarding war heroes by bringing them into his service.

In 1950 Townsend was promoted to Deputy Master of the Household. In both his court positions, he was a constant companion of the young princesses (Margaret had been thirteen when he joined the household in 1943). He rode with

London Daily Express

ROBIN DOUGLAS-HOME *learned that a noble lineage, an Eton education, a $126-a-week paycheck, and love weren't enough to win a Swedish princess' hand.*

them, swam with them, danced with them, took them on picnics. But while his fortunes in the royal household were improving, his own home life was deteriorating, and in December, 1952, he was given a divorce from his wife.

After the first hint of a Margaret-Townsend romance at the Coronation, the press went avidly to work. An unnamed gardener was reported to have seen them holding hands in a garden at Windsor Castle. A reporter watched them leaving a garden party together, thought them "flushed and looking naughty." Another noted that Margaret held onto Townsend's arm at a polo match.

It was making bricks without very much visible straw. Nevertheless, the royal family, which had previously regarded Margaret's attitude toward Townsend as something in the nature of a schoolgirl crush, gathered to reappraise the situation. Uncle Lord Louis Mountbatten reportedly advised a cooling-off period, during which the two would be separated. Winston Churchill's advice to the Queen was direct—get Townsend out of the way.

Townsend Rerouted

Townsend was at the time completing arrangements for a trip through Central Africa on which he was scheduled to accompany the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret. Suddenly, he was replaced by Lord Plunkett and told he was to go with the Queen and Prince Philip to Northern Ireland. But before he could say Antrim, Armagh, Derry, Down, Fermanagh and Tyrone, that assignment was cancelled and he was on his way to Brussels as an air attaché at the British embassy.

During the more than two years of Townsend's "exile," the London press kept up a lively babble of speculation on what would happen when the Princess reached the age of twenty-five and would no longer have to ask her sister's permission to marry. The Royal Marriage Act of 1772 was analyzed from every possible point of view. In the summer of 1954, when it was discovered that Townsend had made a trip to England under the *nom de guerre* of "Mr. Carter" and had seen and talked with the Princess, the more excitable journals all but announced the engagement. But the real hoopla began when Townsend returned from Brussels early in October of 1955. Then began the nineteen days that shook the Empire.

On October twelfth, the day Townsend arrived from the Continent, the breathless word went out that he hadn't had time to change his suit before a call came from Clarence House and he hurtled off to see the Princess. The next day, a wedge of bobbies had to bulldoze a path for him through the crowd which had gathered outside his flat. Not a flicker of an expression went unreported.

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London Daily Express

PRINCESS MARGARETHA *(shown here with sister Désirée) fell for Douglas-Home, the piano-playing peer, while he was performing at a London night spot.*

The Heartbreak of Royal Romance (continued)

Over the weekend, the Queen Mother and Princess Margaret visited the country estate where Townsend was a guest. The grownups weren't talking for publication, so the palpitant pressmen made do with quotes from the seven-year-old daughter of the hostess. Between bites of an orange, the child told them, "There was a big dinner. They had champagne. She has been sitting in front of the fire. Sometimes she rushes upstairs. She hasn't gone outdoors but she looks happy all the same."

On the sixteenth, it was reported that Prime Minister Anthony Eden and Labor Party leader Clement Atlee were meeting to decide just how they should amend the Marriage Act, and the next day the matter was brought up in Parliament by a Labor M. P. who wanted to find out just what the Prime Minister was up to. The London *Daily Mail* proudly announced that a poll of its readers showed 96.81 per cent in favor of the marriage.

Amid the sounds of romantic tintinnabulation, a few more somber notes were heard. The magisterial *Times* ran an editorial in which it warned the Princess, more in sorrow than in anger, that should she marry a divorced man it went without saying that she would have to give up her position in the royal family. Clergymen, both Anglican and Methodist, warned her that such a marriage would make it impossible for her or any of her descendants ever to ascend the throne. It was noted that Margaret had had long conferences with the Archbishop of Canterbury, and with Queen Elizabeth and Prince Philip.

The Insurmountable Obstacle

The real problem was becoming clearer. It wasn't that Townsend was a commoner, or that at forty-one he was sixteen years her senior. By giving up her right of succession to the throne—a right she wasn't likely to have the chance to exercise, since she was third in line behind the Queen's children, Prince Charles and Princess Anne—and by eschewing certain financial allowances and royal privileges, she would be free to marry whomever she chose. The insoluble difficulty for Margaret lay in the fact that the Church of England, of which she had become an increasingly serious communicant and of which her sister was the constitutional head, will not marry a divorced person while both parties to the divorce are still living. The Princess could, of course, renounce her position and contract a civil marriage. But that would be a blow at all that constituted the "Establishment"—the monarchy, the church, and, some said, the government itself. In addition, it would probably make Margaret and Townsend rootless wanderers around the world.

And so, at seven o'clock on the evening of October 31, 1955, Margaret released the statement which began, "I would like it to be known that I have decided not to marry Group Captain Peter Townsend."

Margaret did not come to this decision all by her royal self. She was forced into it—mainly, insiders say, by the opposition of Prince Philip. Margaret and Philip have never been close; she began twitting him from the moment he first began courting her sister, and what began as banter wound up as open antagonism. The Queen Mother reputedly favored Margaret's marriage, and the Queen, at first, was inclined to give her sister her head. Then Philip—and his cousin, Princess Marina, the Duchess of Kent—prevailed. Palace intimates say that Margaret has never forgiven her sister and brother-in-law. And they say that the visit of Townsend to the palace in the spring was arranged by Margaret to prove to her sister that she was an independent spirit—that she would not be pushed around.

"It's doubtful that Margaret is still in love with the Captain," one court attendant says. "She realizes that it is impossible. But it looks as though she will have her revenge."

If Margaret had married Townsend, she might have learned that not even love and marriage are a guarantee of living happily ever after. Certainly no royal couple seemed more completely in love than the Exalted One, Mecca of the Universe, Vice Regent of God, Shadow of the Almighty and Shah of Iran, Mohammed Reza Pahlevi, and his beautiful bride, Queen Soraya. Yet early this year, just seven years after the marriage ceremony, the Shah, "ignoring his personal feelings for the sake of the nation's high-level interests," divorced the woman he publicly proclaimed he still loved. One week after the divorce was announced, he stood before a microphone in Tehran and, with sad mien and sadder voice, told his people that he could not share their happiness in the Persian New Year celebration (March twenty-first) because "for your sake, I have separated from my beloved wife, loyal friend and sweetheart, Queen Soraya." And half a continent away, in the Iranian embassy in Cologne, the Queen intoned a mournful "*Insh' Allah*" ("As God wills it").

A Scheherazade Romance

Why, since they both loved each other, should there have been a divorce? you might ask—but only if you resolutely ignored the newspapers of last March and April. For there, daily and in bold headlines, was the answer: the Shah needed an heir and Soraya was unable to bear him a child. Beneath the headlines, photographs of the sad-eyed Soraya underlined the utter inappropriateness of this ending for the story that began with all the glamour of a Scheherazade fantasy. For hero, there was a handsome young king, a great hunter, rider of spirited horses, driver of fast cars, pilot of his own airplane, monarch of an oil-rich, strategically important, semibarbaric land. And for heroine, there was the ravishingly beautiful eighteen-year-old daughter of a Bakhtiari chieftain, one of the proud tribesmen who had chased the Shah's father from the country and raised him, Mohammed Reza Pahlevi, to the Peacock Throne. Half-Iranian, half-German, she had been educated on the Continent, spoke French, German, and English as well as her native tongue. She had great, green eyes, thick, lustrous red hair, a lush figure, and a face which movie-educated multitudes compared with Ava Gardner's. She was, indeed, a tasty dish to set before a king.

End of a Royal Quest

The Shah was thirty-one at the time. His one previous marriage had been a politically arranged union with King Farouk's sister, Princess Fawzia. It had ended in divorce three years before, after eleven unhappy years during which the Shah's wife had borne him only one child, a girl who, under the terms of Iran's constitution, could not succeed to the throne. He was, he admitted, a man in search of a wife. And throughout Iran—and in titled circles in Europe—there were dozens of mothers who were eager to help him end his quest. As it turned out, it was a man, Forou Zafar Bakhtiari, who did it. A relative of Soraya's, he suggested to Princess Shans, the Shah's sister, that his young cousin, then studying in London, would make an ideal wife for the Shah. He produced a picture of the girl, which Princess Shans promptly forwarded to the Shah. As promptly, he wired back, "If this girl is as beautiful as her picture, I must meet her."

Princess Shans met the girl in Paris, spent a few days with her, and carried her off to Tehran. The meeting between Soraya and the Shah was, so the gossip goes, a case of mutual love at first sight. In any event, five days after Soraya's arrival in the Iranian capital, the engagement was announced. Then, a few days before the wedding date, the first shadow fell. Soraya was stricken with typhoid and the wedding was postponed. In the alleys of the capital, soothsayers muttered darkly that this was an evil omen, a portent of childlessness.

The wedding took place on February 12, 1951, in the ornate, pink marble Gulistan Palace. There was one unusual incident: when Soraya was asked whether she accepted the Shah as her husband, she remained silent. It wasn't until the Shah's sisters pinched her playfully that

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Monda Dori—Phil Burchman

QUEEN SORAYA, *en route to America aboard the U.S.S.* Constitution, *said, "I've cried enough these last few months. Now I've got to remake my future." The dream world of the twenty-five-year-old German-Iranian beauty fell apart when seven years of marriage to the oil-rich Shah of Iran failed to produce an heir to the throne.*

she came out of her daze to smile and answer, "Yes."

For the next few years, the Shah and his bride lived the lives of the golden few for whom all the world's goods and all its pleasures are spread out within easy reach. Those were the years when pictures of "The Cover Girl Queen" were a commonplace in European journals and, during the royal couple's visit here, in the American press as well. There were shots of the thoroughly Westernized Soraya dancing with the Shah at the St. Regis, chatting with Errol Flynn at a party in Rome, drinking beer in Munich, strolling down Rome's Via Veneto in a bare-shouldered dress, waterskiing on the Riviera in a sleek white bathing suit. In 1955, the Shah broke all Moslem precedent and crowned her Queen, raising her to the throne to sit beside him as an equal.

The Group Captain carried Princess Margaret out of an elevator. Sweden's Princess heard a piano playing "Spring Is in the Air." The Shah fell in love with a photograph

The Reluctant Stork

But as counterpoint to these happy strains, there were increasingly insistent rumors of visits to eminent gynecologists in Italy, Spain, Switzerland, Russia, and the United States. The less sedate papers asked in headlines, "Queen on a Stork Hunt?" It was said that she had made a pilgrimage to Meshed, the holy city of Iran, to pray for a child. As time went on and no heir appeared, the rumors began to hint of divorce. Finally, one day in Rome late in 1956, Soraya acknowledged the existence of the rumors. She told an Associated Press reporter, "The Shah loves me and I love him and we will never be divorced. The published reports are simply disgusting," she continued, green eyes flashing. "They are pure fancy without any basis in fact. If we do not yet have children, it is because we feel the time has not yet come for them."

An Iranian official added wryly, "I don't know any article of law, either of the Koran or otherwise, which gives a time limit to a wife to have a child, whether she is a queen or commoner."

But it became obvious that for Soraya and her Shah there was a time limit—and time was rapidly running out. The Shah made several attempts to get around the elders' contention that he could be succeeded only by his own son. He attempted to persuade Moslem religious leaders to amend the laws to allow Soraya to succeed him. When they refused, he asked that Princess Shahnaz, his daughter by Fawzia, be permitted to be his heir. Again the answer was no.

A little over a year ago, there were published reports that Soraya had made one desperate effort of her own to solve the problem. The male next in line for the throne was ten-year-old Ali Patrik, son of the Shah's younger brother, who had been killed a few years before in an airplane crash. At that time, the Shah had indicated that he wished to raise the boy as his ward and, if the court agreed, to make him his successor should his marriage to Soraya continue childless. But the boy's mother, Parisian-born Princess Christiane Cholensky, had other plans for her son's future. While pretending to take him to a school in Switzerland, she had "kidnapped" him and taken him to Paris. The Iranian government had just about given up hope of ever getting him back to Tehran when Soraya made her bid. Alone and without the knowledge of any official, she called on the Princess Christiane and somehow convinced her that the Shah had no intention of stealing her son away from her. The two women reportedly worked out an agreement whereby Ali Patrik would be groomed as Crown Prince and heir apparent.

The agreement "has brought about a solution to one of the Middle East's most pressing human and political problems," ran one report. "The problem of succession to Iran's throne has been resolved over stubborn opposition."

It must have been a good try but, as all the world now knows, it was doomed to failure. Iran's leaders, both religious and political, insisted on an heir in direct succession from Reza Pahlevi. Any other course, they felt, would bring on a wild scramble by a number of almost equally justified claimants. It might even open the door to an anti-Royalist coup.

It was obvious that unless Soraya produced a son in short order, her days as Queen were nearing an end. There were strong rumors that she had powerful enemies at court, including the Queen Mother, Tajomolouk, and the Shah's politically active twin sister, Princess Ashraff. And it was a fact that Moslem religious leaders deplored her Western way of life.

Early in February, as the seventh anniversary of his marriage to Soraya approached, the Shah received a delegation of elder statesmen who told him flatly that he must take another wife. He need not divorce Soraya; Moslem law allowed for four wives at a time. Soraya would have none of that. She flew to Switzerland with her mother, ostensibly for a skiing holiday. When there were no 7 P.M. phone calls and no daily delivery of flowers—both of which had been standard operating procedure for the Shah whenever Soraya was traveling without him—the gossip mills began to work overtime. Then, news came that Soraya's father, Khalil Esfandiari, Iranian Ambassador to West Germany, had fallen and broken his leg. She rushed to Cologne. It was obviously a time of anguished waiting—she ate little, went to the movies in the afternoon, watched television all night.

A Queenly Decision

The break in the waiting came with the arrival of an emissary of the Shah, her uncle, Senator Assad Bakhtiari. The Shah had no alternative; he must take another wife. He did not want to divorce Soraya. Would she reconsider her decision and share his household with a second wife? She would not. Assad flew back to Tehran with her answer and, on March fourteenth, a royal communique proclaimed the divorce.

Three weeks later, the Shah signed the necessary papers and Queen Soraya became Her Highness, the Princess Soraya Esfandiari, woman without a country.

"I've cried enough these last few months," she told a newsman as she crossed the Atlantic to America on the S.S. *Constitution.* "Now I've got to remake my future. . . . It will be quite a task."

One thing which should make the task easier is the settlement made on her by the Shah—$67,000, plus a yearly allowance of $48,000 until she remarries. And, of course, she keeps the family jewels. Not the crown jewels, just the several million dollars' worth of *bijoux* which Reza gave to her as personal gifts.

Another newsman asked her whether she would marry the Shah again, in the unlikely event that the possibility should present itself. Her answer was decisive. "Of course I would. I still love him."

But, love, of course, is not enough—no matter what the fairy tales and the lyrics of popular songs say—for anyone traveling the rocky road of royal romance. THE END

MARYLAND-BORN, *twice-divorced Wallis Warfield Simpson Windsor, a woman with "vast allure for every shy man who came her way," precipitated "the greatest constitutional crisis of all times" in 1936 when Edward VIII of England openly professed his wish to marry her. The vastly popular King, who as Prince of Wales had made a habit of mingling freely with his subjects and showing unusual concern for social justice, was supported by Conservative Winston Churchill and by the powerful publishers Lords Rothermere and Beaverbrook. But the Church of England and then-Prime Minister Stanley Baldwin were unalterably opposed to mingling Albion's royal blood with that of a commoner, and on December 12, 1936, Edward was forced to tell the nation: "I have found it impossible to carry on the heavy burden of responsibility . . . without the help and support of the woman I love." Since their marriage the Windsors have led a busy social life, but England has frustrated the Duke's desire for a position of importance in the government of the Empire. During World War II he asked for a "real" job but was made a liaison officer. When he took refuge in Spain after the French collapse, one magazine said: "The Spanish did not take Edward's military career seriously enough to intern him as a belligerent." He was then made governor of the Bahamas. "Once sovereign of 600,000,000 people and one-fourth of the planet," wrote one commentator, "he became head man of 661 islets, 2,387 rocks and a population of 68,000, mostly descendants of liberated Africans." Since the end of the war he has had no official position. Once asked if he regretted his abdication, he replied gravely, "I think that's old history now, if you don't mind." His dominating passion, according to one correspondent, is to have people pay court to his Duchess. When a photographer tries to take a picture of him alone, he refuses, says, "We are a team."*

TROPICANA HOTEL attracts guests to its gambling casino by offering them luxurious rooms and $45,000 entertainment. Non-gamblers, too, can live at leading hotels for $10 a day. Buffet dinners cost only $1.50.

Las Vegas Revisited

Booming bigger than ever, the town that gambling built lures thousands with its swank hotels and big name entertainment—but its biggest drawing card is still the urge to "get lucky"

BY JON WHITCOMB

Looking from the air like a giant "y," Las Vegas' Tropicana Hotel sprawls over forty acres of desert land on The Strip, a high-priced section of U. S. Highway 91 leading from downtown Glitter Gulch to the airport. It is the newest and most luxurious of the Nevada pleasure domes made possible by the state's unique gambling laws. Service in its three hundred guest rooms, its casino, bars, dining rooms, theatre-restaurant, pool, and health club provides employment for 525 local citizens. It was designed to be a complete resort hotel aside from the casino. As the only Las Vegas establishment in that category, the Tropicana has been carefully laid out to keep its staff happy at their work, and this has cut job turnover to a minimum. In fact, the management was moved to state, somewhat recklessly, that the Tropicana could get by *without* gambling—in the unlikely event that Nevada should ever repeal the statutes which bring in its largest revenues.

Las Vegas Hath Charms

After all, Las Vegas has a pleasant climate, is in the heart of some beautiful scenery, and is accessible by motor roads, frequent plane service, and the Union Pacific Railroad. From Los Angeles, Las Vegas is 292 miles by car, one hour by air. Only twenty-five miles southeast lies Hoover Dam and the boating and fishing on Lake Mead. Mushroom clouds can be seen one hundred miles to the northwest when atom bombs are set off at the AEC testing grounds. Nearby Mount Charleston has superb skiing.

When I checked in at the Tropicana recently, I found a note waiting for me on official stationery of the State of Nevada. Signed by Rex Bell, Lieutenant Governor, it welcomed me to Las Vegas and urged me to call on him if I needed assistance in making my stay more pleasant. Next day, I met Bell at the cocktail party given by Margaret and Phil Kastel, and he proved that not all of the spectacular scenery in Nevada consists of mountains. He arrived at the Tropicana wearing a white cowboy hat, a white woolly jacket with black stripes, a green shirt with silver ornaments on the collar, powder-blue riding pants, and turquoise suede boots. He looked like a younger

brother of Gary Cooper, tanned and clear-eyed, and very much as he did when he was a Hollywood star in Westerns.

"I'm on the celebrity detail," he said. "Marlene Dietrich was nosing around my shop today." He tossed his hat in a corner and draped his lanky frame over a sofa. Husband of Clara Bow, the "It" girl of the silent screen, Bell spends only part of the year at the capital, Carson City. His main interests lie in Las Vegas, where he has a bazaar for western gear, and he is a local patron saint of the Boy Scouts. Over a drink, he said, "Last jamboree we had here, I really got taken by one kid. Following an old Indian custom, the Scouts have trading sessions. I get rid of all my old boots and hats and stuff that way. Well, last time I swapped a jacket for a real trophy: a tongue depressor, with the inscription, 'This is the stick that made Wyatt Earp!' " After a couple of drinks, he rose to go, pleading more official business, and I went down to the hotel's theatre-restaurant to dine with the Kastels.

Roundabout Night Club

The Tropicana's night club is a miniature of the Hollywood Bowl, accommodating five hundred diners at tables on semicircular tiers. Situated at the far end of the casino, it has a stage that continues on raised levels around three sides of the audience. The walls are of glass, shaded against daytime glare by translucent curtains and a screen of trees. At night the trees are illuminated, giving you the feel of sitting in an outdoor arena. Redheaded Margaret Kastel explained, over our filet mignons, some of the theories which went into the hotel's decoration, executed under her direction by the firm of Albert Parvin of Los Angeles.

"I wanted to put the casino into a separate building," she said, "but that was far too radical for Las Vegas. But you can enter the lobby from the driveway and register for a room without seeing a slot machine or a roulette table. We'd like to encourage family business here. So many Las Vegas hotels are simply casinos with rooms upstairs. Or motels with casino attachments. Usually the food is bad, the service indifferent, and privacy nonexistent. This place is completely soundproofed, and we think our food and service are superior to any in town. I took over the planning when the man who was scheduled to do it had a heart attack. Parvin gave me an office to work in. I believe that women make most of the decisions on family vacations, so I used colors and furnishings that would appeal to women—without, of course, being too feminine for men."

The lights began to dim and Nat Brandywynne's orchestra struck up the overture to "Tropicana Holiday," starring Jane Kean. I put down my fork. "Take your time," Mrs. Kastel said; "they'll go right on serving dinner. The sight-lines to the stage are arranged so that the waiters can't block your view of the show."

She was right. Dessert appeared in front of me by sleight of hand as I watched the performance. Under the direction of Monte Proser, productions at the Tropicana cost about $45,000 to stage. Like this one, which had a special score by Gordon Jenkins, they are designed to run for several months, with only minor adjustments for the shorter engagements of the stars. During Miss Kean's last week as headliner, Jayne Mansfield and Mickey Hargitay were rehearsing afternoons for their approaching debut. To insure secrecy, these sessions were proceeding behind locked doors, which barred the press and even the management.

While Jane Kean was starring at the Tropicana, neighboring hotels were advertising Jerry Lewis, Eydie Gorme, Louis Prima, his wife Keely Smith, Ginger Rogers, and Marlene Dietrich. After the finale of "Tropicana Holiday," we left the night club and strolled through the casino, past the crap shooters, the blackjack tables, the roulette wheels, and a formal garden of slot machines, of which the Tropicana has around three hundred. Flanking the gambling room at one side was a bar area surmounted by a stage on which a number of pretty Hawaiian girls were strumming guitars. To while away the time until Ginger Rogers went on at the Riviera, we sat down to watch the hula.

She told me that Las Vegas has been good for her sinuses and that she felt it was easy in this dry climate to stay well. "I've been married to Phil for fourteen years," she said, "and until a few years ago we lived in New Orleans, where he ran the Beverly Country Club. Beverly's my middle name. I'm proud to be married to a man who, like Colonel Bradley of Palm Beach, has a reputation for being a 'square' gambler. Although I must say that sometimes, when I think of the salaries school teachers starve on in Nevada, I hate the whole idea of this business." Her blue eyes blazed and she shook her red hair. I told her that while gambling seemed to fascinate many people, I had never understood the urge myself. She smiled.

A First Win Makes a Gambler

"I don't believe there is a single person in the world who couldn't become a gambler," she said. "Your first win does it. You get the feeling that you are different from the average person, and a conviction that you are lucky. You believe that in your case the laws of probability have been suspended. Take me, for instance," Mrs. Kastel went on. "I got interested in blackjack through a girl friend who came here to visit me from Chicago. At first, I couldn't lose. I just seemed to win hand after hand, in a quiet way, and I began to

(continued)

MARGARET KASTEL'S flair for hotel construction and decor made the Tropicana a luxury resort that "can get by without gambling."

regard myself as an expert. Then all of a sudden two things happened: my friend went back to Chicago, and I started losing. So I gave up blackjack. Then I thought I would investigate roulette. I was very conservative in my bets, but one night my losses totalled $200. That bothered me, and I decided to get even. I was playing the red, and it just wouldn't come up. I started with $50 chips on the red, then $100, and finally waded right in with $250 chips. Black kept right on coming up. Well, I switched to black. And from then on, the ball landed on nothing but red. It was a disastrous night. I lost $10,000. Phil made me go to my safe-deposit box, get $10,000 of my own money, and pay the house. You can just imagine my reaction. I was furious."

Las Vegas coinage is hard on pants pockets. I felt a handful of silver dollars making an uncomfortable lump on my left flank. Excusing myself, I went over to a slot machine and fed them in. The machine accepted them all without a quiver. After the last noncommittal burp, I returned to the bar and sat down again beside Mrs. Kastel.

"See that man there?" She nodded toward a man going from one machine to another. "He's a moocher, feeling the payoff slots to see if winners have overlooked any money."

Women by Slot-machine-light

Slot machines, largely patronized by women, came in for a major cosmetic improvement at the hands of Mrs. Kastel. "They're usually lit up with horrid green or orange lights," she said, "and they're hell on make-up. I tried to get the manufacturers to supply us with pink. They almost gave in to me, too. As you see, they compromised with peach. Well, now your face looks more like a face when you stand in front of them." She leaned forward. "Speaking of standing, have you ever noticed what happens to a woman's dignity at the crap tables? I don't think women can shoot craps and still look like ladies. They seem to take on a—what should I say?—a *hard* quality. I think women should concentrate on sit-down games—blackjack, or roulette."

It was time to take a taxi down The Strip and catch Ginger Rogers' act. On the way back, I got some figures from Phil Kastel on the subject of slot machine returns. Percentages to the house, he said, depend on location. "Pass up the machines at the airport," he warned me. "They're set to keep 20 per cent of the take. Most Strip hotels set them to keep from 10 to 15 per cent. At the Tropicana, it's 10 per cent. In downtown Las Vegas, where overhead is lower, the house keeps between 5 and 6 per cent. Taxwise, the State of Nevada collects up to 5½ per cent of the gross take. The County collects $240 per year for each machine and the Federal Government $250. Other games, like roulette and blackjack, are

JAYNE MANSFIELD, her Chihuahuas, hubby Mickey Hargitay, and Jayne Marie Jr. at hotel with Jon Whitcomb. Hargitays drew "only fair" audiences. Crowds thronged to see Jack Benny, George Gobel, Tony Martin.

taxed by the table. If you have between ten and sixteen tables, the state tax is $1,000 each per year. For fewer than ten tables, the fee is somewhat smaller. The seventeenth table and any over that number pay the state $200. Anyone who gambles ought to know that dice is the game with the smallest fixed return to the house, averaging about 1½ per cent of the sums wagered. Dice attracts the biggest bettors. Incidentally, it's a man's game—fewer women like it. The answer in this business is volume. The house has a fixed return on each operation, known in advance. The customer does all the guessing."

Back at the Tropicana, Kastel surveyed the packed casino with pleasure. A small, dark-eyed man with graying hair, he is physically frail and so soft-spoken as to be nearly inaudible. He is fond of the hotel, having followed its construction like a father from the time bulldozers first bit into the raw desert. He explains with sadness that it is now the property of others, a situation which was triggered by something that happened in New York City last year on the night of May 2: the attempted assassination of Frank Costello. As reported in the New York *Herald Tribune* for June 26, "a slip of paper, listing 'gross casino wins' of $651,284, was found on the racketeer. Rather than answer any questions about that financial memorandum, Costello stood in contempt of court and was sentenced to thirty days in jail. He was released on bail pending appeal after serving fifteen days. District Attorney Frank S. Hogan's office took the view that the slip of paper might provide a motive for the attempted murder. Consequently, Mr. Hogan sent two aides to Las Vegas, and they soon discovered that $651,284 was exactly the figure that the Tropicana casino won in the first twenty-four days of operation, beginning April 3 and ending April 26. That jibed with the date on the Costello memorandum, which listed the winnings as '4-26-57.' "

Gaming Board Investigation

The three-man Nevada Gaming Control Board, whose Chairman is Mr. Robbins Cahill, began an immediate investigation. Kastel was known to have had previous business associations with Costello. The Board pulled the rug out from under him. Tropicana stockholders representing Kastel had their gambling licenses revoked, and, so that the hotel might stay in business, their holdings were conveyed to individuals who, like Caesar's wife, were beyond reproach. The New York *Post* reported that Kastel "signed a document and dealt himself out."

Assuming that the Tropicana's casino has been cleaning up at the rate reported for the first twenty-four days, Mr. Kastel's reluctance to resign can be appreciated. According to my arithmetic, such a take would amount to slightly under $10,000,000 for the full year, a walloping figure for any commercial enterprise.

Las Vegas hotels run all services twenty-four hours a day, which means that there must be three shifts of personnel. Prices for food and rooms are considerably lower than those in non-gambling resorts, and by 1955 it was admitted that a growing number of sophisticated tourists were taking advantage of this bargain. Losses on the hotel end are absorbed by profits in the casinos. A great deal of that arbitrary $10,000,000 a year must go into providing luxury shelter and entertainment for non-gamblers as well as for the customers who support the games.

Where Bad Luck Buys Luxury

My quarters at the Tropicana, rated at forty dollars a day, would have cost at least twice that in Los Angeles, Miami, or Palm Beach. For this suite, Margaret had assembled a living room in beige with two facing sofas about ten feet long, upholstered in white. At one end of the room was a white-brick walled patio. The blue-and-white bedroom was as big as the living room. One wall of glass faced the desert and the blue mountains beyond. The bathroom was tiled in blue to the ceiling.

On a tour next day, I saw some of the Tropicana's innards, and the installations that keep guests cooled, wined, dined, pressed, and healthy. Starting with the commissary, general manager Bob Cannon led the way through the food-handling rooms, divided into separate departments especially refrigerated for canapés, wine, beer, fresh vegetables, fruit, desserts, salads, and meat. One refrigerator held Baked Alaskas—usual demand: four. Most of the white-coated officials in charge were Europeans. The meat department was entirely Swiss. One freezer held only caviar. The rooms were large, brilliantly lighted, and spotlessly clean, and off the main corridors were lounges for employees which housed private lockable lockers and facilities for resting horizontally.

"The only way you can keep your help," Cannon said, "is to make them as comfortable as your guests. This is an extremely pleasant place to work, and we seldom lose anybody. Let's go upstairs and see the kitchen."

According to Kastel, the Tropicana's kitchen is simplicity itself, but since it sits in the center of a complex of restaurants, the layout seems bewildering.

Cradled between the hotel's two guest wings is its swimming pool, a large lake in the shape of a half-moon with scalloped borders, in which guests may swim at any hour. Many people are under the impression that Las Vegas pools are off-limits at night and that swimming is forbidden. Not true, but some establishments do nothing to alter this impression, in order to keep their clients busy in their casinos. Behind the Tropicana's pool is a row of cabanas and a health club, where everything is on hand to keep gamblers in top form, from gyms, massages, and Finnish steam baths to sheltered patios for nude sun bathing. As we came out of the gym, the Hargitay family strolled toward us from an afternoon rehearsal, Jayne in a platinum mink greatcoat, Mickey in slacks and sport shirt, and Jayne's small daughter, Jayne Marie, in a playsuit. Frisking around them were Jayne's three Chihuahuas.

As they posed for snapshots, Jayne cocked an eye at the sun and took off her mink. Underneath she was wearing a brief, very-Mansfield bathing suit. The sun worshipers gasped. "Will you be here for our opening?" she asked, inhaling and exhaling. "Come see our show. It's a dark secret." I regretted that I could not stay over. I picked up one of the Chihuahuas. Jayne said, "Since my remarriage, we're all Hungarians now in this family. Even the dogs have Hungarian names." I said, "What do you call this one?" She smiled and inhaled again. "That's Charles."

Miss Mansfield and her husband were booked at the Tropicana for four weeks, at $25,000 a week, with an option of two more, depending on the business she attracted. Opening night was a sell-out, *Variety* reported later, being devoted to the March of Dimes at $50 a plate.

Two-Armed Bandits Are Rare

Back at the casino, which looked almost as crowded at three in the afternoon as it had at three in the morning, I asked Kastel whether the rise of Havana as a gambling resort would have any effect on Las Vegas. He doubted it. "But it might take some volume out of Miami." he said. I was curious about another thing. "How much money does the Tropicana keep on hand to operate with?" "About $500,000," he replied. "And it's fairly safe." he went on; "nobody has ever successfully stuck up a Las Vegas hotel. Since 1931, when gambling became legal in the state, there has been only one incident, a raid in which a cashier got shot."

I decided to get rid of some more change. If I could just win something, anything, maybe I, too, could become a gambler. I put a handful of quarters into the nearest slot machine, which clicked, gurgled, and digested them. When I got back to Kastel, I asked him if he had any advice for gamblers.

"Yes," he said. "Gambling is a game. It should never be a necessity, or an obsession, or a compulsion. It takes some people a lifetime to learn the simplest rule: *Never gamble to win.* There is only one civilized approach: *Gamble for fun.*"

THE END

Cosmopolitan's Special Fiction Section

FAST LOOSE MONEY

Their specialty was spotting the soft deal, the shrewd angle, and giving the business to whoever interfered. But what happens when you make a fool of the wrong guy?

BY JOHN D. MacDONALD ILLUSTRATED BY BOB PEAK

As soon as I came in the house, Marie knew something was wrong. I guess it showed. I had a far-away feeling, where you have to stop dead and remember where it is you usually hang your hat, as if you've never been in the house before. And when you go to change your shoes, you sit on the edge of the bed and look down at them and you can't make up your mind which one to untie first.

She followed me into the bedroom and said, "What's wrong, Jerry? What is it?"

"Go away," I told her. "Don't talk to me. Don't bother me."

She put on her hurt face and sniffed at me and went away. I could tell her any time. It was going to be a ball. After I changed I went out the back door and Marie said, "Where are you going now?"

"Over to see Arnie."

"You know he isn't home yet. He won't be home for a long time. You know that."

"So I'll wait."

"When do you want to eat?"

"I don't want to eat." She sniffed again, and I let the screen door bang. It was a warm night. About nine o'clock. I generally get into the city about noon, and I check the three lots and work them, and then I make the night deposit and then I come home. Arnie can quit when he feels like it, too, and he's usually home about eleven.

So I went over into Arnie Sloan's back yard, and sat in one of those beach chairs he keeps out there, rain or shine. I guess his wife Janice saw me out there and she came out and said, "What you doing, Jerry?"

"I thought I'd hang around and wait for Arnie."

"He won't be here for a long time."

"When he gets home, tell him I'm out here," I said, and she knew from the way I said it I didn't feel like making conversation with her, so she went back into the house. I could see her in the kitchen for a while and then the kitchen lights went out.

It was a warm night. I could hear somebody's hi-fi turned way up, and hear the summer bugs. It made me think of all the times Arnie Sloan and I have sat out in his back yard and gabbed. A lot of the time we've had long, friendly arguments about which one of us really has it made. It's pretty much a toss-up, I guess. You take my deal. I've got long-term leases on three good parking lots down in the city. The JT Parking Corporation. JT for Jerry Thompson. Marie and I own the stock. The books are always in apple-pie shape. I could stand an inspection any time. I draw enough so we can live the way we do. And once in a while we cut out a little dividend for ourselves. But if you play by the rules, you're a sucker.

Every parking ticket is in serial sequence. You come in to park, and the boy puts the IBM time stamp on the back of the office stub and on the one you walk away with. The office stub goes under your windshield. When you come back, the boy stamps the "out time" and collects your cash money. So, on each lot, you can check the file of stubs in serial sequence and know just how much dough came in, and how much to enter on the books for that day. The way I work it, I've got two sets of serial sequence tickets. So I feed in, say, fifty dupe tickets on one lot. When I cash up the lot, I set those aside and figure out what the take on them was. Say it turns out to be sixty bucks. Once I've destroyed the dupe tickets, that sixty bucks is loose money. It goes in my pocket, and from there it goes in the wall safe in my closet at home. Who can check loose money?

There's a way they can check on you, if you're stupid. You start spending loose money and living too good, and you can get checked. So you live off your book income, and spend the loose money where it doesn't show. On trips, things like that.

Arnie says his deal is better. He owns a little piece of a midtown restaurant. It's one of those fancy expense-account places where lunch can run you twenty-five bucks a head if you want it to. Arnie is headwaiter and does a lot of the buying. He gets a cash kickback on the buying, and he gets fat tips. He declares maybe half the tips, but the rest is loose money, and he handles it the same way I do. We arrange to break away at the same time, and when we take the girls to Cuba or the Bahamas or Mexico, we have

They'd take the girls to the track and blow the cash on a good time. The government would pay for it.


$2 DAILY DOUBLE
TICKETS
POST TIME
2.15
$2 TICKETS PAY
WIN
PLACE
SHOW
1ST 11
2.60
1.90
1.25
2ND 3
5.12
3.31
3RD 7
5.16
PLACE
486 5
362 6
355 7
Bob Peak

a ball. I guess we both average ten or twelve G's a year loose money.

But most of the time we talk about the war. War II. That's where I met Arnie. I was a sergeant in C Company of the 8612th QM Battalion stationed at Deladun, a rail junction about thirty-five miles north of Calcutta. We had warehouses there and plenty of six-ton trucks, and it was a soft deal. Go load stuff off the Calcutta docks, check it in, warehouse it, then either ship it north by rail, or run priority items by truck to Dum Dum Airfield for air transportation, or turn it over to a QM truck company.

Arnie Sloan came out of the replacement depot, and I couldn't figure him at first. A very slick guy who wore tailored uniforms and kept his mouth shut. I had a lot of things going on the side, so I had to keep my guard up in case he was an I.G. plant. I could figure he wasn't a stupe like most of the G.I.'s in that outfit. We took it very easy with each other until finally we both knew the score. We were both hungry, and for hungry guys, that station was paradise.

Just take a small item for example. Take three bottles or four out of a case of liquor ration for officers, then drop what's left from the top of a stack fifteen feet onto a cement floor. Who is going to fit the glass together and find out how many bottles were in there? And a bottle would bring fifteen or twenty bucks in Calcutta any time.

We teamed up, Arnie and me, and we figured a lot of angles. C Company was under Captain Lucius Lee Brevard from South Carolina, and he just plain didn't give a damn, and neither did his lieutenants. The officers kept themselves stoned and ran down to Calcutta to the big officers' club about every night.

After Arnie and me made a good deal out of PX watches, we used the dough to branch out into the missionary bond racket. Things were so loose we didn't have much trouble getting a hitch to China, and getting orders cut any time we wanted them. Missionary societies in the States would put, say, five G's into a missionary bond at the Chase Bank and the bond would be sent to some poor slob who was head of a mission in China. The catch was he had to exchange it for Chinese dollars, called CN, at the National Bank of China at the legal rate. That could be thirty to one when the going rate was six hundred to one, so instead of three million CN, worth five G's, he'd only get a hundred and fifty thousand.

So I'd go up to Kunming, make my contacts, change a big wad of Indian rupees into CN on the black market, and buy the bond for one and a half million CN, which would cost me about twenty-five hundred bucks. Then I'd mail the bond to my sister and she'd take it to the Chase Bank and get the five G's back and deposit it in my savings account. We could make a twenty-five hundred buck profit on one five-G bond, but the trouble with that was it was all on record, and it was taxable, and after a while Theater Headquarters stuck their nose in and stopped the racket.

Gold was better. Inflation was so bad in China they were hungry for gold. And it was no trick buying gold in Calcutta. You could make 40 per cent on your money every trip. Then they started to get rough and shake you down when you went into China and the risk was too big. So Arnie and me, we teamed up with an A.T.C. crew who had a regular route in a C-47 flying the hump. Arnie got one of the static line braces and we located an old Indian joker in Calcutta who made a mold and he'd cast static line braces in gold. Once they were covered with aluminum paint and screwed to the ceiling of the aircraft, no inspector was going to catch them. Hell, sometimes that airplane flew to China with five solid-gold static line braces screwed onto it.

By that time we were making too much to risk sending it to the States in those hundred-dollar money orders you could get. We had the problem of how to put the green stuff into such a portable form we could get it back to the States without any questions when we were shipped home.

As if we didn't have enough problems, old mushmouth Lucius Lee Brevard busted himself up in a jeep after a big evening in the city, and Captain Richard E. Driscoll took over C Company. He was a little blond guy with long eyelashes, chilly blue eyes, and a way of holding himself very erect. He did absolutely nothing for three days. Just when we were beginning to relax, he made his move. He conducted an official inspection without warning. Then he called a company formation. It had been so long since anything like that, the boys felt they were being imposed upon.

We looked like a sad-sack outfit. I don't think any two guys were dressed alike. I can remember him standing so straight out there in that white-hot sunlight, with the wind kicking up little dust devils in the area.

"At ease!" His voice was thin, but you could hear it. "All officer and enlisted personnel are restricted to the company area until further notice." He waited quietly until the long groan was over. "No vehicle will leave the motor pool without a proper trip ticket countersigned by me. All personnel will wear the uniform. There will be a complete showdown inspection tomorrow morning at nine. All non-coms in the three top grades will assemble at the orderly room in ten minutes. Dismissed!"

No pep talk. No statement of intent. Just G.I. chicken, right out of the book. We endured a week of it and it didn't slack off an inch. Driscoll was ruining our income. So Arnie and me had a little meeting, and we called in some of the other guys we knew were all right.

Everybody had ideas. A lot of them were no good. Too many of them were outright defiance and would end you up in the stockade, back to buck private. But some of the ideas were okay. You see, if Driscoll had had a good officer team, we wouldn't have had a prayer. But he was trying to operate with the same batch of foul-ups Captain Brevard had left him.

Arnie summarized it. "Okay, guys. Get the word around. Whatever you do, you do slow. Whatever can be dropped, you drop it. And follow every order right to the letter. The stuff everybody has been doing as routine, you don't do it unless you're ordered to do it."

Within two weeks the company went to hell. We'd barely managed to scrape along the old way, without bringing the brass down on us. But now nothing worked. A sergeant would take six trucks down to the docks. After he was long overdue to come back with a load, an officer would go down in a jeep to find out what happened. He'd bring the sergeant back to the Captain.

"Sergeant, Lieutenant Quinn reports he found the loaded trucks parked at dockside. Why didn't you come back?"

"Sir, I was ordered to take the trucks down for the load. Nobody told me where to take the load. I waited for orders, sir."

"Sergeant, I will give you an order. In the future, every time you go to the docks for cargo, you will bring it back here for warehousing."

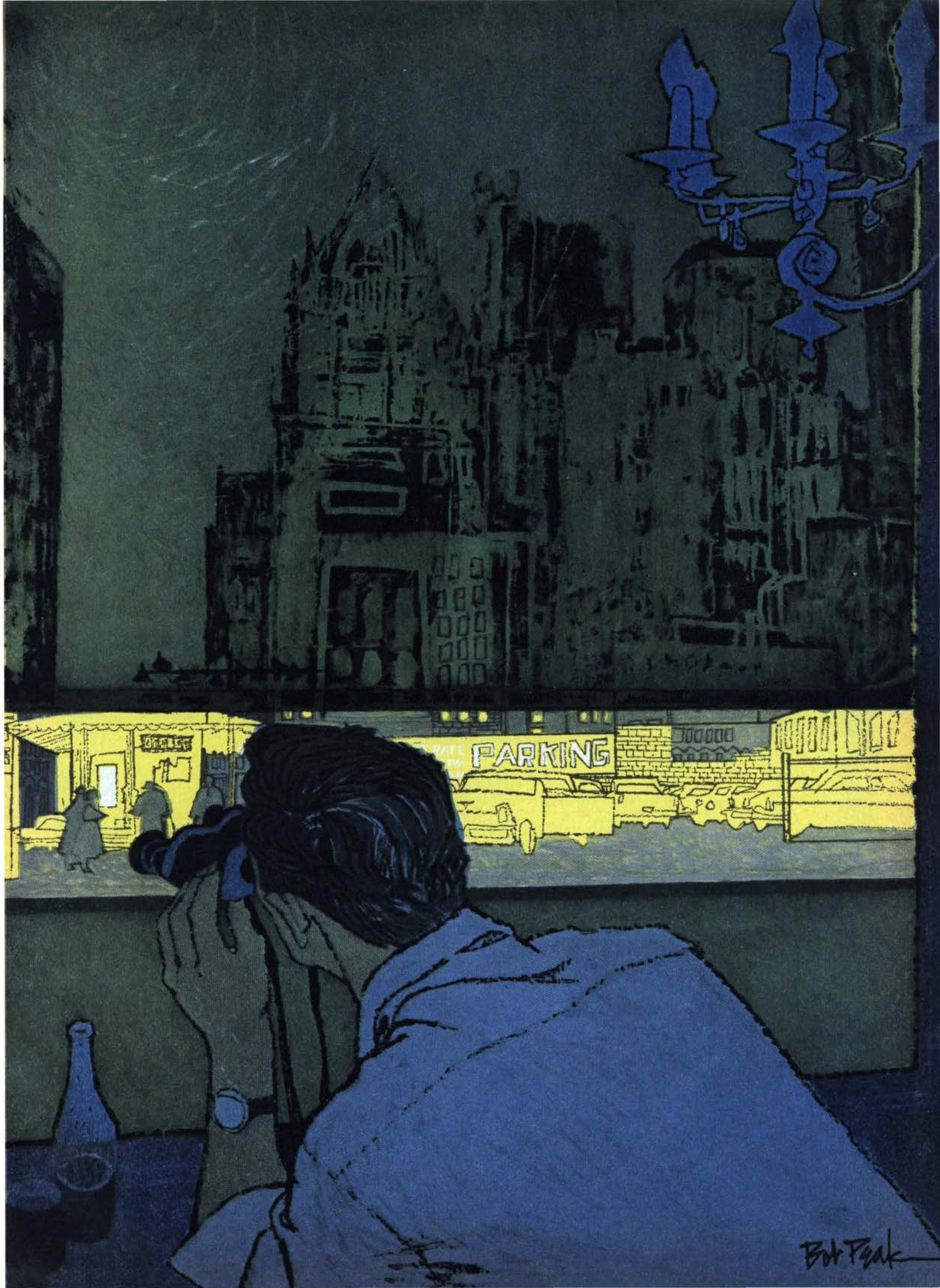
"Yes, sir."

And two weeks later he was on the carpet again. He had picked up a load in ten trucks and brought it back when he was supposed to take it directly to the sub-depot at Dum Dum.

"But, sir, the Captain ordered me to bring all cargo back here, sir."

Trucks weren't gassed because nobody ordered them to be gassed. The mess ran out of chow because nobody ordered it

Nobody would ever check up. Who would be curious enough to keep watch? He couldn't imagine.


PARKING
Bob Peak

to be requisitioned. There was nothing Driscoll could use as a basis for courts martial, or even company punishment. Everybody obeyed orders—slowly and awkwardly. If it had been just a few guys, maybe Driscoll could have fixed it by transferring them out. But it was the whole company. He got the message all right. He knew that all he had to do was loosen up and we'd get back to our normal low level of efficiency. But he was too stubborn to quit. He tried to be everywhere at once. He couldn't trust his own lieutenants to follow through. It peeled the weight off him, what little there was to start with. No matter how hard he tried, the battalion brass was on his neck every minute. Seven weeks from the day he took over, he was relieved of command.

It only took a week to break in the next guy, and by then Arnie and me were back in the money business. By the time we were rotated home on points for discharge in July of '45, we had comfortable little balances back in the States, and quite a load to take with us. I'd been able, through a lot of breaks and hard work, to get mine in U.S. cash. I carried it home in a hollowed-out wood carving from Java, packed tight. Arnie invested all his in perfect star rubies and sapphires, put them in the bottom of his canteen, poured melted wax on them, and when it had set, filled the canteen with water.

One week after they had turned us into civilians at Fort Dix, we totted up the scores. I had a little better than thirty-eight thousand bucks out of the war, and Arnie had almost thirty-one. But I'd had a start on him.

We'd figured on going into business together, but he didn't like the ideas I came up with, and I didn't think much of his. So we split, and I started with the one parking lot, and he worked as a waiter until he found the place where he figured it would make sense to buy in. But we kept in close touch. He married a year before I did, and when I decided to marry Marie, the house next to his was for sale, and it was a nice neighborhood, so we moved in. Marie and Janice get along just fine.

And we'd spent a lot of hours out in his back yard drinking beer and talking over the angles, and talking about the old days. Lately, he'd been trying to talk me into a new deal. He thought he could talk his partners into letting him go to Europe to line up new sources of supply for some of the fancy stuff they serve at his restaurant. He wanted to take a big wad of loose money over and open up two number accounts in Switzerland for us. He'd looked it all up.

"It'll work like this, Jerry. With a number account, nobody can trace you. It's against their law. And you can tell the Swiss bank what to invest in. They hold the securities in the number account and bank the dividends. By the time we're fifty we could have such a big slug of dough over there, we could quit and move to Spain or Italy and live like kings the rest of our lives. What the hell's the good of just blowing the loose money?"

It sounded pretty good, but I hadn't made up my mind yet. I was up to about twenty-six thousand in the wall safe, and I didn't feel exactly easy about turning it all over to him. If he decided to get funny, I couldn't yell cop, could I?

But the idea of a number account or any other kind of account had gone pretty sour. I lit another cigar but it tasted so bad I threw it into the darkness. I knew I should be hungry, but the thought of eating made my stomach knot up.

It was a little after eleven when I heard Arnie drive in. My house was dark so I knew Marie had gone to bed.

Arnie came out into the yard and said, "Hi, Jerry. Where the hell are you?"

"Over here."

"Janice said you wanted to see me about something." He fumbled his way to a beach chair beside mine and sat down.

"How are things going?" I asked him.

"Fine and dandy. Fine and dandy. And you?"

I knew I was going to tell him. I didn't know how to start. I had to tell him how it was at six o'clock when I was helping out at the biggest lot on account of the rush. And a guy came in and I didn't look at him, just held my hand out for the stub, but he didn't give me one, and then I looked at him and nearly sat down on the asphalt. He hadn't changed as much as I've changed and Arnie has changed. He hadn't put on the pounds like we have. He was smiling, and in our past relationship I hadn't seen him smile much.

"Hello, Captain," I said.

"Hello, Sergeant. Got a minute?"

"Sure, Captain. Sure. My God, it's been a long time, hasn't it?" I took him back into the cubbyhole office that's part of the shack on the front of the lot.

He sat down, still smiling, and said, "A little over thirteen years since I made my mistake, Thompson."

"Mistake, Captain?"

"I made the mistake of trying to take the company over and run it. I made the mistake of trying to take it away from you and Sergeant Sloan."

"I don't know as we were running it, Captain."

"Just mister, Thompson. Mister Driscoll. You know, Thompson, I've never considered myself to be a vindictive man."

I didn't know what he was driving at. I didn't know why the way he was smiling should make me so uncomfortable. "What do you mean, Ca—Mr. Driscoll?"

"You boys really took me over the jumps, didn't you?"

"You know how those things are."

"You taught me how they are. Good business you have here, Thompson."

I shrugged. "Three lots. I make out."

He turned and looked through my dusty window at the beat-up office building across the street. "Suppose, Thompson, a man really wanted to find out just exactly how well you're doing. Suppose he rented desk space near a front window over there and used a mechanical counter and took the trouble to check all your traffic in and out."

My smile felt as if I wasn't wearing it straight. "He'd have to be . . . pretty curious, wouldn't he?"

"And have a lot of time on his hands, too."

"I . . . guess so."

"Cat and mouse isn't my game," he said. "I'm enjoying this, I suppose, but not as much as I thought I would. So I'll leave out the routine and cut it short. Here. This is for you. I don't generally deliver these myself, but I made an exception in this case."

I picked it up. It was a summons. As I stared at it blankly, he stood up and said, "We're scheduling you at 2 P.M. tomorrow, Thompson. Bring your books and records for all of last year, the duplicate of your tax return, and you might be well-advised to bring your attorney."

"I don't understand," I said in an empty way.

He placed a card on the corner of my desk. He paused in the doorway and said, "Give my regards to Arnold Sloan. I expect to see him soon."

I picked up the card. RICHARD E. DRISCOLL. TREASURY INTELLIGENCE. FEDERAL BUILDING.

Arnie said, in a nasty way, "Look, are you just going to sit there and sigh? I put in a long day. I'm ready for the sack. If you've got something to spill, let's start hearing it."

But I still couldn't find the place to start. So I did it another way. I took the Captain's calling card out of my pocket and I handed it to him.

"What's this?" he said.

I didn't answer him. He took out his lighter. I watched his face as he read the card. I watched him real close.

I didn't know whether to laugh or cry.

THE END

"My son believed the beauty and truth of space would make his suffering worth while," wrote Mikhail Ivankov.

THE MANNED MISSILES

Now there are two new "baby moons" in the sky: one Russian, one American. Not ordinary satellites, these moons were once men

BY KURT VONNEGUT, JR. ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL NONNAST

I, Mikhail Ivankov, stone mason in the village of Ilba in the Ukrainian Soviet Socialist Republic, greet you and pity you, Charles Ashland, petroleum merchant in Titusville, Florida, in the United States of America. I grasp your hand.

The first true space man was my son, Major Stepan Ivankov. The second was your son, Captain Bryant Ashland. They will be forgotten only when men no longer look up at the sky. They are like the moon and the planets and the sun and the stars.

I do not speak English. I speak these words in Russian, from my heart, and my surviving son, Alexei, writes them down in English. He studies English in school, and German also. He likes English best. He admires your Jack London and your O. Henry and your Mark Twain. Alexei is seventeen. He is going to be a scientist like his brother Stepan.

He wants me to tell you that he is going to work on science for peace, not war. He wants me to tell you also that he does not hate the memory of your son. He understands that your son was ordered to do what he did. He is talking very much, and would like to compose this letter himself. He thinks that a man forty-nine is a very old man, and he does not think that a very old man who can do nothing but put one stone on top of another can say the right things about young men who die in space.

If he wishes, he can write a letter of his own about the deaths of Stepan and your son. This is my letter, and I will get Aksinia, Stepan's widow, to read it to me to make sure Alexei has made it say exactly what I wish it to say. Aksinia, too, understands English very well. She is a physician for children. She is beautiful. She works very hard so she can forget sometimes her grief for Stepan.

I will tell you a joke, Mr. Ashland. When the second baby moon of the U.S.S.R. went up with a dog in it, we whispered that it was not really a dog inside, but Prokhor Ivanoff, a dairy manager who had been arrested for theft two days before. It was only a joke, but it made me think what a terrible punishment it would be to send a human being up there. I could not stop thinking about that. I dreamed about it at night, and I dreamed that it was myself who was being punished.

I would have asked my elder son Stepan about life in space, but he was far away in Guryev, on the Caspian Sea. So I asked my younger son. Alexei laughed at my fears of space. He said that a man could be made very comfortable up there. He said that many young men would be going up there soon. First they would ride in baby moons. Then they would go to the moon itself. Then they would go to other planets. He laughed at me, because only an old man would worry about such simple trips.

Alexei told me that the only inconvenience would be the lack of gravity. That seemed like a great lack to me. Alexei said one would have to drink out of nursing bottles, and one would have to get used to the feeling of falling constantly, and one would have to learn to control one's movements because gravity would no longer offer resistance to them. That was all. Alexei did not think such things would be bothersome. He expected to go to Mars soon.

Olga, my wife, laughed at me, too, because I was too old to understand the great new Age of Space. "Two Russian moons shine overhead," she said, "and my husband is the only man on earth who does not yet believe it!"

But I went on dreaming bad dreams about space, and now I had information to make my bad dreams truly scientific. I dreamed of nursing bottles and falling, falling, falling and the strange movements of my limbs. Perhaps the dreams were supernatural. Perhaps something was trying to warn me that Stepan would soon be suffering in space as I had suffered in dreams. Perhaps something was trying to warn me that Stepan would be murdered in space.

Alexei is very embarrassed that I should say that in a letter to the United States of America. He says that you will think that I am a superstitious peasant. So be it. I think that scientific persons of the future will scoff at scientific persons of the present. They will scoff because scientific persons of the present thought so many important things were superstitions. The things I dreamed about space all came true for my son. Stepan suffered very much up there. After the fourth day in space, Stepan sometimes cried like a baby. I had cried like a baby in my dreams.

I am not a coward, and I do not love comfort more than the improvement of human life. I am not a coward for my sons, either. I knew great suffering in the war, and I understand that there must be great suffering before great joy. But when I thought of the suffering that must surely come to a man in space, I could not see the joy to be earned by it. This was long before Stepan went up in his baby moon.

I went to the library and read about the moon and the planets, to see if they were truly desirable places to go. I did not ask Alexei about them, because I knew he would tell me what fine times we would have on such places. I found out for myself in the library that the moon and the planets were not fit places for men or for any life. They were much too hot or much too cold or much too poisonous.

I said nothing at home about my discoveries at the library, because I did not wish to be laughed at again. I waited quietly for Stepan to visit us. He would not laugh at my questions. He would answer them scientifically. He had worked on rockets for years. He would know everything that was known about space.

Stepan at last came to visit us, and brought his beautiful wife. He was a small man, but strong and broad and wise. He was very tired. His eyes were sunken. He knew already that he was to be shot into space. First had come the baby moon with the radio. Next had come the baby moon with the dog. Next would come the baby moons with the monkeys and the apes. After them would come the baby moon with Stepan. Stepan had been working night and day, designing his home in space. He could not tell me. He could not even tell his wife.

Mr. Ashland, you would have liked my son. Everybody liked Stepan. He was a man of peace. He was not a major because he was a great warrior. He was a major because he understood rockets so well. He was a thoughtful man. He often said that he wished that he could be a stone mason like me. He said a stone mason would have time and peace in which to think things out. I did not tell him that a stone mason thinks of little but stones and mortar.

I asked him my questions about space, and he did not laugh. Stepan was very serious when he answered me. He had reason to be serious. He was telling me why he was himself willing to suffer in space.

He told me I was right. A man would suffer greatly in space, and the moon and the planets were bad places for men. There might be good places, but they were too far for men to reach in a lifetime.

"Then, what is this great new Age of Space, Stepan?" I asked him.

"It will be an age of baby moons for a long time," he said. "We will reach the moon itself soon, but it would be very difficult to stay there more than a few hours."

"Then why go into space, if there is so little good out there?" I asked him.

"There is so much to be learned and seen out there," he said. "A man could look at other worlds without a curtain of air between himself and them. A man could look at his own world, study the flow of weather over it, measure its true dimensions." This last surprised me. I thought the dimensions of our world were well known. "A man out there could learn much about the wonderful showers of matter and energy in space," said Stepan. And he spoke of many other poetic and scientific joys out there.

I was satisfied. Stepan had made me feel his own great joy at the thought of all the beauty and truth in space. I understood at last, Mr. Ashland, why the suffering would be worth while. When I dreamed of space again, I would dream of looking down at our own lovely green ball, dream of looking up at other worlds and seeing them more clearly than they had ever been seen.

It was not for the Soviet Union but for the beauty and truth in space, Mr. Ashland, that Stepan worked and died. He did not like to speak of the warlike uses of space. It was Alexei who liked to speak of such things, of the glory of spying on earth from baby moons, of guiding missiles to their targets from baby moons, of mastering the earth with weapons fired from the moon itself. Alexei

"Astronomers say they'll be up there—together—for hundreds of years."

expected Stepan to share his excitement about thoughts of such childish violence.

Stepan smiled, but only because he loved Alexei. He did not smile about war, or the things a man in a baby moon or on the moon itself could do to an enemy. "It is a use of science that we may be forced to make, Alexei," he said. "But if such a war happens, nothing will matter any more. Our world will become less fit for life than any other in the solar system."

Alexei has not spoken well of war since.

Stepan and his wife left late that night. He promised to come back before another year had passed, but I never saw him alive again.

When news came that the Soviet Union had fired a man-carrying baby moon into space, I did not know that the man was Stepan. I did not dare to suspect it. I could not wait to see Stepan again, to ask him what the man had said before he took off, how he was dressed, what his comforts were. We were told that we would be able to hear the man speak from space at eight o'clock that night on the radio.

We listened. We heard the man speak. The man was Stepan.

Stepan sounded strong. He sounded happy. He sounded proud and decent and wise. We laughed until we cried, Mr. Ashland. We danced. Our Stepan was the most important man alive. He had risen above everyone, and now he was looking down, telling us what our world looked like; looking up, telling us what the other worlds looked like.

Stepan made pleasant jokes about his little house in the sky. He said it was a cylinder ten meters long and four meters in diameter. It could be very cozy. And Stepan told us that there were little windows in his house, and a television camera, and a telescope, and radar, and all manner of instruments. How delightful to live in a time when such things could be! How delightful to be the father of the man who was the eyes, ears, and heart in space for all mankind!

He would remain up there for a month, he said. We began to count the days. Every night we listened to a broadcast of recordings of things Stepan had said. We heard nothing about his nosebleeds and his nausea and his crying. We heard only the calm, brave things he had said. And then, on the tenth night, there were no more recordings of Stepan. There was only music at eight o'clock. There was no news of Stepan at all, and we knew he was dead.

Only now, a year later, have we learned how Stepan died and where his body is. When I became accustomed to the horror of it, Mr. Ashland, I said, "So be it. May Major Stepan Ivankov and Captain Bryant Ashland serve to reproach us, whenever we look at the sky, for making a world in which there is no trust. May the two men be the beginning of trust between peoples. May they mark the end of the time when science sent our good, brave young men hurtling to meet in death."

I enclose a photograph of my family, taken during Stepan's last visit to us. It is an excellent picture of Stepan. The body of water in the background is the Black Sea.

Mikhail Ivankov

Dear Mr. Ivankov:

Thank you for the letter about our sons. I never did get it in the mail. It was in all the papers after your Mr. Koshevoi read it out loud in the United Nations. I never did get a copy just for me. I guess Mr. Koshevoi forgot to drop it in the mailbox. That's all right. I guess that's the modern way to deliver important letters, just hand them to reporters. They say your letter to me is just about the most important thing that's happened lately, outside of the fact we didn't go to war over what happened between our two boys.

I don't speak Russian, and I don't have anybody right close by who does, so you'll have to excuse the English. Alexei can read it to you. You tell him he writes English very well—better than I do.

Oh, I could have had a lot of expert help with this letter, if I'd wanted it—people happy to write to you in perfect Russian or perfect English or perfect anything at all. Seems like everybody in this country is like your boy Alexei. They all know better than I do what I should say to you. They say I have a chance to make history, if I answer you back the right things. One big magazine in New York offered me two thousand dollars for my letter back to you, and then it turned out I wasn't even supposed to write a letter for all that money. The magazine people had already written it, and all I had to do was sign it. Don't worry. I didn't.

I tell you, Mr. Ivankov, I have had a bellyful of experts. If you ask me, our boys were experted to death. Your experts would do something, then our experts would answer back with some fancy billion-dollar stunt, and then your experts would answer that back with something fancier, and what happened finally happened. It was just like a bunch of kids with billions of dollars or billions of rubles or whatever.

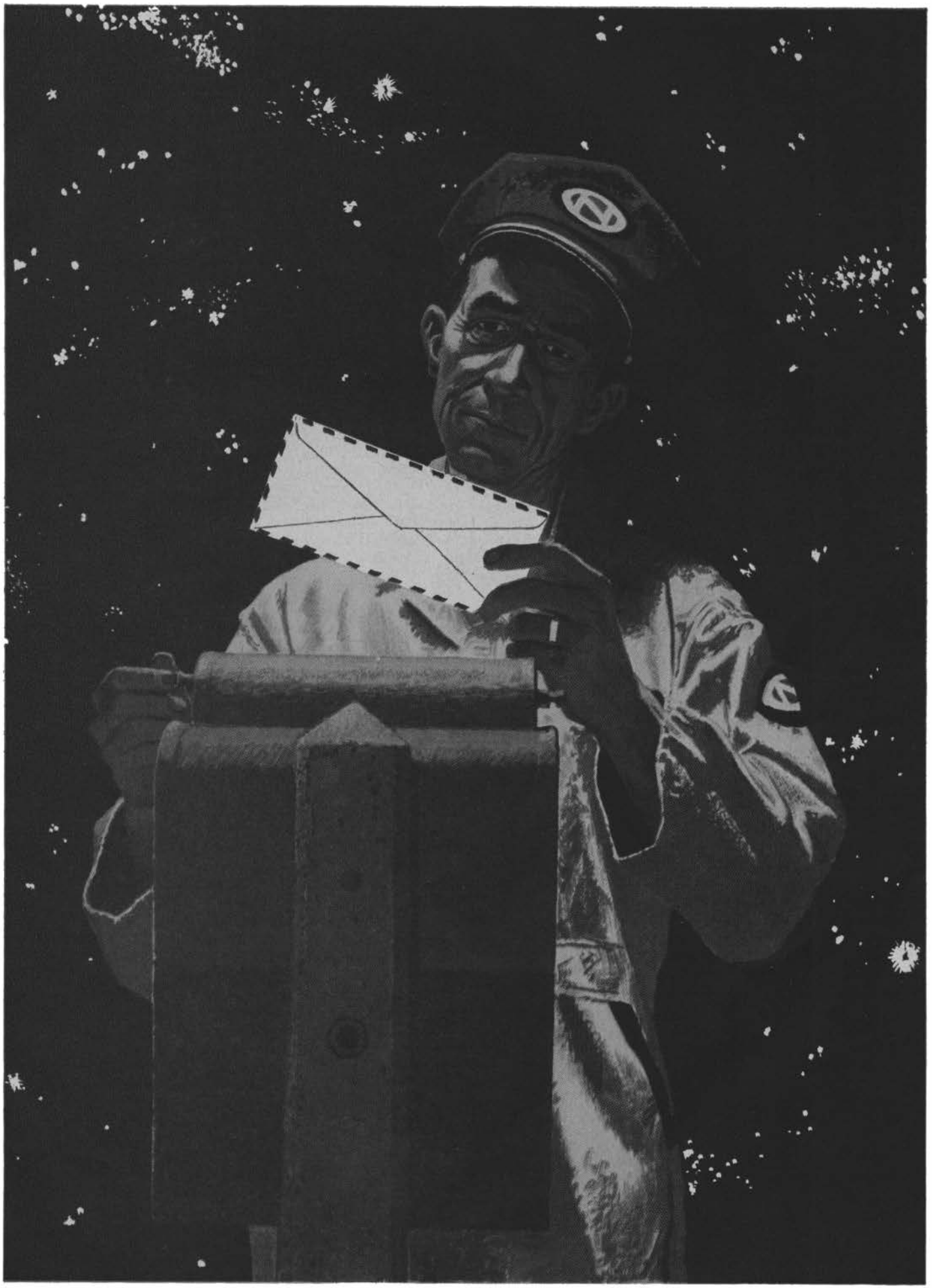
You are lucky you have a son left, Mr. Ivankov. Hazel and I don't. Bryant was the only son Hazel and I had. We didn't call him Bryant after he was christened. We called him Bud. We have one daughter, named Charlene. She works for the telephone company in Jacksonville. She called up when she saw your letter in the paper, and she is the only expert about what I ought to say I've listened to. She's a real expert, I figure, because she is Bud's twin. Bud never married, so Charlene is as close as you can get to Bud. She said you did a good job, showing how your Stepan was a good-hearted man, trying to do what was right, just like anybody else. She said I should show you the same thing about Bud. And then she started to cry, and she said for me to tell you about Bud and the goldfish. I said, "What's the sense of writing somebody in Russia a story like that?" The story doesn't prove anything. It's just one of those silly stories a family will keep telling whenever they get together. Charlene said that was why I should tell it to you, because it would be cute and silly in Russia, too, and you would laugh and like us better.

So here goes. When Bud and Charlene were about eight, why I came home one night with a fish bowl and two goldfish. There was one goldfish for each twin, only it was impossible to tell one fish from the other one. They were exactly alike. So one morning Bud got up early, and there was one goldfish floating on top of the water dead. So Bud went and woke up Charlene, and he said, "Hey, Charlene—your goldfish just died." That's the story Charlene asked me to tell you, Mr. Ivankov.

I think it is interesting that you are a mason. That is a good trade. You talk as if you lay up mostly stone. There aren't many people left in America who can really lay up stone. It's almost all cement-block work and bricks here. It probably is over there, too. I don't mean to say Russia isn't modern. I know it is.

Bud and I laid up quite a bit of block when we built the gas station here, with an apartment up over it. If you looked at the first course of block along the back wall, you would have to laugh, because you can see how Bud and I learned as we went. It's strong enough, but it sure looks lousy. One thing wasn't so funny. When we were hanging the rails for the overhead door, Bud slipped on the ladder, and he grabbed a sharp edge on the mounting bracket, and he cut a tendon on his hand. He was scared to death his hand would be crippled, and that would keep him out of the Air Force. His hand had to be operated on three times before it was right again, and every operation hurt something awful. But Bud would have let them operate a hundred times, if they had to, because there was just one thing he wanted to be, and that was a flyer.

One reason I wish your Mr. Koshevoi



"This letter must go a long way, Mr. Ivankov; from me in Florida to you by the Black Sea."

had thought to mail me your letter was the picture you sent with it. The newspapers got that, too, and it didn't come out too clear in the papers. But one thing we couldn't get over was all that beautiful water behind you. Somehow, when we think about Russia, we never think about any water around. I guess that shows how ignorant we are. Hazel and I live up over the gas station, and we can see water, too. We can see the Atlantic Ocean, or an inlet of it they call Indian River. We can see Merritt Island, too, out in the water, and we can see the place Bud's rocket went up from. It is called Cape Canaveral. I guess you know that. It isn't any secret where he went up from. They couldn't keep that tremendous missile secret any more than they could keep the Empire State Building secret. Tourists came from miles around to take pictures of it.

The story was, its warhead was filled with flash powder, and it was going to hit the moon and make a big show. Hazel and I thought that's what the story was, too. When it took off, we got set for a big flash on the moon. We didn't know it was our Bud up in the warhead. We didn't even know he was in Florida. He couldn't get in touch with us. We thought he was up at Otis Air Force Base on Cape Cod. That was the last place we heard from him. And then that thing went up, right in the middle of our view out the picture window.

You say you're superstitious sometimes, Mr. Ivankov. Me too. Sometimes I can't help thinking it was all meant to be right from the very first—even the way our picture window is aimed. There weren't any rockets going up down here when we built. We moved down here from Pittsburgh, which maybe you know is the center of our steel industry. And we figured we maybe weren't going to break any records for pumping gas, but at least we'd be way far away from any bomb targets, in case there was another war. And the next thing we know, a rocket center goes up almost next door, and our little boy is a man, and he goes up in a rocket and dies.

The more we think about it, the more we're sure it was meant to be. I never got it straight in my mind about religion in Russia. You don't mention it. Anyway, we are religious, and we think God singled out Bud and your boy, too, to die in a special way for a special reason. When everybody was asking, "How is it going to end?"—well, maybe this is how God meant for it to end. I don't see how it can keep on.

Mr. Ivankov, one thing that threw me as much as anything was the way Mr. Koshevoi kept telling the U.N. that Bud was a killer. He called Bud a mad dog and a gangster. I'm glad you don't feel that way, because that's the wrong way to feel about Bud. It was flying and not killing he liked. Mr. Koshevoi made a big thing out of how cultured and educated and all your boy was, and how wild and ignorant mine was. He made it sound as though a juvenile delinquent had murdered a college professor.

Bud never was in any trouble with the police, and he didn't have a cruel streak. He never went hunting, for instance, and he never drove like a crazy man, and he got drunk only one time I know of, and that was an experiment. He was proud of his reflexes, see? His health was on his mind all the time, because he had to be healthy to be a great flyer. I keep looking around for the right word for Bud, and I guess the one Hazel suggested is the best one. It sounded kind of stuffed-up to me at first, but now I'm used to it, and it sounds right. Hazel says Bud was dignified. Man and boy, that's what he was—straight and serious and polite and pretty much alone.

I think he knew he was going to die pretty young. That one time he got drunk, just to find out what alcohol was, he talked to me more than he'd ever talked before. He was nineteen then. And then was the only time he let me know he knew death was all balled up in what he wanted to do with his life. It wasn't other people's deaths he was talking about, Mr. Ivankov. It was his own. "One nice thing about flying," he said to me that night. "What's that?" I said. "You never know how bad it is till it's too late," he said, "and when it happens, it happens so fast you never know what hit you."

That was death he was talking about, and a special, dignified, honorable kind of death. You say you were in the war and had a hard time. Same here, so I guess we both know about what kind of death it was that Bud had in mind. It was a soldier's death.

We got the news he was dead three days after the big rocket went up across the water. The telegram said he had died on a secret mission, and we couldn't have any details. We had our congressman, Earl Waterman, find out what he could about Bud. Mr. Waterman came and talked to us personally, and he looked like he had seen God. He said he couldn't tell us what Bud had done, but it was one of the most heroic things in United States history.

The word they put out on the big rocket we saw launched was that the firing was satisfactory, the knowledge gained was something wonderful, and the missile had been blown up over the ocean somewhere. That was that.

Then the word came that the man in the Russian baby moon was dead. I tell you honestly, Mr. Ivankov, that was good news to us, because that man sailing way up there with all those instruments meant just one thing, and that was a terrible weapon of war.

Then we heard the Russian baby moon had turned into a bunch of baby moons, all spreading apart. Then, this last month, the cat was out of the bag. Two of the baby moons were men. One was your boy, the other was mine.

I'm crying now, Mr. Ivankov. I hope some good comes of the death of our two boys. I guess that's what millions of fathers have hoped for as long as there have been people. There in the U.N. they're still arguing about what happened way up in the sky. I'm glad they've got around to where everybody, including your Mr. Koshevoi, agrees it was an accident. Bud was up there to get pictures of what your boy was riding in, and to show off for the United States some. He got too close. I like to think they lived a little while after the crash, and tried to save each other.

They say they'll be up there for hundreds of years, long after you and I are gone. In their orbits they will meet and part and meet again, and the astronomers know exactly where their next meeting place will be. Like you say, they are up there like the sun and the moon and the stars.

I enclose a photograph of my boy in his uniform. He was twenty-one when the picture was taken. He was only twenty-two when he died. Bud was picked for that mission on account of he was the finest flyer in the United States Air Force. That's what he always wanted to be. That's what he was.

I grasp your hand.

Charles M. Ashland
Petroleum Merchant
Titusville, Florida
U. S. A.

THE END

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★ ★

Aunt Abigail knew foolishness when she saw it. For example, the stage-struck antics of her lovely niece, Kathy, in hot pursuit of Jonathan, her sixth cousin twice removed

BY OLIVER WYMAN ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT SCHNEEBERG

DEAR AUNT ABIGAIL,

You will probably be surprised to hear that I'm in New York. I'm sick and tired of stuffy old Boston and debutante parties. I want to do something worth while. So I'm going into the theatre.

I know there is some kind of a trust fund or other which you are the trustee of. So I thought maybe you could advance a little of it now—just temporarily, of course, so I can invest in a perfectly marvelous new play I've just found out about. It's sure to be a hit.

Could you?

Your loving niece,
KATHY

P.S. Say about $5,000?

DEAR KATHERINE,

No. I could not.

Trust funds are not set up for the purpose of encouraging members of the Tilton family to get involved in the theatre.

The theatre is a most precarious existence. If you do not wish to starve to death, I think you would be well-advised to return home.

Your sixth cousin twice removed, Jonathan Tilton, left an excellent position at the State St. Mutual Exchange and Trust Company (which he held for only two days) and disappeared in New York several years ago. He sends me a bottle of brandy each Christmas but this is his only communication with the family. I believe he has some connection with the theatre.

If you want to do something worth while, you might consider marrying. A woman could do a lot worse than settle down and do what nature obviously intended her to do, instead of racing off to New York with some idiotic notion of going into the theatre.

Your loving aunt,
ABIGAIL

DEAR AUNT ABIGAIL,

Maybe a woman could do a lot worse than settle down and marry. But I think she could do a lot better, too. And I'm not *against* marriage.

Perhaps I'd better tell you a little

Yankee Angel (continued)

more about this play I've found so you'll understand why it's such a good investment. You see, it's kind of a family affair. It's a musical about New England called "The Yankee Yokel," and the producer is my sixth cousin twice removed, Jonathan Tilton! He certainly does have some connection with the theatre. He's one of the most promising young producers in town, so everybody says.

I just happened to meet Jonathan at a cocktail party which some cousins of the Boston Humphreys were throwing. He is very intense, particularly when he talks about his show. And he's everything you'd expect a Broadway producer to be and everything a Tilton usually isn't. He has nice brown eyes and a wonderful grin and just the suggestion of a Tilton nose—enough to make his face look rugged and interesting.

He got quite confidential about why he left Boston. He couldn't take it any more, he said. He had to get away from the tribe. Every time he turned around, there was a Tilton somewhere to advise him or straighten him out or boss him. He got fed up with this, so he just walked out one day and came to New York.

I told him I wanted to get away too, from marrying the Right Person and pouring tea in a brownstone front and taking the kiddies on the swan boats and all that. But mostly we talked about his new musical.

It's a kind of New England "Oklahoma." He gave me a script to read. Even though he can't stand his relatives, they're terrific material for musical comedy. There's even a character in it based on great-uncle Thomas Tilton, sort of. Wouldn't it be fun to see him on the stage—side-whiskers and all? He does a hoedown in the second act.

There's also a good old New England bundling scene in which the hero sings "I'm All Wrapped Up in You." Jonathan crooned it to me in a wonderful deep baritone out on the terrace. It's a dream of a song.

I'm sending you the script so you'll see what a marvelous play it is and why it's such a sound investment.

Now do you understand why I need $5,000?

Your loving niece,
KATHY

DEAR KATHERINE,

I have received the script of this theatrical venture which you seem to be so wrapped up in. It did not impress me as favorably as it has impressed you. Also, I am greatly perturbed at this strange attitude toward capital, as if it were something to be *spent!*

I am pleased that Jonathan is producing a dramatic production about New England but it is my opinion that he could choose a more dignified title. And I do not see how New England and Oklahoma could be likened to each other in any way. Also, you might tell him that great-uncle Thomas never did a hoedown in his life. He suffered from gout and was confined to a wheelchair for thirty years.

Cousin Emma happened to be having tea with me the day the manuscript came in the mail. I gave it to her to read. She was very upset about the bundling scene. I think myself that it is highly improbable. True, our ancestors did have to take certain precautions against the cold. But they were well chaperoned and I'm sure they did not sing such ditties as "I'm All Wrapped Up in You" on these occasions.

There are many mothers who bring their daughters to Wednesday matinees in Boston and I am quite sure they would walk directly out of the theatre and write letters of protest to the newspapers. Five thousand dollars is a great deal of money to risk in any theatrical venture, much less a play of this sort.

You do not need to describe Jonathan to me. I am well aware of what he looks like and of his vocal equipment. As I remember it, he used to shout a great deal as a small child. It was not particularly pleasing. What do you mean "just the suggestion of a Tilton nose"? His nose is entirely Tilton.

Your loving aunt,
ABIGAIL

DEAR AUNT ABIGAIL,

Oh, well—I didn't really expect you to loosen up on my capital. But it was worth a try. Anyway, I've found another way to get it—so forget the trust fund.

I know that dipping into one's capital is a mortal sin in Boston. But it's a little different down here. There seems to be a lot more money and people don't hang on to it quite so hard. I mean they *use* it instead of handing it down to their great-great-grandchildren. If they didn't, how would Jonathan get a play on?

He's been taking me out to dinner quite frequently. Last night, we went to a place called Sardi's where the walls are all covered with pictures of celebrities. Jonathan's picture is up there, too, which means that he has arrived. But even when you have arrived, it seems that in the theatre, you have to work just as hard as ever—especially to get money. Angels—that's what they call people who put money into shows—are hard to find. And Jonathan is always looking for them, even at dinner. People kept stopping by at our table and it might as well have been an office, the way he was doing business all the time.

I told him what Cousin Emma said about "The Yankee Yokel," and he called her an unbearable busybody, then said: "Tell Aunt Abigail that I do not produce plays to be performed exclusively at Wednesday matinees in Boston!" I thought I would pass that along to you because he said it very vehemently.

He stopped waving at people and gazed at me for a few moments as if he had just seen me for the first time.

"What's the matter with you?" he said. "You're a Tilton. How come you're not interfering in my life or bossing me? You actually sit back and just listen."

Then some more people came along and Jonathan got to talking with them and ignored me completely. If a man has a show on his mind, a girl doesn't stand a chance. Finally, I told him I'd better be getting home and took a cab back to my dreary women's hotel. The TV set in the lobby was tuned to a quiz show called "Easy Money," which is exactly the kind of show that sounds pretty interesting when you're trying to raise some money the hard way.

The MC was interviewing a housewife from Terre Haute who needed some money desperately because her husband had just fallen downstairs and broken a leg. Six of her children had the measles and she herself was not in very good shape and the kitchen ceiling had just fallen down and given the baby, the only one who didn't have the measles, a concussion, and they didn't have any hospital insurance.

The whole thing was terribly depressing. But the questions were easy and she managed to win the jackpot of $5,000, which, of course, perked her up no end. And the audience was delighted, too, and everybody was very happy, especially the MC.

So I thought, why couldn't I get $5,000 this way if a housewife from Terre Haute could do it? So I sat right down and wrote to the "Easy Money" program. And I'm on it next Tuesday night.

I had to tell them why I wanted the money because they try to get as much sob stuff in the program as possible. I didn't have anything nearly as dramatic as the housewife from Terre Haute. But I did the best I could. I said that I wanted it for an elderly aunt in Boston who was being evicted from the old family mansion and unless I could raise $5,000 on that very day, out she would go—onto the street. I hope you don't mind, because I'm sure this is what got me on the show. So if anybody *should* call you, just sound vague and a little forlorn. That's all you'll have to do.

If I can just remember my nursery rhymes (that's the category I've picked) it'll be a breeze. Being an angel looks as if it might be a lot of fun. And I'm not touching my capital!

Love,
KATHY

My Dear Katherine,

I do not see the slightest sign as yet of your becoming an angel. It seems to me you are becoming a liar. I never heard of such an indecent, immoral, and undignified way of acquiring money.

It seems very odd to me that after receiving an expensive education, you can find nothing better to do than recite nursery rhymes for which some careless person proposes to present you with $5,000. You would have been able to do this just as well, perhaps even better, at the age of five.

I told this to the gentleman who called me last Tuesday night from New York. In spite of an annoying birdlike sound on the wire which kept interrupting me, we conversed at length. I told him that you were there under false pretenses, that I was *not* about to be evicted, and that even if it had been true, it would have been nobody's business but my own.

I explained, furthermore, that I was about to send a check for $5,000 to you, which represented the sale of some stock in the Fluffy Flakes Soap Company which had not paid any dividends for the last two years. I had sold the stock because I considered the Fluffy Flakes Company to be a poorly managed company with a product that was inferior, because, having used their soap for a week, I had found it left my hands very chapped. I was investing the amount that I received from the sale of this stock in "The Yankee Yokel," a new musical comedy based on life in New England, and I was sending the check to you to be used for this purpose.

I was about to add a few more comments, but the gentleman on the other end of the line cut me off—rather rudely, I thought.

I hope that this ends the matter and that you will now stop making a spectacle of yourself in the front of the public.

Your loving aunt,
Abigail

Dear Aunt Abigail,

I have never, never been so humiliated in my entire life! You didn't have to tell me what you said on the telephone Tuesday night because I heard every bit of it and so did twenty million other people!

There I was in front of the TV cameras and I had answered the first question about who frightened Miss Muffet away and the second one about what time it was when the mouse ran down the clock and I had managed to work my way up to the fifth question and the $5,000 was almost within reach when the MC pulled out a telephone and said he was going to call the little old lady for whom I was winning all this money—just to see how happy she would be and to share her joy with the audience.

Well—maybe you don't know how these things work. But they have some kind of amplifier on the phone. Your voice came out just as clear as could be. And the audience heard every word you said. That beep-beep on the phone meant that you were on the air. I thought everybody knew *that!*

I wish you could have seen that MC's face. He couldn't think of any way to shut you up. So he finally just put the phone down and they hustled me out of there as fast as they could—without the $5,000, of course, although they did give me a washing machine just so they wouldn't look like pikers.

The worst of it all was that the Fluffy Flakes Soap Company is the *sponsor* of "Easy Money" and one of their men was in the control booth and he turned purple and fired everybody on the show right there. Sponsors are very powerful people, and, naturally, he didn't like it a bit when you said you were selling your stock. And he nearly had a heart attack when you said the soap made your hands chapped. That was the last straw.

Of course, it's wonderful of you to invest the $5,000 in Jonathan's show. And I guess the Fluffy Flakes Soap Company will recover.

Jonathan will be happy, anyway. I haven't been able to reach him yet. He's been in conference for two days. His office boy said he wasn't seeing anybody, particularly relatives from Boston. I don't know why he said that. But I can't wait to see Jonathan's face when I hand over your check to him.

Love,
Kathy

P.S. Would you have any use for the washing machine?

My Dear Katherine,

Your late Uncle Samuel used to say that the telephone was an invention of the devil. He would not allow one in the house. I realize now that he was quite right.

When a few simple statements of fact, uttered in one's own home, cause such consternation all over the country, I am inclined to believe that scientific invention has gone too far.

I suggest that you return the washing machine. No wonder the Fluffy Flakes Soap Company is not paying dividends to its stockholders if it is handing out washing machines to anybody who can tell what time it was when the mouse ran down the clock!

Your loving aunt,
Abigail

Dear Aunt Abigail,

I suppose I should say a nice polite thank-you for the $5,000 check. But the next time you want to invest in one of my shows, would you mind sending it direct instead of announcing it over the airwaves first? Between you and Kathy I have just lost all the backing that I had managed to acquire for "The Yankee Yokel." Every damn cent!

As a result of last Tuesday night's fracas, the Fluffy Flakes Soap Company has dropped the show "Easy Money," along with a few of their others, with a resultant slump in advertising revenue for the network. The network is naturally somewhat sore and also somewhat depleted in funds—funds which they were putting into "The Yankee Yokel." They have accused me of putting Kathy up to this whole thing as a publicity stunt and there is a rumor about that you're a Communist agent, with the specific assignment of undermining American business. Not only is the Tilton name mud in respectable theatrical and industrial circles, but the whole deal is now off.

Five thousand dollars is merely a drop in the bucket. Although I must admit you made a pretty big splash with it the other night.

Will you, for the love of Pete, play cribbage or something instead of dabbling in the theatre—in my end of it, anyway? This is no game for amateurs, of which you and Kathy are the prize pair. When I left Boston, it was just this sort of meddling that I was trying to get away from.

Can you hear my teeth gnashing?

Jonathan

My Dear Jonathan,

Your Uncle Edgar had a bad habit of gnashing his teeth. It ruined his molars, I believe.

I am not dabbling. I never dabble. Either I do a thing or I do not do it.

You refer to my $5,000 check as a drop in the bucket. Your Uncle Samuel would have been very displeased to hear his hard-earned money referred to in that way. I assure you that in my day $5,000 was not a drop in the bucket and, even now, it is a not inconsiderable sum. You are behaving as though money grew on

blueberry bushes. I assure you it does not, even if the Fluffy Flakes Soap Company flings it about wildly, thereby impoverishing its stockholders.

I should have known better than to invest in a company which has its main office as far west as Chicago.

You will please return the $5,000 check immediately if you have no further use for it.

I have.

Your loving aunt,
ABIGAIL

DEAR MRS. TILTON,

I heard you on the television the other night. As a result of your fine and stirring words, I am moved to invest in the play you mentioned. I've always wanted to become a Broadway angel. As I said to my wife, Cora, that night: "This looks like just the thing." She said to me: "Go ahead and get it out of your system, Lucas. I guess we can afford to lose some money." So—would you tell me where to get in touch with the fellow who needs it?

An ancestor of mine married someone from up New England way. In our family, he is usually referred to as (begging your pardon) "that Yankee yokel." So it seems appropriate to invest some of the profits from my New Orleans soap factory in this show. I am sure you would not be investing in it yourself if it were not a sound proposition. I have heard that New Englanders are pretty careful with their money.

Sincerely yours,
LUCAS MOUNTJOY

P.S. The Fluffy Flakes Soap Company is a competitor of ours. I like what you did to them on that show. Biggest laugh I've had in a long time.

DEAR AUNT ABIGAIL,

Just a note to say goodbye. I'm going to Hollywood. Some Hollywood talent scout saw me the other night on TV. He said I had the most expressive face he'd ever seen and he got me a screen test. It turned out okay and I have a Hollywood contract. Isn't it terrible?

But I can't turn down a Big Chance like this. I figure that if I can't be an angel I might as well be an actress. And if a girl is going to be a movie actress, she has to make sacrifices and go all the way across the country when she'd much rather be in New York—even if a certain party in New York doesn't speak to her any more.

I found Jonathan sulking in a corner at Sardi's the other night. He told me the network wasn't going to give him any money. I said that I was sorry but how did I know the network had money in his show? I thought they had enough to do just putting on TV programs.

"Besides," I said, "I was trying to *help* you."

"That's what the Tiltons always used to say when they were about to rap me over the knuckles," he said. "I'm just trying to *help* you."

He looked so intense and attractive it made me want to cry. He didn't say anything for a minute and then he began muttering and he seemed to be talking to himself.

"I've been managed, managed, managed ever since I was in knee pants, usually by female relatives. Finally, I get away from them. I come to New York and beat myself to a pulp. I find a sweetheart of a show that no one in the world can produce but me. I work for months and months to get the money. At last, it's all set and then my sixth cousin twice removed comes along and what happens—pfft! No show, no money, no nothing!"

He got up in a hopeless kind of way.

"I wish you wouldn't think of me as your sixth cousin twice removed," I said.

He glared at me just the way he used to at the Buckingham dances when I had stepped on his foot and he was too well brought up to really smack me. Then he said: "Twice removed just isn't far enough," and walked out.

Well, that's about as final as a man can get—I guess.

So—I'm going Thursday night, on the Twentieth Century at 6 P.M. on Track 15 from Grand Central Station. Don't you try to stop me, Aunt Abigail.

Love,
KATHY

MY DEAR JONATHAN,

The enclosed epistle from Mr. Lucas Mountjoy needs no explanation, I am sure.

This is only one of the many letters I have received as a result of that one telephone conversation with the gentleman in New York, most of them (about 14,000) requests for tickets.

I do not suppose it is of any interest to you, but Katherine is leaving for Hollywood Thursday night at 6 P.M. on the Twentieth Century on Track 15 from Grand Central Station.

I am merely giving you this information to keep you up to date on the activities of the family. I am quite sure you are capable of managing everything yourself without the advice of any female relatives.

So—get over there to the station Thursday and stop this nonsense.

Your loving aunt,
ABIGAIL

DEAR AUNT ABIGAIL,

Thanks, darling. I have stopped the nonsense. I took her luggage off the train and sat on it. Then she came storming off and protested that I was interfering with her career. And I said I was and did she want to make anything of it? She said she did. So I kissed her.

The train went to Hollywood and we went to Sardi's. I think that I have persuaded her that pouring tea for potential backers in my penthouse and taking the kiddies on the rowboats in Central Park will be a fascinating and worth-while career.

Lucas Mountjoy has arrived and put up all that lovely clean, sudsy soap money and we're all set.

Aren't you glad that I didn't send back your $5,000? Of course, you can still have it back if you want it. On the other hand, why not live dangerously and gamble it on my show? It might be a hit.

We'll open in Boston on October 23.

Love,
JONATHAN

Telegram to Jonathan Tilton:

YOU DO NOT OPEN IN BOSTON OCT. 23. COUSIN EMMA REFUSES PERMISSION.

AUNT ABIGAIL

Telegram to Mrs. Samuel Tilton:

WHO IN THE NAME OF THE SACRED COD DOES COUSIN EMMA THINK SHE IS?

JONATHAN

Telegram to Jonathan Tilton:

COUSIN EMMA NOT ONLY THINKS SHE IS BUT SHE IS THE CHAIRMAN OF THE SOCIETY FOR THE PRESERVATION OF MORALS HERE IN BOSTON. SHE CONSIDERS BUNDLING SCENE OBJECTIONABLE. PARTICULARLY SONG 'I'M ALL WRAPPED UP IN YOU.' HAS MADE RECOMMENDATIONS TO POLICE DEPARTMENT. YOU ARE BANNED IN BOSTON.

AUNT ABIGAIL

Telegram to Mrs. Samuel Tilton:

GREAT. WONDERFUL. PUBLICITY WILL BE NATIONWIDE. KATHY SUGGESTS WE OPEN TWENTY MILES OUT OF BOSTON. CLOSE ENOUGH FOR CUSTOMERS BUT JUST OUT OF REACH OF COUSIN EMMA'S LONG BLUE NOSE.

JONATHAN

Telegram to Jonathan Tilton:

SPLENDID. KEEP MY FIVE THOUSAND DOLLARS.

AUNT ABIGAIL

Telegram to Mrs. Samuel Tilton:

YOU'RE AN ANGEL.

JONATHAN

THE END

Aunt Abigail never dabbled. Either she did a thing or she didn't.


$5,000
YANKEE YOKEL
SOAP
Robert G. Schneberg


MUSEE
PICAS

EL GRECO AND MRS. LONDON

He thought he'd had all the shocks an art teacher is heir to, but when his worst pupil unveiled her picture, he felt his hair stand on end

BY CYRIL HUME ILLUSTRATED BY BERNARD D'ANDREA

The night being Tuesday, the big high school building was lighted up like a Las Vegas gambling resort, and along the curbs latecomers were madly hooking fenders in an effort to park in time for their adult education classes. As they streamed in at the main entrance, there was a cheery Old-World babble from the Basic English group, while the Astronomy contingent wrangled darkly about horoscopes and flying saucers. But the fanatics of the self-improvement project were the devotees of Creative Oil Painting. They were marked by a grim, antisocial purposefulness.

In room B12, Mr. Munzel, the instructor, stood with his back toward the door as they crowded in and began setting up their easels. He himself might have been a minor work by Van Dyck, a slightly plump yet impressive young man with a small auburn beard. Munzel did not turn to greet his pupils. Early in the course he had implanted the idea that undue familiarity between student and master might not be in the interests of Art. The fact was he hated them, with their humility, and hope, and senseless determination.

He was a considerable artist in his own right. Since the age of nineteen he had made a living out of light-drenched seascapes which nourished his soul as they established his reputation. But a year ago he had run head-on into an obscure psychological blockage which now inhibited all his creative powers. His bank balance was down the drain, his income reduced to instructor's fees, and he got paint under his fingernails only when he leaned sadistically over the shoulder of some cringing beginner to brush in a few illustrative squiggles.

When it was exactly seven o'clock, Munzel turned around. Tonight the whole gang was present—a man and thirteen assorted ladies. Several of them ventured uncertain smiles, and youthful Mrs. Selden called out, "Good evening!" in her shy, yet characteristically imprudent, manner. Mr. Munzel made no acknowledgment. He adjusted the still-life arrangement—a flowerpot and an old cow-skull from the high school supply closet, to which he had added a few lemons. Selden in particular annoyed him. She not only had talent, but her figure put him in mind of Giorgione's "Sleeping Venus," and often he would catch himself thinking what it would be like to paint her.

The week's two volunteers were still fussing with their alternative still-life set-ups. Mrs. London's offering was an old candy box, garnished with seashells and green ribbon, and around this she had lovingly spaced some shoe trees, a banana, and a surprisingly fine brass candlestick. The poor lady was perhaps sixty years old, and enjoyed the distinction of being Munzel's least promising apprentice. Now she timidly waited for his opinion of her handiwork, and he prepared to cut her down with his best "pained" look. But then, perversely, he beamed, nodding vigorous approval. Mrs. London's meek eyes filled with happy tears, and fully half the class was at once converted from the cow-skull to the candy box arrangement.

Mr. Chidsey's personal contribution consisted of a large French carving knife, a pound of Gorgonzola cheese, and a metronome, and Chidsey was arranging and rearranging these objects in growing agitation. Upon registering for the course he had given Munzel to understand that, for him, painting was primarily a therapeutic measure recommended by his psychoanalyst. Now his face was brick-red with his customary discomfort at being the only male in the herd, and his glasses were fogging up. In desperation he finally started the metronome, but its aggressive, wagging *tock-tock* had a visibly adverse effect, and Chidsey hastily shut it off again. Then he pushed the knife slowly and deeply into the cheese, left it imbedded, and directly appeared to feel much better about everything.

Munzel stood around smoking until everybody seemed to be well started. Then he padded down the line on his rubber soles. Like a man with a hatchet. Each time he stopped behind one of them, he saw the shoulders hunch as the victim waited for his comment. Glancing back, he saw the Selden girl working intently —if a widow with three children could be called a "girl." There were, as he understood it, a boy, eight, a girl, seven, and a young somebody known rather more loosely as "the baby." Bitterly, he observed that Selden was among those who had switched to the candy box. With her talent, her gift! And legs.

Munzel stopped behind Wrasse and Turley. In his mental directory he classified the pair acidly as "The Bachelor Girls." Both were tall, rather handsome brunettes, though Turley ran a little to brawn, and Wrasse to tendons. They held themselves decidedly above the others, because they had been painting for several years, and Turley's "Cactus with Broken Bottles" had taken a "mention" ribbon at Santa Monica.

They knew he was there, but neither

"Here's where the course ends," he said, hoping to hurt her.

would look around. Turley was using a palette knife to scrape off everything she had done so far, while Wrasse was putting final touches to her picture of the cow-skull. Munzel would not give in, either, and finally Wrasse said over her shoulder, "Well?"

"Skillful, but what of it?"

He watched it go through her, but she managed to maintain her objective attitude. "Just why do you say that?"

"Because I happen to dislike what-of-it-ness in painting," he answered. "The skill I don't object to."

"Pay no attention, Jone," said Turley, squinting through cigarette smoke at her own scraped canvas. "Tonight our *cher maître* is being the mad, bad genius. It's his little male ego."

Munzel sensed a certain grain of truth in the remark, and moved on. When Chidsey saw him approaching, he tried to interpose his body between his canvas and the instructor's view. Munzel stopped. "Aren't you a little out of drawing there?" he asked pleasantly.

Chidsey's spectacles flashed around. "I *want* to be out of drawing!" he gritted.

Munzel made a winning, open gesture. "Merely trying to help."

"Well, don't!" said Chidsey, almost hugging the picture in his desire to shield it from cruel eyes. "Just please for Pete's sake leave me suffer!"

"Sure. Okay." With the big knife within easy leaping-distance, Munzel did not feel like pressing his luck.

Selden was still painting away. She now held a spare brush crosswise in her mouth, and had put on her big glasses, but neither item seemed to detract from her appearance. Munzel knew that if fate did not soon intervene, he would have to go down there and look over her shoulder. Then she would start chattering at him in that dizzy, unguarded way. Last week again it had been the late venerated Mr. Selden. She made the guy sound like Woodrow Wilson. Whereas in actual life—as a certain art teacher had taken the trouble to find out—the husband had been a real estate operator, and on no very spectacular scale.

He became aware of Mrs. London's eyes in the immediate foreground, humbly begging his notice. The good lady had been surpassing herself—her opus was a muddy jumble of pinks and greens and yellows, without even authentic childishness to recommend it. Munzel's attention was distracted by the implausible costume pendants which dragged at her earlobes like a pair of miniature chandeliers. Through some trick of cross-lighting, they even seemed to be turned on. Almost as though the showy clusters were genuine diamonds. Something in Munzel's mind stirred, and sat up suddenly. *London!* Was it possible?

"May I ask your full name, Mrs. London?"

She kept her voice down. "Wilhelmina. Isn't that awful?"

"I mean your married name."

"Oh, dear." Mrs. London looked distressed and guilty. "I was so hoping that nobody—"

Yep! Bertram P. London. Oil. The man was an old pirate—with the flawless taste of a Medici duke. An entire wing of his mansion in Paradise Acres housed an incredible private collection of paintings.

"Why are you taking this course?"

"Well, my husband is so fond of art-pictures." The gentle tears welled into her eyes again. "You see, an old woman isn't too interesting, and I just thought if I painted something real pretty . . ."

"You're not bothered by the competition?"

Mrs. London's face flushed up a healthy pink. "That's just it! All those squirmy little secretaries."

"I was thinking about the Titians."

"Oh, those," she replied composedly. "A person can *learn*."

Munzel was conscious of a slight disturbance behind him. When he turned, Chidsey was standing with the knife in his fist, and a corresponding flare back of his spectacles. No one spoke or moved as Chidsey slashed his own painting to ribbons. Then his eye fell on the picture that Wrasse had just finished. As he advanced, blade in hand, both girls positively squeaked, shrinking back without daring to bolt for safety. Chidsey carefully cut the offending work of art out of its stretcher, set the knife down with obvious reluctance, and walked away. But in the doorway he turned again, and in tones of last-ditch exasperation screeched out a string of old Anglo-Saxon expressions such as are seldom heard in mixed society, or indeed among civilized people. All the ladies stiffened, then flinched again as Chidsey banged the door on his own departure, leaving his painting-kit for Munzel to dispose of.

At once they all began saying they'd never in their entire lives heard such depraved language, and that Chidsey ought to be imprisoned, though for their own part none of them had really understood most of the expressions. Munzel wondered where they had been living. Wrasse was crying in a feminine way into the hem of her smock, and Turley was mothering her.

"She's all upset," said Turley with a look of reproach at Munzel. "A real man would have protected her from that beast."

"I was on his team," said Munzel. "As an art critic I'm forced to go right along with him."

"You louse!" said Turley. In the background Selden was giggling to herself, but she had not stopped painting for a moment.

Munzel called the coffee break, and The Bachelor Girls forgave everything at this weekly opportunity to play hostess with disposable cups. As they graciously dispensed correct amounts of sugar and canned milk, Selden drew a substantial paper sack from under her chair. "Cake, anybody?" she called. "It's homemade!" It was a large, rather shaggy loaf-cake, and she carried it to the table where Munzel stood and began recklessly slicing it with Chidsey's knife. The two hostesses stared at her in a kind of horror.

"You mean you *bake?*" said Wrasse.

"Certainly," she answered. "It gives me something to do after the children are in bed."

Everybody tittered, and Selden joined the laughter without quite understanding it. "Don't worry," she said, "all the vitamins are still in. One slice is equal to three-quarters of a pound of calf's liver. The children adore it. They're so beautiful—not a single cavity! If I had known Mr. Selden earlier, I'm sure I could have helped his heart condition."

In a hurried undertone Munzel asked her, "What makes you want to paint that candy-box deal?"

"It's so mysterious," she said. Blankly, he again scrutinized Mrs. London's still-life arrangement. When he looked back, Selden was standing with a pleasant expression, offering her cake to the whole room. However, nobody would try an unknown health-fad confection. Wrasse and Turley exchanged ironic glances and pointedly began nibbling Chidsey's abandoned Gorgonzola. Selden remained holding her unwanted cake. All at once she was bewildered, and Munzel felt himself start to sweat. Then Mrs. London had pity, and took the first piece. After that the cake went quickly. Selden herself seemed to grudge time for the coffee break. As soon as she had put the empty plate back in its sack, she returned to her painting, now and then absently licking the smudges of Prussian blue at either corner of her mouth.

Munzel walked over and stood behind her. She had transformed the candy-box set-up into an underwater scene, the pink-and-white shells grouped in the foreground, the candlestick like a bronze fitting from a sunken ship, and a small blue fish hanging in the greenish half-light. She heard him, and quickly glanced back.

"Please, you mustn't do anything to it!" she said.

"I'm not such an idiot."

It was hard to believe she had been painting for less than two years. The whole structure was full of power, the execution wonderfully bold, and her instinct for color went beyond mere talent.

"Isn't it marvelous!" she said joyfully. "I can't think how I do them. I just hope I stop in time before I spoil it."

It was, of course, entirely right for her to feel so about her own work, but, if only in the interests of self-preservation, she must learn not to voice such thoughts among hostile fools. Munzel breathed in her perfume. He thought what it would be like to comb her hair for her in the depths of the sea.

He realized it was 9:30, and everybody was packing up to go home. He crossed back to the table, and rapped. "I don't need to remind each of you to bring your best painting next week. You'll be judged by a jury of your peers—and that will be the end of our course." He wished it might cause her a fraction of the pain that it cost him. But when he looked, she was getting her things together in her usual slap-dash manner. Briskly Munzel joined The Bachelor Girls.

"How about it, kids?" he said. "The three of us buzz over to the malt parlor, and let our hair down. I have a dollar-forty to blow."

They looked stunned, then enchanted. As they closed in on his elbows, they even exchanged glares over the top of his head. "Now hold it, girlies," he said. "You don't want to tear me apart."

Next week most of the class was already there when Munzel arrived, and had set up their pictures in what seemed to be favorable spots. Even Chidsey was back, with his hair plastered, acting as though nothing unfortunate had ever taken place. He had brought his picture of the hangman's noose and the double-bitted axe lying on jagged rocks. It was not bad, either, if you could bear to look at it. Mrs. London came in flustered and out of breath, struggling with a parcel about five feet long by four feet wide. In unwrapping it and getting it up on her easel, she let it drop, smashing a corner of the massive gold frame. Munzel noticed that its back was sealed with heavily varnished silk. The painting represented St. Michael overcoming the dragon, and when Munzel looked at it, he felt the hair rise slowly on his head. Selden came over and looked at it, too.

"It's an El Greco, isn't it?" she said.

"One of his best." Even in its damaged frame, it would bring half a million dollars at any auction in the world. Chidsey shouldered in between them.

"There!" he said. "That's the kind of stuff *I* want to do. Of course some pro painted it for the old girl."

To Munzel, the bare classroom had become a holy place, but he was not one to verbalize his more important emotions. "So let's vote!" he called. "Want to go first, Mrs. Selden?"

She flushed, then slowly turned white. "I can't help it," she said. "I still like mine." And even in the presence of that glory from Spain's sixteenth century, Selden's picture did somehow contrive to remain visible.

Wrasse and Turley voted cannily for each other, though without gaining much strength as the balloting continued. Chidsey began to show signs of renewed agitation. "You're all crazy!" he said, peering fiercely at the El Greco. "*Look* at this thing! Look at the brush-work!" Eventually he grew so disturbed and abusive that the rest turned on him, voting his axe and noose into first place by a narrow margin. As a matter of fact it was easily the third best picture in the show—which made the verdict about standard for the average art jury.

As Chidsey stood amazed and indignant, the door opened, and a big, white-haired man tramped in, followed by a pair of uniformed policemen. "Oh, Willy!" he rumbled. "What have you been up to now?"

Mrs. London got out her handkerchief. "Bert, I'm sorry," she said. "I was going to put it back before you found out. I just thought if I won an art prize you'd be proud of me."

"*Proud?*" London snorted like a mustang. "You old sea-cow, I ain't half good enough for you—never was!" She burst into happy tears, and London pulled her roughly to him, patting her fat shoulder, and leering at the others like a bad old shark. "Guess I got what it takes," he chuckled. "Keepin' a fine woman like this hot and bothered for forty-four years!"

"Oh, now Bert!" She pressed her blushing cheek to his shoulder, looking up adoringly into the eroded traprock of his face. London's cold, pouched eyes fixed themselves on the art instructor.

"You're J. Munzel, ain't you? I own one of your pictures, 'Dunes.' Wouldn't part with it."

It is hard to dislike a man who hangs one of your early paintings among his Rembrandts and Modiglianis.

"Have you seen your wife's work?" Munzel crossed to the storage closet, got out the genuine Wilhelmina London original, and set it up rather gingerly on an easel.

London was magnificent. He fell back three paces, gazing at the pitiable daub as though thunderstruck. One instantly understood his all but supernatural success in oil mergers. "Munzel, you're a dirty liar!" he roared. "*You* done this for her just to get cash out of me."

Mrs. London was in a transport of demure egotism. "No, no, Bert—honestly!" she kept protesting. "Cross my heart, I did every bit of it all by myself!"

London allowed himself to be convinced. He picked up his wife's painting reverently. "I got just the place for this," he said. "Right up in there between the Bellinis. We'll move the Goya into the basement." Shepherding his wife toward the door, he jerked a thumb back over his shoulder. "Bring that other one," he said to the cops.

Munzel heard Selden murmur beside him, "That was sweet of you." But when he turned, she was already moving away, and he watched her get her things together and leave without looking back.

Ten minutes later Munzel sat facing Wrasse and Turley in the malt parlor. Fortunately it was their treat, for his check would not come before Friday, and all he had in his pocket was bus fare home. The talk was on a high artistic plane, and he thought that now Selden would marry the first Joe that asked. Then she would be so busy filling him up with vitamins that painting would always be put off until Saturday mornings, and if her hair ever got combed he would have to be the one who did it.

Idly, he dipped a finger in his melted pistachio ice cream and began drawing on the sticky table—a female figure that made the teenage waitress's eyes pop, and evoked growls of admiration from both Bachelor Girls. Munzel sat and looked at it. He could paint again! As mysteriously as the lock had closed on him, the dark tumblers had fallen open.

"Let me have fifteen cents," he said.

Wrasse passed the money over reluctantly, and Munzel walked to the booth, found the number in the phone book, and put in the coins when the operator asked for them. Selden answered almost at once.

"Hello," he said. "Look. I keep thinking about you. You don't need to believe this, but I want to comb your hair."

"How adorable." she said. "Wait a minute—the sitter is just leaving."

Munzel snapped his fingers until he remembered her first name. "Myrna! I mean let's get married. Would you?"

"Certainly," she said happily. "Who *is* this?"

"You know damn well!"

"Darling, I just wanted to be sure. Hold on while I get the children up."

"Who needs the children! I'm coming out there right now!" But she was already gone, and Munzel cursed softly with the receiver at his ear until the operator came back and shook him down for the bus fare. When he peeped out through the glass, the girls had paid and left, and Munzel began to wonder what he would do when his second fifteen-cents' worth ran out. Presently, however, he thought he heard something at the other end of the line, a muffled confusion, as though several people were struggling for possession of the telephone. Then, right in his ear, a bright little voice said, "Hi, Daddy!" THE END

SEA BARRIER

She almost wished her rival were a woman instead of the sea. Then, at least, she'd always be sure of getting her man back alive

BY LEON WARE ILLUSTRATED BY FREDRIC VÁRADY

Helen broke from sleep and sat up abruptly in bed, her ears straining for the sound which had aroused her. The luminous hands of the clock indicated three-thirty, and she was uncomfortably aware of the flat emptiness of Jim's bed.

Why can't you stay home? she thought angrily.

She turned back the covers and rose, the floor creaking faintly. Then the sound came again; somewhere, downstairs, there was a rustling, scraping noise.

Her first frantic thought was for the children. Terrified, she started for their rooms, but as she slipped past the head of the stairs, there was a new sound. This she identified immediately: the refrigerator door had been opened, and it now clicked shut.

Frightened as she was, she nevertheless forced herself to slip quietly down the stairs. She peeked around the corner of the lower landing, looking through the darkened living room to the lighted kitchen where a tall, jacketed figure stooped at the back door.

"Outside, darn you!" came a whisper.

"Jim!" She crossed the living room swiftly, her hand at her pounding throat. "What on earth!"

"Hi, honey." His eyes were red and his beard gray with salt, but there was a look of exultation on his face that somehow annoyed her, here in the middle of the night. "The wind blew like crazy from the time we left the breakwater until we got back. Carried the spinnaker all the way down the backside of the island and there wasn't even a lee on the east end. Averaged nearly seven knots for the whole race."

"You said you wouldn't be home until afternoon. You scared me half to death!"

He laughed. "Darned dog. Hands full of the stuff I took for breakfast and he squeezed right in with me. Thought he was going to bark."

"He might just as well have," she said bluntly, recovering somewhat from her fright, "for all the noise you made."

"Sorry."

She turned toward the stairs and he whistled softly, "Pretty flimsy nightgown, lady. What if I had been a burglar?"

She looked back. He was pulling off his jacket, an impish expression on his face. It wasn't right for him to feel so cheerful and sure of himself at this wretched hour; he ought to be in bed, asleep, like other, saner men.

"At least it'd be a man in the house once in a while," she said, and went on upstairs.

When he came up, he said, "As long as you're awake, I'll take a shower."

She listened to the muffled running of the water, the clatter of the soap as it slipped repeatedly from his hands. Other women complained of being golf widows on weekends, but at least they knew where their husbands were. When Jim was navigating Jan Sheridan's sloop, *Discovery*, he might be anywhere within a radius of two hundred miles. Helen punched irritably at her pillow. It wasn't fair. A man was gone all day, anyway; he ought at least to spend his weekends at home. It was his house, and they were his children, too.

He turned off the light in the bathroom and came out into the darkness, stumbling over his shoes. He knocked against her bed, said, "Sorry," and climbed into his own, sighing in unison with the creaking mattress.

"I don't see how you move around on a boat," she said in annoyance.

"You mad at me for waking you up?" he asked.

"I'm not mad," Helen said flatly. "I'm just tired of being left alone every weekend, all summer long. It's all right for Jan Sheridan and the older men. Their children are grown up and married, but what about yours? They hardly know what their father looks like! You leave right after breakfast and half the time you're not home until after they've had dinner, and then, weekends, you're off on that darned boat!"

"Too bad I have to work," he said. "Nothing I'd like better than to loll around with my children."

"Other lawyers seem to get away once in a while."

"Other lawyers are smarter than I am." he said promptly.

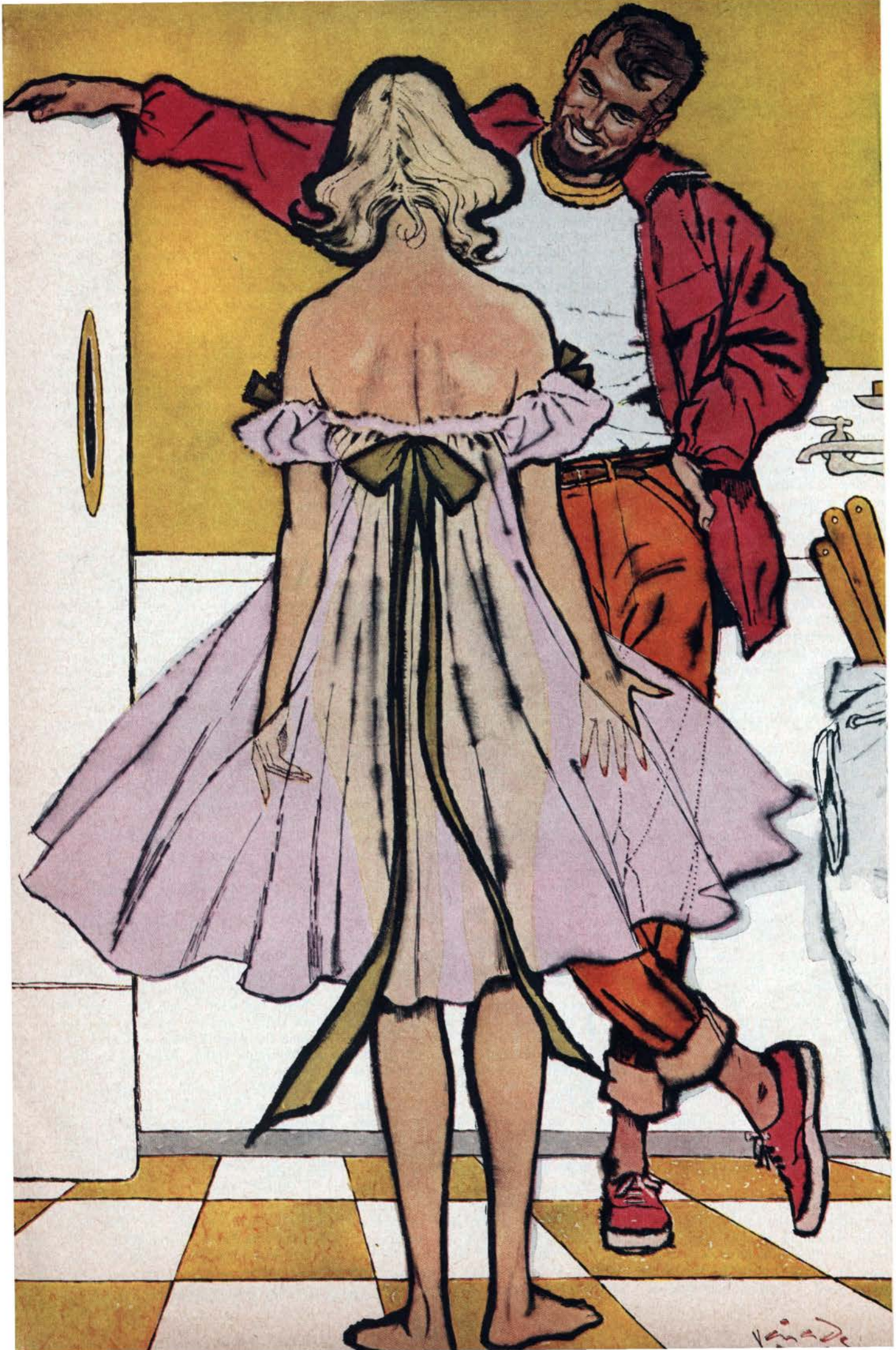
Since he'd graduated first in his class, there didn't seem to be any point in pursuing that topic further. Helen turned on her side and shut her eyes tight, waiting for him to make the next move. He did: he began snoring.

It was an exhausting, humid week. The glowing sun burst through the breathless dawns to reheat the perspiring earth to a point seemingly just short of ignition. Each morning Helen took the children, Jane, ten, and Bill, eight, to the yacht club for the junior activities and then did her errands, usually coming back to join them in a swim before taking them back home.

Jim was in the kitchen, fixing himself a lemonade, when they returned one day.

"You should have been with us, Daddy," Jane said eagerly. "We swam all the way out around *Bagatelle*. Bill and I wanted to go out to where *Marie Amalie* was anchored, but Mom was cold."

"Pretty flimsy nightgown, lady," he said. "Suppose I'd been a burglar?"
"At least," she said bitterly, "it would be a man in the house."



"You know how quickly I get chilled in the water," Helen said quickly. She realized the tone was defensive and felt annoyance. "These Connecticut waters never really get comfortable, anyway."

Jim shot her a brief, shrewd glance and went on into the other room, tinkling the ice in his glass. The sound was like a victory bell, and it irked her. Then she smiled ruefully. She never remembered in time that a successful trial lawyer would be equally perceptive around home.

It was when they were driving home from the movies on Friday night, the children dozing on the back seat, that Helen realized Jim hadn't mentioned his weekend plans.

"Isn't there a race tomorrow?"

"Day race," he said cryptically. "They don't need a navigator. I thought we might take a picnic lunch and all drive over to Mystic, to the museum."

"There's a bridge-tea at Bess Morris's."

After a significant pause, Jim said, "I'll take 'em." He glanced up through the windshield at the flickering heat lightning. "Would you be available for dinner at the club tomorrow night?"

"This doesn't happen often," she said. "Why didn't you tell me your plans?"

"I just assumed you were sitting home alone and neglected. How about marking me down on your calendar for next weekend?"

"Our driveway," Helen said with sudden satisfaction, "is three houses *back*."

The heat wave finally broke before dinner the next evening, while they were still in the club bar. Black clouds had gathered broodingly over the anchorage and the returning racers worked frantically to get their boats snugged down before the storm hit. The rain caught some of the men in the club launch, among them the *Discovery*'s crew, and they came boisterously into the bar, soaked. When they saw Jim, dry and groomed, they chided him unmercifully.

Jan Sheridan, lean, burned dark, his white brows giving him the look of a hungry hawk, paused at the table.

"Mrs. Wright." He nodded pleasantly at Helen, then dropped his hand affectionately on Jim's shoulder. Jim looked up, smiling.

"How'd it go, Jan?"

Sheridan lifted his wet shoulders. "Pretty good. We could have used more wind. Cleared the Urchins with the last of the tide, or we'd have been caught out there in that."

He nodded at the wind-lashed cover. Helen watched as Jim turned slowly toward the streaming windows. His eyes narrowed, his face seemed to grow thinner, and he leaned a little, as if out in the storm itself, a curious half-smile on his face. It was such a strange, disturbing expression that Helen glanced up quickly to see if Jan Sheridan had caught it—and on the face of the older man was the same excited, hungry look.

This was more than just a hobby, a summertime amusement. What she saw on their faces was a primal longing, a fundamental urge—as basic as eating or breathing or sleeping.

It was gone from their faces as swiftly as it had come, but it had been there. It was still there, submerged, in both of them. And because she couldn't understand it, because it was so obviously a masculine phenomenon from which she was excluded, she felt an instant's utter loneliness. When she looked up again, the men were smiling wryly.

"Hate to be out in it," Jim said.

Jan nodded. "Guess I'd better get dry before I rust," he said, turning away.

Jim hunched over his glass and poked at the ice with a long finger. "Nice old guy," he finally said.

"What's Mrs. Sheridan like?"

Jim looked up quickly. "Why?"

Helen hardly knew why she'd asked. She laughed a little, lifting her shoulders. "I rarely see her. I doubt that she even knows who I am."

"Of course she does," Jim said. He looked off toward the Point, where the passing squall had lifted enough to reveal the dim outline of the old Sheridan home, nestling solidly among its trees, the broad green lawn sloping down to the shore. "She doesn't care for boats." He stood up. "I'm hungry. Let's eat."

The summer days slipped swiftly by. As each weekend approached, Helen felt increased tension, but Jim did not mention the races he was missing. During his vacation they made a historical tour for the children, driving down to Philadelphia and Baltimore and Washington, then back up to the Sound for the last week. They gardened together, day-sailed in the *Lightning* while the children handled the boat, and picnicked along the shore.

Once, at the yacht club, she saw Jim gazing out toward the distant blue islands. She felt a twinge of guilt, but it was promptly overcome by the satisfaction of knowing he'd be home for the social activities of the evening.

Labor Day came and went. Foliage began to turn and nights were occasionally nippy. Autumn was at hand; the old year was preparing for the winter's sleep.

A light rain was falling one evening and Helen, curled up with a book on the couch, was aware of Jim's restlessness in the study where he had gone to work on a brief. The phone rang and she glanced up from the novel, intrigued by the warmth of his greeting as he answered in the other room.

"How are *you?* Good." He chuckled. "Well, I've missed it, too, Jan."

Helen put down the book, listening.

"Nantucket? That's a long run for the weekend. Oh, Friday noon. Jan," he said flatly, "I'd like to. I'm sure I can arrange it at the office. I'll give you a ring tomorrow, but count on me. Fine. You've seen the weather?" Jim laughed briefly. "Oh, I always watch it. Thanks, Jan. Good night."

She dropped her eyes to the page again, reading the same passage for the fourth time. After a moment Jim came to the study doorway, digging his pipe into a tobacco pouch. He was grinning.

"I'm going on the Nantucket race this weekend. Okay with you?"

She rubbed her palm across the open pages and looked up. "Of course." It was here, now. She couldn't avoid it any longer. "I didn't mean for you to quit, Jim. It's just that it got to be so often . . ."

After the children had gone to school Friday, she drove Jim to the club and left him with the crowd of men gathering for the noon start. She did her marketing and went on home. It was twelve-thirty when she unlocked the door, just in time to answer the phone. Jim's law partner, Bill MacMillan, was concerned about an action Jim had been handling. Helen found the papers in Jim's brief case and read the pertinent points over the phone.

"That's a relief. I thought maybe he'd forgotten about it," Bill said. "Say, what's that guy of yours trying to do, collect on his insurance?"

"Why?"

"There's a hurricane coming."

Helen's mouth went dry. "I didn't know." She recalled Jim's phone comment about the weather. "I guess Jim did, though."

"How big is this boat, anyway?"

"Forty-five feet. That's not very big for a hurricane. is it?"

"The way I hear it." Bill said bluntly. "*no* boat's big enough for a hurricane."

When she went to bed there were no stars visible, and the leaves of the elm beyond the window hung motionless. On another night Helen might merely have thought how quiet it was. but now she stood staring out into the darkness, remembering the tearing fury of other years and Jim's graphic story of the great typhoon that struck his destroyer at the end of the war. She spent a restless. tossing night.

It rained a little at breakfast time, the drops swirling against the windows a moment, then passing on. The radio bristled with hurricane reports now. The center was curving up along the coastline, still at sea, but the edges were brushing the coastal towns, flooding

She forced herself to look, even though it made her heart stand still.

them, tumbling the flimsier structures, harvesting the shallow-rooted trees. The Weather Bureau predicted that, if the storm maintained its present course and speed, the worst would miss New York City and pass out to sea early Sunday morning, somewhere east of Nantucket, although rains and winds, locally, would be very heavy.

"Nantucket?" Jane said. "Isn't that where Daddy's going?"

Helen turned off the radio and tried to keep her voice steady. "He'll be a long way from Nantucket by then, dear. When you go out to play, stay in the yard."

In the midst of doing the breakfast dishes she suddenly dried her hands and went to the phone. Jim had once mentioned Jan's calling Mrs. Sheridan over the radio. Perhaps there was some report, now.

But Mrs. Sheridan had no information.

"I'm sure they're all right, my dear. They expect to get tossed around, you know. But I hope to hear from Jan sometime, and when I do, I'll telephone you right away."

It was a wild night. The electric power went out, and Helen moved around by candlelight, sopping up the water as it was driven in around the windows, trying to identify the sounds that beset the shuddering house, awed and terrified by the savagery of the storm. What it would be like at sea, she didn't let herself consider. The hours dragged by and she was grateful for the fact that the children slept through all but the noisiest of the gusts. After midnight Helen thought she could detect a shifting of the wind as it moved toward the northwest, and by dawn the viciousness had left the storm, though the rain continued to slash down in ragged curtains.

Daylight revealed the yard littered with debris. The willow was down, its sodden roots uplifted in anguished protest. With the lessening of the wind, her own fears became submerged in her apprehension for Jim. She tried the phone repeatedly, but it was dead. Finally she roused the children.

"Quickly now—all your rain gear."

The car rocked in the wind and she drove at a snail's pace, the wipers unable to keep the windshield dry. She went through pools of water in the most unexpected places, bumping over branches and small trees, driving around the larger obstacles. When she reached the beach road, sea water swirled across it. A small yacht had been driven ashore, almost onto the pavement. The road was littered with wrecked dinghies.

Halfway up the Sheridan drive a great tree lay across the way. Helen left the car and, with the children, ran on through the rain. An elderly maid answered the bell, and at the same time Mrs. Sheridan, in a soft red sweater and wool skirt, appeared at the far end of the hall.

"Who is it, Martha? Why, Mrs. Wright!" She came on quickly, smiling, extending her hands. "My dear, you shouldn't have come out in this!"

"Forgive me," Helen said quickly, "but I couldn't stand it any longer. Have you heard anything at all?"

Mrs. Sheridan shook her head. In the quiet of this big house, beside the professional calm of the maid and the patrician courtesy of the mistress. Helen suddenly felt her own panic to be something almost shabby. She surrendered her coat, biting her lips to keep them from trembling.

"Martha, take the children to the kitchen and fix them some hot chocolate," Mrs. Sheridan said. She put her hand on Helen's arm. "Come along." She led her down the hall to a large room overlooking the water.

The bay side of the room was mostly glass, and a large telescope on a permanent mount occupied a prominent place on the flagstone floor. The wind had shifted so that the rain no longer washed the windows, and the seething anchorage, black under the tumbling sky, was terrifying in its turmoil.

"Will you have some coffee?"

Helen nodded and turned, trying to keep her control. There was a chaise longue with a blanket beside the coffee table. Mrs. Sheridan straightened up, holding the steaming cup, and in the room's better light, Helen saw the deep lines of strain in her face and saw her hands tremble as she held out the cup.

Mrs. Sheridan was aware of her glance. "I spent the night here," she said simply. "I hate the sea, and it terrifies me when it goes wild like this, but I had to watch."

Suddenly all the intellectual restraint on which Helen had kept going evaporated. Anger, not only for herself, but for this frail, elderly woman as well, surged up within her.

"Even if they don't care for themselves," she exclaimed fiercely, "why don't they think about us, at home? Why do they do this?"

"Because they have to," Mrs. Sheridan said simply.

Helen stared at her. "*Have* to?"

"They're men," Mrs. Sheridan said and, taking her cup, walked wearily across the room to stand before a window. "Once, years and years ago, when I was younger, I felt as you do. It has taken me most of my life to see them clearly."

She turned away from the raging bay.

"I could never see why Jan, who could have anything he wanted, should subject himself to the miseries of the sea. He could have traveled as he wished; yet on the three occasions when he went to Europe, he went on a small boat less than sixty feet in length."

She turned wearily to stare again at the sea, raging around the Point. "The hours, the days and nights I've spent here, watching for him to come home! Jan knew about the hurricane. *All* those men must have known, but they went."

Mrs. Sheridan stood straight and still for a long moment, then turned around to face Helen.

"Something in the chemical composition of a man demands that he risk his life occasionally," she said slowly. "If you confronted him with the idea, he'd deny it instantly, but the knowledge helps explain him, a little, to a woman's mind. Jan has the urge, and so does your Jim, and the steeple jack, and the policeman —every so often a man seems to feel compelled to expose himself to danger."

Mrs. Sheridan put down her cup and moved to the telescope.

"We've run out of frontiers for them, you know. It used to be that a man could satisfy this instinct for facing danger by picking up and going west, but so many went that the wilderness was filled up. Now, they have to go up, into the stratosphere, or out, onto the sea in cockleshells. Reach the moon? Of course we will; men will risk their lives, and some will die, but eventually they'll get there. And then, there are the stars, beyond."

She bent to the telescope and then turned. "A woman shouldn't try to stop a man from going, because if she tries too often, one time he might not come back." She indicated the telescope. "Look . . ."

Through the glass Helen saw a small boat, heeled far down in the wind, a wisp of sail at the bow and the main rolled down until just a triangle of wet cloth was visible. The boat swung wildly around the point of land and bore down on the anchorage in a skidding welter of flying spume.

"The sail number?" Helen asked breathlessly. The men lining the weather rail like carefree dinghy sailors on a summer day hid the insignia from her view, and she turned questioningly to the older woman.

Mrs. Sheridan stood with her head bent over her tightly clasped hands. Her lips moved a moment, then stilled, and she looked up, her blue eyes glistening.

"It's the *Discovery*," she said simply. "I've watched her come in through those headlands too often not to recognize her now." She put her hand on Helen's arm. "It's our men, home safely once again, my dear. They tear our hearts out with their going, but they'll always go. Women were born to stay home and wait, I guess; it's part of living."

A sudden surge of warmth and understanding swept over Helen and she put her own hand over the frail one on her arm.

"Thank you," she said softly, "ever so much."

She turned her head to watch the boat. She'd hated Jim's going, resenting it as if he had been getting away from her, instead of just satisfying an inner, complex urge. Women everywhere, she knew, were suffering under the same misconception because they didn't understand, either. The feeling of almost mystic perception filled her with a touch of awe—and gratitude. She turned swiftly back to Mrs. Sheridan, her eyes shining.

"Oh, and if they never went away, how would we know the joy of welcoming them safely home again?" THE END

Cosmopolitan's Complete Mystery Novel

THE GATE

She was too beautiful for any man, no matter how married, to pass up. I might have tried to escape my fate. Instead I went to meet it...like a lamb to the slaughter

BY FINLAY McDERMID ILLUSTRATIONS BY ARTHUR LIDOR

Oh, sure, I was lonely; I was bored. Doris and Little Joe were away for the summer and, after nearly three weeks of eating chops in front of the television set, I was entitled to an evening at the Athletic Club. I'd have moved there anyhow, if it hadn't been for Angus; he needed to run every morning and every noon; he had to be fed every night. In a way, you could blame everything that happened on the dog.

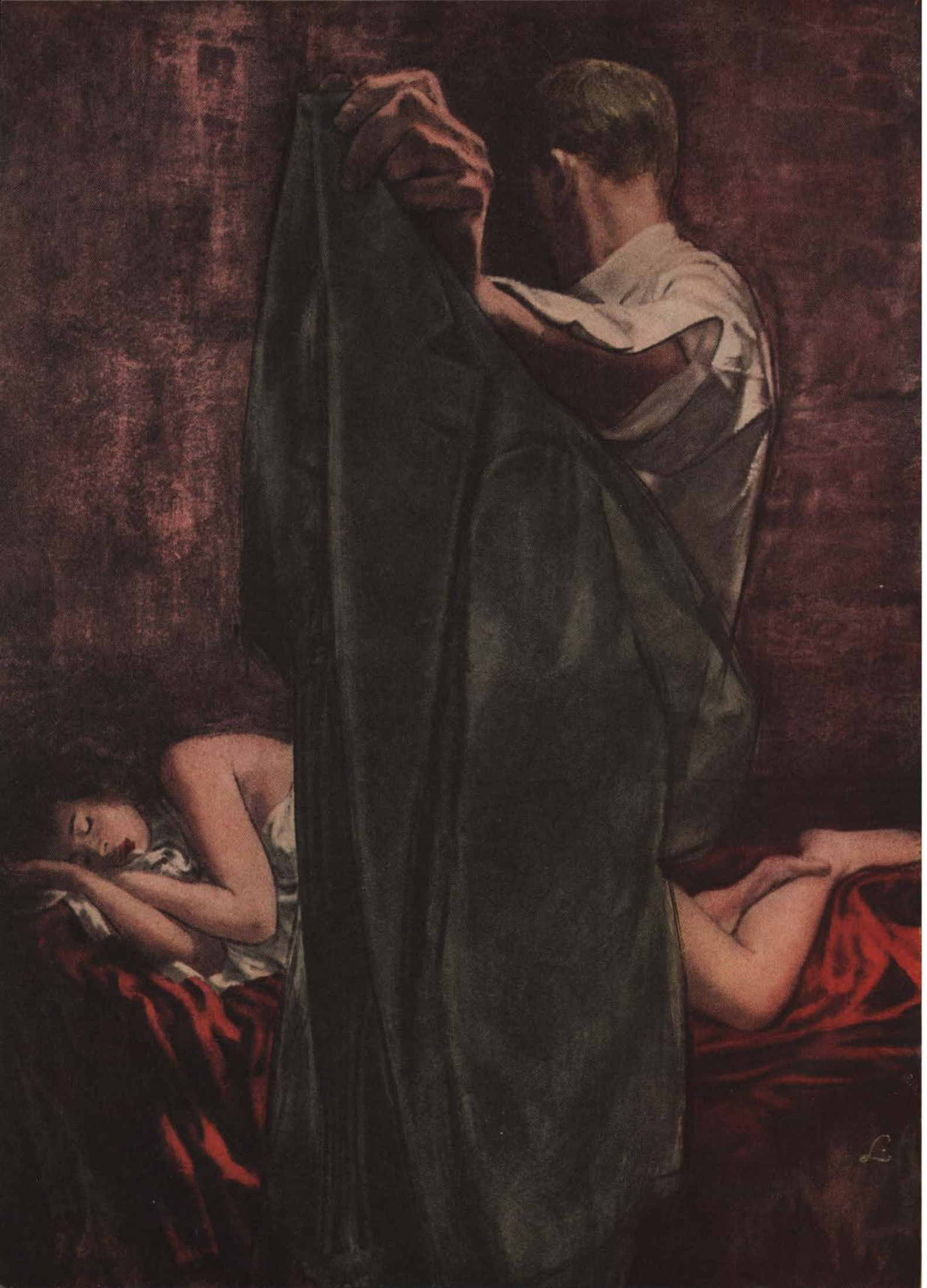
Yeah. Blame it on the dog. Or on Doris, for not being home. Or maybe even on Dad for having been just a gardener instead of a millionaire. It's easy to make a case. Only it wasn't Angus or Doris or Dad who went into Mauri's Tavern.

"Who walked through the gate?" That's what you have to ask yourself when you're a big boy. I was five going on six the first time I heard it. Grandpa Martin had found me up to my chin in the irrigation ditch, afraid to move because the bull was there waiting for me. He'd taken me to Grandma and I'd beat at her with my fists for leaving the gate unlocked. Next thing I knew, I was over Grandpa's knee. He walloped me just once. He said, "Knew the bull was there, didn't you? Knew there was a ditch? Who walked through the gate?" Then he plopped me on my feet and said, "Boy that gets himself chased into a ditch better learn to swim."

I learned to swim. But never in water quite so deep, so full of slime . . .

The door to Mauri's hadn't looked like a gate at all. I was driving along Deodar wondering who I'd find at the Club: Bill Markham, Phil Morris, maybe Slats Monihan; we hadn't seen much of Slats recently, but then parents must seem pretty dull people to bachelors. It hit me all of a sudden that I'd become an awfully domesticated animal the last couple of years. At about the same moment I caught sight of Slats turning off the sidewalk into a bar. I parked; I went into Mauri's, and if I'd slipped on a banana peel and broken both legs at the door I'd have been better off.

Mauri's Tavern. Nothing particularly sinister about it. Blue lights. Deep shadows. Stools and a parabola-shaped counter. Couple of tables up front, three booths at the rear. Two pinball games. Door in the northeast corner; Mauri, himself, drifting in and out on occasion. Nothing sinister about Mauri unless you wanted to tangle with him. If you've had any experience in what they call "the bodily contact sports," you automatically



size up anybody that looks as if he'd had a little contact, too. I'd remember Mauri; he'd remember me. Description, if not name. Would he be asked?

He'd be asked. Sooner or later. So what would Mauri say?

"Joe Jordan? Don't know him. Oh, you mean the fella has a sports shop on Seventh Street? Played quarterback for —was it the Lions or the Rams? Wondered where I'd seen his picture. Six feet, one-ninety, light hair but brown eyes, little scar at the corner of the left eye? Thirty-one or two maybe, give or take. Sure he was here. Came in close to seven o'clock. Stayed about an hour. Left with a blonde." That much for sure.

The bartender? "Yeah, picked up a couple of bourbons and took 'em back to the other fella. Him? Monihan, that sports reporter for the *Star*. Hadn't been there more than a couple minutes, trying his luck on the machines. They talked awhile, five, ten minutes maybe; then Monihan got a call from the paper and left. Other fella stayed. Got stuck with a couple more drinks. Guess he didn't want to waste 'em."

Could he have heard what we said? No. There was, at least, that.

It wasn't much to begin with. Was Doris enjoying the beach? How was the kid? "Take the drinks over to a booth; I'm doing a little research."

I asked him about that research after he slid his long frame into the booth, and it seemed he'd become tired of being just a sports reporter on a small-city paper; so they'd switched him to the city hall beat. They'd even given him a column, in case I hadn't noticed.

I'd noticed.

"So have several big-city editors, Joe. Some day I'm going to ride that column out of Citrus Grove into a real newspaper. Maybe a lot of papers. Like Winchell."

"You sure you're drinking the same lousy bourbon I'm drinking?"

"It is lousy, isn't it? Mauri got stuck with a couple of cases. He's trying to work it off on the casual trade, like you. Mauri can't squawk about it . . . might lose his license. Health Commissioner 'suggests' the brand, and Mauri likes to stay healthy. That's the kind of thing you pick up where I work."

He sat there, waiting to see if I was up with him. "You going to print that in your pinball column?" I asked.

"No," he said, "that'll come a little later. The pinball column will be first in the series. A doctor doesn't want to scare his patient to death with his diagnosis. A man has a cough; that's just a symptom. Maybe he's got a cold. Maybe it's t.b. or pneumonia. Pinball games are a symptom. Add a few other symptoms you hear about when you're on the police beat and . . . well, Joe, your Citrus Grove hasn't got a common cold. It's sick, real sick, and all you solid citizens would know it if you'd only open your eyes and let yourselves look at it. But you don't; your one lone newspaper doesn't tell you; your two radio stations and your television station don't say a word."

What do you say when a friend comes out with a remark like that? The best I could manage was, "You'd better stop smoking that stuff, hadn't you?"

"I'm not smoking it," he said, "but you'd be surprised how many high-school kids are." And before I could get mad, he called out to the bartender, "Fill 'em up again over here. Only use whiskey instead of shellac this time, will you?"

The bartender let loose with a what-can-you-do kind of grin and reached for a bottle of Four Roses. Mauri gave him a nod and everything was very friendly, only now I knew that Mauri really did have a bar whiskey he didn't like to serve to people with taste buds on their tongues. Not that it made any difference.

I love Citrus Grove. It was here that Dad finally found himself a job late in the Depression and we were able to put down roots again. It was at Citrus Grove High that I threw my first forward pass, and it was Coach Jaraki who got me lined up for college on a scholarship. While I was in the Army, you'd have thought, to read the *Star*, that I was virtually Citrus Grove's war effort. By the time I got back, the town had grown unbelievably. But to me it hadn't changed. In my pro ball years, the paper followed my career just as if I were still on the hometown team, and when it reported the shoulder wasn't ever going to be in throwing shape again and I was all washed up at twenty-seven, it wasn't the big-city fans who came up with financing for a first-class sports shop; it was Citrus Grove.

That was the town, my town, Slats was talking about. Anybody else, and I'd have answered with a left to the jaw.

That was when the bartender called Slats to the phone. I decided that when he came back, I'd have to talk him out of his delusions.

I didn't get the chance. Slats was in a hurry. "Got to run. That was my editor. There's a leak in a gas main down Southend way."

"Hasn't he ever heard of plumbers? Who's going to drink this bourbon?"

"You are," said Slats, and was gone. And I did. So the bartender would be just about right. I didn't know what else to do, left alone in a bar with two drinks in front of me. Then, I shelled out some money and thought they were paid for. I didn't realize that it was just the down payment.

"Got a match?" It was a young, dapper man in a well-cut charcoal gray suit. He was leaning back against the table, looking down the bar toward a girl in a well-filled red sweater.

He glanced in my direction long enough to take the matches and nod an offhand thanks. Something about the eyes made me think, for a moment, that I'd seen the face before, but I couldn't think where. He was looking again at Red Sweater. "That the best you got to offer in dames?"

My adrenals let go with a full charge. "I'm not in the dame-offering business, chum!"

His head swung around. "You got me wrong, pal. Not you. Just the town, I meant." A lot depended on what got said next. He took his time and, while he was doing it, I was bracing myself for the table-flipping bit. "No offense, pal. Let me buy you a drink."

It was drink or else flip the table. I wasn't so mad any longer. "You're the visitor. I'll buy you a drink."

"Make it brandy," he said, easing himself into the booth. It was when I looked toward the bartender that I realized something: ever since my guest had first asked for a match, the bartender hadn't moved a frozen muscle. He was scared, scared petrified.

"A brandy over here," I called, and he was able to move again. His hand moved toward a bottle behind him, hesitated, moved three bottles to the right. Now I knew that the bartender knew, and had served, and was scared of the newcomer who had recently come into the bar from Mauri's quarters, and I guess that helped place him for me.

Itchy Ferroni. "Old Story, New Faces: Whatever Happened to Murder, Inc.?" was the title of the magazine article. I might not have recognized him, except I'd stared so long at his picture, thinking that he looked like such an average, nice young guy; there was nothing to warn you. A very promising talent, the article had said, except for two weaknesses: women and barroom brawling with a knife. It caused unfavorable publicity; it put the Syndicate to a lot of extra bother, periodically, hiding him long enough to take care of witnesses. Unless he could control those weaknesses, the writer had speculated, the Syndicate might, albeit regretfully, dispense with his services.

I should have known no other outcome was possible for us.

The bartender brought the brandy and took my money. Itchy lifted his glass. I lifted mine. "Cheers."

"Is everything okay, gentlemen?" That was Mauri, standing at the corner of the booth, voice calm, face disconcertingly pale.

"Everything's fine," I said.

Itchy looked blandly up at Mauri. "Me and my friend were just looking over the dames in the joint. You know something, pal?" he said to me. "That sweater looks a little better now. Tell you what. I'll match you for her."

I don't know what I'd have said, because that was when the front door swung wide and a woman's voice said, loud and clear, "Because I want to, that's why!"

She was still as ravishingly beautiful as ever; she was blazing mad at the sullen, rather plump young man who followed her.

"Well, well," said Itchy. "This one I'm not matching for, pal."

I heard myself saying, "That's right, chum. This one I know." My mouth was dry.

He kept smiling. "Fact? Is she as good as she looks?"

"Don't know her that well. I think that's her husband."

"Then I think I'll ask *him*." Itchy started to get up.

"I wouldn't do that, mister." Mauri's voice was soft.

The message seemed to carry. Itchy settled back.

At the front table, the plump young man, who must have been Harvey Fletcher, was saying something low and angry and insistent as he got to his feet. Irene's answer was all too clear. "Never will be too soon!"

Harvey made as dignified an exit as was possible, and Itchy started chuckling as he slid out of the booth. "No law in this town about buying a drink for a lady without an escort, is there?"

There wasn't much choice. I got up to join Mauri. "Look, chum," I said, "finish your brandy. I'll go take the lady back to her husband."

It was a long, long walk to the front table, not knowing whether or when I'd feel a knife blade between my shoulders. I slid into the chair opposite her and said, "Do you remember me, Irene?"

It took a moment for her eyes to focus, and then widen. "The ghost from the past," she said.

"There's a new place just opened on North First," I said. "Soft music, South Sea atmosphere. Want to come along and talk over old times?"

She could have said no, but she said, "Why not?"

At the door, I had a chance to look back. Mauri was still standing, his hand on Itchy Ferroni's elbow. Itchy was smiling, lifting the near-empty brandy glass. I guess he was thinking, "Some other time, pal."

We were outside. There remained the problem of steering Mrs. Fletcher back to her husband. I was wondering how, when suddenly she slid her body up against me, her mouth searching mine.

Irene . . . Irene McCutcheon it used to be. I was ten years old when she dropped, literally, into my life. We'd been in Citrus Grove a year before Dad decided I was old enough to help him during summer vacations. We drove down South Fifth in our old Model T, and over into the Glen. It was a new, awesome world, filled with palaces surrounded by acres of grass. The McCutcheon palace was the biggest of all, and had the most grass. Grass was our business, Dad's and mine. He tackled it with the power motor, and I followed with the edger. It was while I was trimming around the big oak up near the house that I heard a rustle of branches and looked up in time to see a golden-headed girl-kid step out of a tree-house that looked as if an architect had designed it. Next thing I knew she was clambering down, and suddenly, plop, she was right in front of me. "I'm Irene," she said. "Who are you, boy?" That was the nine-year-old Irene, to be followed by the ten, the twelve, the seventeen, and now this, the thirty-year-old culmination re-introducing herself so informally there on the sidewalk.

I managed to break the clinch and get her into the car. "You're drunk, Irene," I said. "Sloppy drunk. You need food." I was busy sliding the car out into the traffic, not looking at her, prepared for an argument, not prepared at all for the little-girl voice that said, "All right, Joe. Take care of me. Take me to a drive-in. We always used to go to drive-ins, remember?"

Remember? I was not quite nineteen, with shipping orders waiting back at camp. We hadn't told my mom or hers we were engaged—the gardener's son might serve as playmate for a lonely little girl, but that didn't mean she could marry him. Sure, it was drive-ins; it was anything that didn't cost more money than I had.

There was a drive-in at the corner of Elm and First. We ordered hamburgers and coffee. "Thank you, Joe," she said when the girl took the trays. "I'm not sloppy drunk any more. You always did know what was best for me, didn't you?"

It was time to take Irene home. I headed north on First Street, figuring home was probably one of the new hotels on Hawthorn or Larch.

"Take me to the Glen, Joe," she said in a very low voice.

Automatically, I turned right on Guava to head for Fifth. "That where you and Harvey are living? I thought the place was empty."

"Turn here!" It came so unexpectedly that I swung sharply right onto Second and then wondered why. "The back way, Joe."

"You sold that house long ago. It's vacant. It's on the market again."

"I want to see it, Joe. Just once more. Please!"

She'd said "please." I swung the car right again on Fig and headed west for the back way. I hadn't driven the road since I was eighteen, but I remembered it very well. There wasn't any way through the cross-range till you got to Marlboro, well outside city limits; then south to Three Forks and left again on Southslope.

"It's funny in a way," said Irene from the far corner of the seat. "One of Harvey's companies owns the place now, and he doesn't even know what it meant to me; it's just something to rent, something to sell. But then, I sold it, too, didn't I? Why, I wonder? I drove out to see it from the front, just last week. The doors were open; there was some real-estate man showing it—just to anybody. All the old furniture . . . older, shabbier . . . still the same." And suddenly, "Joe! Why did you leave me?"

I stared at her. Sure, I'd left her. I'd skipped the country. I'd had myself a real ball! In Okinawa especially, that jewel of the Pacific!

This was the girl who had written the letter. She'd married a 4-F from Harvard. I remembered the day very well. It was raining in the morning and in the afternoon I won myself a Purple Heart.

Well, you get over it. Wars end; grief subsides. You meet other girls; you marry one; you get so you can read occasional datelines from Cannes or London or New York about Irene's latest divorce or newest wedding with no more than casual interest. When she works her way around to Harvey Fletcher, you wonder if maybe she'll show up again, someday, because Fletcher is a Californian with investments all over the state, including Citrus Grove. And she does, and it's just a matter of casual interest . . . you keep telling yourself.

There aren't too many people who know there's a back way into the Glen. No one in his right mind would turn right off Southslope onto that old overgrown wagon track that once led to a long-vanished olive press. Tree branches scraped the roof, rocks ate at the tires, but after a mile and a half of jouncing along the ridge, the Glen was there below us.

I found the wide spot where I used

to turn the jalopy around, those nights when Irene sneaked out the back door to meet me. I put the Chevy through the same motions and there we were, a couple of hundred yards uphill from the McCutcheon back yard. Irene got out of the car. I took the flashlight from the glove compartment and found the old trail the deer had made on their way to water before the first house was ever built in the Glen. It was steeper than I remembered, but we edged our way on down through the undergrowth.

At the lower edge of the tangle, I doused the light. There was a moon. We stood looking at the dark old house. All up and down the Glen the windows were dark . . . which was strange, if we'd stopped to think about it. We weren't thinking; we were soaking up the past. It was a night for ghosts, and the ghosts of all our younger selves wandered with us through the garden paths, a garden sadly overgrown, heavy with weeds.

We were passing the back door when Irene paused. "I wonder," she said, "if they lock it at night." She turned the knob; the door swung open; she stepped inside. I hesitated, followed her, clicked a light switch; nothing happened. I closed the door, switched the flashlight on.

"No." It was a whisper. Above the downswept pool of light, I could see the whiteness of teeth behind parted lips, the gleam of widened eyes.

A moment; then, I flicked off the switch. Irene's hand found mine, leading me through the dark kitchen, the pantry, up the pitch-black service stairway. Then, along the hall and into that big front bedroom.

Perhaps I should have known from the beginning that there was no other resolution possible for this meeting of ghosts, for all the fury, for this sum total of why-didn't-you's of all those frustrating years. And no place more fitting than the wide-cushioned window seat overlooking the oak tree where first we'd met.

Afterwards, I felt a moment of tenderness . . . before it was engulfed by one contented, drowsy word. "Jim . . ." It was as if a cold wind had suddenly cut through the summer night. Jim . . . Jack . . . Tom . . . Joe. Different names, faces; in the essentials, all men are alike.

Sitting there on the edge of the window seat, I stared down at that lovely face, eyes closed, lips parted in a soft smile. I'd known such women, known, accepted, even pitied. Certainly the signs had been there to read, but you don't accept such things easily if the girl is your own first-love.

Slowly, I put on my clothes, found a pack of cigarettes in a pocket.

I turned aside to shield Irene's eyes

from the flame of the match and, for a moment, saw the room as I remembered it—except for the thin layer of dust on the tops of things. There was an ashtray on the bureau. I picked it up and dropped the match in it.

It was a fine time to start thinking about Doris! I sat down again, full of guilt and remorse, getting used to the idea that I'd just have to live with it. Then I caught movement from the corner of my eye, and turned to look out the window. A car was driving very slowly down the street. It had no headlights. Its motor cut off, and it drifted to a stop in front of the house. There was the muffled noise of two doors opening, gently closing. I stood up for a better view through the branches of the oak. "Irene," I said softly, "wake up. We're going to have company."

"What?" Her eyes fluttered open.

"Two men are coming up the path toward the front door. Wake up. And don't make a sound . . . whatever happens."

Irene scrambled to her feet to see. The first man emerged from under the oak tree, a big man.

Now came the second man. Like the first, he wore a hat; he wasn't as big as the other. He paused three steps into the clear. We saw his right arm rise just a little above shoulder level and straighten into horizontal position, all unhurried, smooth, and easy. We saw the flash from the gun in his hand. Even so, we weren't prepared for that loud, sharp, ugly crack that put an end to the silence.

It was all happening faster than words can tell. Outside the window, the first man was knocked forward onto his knees, his face; his hat was falling free. These are the things a 38-caliber bullet can do. The rest must have come from within the man himself, the effort to turn and face his executioner, that last convulsive churning of arms and legs that turned him partly around, the pushing of a flashlight button in the left hand. All this to be done before the gun in his right hand could respond. There wasn't quite enough life left. The body lay grotesquely twisted, almost on its back; the gun fell free; the flashlight was the only living thing in the picture as it rolled a second or two before it, too, stopped, its beam pointing toward the oak tree.

In the beam, the second man stood frozen a moment before he ducked aside. I recognized him, and that placed for me the man he'd just killed. That's why I knew, a second later, who the third man must be, the one who left the car at the gunshot, skirted the edge of the flashlight beam, and joined the second man there in the shadow of the oak tree.

"Put on your sandals," I whispered to Irene. "Gather up every single thing you brought into this room. Purse. Bobby pins. If you have to touch anything, cover your hands with your dress or a handkerchief."

"Why, in heaven's name! Let's get out of here quick and call the police!"

"It's not that simple, sugar," I told her. "Those *are* the police. All three of them."

I watched Captain Graves and Detective Simms move toward Sanderson's body. I couldn't hear what they said, but it was obvious the Captain was annoyed. Not annoyed enough to put Simms under arrest for shooting a fellow-officer, obviously. The annoyance had something to do with the body. Simms reached out—perhaps to move it, perhaps to turn off the flashlight—and Graves' sharp "No, you fool!" was loud enough to carry.

"Let's go. I've got everything," Irene whispered.

I turned to pick up my jacket, and froze halfway; the Captain's head had jerked upward. He was staring straight at our window.

He couldn't see us. Not possibly, with the moonlight reflecting against the glass.

The cigarette! That tiny glow in my hand! The kind a man wouldn't even think about—until it moved. He might not know that another man, holding a cigarette, had turned to pick up a coat. Perhaps he couldn't even be sure he'd seen anything at all. I looked down at the cigarette. It was still turned toward the window. My hand was steady. It wouldn't move again.

"Let's get out of here!" Irene's voice from beside the door.

"Not yet," I murmured.

It would be a duel of waiting. A man can't be sure of what he's seen from the corner of his eye. Just a reflection? I was prepared to hold that cigarette a long time. Until Graves got tired of watching it.

I was forgetting he was a cop who took nothing for granted. He kept watching, but also he said something to Simms, and suddenly the detective was starting at a run toward the south side of the house. The back door! He'd reach it ahead of us!

I crushed the cigarette out in the ashtray. "Go to the hidey hole and wait."

She understood. She was the only person in the world who would have understood about the hidey hole. It had been big enough to hold two kids. I prayed it would take two adults as well.

I slipped the ashtray, cigarette butt and all, into my jacket pocket. I ducked down below window level, hauled the window cushion off the seat, wrestled it upside down and back into place. Simms would be rounding the southwest corner by now. With my handkerchief I wiped the doorknobs and hurried toward the service stairs. I was about three steps down when I heard Simms' whistle. That would mean he'd reached the back door.

Irene had left the panel open. I ducked through and slid the panel shut. The hidey hole could take two adults, crouching, pressed close together.

The hole had had a purpose. Probably the architect's plans had had a legend like "Access Panel" to mark the one small entrance above the first stair. Perhaps, once every twenty years or so, something might go wrong with the upstairs plumbing or heating. If so, here was a rough flooring for the workman halfway up the central shaft that carried all the variegated pipes up from the basement. If he had to, he could work his way upward through the maze of supporting studs. I doubt that any adult had ever tried it, but a couple of kids did it once and found themselves underneath the top tread of the main stairway, the one that creaked.

"They'll come in," I murmured. "One front, one rear, if they're smart. They'll have to search. First, downstairs; then, up. One of them will go up this way, the other up the main stairs. You listen for the service-stair door; I'll poke my head up and wait for the creak on that top tread."

Irene's hand suddenly squeezed my arm so hard I almost yipped. That meant Simms was on the service stairs. I heard the creak on the main stairs. So Graves did know the house well, and that meant it was not by accident that murder occurred in front of 847 Glen instead of the house next door. There had been a plan, a plan that perhaps allowed for an imaginary prowler in a vacant house. It could just as easily involve a real prowler. Real. And dead.

"Irene." Very softly. "Lift your left foot out of the sandal and onto the stairs . . . Now your right . . . Here are your sandals. Remember, no fingerprints. Out the back door and keep right on going. I'll meet you at the hill."

"Wh—" She checked it and was gone.

Three minutes, I figured. It would take that long to search. That much time I had, carrying my shoes, wiping doorknobs ahead and behind, to give them a false trail. Through the swinging door into the dining room. Now, open the north window, unhook the screen, back to the sideboard. Pick up—what?—all right, the silver candlestick. Drop candlestick outside; grab silver plate and beat it fast. No time for anything more, not if you want to leave the McCutcheon estate alive. Out the back door and skim the plate as far as you can. Good! It reaches the hedge, not far from the gap you wanted to hit. Now, run hard for

the greenhouse, and, once you're there, you know you've made it or you'd have heard, maybe felt, gunfire.

I put on my shoes and ran toward the deer trail.

By the time we reached the car, the sirens were wailing. I looked at my watch —9:32.

It took an endless time to bump our way back to Southslope. Once there, I stopped long enough to drag a fallen branch across the road, thinking it might save some policeman a long bumpy ride.

There wasn't any traffic on Southslope. That meant . . . roadblocks east and west! I swung north into one of the new subdivisions that were gradually eating away at the cross range. It hadn't eaten far enough to reach the other side. Then, at the last moment, before we had to decide which roadblock to run, we found the bulldozed track that the contractor's supply trucks used through the mesquite. At 9:45, we jounced out onto Northslope.

We could use our lights; we could talk if we liked; we could breathe. I thought of something else and turned the switch. The radio warmed into intelligibility: "—ot on sight. I'll repeat that bulletin for the benefit of Southend residents: The gas company has completed repairs in the main at the intersection of Sutton and Palmetto. All residents who were evacuated from the section east of Fifth Street—repeat, east of Fifth Street—may now return to their homes. Residents *west* of Fifth—remain where you are! A gunman is at large in that area. This is the man who killed Detective David Sanderson. Police are combing the area for any other signs of looting. Anyone caught loitering will be shot on sight. And now a word . . ."

I turned down the volume, being in no mood for the commercial. The gas leak! If it was serious enough to draw a reporter, of course it drew all the police in town! No wonder there were no lights on in the Glen. For blocks and blocks no one was at home. The blockade at Fifth must have been in place even before we arrived. The one at Three Forks would have been added, and fast, after Graves made his first report about the "gunman."

Finally the announcer finished his commercial and returned to the news. Simms and Sanderson, it seemed, had been making a last routine check of the district before the all-clear. Captain Graves had joined them. "The Captain," said the announcer, "noticed a 'For Sale' sign in front of 847 Glen Road and suggested the detectives check whether the door was locked since the house was known to be fully furnished. Sanderson checked the front door and was returning to the car when a man burst out of the house, fired a gun, and dashed back in.

"The Captain and Simms searched the house, but the killer had apparently escaped either by the back door or through the unlatched window by which he presumably entered. However, with all exits from the area blocked, it would be virtually impossible for the fugitive to escape the house-by-house, inch-by-inch search that is now under way."

"I need a drink," said Irene suddenly.

She was wrong. She needed to think, which is a lot harder. We had to plan, to talk things out. Somewhere safely indoors.

"My apartment's on Ilex near Third."

"What about Harvey?"

"He lives at the Longmuir." It was as complete an epitaph for a marriage as you could put into five words. She had a footnote. "I'm seeing Harvey for the last time tomorrow, at my lawyer's office."

Our climb through the underbrush had left marks on us. A branch had raked my face and torn my shirt. And once Irene had fallen; there were dirt smudges on her cheek and dress. I washed my scratches in Irene's bathroom and returned to the living room to find a bottle of Scotch and two glasses waiting. One of the glasses had been used.

Irene headed for the bath. I put the Scotch away and headed for the kitchen. I wasn't sure I knew how the coffeemaker worked, but I made my best guess and stood there watching it. It worked. I poured two cups and took them back to the living room. Irene was there, scrubbed clean, wearing a skimpy wrapper with a loosely knotted belt. I gave her one of the cups and checked my watch. Ten-fifteen. I switched on the radio, which was a good comfortable distance across the room, and just stood there listening.

But the only additions were three *if*'s: *if* there had been a getaway car; *if* the gunman had eluded the cordon; *if* he had had an accomplice. They didn't matter, said Graves. A few more hours, an extra day or so; there was no hope of escape.

I switched off the radio and turned to find Irene standing right behind me, coffee untouched, face taut. "You hate me, don't you?"

"No, I don't hate you."

"It isn't . . . it isn't the way I feel about Harvey? I don't think I could stand that . . . if you just didn't give a hoot one way or the other."

"One way or another, I give a hoot. Now sit down and shut up." I gave her another cup of coffee . . . and a picture

of Citrus Grove. A very hot town indeed for the next few days. Rough on burglars, tramps, teenagers, anybody who might logically have been in 847. Miserable for bartenders, bellboys, taxi drivers, anyone who might know anything. Not for us necessarily. Not right away. If we didn't make any slips. There'd be a lot of ears listening. Anything that hadn't been in the news accounts. The slightest hint we'd been anywhere near the Glen.

"I won't even mention the murder."

"Oh? Suppose someone says to you, 'Eight forty-seven Glen; isn't that where you used to live?' "

She swallowed. "Why . . . Eight forty-seven? I didn't hear the address. Why, that man must have been shot on our front lawn! What can that neighborhood have fallen to!"

"You ought to know," I reminded her. "You saw it just the other day, you told me. Other people were there, probably saw you. Did you touch anything?" Her eyes widened. "Doesn't matter. There'll be loads of other fingerprints too. You had a reason to be there. You were there last week. It's tonight we have to worry about, an hour and a half of our time."

We'd been seen at Mauri's, perhaps at the drive-in at 8:30. At ten, the doorman at Irene's apartment house had seen us. Where had we been in-between? We decided we'd driven up Skyline into the mountains, and I'd filled her in on some of the local color she might have forgotten. We went through the story a couple of times. It sounded all right.

"Joe, I could leave for Las Vegas right after I see my lawyer tomorrow. I wouldn't be here to answer questions then. Would you like me to go?" She wasn't all tramp; she'd been thinking of me. In a way, that made it tougher.

Sure, I'd have liked it fine . . . except that Las Vegas was just a phone call away and full of people who could, and would, ask any questions Graves wanted asked. "No. We've got to be sure we haven't overlooked something. For now, you'd better stay."

"You're sure, Joe?" she asked slowly. "I've been running a long time. Away from what I see in myself, maybe. Tonight with you I had the feeling that . . . with you, maybe I wouldn't need to run. You're sure you don't want me to leave Citrus Grove?"

It was a good question. I put down my coffee cup and got to my feet. "Whether I want it or whether I don't, there's a bond holding us together, for tomorrow and however long it will take. It's called self-preservation."

"I think it's more than that, Joe." I don't know how, with no more than a deep breath, she loosened the belt on that wrapper. I bolted before she could breathe again.

The last thing I heard before the door closed was an amused female chuckle.

It must have been about two in the morning when I finally drifted off to sleep. I'd given the dog his run; I'd remembered to feed the ashtray in my jacket pocket to the garbage disposal; I'd found the note at the front door: "7:05. Guess somebody beat us with a dinner invitation. Rain check. Jane."

Sleep didn't do much good. The nightmare I was living followed me right into my dreams: fires, floods, running from something-without-a-face that seemed to know all the short cuts. I was glad when the alarm went off . . . until I remembered what the daytime nightmares were like.

A shave, a shower, different clothes didn't make me feel like a new man . . . breakfast, the morning paper.

The *Star* had pictures of Simms, Sanderson, Graves, but none of the scene of the crime. The news story commented that the looter had got away with nothing of real value, apparently, although the owners, Millard Realty and Investment Company, were checking their inventory. Captain Graves, recently promoted from Homicide to head the new Special Division, had been put in complete charge of the investigation by Chief Conrad. " 'It is only by such prompt and relentless action as we showed in tracking down the slayer of Officer Bromwich,' said Graves in a prepared statement, 'that we can continue to keep our fair city free of the criminal element.' It will be recalled that Officer Bromwich (continued on page 6)"— Only it wasn't continued on page 6 or anywhere else; that sort of thing happened every now and then with the *Star*. I found myself wondering what I should recall about Officer Bromwich and his violent end. I wondered, too, what, exactly, a Special Division could be.

I glanced back at the front page. Another headline jumped at me: SKYLINE FIRE CONTROLLED. Carefully, I read that story. So we'd driven up Skyline last night, had we, Irene and I?

Now I really buckled down to reading the paper, concentrating on local items, the items police would know about. What else had happened around the perimeter of Citrus Grove last night? Where, in that peaceful community, could a spooning couple have sat for a few minutes without being run over by a fire engine, a mad-dog chaser, or a runaway truck? It's pretty amazing how much can happen in a city at night, if you look at it once from the map a police captain could draw.

I had maps, too, of Citrus Grove, and one of the forest reserve. I studied them for a while. Then I called Irene. It was a little early; she could have been asleep. She wasn't. She said she'd be ready in twenty minutes to go for a little drive.

She was waiting when I got to the apartment, dressed in a smart tailored outfit, the Irene of the world of fashion, the long-distance Irene as seen by the camera at Longchamps or on the Queen Elizabeth. I handed her into the Chevy in the grand manner.

"If we'd gone up Skyline last night, chances are I'd have been drafted to fight a fire that broke out at about 8:35." I was headed up First Street to where the houses thinned out against the rising foothills. "Actually, we saw the fire when we were about here, and we turned over on this street to get a better look."

I'd picked the road that led to the Lone Canyon Forestry Camp. "We were about here when a green Forestry truck passed us." I swung off the road onto a dirt track that led to the abandoned Oakridge Picnic Grounds. It was still there, but now there was a sign that said "No Trespassing. Private Property. Millard Realty and Investment Co." "I guess we didn't notice that last night."

"It wouldn't have stopped me, being married to Millard Realty. The sun never sets on Harvey's investments."

We were miles away from Harvey's investment at 847 Glen. "We sat here and watched the fire." I told her about the way the fire engines had deployed, about the noises, about the wind that a fire draws toward it even on a still night. I remembered to get out of the car and walk near a tree. "That's when I got scratches on my face," I explained. I turned the car in a wide circle. "That's when the car got scratched." Then I headed back for First Street. Footprints. Tire tracks. There was even proof we'd watched the fire, if anyone ever got interested enough to check.

We were heading down First again when Irene suddenly said, "Wait!" I jammed on the brake sharply and looked at her.

"You used to live somewhere near here. Could we drive past, Joe? Please."

There wasn't any reason to do it. Or not to do it. She'd said "please." I swung right on Prairie.

It wasn't much to look at, one cracker box in a row of cracker boxes. The jasmine vine Dad had planted gave it a little something, maybe. I hadn't wanted to sell it, after Dad and Mom died. It was for rent, furnished. The lawn needed cutting. I'd have to get after Benjie again. "Why did you want to see it?" I asked as I turned down Hillard.

The bull waited for me—towering—I was scared stiff.

"It's where we'd have lived, isn't it? If I'd waited for you?"

"Summertimes, I suppose." There and boarding houses, cheap hotels, depending on whether she'd have stuck around that long. There were a lot worse places than Prairie Avenue. Doris and I had managed till Little Joe came along.

I asked her the lawyer's address and after that neither of us said anything till I'd found a parking place on Second, almost in front of the *Star* building and directly across from police headquarters.

"What will you be doing today, Joe?"

"Minding my shop. Hoping nobody notices anything different from yesterday, just an upstanding businessman doing his job."

"What do upstanding businessmen do for lunch?"

Thursday? Norah, the cleaning woman, would give Angus his run. "Eat with other businessmen."

"Dinner?"

"Irene! I've got a family I want to keep if I can. Look, this is no place to be talking."

"There are eating places outside Citrus Grove."

"No! Anyhow, I have a dinner date."

"Really? Anyone I know?"

"I doubt it. Jack and Jane Linsk. Goodbye, Irene."

"Would she be Jane Wynant before she married?"

I'd forgotten. There was a year in her life when Irene went to public school. Jefferson Junior High. "Yes."

"She was fun. All right, Joe. It was nice meeting you." She smiled and got out of the car, leaving me alone with my loathsome self. Plainly, she didn't take my farewell seriously. Doris, if she ever found out, would think it came far too late.

I wasn't supposed to spot the ring she'd left on the car seat till later, I imagine. But it had a solitaire diamond the size of a headlight. Insurance that I'd *have* to see her again. I pocketed it and boiled out of the car on the curb side.

Irene was passing the door of the *Star* building when a young man who had popped onto the sidewalk from the midst of the traffic said something to her; she pivoted on one high heel and brought the other down on his instep; I had no trouble hearing what the man said next; then he lunged for Irene. By then I was spinning him around by the shoulder.

I recognized him just before I hit him, but it was too late to put on the brakes. I should have hit harder or not at all. "Keep moving," I growled at Irene, keeping my eyes on Itchy Ferroni. He was lying deceptively still.

Suddenly his legs lashed out and I jumped before they scissored my ankles. He was rolling like a cat, and I was trying to pin him before he could get the knife out. That's when the cops came. One of the cops was Simms. He was having a low, urgent conversation with Itchy. Probably: "If you've *got* to knife somebody, does it have to be a taxpayer . . . in broad daylight . . . right in front of the station house and a dozen witnesses!"

Then he turned on the bystanders. "Move along . . . unless one of these gentlemen wants to file a complaint and needs witnesses." That did it. They moved along.

Neither of us wanted to lodge a complaint. It might have been a little embarrassing for Simms if we had. Itchy had obviously just left the station, probably picked up by some innocent patrolman who didn't know he was a paying guest of the city. It showed in Simms' red face and Itchy's arrogance. "Do me a favor," he said to Simms. "My Cadillac's over on Sixth Street; that's a long walk."

Simms nearly strangled, but he managed to growl at one of the uniformed men: "Drive him to where you picked him up. Then get back here quick!"

Maybe the exercise did me a little good. I couldn't think of anything else to cheer about. For a guy trying to be inconspicuous, I hadn't done too well, choosing Itchy Ferroni in front of the police station. Not to mention the newspaper office! I realized that as Slats caught up with me, just when I reached the car.

I don't think I convinced Slats that there really wasn't any story, but after a while he gave up. "Let's have lunch," I said.

He started to say yes, and suddenly something happened to his eyes; they'd seen something over my shoulder that made them tense, worried. His voice went up a couple of decibels. "Lunch? Sorry, Joe. Big story breaking." And then, under his breath, "Club. Side entrance. Handball."

"Some other time, then." I batted my eyes to let him know I'd got the message. "Be seein' you."

He headed briskly back toward the *Star* building. Presently a little fellow carrying a brief case strolled past the car. It couldn't have been his muscles that bothered Slats. It must have been his ears.

It was high time for me to be a businessman. I drove over to Elm and into the parking lot. In the bike shop I asked Pop Leonard to brush me off, and he didn't even ask why. I strolled on out into the main room.

Jimmy Fisk, the teenager I'd hired for the summer, had a problem with a husky-looking customer in a gray suit. I walked over. Jimmy was glad to see me. It seemed Sergeant De Vries of the police department wanted help.

"Oh," I said. I asked to see the Sergeant's identification. It looked genuine. "Something new, isn't it? The green card?"

"Means I'm attached to Special Division."

"Oh," I said again, for lack of anything better.

He looked like an easy-going, hard-working guy—no horns, no tail. He had a thing to show us and he showed it. It was a plaster mould of the bottom of a shoe. More specifically, it looked like the sole and heel of one of my Sportkings that were resting, at the moment, home in my closet.

De Vries was pretty proud of that mould. It had been taken from dust, not mud. Took a man like Spencer to do such good work. "Of course he had the photograph to check against." I was glad he showed me the photograph because there was a crushed oak leaf in the corner of it. There weren't any oak leaves in the hidey hole, or even in the rear of 847. Somewhere in the hills, then; probably when I got out to pull the branch across the road.

"I'm just making the rounds, any place that sells shoes. Fellow across the street said it looked like a sports shoe. Jimmy here tells me he thinks it's a line you carry."

"It's a Sportking, Mr. Jordan. See the flare beyond the instep? And you can make out part of the S-K trademark on the heel if you look real hard."

I beamed. "By George! Jimmy, you're right. It's a Sportking."

De Vries beamed, too. "That's going to save me a lot of trouble."

A lot of trouble indeed. But for Jimmy, all he'd have had on his report tomorrow would have been a guess at one of a half-dozen brands, available at about a third of the stores on his list.

"I wonder if you could tell me what other places carry the line?"

"Oh," said Jimmy proudly, "it's exclusive with us."

"Jimmy," I said, "why don't you go back to the office and look up the firm's address?"

"Wonder, Mr. Jordan, if you'd mind showing me a pair?"

Jimmy's boss had better not be *too* stupid. "Sure. Matter of fact, I'm wearing a pair myself . . . probably about the same size." I lifted my foot while De Vries held the mould.

"Perfect!"

"Means it's a size ten, then. A little older than this one. You can see the trademark quite plainly on mine." I kept on talking. "Little hard to figure why a man that bought a pair would be mixed up in an average crime. They cost

twenty-eight bucks; the owner'd have to have other kinds of shoes, too; he wouldn't wear these to a dance, for instance. Of course, they could have been stolen, perhaps. Had a robbery here last year."

"That's a point, Mr. Jordan."

"Almost everybody calls me 'Joe,' Sergeant."

"May I? Saw you play at the Coliseum. Never got that far myself. Center for Hoover High in Glendale."

"Lobo De Vries!" It was a long, long reach into the past, but I was getting an extra push from my adrenals. And you don't win state championships without studying form sheets of the possible opposition. "You lost a close one to San Mateo. By a fluke punt recovery."

"By a bad pass from center," he said. Special Division or not, this officer was an honest man. I found myself suddenly liking Sergeant De Vries. I guess he saw it in my face, and his own face warmed in answer.

Jimmy was back with the address. No, we couldn't give the Sergeant much more information. Not the foot-sizes of customers, not even the names—most of them paid cash—and there'd have been several hundred in two years.

"Thanks, then, both of you." He gave me one last curious glance. "Ought to use an electric razor, Joe."

I'd kept ahead of Jimmy and Sergeant De Vries, but I had the uncomfortable feeling that Captain Graves was something else again. He was the kind who could make a technician work all night preparing the mould of a footprint; I knew he could command enough respect from an honest cop like De Vries to send him on an errand he didn't understand but thought he did. He was thorough; he was fast.

I went to the lavatory mirror to see whether the nicks on my face really looked like razor cuts. To a friendly De Vries, maybe. Not to the hard, purposeful eyes of Captain Graves. I'd better stick with my tree in Oakridge Picnic Grounds.

At twelve o'clock I let myself in the side entrance of the Athletic Club. Most people don't even know there's a side entrance and not too many know there's a four-walled handball court in the basement. I ducked down the service stairs and no one saw me. Slats was already there, waiting for me.

The walls on a court are twenty-two feet high and forty-six long, rather preposterous dimensions for a two-man conference room. "Only place I could think of," said Slats, "where I wouldn't worry about being overheard."

"I saw the little guy who was trailing you this morning," I said. "His ears weren't any bigger than mine."

"You didn't see the ones he had in his brief case." A short derisive laugh. "So you want to match ears with the police, do you? Let's see you clamp yours against that wall and hear what's going on down the hall; let's see you hitch yours under a car sometime and see if it'll pick up every word that's said and register every turn while you're trailing in another car blocks back. You think an ear's a hunk of flesh. They have 'em small enough to stuff in a wrist watch. Every month there's something new and, whatever else you can say about Citrus Grove's police department, it's modern." Then the life went out of his voice. "I shouldn't have brought you here."

"I'd guess you got part of the information for that series you're writing from an honest detective named Sanderson." That jolted him, all right. "Do you want to know how he died?"

"Joe, I'm warning you; this is no football game! Stay out of it!"

"I'm in it, deeper than you are, and there are things I've got to know. Who was Officer Bromwich?" He just looked at me, still not believing. "All right, I can look up back numbers of the paper. All I've got is a hazy recollection. Shot in the back, wasn't he? A few months ago? A few nights later, an armed robber got shot doing a warehouse job. Had the gun that was used in the Bromwich killing; therefore, the Special Division had avenged one of its own. Is that about what the *Star* said? Was Simms the big hero at the warehouse? Tell me."

"You're so smart, you tell *me*."

"All right, I'll tell you, and neither of us can prove a thing I'm saying. Bromwich was too honest for Special Division. Simms shot him, but not with a police gun. A few days later, he shot another man—probably some poor shnook with a criminal record who was someplace he oughtn't to have been. He used his police gun for that shooting, so he could plant the other one on a corpse that couldn't deny ever having seen it." Slats' eyes were popping satisfactorily. "I think Sanderson talked to you. I don't think he trusted partner Simms too much, and maybe he trusted Captain Graves more than he should have. That how you see it?"

"You're a fool, Joe. This is the Syndicate, the Mafia. They own this town. They bought it in the last election!"

"Not my house."

"Your mayor. Your police chief. Your city attorney. Your health commissioner." The dam had broken. He didn't know all the names; perhaps some of them were rabbits, not weasels. His own editor, for one. He painted the perfect picture of a Syndicate town, modern style. Nothing on the surface to show, even less violent crime than in the average city because that would be bad for business.

"You knew all that yesterday, Slats, and no ear was following you. What happened last night?"

"They wouldn't let us on the lawn for a close-up look at the body. The coroner looked puzzled. I knew there was something . . ."

"Oh," I said. "So you asked Graves how a man who had been shot in the back could turn around and fall in the direction of the shot. Graves wouldn't have liked that question."

He regarded me with awe, but he didn't detour. "I guess not. This morning, I got a job offer by telegram from an L.A. paper. Ten minutes later, a phone call. One of my old fans, the man said. Heard I'd had the offer; hoped I'd take it. Easier hours, healthier. Telephone connection noisy. The way they wiretap nowadays, you're not supposed to notice; this equipment was Model A. The tail they gave me makes no attempt to keep out of sight. I've begun to suspect the Captain wants me out of town, one way or another."

"You going to take that job in L.A.?"

He thought about it. "Not quite yet. Not till I know how Sanderson really died."

"I can tell you that." I said. And I did. Starting at Mauri's with Itchy Ferroni. Irene. All the facts he needed to know if he was on my team.

I wasn't ready. I wasn't ready at all to see him glowering at me when I finished. "What have you done?" he burst out. "What have you done to Doris?"

He was swinging at me when he said it, and I barely had time to duck the blow.

You think you know a guy. You've played football with him, roomed with him on the road, swapped stories about the war and school and girls. You wonder how you could be so stupid as not to realize he is in love with your wife . . .

We stood there for a moment, squared off like a couple of pugs. Then Slats dropped his hands, and his eyes, too, recognizing what he saw in mine, I suppose. "I guess it's not my business," he said.

It wouldn't do either of us any good to be seen with the other. Slats had a tail waiting in front of the Club. The tail might get curious if Slats stayed

inside too long. I held out my hand. He took it. "Don't ask any more questions. A guy can keep his ears open and his mouth shut," I said. Slats nodded and was on his way.

I went out the side door, had a sandwich at the coffee shop, and headed for my office to write a letter to Doris.

It wasn't easy; there were too many things I couldn't say. Angus was good for a couple of sentences. Then I remembered my dinner invitation and called Jane. I didn't have any doubt that tonight would be as good as any other: ever since Jack had taken over the local television station, Jane had gone into the perpetual hostess business in a big way. I was right.

"Joe darling"—everyone had been "darling" to Jane since her two-week visit to Hollywood—"we're counting on you." She rattled through the guest list and I recognized a name or two—television people, and Hooper, the owner of the hardware store. Then she said, "Oh, and the most amazing thing . . . do you remember little Irene McCutcheon, she was at Jefferson? She's in town for a few days. She called me and I thought, perhaps some evening the four of us might cut up old touches or something. You do remember her, Joe?"

"Yes," I said finally. "Yes, I remember her."

There was a sudden unusual silence at the other end of the phone, and then, "Oh dear! I'd forgotten. Joe, it's—it'll be all right, won't it?"

I told her it would be all right. When I hung up the phone, I at least had an ending for my letter: "The Linsks have invited me to dinner tonight, one of Janie's small brawls; she's given me a preliminary glimpse of the guest list, subject to the usual additions, of course. I'd guess maybe she feels there's a little personality trouble on one of Jack's programs. At least there must be some reason behind the haphazard way she seems to pick her guests. As usual, it all sounds like a potential disaster, and I'm sure by the end of the evening everybody will wind up loving everybody else. But not as much as I love you."

It wasn't much of a letter.

Until you've seen the Linsk home, you don't really know what "open house" means. The walls that separate living room, patio, and library all slide back; the kitchen is separated from the living quarters by no more than a serving counter. Janie can stand in it, operating cooking gadgets from what looks like the control panel of a jet bomber, and carry on a conversation with guests on the badminton court or in the swimming pool. She doesn't believe in servants—other than gardeners, cleaning experts, and repairmen to keep the gadgets working. She loves to cook and she loves people; there are always people.

I came in the front door and turned right to greet Janie with a kiss. That's Emily Post for greeting Janie since she came back from Hollywood. It's not unpleasant.

At the bar, Jack was waiting with a drink. I spotted Ken Hooper, the hardware man, and his wife Elvira, looking a little formal by comparison with Adrian Marple in his green sports shirt. He was a producer or director or something; his wife was an actress. Then, a girl I'd never seen moved toward me. "I'm Helen," she said.

"Hi, Helen; I'm Joe."

"Well, is Jane the only girl in the place that rates?"

"Baby, I never dreamed you cared!" I think I might have enjoyed that kiss under ordinary circumstances, and Helen said, "Wow!"

"My name's Chuck Benson," growled someone at my shoulder. I knew three things about him before I turned around: he was Helen's boy friend; he didn't like me; I'd heard that voice on television. Oh yes, the m.c. on "Voice of the City." Before I could answer, he was steering Helen away from me, and there was Irene. I didn't kiss Irene.

"Hello, Joe," she said, not smiling. "Have you met everyone?" I followed the direction of her gaze and saw why.

There wasn't any way to tiptoe quietly out of the house. I made my legs stroll toward the corner where the last guest was standing apart, holding, I'd imagine, the same full glass he'd been handed when he first arrived.

"I've seen you somewhere. Junior Chamber maybe? I'm Joe Jordan. Sports shop on Elm and Seventh."

The lower half of his face smiled. "Edmund Graves. Police Captain. Yeah, it was the Junior Chamber. I remember your face, too."

This was pretty good remembering. "Really? You were at the speaker's table; I was just a face in the crowd."

"Remembering faces is part of my job."

Sure. Part of the job was to look out at the world through those two marbles he called eyes; the other part was to keep anybody outside from looking in. I wondered if anybody, Simms, Chief Conrad, his wife, had ever got past that guard.

"Good to know even a policeman can relax sometimes. At least," I let the afterthought show, "I presume you're here for pleasure instead of business?"

The sound was supposed to be a chuckle. "A little of both." And of course there wouldn't be any other truthful answer from Captain Graves, ever. His business was personal power and he loved the work. You didn't need to see through those eyes to realize that much; the fact that you couldn't was proof enough.

Neither of us seemed to have anything more to say; I wandered toward the group that was listening to Adrian Marple tell a shady story. A few minutes earlier I'd been wondering just how friendly I should be toward Irene and that had seemed problem enough for the evening. I'd expected Janie's guest list to be startling in a mild way, but not out of all reason!

Marple finished his story; Ken Hooper tried one. I had a hard time remembering to laugh at the right places. Jack called me away to help him set up three bridge tables in a triangular pattern.

Janie's buffet was the first real food I'd seen in three weeks; I was sorry I wasn't hungry. I maneuvered myself toward the end of the line, behind Graves. The Hoopers and Marples picked the table at the peak of the triangle. Helen and Chuck Benson were at the one to the left. It didn't surprise me that Graves chose the third table, opposite Irene, leaving Jack to talk to Helen and her sulky boy friend. Willy-nilly, I took the seat between Irene and Graves. Janie completed the cozy foursome.

Ours was the quiet table, but the two men at the apex made up for our silence. It was easy to see that the sponsor was unhappy with his rating and the producer unhappy with the sponsor.

I felt a right hand reach for my left. I glanced at Irene; she was eating Continental style—she must have picked that up from her second husband. In our high school days, holding hands under the table had been a little more awkward. We'd had a kind of elementary code. I felt Irene's finger pass lightly across my wrist. I remembered that one: *Are you with me?*

One tap. *Yes.* She squeezed my hand and went on with her eating, not looking at the Captain.

Suddenly, Marple's fist banged down hard enough to send plates bouncing. "All right, Hooper, that's a point we can settle right now! Captain Graves." He'd pushed his chair back and was straddling it at the corner of our table. It had happened so quickly that I caught a glimpse of Graves' unbuttoned coat and shoulder holster before he could recover his poise. "Yes, Mr. Marple?" he said.

"Captain, you're going to be on my show tomorrow night." At last I knew why Captain Graves had been invited to dine! "No fault of yours or mine. My sponsor lines 'em up: mayor, commissioners, dog catchers . . . And what do they all do? Make speeches. Now I don't know whether your department's

good or lousy, but I'm willing to bet I won't know any more about it after the program, either. We've got a few viewers; I'd like to keep 'em and try for more. You, Jordan. Did you see our show last week?"

"Why . . . yes, sure. Some of it, anyhow. Cute little kid from Emerson School who read his poem. Guy from Willow Street that saw his hose disappearing into the ground. I like the way Chuck handles his guests—as if he didn't know what to expect next."

I got the first smile of the evening from Chuck. "I don't."

"That's it!" said Marple. "You don't until you say, 'And now our distinguished guest' . . . And just who *was* our distinguished guest last week, Jordan?"

"The mayor?"

"No. That was two weeks ago and I see you haven't recovered yet! You tune out on us and I don't blame you. Captain, let me ask you some questions, if you don't mind."

The eyes could express something after all—wariness. "What kind of questions?"

The way it worked was smooth. Would the Captain like people to hear what he said? Did he like his job? A couple more easy ones, and then: would he mind doing on television the same thing he was doing right now? He didn't choose to say? That was all right, too. He could duck the awkward ones on camera by the same answer. Chuck would understand. No reason why a grown man couldn't handle himself in public as well as a six-year-old school kid. "Why, I'll bet you'd enjoy being treated like a human being for a change instead of a dull, pompous figurehead!"

I was enjoying the conversation a lot more than the Captain was. The wrong answer now and everyone but Irene and Joe Jordan would tab him as a pompous figurehead.

"Let's give it a trial run." he said at last. "There may be questions I can't answer. Police work isn't like plumbing. The very criminals we're looking for could be listening. I wouldn't want to give them help they're not entitled to."

Marple understood. So would the listeners. They'd get the feel of *being* a police captain. Didn't Ken see the difference?

Ken did, obviously. So did Jack. And now, would the Captain say whether there was any particular case he was working on?

The Captain's expression became solemn. "A trial run," he'd said. Now, in spite of himself, he was visualizing those cameras focused on his face. "Everyone knows," he said, "I'll not rest till the murderer of my good friend, Detective Sanderson, has been brought to justice."

Marple was too good an actor to shout his triumph. "Okay, Chuck, take it from there."

It was as if the camera had swung in Chuck's direction. "Can you tell us whether you're making progress, Captain? Is there anyone you suspect?"

It could have been a telecast of "Voice of the City." Irene's hand once again found mine.

Well, I'd underestimated Graves. "Suppose I answer that? Sure I suspect people. Right in your studio audience, there's a woman I'd like to question. How would she feel if I asked those questions here, in front of the whole television audience?"

"I don't know," said Chuck pleasantly. "Let's find out."

And now I knew why Graves had *accepted* the dinner invitation.

"Mrs. Fletcher," began the Captain and, aside from the possibility she'd squeeze blood from my fingertips, there was nothing to show she wasn't as surprised as anyone else, "you read about the Sanderson case in the morning paper?"

No, she hadn't, not being much of a local newspaper reader, but she had heard something on the radio. A policeman had been shot somewhere in the Glen, and if she'd heard correctly it might have been right in front of the house where she'd lived when she was a girl. Was the address 847? The McCutcheons' home?

The audience was definitely interested; so was the Captain. She hadn't seen the place recently, he supposed? But yes she had; quite recently, in fact.

"Last night?" The Captain was making a little joke.

"Not last night, no. Last night, I was watching a brush fire."

You're wonderful, I signaled. When, then? the Captain wanted to know. And why?

"Nostalgia . . . curiosity. Haven't you ever gone back to see your childhood home, Captain?"

"No, Mrs. Fletcher. It burned down, along with six other tenements in the block, right after I moved away." The words, the voice, gave away more than he realized—*I hate. I hate poverty. I hate wealth, too, unless it's mine. I'll show all you smug, pampered weaklings!* Something else, too.

It popped out of me before I could stop it, *my* little joke. "You didn't set that fire, I hope, Captain."

Wham! "I don't find that question very funny, Jordan. Ten people burned to death in that fire."

I could mutter an apology, leaving the audience to think I was a tactless heel and the Captain a noble-hearted soul, or I could let my smile fade and meet his

look, marble for marble. "You're right, Captain. It wasn't a funny question. Are the questions you're asking Mrs. Fletcher supposed to be funny?"

Nine people gasped. Maybe they saw that fleeting, ugly look.

"I'd like to question *you* someday, Jordan, if you think I'm being funny."

"You could manage that, couldn't you? You're a police captain."

He remembered, just a beat too late, where he was. Police work was never funny. He was sorry if I'd felt there was anything offensive in his questioning of Mrs. Fletcher. "Possibly you're unduly sensitive on that point?"

Very neat. Now eight people who didn't know it before were wondering whether Jordan and Mrs. Fletcher had something more than a nodding acquaintance. I'd as soon have left the Linsks off that list. The Captain asked my permission to proceed.

"Of course. It's a murder investigation. Takes precedence over personal considerations . . . whether mine or yours." Irene sketched the *you're wonderful* sign on my hand; it took a moment for the Captain to get under way . . . and there was a small change in the climate. The audience had sensed it wasn't just a badge asking questions; there was a man behind the badge.

He wanted to know when Irene had seen 847 and she told him readily enough, not sure whether it was Friday or Saturday. The questioning continued, the questions Graves was asking Irene, the silent, urgent question I was asking myself: What had led him to Irene in the first place? Not fingerprints, not a witness. Then I got it. The newspaper might print that the prowler ran out the back door or through the window before Simms got around the house. Graves knew better. The prowler had started from the front bedroom. If I'd been Graves, I'd have timed a man on that twisting course and I'd have known that no one could possibly have made it out the back door or window before Simms got in position. Which meant? That the prowler must have hidden somewhere, until after Simms and I had gone upstairs. But I'd have looked the house over very thoroughly and concluded that someone must know something I didn't know about 847 Glen. Who?

Contractor? Architect? Dead, surely! Former tenants? From tax files, other records, I'd get a long list. But when you crossed off those who had moved away or died? When you boiled it down to those who were in Citrus Grove Wednesday night? When you asked each one: "Seen 847 recently?" "Where were you last night? Can you prove it?" Then the list would shrink, perhaps to one name—Irene Fletcher!

How could I warn her in time! "Yes," she was saying, "I believe I went into every room . . . Mmm, not the basement."

Little finger moving back and forth across her knuckles. *Tell me more.* The best I could do, and how could she guess the meaning? She hadn't heard Graves' next question yet.

Here it came. "Mrs. Fletcher, you might be of great help to us, knowing the house as you do. Can you think of a hiding place, something an outsider couldn't easily discover?"

I tapped once, sharply. "Why"—she hesitated, wondering, I suppose, if I'd lost my mind—"yes. There's a perfect one. I used to call it the hidey hole."

You're wonderful. But the next question would be tougher.

The telephone rang; it was like the end of a quarter. You've got a minute or so to breathe.

Janie got up and pushed a panel; it slid open and there was the phone. "Hello," she said.

"Holy cow!" said Marple. "A babysitter could go nuts in this place if she wanted to call her boy friend."

I squeezed Irene's hand. "Maybe they leave the panel open . . . at least partway . . . for the sitter."

The call was for the Captain, but Janie brought the phone to the table, so there wasn't a chance to give Irene anything more to work on. It was a monosyllabic conversation at the Captain's end of the line, but the call wouldn't have been made if it hadn't been about something important, and I was pretty sure I knew what the something must be. I was opening and closing Irene's hand, tapping once when open, twice when closed.

"Get Spencer. I'll be down."

Spencer. I was right; they'd found the hidey hole.

The Captain hung up the phone and resumed his questions. Irene told him where the hole was. "It's hard to find . . . unless the panel's open," she said, and that made him pause.

"Might have been boarded up," he ventured.

"Oh no," Irene said, "it was still there that evening."

One slip of the tongue and the world can cave in, right under your feet! I squeezed hard. Graves' lids drooped. "Evening?"

"Oh dear," said Irene with a trace of Southern drawl, "my third husband was from Louisiana. Anything after noon was 'evenin' with him. Someday I hope I can forget that man!"

If you've fumbled, it's better to fall on the ball than lose it. But now Graves would be listening for other traces of the Deep South in Irene's speech, and too many would be worse than none.

"So you saw the hiding place that 'evening'?"

"'Bout two o'clock that evenin', yes suh." With her most winsome smile. There was voltage in that smile. Chuck Benson melted under it, but it just bounced off Captain Graves.

"You—er—opened the panel?"

"Oh no, it was open . . . part way. Enough to remind me."

"You just noticed it. Is that all?"

No! No! Tell me more! Her palm was wet. *You're kidding*, she signaled. *No.* Exasperating, inadequate code! Suddenly she understood. "Oh, dear, if it's of any importance, I suppose I'll have to make a confession. Silly, perhaps, but I opened the door and stepped inside."

I could breathe again. *You're wonderful.*

"Why?"

"I don't know that you'd understand, Captain. A step back to childhood, I suppose. You wouldn't do that, of course." Neat!

"You left the door open when you stepped out again, then?"

"The way I found it. Part way."

"Yeah." It played hob with the theory that only someone who knew the house could have hidden from him. A partly opened panel could pass unnoticed by a lot of people, particularly in daylight or when lights were on. But it could be seen, too, if anyone with a flashlight happened to glance in the right direction. By a prowler, for instance, hiding on the service stairs. The Captain thanked her for her cooperation, thanked Janie for dinner, and prepared to leave.

Marple was distressed. Wouldn't the Captain agree to an interview on the show? Perhaps even to a repetition of this rehearsal?

"Call me in the morning. Depends on how the case develops overnight." On that point we agreed, the Captain and I. "And oh, Mrs. Fletcher, hope you won't mind if we pick up the shoes you wore the day you visited your old home. There are . . . there are probably footprints in that closet; place would be dusty, of course."

A special little nod to me and the Captain was on his way. I should have been happy to see him go, but in a way he'd taken me with him, to look down at those two pairs of prints in the hidey hole, the ones Irene told him she made on a Friday or Saturday, the other pair the prowler had left on Wednesday night. I couldn't see anything wrong with the theory, because Irene *had* gone into the hidey hole first and had left first, too. The prowler would have stepped on top of the sandal prints on the way out. The only trouble was that Graves didn't want a theory; he wanted facts. It was his game, his rules; there was no time limit.

It could go on and on . . . or end without notice. We could never know for sure we'd won. If we lost, we'd know; it would be the last thing we'd know. Anger flooded through me—and no place for it to go!

Behind me, Adrian was trying to convince Irene she, too, should cooperate in making tomorrow night's "Voice of the City" a memorable program. He wasn't getting anywhere. I joined them. "Let her think about it overnight, while the Captain's making up his mind." I looked at her. "Purpose is to show people how their police department operates. Might be a worthy cause, mightn't it?"

She caught her breath. "Why yes. When you put it that way."

We made excuses to Janie and reached the car before Irene's poise shattered into a million pieces. I put my arm around her till the worst of the shaking subsided. As we drove toward Ilex, she said suddenly, "You're right. I couldn't stand many more evenings like tonight. Maybe *one* more, if that's what you meant."

It might be our one slim chance to win this crooked game. And there was something more than our small lives at stake. A town, a county, forty-eight states. Perhaps, for me, a home to lose, because the truth would have to be the whole truth.

"Joe," said Irene after a moment, "I can't be alone tonight."

"I know that."

Whether it was to be all coffee and talk or holding her hand while she slept, whatever might come, this was indeed not the night for Irene to be alone. Anyone who knew Irene at all would know that much. And by now I knew her rather well.

It was a pretty good plan we worked out. It could have failed, but it might have succeeded. It was eleven-thirty the next morning when I learned we weren't going to have the chance to find out. Mrs. Ringby from the Corset Shop next door came in through the side door to tell me she had a call for me on her line and the man wouldn't hang up.

It was Slats. "I don't know why, but you're hot. Call the paper in an hour; ask for Curly and leave a number where I can reach you. Maybe I'll learn more. And Joe, I had a session with Mrs. Bromwich, widow of that other cop, remember? I think she knows the score. But she's got a kid and she's scared. Joe, don't stick your neck out. Little Joe's neck will be right alongside it. And Doris's."

I told Mrs. Ringby it was one of my drunk friends, and apologized. I went back to my office. That second part of Slats's message had shaken me. I had an almost uncontrollable urge to call Ventura. Over a line that was probably tapped by now?

And what would I say? "Doris, don't come home under any circumstances." "Just wanted to hear the sound of your voice once more. Goodbye, Doris." But I couldn't call. She'd listen; she'd come home.

I went out front. Jimmy had left for an early lunch. Larry Battle was alone on the floor, idly looking out the parking-lot window. He spoke to me over his shoulder: "Guy in a green Ford's been parked in front of the coffee shop about an hour and a half. It's a one-hour parking limit, but the cop didn't tell him to move. Got out once and strolled past your car. You in trouble, Joe?"

"Forget you noticed, Larry. I'm going out for lunch. Keep an eye on the shop." I went out through the bike entrance and drove on out into the street, not looking at the green Ford; I didn't know yet whether—like Slats—I was supposed to

notice it or not. The Ford waited for two cars to pass before it joined the procession. I guessed I wasn't supposed to notice it.

A block away from home, I saw a guy dressed like a repairman hurry out of my front door, get into a green, box-shaped truck like the kind the phone company uses, and drive away. I was pretty sure I wasn't supposed to see him, either. They didn't need to tap a phone line from inside; they must have planted an ear in that empty house.

Only it wasn't empty. The Rambler station wagon was parked in the driveway, its tail gate open, Little Joe's playpen still in the tonneau. She must have taken one load in. Why hadn't she come outside! My heart froze; I took one quick step. The front door opened, and there was Doris. The wind had blown her hair in sixteen directions; her dress was creased all out of shape; Little Joe had plastered a hunk of graham cracker on her cheek, and it was all I could do to keep from running to meet her, to let her know she'd never seemed more beautiful.

"Joe!"

The green Ford was parked down the street, close enough for the driver to hear me bellow, mean as I could make it, "What are *you* doing here?"

Her hand went to her heart. She whispered, "Let's go inside, where people can't hear." She was right. The neighbors didn't need to hear what had to be said—if I could only be sure it was heard where it mattered. That phony repairman had better have seen to that!

She was waiting in the front hall; Little Joe, from the kitchen, crowed when he saw me, and was ignored for the first time in his life. "Had to spy on me, did you! It was all right for you to leave town for your bit of fun, but you weren't going to let anyone run off with your meal ticket! Boy friend just made it out the front door before I got here, eh?"

"Are you out of your mind?" Her voice rose to match mine. "If you mean the telephone man, he was here when I got here and I was glad, because I couldn't reach you when I called last night. But now I'll just bet nobody else could and somebody reported the line out of order! You *were* with that woman!"

"Yes, I was with that woman! And I'm going to be with that woman, and you're not the one to talk. Now take your brat and go on back where you came from!"

Little Joe set up a frightened howl. "Shut up!" I shouted. I rushed into the kitchen and slammed my right hand against my left; it would sound like a small cheek to anyone standing behind me.

Little Joe howled louder; Doris screamed; Angus barked. I hoped the din was breaking somebody's eardrum at the other end of the line. She has a streak of Irish temper, my girl has, and it had to be triggered.

She grabbed up the boy. "All *right!* I will go back! You'll never see either of us again!" And she was running for the door.

She caught me off guard when she whirled around suddenly at the door, still not believing her own ears. I had to pull my face together in a hurry. "Get your little brat out of here or I'll give him a real clobbering! Just let the lawyer know your address."

She didn't say whatever she'd planned. She just went out with the bawling kid, closing the door softly behind her. I heard the Rambler back out the driveway.

I couldn't break down and cry; I couldn't swear. That ear was there, listening to every whisper. I'd give it more than a whisper; I sent the kitchen table crashing against the wall. "Shut up!" I shouted at poor Angus.

Lunch seemed pretty pointless, but I fixed dinner for Angus in case he should ever get hungry again. I tried to find comfort in the thought of Doris, safely on her way to Ventura. Only . . . why hadn't she slammed the door! A Doris white-hot mad was predictable. But what if she was thinking, "Joe must be sick." Or, "Joe's dangerous. I'll tell the police!"

The thought paralyzed me till I realized it didn't matter so long as Graves believed *I* didn't care what happened to her or to my son. There was nothing to do but clinch that point. I dialed Irene's number and prayed she'd pick up the cue: "Hello, sweetheart," I said. "I'm afraid we can't wait after all. She *knows*." Catch it, baby, it's all I can give for a warning. "She showed up here this morning, she and the kid. Can you imagine the nerve!"

"Joe, she didn't!" I didn't need to worry about her picking up cues.

"I could hardly keep my hands off them! Oh, don't worry. I told her to see the lawyer. With what I've got on *her*, I figure she'll settle. Look, this changes everything; there's no point in sticking around any longer. Throw a couple of things in a suitcase and we'll drive to Vegas. Pick you up in twenty minutes."

"Joe! I can't just . . ." She was *really* confused, I imagine, but her voice was just right.

"Yes you can. You're all finished with your lawyer. We'll stop and see mine on the way out of town. See you in twenty minutes."

One other call. I dialed Bill Markham's number and told Miss Spencer I'd be down in half an hour to tell her boss I wanted him to handle my divorce. That shook Miss Spencer and would rock Bill . . . hard.

The guy in the Ford would expect me to have a suitcase too. I got one and tossed a few odds and ends into it, not caring much what went or stayed. The closet door was closed tight. I opened it and looked down at the shoe shelf. All four Sportkings were lined up; they just weren't in the right order . . . which could happen if a man was in a hurry to photograph the bottoms of them and heard a Rambler in the driveway. If Graves had had any doubts before, now they'd be ended.

I debated about taking the Luger, but it wasn't the right weapon. I took the suitcase and went on out, leaving Angus alone in his frightening new world.

Irene was waiting in the apartment lobby, dressed in a wrap-around skirt and jacket set that could be peeled down to shorts and a halter in nothing flat—which was right for the desert heat. Also, it gave me an idea. I took off my jacket and tucked inside it the scarf and white coat she was carrying. Then I draped them over my arm and picked up her blue traveling case. "Pretty light luggage."

"Pretty short trip?"

I took a long look at her; there was more than pretty wrapping to the package. "Save the women and children first," they say, but I'd already used my quota. This girl had walked through a gate; she'd have to swim.

We had a little chance to talk on the way to Bill's. I told her why last night's plan wouldn't work; the odds were a hundred to one we wouldn't even reach the playing field. But we had to try.

I parked on Ash. I don't know where the green Ford parked, or the car that must have been assigned to trail Irene; probably one on Ash and one on First so the drivers could watch both entrances to the Grove Building.

Miss Spencer, always neat, almost pretty, wasn't exactly cordial but she showed us into Bill's office. There he stood behind his desk, all two hundred and twenty pounds of him, granite-hard and ready to repel boarders. "Take your divorce business somewhere else, Joe." His eyes gave a whiplike flick at Irene. "If Doris wants me to represent her, I might consider that."

"This is City Hall trouble. I want to use a phone that isn't bugged. I'll need your tape recorder. Later, I'll need your car, because by now they'll have one of their listening gadgets pinned on mine. And don't judge Mrs. Fletcher *yet*."

His bushy eyebrows lifted. "Try that phone," he said. "It's listed under another name. Mrs. Fletcher, sit down." I'd picked the right lawyer.

By telling his secretary I was Mr. Linsk, I got through to Adrian Marple in a hurry. "Yes, Jack?" he said.

"Keep calling me 'Jack,' Adrian. This is Joe Jordan and I'm hot. Understand?"

"Yes, Jack."

I told him what I wanted him to do. "Sure, Jack. Captain Graves is just leaving. He's all set for tonight."

I almost dropped the phone, but it was too late in the game to worry whether Adrian would give us away. When you're trailing in the fourth quarter all you can do is pass and pray, and run off the plays faster . . . you hope . . . than the defense can handle them.

I dialed the *Star* and asked for Curly. They gave me the print shop. I had to accept Slats' judgment that that line wasn't tapped and that Curly could be trusted. He didn't ask questions. I gave him the number, no name, and he said, "I'll slip it to him."

Slats called back within two minutes. "Joe, I'm in the floor phone booth. Am I ever glad you called!"

"Why?" I think I half guessed. I think I must have known it was one of the things she could do.

"Because your wife's in my crumby little office crying her head off, that's why . . . And Little Joe cries whenever she does, only louder."

The picture hit me right in the solar plexus. "Does she know you're calling me?"

"She doesn't know anything. Thinks you're nuts, wants me to recommend a psychiatrist. Janie called her last night, after the party. Doris didn't take it very seriously, but she'd been away from home a long time; she kind of blamed herself."

"Cut it! Tell me what *you* said."

"How could I say anything, you jerk! Even if my office isn't bugged, the partitions are paper-thin, and if I look out the window I can't see anything but cops —the police station's that close."

"Yeah," I said heavily. "She sure picked her spot."

I'd had a use for Slats in my half-baked plan to stay alive a while longer than Graves would expect. That part could be refigured and, even if it couldn't, Doris and the kid came first.

There was only one way. "Slats, no matter what, Graves mustn't believe he can reach *me* through *her*. There's nothing more I can do for her. It's up to you now. You've got to convince her I don't care a hoot what happens to her or to Little Joe. If she believes it, the guy that's listening will believe it, too. Your line is, 'Doris, there's something I didn't want to tell you but . . .' As my best friend, the greatest service you could do for me is to make my wife hate me, fear me, so convincingly that anybody listening will believe her. I'm counting on you, Slats. Keep Doris out of this!"

He didn't answer right away. "All right, Joe. I'll keep her out of it. Luck, fella." The receiver clicked.

It was late in the season to build a team: Slats, Bill, a guy with the unlikely first name of Adrian. He arrived right after I hung up. "Did everything you told me. Slipped out Jack's side door; got off the elevator at the fourth floor and walked down here. I wasn't followed. You sure know how to hook people. What's the scoop?"

"Big enough to get you national publicity and a network job if you don't make any mistakes. Could kill you if you do."

I started the tape recorder rolling. "My name is Joe Jordan. I solemnly swear that every word you are about to hear is true." And it was true. I sifted fact from opinion; I kept my voice calm and matter-of-fact. When I finished, I changed tapes. Irene spoke her words, and I turned off the machine.

Bill and Adrian were both pretty pale. Bill recovered first, shaking himself like a retriever coming out of an ice-cold pond. "And what do I do with *that*! It's not evidence for a court of law. Okay, I could argue it was a death-bed statement, but that would just be the truth, not law."

"That's why I'm giving the tapes to Marple . . . to use at the only time they'd do any good. Are you ahead of me, Adrian?"

There were little beads of sweat on his forehead, but the heat was spreading into his eyes, too. "I'll do it! I'll do it if it's the last thing I do!" Adrian gulped. "Which it could be. Right?" I nodded. He considered it and shrugged. "So I could put on shows for another fifty years and never come close to this one. Of course," he added a little wistfully, "it could be even better if it were all live."

"Yeah," I agreed, "we'd like it better that way, too." He turned pink, but the slip convinced me I'd picked right. Jack would have wasted time being human. This guy just listened, getting it all, as I outlined every possibility I could think of; he was thinking so hard about his own cock-eyed job that lives, even his own life, weren't important to him.

After Marple headed out the door with the tapes, Bill, puffing on his cigar, asked, "Just how do we keep you alive?"

"They think we'll be heading for Vegas in my Chevy, which is fine; they'll plan to close in, maybe after dark, maybe earlier, on the first good stretch of desert highway. If we didn't head for Vegas it wouldn't matter; they could track the Chevy without even showing themselves. Let us have your Plymouth."

He tossed me a keytainer. "Third shed from the right in back of the building. How do you get there?"

"Irene, take off your skirt." That brought a gasp, but Irene undid the wrap-around and stood there in her swim trunks. I tucked the scarf over her head and held the white coat for her. "Figured she'd walk down the stairs with a group of students from that dance studio on the second floor."

"Humph," said Bill, "she's got better legs than most of 'em. And just how do you get *your* legs down?"

"They saw me come in dressed in shirtsleeves, bareheaded, and with a woman. I'll go out alone, wearing your hat and raincoat."

"And even if I were a dumb, nearsighted cop who didn't recognize your face, I'd say, 'What's that nut doing in a raincoat on a sunny day with the thermometer over eighty?' You're getting punchy. About time you got a play from the bench." He pushed the intercom. "Miss Spencer."

"You wouldn't bring her into this!" protested Irene.

"Yes. It's our town. Mrs. Fletcher. Miss Spencer, these people saw Detective Sanderson shot by another officer under orders from Captain Graves." Miss Spencer turned white. "They need about seven hours more to live, if they're to have a chance to let Citrus Grove know. I figure we could give them that extra time. We could get killed, too, and no medals whether we do or don't. Is that an attractive proposition to you?"

Irene said, "Mr. Markham, you simply can't—"

"Please, Mrs. Fletcher." That was Miss Spencer. "I'm over twenty-one and this is the first proposition Mr. Markham ever made me. My answer's 'yes.' Just let me get my breath."

Bill reached for the phone. "Graves thinks he knows everything you could do. Bet he doesn't know Burt Dunne played center on the first team either of us made. Or that he owns an airplane and a landing strip." He was way ahead of me and he stayed there. "Miss Spencer, get out of that dress."

"What!"

"So you don't waste time when you change clothes again on the parking lot," said Bill impatiently, and to the phone, "Hello . . ."

At 2:10 Miss Spencer left the office wearing Irene's shorts and halter with the white coat over them. She was to walk down the steps from the dance studio and around the building. Bill, carrying his briefcase, would head directly for the parking lot. Irene and I went down on the next elevator, dressed, on the outside at least, as we were when we came in. We got into the Chevy and into an immediate wrangle as I started the engine.

"You'd better hurry if we're going to catch that plane!"

"So what if we miss it? We can still drive to Vegas. Stop riding me."

"Well, I certainly don't see why you

had to turn on First Street. You know what the traffic is!"

"You don't like First Street? So okay, we turn off First Street." I swung into the alley; Irene gave an outraged gasp. "Idiot! Look out for that car!" I jammed on the brakes. "Shut up. If the guy's car is stuck, your yammering won't help. I'll get out and shove. Here! Talk back to the radio!" I flipped it on and flung open the door.

There wasn't any stuck car, of course. We both darted over to No. 3 shed. Bill passed me his suit-jacket and hat, and hauled Miss Spencer's dress out of his briefcase for Irene while Miss Spencer was slipping into the wrap-around and jacket. In less than two minutes the Chevy was on its way again, with a shirt-sleeved Bill and Miss Spencer, a reasonable facsimile of Irene, beside him. The radio would be playing good and loud. Miss Spencer's dialogue would be confined to a single "Hah!"

It shouldn't worry the ear to learn Jordan and Mrs. Fletcher might or might not catch a plane to Vegas; arrangements to meet them at the end of the trip could be easily made. No need to draw close on the way to the airport. It *would* be something of a surprise to see the Chevy turn in at Dunne's orange grove just ten minutes away from town, to see the quarry climb aboard an already revved-up Cessna.

We had a little running time, whatever happened. I waited a couple of minutes to give Bill and his procession a fair start. Then I went back to First Street and headed north toward the mountains. The problem was to get under cover fast and wait slow.

That waiting time might be the hardest of all. I stopped at a faded supermarket on Jacaranda. A calculated risk, but we'd need food. Anyone who knew Irene wouldn't be shopping on Jacaranda.

While she was gone a prowl car passed in the street; I saw Benjie and his mother climb into his old Studebaker. I pulled Bill's hat lower; they didn't see me. I was sweating by the time Irene showed up, carrying a bag of groceries she could barely manage. "Lot of food for one meal for two people," I growled.

"For the last one, Joe? For the first one I ever cooked?"

Angry words choked in my throat. I turned down the alley in back of Prairie Avenue, drove the car inside the garage, and closed the door. If any neighbor saw us he'd think we were new tenants.

There was no jasmine vine to cover the bareness of that grubby back yard, its clothes line, its garbage can. I unlocked the door for Irene, then headed for the gas and electric meters. When I got back into the kitchen, groceries were strewn all over the place, with Irene in their midst reading a cookbook. "I'd kind of like to prove to myself I could have done it, all those years ago when I was too scared to try. Cook and clean and sew . . . Is that silly?"

"It's not silly," I told her gently. "Almost forgot; I have something for you." I fished in my pocket for the ring she'd left on the seat of my car—was it only yesterday? "Try this on for size. Sometimes they're too big; they slip off your finger."

I hadn't meant it the way she took it, the color draining from her face. "I know, Joe; I've had quite a few, and lost them all."

"Pretend this is the first. Here, I'll show you the rest of the house." There wasn't much to show; the whole place could have fitted in the McCutcheons' basement laundry room. But she wasn't thinking of the McCutcheon place at all; she was thinking of that playhouse in the oak tree where in truth she *had* done all the cooking and cleaning and sewing.

You have to work it out for yourself, what you want to do with those last few hours. I knew. I'd been through it before. I remembered that day on the transport. As it wore on toward evening the groups grew ever smaller as each man reached out beyond that narrowing gap of time, some of them to pray or to write letters or to sift through the might-have-beens. Each of us was alone, even the talkers, the crap-players, holding on to whatever would give the self-respect a man needs to stand up and walk toward death.

I was the letter-writing type. "Dear Irene," I'd written that night on the transport. "Dear Doris," I wrote on a beat-up tablet I found in the living-room desk, "if you ever read this letter—if it's ever safe for you to read it—I loved you from the very first moment to the very last. In spite . . ." It was a letter that would never be mailed. I thought for a moment of sending it to Slats, leaving it to him to judge when, if ever, it could be relayed. Even if Graves didn't intercept it, what kind of time bomb was I asking Slats to hold? A letter from a ghost to a woman he loved. I tore the letter into small bits and flushed it down the bathroom drain. Maybe she'd know.

Back in the living room, I turned on the radio. Irene was trying to peel onions. Something strange-smelling was on the stove. In front of the house, Benjie drove up in his Studebaker and hauled out the lawn mower. I turned down the radio and warned Irene not to rattle pans. I stood behind the window curtains watching Benjie; there'd been no changes in the lawn-mowing profession since my day, I discovered.

The six o'clock news came on, and I was giving it half an ear till the announcer said: "A private plane from this area is reported overdue at the Las Vegas airport and local police ask that anyone with information report to them immediately. The plane is owned by Burt Dunne, local rancher . . ."

Irene was at my elbow, eyes wide with alarm. "It's all right," I told her. "They didn't crash; they landed on some private field where Burt knows the owner. Our friend Graves is getting a little curious, that's all."

I had put him out of my mind too long. He'd know by now it would be a good idea to find Bill Markham, for one thing. That Plymouth, safely hidden in the garage, wouldn't be safe at all on the street. I went out the back door and along the side. I called Benjie.

"Look, I'm ducking a process server, Benjie. I'd like to borrow your car overnight, if it wouldn't put you out and if you wouldn't have to tell your mom or anyone else . . ."

"Gee, Mr. Jordan, sure; the way you've always treated *me*!"

"Okay. I might have to leave the car some place, and you'd have to report it stolen. Tomorrow, that is, understand? Here." I handed him a bill. "Just in case anything happens after I leave it."

Back in the kitchen the stuff that had smelled merely funny now smelled horrible. "It was s-s-supposed to be S-s-weetbreads Eugénie," she sobbed. "Oh, Joe, I wouldn't have made the grade, would I? I j-just can't do anything right!"

I put my arms around her. "Chick, this is the way most first meals look. I'll tell you a secret: it's the bride who cries because she messed up that meal who proves she cares enough to keep at it till she does better. That's the kind any half-smart husband loves."

From her quick upward glance I realized she'd understood more than I'd intended her to . . . that I'd stood once before in this same kitchen, offering words of comfort to another embryo cook. She buried her head against my shoulder and, low-voiced, said, "Thank you, Joe."

For what? For knocking the props out from under that playhouse where she could feel sheltered? For letting her guess I could have my arms around her and be thinking of someone else? She straightened, trying to smile. "What do we do?"

I looked over her groceries. "Try bacon, eggs, coffee. I'll clean up the mess. Pretty soon Graves will be wondering if we were really the couple that got on the plane and, if we weren't, where we'd hide. This is one place he could look."

It was ten minutes to eight when we locked the back door and walked quietly out to the street. Behind us, everything was shipshape. About twenty bucks' worth of food was in the garbage can of the unrented house next door, and the Plymouth was in the next-door garage.

We'd had enough daylight to finish what we had to do, but in the few occupied houses along the street, lights and television sets were working. From indoors, the dark covered us.

We had cut it a little fine. As we were turning down Hillard, a police car rounded the corner from First onto Prairie. I didn't wait to see whether it stopped at the cottage.

We headed away from where we were but not yet toward anything else. There was no place that would be any safer than a moving car on a well-traveled road . . . outside Citrus Grove. I swung west on Rigby.

Once, at a crossroads sign, Irene murmured the names of some of the tempting goals we might have chosen: San Diego, Los Angeles, Fresno. I had to ask. "There's a Greyhound bus station about a mile ahead down the highway. Outside Citrus Grove, a woman alone might buy a ticket without being noticed. For anywhere."

"I bought mine," she said after a moment. "I bought it a long time ago. I just should have used it sooner. Joe, stop a moment." I parked at the side of the road. "Would you kiss me, please?"

I kissed her, gently, because that seemed to be what her lips were asking. "You knew! Oh Joe, you did know!" She drew back, her eyes shining. "It's so much more than sex, isn't it? Love, I mean."

I nodded. "Time," I said, "to hit the beach." I swung the car in a wide U-turn and headed for town. Musing, she asked, "Was this how it felt, Joe? To hit the beach? That other time . . . I just didn't have the guts." I didn't say anything. She didn't need answers; she was talking for herself. "Funny. I can even think kindly of all those substitutes . . . husbands . . . lovers . . . I was never *with* . . . even poor old Harvey. Is it far, Joe?"

"No." We were within city limits. Prowl cars. Maybe they're always there and you don't notice. Maybe bees seem clustered when you're in an apiary. Clustered or not, we had only one play left. There was nothing to choose but our way into the hive.

I spotted the familiar green Ford in the parking lot, so I drove past the turn-in. At the main entrance, the lights were bright under the marquee, and there were two uniformed cops at the door. Beyond the building was a dark alley, and the only parking space was in front of a fire hydrant on the other side of the alley. I turned right at the corner. Irene said, "I wonder if he's in there tonight. Harvey, I mean," and I realized we were passing Millard Realty and Investment. "That close . . . and so far away."

So were we. I turned right on Fig and right again. "Afraid we're expected, chick." We turned once more onto Guava. "We park in front of the fireplug. We duck down the alley toward the scene-dock door. And, I guess you know it: since I was a kid with a lawn mower I've never stopped loving a lady named Irene."

"That was a very sweet lie, Joe."

We were out of the car almost before it stopped and heading down the left side of the alley. There was no warning: the gunning of the motor, Irene's scream. I started to turn, and in the moment I was off balance, Irene threw herself at me. I fell crashing against the wall, and the Cadillac roared past.

Irene lay crumpled on the asphalt.

The car jerked to a halt and leaped backward to make doubly sure. Short, savage trips they'd be till the two of us were ground into the paving or against the wall. One of us needed a few minutes more. I started to run. A door loomed alongside me and I flung myself at it; it opened and the rear fender sent me sprawling inside.

I slammed the door. Unless I got back across that alley there was no reason left for living. But the driver would have more weapons than the car itself. I looked behind me.

The lights were burning along a corridor lined with office doors. I knew then I was in the Millard Realty Company because one door was open and Harvey Fletcher was standing outside it, looking as if he hadn't quite decided what to do with the gun he was pointing at me.

Maybe it didn't make sense to move toward a startled man holding a gun but there was no other direction, and moving was a debt I owed. The voice didn't sound like mine. "She's dead," it said; "your wife's dead, Fletcher. Murdered . . . just now outside that door. Don't bother to shoot; better shots than you want their chance." I guess it was the voice more than the words. He indicated his office door and followed me inside. It was in his mind to ask questions I couldn't answer.

"This guy's a pro; if he finds me, don't be a witness; that's why *she* died. Whatever you thought of her, Harvey, she didn't deserve that. Oh, put that gun away—you wouldn't know how to use it anyway—and turn out the light!"

I couldn't tell what was hidden behind that round, shocked face but, like an automaton, he turned off the light. If he wanted to use my back as a target—and why not?—I had my ear pressed to the door and he had a reason I could respect. He could wipe out my feeling of guilt and relieve me of all those unpaid debts.

The outer door banged open. I looked around for a weapon and grabbed a chair. I couldn't lift it. My old pal, the shoulder, was acting up again.

"Here," Harvey whispered and handed me the gun. "*You* know how to use it, don't you? He killed her, you said."

"Behind the desk!" I dived for the floor and braced my elbow with the left hand. Without warning the door burst open and light fanned in from the hall. I pulled the trigger; I pulled it again and again . . . only the gun wasn't loaded. Very smart of Harvey; let someone else do his killing.

Wrong track. Harvey was rushing at that other gun, as Itchy, confused by the new sound, blinded, fired between us. I rolled to a crouch and lunged. The flash, the roar; the searing blow whirled me but I chopped down with the left hand. It had the empty gun in it and that did the trick. Itchy Ferroni was there on the floor, quiet for a while or, perhaps, forever.

"Your shoulder!" gasped Harvey and ran for the hall. I looked down and followed him. The shoulder was fixed for sure, the way only a thirty-eight can do it. Harvey was wrestling my coat off, his arms full of rags from the janitor's closet. "Just tie a couple of those around me tight," I said. All I needed was enough blood for five minutes.

Harvey headed for the phone. "Never mind," I said. "*I'll* tell the police. Pick up the guy's gun, and take this one, too." I held out my left hand. It didn't make sense to him, but he took the guns. I started on my slow, unsteady way.

"What do I do about this man?"

I looked down at Itchy Ferroni. "It doesn't matter. He was to be tomorrow morning's headline: 'Sanderson Killer Shot.' If Simms doesn't get him, the Mafia will; they're through with him." His eyes were opened and the sudden terror in them was payment enough.

There was one more job to do and not much time left. There was a door to reach and an alley to cross. There was a crumpled body to pass on the way, and I paused for a moment. You see a lot of death in a war and you use it to build up your hate because there's no time for simple honest grief. Hate carried me to the scene-dock door and through it to Studio B. The red light was on over the door; the program had started.

I remembered the layout from way back when Jack had shown Doris and me through the building. The narrow stairs on my right led up to the control room where director and engineers tried to make sense out of what was happening on the stage that lay straight ahead of me and around a little bend. Up there was Adrian, sitting behind a glass panel and with the monitor screens in front of him; it was up to him to choose what the home audience saw or heard. What was up to me was to get around that bend and onto the stage.

A young man in a t-shirt was staring at me as if I were Banquo's ghost. "Tell Adrian," I said, "Irene didn't make it but Joe's got a couple minutes left in him. He'll know." He darted up the stairs, and I walked on around the bend onto the stage.

It wasn't the place you'd pick to die in. The lights shine down so bright. it's a little like running out into the Coliseum for a night game. I looked up and saw Adrian in the booth. He gave me the Roger sign and said something into his head set; one of the cameras swung my way.

Reality was getting hard to handle. The brain needed much more gas from the carburetor. My eyes caught certain things as if they were painted right on the retina and in between they didn't function; sounds rose to a roar and faded. It was hard to remember where I was and what I had to do. It kept fading out on me and I'd be back in the Coliseum or pushing a mower. But something was leading me to the middle of the stage.

That was Chuck Benson chatting with Captain Graves and that was Simms standing behind them. They hadn't seen me yet. Benson was saying, "Captain, you say all your attention is focused on solving this murder. Even this minute?"

"Why yes, as a matter of fact. One of the guests on this very program is a witness I'd very much like to question. I'm a little concerned that she hasn't shown up yet."

"She sent a message for you, Captain," I said.

He swung around and the camera caught that one unguarded moment. But it was a moment, no more. "A message, Mr. Jordan? Tell me."

"No. She'll tell you."

Right on cue Irene's voice filled the auditorium and all those living rooms. "I'm sorry I couldn't be with you tonight, Captain Graves. You'll know that nothing but death could have stopped me. It won't surprise you that death *did* stop me because you arranged for that, just as you arranged the murder of Detective Sanderson."

Citrus Grove had another second to see fear back of the mask. And now they could see grim lip movements as Graves grabbed the nearest microphone. I could hear him. "Arrest that woman. If anyone in this station connived . . ." It was a frightening threat for those close enough to hear, but he was speaking into a dead mike and it was Irene's calm, clear voice going out on the air: "Detective Simms shot Sanderson in the back. You, Captain, seemed annoyed—I suppose because Simms wasn't on the porch and that would make the coroner's evidence awkward to match with your planned statement that a man opened the front door and fired a shot. I imagine the Grand Jury might like to hear you explain . . ."

The trouble was he'd *be* there to explain and that by now he'd realized what the cameras were doing to him. His face was registering outraged innocence. He'd explain, and the dead would have no chance for rebuttal. Irene's voice was fading in my ears; the face of that man was unchanged, indestructible.

Fourth down coming up. I looked up at Adrian, scared now but grim. "Simms," I said, and Irene's voice gave way to mine. "Simms, you were the man that Graves there picked to shoot a couple of your fellow policemen in the back. It's a little different this time. Your boss hired Itchy Ferroni to kill me and Mrs. Fletcher. I'm afraid I told him you were going to pay him off in lead instead of gold. But I don't think you'll get the chance. In fact, Sergeant." I threw it at him with all my remaining strength, "he's standing right behind you *now!*"

The camera caught it, the naked fear, the whirl, the grabbing at the holster, the sound of the shot . . . at nothing because no one was there. The turn back, the vicious word flung at me before the bullet hit.

I was down, I didn't know where. There was the roar of the crowd. There was one clear voice shouting, "Drop your gun, Captain! You too, Simms. You're under arrest!" That was Lobo De Vries. The roar was growing louder and louder and there was only one thing it could mean. Touchdown!

Very dim, very far away, I heard another voice saying, "My name is Joe Jordan. I solemnly swear that every word . . ."

I don't know how long I lay, a vegetable unaware of its surroundings or even of the faint spark of life within itself. I don't know which needle in which vein first drew a vague protest from my skin. It was a long time after that before awareness said, "I'm here; I'm an object; I'm Joe." And more time passed before I could ask Joe, "Where is *here?*"

Bed . . . hospital bed. Okinawa? No. City prison? But that would mean Graves had been believed. It wasn't logical that a believed Graves couldn't have destroyed a vegetable in his own garden. Then I heard it. Rain! In August? October perhaps. November . . . December . . . January. "You've been here a long, long time." Graves would never have allowed . . . If I could hear rain, there was no Captain Graves. No Graves, no Simms, no Ferroni.

No Irene.

All this and more before I opened my eyes to the kind of daylight that filters through a window on a rainy afternoon. Rain washing the window, washing the whole of Citrus Grove. My eyes dropped from the window and saw a thin claw of a hand on a pipe-stem wrist. *My* hand. The left one. Where was the other? I lay very still. No; I wouldn't look yet. I turned my eyes left.

Table. Newspaper . . . the *Star*. Headline: REFORM SLATE LANDSLIDE, and under it: MAYOR MARKHAM, CHIEF DE VRIES PLEDGE CLEAN-UP. Many things must have happened while I was a vegetable.

Something else on the table, an open letter. "Dearest," it said. Not "Dear someone," just "Dearest." Funny way to start a "D" . . . from the bottom with the loop at the top, just opposite from the way most people wrote it. I'd known someone once who made that kind of "D." Oh yes, Slats. Slats Monihan. But Slats wasn't eccentric in other ways: he knew letters started "Dear someone." Who could he write such a funny letter to?

She must have moved in her sleep and I finally turned my head far enough to see her, all curled up in the visitor's chair. What were those lines of fatigue doing in her face, that blue color on her closed eyelids? It was as if the chair was not a strange place to sleep but a familiar shell in which she'd lived for weeks.

She wasn't a snail. No one had the right to coop her in a shell—or to draw those lines on her young face. I ached to reach out and smooth away the lines. With what? With that left claw? She needed to be held tight, to be comforted; she needed . . . to be called "Dearest."

Awareness can be a very tiring thing. I'd had enough of it, of all the changes the months could bring. Easier to become a vegetable again. Vegetables don't ache; they don't reach out; very easily, very quietly they die. She'd be free, then, of that duty thing that must be holding her in that shell of a chair. I could do that much for her, let go of awareness, of life. The gate was open; it would take even less than a step. Only a drifting. Dearest . . . dearest Doris . . my eyes closed.

"Don't you dare!" She was shouting at me. "Don't you dare slip away! Open your eyes!" It was harder this time to open them. "Listen to me!" Her tears were splashing over my face. "We *need* you! Your son needs you; *I* need you! Do you hear me. Joe Jordan!"

There'd been so many lies, those last few days of that long-gone summer. But she hadn't told them; she'd never lied to me. I could feel warmth flood through me, hear my voice whisper: "I love . . ."

THE END

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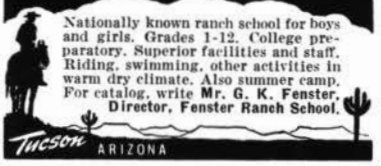

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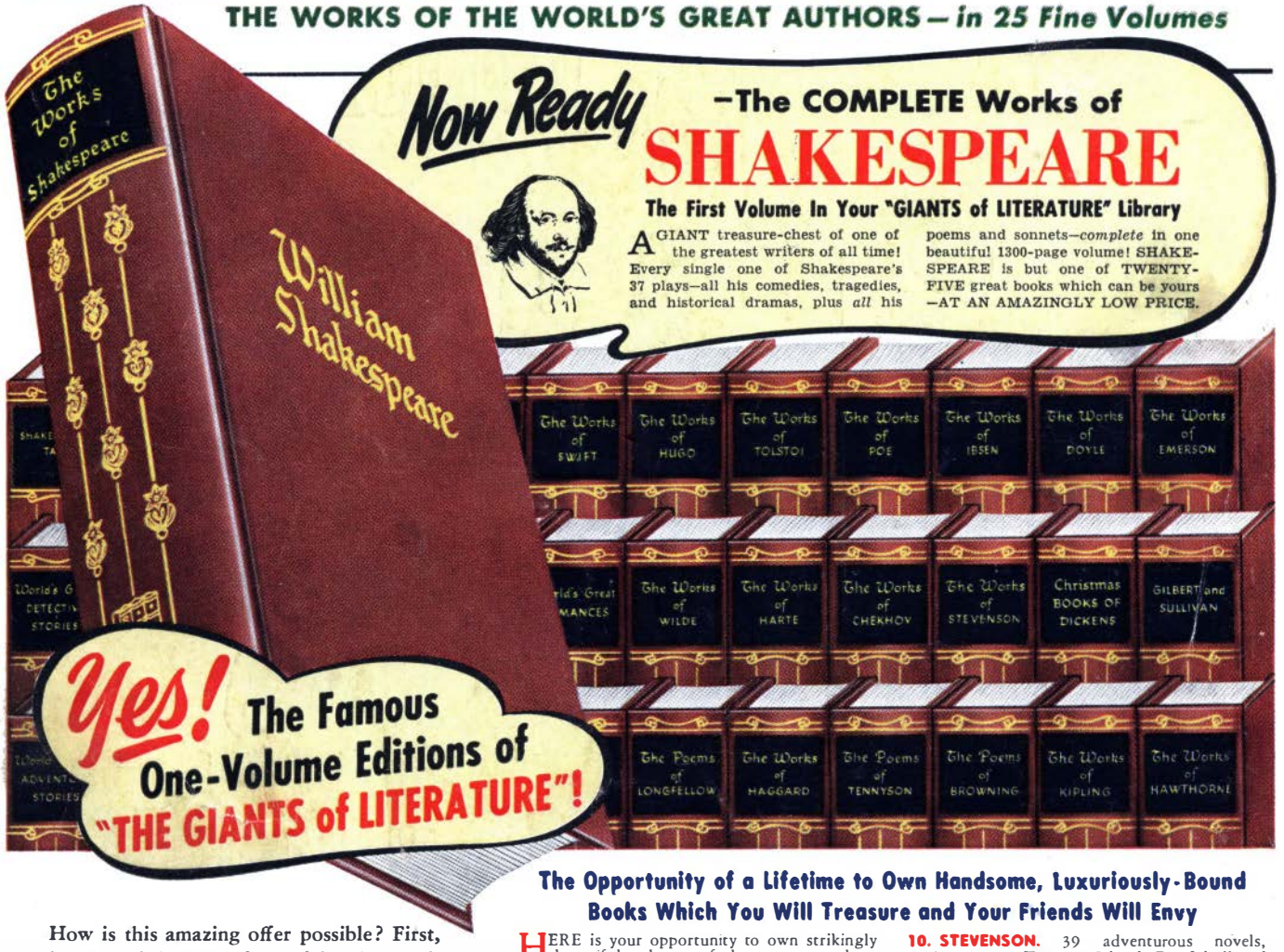

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