Collier's

15c

January 21, 1950

IF THIS BE TREASON—By Admi ry

MRS C L SNIDELER
LISLE
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R2Y

Wind-tunnel proved! Scientific tests show the Nash Airflyte has 20.7% less air drag than the average of nine leading makes of current cars tested at the University of Wichita. So you get better performance on less gasoline—in a quieter, safer, more comfortable automobile.

20.7% LESS AIR-DRAG!

Means a Smoother, Quieter Ride... More "Go" on Less Gasoline!

You've seen this new Nash Airflyte on the highway. But have you driven it?

Do you know that its streamlined beauty is only the outward indication of a completely new kind of car?

Do you know that it speeds through the air with 20.7% less air drag than the average car? That the University of Wichita tested it against 9 other automobiles in their aerodynamic wind tunnel and found that its shape alone resulted in startling gasoline economy, quieter riding, better performance, and easier handling?

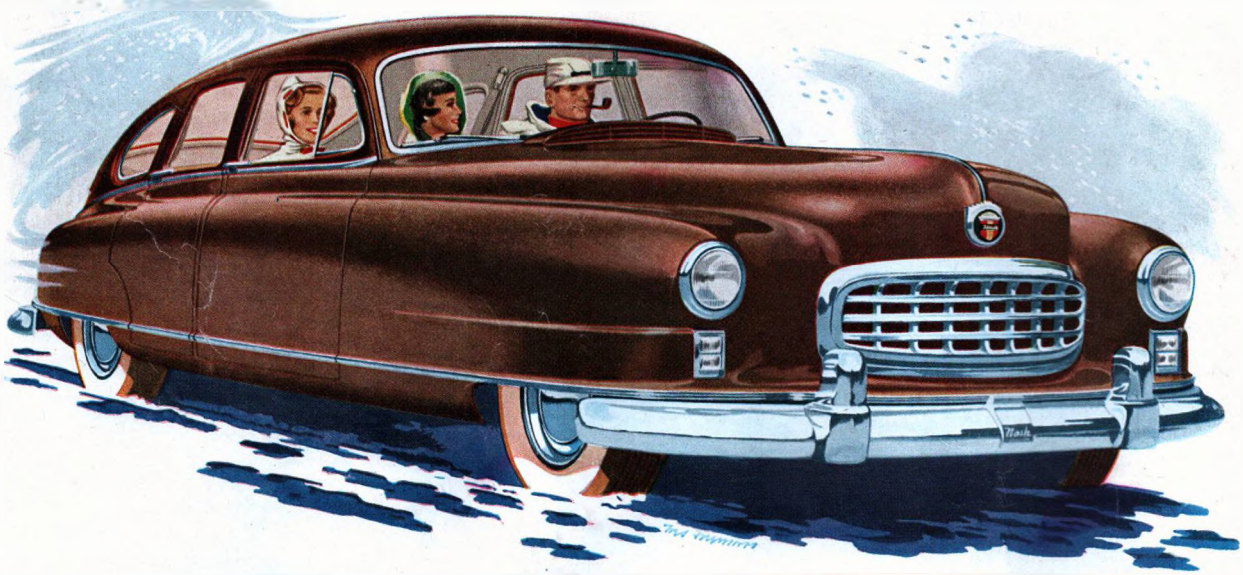
Yes, drive a Nash Airflyte and discover the difference. The *difference* in Airflyte Construction, that is safer and permanently tight. The *difference* in the Nash Weather Eye Conditioned Air System.

Know the *difference* in economy—with the Nash Statesman Airflyte delivering more than 25 miles to the gallon at average highway speed. In no other car can you drive so easily, so luxuriously, at so little cost.

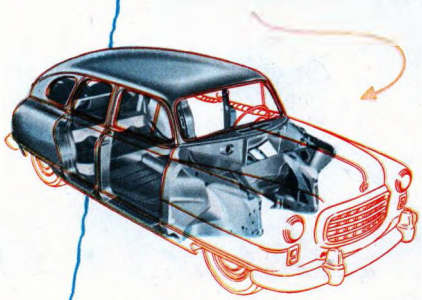
And remember: Nash is built to *stay* new—in design, in mechanical perfection, even in the permanence of its finish. More modern today, worth *more* tomorrow.

Now—Hydra-Matic Drive

Compare prices. Compare value. You'll find your best buy at your Nash dealer's. And for the greatest thrill in motoring—try the Nash Ambassador Airflyte, with new Turbo-Head engine and new Hydra-Matic Drive with exclusive Selecto-Lift starting!



AIRFLYTE CONSTRUCTION STAYS NEW YEARS LONGER!



Different from all others, in Nash the entire frame and body, floor, roof, pillars are here built as a single, rigid, welded unit, squeak-free and rattle-proof. It has 1½ to 2½ times the torsional strength of ordinary automobile construction. Gives new safety, new economy, makes possible a safer, smoother ride. Stays new years longer, adds to resale value.

Nash AIRFLYTE

The Statesman • The Ambassador

GREAT CARS SINCE 1902

There's Much of Tomorrow In All Nash Does Today

Nash Motors, Division Nash-Kelvinator Corporation, Detroit, Mich.

Keep your WHOLE mouth WHOLESOME!

Your mouth and breath are more wholesome—sweeter, cleaner—when you guard against tooth decay and gum troubles *both*. So don't risk halfway dental care. Take this vital precaution—use *doubly-effective* Ipana care* for healthier teeth, healthier gums—better all-around protection for your whole mouth!

Fight tooth decay and gum troubles Both!

Only one leading tooth paste is designed to give you this double protection*

If you want a healthier, more wholesome mouth, dentists warn you to take this most important precaution: *protect your gums as well as your teeth.*

For gum troubles not only cause more tooth losses than decay itself. Unhealthy teeth and gums BOTH actually breed unpleasant breath.

That's why you need to fight tooth decay and gum troubles BOTH—with *doubly-effective* Ipana care.

No other dentifrice has proved more effective than Ipana in fighting tooth decay. For every time, *any* time you use Ipana, you combat the bacteria that cause cavities.

And no other leading tooth paste is specially designed to fight gum troubles, too. For Ipana's unique formula actually stimulates gum circulation—promotes healthier gums.

So get Ipana and get double protection—to help keep your *whole* mouth *wholesome!* You'll like that wholesome Ipana flavor, too. It's refreshing!

***Here's doubly-effective Ipana care**

1. Between regular visits to your dentist, brush all tooth surfaces with Ipana at least twice a day. 2. Then massage gums the way your dentist advises. Ipana's formula reduces tooth decay, promotes healthier gums—helps keep your *whole* mouth *wholesome!* Get Ipana Tooth Paste today.

NEW!
Big economy size Ipana saves you up to 23¢

A PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

Healthier teeth, healthier gums... IPANA for Both!

Concert Hall
REPRODUCTION

you'll be
front-row center
with your new
Motorola

FM-AM Table Radio

SO BEAUTIFUL
SO WONDERFUL
SO EASY TO TUNE!

RADAR-TYPE FM TUNING. A radar type permeability tuner inhibits "drift"... keeps the FM station in constant tune.

SWEEP STATION DIAL. New dial design puts more distance between stations... makes tuning easier, more precise. A tremendous advantage in FM tuning.

TUNED RF STAGE FOR FM. You get greater sensitivity... knifes through local stations to bring in distant stations sharp and clear.

NEW IMPROVED SPEAKER. Motorola's famed "Golden Voice" is now even richer... more vibrant than ever.

make sure it's a
Motorola

20 YEARS OF ELECTRONICS ACHIEVEMENT
GUARANTEE MOTOROLA HIGH QUALITY

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January 21, 1950

ARTICLES

FICTION

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The Cover

In Iron Mountain, Michigan, Artist Herb Olsen and 16 other members of a club used to hire a man to cut a winter's supply of natural refrigerant for a 17-family icehouse. Olsen draws upon this memory for the cover details, because he now lives in Ridgefield, Connecticut, and mechanical refrigeration has made ice cutting obsolete there.

Week's Mail

Therapeutic Fiction

EDITOR: For the psychological and ethical insights of For Love—, by Phillip Bonosky (Dec. 10th), I offer applause. That tawdry and confused fiction pours from America's presses today is a truism. But as an omnivorous reading minister I have grown aware of a religious vein in "better magazine" fiction.

In Harriet and Ted we see love as suffering and creative rather than soupy. Sound fiction notes that fresh perspective comes from self-giving, forgiveness, and central human dignity as by-products of the search for deep meaning. Such profound exploration in simple words beats preachments hands down when it comes to holding the American home together.

When by stories a magazine carries emotional therapy into the market place of common personal and group concerns, I'll buy a seat in the orchestra.

LEON THOMSON, Chicago, Ill.

. . . I was so delighted to find that in Miss Strawberry and the Sergeant (Nov. 26th) you have given us a story with a middle-aged heroine. My friends and I enjoy reading about older women and have never seen why magazine heroines so rarely reach this age. C. P. WHITE, Norfolk, Conn.

. . . Your magazine (which we have read and loved for over 20 years) is always good, but the December 3d issue is especially inspiring and satisfying.

Mr. Weaver's Don't You Cry for Me is beautifully written, and truly Mr. Grubb's Fifty of the Blue reaches an O. Henry level. Please thank them for us; and let us thank you for sharing them with us.

VIRGINIA CHAPMAN GREEN, Birmingham, Ala.

More About Ket

EDITOR: Get Off Route 25, Young Man, by Charles F. Kettering (Dec. 3d) is one of the most challenging, thought-provoking articles I have ever read.

I wish it could be read to every class entering high school and repeated once every year, including graduation ceremonies. Again in college the student should hear it repeatedly to give him fresh impetus.

MRS. CLARE L. WILSON, Richmond, Cal.

. . . Mr. Kettering should be writing a special column for Collier's called "Collier Sermons." Why not? A man with a gift for writing such wisdom has something we all need—a little moralizing without it hurting.

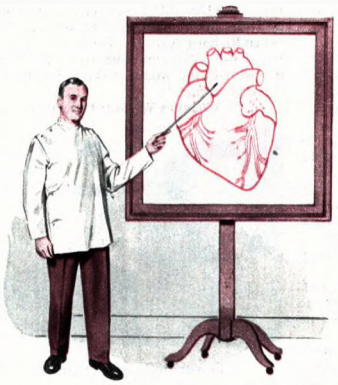
It is frequently said that not all the great sermons are preached from the pulpit. How true. Any time Mr. Kettering wants a pulpit engagement he has one in my church.

REV. FRANK B. CHATTERTON, First Universalist Church, Cambridge, Mass.

. . . I find Mr. Kettering's article the only sensible article dealing with "invention" that I've ever read. It not only gives the average man with a sprinkling of creative ability courage to go on with some degree of dignity and hope, but blasts the damaging theory held by most men in high places that there is little of value left to invent.

The impression I receive of the man himself is one of greatness. I visualize a man

ABOUT YOUR HEART



What your heart does . . .

The heart is the hardest working organ in the body. It beats about 100,000 times a day, and in the course of 24 hours pumps more than 2600 gallons of blood through the blood vessels.

The heart's ability to function normally may be affected if it is subjected to prolonged or excessive strain, or if it is attacked by disease. Fortunately, doctors now can do more than ever before to help the heart if trouble appears.

Heart disease is the leading cause of death in our country, and the proportion of deaths from this cause has been increasing. Authorities point out, however, that this increase may be a reflection of the fact that, due to medical progress, more and more people are reaching the later years of life when heart ailments are most likely to occur.

When all of the factors affecting the statistics are taken into consideration, it is found that the death rate from heart disease at every age is actually going down.

What medical science is doing . . .

Today, medical science has many new tests for the heart, in addition to the electrocardiogram, the X-ray, and other routine methods.

One such development is called *angiocardiography*, in which an opaque solution is injected into the blood stream. By means of X-ray, the doctor then can study the chambers of the heart, the major blood vessels in the chest, and the lungs.

Another technique, in which a small tube is inserted through an arm vein into the chambers of the heart, provides information about the amount of blood the heart is pumping, the pressures under which it is working, and the composition of the blood in the heart.

There are also new exercise tests which furnish knowledge about how the heart functions under strain. These and other advances give the doctor more accurate methods of diagnosing heart trouble than have been possible heretofore.

What YOU can do . . .

Specialists say that there is a great deal the individual can do to help keep his heart sound and strong.

Following the doctor's suggestions about a daily routine of healthful living may help to avoid heart ailments, or to limit their effect. Such a routine should include a nourishing diet, keeping weight normal, getting plenty of rest and sleep, trying to avoid tension during work, and developing a relaxing hobby.

It is also important to have regular physical examinations by a doctor. Such check-ups generally insure that if heart trouble should occur it will be discovered *early*, when modern methods of treatment will help most to control it.

Under good medical care, most people with heart ailments can learn to adjust their lives to the work-capacity of their hearts. By so doing, they are often able to enjoy long and happy lives of nearly normal activity.

Research on diseases of the heart is increasing. To aid in this work, 148 Life Insurance Companies support the Life Insurance Medical Research Fund which makes grants for special studies in diseases of the heart and blood vessels. To learn more about helping your heart, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 20-C, "Your Heart."

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(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, 20-C, "Your Heart."

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MUCH DIFFERENT MUCH BETTER

FATIMA IS *THE LONG CIGARETTE*
that contains an essential ingredient
of all the popular cigarettes –
Turkish Tobacco

THAT'S WHY
FATIMA is doubling and redoubling its smokers

THAT'S WHY
FATIMA has a much different, much better, flavor and aroma

ENJOY FATIMA *YOURSELF*
Best of long cigarettes

with the common sense of a Will Rogers, the probing mind of Steinmetz and Edison combined, the industriousness of a Henry Ford, and the charitable qualities of a Bernard Baruch. A man so valuable to his generation should indeed be showered with praise and honor, for to such men should go much of the credit for the progress and high standard of living in these United States.

IRVING TORNANSKY, Hartford, Conn.

. . . Please print more Charles F. Kettering articles. I have read Collier's about 75 years and Get Off Route 25 is one of the best you ever published.

N. R. GOURLEY, Glens Falls, N. Y.

We're glad that Collier's old friend liked the article—even though our magazine is a mere youngster of sixty-two.

. . . In regards to your side line, This Is Ket, appearing with C. F. Kettering's article, you mention that his regular circuit includes La Grange, Illinois, the home of his son and family.

What a blow! I bet 10,000 Hinsdaleians correct your mistake. Because Hinsdale, Illinois, is the home of his son and family. La Grange is our bitterest rival in high-school activities to which C.F.'s grandson was a great contributor, as his father and grandfather have been to the community.

GEORGE FERBER, Hinsdale, Ill.

. . . In your brief pen picture of Mr. Kettering, This Is Ket, I find no mention of the fact that he is also a banker. That is true in all other such sketches.

Is that omission at the author's request? Or, perhaps, it's the editor's idea. In any case, why the hush-hush? Is there anything inherently evil about banking that one is justified in omitting all references to his connection with it?

R. B. WILSON, Dayton, Ohio

Mr. Kettering is not only a banker (director of the Winters National Bank & Trust Company) but also the president and director of the Domestic Building Company and the Flexible Company, and a director of the Moraine Development Company and the Uplands Realty Company, Inc.

What's more he has been awarded honorary degrees by the University of Cincinnati, Brown University, Toledo University, Northwestern University, Lafayette College, New York University, Dartmouth College, Harvard, Syracuse, Miami, Washington, Princeton, Ohio State and Michigan Universities, Brooklyn Poly, the Universities of Nebraska and Detroit, Temple and Wayne Universities, and the College of Wooster.

In addition, he is a member of the Detroit Yacht, Detroit Athletic, Detroit, and Old Clubs of Detroit, the Army and Navy Club, the Engineers' Club of Dayton; a member of 16 learned societies and academies, and the recipient of a dozen medals, decorations, etc., here and abroad.

We don't think there is anything inherently evil about all these activities and affiliations. There wasn't anything hush-hush about it. We just didn't have room even to catalogue all of Mr. Kettering's diverse enterprises and honors. And we trust that the above brief listing (supplied by Mr. Kettering for Who's Who in America) will set Mr. Wilson's mind at rest.

One of Sir Louis' Guests

EDITOR: I liked your article on Sir Louis Sterling (Knight from Orchard Street, Nov. 26th). Strangely enough, I was one of the Americans who was over to his house, and had dinner with him one day at the Savoy.

About twelve years ago Sir Louis' nephew, whose name is Sterling Surrey, was teaching out at a small college in Missouri where my sister was also teaching, and kiddingly we used to call the nephew the "Earl of Surrey."

Imagine my great surprise one day in 1943, while in the Army in England, when I received a letter from my sister telling me to call up Sir Louis Sterling and tell him that I knew his nephew. You understand, up to the minute of receiving this letter none of us had any idea that Sterling Surrey had an uncle who had been knighted in England.

Sir Louis was all that your article said he was—really a most charming couple, he and his wife.

WILLIAM H. TEGTMEYER, Chicago, Ill.

Sears & Power

EDITOR: In The Life and Times of Sears, Roebuck (Dec. 3d) I was very much interested in the remarkable resemblance between Richard Sears and Tyrone Power, the movie star. Wouldn't it be wonderful if the movie industry would make a picture of these great men?

CHARLES W. GRECU, Norfolk, Va.

Power (left) and double

. . . Hearty congratulations on securing and publishing the first "real" story of Sears, Roebuck & Company.

I was studying stenography at the Bower Shorthand School in the Globe Building, Minneapolis, when Sears moved his office there from the little railroad town in northern Minnesota.

I can visualize real well his office on the seventh floor of that building. It was just a small two-by-four hole in the wall, but it served his purpose.

Also, I remember when Roebuck joined him, when they failed and were out of business for two or three years, and when their catalogue cost $1, which amount was refunded when the customer's purchases amounted to $10 or more.

M. J. LIVERMAN, Houston, Texas

Thanks from Epileptics

EDITOR: Thank God someone has finally written a nonprejudiced article about epilepsy (Our Daughter Is an Epileptic, Nov. 26th).

I am twenty-one years old and I have had epilepsy all of my life. Friend after friend, job after job I have lost because of it.

Recently I found a firm to work for who understands and will let me work, regardless of my seizures, which aren't too bad now.

I hope after the millions read this article they will understand better. Thanks a lot.

MILDRED RUPURED, Lexington, Ky.

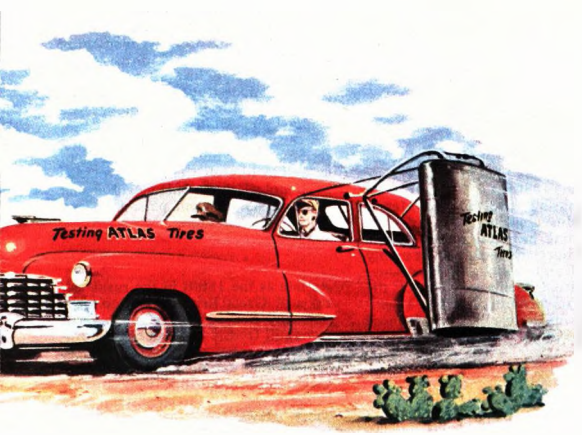
. . . I am taking it upon myself to thank you, for the thousands of epileptics, for printing this article. I am an epileptic myself. There are many of us who are capable of working but cannot because of the feeling many people have toward epileptics. If many of us were permitted to work it would help us in controlling our attacks.

JAMES L. FENSKE, Los Angeles, Cal.

. . . In the name of many epileptic patients, I thank you for giving place to the article by Mr. and Mrs. Yahraes. This expertly written and completely honest recital should be a model for writers on medical subjects to follow. It performs an immense service.

WILLIAM G. LENNOX, M.D., Boston, Mass.

How ATLAS Tires are "triple-tested" for your protection



1. For your greater safety, Atlas Tires are constantly tested three ways: (1) in laboratory "torture" apparatus, (2) by professional drivers at high speeds over long distances, and (3) on private cars and trucks on which careful records are kept of ordinary, every-day driving.

2. A burning desert, temperature far above 100°, is the "road" for this grueling test at over 80 miles per hour.

3. Hundreds of private cars and trucks in "actual-use" tests have their tires checked, measured and recorded month after month after month!

4. In all, more than 2,250,000 miles of careful testing annually stands back of every Atlas tire.

5. Result: Dependable tires backed by a Warranty second to none—and honored by 38,000 dealers in 48 States and Canada.

6. See your local Atlas dealer for outstanding value . . .

No Greater Service Anywhere

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FOR BEST RESULTS:
shave with Barbasol

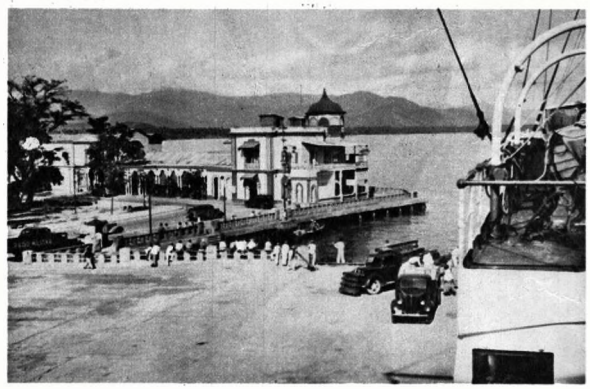
If rough winter weather means a chapped, tender face—try shaving with Barbasol! Barbasol not only gives easy, long-lasting shaves; it actually soothes and *protects* your skin—never dries it out, as soapy lathers do. So your face stays soft, smooth and fresh. *Try* Barbasol. It *feels* good; it *looks* good; it *is* good for your skin!

Use it also for soothing relief of windburn, chapping, chafing and itching.

Avoid Athletic Aroma
use BARZ
Lotion Deodorant

Keep Up with the World

BY FRELING FOSTER



Venezuela's second most important seaport is Puerto Cabello (above) which means Port of the Hair. The city was given this picturesque name because the Caribbean waters in its harbor are usually so calm that ships stopping there may, figuratively, be anchored by a hair.

****

Among the scores of practical jokes played by Brian G. Hughes of New York in the 1880s and '90s, one of the most amusing involved the Metropolitan Museum of Art. Before dawn one morning, he placed in its vestibule a bag of burglar's tools and an empty picture frame which, when discovered, started the employees of the museum on a frantic search of its galleries to find out which masterpiece had been stolen.

****

Many a European gypsy still travels from village to village with a trained bear, muzzled and on a chain, which not only does tricks but also gives massages. If a peasant, after a hard day's work, has an aching back and wants a treatment, he lies on the ground and the bear dances on his sore muscles. Occasionally, during a massage, the bear gets tired, sits down on his patient and refuses to get off until he has taken a rest.

****

Many slang words used by Americans did not, as is commonly supposed, originate in this country, but in England where they were popular more than 200 years ago. Among them are *bamboozle, booze, frisk, grub, hick, kid, lousy, mooch* and *racket.*

****

One of the most tragic cases of mass murder in U.S. history was the dynamiting of the village school in Bath, Michigan, shortly after its classes had started on May 18, 1927. The fiendish crime was the work of Andrew Kehoe, and it climaxed his intense hatred of the school and everyone connected with it. Being the treasurer of the school board, the man had long resented even the smallest educational expenditure. Consequently, when this new schoolhouse was built in 1923, despite his fanatical opposition, he became bitter and dangerous. On the fateful morning, Kehoe first murdered his wife and then drove to the school, arriving just after his time bombs had destroyed it and the air was filled with the screams of the trapped and dying victims. Stopping his car near several rescuers, Kehoe set off another bomb and killed them as well as himself. Thus, in a matter of minutes, the maniac caused the death of 45 innocent persons, 37 of whom were children.

****

As late as the 1860s in the rural sections of Great Britain, the doorsteps of many houses, shops and taverns were still freshly chalked each morning with a series of loops which were supposed to entangle the feet of the Devil and prevent him from entering the premises. Of the large number of these "Devil traps" that were carved in stone doorways centuries ago, one that has survived and may be seen today is at the west entrance of the great cathedral in Ely, England.

****

The Lakes of Killarney, long celebrated in Irish literature and music, were part of a private estate until 1930. In that year, the owner had to sell it at auction as he could no longer pay the taxes on the property, which comprised 10 square miles occupied by the three lakes and five square miles of land around them. William B. Bourn of California bought the area and gave it to the government; and today it is a national park of Eire.

****

The civil law courts of England, as late as a century ago, rarely accepted a claim that a person had died unless it was accompanied by proof, even when the survival of the individual in question was an utter impossibility. Probably the most absurd case of this kind occurred in 1826 when a court ruled that it could not "judicially presume" a certain man had died although he had been missing 792 years.

One of a series of advertisements demonstrating the advantages in buying men's clothing bearing the Amalgamated Union Label

19-to-1 his suit is UNION MADE!

And 19-to-1 *your* favorite suit is union made, too! Made right – by skilled craftsmen! Stitch by stitch it has know-how sewn into every seam. It's a safe bet – a 19-to-1 bet, according to national averages – that the suit you most enjoy wearing is the product, collar-to-cuff, of union manufacture.

Always remember, in judging the quality of a suit, that no garment is any better than the workmanship that goes into it. The Amalgamated label is your guarantee that your suit was made by skilled, experienced workmen . . . that it was made under decent, efficient working conditions . . . that it was made by honest craftsmen with a secure working future.

Men who know value will always look for the Amalgamated label before they buy. It's the best way to buy a suit with a future.

Two reasons Amalgamated workers make better clothes:

1 *Cooperative housing* is just one of a dozen social welfare projects sponsored by Amalgamated to promote better citizenship, workmanship.

2 *Decent, clean working conditions*, first won by Amalgamated, mean maximum efficiency, reduced costs – and better clothes for you.

FREE: *"INSIDE STORY – What Every Man Should Know About the Clothes He Wears and the Men Who Make Them."* Write ACWA, 15 Union Square, N. Y. 3.

LOOK FOR THE AMALGAMATED LABEL

. . . for best buys in any price range

AMALGAMATED CLOTHING WORKERS OF AMERICA A UNION OF MASTER CRAFTSMEN IN SUITS • OVERCOATS • WORK CLOTHES • SPORTSWEAR • SHIRTS • PAJAMAS • GLOVES • TIES

Hudson invades lower-

with famous "step-down" design!

Announcing the *New Hudson*

-price field

Pacemaker

See this engineering triumph . . . a trim-size, new car with the sensational advantages of Hudson's years-ahead "step-down" design . . .

A streamlined beauty with a colorful new interior featuring gorgeous wool fabrics combined with plastic Dura-fab trim . . .

A neat-as-can-be automobile with more room than any other car at any price, except another Hudson; yet a car that costs you less to buy . . . less to drive!

Available with Hudson's New Super-matic Drive

They said it couldn't be done!

Right up until now, designers and engineers the world over would have told you: "When you adjust the over-all size of a car to bring it into competition with lower priced makes, you must cut down room, riding qualities and many of the other niceties of motoring."

Did these old notions stop Hudson designers and engineers? Definitely not!

In Hudson's new Pacemaker—for the first time in motor-car history—you can have lower price and compactness with, not only all the interior roominess, safety and amazing roadability, but also all the low-built beauty, the long, free-flowing lines—naturally beautiful lines, even to the *curves* of the Full-View windshield—that can come only with the "step-down" design way of building motor cars.

Here is an agile automobile with more room than any other car at any price except another Hudson. A trim, tidy car with a lower center of gravity than any other make—and because of this you get a smoother road-hugging ride than is possible in even the biggest, costliest cars built the old-fashioned way.

This is Hudson's new Pacemaker . . . priced for millions of new-car buyers.

An exciting new car that lets you ride *securely* in Hudson's single-unit, all-welded Monobilt body-and-frame* —*safely* within a box-section foundation frame that surrounds the passenger compartment, even outside the rear wheels—*relaxed* in the roomiest seats in any automobile.

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ROBERT DAY

That evening our household dined upon dainty ham-and-Swiss-on-white sandwiches

WHAT'S FOR SUPPER?

By GURNEY WILLIAMS

Don't have hamburger for lunch —the freezer's just stuffed with it

MY WIFE is a wonderful woman who works our part-time help to the bone to make our spick (if not span) home an unusually comfortable place in which to grumble. The only trouble Lois and I have is simply a lack of co-ordination on the eating problem.

There was a time when, as I lurched off to the office, her parting words were, "What would you like for supper?" At first I would conscientiously outline an entire bill of fare; but you know as well as I do that this sort of newlywed behavior couldn't last. Gradually I narrowed the choice to steak and fried potatoes. Then I began hedging with, "Oh, anything you'd like will suit me." After that came the inevitable and final phase—a total lack of communication or co-operation between us in the matter of menus.

As of today it's the same with me as it probably is with you. You go out to lunch and the chef's special is pot roast; but you have a hunch your wife is going to buy a roast, so you settle for bluefish (your favorite) and green peas. That night you go home and have bluefish (your favorite) and green peas.

Yesterday, in a rare burst of confidence, Lois admonished me as follows: "Don't have lamb chops for lunch; we're going to have them tonight."

Lamb chops were on the luncheon menu, so I ordered chicken à la king. It was delicious. When I got home we sat down to chicken à la king.

"Lamb chops were sky-high," Lois explained. "Bert the butcher just bought a television set. When are we going to get one?"

"Soon as I can wind up things at the office," I replied, "and latch onto a straw hat, a meat cleaver, a chopping block and a set of those celluloid price signs Bert changes deftly six times a day."

"Why are you toying with your supper?" Lois asked, ignoring my sarcasm. "Did you have one of those gigantic saloon lunches again?"

I forget how I got out of that one.

One night I opened the front door and announced I was glad we were going to have spaghetti and meat balls for supper.

"How did you know?" my wife asked. "I haven't even started it."

"I had spaghetti and meat balls for lunch," I told her.

I remember the morning last summer when I impulsively had a drugstore snack sent up to my desk. Ham and Swiss on white with mustard, and iced tea. That evening our household dined on dainty ham-and-Swiss-on-white sandwiches—leftovers from a meeting of the Women's Political and Social Protective League. There was enough tea left, too, and an ample supply of ice cubes, which I used for something else.

On the other hand, the head of our hut will buy a whole ham and be perfectly content to consume large slices twice daily so long as anything remains. During these spells, some of which last a week, I'm able to order for lunch any item I desire—but I do get tired of ham every night.

The only other times I'm sure lunch and supper won't collide is when I have oysters on the half shell, shad roe, or creamed chipped beef on toast—delicacies my wife regards with a lack of enthusiasm most people reserve for turtle eggs.

Once I thought we had the problem licked, if just for a day. Lois came into town to look at some mink coats one of her friends had bought, and we lunched together at an exotic little place specializing in *pizza* pie, *shashlik* and codfish cakes with tomato sauce. We had roast beef, mashed potatoes, lima beans and strawberry ice cream.

When we got home there was an urgent message to call the Tollmans, who were celebrating some anniversary or other and who wanted us to drive over and have dinner with them. We went. Roast beef, mashed potatoes, lima beans and strawberry ice cream.

The obvious solution to the dilemma is to get back to first principles and make an effort to help out with the housework, which involves the planning of meals. However, if that's the best advice I can get, I'll just keep on taking vanilla. THE END

insist on inhiston to

THE ANTI-HISTAMINE TABLET

STOP COLDS

But you must take this new drug discovery promptly –AT FIRST SIGN OF A COLD!

Imagine going through winter without *a single cold!* You have a chance to do that, if you use this new drug discovery properly! Keep Inhiston handy at home and carry a pocket-packet with you at all times.

The first sneeze or sniffle may warn you "a cold is coming!" Act fast! Now is the time when "histamine" is released in your system and the cold is "taking hold." Anti-histamine is needed—*fast!*

Take 2 Inhiston tablets at once. In research with various anti-histamines where treatment began within an hour after first sign of a cold, in a great majority of test cases, the cold was *stopped!*

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Inhiston is the new anti-histamine tablet you've read about!

This is an historic year in the annals of medicine...the year of man's first great victory over the common cold! Just think! Now, at last, mankind has a real weapon against the common cold, on public sale at your drugstore. It is Inhiston, the anti-histamine tablet!

A NEW DRUG—UNLIKE ASPIRIN, QUININE

Inhiston is not merely another "cold tablet"—not a salt, effervescent powder, aspirin or quinine compound. Inhiston is an *anti-histamine*, with an action based on a new, revolutionary concept of cold treatment. Nation-wide research on various anti-histamines has proved that *colds can be stopped*, in the great majority of cases, if anti-histamine treatment begins within an hour after the first cold symptom appears. This is truly wonderful news!

BUY AT ONCE—CARRY IT WITH YOU!

Don't wait for a cold to strike. Be prepared *now* with plenty of Inhiston, ready to take at the first sign of a cold. Buy a bottle for the medicine chest at home, another for the place you work, and a handy pocket-package to carry with you at all times.

But remember—*insist on Inhiston!* We know of no other product on public sale with Inhiston's anti-histamine formula. That's why we say: *insist on Inhiston* for your cold.

HOW YOU CAN HELP ELIMINATE COLDS WITH INHISTON

1. Buy a bottle of Inhiston (36 tablets) *at once* and put it in the medicine chest.
2. Get several of the easy-to-carry packets of 12 Inhiston tablets so you and your family can have Inhiston handy at all times, ready to take *at first sign of a cold.*
3. If you now have a cold, take Inhiston immediately to shorten the cold and reduce the sneezing, sniffling and coughing. That way your family runs less risk of catching your cold.

NOTE: In any illness, your wisest course is to see your doctor at once. All too often, symptoms associated with colds can be the first signs of more serious illness. If you have chest pains, a marked fever, severe coughing, or other unusual symptoms, *stay in bed and call your doctor!*

12 TABLETS—39¢

36 TABLETS—98¢

100 TABLETS—$1.98

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THE ANTI-HISTAMINE TABLET

TO BE TAKEN AT FIRST SIGN OF A COLD

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Willys Station Wagons also available with standard 2-wheel drive, 4 or 6 cylinder.

4-WHEEL-DRIVE 'JEEP' TRUCKS are the only volume-produced all-wheel-drive trucks in their weight class (5300 lbs. GVW). They are built for top economy of operation and maintenance, as well as for their "go-anywhere" tractive power.

"ROAD IMPASSABLE" means just that to ordinary cars and trucks—but not to Willys-Overland's "go-anywhere" vehicles with 4-wheel drive!

When snow piles up or rains make backroads a quagmire, it's *traction*, not horsepower, that gets you through. With both front and rear wheels pulling, these 4-wheel-drive Willys vehicles keep going when conventional vehicles are stopped cold. Their extra traction makes them sure-footed on ice, takes them up grades that halt ordinary vehicles.

For assured transportation every day in the year, visit your Willys-Overland dealer. See and drive the new 4-Wheel-Drive Willys Station Wagon—4-Wheel-Drive 'Jeep' Trucks—the 4-Wheel-Drive Universal 'Jeep'.

THE 4-WHEEL-DRIVE UNIVERSAL 'JEEP' serves as a field tractor and all-around farm worker—hauling, towing and furnishing auxiliary power. Its versatility, rugged stamina and economy have been proved throughout the world.

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IF THIS BE TREASON—

By REAR ADMIRAL DANIEL V. GALLERY, U.S.N.

A famed Navy aviator argues that a gag on our national defense leaders is a sure way to destroy democracy

THE recent stormy hearings before the Armed Services Committee have produced a much bigger issue for the American people than the merits of the B-36 or even the fate of the Navy under "unification." The real issue, which has finally emerged, is the right, or more accurately the obligation, of military officers of *all* services to tell the truth as they see the truth when summoned before the Congress of the United States.

Up to now, Americans have subscribed to Voltaire's statement: "I disagree with every word you say, but I will defend to the death your right to say it."

The very fact that this has now become an issue is a portentous sign of our times. We are presently engaged in a cold war to prevent the spread of Communist dictatorship and to make possible the continued existence of democratic government on the earth. Yet, while we are pouring billions into Europe to stop the Communist advance abroad, we have seen fit to adopt their thought-control tactics in the United States.

We must now decide whether or not national security and our democratic system of government are incompatible in the Atomic Age. Up to now, the great chasm which has separated our system from Communism has been called "Rights of the Individual." We certainly cannot long preserve our cherished individual rights by using the tools of the police state. It will be the height of futility if, on the plea of defeating Communism abroad, we are forced to scrap our democratic system at home.

The recent "cold purge" in the Navy is a grim

NOTE: The opinions expressed in this article are the private ones of the author and are not to be construed as reflecting the official opinion of the Navy Department nor of the Naval Service

symptom of this danger. That purge was directed not against men accused of treason, but against officers who proved their patriotism and valor in the war fought to preserve the Four Freedoms. These men were accused of no greater crime than having the courage of their convictions and refusing to conform to a party line.

Last October, on the date which was formerly Navy Day, Admiral Louis Denfeld, after 40 years of distinguished service to the country in peace and war, was kicked out of his job as Chief of Naval Operations.

The admiral learned of his firing from an aide who read about it in the newspapers. In the reshuffle which followed, all the other top admirals who supported Denfeld were swept into the deep freeze.

Writing on the Wall Is Now Plain

So far the Navy is the only service which is feeling the iron heel of thought control. But I think that the implications of the purge are even more ominous to the country than they are to the Navy. The handwriting on the wall can now be plainly seen by military officers in the Army, Air Force and Marine Corps as well as the Navy. It says, "Conform or be liquidated."

Modern warfare, whether on land, sea or in the air, is a highly specialized and technical profession, one to which men devote lifetime study. The survival of our country in the Atomic Age depends upon the wisdom of military decisions which will be made in the next few years, and under our form of government the basic decisions of military policy should be made by Congress. How can these decisions be made wisely if Congress is to be denied the honest advice of the men whom the taxpayers have trained to be their experts?

Sometimes even the experts disagree. At the very least, Congress is certainly entitled to know about it when they do. But from now on it's hard to see how Congress can expect anything but a party-line unanimity of opinion from the military officers who appear before it.

Today the Navy's advocates of the so-called supercarrier are being "liquidated." At some future date, it is conceivable that the best professional opinion in the Air Force might swing away from huge, transoceanic bombers and favor more adequate jet fighters and fast medium-range bombers for defending the United States. Suppose that, when this happens, the party line of the Defense Department still is "Cheap and Sure Victory at Bargain Rates." In view of what has happened to the Navy in recent months, how will the Congress find out about any such change in professional opinion?

Perhaps the memory of Billy Mitchell is still sufficiently green in the Air Force to call forth the necessary martyrs. But some valuable men will have to sacrifice their further usefulness to the country, if events since October 27th are any criterion.

It may be possible for a good lawyer to make out a case for the firing of Admiral Denfeld on grounds other than his testimony under oath before the Armed Services Committee. But no amount of pettifoggery can obscure the fact that other admirals were ruled out as Denfeld's successors because they appeared before this committee and told the truth as they saw it.

The unanimity of opinion among the top admirals who testified was quite remarkable. One of the dramatic high lights of the Congressional hearing occurred when Admiral Arthur W. Radford completed the opening statement setting forth the grave issues which were at stake. During the tense pause which followed, Chairman Carl Vinson peered skeptically over his spectacles and inquired, "Admiral, is there anybody else in the Navy who feels as you do?"

Admiral Radford replied, "Yes, sir. Fleet Admirals King, Halsey and Nimitz, Admirals Blandy, Conolly, Kinkaid . . ."

"That is sufficient, sir," said Mr. Vinson. "We will proceed."

The last three admirals named, as well as Radford himself, would normally be the logical candidates to fill a vacancy in the office of Chief of Naval Operations. All four were passed up in the upheaval following their testimony.

Of course, in any organization the boss man has a right to the loyalty of his senior advisers. In a narrow sense a "yes" man exhibits loyalty to his boss. You can get that sort of loyalty from small men simply by appointing them to high office. But an adviser who is worth his salt and who is really loyal to his boss in the larger sense, must have the guts to disagree with the boss when his conscience tells him to.

A press release issued by the Navy Department to justify the firing of Admiral Denfeld said:

"A military establishment is not a political democracy. Integrity of command is indispensable at all times. There can be no twilight zone in the measure of loyalty to superiors and respect for authority between the various ranks."

This is a difficult statement for the ordinary citizens of a political democracy to swallow. At least, I'm sure it would have been difficult for the founding fathers of this country to do so. Our Revolution was fought in the twilight zone between loyalty to conscience and respect for the authority of King George III. Have our liberties become so secure now that we can abolish this twilight zone and still feel safe in the regimented silence of the night?

Admiral Gallery has a distinguished record of service to his country. The 48-year-old native of Chicago saw service in both World Wars and has been an outstanding Navy flier since 1927. His current assignment is in Washington where he's Asst. CNO for the Guided Missiles branch

Rear Admiral Daniel V. Gallery

I have always been taught that loyalty is a thing which must work both ways. It must extend down from the top as well as up to the top. You don't get loyalty for nothing, you have to earn it: and one indispensable requirement for earning it is a decent regard for the honest opinions of your subordinates.

The big issue which has finally emerged from the hearings transcends all the other questions on the original agenda of the Armed Services Committee. Our answer to this question may determine how far this country is going down the road to a dictatorship similar to the one we just finished smashing in World War II.

Other issues raised at the hearing are minor only in comparison with the big ones. One of these "minor" issues is the broad concept of how we will defend the United States in a future war.

The real warning which the Navy had to present to the country at the hearing has been obscured by the sensational headlines evolved from side issues, such as the now notorious anonymous letter. This warning is that we are in danger of selling our birthright, Freedom of the Seas, for a mess of pottage labeled, "Quick, Cheap Victory through Strategic Air Power." The Navy story, in a nutshell, is that control of the seas is still vital to the existence of the U.S., and that unless the Navy is strong in the air, we are wasting the billions that we are putting into the Navy.

Neither the Army nor the Air Force will deny that we need a Navy. They realize that we cannot fight a modern war without one, and that without sea power most of this country's military might would be bottled up within the borders of the North American continent. Furthermore, they know, just as well as the Navy does, that huge overseas shipments of men, equipment and supplies are required for us to fight a war anywhere except in Canada or Mexico.

The real difference of opinion occurs when we get into the details of what kind of Navy we need to keep the seas open. The Army and Air Force, lacking any wartime seagoing experience except such as they got while under naval convoy, can see no need for anything but a convoy Navy. They don't seem to realize that the Battles of Midway, the Marianas, San Bernardino Strait, and all the other operations of our Fast Carrier Task Forces have as their main objective keeping the sea lanes open for cargo ships.

The Navy, on the other hand, knows that without these task forces operating off the enemy shore line, the convoys would have been confined to our harbors.

The question as to what kind of Navy we need in order to keep the seas open is not one which should be decided by a Gallup poll, or even by a 2 to 1 vote of the Joint Chiefs of Staff. It is a question which should be settled by men who have been through the mill of war at sea.

A distinguished Army officer said at the recent hearings that the admirals are "fancy Dans" who won't play unless they can call the signals. It seems to me that, so far as naval warfare is concerned, the admirals are the ones who *should* call the signals. They did a pretty fancy job of it in the Pacific, including Admiral Dan Callaghan who was killed on the bridge of his ship calling signals one night off Guadalcanal.

It is unfortunate that the Navy got itself into the position of criticizing the B-36 and at the same time denying the right of other services to criticize the so-called supercarrier. The Navy should simply have challenged the 10-day blitz concept on which gigantic transoceanic bombers depend.

The Navy has a perfect right to say, as I have often argued, that this Quick, Cheap and Sure approach is a dangerous booby trap. This faulty concept of war is the real "Billion Dollar Blunder," rather than the B-36. If you buy this concept, then you will be squandering the taxpayers' money no matter what instrument you adopt for carrying it out.

The Joint Chiefs, if they wish to do so, are entitled to raise and debate the question of whether control of the sea will be of any importance in the next war. If they once decide that it will be, they had better let the Navy say what types of ships and planes are needed to enforce it.

The Army and Air Force want to have their cake and eat it too. Not only that, they even want the Navy to deliver the cake overseas so they can eat it in Europe, using nothing but cargo ships on the delivery job. They do not realize that when they voted 2 to 1 against construction of the U.S.S. United States they made it impossible to fill a lot of their own requisitions for cake.

Amateur strategists have a beautifully simple formula covering the whole complex problem of organizing the national defense. They say let's put everything that flies in the Air Force, everything that walks in the Army, and everything that floats in the Navy. The simplicity of this solution has great appeal.

But by a similar Alice in Wonderland approach you can say, "The Navy is the only service which has proved its ability in war to operate ships, aircraft and land forces (Marines), so let's put the whole caboodle under the Navy." We may be at the verge of doing much worse!

Topics That Shouldn't Be Debated

So much for the broader issues brought out in the investigation. Some of the lesser ones are important enough to deserve mention, too. There was a lot of loose talk at the hearings about the Navy's morale. I take a dim view of this kind of talk. A military organization's morale, like a woman's virtue, should never become the subject of public debate.

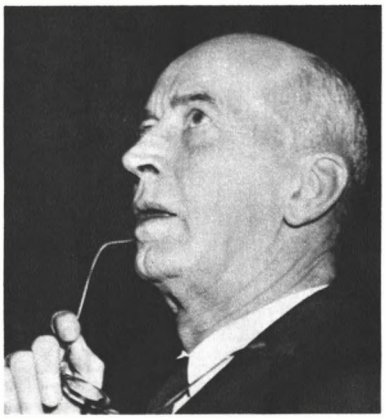
Morale is one of those broad, vague words that mean almost anything you want them to mean. To many morale means simply a happy state of contentment with your present lot. But I have seen disgruntled outfits where no one spoke to anybody else, yet they would fight to the bitter end if the enemy showed up. And I've seen other outfits which were just big happy mutual-admiration societies, which would break and run if the enemy said, "Boo!"

Morale is high, in the military sense, if an organization's main object in life is to accomplish its mission and do its job despite any and all opposition. In this sense the Navy's morale is high today, has always been high, and always will be high, so long as we have men who are willing to go to bat for their principles.

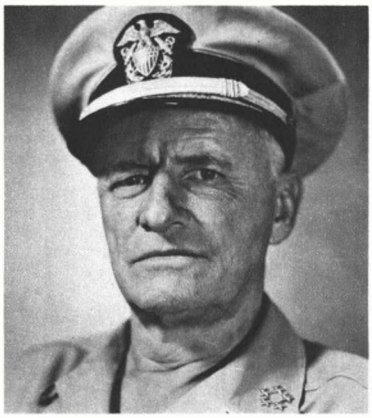
The keystone of high morale in a military organization is confidence in leadership. Without such confidence no military organization is worth a damn, no matter how well equipped, well paid, and contented it may be.

You do not fall heir to *(Continued on page 45)*

Faces to the Storm at Washington



Fleet Admiral Ernest J. King



Fleet Admiral Chester Nimitz

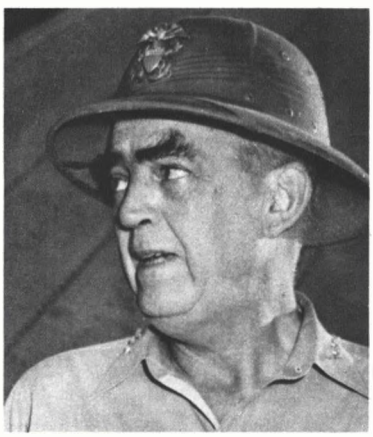
Fleet Admiral William F. Halsey

Admiral Louis E. Denfeld

Captain John Crommelin

Admiral Richard L. Conolly

Admiral William H. P. Blandy



Admiral Thomas C. Kinkaid

Admiral Arthur W. Radford

TIKI

By WILLIAM BRANDON

In his arrogance, Eaton was certain that he could cheat the simple islanders of their most sacred possession. And as bait for his trap he used Cecily

THE Eatons came to the Marquesas while they were traveling by yacht through some of the more remote islands, shopping for native art objects to add to Charles Eaton's collection.

They crossed over to Tahuata, to the anchorage at Vaitahu, after several days at the French administrator's headquarters on the neighboring island of Hivaoa. The administrator had spoken of a famous tapa possessed by John Skaneateles, the trader of Tahuata. It was an ancient tapa with a fylfot pattern. The making of tapa, a cloth manufactured from bark, had once been as much of an art in these islands as their famous tattooing, but examples of the beautiful work of the past were very scarce.

Charles Eaton owned an Easter Island tapa with a similar pattern, so he was immediately interested. Such a pattern is of historical importance. But yes, it was a rare and valuable tapa, the administrator said, in fact priceless, for it was said the old storekeeper would never consider selling it.

Charles Eaton smiled at that and said, "Want to bet?"

"No, no," the governor replied, "it cannot be bought. He is not a native, the trader, but a Yankee like yourself, and very resolute. Museums have sought for it."

"But I'm not a museum," Charles said in amusement. "I'll stop and look at it and we shall see."

The valley of Vaitahu ran like a gash through the walls and towers of the island's mountains. The mountains looked black from a distance, thrust up like high-headed monsters from the sea, and later they became blue and then green, swathed in billows of feather-leaved palms, muffled to the ears in blankets of jungle, and at last they revealed themselves bedecked in the brilliant colors of masses of flowers. Cecily Pine thought the mountains looked like immense iron coffins, smothered in garlands.

She remembered an expatriate artist on Taiarapu saying that the Marquesans were the only people in the modern world who had successfully resisted civilization: they had resisted it by dying. When the French had come up from Tahiti a hundred years before to take over the neighboring Marquesas Islands they had installed a governor and soldiers, priests and planters and traders, all the apparatus of colonial civilization.

But the people (a superb people, if you believed the painter, the handsomest and the fiercest of the Polynesians) had merely died. They had turned their faces to the earth and died by the thousands. In three generations the teeming population had shrunk until there was left only a remnant, a handful that had now become so small that extinction, scientists claimed, was certain. The soldiers had gone long ago, and the planters.

The governor, and a priest or two and a trader or two, remained, tending their garden of the dead, as the painter had put it.

The yacht crawled into the narrow bay under power, and the metallic sun turned to dancing flame, red on the rolling sea, and dropped suddenly from the world. The mountains collapsed into shadow. There was a splash and the cat blocks sang with chain.

Inside the wreath of breakers a torch flared, like a head of yellow hair streaming in the wind. The schooner's searchlight speared across the water, jerked here and there erratically, and died as if the night shut a door upon it. Portrait of a life, Cecily thought. The coconut-husk torch moved upon the surf, swelling and contracting like a drifting note of music.

She got up from her deck chair and went below. In the main cabin André, the yacht's captain, resplendent in fresh white drill, as neat and shining as the glistening schooner itself, stood respectfully with an iced drink in his sunburned hand. Charles Eaton sat in a suede chair beside the portable bar. There was silence except for the rumble of the blowers that constantly changed and freshened the air. Cecily went through to Judith Eaton's cabin. Neither Charles nor the captain looked at her. . . .

Judith was lying in bed in the dark. Cecily switched on a lamp and Judith said, "Oh, please don't. It hurts my eyes." Cecily obediently turned off the lamp.

"You should have come up to see the sunset," Cecily said. "And this is a very pretty island." She stood beside the bed and touched Judith's hand. "You feel awfully warm. You don't need all those blankets, surely."

"But I keep being chilly. That's why I can't ever rest. I told Charles I wouldn't be out at all this evening. He didn't seem to mind too terribly."

Cecily's heart was wrenched by the suffering in Judith's eyes. But there was nothing she could say. She had learned by now that Judith was totally defenseless against anything Charles might idly wish to do to hurt her. Cecily had hoped that by coming on this long cruise as Judith's companion she might somehow help rescue a part of the youthful, eager gaiety of life that had been Judith's before her marriage. But Charles had adroitly turned Cecily herself to his own purposes, by making it appear obvious that he preferred her company to Judith's, coolly ignoring the equally obvious fact that Cecily disliked him and felt uneasy in his presence.

Cecily said lightly, "*I* mind your not coming out. You're my favorite cousin, remember. That's why I'm here. Try to feel better soon."

Judith did not answer.

AFTER a time Cecily left and went to her own cabin. She took off her bright-colored shorts and white jacket and had a long hot shower. She brushed her brown hair carefully. She chose a white linen frock and was pulling it on over her head when Charles came in.

He said, "My dear, don't wear that."

Cecily said hotly, "Is it too much to ask you again not to come in here while I'm dressing?"

"The trader has come out to see us," Charles said. He spoke with elaborate precision. Cecily could measure the drinks he had had by his enunciation. When he was fully drunk he studied each syllable as if it might be carved of questionable jade. Judith had once told Cecily that although Charles drank a great deal he was never drunk, but in the past weeks Cecily had discovered that he was never sober.

He was a big man, dressed in khaki shirt and trousers and straw slippers and a striped blazer. Regardless of his temper his round face and his round brown eyes were always as genial as a spaniel's, although Cecily had come to perceive that his abstract smile was as unreal as a false face, and that it was doubtful if he even saw her. He had a habit of never looking at anyone except covertly. If she looked away from him he would immediately see her; if she looked at him, his round eyes would smile at the lock of hair beside her ear or at a spot above her head. He was a dozen years older than Cecily but she could not overcome the feeling, despite her dread of him, that he was essentially a child. He said, "You might help impress them. Wear something very formal. I think perhaps the green one with the bare shoulders."

Cecily said, "But that would be silly."

"Really, I insist," Charles said. He reached out with his stout white arms and gently drew the linen dress away from her. Cecily stood still, her hands at her throat. Charles said after a moment, "Do hurry." He dropped the white dress on a chair and went out.

CECILY got the green dinner dress from her closet and put it on. It had a low neckline, decorated with a shawl of white that displayed her graceful shoulders. It was a fantastic dress to wear here among these dead islands, at the outback end of the world. She examined herself dispassionately in the mirror and then went into the main cabin.

The trader wore canvas shoes and the bottoms of his trousers were rolled. He looked withered and shrunken, and his eyes were a beseeching alcoholic's. His face was like an old leather valise, locked tight across his toothless mouth. White hair grew in tufts behind his ears and in a hemicyclic fringe on the back of his neck, curling out from under the warped brim of a straw hat. He was perched uneasily on the edge of an upholstered chair.

A Marquesan, a middle-aged man with tattooed eyelids, was squatting at the foot of the companionway, smoking a cigarette.

"I am sorry that my wife is indisposed," Charles said. "This is my wife's cousin, Miss Pine." The trader and the Marquesan looked at her. Cecily felt like a side-show exhibit, in the sweeping green dress. "Mr. Skaneateles is granting us a signal honor," Charles said, smiling. "The governor's boy came over from Atuona today and told him we'd want to see his tapa when we stopped, so he is very graciously going to take us in and show it to us. But not to sell, of course."

The yacht's West Indian steward emerged from behind Charles and impassively bore a tray of highballs across the cabin.

Mr. Skaneateles cleared his throat and said, "No, it ain't for sale."

The Marquesan was supplied with one of Charles's silver cigarette boxes. He smoked energetically, as if he were being paid by piecework for the cigarettes consumed. *(Continued on page 56)*

Charles dropped to his knees and spread the tapa on the floor. It was a strip of cloth, made from bark; it was imprinted with a pattern resembling swastikas. "I must have it," he said plaintively

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

The City that DOES Something

ST. LOUIS: Another TERROR IN OUR CITIES Report

ST. LOUIS got mad and decided to do something about crime because crime hit St. Louis where it hurts. It hit the children. One morning the residents of the gentle city in the bosom of the Mississippi woke up and realized that the golden-haired children they raised in those pin-neat little houses weren't safe any more. In alarming numbers the little ones were becoming hunted game, stalked by the molester, the sex psychopath and the despoiler.

"If we have to be vigilantes to protect our children, then we will be!" thundered Darold E. Crotzer, president of the parent-teacher association at a school where a girl in the kindergarten had been raped.

"You've got to live in this town to realize how scared the parents are," Walter Paul Coxey told me. "They're like minutemen. Ninety per cent of the fathers wish they had guns." Coxey was particularly interested in the crisis because he had a nine-year-old daughter once. Her name was Shirley Jean. On Thanksgiving evening of 1945 he gave her a nickel to buy gum at a neighborhood store. A piece of gum was frozen in her mouth when she was found in the frost silvered weeds of an alley next morning, dead, ravished, her little body pitifully torn. Most American cities have had their Shirley Jeans. In Chicago it was six-year-old Suzanne Degnan, in Cleveland eight-year-old Sheila Ann Tuley, in Detroit a six-year-old boy named Georgie Counter, and—within the same 48 hours last November—seven-year-old Glenda Joyce Brisbois in Burley, Idaho, and six-year-old Linda Joyce Glucoft in Los Angeles.

Many another city could add a name to the roster of sex-murdered children. To parents everywhere the haunting questions are: Where next? *Who* next?

But murders on front pages tell only a tidbit of the story. St. Louis woke with a start to the rest of it: the scores upon scores of children led into alleys and molested on their way to school, the girls and boys lured into garages with the promise of roller skates and obscenely handled, the children forced or bribed—in their ignorance—into acts of perversion. And the rapes. These things the children survive, but with what trauma? With what long-smarting scars of frightfulness? With what psychological wounds?

At 9:00 A.M. last March 17th a little girl of eight skipped into the basement entrance of Meramec School in south St. Louis. She swung a book and tablet in her hand, hurrying to get to class on time. The basement corridor was empty of other children. It was empty—except for a man who sat on a bench smoking a cigar.

"You're late—and I'm a judge!" he said to the little girl. "You come with me and I'll see that you graduate."

He took her hand and led her into the girls' washroom, empty now with classes commencing, and the door swung closed behind them.

Minutes passed.

Arnold Ackermann, the custodian, takes up the story from there: "I went to empty a can of sawdust on my way to the boiler. I smelled cigar smoke and thought that was unusual. Who would be smoking a cigar in the school building? There were some workmen outside. I checked, but they weren't smoking cigars. So I followed the smell of smoke to the girls' basement. I put my keys in my back pocket so they wouldn't jangle.

"The smoke got stronger near the washroom. I sneaked in easy. What a shock when I looked at the row of cubicles on the right-hand side and saw a man's legs! I creeped up, carrying a dustpan in my hand. When I yanked the door open there he was—with the little girl.

"I raised the dustpan and came down on him as hard as I could right between the shoulders. I remember him running out, yelling, 'I'll kill you!' "

Mrs. H. R. Johnson, a "block mother," checks with Motorcycle Patrolman Stephen Harke, one of 71 who protect kids before and after school

about Sex Crime

By HOWARD WHITMAN

When the man was caught some days later, his back still bore the marks of the dustpan. He was thirty-four, a freight handler.

To the fear and ire of parents this case added an urgent edge. Here was a sex crime right in the schoolhouse! Teachers were all around, hundreds of other children under the same roof. If children weren't safe in the schoolhouse, where on earth were they safe? How bold had the sex criminal become?

Newspapers kept grinding out the headlines: KINDERGARTEN GIRL ACCOSTED BY MAN—CLERK ACCUSED OF MOLESTING 2 GIRLS IN MOVIE—MAN ACCUSED BY 8-YEAR-OLD BOY OF MOLESTING HIM IN THEATER—6-YEAR-OLD GIRL AT ASHLAND SCHOOL MOLESTED—LABORER ARRESTED FOR RAPE OF 10-YEAR-OLD GIRL—FINED FOR MOLESTING 2 BOYS, AGED 8 AND 9—ARRESTED ON SUSPICION OF MOLESTING 4-YEAR-OLD GIRL—YOUTH WHO MOLESTED BOY, 4, IS FINED $500—9 CHARGES AGAINST MOLESTER OF GIRLS.

For the first four months of 1949 a tally was kept; the number of sex offenses involving minors ran to 112, nearly one a day. Those were *reported* cases. How many cases of child molestation are never reported to police? How many parents prefer to hush-hush these cases? Experts guess that police figures show 10 to 20 per cent of what actually is going on.

In St. Louis' Fifth Police District, Captain Thomas Dirrane shook his head at this baffling new wrinkle in crime. "I don't know what's getting into people," he said. "We have five or six child sex cases a month—in our district alone." He riffled the records—"Here's a bad one. It happened last August, about 11:00 P.M. . . ."

A thirteen-year-old girl was coming out of a neighborhood movie. A taxicab pulled up and the driver called out. "Hey, girlie! Your mother sent me to get you and bring you home. Jump in!"

Thereupon, he drove the girl to the levee at the foot of Branch Street, raped her, then dumped her out of the car on Broadway.

This Story Missed the Front Page

Sometimes it's gang-molestation. As I rode by night in Police Scout Car 31, the radio cackled a run to Tenth Street and Marion. Six ruffian youths were trying to force two girls into an automobile. An elderly man was flailing a baseball bat, trying to rescue the girls, when Car 31 rolled up. Our two police officers made short work of the affray and toted the ruffians to the station house. What might have happened if someone hadn't called the police? Front page, perhaps.

On a Sunday morning I sat in the gloom of the police showup with Chief Jeremiah O'Connell, while the previous 24 hours' haul of prisoners made its floodlighted debut. The cast of the drama included, as it nearly always does, a sex offender—sheepish, his hat crumpled in his hands. He was a pudgy man of about twenty-six who had been riding around in his car, stopping to commit acts of exposure when he came upon little girls playing. "Walk him back and forth between the black lines. I want the men to get a good look at him," Chief O'Connell ordered.

All through the molestation wave, police were trying hard. But it did little good, for when child molesters got to the courts, *(Continued on page 64)*

Put the Cops Back on the Beat

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DAN WIENER

After the rape of a kindergarten girl, Mullanphy School parents (above) formed a Children's Protective Association. At left are former P.T.A. President Darold E. Crotzer and Frederick Mueller, present head

Police Board President Holzhausen and Chief O'Connell examine city's modern criminal records. Below: Attorney Echeal Feinstein and Bruno Sendlein, parent leader, drafted workable sex-crime laws

Marriage

By D. K. FINDLAY

THE Smiths, Father, Mother and Emerald, were at breakfast. Emerald looked up from the sports page. "This may be awkward," she said. "The Women's Downhill is set for the thirteenth."

"Are you in it?" asked Mr. Smith.

"Supposed to be. The race committee named three of us from the Eastern Zone," Emerald explained. "With the Downhill on the thirteenth and the nuptials on the fourteenth, it's going to make a crowded week end."

"A pity to miss the race," said Mr. Smith, "you can get married any time."

Mrs. Smith looked up from her diary with a start. "What's that! Emerald, if I had known there was

Wedding preparations went on in an uneven way. Miss Crimps made Emerald stand for hours, draping things and pinning things on her

ILLUSTRATED BY DORA DE VRIES

is a Dangerous Sport

There's nothing like a breakneck run on a mountain ski course to put a girl in shape for her wedding

going to be so much trouble to get you and Sam married—I don't know what I would have done." She ruffled the pages of the diary. "Appointments, appointments! And Miss Crimps says we must work in more fittings somehow."

"Yes, Mother," said Emerald, "and now to add to the confusion, I've just found out that the Women's Downhill is to be held on the thirteenth."

"And Dr. Chublow," said her mother, "is *so* absent-minded. Twice I've told him the fourteenth and twice he has told me he is keeping the twenty-fourth clear for us. It would be fantastic if he got the dates mixed. What did you say, Emerald?"

"I asked if I could have the thirteenth off."

Mrs. Smith looked up the date. "Oh, dear, what a pageful! And all the last fittings." With decision she drew her pencil through them. "We'll manage somehow. You must have a good rest on the day before."

Mr. Smith got up to go to the office. Emerald went to the door to see him off.

"She hasn't taken in a thing," said Mr. Smith. "She's practically in a spin. You know what's going to happen when she finds out you're going in a ski race the day before your wedding, don't you? She's going to blow a fuse."

"I know," said Emerald. "Mother thinks skiing is dangerous."

"All this fuss and bother!" said Mr. Smith, grumbling. He was very fond of his daughter and he hated to lose her. "Well, why don't you just call up Sam Whityer," he suggested, "and tell him it's all off?"

Emerald fluffed out his scarf and tried his hat at a different angle.

"Be careful in traffic," she warned him. "And remember that you have to give the bride away."

THE Whityers were at breakfast, Sam and his mother. Sam had the sports page. "I see they've gone and picked the thirteenth for the Women's Downhill," he said. "I wonder how that fits with Emerald."

"Has it something to do with Emerald?" asked Mrs. Whityer. Her brow was furrowed with thought; she was writing in her diary.

Sam looked at his mother in some surprise.

"Quite a bit. Emerald was runner-up in the Eastern Zone last year. The race committee will want her to enter."

"Women's Downhill," said Mrs. Whityer. "What a curious name. Downhill what?"

"Race," said Sam. "I wish you'd pay attention, Mother—you don't seem to register these days."

"I'm listening, Sam. Go on—but if I had known it was going to be so much trouble to get you and Emerald married, I don't know what I would have done! You don't realize how hard it is to fit in everybody—the minister and the caterer, and the florist and all the people who want to give parties. But go on, Sam, you were telling me something."

"I was merely saying that the Women's Downhill race has been set for the thirteenth—that's the day before our do—and Emerald is in it."

"What sort of race?

"Ski race."

Mrs. Whityer's eyes flew wide open. "Oh no, no, no, no!"

"Well," said Sam, "if you'd just let us slip off and get married some rainy Saturday when there wasn't much doing, we wouldn't have all this bother."

"This is terrible!" said his mother. "Skiing is such a dangerous sport!"

Mrs. Smith learned about the ski race from the sports page. She did not usually read the sports page but her attention was caught by a picture of her daughter in skiing clothes. Underneath it said: "Emerald Smith, who will represent the East in the Women's Downhill on the thirteenth."

There was a story on the race to the effect that it would be run on the Kandahar course on Mont Tremblant, that the Western Zones were sending their best racers and inter-zone rivalry was keen. Blown up into sports-page idiom, this made it sound like a frightful struggle in terrifying surroundings. The reporter was drumming up a little interest for the girls. He referred to the course as the Big Whoosh—and there was a pretty clear implication that any girl who came out alive could consider herself lucky.

Mrs. Smith had never seen a ski race. She had seen newsreels of ski jumping, the skier flying through the air and disappearing down the mountain in a cloud of snow. In spite of Emerald's protests, she was convinced that all skiing was like that. That was why she would never watch her daughter ski; her heart would never stand it, she said.

As Mr. Smith had prophesied, she blew a fuse. She called up Mr. Smith, she called up Emerald. She called up Sam and Sam's mother. She would have called the race committee if she had known where to find it. Then she took an aspirin and tried to calm herself. . . .

In the evening, the Whityers arrived for a conference. Sam and Emerald lingered at the door for an embrace or two. "Here's a pickle," said Emerald. "The mothers are in a fine twitter."

Sam was tall and willowy, not to say skinny. For four years he had played center for a champion basketball team, and he often said that life had no more surprises for him. He was content now to withdraw from the sports scene, but he saw no reason why Emerald should. She loved to ski and if she wanted to race, it was okay with him. It put roses in her cheeks and gave him more time for his lawbooks. "They're taking it big," said Sam.

Mrs. Whityer was as much upset as Mrs. Smith. "Skiing is such a dangerous sport," she kept saying.

"I've been skiing for years," said Emerald, "and I've never been really hurt. Just skin off here and there."

"All those frightful falls," said her mother.

"You fall into nice soft snow," said Emerald. "I don't see why all the excitement."

"Because of your wedding, dear," said Mrs. Whityer. "Your mother and I have tried to make sure that you will have the prettiest wedding any girl could have. If you were hurt, it would spoil everything."

"If there is ever a time when a girl should be at her best, it is when she is a bride," said Mrs. Smith.

"It never struck me as an athletic event," said Emerald. "All she has to do is stay on her feet and say, 'I do.' "

"But your honeymoon, dear! The happiest and most important time in a girl's life."

Mr. Smith put both feet in it. "This is a pretty important race. What do you say we postpone the wedding?"

He might as well have asked General Eisenhower to postpone D day. The mothers turned on him in indignation. They told him that if he had a tenth of the things to look after that they had to look after, he wouldn't talk about postponing the wedding.

"Well, all right," said Mr. Smith, "but don't talk about skiing being a dangerous sport. Weddings are a dangerous sport, if you ask me. Already you two have worked yourselves into a nervous state over this one."

"Oh, all right," said Emerald, who was an obliging girl. "Let's have a little peace. I won't race."

Mrs. Whityer kissed her. "Emerald dear, I'm so relieved!"

"I'll be able to sleep tonight," said Mrs. Smith. "Unless I start worrying about Dr. Chublow."

"I'm sorry you're disappointed, Emerald," said Sam, who had lingered for a kiss or two, "but let's look on the bright side. You may be losing the race but you are getting me."

PREPARATIONS for the wedding went on as they usually do, in a very uneven way, driving everyone connected with them to distraction. The caterer and the florist, in the opinion of Mrs. Smith and Mrs. Whityer, were not giving the matter their undivided attention; they called them up every day and needled them. The Reverend Dr. Chublow's secretary gave them fits by *(Continued on page 60)*

Gladewater, Texas, has a slugging outfielder, name of George Washington, who, say his admirers, could have been one of the all-time greats. But he's a . . .

Reluctant Baseball Hero

By FRANK X. TOLBERT

This photo of Washington is one of a rare few. Superstitious, he considers a camera a jinx

A FEW minutes before the start of the 1949 bayou country "world series" between the baseball teams of Gladewater, Texas, and Hammond, Louisiana, a large forty-three-year-old outfielder sat in the Gladewater dressing room eating aspirin tablets like peanuts.

The big man was Sloan Vernon (George) Washington, the batting champion of the East Texas League, a player who has struck out only 251 times in a professional baseball career going back to 1932. Washington moaned:

"I'm sick! I hurt all over. I'm sick! Somebody fetch the doc. I can't play no ball today."

His Gladewater teammates ignored Washington. But J. Walter Morris, president of the East Texas League, came into the dressing room and listened for a while to the right fielder's cries of pain. Morris wasn't sympathetic. In fact, a pleased expression appeared on the baseball executive's round face, as if he were listening to sweet music instead of baritone yowls. Cheerfully, Morris padded out of the dressing room and back to his box in the stands. Morris confided to friends:

"George says he feels awful. He's really complaining. And, you know, the worse he complains, the harder he hits the ball. Gladewater should win this series in four straight games."

This strange prophecy—that a ball club would be unbeatable because its leading performer was ailing—came true. Washington didn't miss an inning of the series. He batted .800 as Gladewater defeated Hammond, the Evangeline League titlist, in four straight games.

The first time Washington dragged himself to the plate in the series, the aspirin-filled outfielder hit a line-drive labeled two-bases.

At least, it would have been a double for an athlete willing to move around the base paths at a reasonable speed. For Washington it was only a single.

George refuses to run, in baseball or in any other form of endeavor. He never has run, even when he was baseball's most unenthusiastic rookie. He wouldn't run in the Texas League where he broke in. He wouldn't run in the American Association. He wouldn't run in the American League. And now he won't run in any of the various baseball leagues of Texas where he is spending his athletic old age—as the league's batting king.

He seldom moves faster than a dogtrot. Most baseball chores he performs at a flatfooted walk.

"There is no cause for hurry," says Washington, "even in baseball."

George Washington—few fans know his Christian names are Sloan Vernon—was once described by Jimmy Dykes as the greatest natural hitter in baseball history.

Washington's discoverer, J. Walter Morris, dean of Texas baseball executives, calls George "positively the best line-drive hitter I've seen in 50 years of baseball."

George has a lifetime batting average of .342. He is actually improving with age. He rarely strikes out. It wasn't until midseason that he struck out for the first time in '49. And the East Texas League has some renown for its pitching.

He has an amazing fielding record—amazing considering the constant fact that he won't run.

So you ask: If this Washington guy is so good, why has he spent most of his life in the bush leagues? Why isn't he a major-league star, if he can hit as Morris and Jimmy Dykes say he can? If he's so good, why isn't he rich?

Here are answers to the questions, though not in the same order:

First, he *is* rich. Or rather, he is a prosperous farmer even now, and an oil field is moving steadily toward his land.

Second, George won't *(Continued on page 48)*

He gripped his hands and listened for the bell, his heart pounding loud in his ears

The Challenge

By WILLIAM R. SCOTT

A story for every man who's ever been afraid to fight, and who knows that there are times when you *have* to fight

THE awful words hung in the cold afternoon air, and it seemed to him that all life was suspended on the schoolyard, that the world had paused in its turning while everyone watched and waited to see what Tommy Hicks would do. Tommy had thrown a snowball made, not from fresh snow, but from watery slush, packed down like a rock. It had hit Erwin's back, and in a wild moment of hurt and quick indignation, he had cursed Tommy. It was a time of reckoning, and Erwin crumpled and withered inwardly at the thought of the appalling violence which would, inevitably, be directed straight at his plump self.

"You better take that back, Fat," Tommy Hicks said ominously.

Erwin wanted to flee, he wanted abjectly to retract what he had said. He wanted, above all, to avoid a collision with Tommy Hicks, whose reputation as the toughest kid in the grade school was based on performance, not bluff. But the same thing in him that prevented his running away also prevented him from displaying the soiled white feather of apology.

"Well," he said, groping for words to justify his impulsive lapse from caution. "Well, my gosh—any guy that uses water-soaked snowballs—well, heck fire, that's dirty."

"Take it back," Tommy said.

There were exhortations from the quickly gathered onlookers, the spectators who loved a good fight so long as they weren't in it. "Make 'im crawl, Tom, he ast fer it!" "Hey, Fat, you ain't scared, are you—*much!*" There was a brief explosion of derisive laughter, and then the crowd encouraged stalled violence to get under way.

Erwin stood in the slush, a large, plump boy of twelve, his ears red from cold and humiliation, his plump hands, blue and wet from handling snowballs, fluttering and twitching nervously at his sides. He blinked at Tommy with bewildered eyes that watered partly from the stinging breeze and partly from a desire to cry. It was as if he had become two people—one who cowered inside him and whimpered and watched in fascinated terror; the other who stood dumbly in the slush, with cold, numb fingers and a mute tongue that refused to obey his frightened self. A minute ago the world had been an exciting place and he had been a fearless warrior storming the enemy barricades; now everything was reduced to a frightening reality. Now it was simply Tommy Hicks and himself, and public opinion.

"You takin' it back, Fat?" Tommy's hands were red fists hanging.

Lookit 'im, scared silly! G'wan, fight! Whassa matter, you guys both yella or somethin'?

Erwin turned on the pack in torment, mumbling incoherent challenges. Why didn't they keep still, why couldn't they leave him alone? He saw a few of the bolder girls in the jostling circle of trouble-hungry boys, and their giggles turned the dagger in his side. He was trapped, and he was afraid, and there was no clean way out of it. He knew what to expect if he begged out of the imminent encounter—self-loathing, and the scorn of the boys who would see in him the image of themselves, who only escaped a like disgrace because they had never incurred Tommy's legendary wrath.

Somewhere on the fringes of the crowd was a boy called Sissy Perkins who had cried his way out of a fight at the beginning of the school year. Sissy had no friends; he was not allowed in the boys' games; he was a shabby object of cold scorn. There, but for the grace of kowtowing and bootlicking, went any one of a dozen other boys now clamoring for action around Tommy and Erwin; but their luck had held and their time of decision hadn't yet arrived. Erwin's had, and although he was terribly afraid of Tommy Hicks, he was also afraid of ugly public cowardice.

I don't care, he thought wildly. Let them hate me. I'll run away from home, go where nobody will recognize me, where nobody will say I'm yellow.

Every instinct of survival in him lent weight to his desire to keep from fighting Tommy Hicks. Wasn't it known that—although he was only in the sixth grade and not quite twelve yet—Tommy could whip anybody? Even the eighth-grade guys didn't mess around with him, boy. Tommy had a flaming and foolhardy courage that made him always the leader in daring, in risking his bones; he did stuff none of the other kids had nerve enough to attempt. Nobody rode a bareback horse at such a breakneck gallop. He dived from dizzy heights among the elm branches into Crystal Creek's dangerously shallow pools and poked under the muddy creek banks for catfish, turtles, snakes, or whatever came to hand. But more to the point, his sharp, rocky knuckles could bruise and scrape and smash and bloody a guy all up in no time.

Erwin was shocked when a voice said weakly, "I ain't gonna take it back," and he recognized his own voice. There was a strange withdrawn look in Tommy's eyes now that intimidated him more than anything else about his threatening expression. "I ain't takin' it back," the voice said again, and it was Erwin all right.

The vultures swooped and pounced again. "Well, whatta ya waitin' fer, Tom? Din't you hear old Fat say he'd fight you, huh?" Bob Enright's voice cut through the others. Tommy whirled and took two steps through the slush *(Continued on page 71)*

ILLUSTRATED BY HERMAN GIESEN

The LITTLE CAPITALISTS Get Together

By BEARDSLEY RUML

THERE is an old rule of prudence, "Don't put all your eggs in one basket!" But this rule is often challenged by another rule, "Put all your eggs in one basket and then watch that basket!"

The investment companies take the best part of both these rules. They put their eggs into many baskets and then watch all the baskets.

What does an investment company do? An investment company makes its exclusive business the investment of its capital in other businesses. It has no operating properties of its own. It neither makes nor distributes products of factory, mine or field. It devotes itself to investing in other companies that do the work of the world. Sometimes it invests in the securities of national and other governments.

Some of these investing co-operatives, which is what they really are, are owned exclusively by members of a single family or a group of friends. Some have been organized by trust companies to make possible better diversification of the smaller trusts for which they are responsible.

But there are other investment companies whose shares are available to the public generally. Some of these are listed on recognized stock exchanges, and others are offered by dealers or brokers to present or prospective customers.

SO WHAT? How do the investment companies fit into the savings program of the average citizen? What good do they do?

The average citizen's investment requirements and the raw material of the stock markets, namely the securities of specific companies, are ordinarily not well in tune. The average investor has too little money to invest to spread his risks economically, even if he knew how.

For the average person two other requirements come before investing, and these requirements are likely to make heavy demands on his income.

The first of these demands is insurance—protection against the loss of life and property. Insurance should be considered separate from savings, and it should come prior to savings in the family budget. Insurance is part of the expense of living and it should be so regarded.

After insurance come liquid savings. The form which liquid savings take is less important than the basic requirement that the full amount of the savings should be available instantly on demand.

Here liquidity is of prime importance. For savings of this kind for most people, savings banks and government bonds offer the most suitable protection. And the accumulation of a minimum of liquid savings should be a definite requirement on the family budget, after ordinary expenses, second only to insurance.

After insurance and savings have been taken care of, it is then possible to think about investment.

YOUR OWN PROPERTY. Ownership of a piece of productive property is something more than words on a piece of paper; and the choice of where to invest your savings can be more important to you personally than an exercise in financial statistics or the pickings off a dope sheet.

Ownership ties a person in special ways into the affairs of his generation. Investment adds meaning and homefulness to living. There is color and zest in seeing the brick and mortar and steel of your investment, or reading an advertisement of your product, or getting a cash dividend check from the earnings of your own property.

Just because investing is such a personal thing, there is good reason for selecting some of your investments with something more in mind than safety of principal and certainty of income—*although the financial tests should never be forgotten.* For example, it is good to invest in a business that is run by a member of your own family, provided you think it's reasonably well run, and you are not given to family rows and jealousies. It's a good thing to invest part of your earnings in the business you work for, if you have reasonable confidence in its management and in its product. It's a good thing to invest some of your savings in a business located in your own home town, that is, if you believe in your town and in the business.

The personal side of investing is well worth considering for part of your savings, even though, as we all know, the main purpose of savings for the individual must always be security—safety and growth of principal and surety of income over the years.

Unhappily the amount left over after insurance and savings is generally so small that true investment seems out of the question. As a result unnecessary idle and liquid funds tend to accumulate, or special extravagances wipe out the early seeds of what might have been an investment program.

NOW THE INVESTING COMPANIES. The investment companies today offer diversification, management and liquidity to individuals who have as little as $100 or even less to invest at any particular time. They can be used for regular and systematic investment. They can be used as a place to put the money in the pig, the squirrel money that most families hoard away out of unusual bits of income or out of unusual restraint in spending. They can be used at Christmas as presents for mother, or the children, or for friends, relatives and employees, where the conventional Christmas gift might seem extravagant and inappropriate.

Without going into technicalities, there are four kinds of investment companies to choose among. There are the "closed" and "open end"—and sometimes called "mutual" companies; and there are "nonleverage" and "leverage" companies.

The "closed" investment companies have a fixed capitalization, and their shares are bought and sold like most stock shares, for whatever price buyer and seller agree to. And as with other shares, there is a commission or service charge.

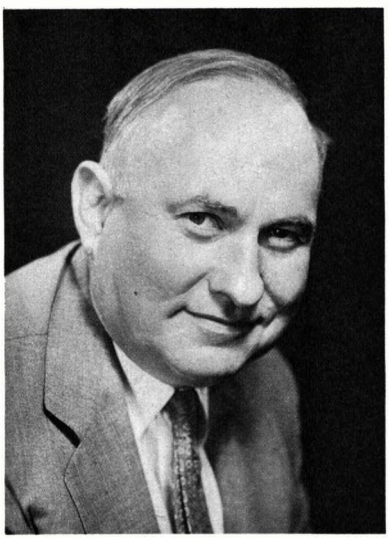
The "open end" investment company shares are bought and sold by the investment company itself at a price determined each day by the value of the securities owned by the investment company. There is generally a charge to the investor when he buys the shares of an "open end" company, and occasionally but rarely there may be a charge when he sells. These charges vary, both with the company and the size of purchase.

The "open end" investment company offers a ready market at the market, and it has a regular sales organization. Today—very probably for these two reasons—the "open end" company shares are priced higher relative to their underlying securities than practically all "closed" companies.

The "nonleverage" investment shares are those of companies that have only one class of stock—common stock. These shares move pretty much with the general market, in the case of "open end" companies absolutely in relation to the value of the company's portfolio.

The "leverage" companies are those that have, in addition to common stock, bonds or preferred stock or both, which have a prior claim on assets and income.

The common shares of "leverage" companies move much faster than the market as a whole, both up and down. Some "leverage" shares are very speculative indeed, and have been made so intentionally. All this is a matter of record, so the investor need never be uninformed *(Continued on page 54)*



Beardsley Ruml, economist, business executive (he recently headed Macy's in New York) and originator of the pay-as-you-go income tax plan, has some very definite ideas on investment trusts, a rapidly expanding idea among small and medium-sized investors. Here, Mr. Ruml tells how investment trusts work and what he thinks of them

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY PHILIPPE HALSMAN

In her antique-crammed apartment, Mrs. Frohmiller blocks a crazy quilt with pieces given her by friends

Ana, The Political Pin-up

By ROGER BUTTERFIELD

Arizona's state auditor is an attractive little lady who has made a unique reputation by saying "No" at the darnedest times. Voters like the way she guards their pocketbooks

PERCHED on the central dome of Arizona's state capitol in Phoenix is the statue of a skinny, undraped female who is widely and affectionately known to Arizonans as "Little Biddy." Biddy is not pretty, and her copper hide is scarred with buckshot fired at her by hunters in the days when the capitol grounds still teemed with rabbits and other small game. But whenever anyone suggests that she be replaced with something more closely resembling Miss America of 1949—who happens to be an Arizona girl herself—there is a storm of protest from the local press and public.

Arizonans love their "Little Biddy," and they want her to stay where she is. Most of them feel the same way, and more so, about a comely, blue-eyed, flesh-and-blood woman who occupies an office directly under Biddy's outstretched toes. Mrs. Ana Frohmiller (she was christened St. Anastasia, but everybody in Arizona calls her Ana) is not only the financial boss of the state government, but the taxpayers' favorite pin-up girl as well. She has held the office of state auditor for more than 23 years, longer than any other elected official in Arizona's history. She is the most feared (by other officeholders), the most cherished (by the voters), and probably the best-known public servant in the state. She has been re-elected 11 times in unbroken succession, and only now and then has the opposition party (the Republican) bothered to put up a candidate against her.

Ana is so popular in her state that many Arizonans believe she could be elected governor, congresswoman or any other job she wanted. But, for reasons of her own, she has ignored all such hints and stuck to her post as the wavy-haired watchdog of the people's money. *(Continued on page 61)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY BOB TOWERS

Luther grabbed Clem Hawley's shoulder and swung him around. Clem was a strong man and a hard fighter, but Luther finished him in just two punches

Man Enough for Millie

By WALLACE UMPHREY

Millie's father swore that any man who wanted to marry his daughter would have to lick him first

MILLIE BURBANK was twenty-five when Luther Wyatt first came to our valley. That was back a few years before the turn of the century. Folks already spoke of her as an old maid. She was pretty as paint, healthy as a wild mare and as capable as a steam engine. She would have made any man a fine wife, and the Lord knows it wasn't because she didn't have plenty of chances. It was Big Red Burbank, her father, who stood in her way.

"It's not that I want a good housekeeper without having to pay out wages," he would bellow, his red hair and beard bristling, "or that I want to keep her around in my old age to look at like a picture. It's only fit and natural for a gal to get hitched sometime. But I got to be sure the man is good enough for her." His laughter would be tremendous. "And I reckon there's only one way to prove that. And that's to lick me in a fair fight!"

Every eligible young buck for miles around, and some neither so young nor so eligible, had at one time chucked away his good sense and spoken out to Big Red of what was in his mind. But Big Red had arms like trees and a bellowing voice like thunder and a temper swift as summer lightning, and he easily proved that nobody was man enough to wed his daughter Millie.

Millie, whose mother had died six years before, seemed to accept this state of affairs without question. She hummed over her work, always had a kind word for everyone, and smiled demurely without fear or favor at her lovesick swains. She certainly didn't seem unhappy, although come to think of it she didn't seem exactly happy either.

It surprised everyone that she accepted her father's domination so meekly. Missus Burbank had always managed to get her own way about things. About some things, anyway. Folks decided it was a secret Millie hadn't found out.

This was the way things stood when the semi-weekly train brought Luther Wyatt into town. Half a dozen of us were sitting in the shade of the Traveler's Rest, taking an afternoon nap, when old Dan'l Gooseby drove him up from the station in the wagon. We all watched the tall young stranger step down to the walk, where he stood waiting for Dan'l to unload his baggage.

"One seventy-six," said Scott Tanner, who used to travel with a carnival back in Iowa and guess people's weights.

"Can't see his teeth," said John Kersey, owner of the livery stable, "but I'd say thirty years old."

The first things you noticed about Luther Wyatt were his tall lean length, the set of his jaw and his dark hair and soft smile as he surveyed the town. After that you might notice the wide blue eyes, and the hint of scar tissue above one of them. And right away you would know that here was a man with a stubborn pride and a lot of self-assurance.

His luggage consisted of two carpetbags and a big trunk and a battered case which could hold only a banjo. "Dan'l will be right glad," I said. "He's been hoping for a banjo to come to town."

"Looks like he figures on staying a while," said Tom Overholt, who owned the hotel. "Reckon he'll want a front room."

After surveying the town, which did not take long, Luther let his eyes lift toward the hills. He seemed to like what he saw, for he sighed a little when he turned away. Shouldering his big trunk, he followed Dan'l into the lobby.

Tom Overholt stamped inside to register him, while the rest of us crowded in the doorway. Afterward Tom stooped to pick up the big trunk. He was a fairly large man but his face got red and his arms strained and it was about all he could do to get the trunk lifted off the floor. "Books," Luther said, and with a soft laugh he carried the trunk upstairs himself. There was nothing scornful about his laugh.

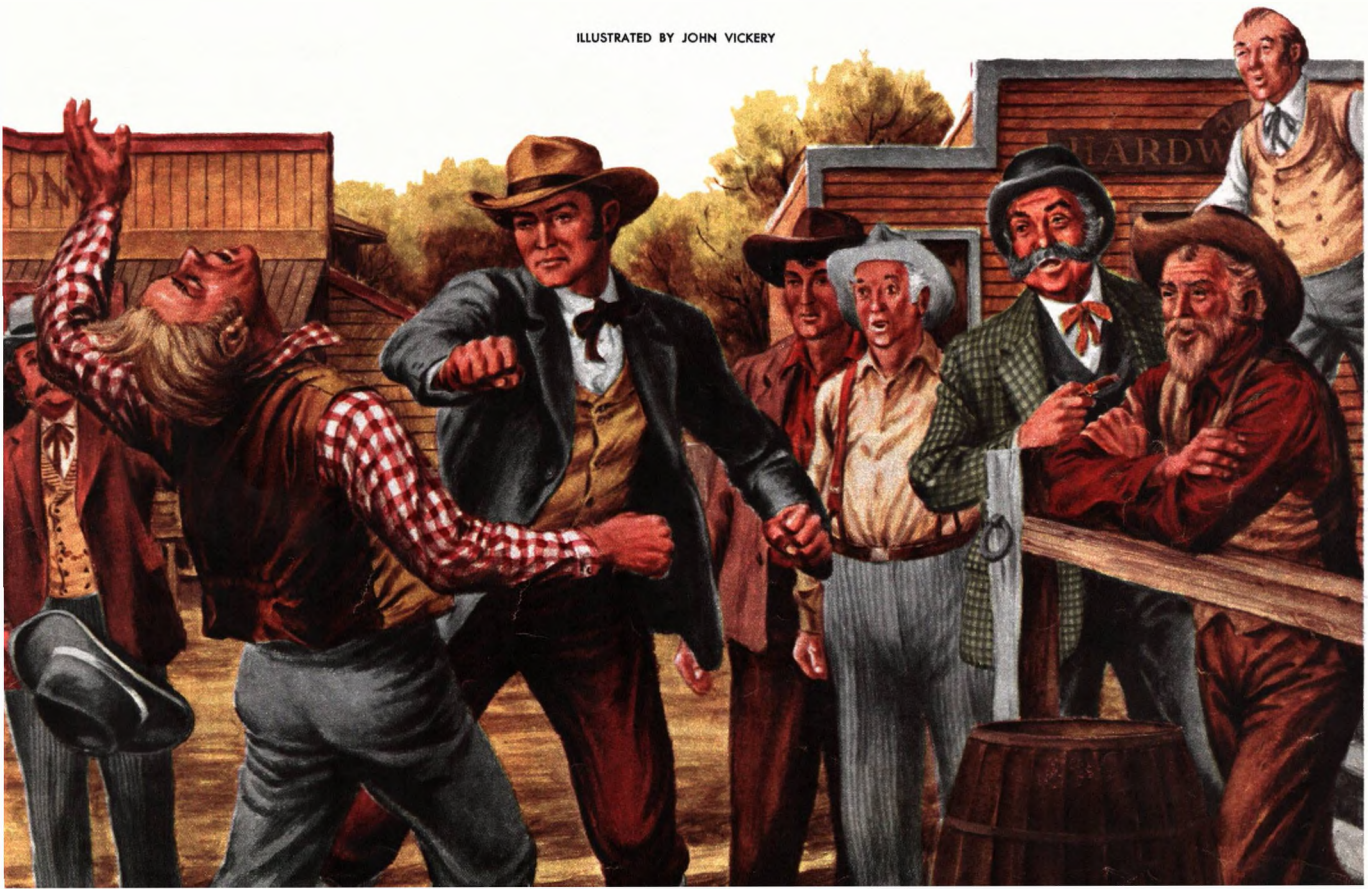
Later he came down to sit on the shaded veranda. He pulled a chair into line and planted his boots on the railing like the rest of us, as if it were something he'd been doing for a long time.

"A man ought to be neighborly," he said to me.

"You fixing to stay long?" I asked.

"I came prepared." He *(Continued on page 49)*

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN VICKERY



My head was resting in her lap. "Be careful of what you say in front of these people," she whispered. "The police are coming"

Shell Game

By RICHARD POWELL

The Story: If you're planning a quiet vacation in Florida, stay away from girls like VALERIE WILSON. My name is BILL STUART, and I'm art director for a New York advertising firm. My boss suggested that I use his house in Gulf City, Florida, for my vacation. My hobby is collecting sea shells, so I jumped at the chance to be near the Florida beaches where lovely specimens abound. One moonlit night, I discovered Valerie hiding behind a fishing pier, barefoot. She said she was running away from a man who had tried to get too friendly. When I offered to take her back to town in my car, she insisted on doing the driving. It was the craziest driving I ever suffered through, with Valerie trying to shake off a gray sedan that was trailing us. In town, she denied that she was in any trouble and managed to give me the slip at a bus station while I was picking up the contents of her purse, which she had dropped.

I took the purse to SAMUEL TINSMAN, the local chief of police. In the chief's office, I met AL LEONARD, a smartly dressed, hard-bitten detective from up North, who said he also was vacationing in Gulf City. They both laughed off my fears about the girl. I drove back to the beach and followed Valerie's footprints to a beach cottage, where I found a man who had been shot to death. Leonard and the chief had followed me; at first they accused me of the murder, but then decided it must have been done by Valerie. Later, after the chief had failed to find her, Valerie phoned me, and told me she knew the murdered man as EDDIE PATRONO; she denied that she had killed him. The next morning Leonard and the chief came to my house to see if I could help locate the elusive Valerie. In walked Valerie, who flung herself into my arms and said, "I couldn't stay up in New York any longer, darling. I had to be with my husband."

II

I STOOD there wondering if anybody in the room knew how to give artificial respiration, because I was about to need some. Valerie tilted up on her toes and kissed me. Her mouth clung to mine as if to keep me from saying the few small words that would let the chief wind up his case. I wondered dizzily if she thought she could get away with this. All the evidence said she had killed a man. My doubts didn't rate as evidence. She must be crazy to think I would go for this.

She drew back slightly and looked at me with wide fearful eyes and said, "Well?"

I took a deep breath. She wasn't crazy, after all. I was. "Hello, dear," I said. "Did you have a nice trip?"

The fear flicked out of her eyes, and she whirled away from me and said gaily, "I didn't see you had company or I wouldn't have rushed in like this."

The chief had been looking politely out of the window and Al had been looking at Valerie's legs. I mumbled, "This is Sergeant Leonard and this is Chief of Police Tinsman."

Al said, "Hiya," and the chief said, "'Morning, Mrs. Stuart."

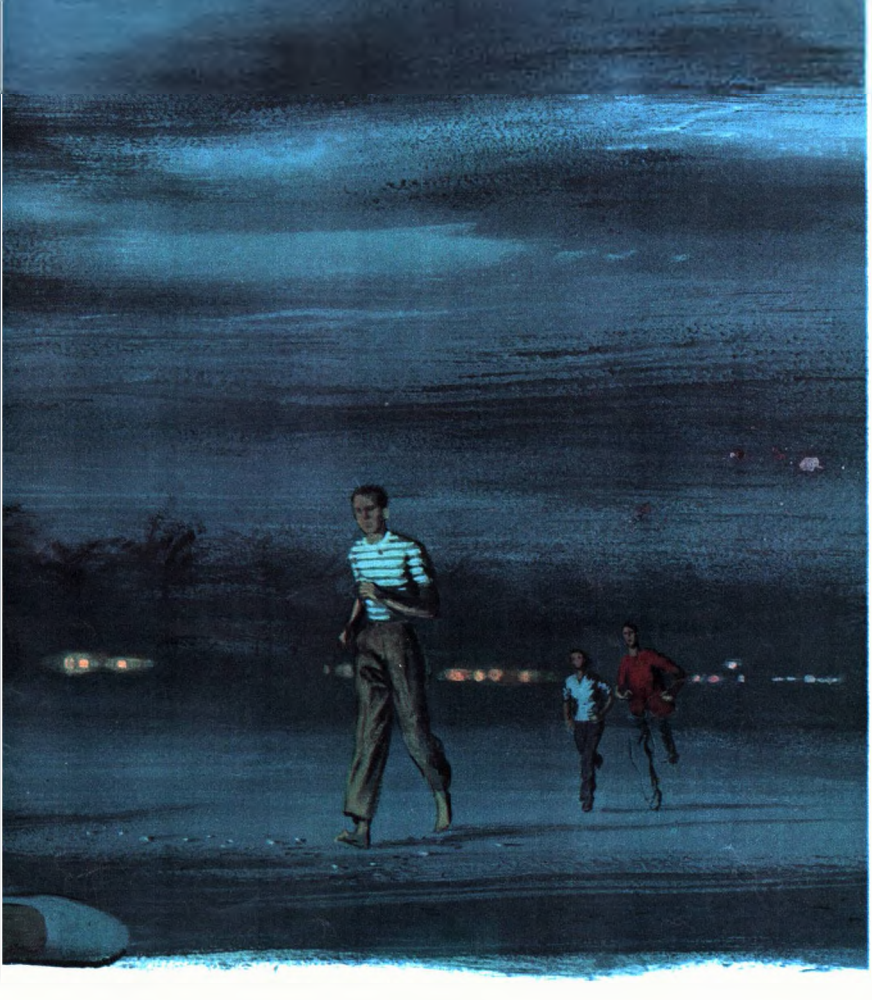
"Oh, dear!" Valerie gasped. "Police? Oh, Bill, I hope you haven't been getting into any trouble."

"I've been trying," I said grimly.

"Usually he never does anything wrong," Valerie said in a confidential tone. "But once he was thrown out of the audience at a fashion show for letting out a wolf call when the models appeared in negligees and if he has more than two drinks at a night club he's likely to yell yippee and start chasing the cigarette girls. He's so quiet ordinarily that I suppose he has to break loose one way or another." She turned to me and said, "Bill darling, bring in my suitcase and pay the taxi driver, will you?"

I gave her a look that should have steamed the curl out of her eyelashes, and went outside. I hoped

ILLUSTRATED BY WARD BRACKETT



Murder's aftermath—in which Bill Stuart finds himself living in the same house with the girl who's the leading suspect

there were no small pearl-handled automatics in it.

She was saying happily, ". . . and so I thought he could just forget his nasty old shells and pay attention to me, and besides, the girls are wearing disgraceful bathing suits this year and if he insists on leering at anybody it might as well be me. What do you think?"

"Yes, ma'am," the chief said. He sounded groggy. "If we could take a minute to finish our business with Mr. Stuart we won't have to bother you any more. It's just a little matter of describing a girl he met on the beach. We're trying to find her."

"Well!" Valerie said indignantly, looking at me. "Give the police the girl's telephone number and get it over with."

"Just a description is all we want," the chief said. "Uh, you said she had gray eyes, Mr. Stuart?"

"Brown," I snapped. "With a shifty look in them." That ought to show the girl she couldn't push me around.

Valerie said coolly, "At least you're true to the color of my eyes."

The chief asked, "Don't you have some idea about the color of her hair?"

Valerie took off her hat and fluffed out her hair with a casual gesture. It was reddish-brown, with lights in it like a Gulf sunset. She smiled mockingly at me and I lost my nerve. I mumbled, "She was wearing a bandanna and I couldn't see her hair." The hair wasn't as dark as I'd remembered it.

"Now about her face," the chief said. He paused, cleared his throat. "I hate to bring this up in front of Mrs. Stuart."

"Please go on," Valerie said. "I'm used to it."

The chief consulted his notebook and said in an embarrassed tone, "You said if you were walking in a garden at night and met a girl who had a nice low husky voice and sort of a tantalizing laugh but you couldn't really see her, you'd hope she looked the way this girl did. You said her face would go nicely in a Caribbean travel ad. That isn't a very clear description."

"It's clear enough for me," Valerie said. "I didn't come a moment too soon."

"Let me add something to that description," I snapped. "If I saw her face in a Caribbean travel ad, I'd book passage to the North Cape."

The chief cleared his throat again. "Yeah, well, I see your point. This first description sort of confuses my boys but I guess I better stick with it. Thanks for the help, Mr. Stuart. I reckon we'll be getting on."

"But I want to know what this is about!" Valerie cried.

"Mr. Stuart can explain," the chief said, and left hastily.

Al gave me a queer look, and followed him.

I shut the front door and turned to the girl. She perched herself on the edge of the living-room table, swinging her lovely bare legs and watching me like a cat waiting to see which way a mouse will jump. "It isn't enough," I said, "that you make me an accessory after the fact of murder and force me to harbor a fugitive, but you also go out of your way to blacken my character. Wolf calls at fashion shows! Chasing cigarette girls! I never did anything like that in my life."

"That's the trouble with you," she said. "Repressed."

"Keep on talking like that and the cops will throw *me* in jail. As a man who lurks in bushes."

"I had to say something to explain why you pick up strange girls on the beach, in spite of having such a charming wife."

"You deliberately set out to frame me. You picked a time when the police were here and—"

She said, "But I didn't know the police were here. Not inside, that is. But you had told me a policeman was on guard outside and obviously you'd have to tell him I'm your wife. Otherwise he'd think it very odd for me to be staying here."

"What could possibly give you the idea I'd let you stay here?"

"The fact that you didn't turn me in right away. And it's too late for you to back out now. How could you explain to the police what you've already done?"

"I don't know," I said sullenly. "I can't even explain it to myself."

SHE jumped down from the table, moved close to me and dialed one of the buttons on my shirt as if it were a radio and she expected to get Bing Crosby. "You're really very wonderful," she said softly. "And you did it because you knew I didn't kill that man and you wanted to give me a chance."

"Had everything planned, didn't you? Right down to the last nail in my coffin."

"Not everything," she said, peeking up at me. "I didn't know the police would be here, so I hadn't planned to kiss you. I did that on the spur of the moment. It was," she added thoughtfully, "a rather nice moment, come to think of it."

A blush the size of a small forest fire burned over my face. "Let's not have any more of that," I said gruffly. "In case I decide there's nothing to do but let you stay here, I want it distinctly understood that I do not intend to take advantage of the situation."

"You mean it's all right if I do?" she asked, dialing another button on my shirt.

I took a firm step backward. "It is not. And I would now like answers to some questions. Truthful answers, for a change."

"It's a long story and I'm awfully hungry."

"That's too bad. Murders take away my appetite."

"Well, my name really is Valerie Wilson. And I really didn't kill Eddie Patrono, or Jones."

"Who was the guy?"

"A small-time crook. We came from the same city up North."

"What city?"

She hesitated, and said, "Can't we skip that?"

"Valerie," I said wearily, "it wouldn't be much harder to trust you if you pulled out a thirty-two-caliber automatic and started cleaning out the barrel."

She gasped, "Was that what killed him? Did they find it?"

"They found the cartridge cases outside him and the slugs inside him. They don't have the gun yet—I think they're headed out to the cottage now to look for it. I don't hear you saying what city you and Jones came from. A suspicious person might think you don't want to be traced when you leave town."

"Bill, you've trusted me so much. Can't you trust me a little more?"

"All right. Let's skip it."

"I'm on vacation. Back home I'm a reporter on a newspaper."

"You'd make more money writing advertising copy."

"I like being a reporter. Well, I came down here on vacation and happened *(Continued on page 66)*

At the window the clerk started counting out the profits, when he was stopped by a man who said, "I don't think we know you, Mr. Mark"

CORN-FED OSCAR-

Slickest of the Con Men

By WILLIAM J. SLOCUM

Continuing THE POSTAL INSPECTORS

Among government agencies assigned to tracking down crime, the Post Office Inspection Service is the most anonymous and unsung. Senior to the F.B.I. by 133 years, and to the Treasury's ace Intelligence unit by 145 years, it has achieved a record of arrests and convictions to become one of the finest and most efficient police arms in the nation, if not in the world. Last week's installment traced the Service from its founding by Benjamin Franklin in colonial days to its current status as a force of 815 postal inspectors who protect the sanctity of the U.S. mails and save the gullible public millions of dollars yearly by waging relentless war on lonely hearts swindlers, medical quacks, vendors of pornography, and a variety of other crooks who operate via letter. Among their exploits are some epic and successful tangles with the craftiest con men extant

II

THE aristocrats of the underworld, the high-rolling confidence swindlers, are fast disappearing from our midst although the pastures remain crammed with shrewd, hardheaded Americans pleading to be shorn. The Post Office Inspection Service must get full credit for the near demise of the grifting industry. They wouldn't be bribed. In the days of yore when con games flourished, the very first thing any swindler did before opening up for business was to put in the fix, a euphemism meaning to buy off the gendarmery. In the unusual city where the police were not for sale, the bunko man could not and would not operate.

This installment will touch lightly on such con-man immortals as "The Yellow Kid" Weil, Ponzi, J. J. Julian and others, but in the main it is devoted to a little-known Iowa plow jockey who was in all ways the superior of his more highly publicized colleagues. He is Oscar Merril Hartzell, out of Madison County, Iowa. Oscar clipped 70,000 Americans for at least $2,000,000 and the post-office inspectors put him in jail over the screaming protest of all 70,000 suckers!

Oscar M. Hartzell

Hartzell was the con man supreme. His followers never saw him and got nothing for their money but a succinct demand to keep their mouths shut. They met in semireligious underground meetings to pour cash into his coffers. Farms were foreclosed and taxes went unpaid in nine states because Hartzell demanded that $2,500 a week be forwarded to him in London for almost 15 years. Congressmen and state legislators feared him. Presidents and Cabinet members were deluged with demands for his protection and deliverance.

Similar adoration and coin have been poured at the feet of other swindlers. But they usually draped their fraud in a cult. Hartzell peddled neither nostrums nor salvation. He simply sold shares in the estate of Sir Francis Drake, the favorite sailor of Queen Elizabeth.

Hartzell first *(Continued on page 40)*

ILLUSTRATED BY R. J. CAVALIERE

Gorillas Love MOM

By JOHN O'REILLY

There's nothing like a woman's way with a big ape. Observers maintain the brutes need affection to thrive

IN THE San Diego Zoo, a woman watches over three baby gorillas with motherly solicitude. In St. Louis, a zoo keeper's wife has taken a gorilla into her family. In the New York Zoological Park a woman is helping an infant mountain gorilla adjust to life in the big city. On the top floor of an animal dealer's establishment in New York a woman rocks baby gorillas—small wizened infants—to sleep in sleeveless nightgowns.

Gargantua, the leering, black giant of the Ringling circus, who died last November in Miami, and Massa, 400-pound specimen in the Philadelphia Zoological Garden, were both reared by a woman. Mrs. Gargantua (wife in name only) was brought up by a woman in Cuba. Bushman, of the Lincoln Park Zoo in Chicago, 542 pounds of animal strength, was nurtured by native African women in his youth.

Wherever you find a happy, healthy gorilla in captivity there is likely to be a woman in its past.

Thanks to the ladies, the psychological barrier which long prevented gorillas from living away from their natural home is now understood. A new concept of gorillas recognizes that these heretofore morose, sullen animals can be as happy and frisky as school children at a picnic.

Until this came about, gorillas constituted a mysterious zoo minority. Man's mopey likeness refused to thrive, despite the best food and medical attention. Now the gorilla population of this country is increasing steadily. As this is written there are 23 in the United States. Eight of them weigh 300 pounds or more. And zoo officials confidently expect that a great dream will soon be realized: the breeding of gorillas in captivity.

What's so important about gorillas? Zoologists, anthropologists and related members of the scientific family feel that a lot can be learned about man by studying the behavioristic tendencies of the great apes.

The first break in the psychological barrier between us and the apes passed without general recognition. In 1921, Major Robert Penny, of the Royal Air Force, brought his aunt, Miss Alyce Cunningham, a 32-pound baby gorilla about three years old. Named John Daniel, the animal took up residence with the family in a London house. There was a little girl to play with and the family was congenial. John Daniel thrived and became the first gorilla to reach any appreciable size in captivity.

In fact, he became a phenomenon. His table manners were good and he took afternoon tea in English fashion. He loved roses (to eat) and he always turned on the light upon entering a darkened room. Whenever he wanted a drink, he got his glass and drew water from the tap. He used the lavatory in human fashion and always pulled the chain. He retired at 8:00 P.M.

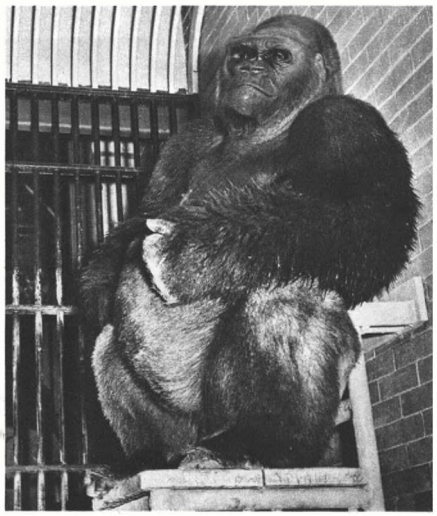
John Daniel was a happy, well-adjusted gorilla. But he demanded too much attention as time went on. Finally, Miss Cunningham sold him to the Ringling Circus.

As soon as he left his English fireside, he began to mope. He became so melancholy that he just wasted away. The circus sent for Miss Cunningham, but John Daniel died before she could reach America. Hardly a month before, he had been a contented ape.

Infant gorillas were brought to this country, but they were all melancholy babies. They brooded, refused to eat, contracted (*Continued on page* 51)

ACME

Sumaili, recent addition to New York's Bronx Zoo, is fond of Mrs. Helen Martini, who heads the zoo's animal nursery



In Chicago's famed Lincoln Park Zoo, Bushman mopes since 4 baby gorillas caught local fancy

Keeper Jim Reilley started out to give Oka a piggyback ride, but she hopped off to strike a glamor-girl pose

INTERNATIONAL

It Pays to Get Fired

By DAVID CHANDLER

Sally Forrest was "not wanted" as a dancer in Hollywood, so she gambled on her acting ability and made good

HER pay check was pink this time. Feeney, Katherine Sally (Dancer), Soc. Sec. No. 571-22-0137, Dept. No. 240, Line No. 359328, could not understand why. No one seemed to want to tell her why either. She might have noted, if the color of her pay check had not so intrigued her, that immediately she commented on it, a surprising number of people around her on the M-G-M dance rehearsal stage that afternoon suddenly recalled they had phone calls to make, people to see, or things they'd plumb forgotten to do until just that minute.

"My checks are always yellow," Sally insisted to her dwindling audience. "Why's this one pink? Was yours pink today? Have they changed colors?"

A mite of a girl who'd been telling all and sundry about the big cake she was going to have for her nineteenth birthday, she didn't seem like the kind to whom the old hands could talk bluntly. But one of them finally dared it.

"That's a close-out check, Sally," he said. "It means you're through, kid."

"That's impossible," she said matter-of-factly. "How can I be through if I've only just begun?"

"It's the recession," someone else told her. "The British tax. Don't feel too bad, kid. Things are tough all over town. This is happening to lots of people."

Sally was downcast for scarcely more than an hour. "At last I could stop being a dancer in the line. I could begin to be an actress, which is what I always wanted to be," she recalls telling herself.

Her mother tended to take a gloomier view of the matter. Armed with a multipaged document which, despite the options, they called "Sally's seven-year contract," the whole family had moved up from San Diego, the home town, where Sally was born in 1928. They had bought a small house not far from the studio. "I could go home for lunch there," Sally says.

It was all very well and good for Sally to glow with hope as an actress now that she was an unemployed dancer. But, her mother said firmly and realistically, if things are tough for dancers, and are going to get even tougher, won't they be tough for actresses, too?

Sally soon got her chance to document this at firsthand. Changing the name Feeney, Sally settled on something elegant that would look nice in lights. She called herself Cary Gibson, and asked for a job at 20th Century-Fox. The answer was "No." So she changed her name again, to Sally Heath, and asked for a job at Paramount. "No" again. Universal-International: "No." RKO: "No." Warner Brothers: "No." Columbia: "No."

At first they said she was too tall, then too short, later too thin, finally too fat. She was too good an actress. She couldn't act for buttons. They wanted a brunette when she was a blonde, and when her hair was dark they wanted a blonde. They didn't want someone who could dance, or, when they did, they wanted a bigger girl, or a smaller girl, or someone who had grown up in Chillicothe, Ohio, in a white frame house, with green shutters, on the south side of the street.

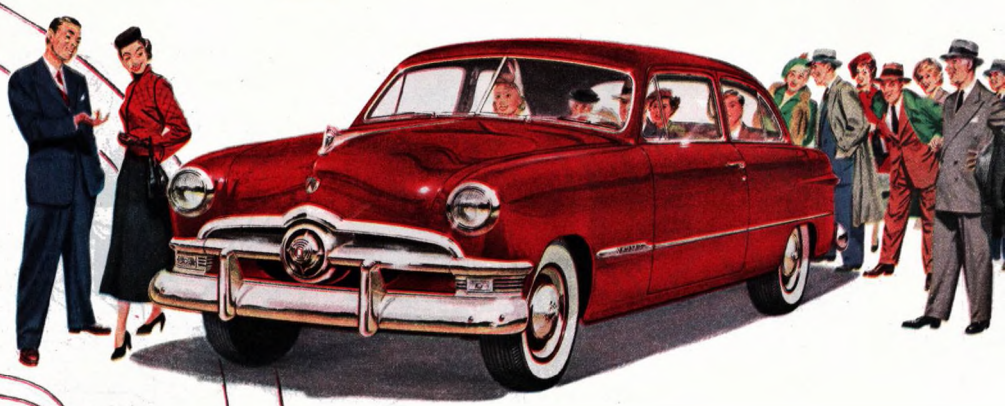
At last, word reached her ears that Ida Lupino and her husband, Collier Young, were going to make a low-budget picture and needed a young, intense and very gifted dramatic actress who would work for very little money and turn out a job worthy of a star.

For this interview, Sally decided that she would be Sally Forrest.

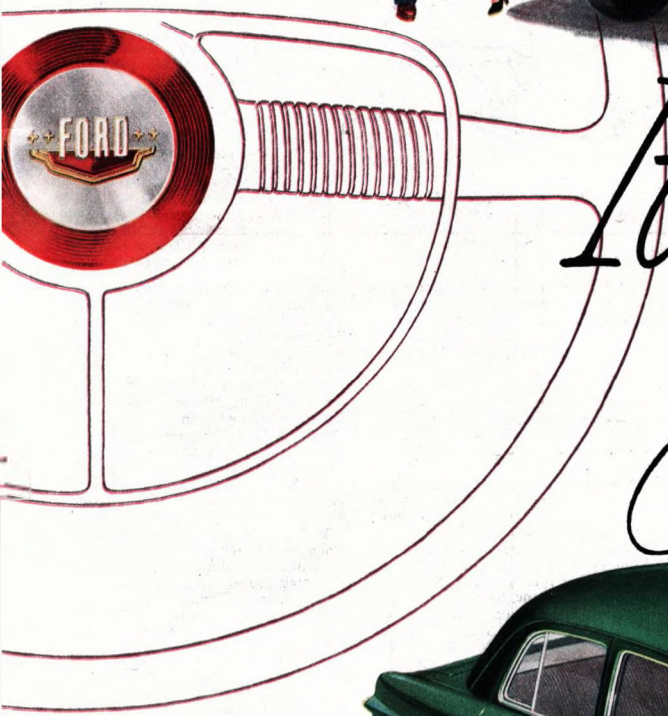
"Miss Lupino," she said, *(Continued on page 59)*

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S BY ROSS MADDEN

New "Fashion Car" Styling!



Only Ford has the new "Hushed" Ride



It's FORD for '50

Only Ford in the low-price field has a V-8 engine —a 100 h.p. V-8

White side wall tires optional at extra cost.

50 Ways new for '50 . . . It's the One Fine Car in its field!

Yes, the 1950 Ford is 50 ways finer . . . from new heavier gauge steel frame and 13-way stronger "Lifeguard" body to new designed ceiling and seating for greater headroom. (Ford, you know, leads all low-priced cars in hip and shoulder room.) New non-sag front seat springs and foam rubber cushion for firm buoyant comfort. New pushbutton door handles, with positive-acting new rotary door latches. Colorful new instrument panel and interior trimmings. Rich new long-lived upholstery fabrics. More extensive body insulation and sealing in 41 areas. But take the wheel—feel and hear the difference.

There's a Ford in your future — with a future built in!

Look at it THIS way

By CASKIE STINNETT

Kansas City, Mo.
January 9, 1950

Mr. Chester Dawson, Chief,
Division of Policy and Planning,
Bureau of Business Liaison,
Department of Commerce,
Washington, D.C.
Dear Chief:

This is going to be a tough field assignment. I held an informal meeting last night with a group of local business leaders, but I'm afraid I can't report much progress. They understand so little about business that I constantly wonder how they can manage their companies. For example, one man said that he didn't see any reason why he should make a monthly report (Form 309-Y-2786) on the amount of dressed lumber he sells when he doesn't sell any; he raises cattle.

I try to be patient with them, but you'd think even Republicans would know more than that. Don't you think it might be a good idea to have the Public Relations Department get out a general press release telling people how to run their businesses?

Yours truly,
Wade H. Smith, Senior Analyst

Mr. Wade H. Smith,
Regional Office,
Department of Commerce,
Kansas City, Mo.
Dear Smith:

That was a cracking good suggestion about the press release. It's now in the works, and every newspaper in the country will publish it. (We might even get out one telling newspapers how to run *their* business, although I'll want to clear that first with the Interdepartmental Information Review Board. You will recall how they reacted when we got out our pumpkin pie recipe release last year, scooping the Department of Agriculture by two days.)

So far as your problem there in Kansas City is concerned, please do not think that we don't know what you are up against. Teach them from the ground up, if necessary.

Yours truly,
Chester Dawson, Chief

Mr. Chester Dawson, Chief,
Division of Policy and Planning,
Bureau of Business Liaison,
Department of Commerce,
Washington, D.C.
Dear Chief:

Thanks for your encouraging letter, and believe me I needed it. Everything seemed to go wrong yesterday. First, I lost my carbon paper, which reduced my questionnaire and form work to one fifth of what I could accomplish in quintuplicate. Then I mashed my hand in a taxi door and —you guessed it—it was my briefcase hand.

For a while, I thought that my usefulness here had ended, and I was going to wire for permission to return to Washington; but then I realized that the Division of Policy and Planning doesn't give up that easily.

The meeting last night was a little better. One man asked me what the division did with Form 309-Y-2786 after it was received in Washington. I replied, "It is given analytical processing." He wanted to know what happened next. "It is reviewed on the policy level," I replied. He asked what happened then. "Action is taken according to the suggestion of the referral official," I said. "What kind of action?" he asked (I'm positive he was a Republican). "Appropriate," I answered. That shut him up.

They were very unco-operative

Yours truly,
Wade H. Smith, Senior Analyst

Mr. Wade H. Smith,
Senior Analyst,
Care of Regional Office,
Department of Commerce,
Kansas City, Mo.
Dear Smitty:

I want to congratulate you on the way you handled yourself. That's the kind of cool thinking under fire that helped us win the war.

You will be interested to know that I put a routing slip on your letter and circulated it through the entire division for everyone to read. Also I spoke to the division director today about raising your rating from a CAF-8 to a CAF-9. Guess that wouldn't make you mad, eh, Smitty? CAF-9s get Venetian blinds.

Yours truly,
Chet

Mr. Chester Dawson, Chief,
Division of Policy and Planning,
Bureau of Business Liaison,
Department of Commerce,
Washington, D.C.
Dear Chet:

Last night did it. I held a general meeting and they were so unco-operative that I came to the end of my rope. I had a public stenographer there and I'm going to quote to you some of the discussion as it was taken down:

MR. SMITH (me): "Granting the utility of abstracting from social and sociometrical action that aspect which we shall designate neoeconomic, the relatively developed theories so effectively evoked have depressed the interest in the specific social processes within which economic factors are merely a transitory phase so that our geopolitical interests have become synthetically overemphasized—"

QUESTION FROM FLOOR: "Pardon me for interrupting you, but what has that—"

MR. SMITH: "I'm just coming to that. An examination of the familio-municipal constellation demonstrates the high score of interrelationships on both the Godwin and the Chapin-Wittenberg scales. *(Refers to charts on stage.)* The area of concentrated mutual interaction is—"

VOICE FROM FLOOR: "I got a chain of filling stations. Will you kindly tell me what in—"

MR. SMITH *(Holding up hand)*: "—directly connected to about one third of the inalienable group popularity, including the nuclei of all constellations which comprise the sum total of interrational significance."

Well, Chief, would you believe it, when I sat down there was not only applause but some whistling and stomping in the rear of the room. I hadn't intended to be so severe with them, but I guess it was a good thing, and that from now on, I'll have them eating out of my hand.

Sincerely,
Smitty

Mr. Wade H. Smith,
Senior Analyst,
Regional Office,
Department of Commerce,
Kansas City, Mo.
Dear Smitty:

It was thrilling to read that transcript. I can't recall having ever heard the case for Form 309-Y-2786 stated more clearly or tersely. It is with great pleasure, therefore, that I advise you that your new rating (CAF-9) came through today and you not only get Venetian blinds but I'm also getting you a picture of Boulder Dam for your office.

Sincerely,
Chet

Mr. Chester Dawson, Chief,
Division of Policy and Planning,
Bureau of Business Liaison,
Department of Commerce,
Washington, D.C.
Dear Chet:

First I got your letter and a little later I found the carbon paper that I had lost. What can I say?

Sincerely,
Smitty

THE END

ILLUSTRATED BY LARRY REYNOLDS

GUARD AGAINST THROAT-SCRATCH

PALL MALL's

greater length of fine tobaccos
travels the smoke further...
filters the smoke
and makes it mild

enjoy smooth smoking

PUFF BY PUFF... YOU'RE ALWAYS AHEAD

Take 5 puffs ... *or 10...* ... *or 17...* when you smoke PALL MALL

Puff by Puff 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 16 17 *You're Always Ahead*

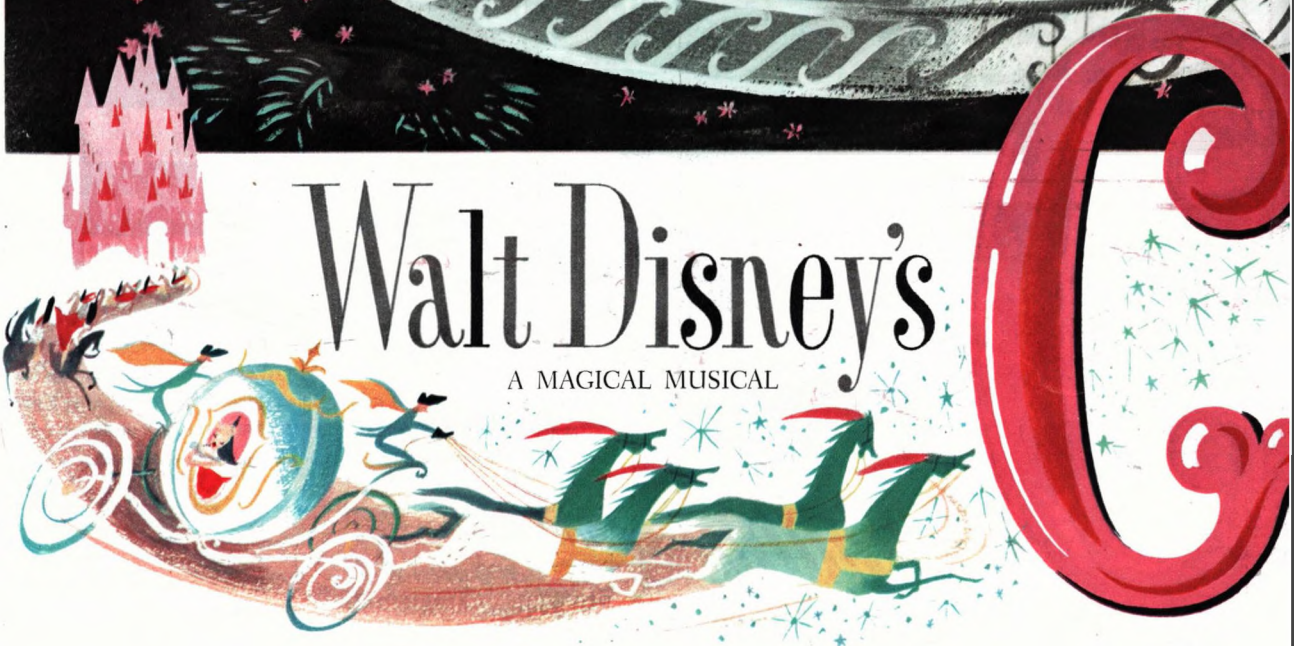
Study the puff chart! At the first puff, PALL MALL's smoke is filtered further than that of any other leading cigarette. Moreover, after 5 puffs of each cigarette—or 10, or 15, or 17—PALL MALL still gives you a longer, natural filter of fine tobaccos—guards against throat-scratch.

Outstanding — *and they are mild!*

Copr., American Cigarette and Cigar Co., Inc.

Walt Disney's

A MAGICAL MUSICAL



Midnight never strikes when you're in love

A story written in stardust, Walt Disney's *Cinderella* will give a new gleam to your hopes, a new lift to your life.

Not only because it's the greatest love story ever told—though that's reason enough if you've ever been in love. But because it's so full of the wonderful fun, hilarious characters, singable songs—the sheer enchantment that comes only from Disneyland.

Ever since "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," thousands have written . . . asked . . . waited for Walt Disney to bring *Cinderella* to life.

After 6 magical years it's ready—ready with new wonders, new splendor, new magnificence—ready to thrill the world as no picture ever has!

It's just around the corner . . . the day you'll see it and say, "Oh, what a *wonderful* picture!"

Even the birds will be singing

"Bibbidi-Bobbidi-Boo" "So This Is Love"
"A Dream is a Wish Your Heart Makes"
"Cinderella" "The Work Song"

CINDERELLA

A LOVE STORY WITH MUSIC 6 YEARS IN THE MAKING

Color by TECHNICOLOR

Distributed by RKO Radio Pictures

Corn-fed Oscar—

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

departed the plow in 1913 when he went to Des Moines to join a rather distinguished group of society folk and politicians who were being swindled by a comely widow who called herself Mrs. Sudie B. Whiteaker. Mrs. Whiteaker was indicted for relieving Iowa residents of $65,000, and her scheme was the selling of shares in the estate of Sir Francis Drake!

We next hear from Hartzell in 1921. He sends (not mails) a letter to Iowa friends stating that he has made an extraordinary discovery. He has full proof that Sir Francis Drake had an illegitimate son who was jailed to avoid scandal. The true heir to this son is entitled to $22,000,000,000 and, believe it or not, Hartzell knows the true heir. The problem is to raise money to underwrite the legal fight to restore this heir to his place in the world. He could not now name the heir because he feared the ire of the "Secret Courts of England" but the heir had put Hartzell in charge of the good fight and would pay off at the price of $500 to $1 when the estate was settled. The heir's only stipulation was that contributions would be accepted only from people named Drake or with Drake blood in their veins.

W. H. Shepherd and his wife Adna, nee Drake, were made Iowa agents. They mortgaged their homes to collect $5,000, and Iowans tossed in $166,775. There seems no question that Shepherd honestly believed Hartzell, because when the scheme was exposed he suffered a nervous breakdown.

Hartzell soon had more agents. He also persuaded the heir to drop his rule against non-Drake participation, and all were welcomed. Hartzell appointed 11 agents in seven states. He sent encouraging messages and demanded that they send him $2,500 a week. The appointments and the messages came by cablegram. The $2,500 traveled by American Express. Hartzell was having no part of Uncle Sam's mails.

The "donatators," as Hartzell called the faithful, signed a note promising "silence, secrecy and nondisturbance." Any violation of this pledge brought a speedy "red-inking" of the culprit. Post-office inspectors, almost immediately aware of this fraud, went slightly mad trying to get somebody to admit he had been bilked. Inspectors got cautious admissions of a "business deal abroad" but when they tried pinning the matter down to Sir Francis Drake the suckers whined, "I can't talk about that. Even to a government man. I'll be 'red-inked.'"

Cablegrams Kept Hopes Alive

Hartzell's followers met in dozens of towns to listen as agents read cables from the master. A settlement was always imminent. Or Hartzell had discovered the birth certificate of the illegitimate heir. Or Hartzell was standing firm against the English government's puny offers to negotiate.

But Hartzell's cablegrams were not his strongest weapon. The movement was gathering force from other sources. An erudite article on economics printed in a weekly magazine was hailed by the faithful as proof of the imminent disposal of the estate of Sir Francis Drake. Meetings were held to read and discuss this story, not one word of which mentioned the estate. In fact, the author had never heard of it. An innocuous item in the Chicago Journal of Commerce about an ever so slight fluctuation of the English pound was accepted as proof of things soon to happen.

Eagerly thousands talked of Hartzell's report that he had proved the estate was now worth $400,000,000,000. They said England's reluctance to pay that sum was responsible for the depression. Those on the inside knew that mighty Albion was soon to be bankrupted. Herbert Hoover's devotion to England, they said, was behind the American depression. Later when Roosevelt was President his every fishing trip or Hyde Park week end was actually a trip to meet with the rulers of England to lay down an ultimatum. Roosevelt was never a man to let the rich and powerful manhandle a man's rights.

An Iowa minister stood in his pulpit to explain that only fear of scandal kept England from acknowledging its debt to the Drake heir. It seemed that Queen Elizabeth had had a child by Sir Francis, and the English royal family would rather the whole thing should not be made public.

Not once did anyone ask, "Supposing Drake did have an illegitimate son? How, after all these centuries, could there be but *one* heir to that son?"

Over in England, Hartzell was having a fine old time. He was hitting the high spots seven days a week and came a cropper but once. This was the little matter of an English girl becoming the mother of his child without certain traditional preliminaries. The irate father of the girl called upon Hartzell in his sumptuous quarters and it was touch and go for a while. Father was at last placated when Hartzell graciously permitted him to invest £552 in the Sir Francis Drake Estate.

The great con man, Hartzell himself, became a victim of a somewhat inexact science, crystal-ball reading. The reader was Miss St. John Montague, a prominent South Kensington clairvoyant. Hartzell visited her thrice weekly at enormous fees. He was so valued a customer that Miss Montague decided to hire a coach for her crystal ball. She procured the services of a private detective to supply her with fuller information on Mr. Hartzell, the rich Texas rancher.

Back in America the post-office inspectors had neither complainants nor witnesses but they somehow managed to get five of Hartzell's agents to promise to stop soliciting for the Sir Francis Drake Estate in 1931 after 10 years of rich, ripe larceny. But it was too tempting a racket, and on January 10, 1932, postal fraud orders had to be issued against seven agents in Iowa, South Dakota, Minnesota and Texas, for pledges had been going through the mails.

Hartzell kept the cables steaming and agents read them to clandestine meetings of as many as 4,000 people. The cables said that the United States was just trying to protect England. Under the threat of "red-inking," the faithful were ordered to write three letters each: one to their congressman, another to the Attorney General and the third to the President of the United States.

In January of 1933 the State Department presented sufficient evidence gathered by the inspectors to have Hartzell deported from England as an undesirable alien. He was arrested in New York and jailed in Iowa. Hartzell told his followers that his deportation from England was all the proof any sane man needed to prove the English were frightened. On the strength of this logic Hartzell got $15,000 to send to lawyers in England, $68,000 for his bond, $50,000 for his personal use plus $2,500 a week until July 1st, the date he claimed the estate would be settled.

The government had a problem: How was it going to convict a man without the aid of witnesses or at best with hostile witnesses? (The extent of this hostility was proved at the trial when men and women, forced by their oaths to admit they had given thousands and received nothing, were immediately recalled by the defense as enthusiastic character witnesses for Hartzell.) The government had but one choice. It must prove that Hartzell was wrong about Sir Francis Drake's will and his progeny.

An inspector was sent to London, and in the Historical Document Room of Somerset House he located Drake's will written in part on paper and in part on parchment. It was written in Elizabethan English and was probated in court Latin. Drake, childless, had left everything to his widow and his brother, Tom. Later Tom and Lady Drake got into a lawsuit which was settled by ecclesiastical court. The inspector also unearthed an old English book that had a chapter in Spanish which told of Sir Francis' cousin John being captured at sea and put to torture in Lima, Peru. Under hot irons John Drake had sworn that his cousin had died childless.

An English barrister was imported to Iowa to discuss his specialty, the statutes of limitations. He pointed out that rigid statutes of limitations had been established by Parliament first during the reign of James I. These were further tightened during William IV's time and again during Victoria's reign. The English barrister was terribly polite, you know, but after all Sir Francis Drake had been gone some 337 years. He made it clear that he thought the whole thing ridiculous and peculiarly American.

Letter Reveals Jewel Gyp

In a patriotic effort to save face for America the inspectors allowed the barrister to read a letter they had received from an Englishwoman. She said in part, "I know Hartzell quite well. He swindled me out of most of my jewelry. I remember the time perfectly. It was right after Hartzell was made a premier Duke of Buckland in a private investiture by His Majesty."

Having proved that no Sir Francis Drake heir or estate existed, the government then proved that while Hartzell had sent no mail, he "caused to have sent mail to defraud." In November of 1933, Hartzell was sentenced to 10 years in prison.

The sentencing of Hartzell succeeded only in cementing the faith of his dupes. They were more convinced than ever that the British and the American governments were in cahoots to rob them of their due. Otto G. Yant, one of Hartzell's agents, set up offices in Mallard and Boone, Iowa. He told the government he was closing out the affair. He told the "donatators" he was merely getting ready for the final accounting because settlement was just around the corner. In the meantime he peddled a few more shares to finance Hartzell's appeals and high living.

The Iowa State Legislature sat down to consider legislation to control such patent swindles as the Sir Francis Drake affair. The night before the bill came up for voting Yant and other agents fled to Chicago with all the records. It was an unnecessary flight because the pressure was too much for the legislators and the bill failed.

Hartzell entered the penitentiary in January of 1935, and all seemed quiet until April of the same year, when the Chicago police referred a middle-aged man to Chief Inspector Walter Johnson. The man related that his seventy-five-year-old mother had just invested her life savings, $3,500, in a plan to support the heir to the estate of Sir Francis Drake.

Johnson was asked to make a postal case of the affair and he happily offered to try. He discovered the boys had smartened up considerably. Contributions were not accepted unless sent by express. Solicitations were oral. He also discovered that a powerful radio station had been made an unwilling victim of the racket. The agents had spread the word that a speech had been made over the station telling of the expected settlement of the estate. The station had to print a form letter denying that any such speech had been made, and to hire a couple of girls to mail out the letter to people who had written in requesting a copy.

But some of the suckers did write Yant for information, and to keep them happy and contributing, their letters had been

answered. That was enough and the police and Johnson raided Yant's headquarters. They found that business the day of the raid had been $7,500. And in the 18 months since Hartzell's conviction, at least $350,000 had been contributed. In the three days after the raid $25,000 was accumulated. The books were badly kept but they made clear a shocking fact—Oscar Hartzell's sucker list of paying heirs contained 70,000 names!

Yant and his agents were indicted but meetings continued and donations flowed in. Contributors were assured that the estate would soon be settled and that all the postal inspectors and government lawyers would be fired and thrown in jail. The tale was told, and believed, that Hartzell was *not* in jail but was being protected by the government from the gunmen of the "interests," who were panic-stricken now that they knew the jig was up.

Witnesses remained reluctant. A post-office inspector seeking information in Houston and Galveston was told that a boat lying off Galveston was filled with gold sent from England as first payment. Happily he got half a dozen Hartzell backers to accompany him to the boat to see for themselves that it was loaded with oil-well pipes.

They saw and were unimpressed. They knew a government trick when they saw one. The gold must have been removed during the night.

Eight agents followed their leader to jail. Witnesses during the trial, forced to show the receipts they had been given, anxiously watched them being passed around the courtroom, pleading in anguished tones, "Careful of those, please. They are very valuable." To the last they defended the agents and the revered name of Hartzell.

A somewhat similar set of valuable receipts was owned by citizens in every state of the Union. These certificates, sold for at least $1,500,000 from 1896 to 1937, gave the recipients a share in the city of Philadelphia. It seems Jacob Baker had executed a 99-year lease to the city in 1839 and it all reverted back to his estate in 1938. In addition Jacob Baker's heirs were to share in 11,000 acres of Pennsylvania's richest coal, lead and zinc deposits, conservatively estimated at $1,000,000,000.

Here again the suckers remained loyal. Two inspectors worked respectively 21 and 16 months searching the land title records from 1682 to 1906 of every county in Pennsylvania, including the city and county of Philadelphia. This search proved that no such estate existed. Twenty-four peddlers of the Baker estate were convicted.

The post office says the Sir Francis Drake and the Jacob Baker swindles are currently nonoperative. It hopes.

Another Shanghai Gesture

Police are always astonished by the frequent unending loyalty of swindlee to swindler. Oscar Hartzell is the prime case, of course, but the immortal Charles Ponzi, who in 1920 made a $4,000,000 touch in seven months, was still receiving unsolicited checks when the suckers had to address their letters to his jail. C. C. Julian, the high-flying oil-stock swindler of the thirties, continued to get contributions after he had jumped his $25,000 bail and was hiding in Shanghai. Julian, incidentally, learned that Shanghai was not far enough away to discourage postal inspectors, so he killed himself.

The mass fleecing of thousands by one man is a comparatively new wrinkle in an ancient art. The old-time bunko laddie liked to operate on one gentleman at a time for big stakes. The fleecing of one man for anything from $10,000 to $1,200,000 (current known record) is called Big Con to distinguish it from the lesser efforts resulting in profits in the hundreds or low thousands. Short Con is the underworld phrase for the smaller frauds.

Big Con requires from three to 40 accomplices plus a phony horse room or stockbroker's office complete with tickers, telephones and charts. The victim is always well off and invariably reluctant to scream thief lest his stupidity and cupidity become matters for the public prints, with the resultant loss of prestige back home. Although the con men quickly learned to eschew the writing of letters the sums involved were so large that checks had to be used. These passed through the mail at least once in the course of normal bank clearances (no sucker is clipped in his home town), so the inspectors were able to trot out the statutes governing the "use of mails to defraud."

Only a few years ago a gentleman heading for Hot Springs, Arkansas, to take the waters was roped into a con game which in all its details is the classic con technique that started circa 1900. On the train the gentleman made the acquaintance of a clear-eyed, square-jawed American boy who was also on his way to Hot Springs. Let us call the first traveler Mr. Mark and the clean-cut lad Mr. Roper. Mark's pseudonym is used for reasons of charity; Roper's because he was to disappear and his correct name remains a mystery to this day.

The Wallet Under the Table

Mark and Roper became friends and breakfasted together the morning after their arrival. Roper discovered a pocketbook under the table and when he handed it to Mark the latter said it wasn't his. So they opened the wallet to discover fifteen $100 bills, two telegrams in code, and a newspaper clipping telling of the extraordinary winnings of a horse-race plunger known as John J. Jones.

Mark and Roper went to Jones's room and were gruffly refused admission with the words, "Go away. I never talk to newspapermen."

Roper put his foot in the door and demanded, "Did you lose a wallet?" Jones searched frantically and then invited the gentlemen in.

Jones apologized for his rudeness and then offered the two callers the $1,500 in his wallet. "This money doesn't mean anything, but these telegrams are gold to me." When Roper and Mark refused the reward (to Mark's secret chagrin) Jones went into the "spiel."

"You are both honest men and I hope you'll let me help you. You see, I'm the representative of a syndicate that is buying horse races wholesale. We fix every jockey in the race and then place bets all over the country. That's why I have to avoid newspapermen." The gentlemen talked for a while and were interrupted by the arrival of a telegram for Jones. Jones decoded the wire and said, "Excuse me, I have to get a bet down for the syndicate. So long as you refuse a reward I'll make $50 wagers for you both and at least you'll get your hotel bills paid out of it." Off he went while Roper and Mark remained to accept his invitation to make themselves at home and have a drink.

When Jones returned he peeled off $600 and handed $300 each to Mark and Roper. "Paid 6 to 1, gentlemen," he said, and then changed the conversation to the joys of Hot Springs. Later in the day he got another wire, decoded it, took the $600 from the two men and returned to give them $1,200 apiece. "Only a 3 to 1 shot," Jones explained.

That night Mark went to bed $1,200 richer and he couldn't wait for the morning. Jones, Mark and Roper breakfasted together, and Jones was desolate. "I've got a good one today but the newspapermen know I'm in town. I don't even dare write a check lest somebody at the bookmaker's finds out who I am."

Mark was saddened indescribably by these words. He wondered if there wasn't some way out. He was, as the con men say, "hooked."

Jones had an inspiration. "Mark, you could make the bet in your name with your check. My instructions are to bet $30,000 on the race. I'll arrange for the bookie to accept your check." Mark sadly pointed out

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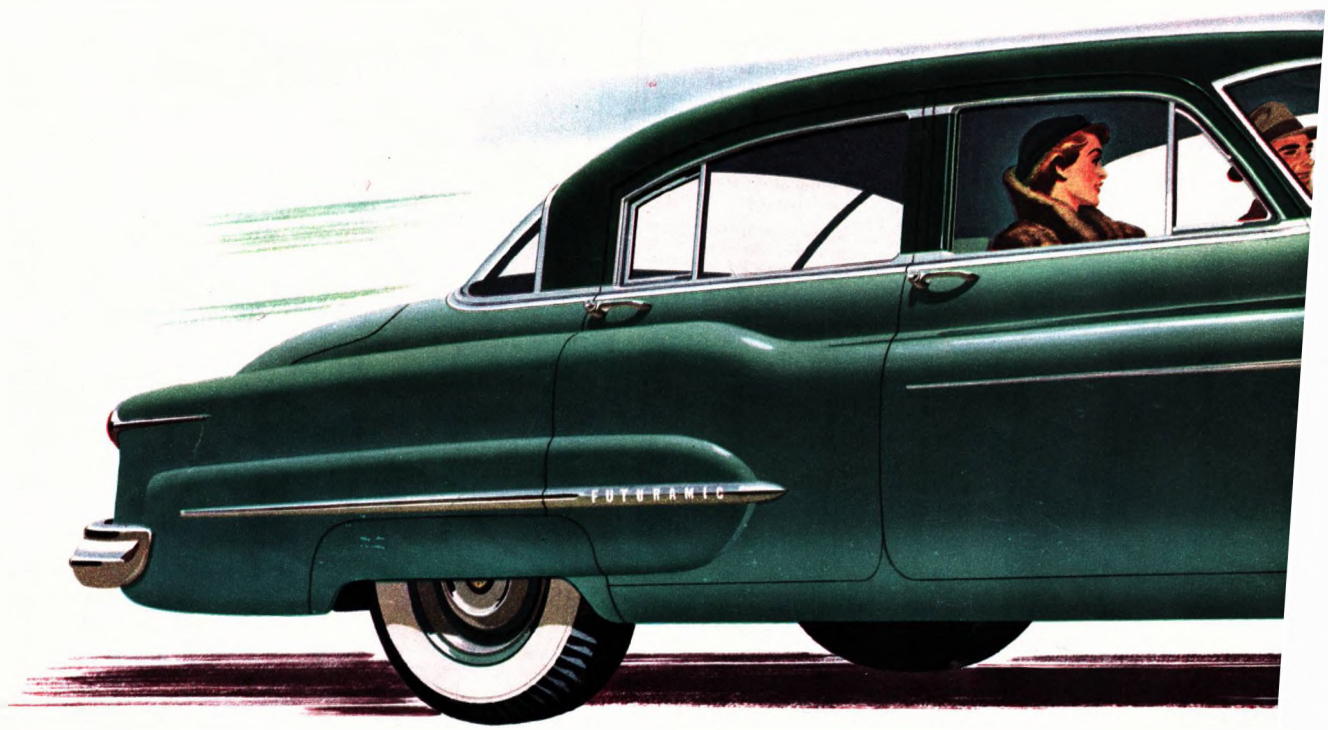

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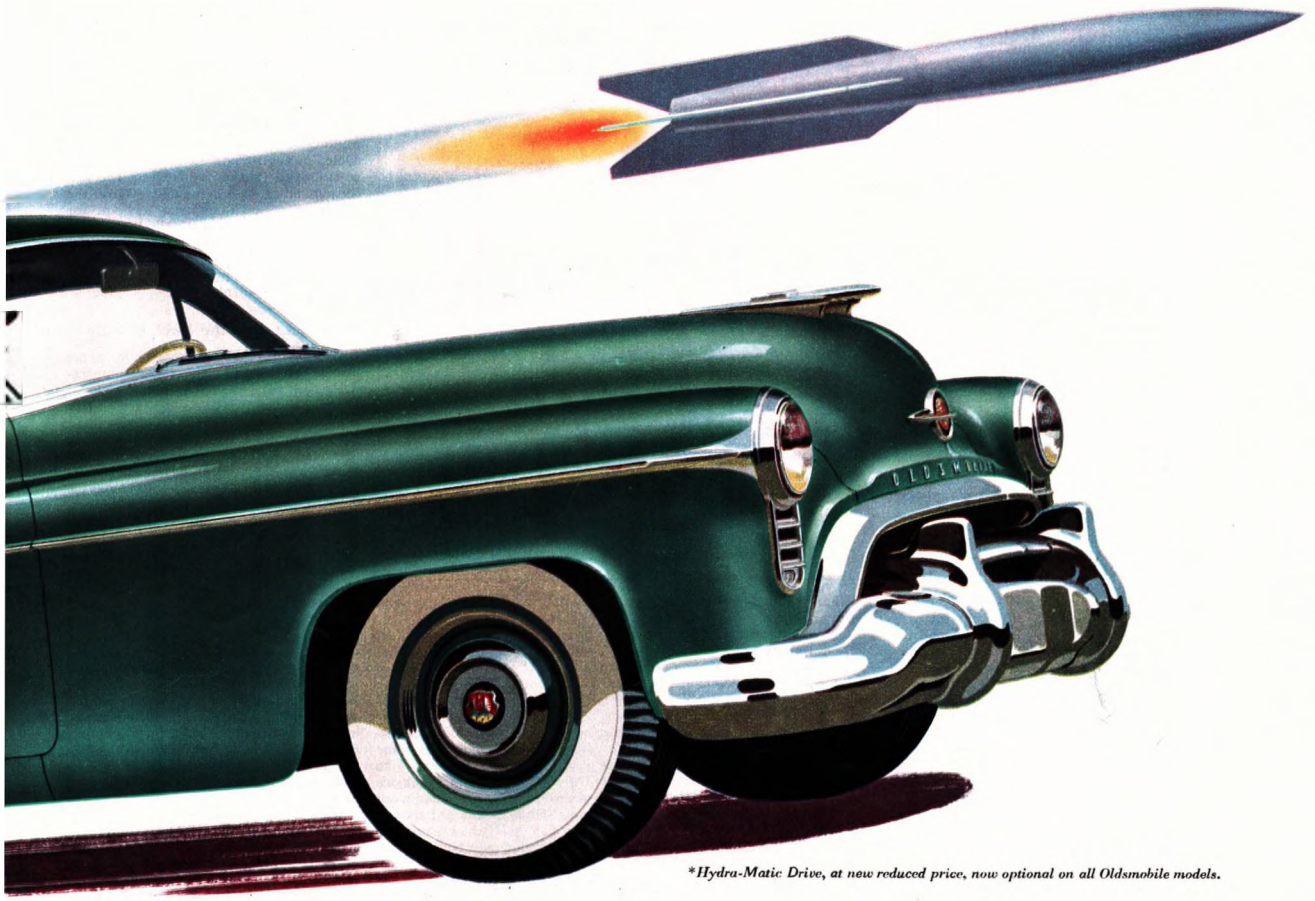

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Your Oldsmobile dealer invites you to meet . . . Oldsmobile's *New* Futuramic Fleet! See the Futuramic "98"—Oldsmobile's *glamor* star! "Rocket" Engine! New Whirlaway Hydra-Matic! Lowest, widest Fisher Body in Oldsmobile history! See the newly-styled Futuramic "88"—Oldsmobile's *action* star! "Rocket" performance now even *smoother* with new Whirlaway Hydra-Matic! See the Futuramic "76"—Oldsmobile's *value* star! It's the lowest-priced Futuramic car! "Big Six" Engine! And naturally, Hydra-Matic Drive*! See them all! Take your choice! Futuramics! "Rockets!" Hydra-Matics! Finest Oldsmobiles ever!

that he just did not have $30,000 in the bank.

"So what?" asked Jones. "The check will never get to your bank. The bookie will give it back to you with your winnings."

Mr. Mark agreed and, accompanied by Roper, he went to an elaborate gambling club to place his wager. The horse won and the mutuel price made the profits come out to $87,000 plus. At the pay-off window the clerk started counting out the profits when he was stopped by an officious-looking gentleman, who said, "Just a minute, please. I'm the manager. I don't think we know you, Mr. Mark."

"No, but Mr. Jones vouched for me," Mark explained.

"Frankly, Mr. Mark, we don't know Mr. Jones very well either," the manager said. "He has been betting cash with us and his word got you in here. But after all, sir, a $30,000 check from a man we never saw! How do we know this check is good?"

Roper Has a Bright Idea

Inasmuch as Mark didn't have $30,000 in cash in his bank at home he was in a spot. He saw the $87,000 plus disappearing. But good old Roper had a thought. "Mr. Manager, if we can show you we have the necessary $30,000 will you pay the bet?"

"We certainly will, sir. This club pays all bets it loses." Then the manager became friendly. "Look, gentlemen, I'm just the manager. I have my orders. But I'll give you 48 hours and if you show me you have $30,000 I'll give you back your check and the winnings in cash."

Mark, Roper and Jones had their heads together in 20 minutes. How much cash could they raise? Now began a skillful feeling-out of Mark, and when he opined as how he could get $22,000, Jones came up with $6,000 and Roper with $2,000. Jones and Roper had their money ready but Mark had to catch a train home and withdraw $22,000 from his bank. He was back the next night and when business opened at the horse room all three were on hand with a satchel filled with $30,000 in cash.

The manager counted out the money, walked to the clerk's window and said, "Pay Mr. Mark what we owe him and give him back his check."

Dutifully the clerk did as he was ordered and all the money was dumped in the satchel, which Jones locked and handed to Mark. "You keep this. We'll split later. I have some work to do for the syndicate." Roper and Mark returned to the hotel. Roper pleaded an engagement at the baths and Mark took the satchel to his room. He wanted to count his winnings but Jones had the key so he set himself to await their arrival.

When they didn't show up by dinnertime he tore open the satchel and discovered it filled with newspaper clippings. The boys had switched satchels on him!

Mark hollered copper. He was advised to go to the postal inspectors, and one of them went along to the gambling house with him, although he assured Mark they would find nothing but an empty store, which is exactly what they did find. Gently, Mark was told that the manager, the cashier, and the dozen employees and bettors he had seen were all confederates working for anywhere from $25 to $2,000 a day.

Mark was able to identify a rogues' gallery portrait of Jones—Edward F. Lohr, a con man who had done a little time along the line. Lohr was sixty-five and when he was picked up a few months later he pleaded guilty to the Mark swindle and got three years. Mark could not identify Roper, and Lohr was of no help, so brother Roper may be lining up a new sucker in a club car on a crack train right now.

Establishments such as the one used to fleece Mark are called "stores" by con men. Before this century and until 1910 "stores" were used for allegedly fixed fights, wrestling bouts and even foot races. The sucker was led to believe the heavy favorite would throw the bout or race but he always won.

Lohr's horse-race racket is a refinement of the old swindle wherein the chump was introduced to a telegraph company official who said he could get the out-of-town results to the sucker before they got to the race room. The trick would work successfully for a couple of small bets and then when the victim went for a big wager the roof fell in. Sometimes it fell in twice. The gentle fall occurred when the chump took a phone call to "place a bet on Fleabag," only to have "Fleabag" finish second. The telegraph company tipster would explain that the mark had misunderstood. He wanted the bet to be made to place or show rather than to win.

If the sucker wasn't the horse-room type the boys would rig up a stockbroker's office and play him in much the same way. A couple of investments returning small profits—and then the big killing.

"He wasn't worth over fifty thousand dollars when she stole him from me—but I valued him for sentimental reasons!"

COLLIER'S JARO FABRY

Few Con Men Now Operating

The post office, a most conservative organization, estimated that about 1,000 Big Con swindlers were operating in the United States in 1921. Ten years later the figure was halved, and in 1941 the estimate was less than 150. The inspectors doubt that 50 big-timers are around today, and those who are keep very quiet.

If any man can take credit for the decimation in the ranks of the Big Con men it is Herbert N. Graham, a post-office inspector who devoted his life to filling the nation's jails with grifters. Graham retired on December 31, 1948. The con men, a clannish lot, knew Graham as well as he knew them and they called him "Mr. Poison" and "The Nemesis," to use the two printable nicknames.

"Mr. Poison" was born in 1883 in Brooklyn, but he usually looked as though he had been away from a Kansas plow no longer than 48 hours. He had a persuasive way about him, even with government officials, as more than one con man discovered when he thought he was safe in Mexico or Canada and discovered himself being rudely pushed across the border into Graham's waiting arms.

Graham had a prodigious memory which he reinforced with a three-foot-long satchel filled with pictures of con men. Many a shorn lamb took hope when he sat opposite Graham in New York and began telling his sad tale. The inspector would listen for about three minutes—two devoted to alibi—and then reach into his satchel and come up with a picture. "Is that the man?" he would ask. If the complainant shook his head in the negative Graham would dig out another picture. He knew the grifters and their habits so well he rarely had to produce more than half a dozen photos before recognition dawned on the victim.

Once the identity of the swindler was established Graham passed the word along to his fellow inspectors around the country and a few friendly con men. And Graham, himself, was thorough and unrelenting. We have already told of a 21-year chase for an Atlanta con man. On another occasion Graham was sitting in a hotel lobby waiting for one thief to appear when two con men he had been seeking for five years walked by. He arrested those two, sat them down and patiently awaited the arrival of his immediate prey.

Graham, as his three-foot bag of photos proves, was devoted to pictures. But he could do his work without them. Edwin Lang, alias Frank J. Hill, had a group of bucket shops operating all over the country. In a few months he had made $700,000 swapping worthless stock for good.

Graham learned that Lang had married a secretary who was unaware of his larceny. He visited the secretary's mother but she hadn't heard from her daughter for two years. Graham saw a picture of the daughter in her mother's home and while admiring it searched for the photographer's imprint. He could find none but he did spot a number —140-62—stamped on the back. That number put Lang in jail for 18 months to three years, because Graham methodically telephoned 200 photographers around New York until one identified the number as an order number. He gave Graham the address of the girl. Lang was picked up outside his Philadelphia home the next morning.

Joe Weil, "The Yellow Kid," was one of Graham's victims. The Yellow Kid claims he was the greatest con man of all time. Starting as a Chicago reporter he became a tout and then a big-league grifter, fleecing bankers almost exclusively. During prohibition he liked to clip rumrunners and wealthy bootleggers. The Yellow Kid's touches ran from $100 to $50,000. He sold oil wells and bad stocks and he worked the race-horse racket on a nation-wide scale.

The Yellow Kid made a practice of avoiding the mails. He specialized in visiting bankers in their offices, introducing himself as the representative of a big company wanting to purchase a factory the banker owned or controlled. In the course of negotiations the banker would hear The Kid consummating deals in the millions over the telephone. Soon the banker was ripe for a stock-market tip. At that point Weil would have a confederate send a wire signed by the big company ordering Weil to purchase immediately at no more than $5 per share 25,000 shares of Unknown Copper, Inc.

Putting Out the Sucker Bait

Weil would then sadly point out to the banker that it was tough to be a comparatively poor man, as Weil knew of a sick old egocentric who owned 25,000 shares of Unknown Copper, Inc., that he would sell for $2 a share. But the old man insisted on cash, and Weil had only about $10,000 available at the moment. The banker, seeing a profit of $3 a share, would beg like a baby to be permitted to furnish the necessary $40,000. After a proper time The Yellow Kid would accept the loan—and skip with it.

But one day Weil got careless. He teamed up with a drunken confederate—which no con man should do—and they bought a piece of land in Texas for $100. They sold the marshland as oil land for $6,000. The original payment of $100 had been telegraphed to Texas. Unfortunately for Weil the deed to the land had been mailed to New York, which brought the postal inspectors into the case. Graham showed his picture of Weil to the victim and shortly thereafter picked up The Yellow Kid working the "Lonely Hearts Swindle." The Kid's accomplice had got drunk and boasted to a Detroit hotel desk clerk of the true identity of his companion. The clerk told somebody, and somebody told Graham.

When Weil finished his time on the fake oil-stock rap he wrote a book. He is living in Chicago today in what is hoped to be retirement. His last brush with the law occurred when he thumbed his nose at a passing Chicago police squad car. Sergeant Frank Pape picked up Weil and asked him a routine question. "What are you doing?"

The Kid, always ready with an answer, said, "I'm going to see my doctor. I have a bad heart."

"Where's your doctor live?" asked Pape.

In a slight panic The Yellow Kid pointed across the street to a doctor's shingle. Unluckily for The Kid, his yellow-gloved finger was directed to a sign advertising a veterinarian. In court the next day The Kid, as he had done so many times before, talked himself free with a florid speech.

The Kid has been in jail, but it is safe to say that he spent less time behind bars per dollar grifted than any con man in the land.

Almost as numerous as the con men themselves are the classic rackets they try to perpetrate, including the ancient but still flourishing Spanish Swindle, the matrimonial come-on, and the small-print racket. How postal inspectors handle these cases will appear in next week's Collier's

If This Be Treason—

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

that confidence simply by appointment to high office. You certainly do not earn it by the bull-in-a-china-shop approach of knocking heads together whenever competent professional men disagree with a new and desperately dangerous concept of defending the United States.

When the advocates of this new concept run out of answers to the Navy's plea for a realistic defense, they have one clincher which they always fall back on. They say, "Unification is the law of the land and the Navy had better learn to live with it."

That is really a tough one to answer, because through some magic process since the end of World War II, this word "unification" has become a fetish; anything with that label attached to it is assumed to be sacred. Nobody knows exactly what it means, but everybody is for it. It's one of those ideas like "Home and Mother" which

COLLIER'S "I'll be glad to show you my wardrobe, Helen, although actually, it's just a bunch of old rags" LARRY HARRIS

no one dares to question, certainly not this writer.

I'm for unification, but if you ask me what it means all I can say is, "Read the law." Of course, this is a rather naive answer because nearly everybody in Washington seems to subscribe to Humpty Dumpty's philosophy as expressed in his well-known remark to Alice: "When I use words, they mean what I want them to mean." Admiral Denfeld said he had no objection to the law; his grievance was with its administration and interpretation.

The law guarantees the continued existence of naval aviation and the Marine Corps. But there is not a word in the law against nibbling them down to a state of impotence. Congress passed a law telling the Navy to build a flush-deck carrier, but the law was not very well enforced.

"Duplication" is another fetish of the present era. It has got to be almost an obscene word, at the mere mention of which brass hats are supposed to blush and disgorge millions of the taxpayers' money which they have been hoarding. Some duplication, especially in matters of vital importance, is obviously necessary and desirable. But the cry is raised so indiscriminately these days that I wouldn't be surprised to see a ukase come out from the Pentagon saying, "We've got to eliminate all this duplication among the chaplains; let's unify the Chaplains Corps and make them all preach a common doctrine." That may sound a little extreme today, but as President Hoover remarked, "It takes time for an idea like unification to work."

The charge of "soreheads" has been leveled at the admirals. The columnists say, "The Army and Air Force are satisfied with unification . . . they abide by the 2 to 1 votes . . . why is it that only the Navy complains?"

That question is best answered by asking another one: "Who does the screaming when a rape is being committed?" Of course, if the unco-operative party to such a transaction would simply bow to the inevitable and knock off her yelling, the business at hand could be accomplished much more expeditiously and with a lot less disturbance to the public peace.

Some people say, "The Air Force was cut from 70 groups to 58, and then back to 48, but they made no complaint." Of course these "cuts" which the Air Force suffered were cuts in a hopefully planned expansion program and erased planes which existed only on paper. The Navy's cuts involved putting active ships and air groups into moth balls.

Another frequently voiced criticism of the recent investigation is that it revealed a great many closely held secrets to potential enemies. This is, indeed, a naive idea based on wishful thinking. Some well-publicized "secrets" were later exposed as contradicting the laws of physics. But just because this was news to the American public doesn't mean that it was news to the Politburo.

As a matter of fact, the Politburo probably took a dim view of the exposure, because the longer we live in a fool's paradise built on pipe dreams, the better it is for them.

Since the investigation has ended the way it did, the biggest danger from now on is that the wishful pipe dreams of persuasive enthusiasts who are close to the throne will *not* be exposed until they meet the acid test of battle.

Another fetish which calls forth a lot of sloppy thinking these days is that of "Civilian Control of the Armed Forces." This is, again, one of those "Home and Mother" concepts which everybody swallows without batting an eye. After all, Adolf Hitler was a civilian and so is Joe Stalin. Do we want their brand of control over the armed forces? In my humble opinion, what we need is democratic control through the elected representatives of the civil population, not control by police-state methods.

Many people wonder why Captain John Crommelin committed professional suicide as he did. They don't know John the way I do. He did it because of a fierce conviction that he is right and that the country is in danger. Had John Crommelin held his peace, the rest of the committee's agenda would have been swept under the rug after the deplorable fiasco of the anonymous letter; and the "nibbling to death" process would have been accelerated.

Two Who Died for Freedom

Call Captain Crommelin a troublemaker if you will. The Japs will agree with you on that score. Two of John's brothers were killed in the Navy making trouble for the Japs. If we ever have to fight again, I hope we have many men like the Crommelins in the Army, Air Force and Navy. We owe the freedoms which we have enjoyed up to now to such men.

Admirals Radford, Blandy, Denfeld, Halsey and the others were actuated by motives similar to Crommelin's. It is absurd to brush off all these great officers as being simply "soreheads." This country should be grateful that we still have men in public service who place loyalty to country above personal advancement, and who have sufficient faith in their ideals to sacrifice themselves if necessary.

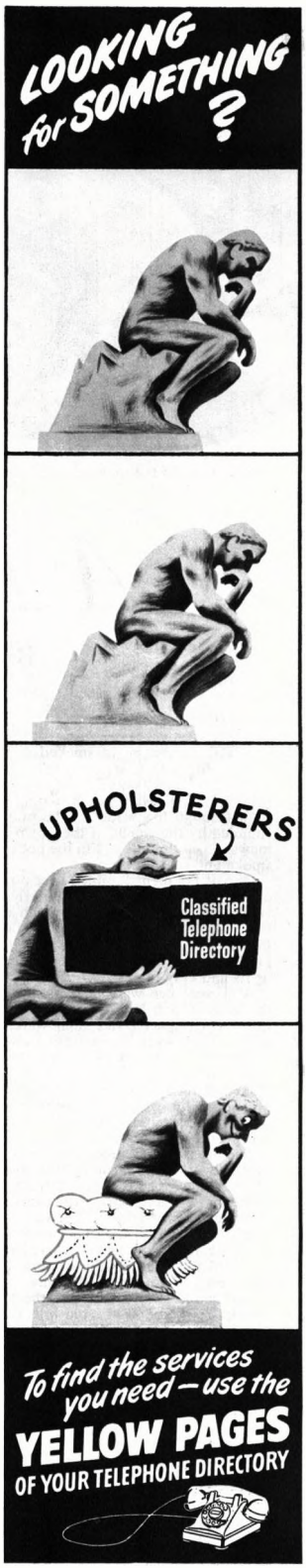
I suppose it is still all right for naval officers, under appropriate circumstances, to say such things as, "Don't give up the ship"—"I have not yet begun to fight"—and "Damn the torpedoes! Go ahead!" But if Lawrence, John Paul Jones and Farragut were alive and in Washington today, I doubt very much if you could make them confine their remarks to such simple non-controversial statements.

Maybe we have progressed so far on the road to—wherever we are going—that we don't need men like these any more. If so, a lot of navy-blue uniforms will have to go into moth balls; but there will be many suits of Air Force and Marine blue, and Army khaki alongside them too.

In conclusion, the investigation conducted by the Armed Forces Committee has presented the American people with two grave issues. Our military security depends on one, and the future of our free institutions may depend on the other. I hope the common sense of the American people will solve them both correctly.

"If this be treason—make the most of it."

THE END



Next Week

CITY BEYOND DEVIL'S GATE

An Epic Western Serial, A Great Love Story

Five Pages of Secret Red Photos

Just in front of the man, unconscious of his presence, the fox sat down lightly. It lifted its pointed snout

A Fox Hunt

By DAVID NEWTON

THE air that night smelled of mushy apples, molding leaf, stale green and frost. These late October odors mingled with others in the nostrils of the seven men tramping along a grassy road through the woods. The hunters were surrounded by the smells of their own woolen Mackinaws, of moth balls still in the pockets, of tobacco smoke and coal-oil lanterns.

One of the men stumbled over a rock, and some of the others taunted him familiarly. Their heavy voices and laughter were as much intrusion upon the night as the yellow glare of the lanterns and the activity of the bony hounds forging ahead. Darkness and cold fell back before the swinging lights and easy humor.

All seven men were farmers, born and bred on the lakes of rich land lying between the Kentucky hills. Their speech, like their walk, was slow and even. They were dressed alike and looked alike except for the tallest of the lot, the one who had stumbled.

He was set apart, by his very bulk, the sleepy expression in his eyes, his clumsiness. In daily life he was also apart, unmarried and with no apparent prospect of marriage.

The big man—Claude Ashby was his name—devotedly worked his farm, went to church on Sunday and got much of his pleasure from fox hunting at night with his neighbors. The other men made few demands upon him, and he was dumbly grateful for it. Claude had learned early to expect little from life, to seek no privilege. He had learned to be thankful for what goodness came his way. This goodness had not included a wife.

So Claude gave his love to the farm his father had left him and to the old hills that bounded it. His affection went to the thrush that sang in the willows by the creek and to the scared small creatures that prowled about his unpainted house at night.

The grassy road narrowed and turned, heading more directly toward the top of the rounded hill. As they trudged up through the stand of second-growth hickory and elm, the hunters had less and less breath for talking. The busy dogs roved about, snuffing and moaning, circled back, plunged off into piles of leaves.

Lumbering forward, his great hands swinging, Claude listened for first news that the hounds had picked up the scent. Maybe he should get himself a dog, a good black and white bitch, maybe raise her from a pup. Maybe, he thought, he could ask John Dobbs for one of Old Nell's next litter.

As the big man considered this possibility, one of the hounds belled out and drew the eager pack away to the left. Hearts quickening, the hunters pressed on to where the dogs had picked up the sharp scent of the fox. The exact spot was clearly marked; all the pack had streamed off the road together, trampling a way through the tall, dying grass.

It was important now to reach the top of the hill quickly. Soon the climax of the night would be at hand. Claude fell behind, since he could not quite share all the delight, having no dog of his own in the pack. There was a clearing near the crest of the hill, and the party pushed for it. Claude suffered less from the climb than the others. His roomy lungs drew in the cold air without effort. Still he kept back, accepting that it was less his moment than theirs.

Good luck. The dogs had not flung themselves futly into the chase by the time the hunters reached the upper edge of the clearing. The baying was irregular and confused. There was time for the men to breathe, even time to get a fire going.

"Claude boy," panted John Dobbs, "what about building us up a fire?" The old man blew on his hands.

OBEDIENTLY Claude collected some dead branches, broke them up and stacked them loosely together. He blew out his lantern, and poured some oil from it over the wood. His neighbors watched him, but their attention was upon the distant voices of the dogs.

The big man had trouble lighting the fire, his thick fingers crumpling the paper matches as he tried to strike them. As he struggled, he became more aware of the chill and damp of the night, and the light of the failing moon.

At last he succeeded in striking fire. The oily wood flared up.

There was no talk as the men slid near the warmth. Every ear was set for the expected music. The pack was tuning up, its random voices drawing together as the dogs themselves drew together. Bunched up, hurtling through thickets of weeds and saplings, the lank hounds were speeding as fast as the lone fox had sped before them.

Even to the untrained, their belling would have conveyed this much information. To the hunters on the hilltop, the theme of the chorus was unfolding into rich variations. Each knew the voice of each dog, and what the changes of pitch and power meant.

Queenie was ahead. Now she was dropping back. Old Spot was in trouble. There went Queenie again. They were crossing the creek. The fox had doubled back there. But Neddie Boy was wise to that old trick. They were off again, heading for the next hill. Spot was still in trouble, maybe had got hung up in a wire fence.

Claude stood up and stretched his long arms. He looked at the others, all sitting very still, listening. Without thinking about it, Claude softly left the warm circle about the fire and wandered off into the dark. The frosty air felt good on his burning face.

Old as it was, the moon was casting a brilliant light over the clearing. Beside each stump lay a black shadow. The next hill and the two beyond it were brightly illuminated. As his vision adjusted from the red of the fire and the yellow lantern gleam, Claude could plainly see the dark fur of trees on the faraway hills. Perhaps he would be able to see the hounds if they streaked across an open space. He stopped walking.

What he expected was a flash of dappled white bodies in the distance, and so at first he did not comprehend the slow, dark movement close at hand. When he did, his heart skipped a beat. There, not thirty feet away, was the fox.

SLIM and graceful, strangely small, the beast was leisurely trotting across the clearing. Just in front of the man, unconscious of his presence, the fox sat down lightly. It lifted its pointed snout and delicately sniffed the air. Then it raised a tiny forepaw, and began to clean it with a quick tongue.

Claude could hardly believe this was happening. There, clear across the valley, were the great dogs, booming and crashing along, and here was the fox, so small, so close.

Remembering how the fox had come trotting so easily over the frosty ground, the big man wanted to laugh. The hounds, he knew, were slobbering and panting by this time, clumsy with exhaustion. But the slim fox had shown no sign of weariness, and now sat licking its fur. Claude smiled.

What should he do? It did not seem right for him to stand there, waiting to be discovered by the unsuspecting animal. A sort of dread seized him, an urgent wish not to have the wild creature catch sight or scent of him and go bolting off.

Nor could he put an end to the waiting, clap his hands, whistle. He was, in fact, controlling his breath so it should make no sound. Again he smiled, and the craving to laugh swept up. The fox lifted its head high, appearing to listen. The dogs had swung back, a new ring of confidence in their voices. Whatever the riddle the fox had left to occupy them, it was now solved.

Claude was afraid even to blink his eyes, afraid he would miss the instant the fox decided to continue its flight. At last the animal moved, but only to apply its tongue to smoothing the fur on its flanks. The hounds had wheeled across the valley, and were pounding closer.

At any moment they would come lumbering out of the woods. Just as the man shaped his lips to whistle, the fox was away. It moved off as it had come, tripping easily, barely touching the ground.

"Look at that," Claude whispered to himself, admiringly shaking his head.

The straining hounds broke from the woods and thudded heavily across the clearing. "Run, you devils!" Claude mocked. "Run your legs off! It won't do you no good!"

When the dogs were gone, he slowly started back toward the men around the fire. The laughter still warmed his chest. Claude wondered how he would tell what he had seen. He thought of the clearing, empty and still in the moonlight, a black shadow beside each stump. And then the appearance of the fox, running free. He narrowed his sleepy eyes. Nobody had to know about it.

"A man can rather keep a fox than a dog," Claude said softly to himself. "No reason why not." Smiling, the big man strode easily toward the light of the fire. THE END

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Thirst knows no season

Reluctant Baseball Hero

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 24

run. This drives some managers frantic. No self-respecting major-league pilot would put up with a lazy fellow who has to hit a triple in order to get as far as second.

Third, George is a home boy. Once, when he was sold to the Chicago White Sox, he hid like a runaway slave. He hates big towns. He wants to stay with his family on his beloved farm in the beautiful pine forests of Cass County, Texas. He never sought a baseball career. A scout rooted him out. He went into pro ball in the first place against his own better judgment.

And fourth, managers say George is a most pestiferous hypochondriac. He complains all the time, especially during games. He talks about his ailments in the dugouts. He dogs a manager's heels describing each new symptom in elaborate detail. Actually, say the managers, George is as healthy as a Cass County mule, and so his complaining rides sorely on some managerial nerves.

Until 1932, Washington was a happy Sunday-afternoon player for the town team of Atlanta in the eastern reaches of Cass County. Pitchers couldn't seem to get him out. Atlanta is 50 miles across the Texas border from Shreveport, Louisiana. And Walter Morris, then business manager of the Shreveport Sports of the Texas League, heard about Washington. To get a look at the big boy that spring, Morris scheduled a practice game for the Shreveport club at Atlanta on a weekday afternoon.

Morris got to Atlanta ahead of his team on the morning of the game. He was dismayed to learn that Washington wasn't going to appear in the Atlanta line-up against the Sports.

"Old George is behind in his spring plowing," explained one of the Atlanta players. "He don't let ball interfere with farming."

Morris drove out to George's farm. It was about 11:00 A.M. when he stopped his car at a fence line of the field where Washington was plowing. Morris got out of his car and waved for Washington to come over for a conference. Washington waved back. He kept right on plowing. He plowed until the sun was straight overhead. The baseball executive just had to sit in the car and wait. When George finally halted his team of mules at noon, though, he spoke most graciously to his visitor:

"Howdy, Mister. Stay for dinner?"

He Had to Be Coaxed to Play

Morris introduced himself. He said he'd gone to considerable expense to bring the Shreveport club to Atlanta only because he wished to see Washington in action. "So please come on in to town and play ball."

"Can't," said George.

"Why?"

"Is your sister simple, too, Mister? Look at all them weeds. And you ask why."

"How much would it cost to hire a man to plow for you the rest of the day?"

"Four bits," replied George. "Ain't worth it just for a ball game."

"It's worth fifty cents to me," said Morris.

So a plowman was hired for the afternoon. George played ball.

Washington started off with two home runs against Shreveport. He also got what would have been a three-base hit for a more ambitious athlete. George reached second.

He was then a big-wristed, 190-pounder with a shrewd, bland face. He is a little heavier today and there's a suggestion of a paunch. But he hasn't changed much.

"Put a white wig on his sandy head and he'd look a lot like the Father of his Country," says Morris.

George has a mighty throwing arm—like his distant relative, the first President, who was strong enough to pitch a dollar across the Potomac River. That afternoon in Atlanta, George looked perfect to Morris, except for his reluctance to move around in a hurry. At the time, Morris figured that this business of not running was just a temporary eccentricity.

After the game, Morris performed what he calls his greatest salesmanship feat. He talked George Washington into signing a contract with the Shreveport club.

"Only one thing, Mister Morris—if I sign these here papers, you got to put in a weed clause."

"Weed clause?"

"Yeh, you got to pay a man to plow for me every day I'm off playing ball."

"You'll be making enough to hire eight plowboys from your salary. You can pay for the man to plow out of your salary."

"Is your sister simple, too, Mister Morris?

"Why, sure, you can borrow my snow shovel, Ed. I'll bring it over immediately. Yes, that branch does stick out too far onto your property. I'll cut it off right now. Our radio was on too loud last night? Well, it won't happen again, I assure you. By the way, Ed, are you going to play for the Green Bay Packers again next year?"

COLLIER'S JOHN DEMPSEY

We got to have a weed clause. Or I won't play ball."

So the baseball club had to add a plowman at a dollar a day to its salary roll.

George hit .350 in 1932, his first season in the Texas League. And the following winter, the Chicago White Sox bought George for $10,000. This was a good sum for a rookie in those depression days.

Morris made a lot of preparations before George was scheduled to report to the White Sox in the spring of '33. Morris bought George's railroad tickets. He schooled George on things, like how to find the diner and the men's room. Before he got into baseball, Washington had scarcely been out of Cass County.

George got plenty of instructions. He used neither the instructions nor the railroad tickets.

"Instead of reporting to the White Sox," says Morris, "the big lug sneaked off into the wilds of Cass County and went fishing."

In April, Morris began getting loud telegraphic squawks from the Chicago club.

"Have you sold us the original George Washington?" Harry M. Grabiner, vice-president of that major-league club at the time, inquired in one wire. Another more sarcastic telegram asked Morris: "You don't happen to have an outfielder named Abraham Lincoln who hit .350 and who is also for sale, do you, Walter?"

Meanwhile, Morris was looking everywhere for the fugitive. George had a favorite little fishing stream. He must have told his neighbors he wanted to be alone, for Morris wasn't able to get much co-operation from the natives in his search for his outfielder. Finally, a traitorous small boy sold out for some candy money and directed the plump baseball executive to Washington's hiding place. Morris walked. He walked through great stands of timber. He forded creeks. At last he came upon George, sitting on a bank and fishing.

"'Morning, Mister Walter," said George.

"'Morning, George. Why didn't you report to the White Sox?"

"I'm sorry. But I just don't want to play none for them Chicago fellows. Too far to go to play ball."

And that was that.

Morris picked burrs from his trouser legs. Then he started back to civilization to wire the White Sox the bad news.

"I had to rake up $10,000 and give it back to the White Sox," said Walter Morris sadly. "And that was tough to do right in the middle of the depression."

"I'm sorry for what I done," Washington told Morris.

He was so sorry he agreed to play in faraway Fort Worth during the 1933 season. Morris had become business manager of the Fort Worth Cats, also of the Texas League.

George hit .325. For the Fort Worth club, Washington was first in batting and first in the hearts of the fans.

The White Sox still wanted him.

In '34, the Indianapolis club of the American Association put over a swift deal and bought Washington. This time Morris practically pushed Washington aboard the train.

"He done me the way they used to get sailors for the British navy in a moving picture I saw called Mutiny on the Bounty," explained Washington. "I was just like some dumb sockwad who'd been shoved into the British navy. That's about how they got me up North to play ball."

He hit .367 for Indianapolis.

He had a "floating cartilage" in his hand at the time. It wasn't any of his fancied hurts. It really bothered him.

The White Sox decided they'd try him on their club in '35. With his sore hand, George was just soso.

"I had to haul a cord of wood up to the plate for every hit I got," said Washington.

He wasn't that bad. He hit .283 in the majors. He fielded well for a man who wouldn't run. He described all his ailments in elaborate detail to Manager Dykes. The next year Dykes exiled the moaning and almost motionless right fielder to St. Paul.

The sore hand got well.

He hit .390 to lead the American Association. He set records for things like "most doubles in one game."

He was lonesome for Cass County, though. He moped the next year and his batting average sagged to .311. He was hitting .426 for St. Paul in '38 when he wrote a letter to Walter Morris, who was back as business manager of Shreveport's Sports:

"I sure would give a pretty if I could come back and play for Shreveport, so I could get home to the family some nights."

Morris bought Washington out of his Northern slavedom.

For the next four baseball campaigns, George was happy and hard-hitting for the Sports. He even "run a little." He stole a base. He set a Texas League record by playing the season of 1942 without a fielding error. He led the league in number of hits (batting average .349) in '41. He had the most doubles in '39. He had fewest strike-outs almost every season. In 2,827 times at bat during his whole Texas League career he struck out on'y 118 times. And the Texas League, with its sprawling outfields, which give ball hawks a chance to run and get under a fly ball, is a pitcher's heaven. His family and his Cass County neighbors were glad to have him back all the year round, too.

"The preacher even preached a sermon about me. Said it was a good thing I didn't keep on playing ball up North, else I might go from bad to worse and wind up hanging around pool halls."

He didn't overdo himself, though.

The Others Do the Running

Bear Tracks Greer, a pitching friend of Washington's, describes George's strategy for avoiding exertion during workouts:

"George always grabs a fungo bat and knocks out balls for other folks to chase. George always hits fungoes and don't run none." (Greer is author of a memorable quotation about the altitude and relative humility of Houston, Texas: "Houston has a low multitude and a high humility.")

George went back to the farm for three years after the season of 1942 when the Texas League closed shop during the war.

Washington was brought out of retirement in '46 when his mentor, Walter Morris, became president of both the Big State League and the East Texas League. Washington became the baseball property of a millionaire Dallas oilman, Dick Burnett, who owned clubs at Texarkana in the Big State, Gladewater in the East Texas and Dallas in the Texas Leagues.

George played contentedly for Burnett's Texarkana club for three years. Texarkana is hard by Cass County. George could go back to the farm almost every night. George led the Big State in batting in '47 and '48 with .404 and .384. He came to Burnett's Gladewater club in '49 and led the East Texas League with .387. He struck out only six times. Each time George struck out last year, it was a thing for headlines in the East Texas papers. And George gave these strike-outs all the trappings of disaster. For just about every time he swings and misses, he lets go of his bat.

Washington's wife and two handsome children are three reasons he has never wanted to play baseball far from Cass County. On winter mornings, he drives twelve-year-old Sloan Vernon, Jr., to school at near-by Linden. Nights he helps Mrs. Washington with the dishes and other household chores. Fair winter week ends, the Junior and Senior Washingtons go hunting or fishing together. And when there is no farm work during the week, George heads for the woods with gun or fishing rod, by himself.

At forty-three, Washington believes he is hitting better than ever. To demonstrate his keen eyesight he likes to throw dimes in the air and hit them with slugs from a .22 target pistol.

He bats left-handed (throws right-handed), standing close to the plate and taking a free swing. Almost every hit is a line drive. And there's no predicting the field he's going to hit to. To rookies he sometimes says, jokingly, that one secret of his batting strength is his "stanch."

One rookie copied the big man's stance at the plate exactly. But this didn't seem to improve the youngster's batting. He spoke to the old right fielder about this.

"You got my stanch, sonny," said George Washington. Then he added in a low voice: "But you ain't got my average." THE END

George Washington's biographer, in this case, Frank X. Tolbert, is a talented Texas sports writer on the Dallas Morning News staff. He writes regularly for major magazines

Man Enough for Millie

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 29

sounded uncommonly sure of himself. "This is good farming country."

"The best," I told him, remembering I had a living to make. "I'm in the real-estate business. Sam Magby's the name. I'll be glad to show you around." I began telling him about the good points of the valley.

"I know all that," he interrupted. "I'll look around first by myself, since I know just what I want." He explained that he had checked all available statistics before making up his mind to settle here. There was not the slightest doubt in his tone about his choice, and he told me things about the rainfall and such that I hadn't even known myself. "I'm not a man to rush things," he added, and then looked again at the wooded hills.

At that moment Big Red Burbank's fancy buggy came down the street, drawn by a high-stepping white mare. Millie sat primly on the high seat beside her father. And suddenly Luther was no longer interested in the hills.

Millie smiled indiscriminately. She was wearing a gray alpaca skirt and a white shirtwaist, with long gloves and a big hat with a bird's wing on it. A slight breeze lifted the hem of her skirt. My pulse went up, a bad sign in a man of my age and weight. I heard Luther catch his breath.

"That's a point of interest I forgot to mention." I was enjoying myself. "She's unmarried and I reckon she'll be staying that way." I explained about Big Red. "He's got to be licked first in a fair fight."

"And what does she say about it?" Luther asked.

"Nothing. I reckon she thinks it's a sound idea too."

"In that case," Luther said, his jaw getting lumpy, "she isn't worth worrying about. A woman ought to have a little spunk." His jaw relaxed and he stood up. "Guess I'll eat."

Dan'l Gooseby ran out and hailed him. "It being Saturday," said Dan'l, "I been wondering if you'd give us a hand at the shindy tonight with that banjo of yourn. It's been fretting me some, not having a banjo in the band."

"I don't know—" Luther began.

"It's the neighborly thing to do."

"Will Miss Burbank be there?"

Dan'l nodded, and Luther agreed to show up. Tom Overholt was still rankled by the trunk, since no man likes to be shown up and Tom less than anybody. "You fixing to lick Big Red?" he asked slyly.

"I think I can whip him," Luther said seriously, "only I'm not sure I want to. Besides, it never pays to rush into things."

Tom Overholt grinned smugly, and I watched Luther cross to the Cowhorn Café. And I knew that his brag, twisted to fit the occasion, would soon be spread all over the valley.

THE hall was already crowded when I got there late, and the band was stomping out a tune. Luther's five-string banjo was a big improvement. He sat there with a serious look on his face, as if he were working terribly hard. With two guitars and a banjo backing up his fiddle, Dan'l Gooseby was in his glory.

Millie was dancing, and when her partner swung her around and then promenaded she was graceful as a breeze. Big Red stood off to one side, glowering, his eyes saying just as plain that he had heard about Luther and that he was itching for a fight.

While the band rested I introduced Luther and Millie. Her face was flushed, partly from dancing but partly from having heard about Luther too. "You look awfully grim when you're playing," she told him sweetly. "Like you don't enjoy it."

Luther looked surprised. "I like it a lot. But when a thing is worth doing, it's worth doing well. I never try a thing I can't succeed at."

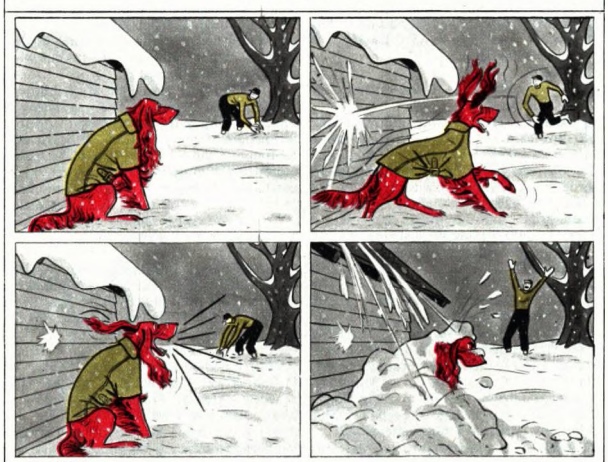
A glint came into Millie's eyes, and it surprised me because she was usually so mild-tempered. Looking hopeful, Big Red pushed forward. The two men shook hands, and Big Red put on the pressure. Luther's face remained impassive. And afterward Big Red stared down at his hand, flexing his fingers, and looked surprised.

Dan'l picked up his fiddle and the crowd melted. "Will you be my partner for the next dance?" Millie asked Luther, her voice sugar-coated but acid underneath and loud enough for everybody to hear.

Luther blinked, and Dan'l told him to go ahead. I was surprised at Millie's boldness. Luther swung her away. There was a jug of hard cider at the back, and I joined the group around it. It was easy to see that Clem Hawley had already been tilting the jug. He was swaggering and watching Millie with a hungry look.

Clem Hawley had already spoken out three times to Big Red, and all three times Big Red had proved who was the better man. But each time it had taken him longer. Clem Hawley wasn't very smart, but he was

CLANCY



COLLIER'S JOHN RUGE

"How absent-minded can you get!"

"Oh, that man of mine! Turning me into a Lost and Found Department! What will he forget next? . . .

"But I can't really be angry with John. His only trouble is he just never thinks of *himself!* There's no one who is more thoughtful and considerate of his family . . . or more conscientious about really important things.

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big enough all right, as large as Big Red himself.

I watched Millie and Luther. They danced nicely together, but both were serious, which was all wrong considering that they were ideal partners and should have been having a gay time. Luther never missed a step, and he looked right handsome.

Luther gave her a right-hand swing, and then all at once she stopped dancing. "So I'm not worth worrying about!" she said, a hand on her hip.

"I didn't mean it that way—"

"Just what did you mean?"

His jaw got stubborn. "A woman," he said quietly, "ought to pick her own man."

"You hush," Millie said, flushing. "Now you just hush."

BIG RED went catfooting forward, ready to protect his daughter's honor and get a fight out of it to boot. "Can you lick me?" he bellowed challengingly at Luther.

"I think so," Luther told him quietly.

Big Red was taken aback. "Care to step outside?"

Luther shook his head. "I'm not ready."

A sigh swept over the crowd. Folks began whispering. Then Clem Hawley swaggered up, giving Luther a disdainful look before facing up to Big Red. "I'll go outside with you," he said. Looking pleased, Big Red took his arm. Everybody moved toward the porch.

A rectangle of light spilled through the doorway, and Big Red and Clem Hawley stood in it. They came together like two great falling trees, and the earth seemed to shake. Big Red stomped and bellowed, and they fought catch-as-catch-can, no holds barred. Both were down a dozen times, either from a blow or from being tripped, before Big Red finally had Clem Hawley stretched out senseless on the ground.

Big Red himself threw a bucket of water over Clem Hawley, sputtering. Arm in arm he and Big Red headed for the cider jug.

"Twenty minutes," I said. "The longest yet."

"Suppose Hawley had won?" asked Luther at my elbow.

The question surprised me. I'd never thought of Big Red losing a fight. It was kind of hard to imagine Millie married to Clem Hawley. Right then and there it came to me there was something funny in the way Millie accepted everything so easily. . . .

Next day, when I slid into my chair on the veranda of the Traveler's Rest, I learned that Luther Wyatt had rented a horse at the livery stable and ridden out shortly after dawn. With considerable relish Tom Overholt pointed out how Luther had backed down last night. "All bark and no bite," he concluded. The rest seemed to accept the judgment, but I didn't know.

For a solid week Luther rode out at dawn, not returning until dark. He bought a horse from John Kersey. Everybody knew that John Kersey took a vast delight in palming off a poor mount on some unsuspecting buyer.

He had a sassy little mare that he'd been trying to get shut of for a long time. She had been ridden only a few times, hardly broken, and the rest of the time she just stood placidly in her stall munching oats and planning all the mean things she would do if anybody tried putting a saddle on her. Luther looked her over carefully and then closed the deal.

Everybody waited to see him get thrown. The mare didn't complain about the saddle. "She's saving it all for when he puts a leg over," whispered Tom Overholt gleefully. Luther stroked the mare and talked real low, and when he swung up she trotted off as docilely as you please. "She's just plain mean," Tom Overholt muttered ruefully. "She wouldn't even give us the satisfaction of seeing him throwed."

A couple of days later Luther came to see me. "I've ridden over the whole valley," he said seriously, "and now I'm ready to make a dicker."

"Maybe we can save a little time," I said, thinking we might save a little effort too. "Have you anything in mind?"

He nodded. "There's a piece of ground I like. Hope it's for sale." He described it to me.

The land belonged to Big Red Burbank. It looked nice, but the catch was there was no water. Big Red himself had already sunk a couple of wells with no luck. I didn't mention it, partly because Luther was the kind you couldn't tell anything to. And partly because it would be nice seeing him taken down a peg.

"Reckon Big Red will let you have the quarter section," I told him. Then I began feeling a little ashamed of myself. "Maybe you'd better look around some more—"

"No. It's just what I want."

Tom Overholt laughed when he heard about it. It wouldn't be long before the story was all over the valley, how Luther Wyatt had been taken in by a pretty parcel of land that was dry as a bone.

Big Red came charging in to see me. "You queer this deal," he bellowed, "and you'll wish you was never born! It'll do me good to see that uppity young feller get stung. So let's sign things up before he changes his mind."

The deal was closed without argument.

COLLIER'S "About the Christmas cards . . ." TED KEY

Big Red's broad grin gave him away, but Luther failed to catch on. Afterward Big Red rushed out to tell everybody how Luther had slickered himself.

Luther borrowed my old wagon, which was falling apart down behind the livery stable. By now I was feeling sorry for him and I suggested I go along for company, which was agreeable to him. After buying some tools we started off. . . .

It was a nice piece of land, all right, except for the lack of water. There was a fine stand of timber, adequate for a cabin and fences and outbuildings. A little wooded knoll was an ideal site to build on.

Luther selected an unlikely place above the knoll and began to dig, going at it just as if he had good sense. All this effort was too much for me and I curled up in the shade for a nap. I must have dozed quite a spell, dreaming about Luther digging clear down to China without hitting water, for the sun was beginning to slip below the hills when Luther's yell awoke me.

Dirt was still clinging to his bare arms and shoulders, and he was looking down into the hole he had dug. "Water," he said, and I wondered if his insanity was the dangerous kind.

"Hit it at twelve feet," he said matter-of-factly when I joined him, "just like I figured." He laughed softly. "I'll stone it up and it'll be a nice well." He gestured toward the hills. "Up there a creek splits up, part of it going underground. From a study of the strata and rock formation I figured the underground part would come pretty close to the surface right here."

"You weren't even taking a chance," I said.

"I like to feel sure of myself." His blue eyes were serene. "I'll pipe water right into the cabin. It'll make it easier for—" He broke off. "What was Millie's ma like?"

I told him. "She was no bigger than Millie, but she kept Big Red in his place. She matched him temper for temper when it suited her purpose and she let him take care of her when it fitted her plans—but never when it went against her own ideas."

"You'd think Millie'd be more like her." He hesitated. "Why don't folks like me?"

"They don't dislike you," I said. "They just don't know you. And sometimes," I told him, "you win by losing."

He shook his head. "I'm afraid that I don't understand that."

On the way back to town he opened up a little, telling me about himself. He had been born on a Maine farm and run away to sea at the age of twelve. His life was all planned out. A man, he told me, could learn a powerful lot, keeping his eyes open and his mouth closed, using his head for something besides holding up his hat, never staying too long in one place until it was time to settle down.

"Thirty's a good settling-down age," he said. "If it goes much longer, a man can forget his goal. My plan is to build a cabin and make a crop and then marry a good woman who can raise up a good family."

"You got anyone in mind?" I asked.

"I'm not sure yet."

"Millie?"

His gaze was level. "I'm not sure yet."

WE REACHED town. Luther put up the team and then went to his room to clean up. Millie was the first person I ran into. She was just coming out of the Mercantile, her arms loaded with bundles.

"Pa told me what he did," she said breathlessly, "and he thinks it's awfully funny. I don't. I think it's a shame, even if Mr. Wyatt is so sure of himself and is due for a fall—"

"Millie," I interrupted, "it'll be a cold day when Luther fails to win out." I told her about the well and about Luther's plan to build a cabin and pipe water right inside.

Her expression had changed from sadness to mild anger. Now she became excited. "On the knoll!" she cried, her eyes lighting up. "Why, that's just the place to build. And water right in the kitchen—" She broke off. "I'm sure I'm not interested."

Big Red took the news with good grace. There was nothing petty about him. Folks began looking at Luther with respect but with no affection. Nobody could like a man who always won.

Luther bought my old wagon and a good team, then pitched a tent on his quarter section to be near his work. After that we didn't see much of him except on Saturdays, when he came in for supplies and to play his banjo for the weekly dance. He fixed up my old wagon and gave it a coat of paint so that it looked good as new. Folks who happened past his land reported that his ax was ringing from morning until night.

We made a point of not going out to see for ourselves. It wasn't that we weren't understanding. It was that Luther was too sure of himself, too self-sufficient. Only Dan'l Gooseby remained fiercely loyal. The rest of us all hoped to see Luther stumble sometime, just to prove he was human.

Tom Overholt kept insisting that Luther would never fight Big Red. Still, we were all hopeful.

Time passed. Luther still played his banjo every Saturday night. Once in a while he danced, but never with Millie again. Both of them spent their time ignoring each other. And it began to look for sure that Luther wasn't going to fight Big Red. Maybe he was afraid of losing, or maybe it didn't matter to him. I wasn't sure in my mind of the reason.

ONE Saturday afternoon some of us were down by the livery stable. Luther was there, having just stabled his team. Clem Hawley had been drinking and he wasn't responsible. Millie passed by, hurrying a little the way ladies did when passing the livery stable in case men were there who might make some remark not fit to hear. Clem Hawley, being liquored up, made such a remark.

That was the first time I saw Luther angry. He grabbed Clem Hawley's shoulder, swung him around, then gave him the back of his hand across the mouth. And then they were at it. Clem Hawley was a strong man and a hard fighter, but Luther finished him with just two punches.

"Two punches," I told Luther afterward. "Big Red never put him away like that."

"Last year I fought John L. Sullivan in New Orleans," Luther said quietly. "It was a six-round exhibition match. He got the decision. A couple of months later Corbett beat him for the title."

It wasn't bragging the way he said it, just a plain statement of fact. His pride was an inward thing, a personal feeling calculated to satisfy himself alone. He wasn't trying to convince anybody of a thing.

The talk about Luther being afraid of Big Red died out, much to Tom Overholt's chagrin. The town, however, was still pretty sure that Big Red could lick him. Everybody was used to Big Red winning. Luther had just got in a lucky punch when he downed Clem Hawley. I never mentioned what Luther had told me. There was considerable betting against Luther, which I covered. The question in my mind was no longer whether Luther could win, but what would happen afterward.

Millie got me cornered after Luther's fight with Clem Hawley. She was staring at him, watching him play his banjo with that serious air of concentration. "I heard why he fought," she told me. "I wish he hadn't although I'm grateful for his respect." Her eyes suddenly began to mirror her red hair. "I hate him like I've never hated any man."

"Have you ever loved any man?" I asked, and she gave me a startled look. . . .

Winter passed and spring came. Big Red began complaining that Millie was making his home life miserable. "I'll be glad when I lick Luther and it's over," he said. "Millie keeps asking me if I can beat him."

"Can you?" I asked him.

He grinned broadly. "Sure."

Betting on the outcome of the fight reached a frenzy. Folks began wanting to know definitely whether or not there was going to be a fight. Since I was the only one supporting Luther, I was chosen to ask him right out what he intended to do.

"It really isn't your business, is it?" he

said quietly, when I rode up and asked him. He looked lonely and there was a hurt look in his eyes, although he had kept it out of his voice. I felt pretty small and no-account, and I dropped the subject.

The cabin was finished. It seemed impossible for one man to have handled those logs alone, but he had done it. The cabin was as neat as a perfect draw to an inside straight, and it was bigger than Luther himself needed. There was running water in the kitchen.

"I'll be making a crop by the end of the week," he told me. "The cabin's finished and I'd like to have a housewarming." He acted a little wistful. "Would folks oblige?"

I slapped him on the back and said, "Of course. They expect it."

His eyes lighted up and I knew it meant a lot to him. "We'll have it on Saturday," he said. "The band here and everything." He was smiling shyly. And I knew that being accepted was important to him.

Everybody thought it would be fun. They still weren't sure about Luther, but that wouldn't make any difference about the housewarming.

And then Tom Overholt started his talk. He slapped his thigh and guffawed when he thought up the scheme. Luther would have everything ready, and then nobody would go. I knew Luther better than the others and I protested, but they shouted me down. Nobody was thinking very far ahead. "It's only a joke," Tom Overholt said. "Next week we can have the housewarming. It'll put him in his place."

"You don't tame a horse by whipping him," I said, but nobody was listening.

SATURDAY evening came, and I guess by now the joke no longer seemed funny to anybody except Tom Overholt. If he hadn't kept it going we all would have backed down. But it was easier just following somebody else's lead. Everybody knew there wasn't going to be a dance at the hall, but they gathered there anyway. They all looked ashamed. The women, particularly, but they were taking their cue from the men.

"Come on, everybody," said Tom Overholt loudly. "What's the matter? It's a good joke—"

That was as far as he got, because Millie had stepped in front of him. Her eyes were flashing. "You're a mean, contemptible man, Tom Overholt!" she cried. "This is just an underhanded way of getting even."

Tom Overholt reddened. "He needs taking down a peg."

"Not this way," Millie told him. "You know about his pride. It's the kind that can't be mended." Her eyes swept scornfully over the crowd. "You're all just jealous of him," she said scathingly. "He's a better man than any of you. You all think he can't lose, but all he's done is what any man with brains could do. Now are you all coming out with me, or am I going alone?"

Big Red stepped to her side. "I've been acting mean, and I'm ashamed."

There was a cheer. Glad of the release, folks stumbled all over themselves getting to the door.

Tom Overholt tried to stop them, but finally he gave up and just rode along.

THE sound of music came from the cabin. Luther plunked away on his banjo with a grim look in his eyes. He had the cabin all decorated up for the occasion. It was pretty crowded by the time we all pushed inside.

"I was afraid nobody was coming," Luther said stiffly.

"We all wanted to get here together," Millie said, smiling. "Sort of a surprise."

That seemed to satisfy Luther, and the music started up. A little later Dan'l Gooseby told me that Luther had been all set to pack up and leave, but as a gesture he had insisted that the band play until midnight even if nobody showed up. It made me feel pretty small.

The cabin wasn't big enough for everybody to dance at once, so we all took turns. Millie was more gay and vivacious than I'd ever seen her, and she didn't miss out on a single number. Luther kept on playing his banjo, but I noticed that he was watching Millie the whole time.

Finally, during a rest, Big Red walked right up to him. It was easy to see that spring was in Big Red's blood and that he needed a good fight to loosen him up after the winter.

"This can't go on any longer!" bellowed Big Red, with a broad grin. "Since you bested Clem Hawley, nobody'll fight me. Just the way you look at Millie is proof enough of what you got on your mind."

Luther smiled gently. "I'm ready now."

A yell went up. Arm in arm, Luther and Big Red walked outside, and everybody crowded out after them. The moon made it as bright as daylight. Folks were talking and laughing and trying to remember the bets they had laid during the winter.

Then I glanced at Millie. A look of despair was frozen on her face. I stepped beside her.

"They can't fight," she whispered. "Can't you stop them?"

"You've never worried before," I said. "That's because it never m-mattered!"

Everything became clear. "All this time you've let your Pa fight your battles," I said. "It's been the easiest way to get rid of all your unwanted suitors. No fuss, no bother."

She nodded. "It's the easiest way to handle Pa, too. Ma always let him think he was running things." Her chin came up. "But I refuse to be won like a bird at a turkey s-shoot!"

Luther and Big Red were squared away now. I knew it was too late. Luther would win, and he would lose by winning.

Big Red was stamping and bellowing. He waded in with his big arms swinging. His jaw was exposed and I closed my eyes, expecting the fight to be over before it even got started. Millie was gripping my arm. When I opened my eyes again Luther was on the ground. He was up right away.

Neither of them seemed to gain an advantage. Big Red bellowed taunts, but Luther fought silently. It looked as if Luther took most of the blows on his elbows and shoulders, while Big Red took them on the jaw. I couldn't understand why Big Red didn't go down.

"It's a record," said Scott Tanner at length. "A half hour and they're still going strong."

Just then Big Red's right fist looped out. Luther was just stepping in and the blow caught him squarely on the jaw. His knees buckled and he fell heavily.

PANTING, Big Red stepped back. A cheer greeted his victory. I was stunned. It wasn't the bets I'd lost, but the way Luther had lost. Millie was no longer at my side. She was running swiftly to kneel at Luther's side.

"That time he didn't win," said John Kersey. "Reckon he's okay."

Scott Tanner nodded. "Can't stomach a man who can't lose."

Millie was cradling Luther's head in the crook of her arm. Luther's eyes opened slowly to look at me. He winked before closing them again.

"He's smart," said Scott Tanner. "An asset to the valley."

"You don't know how smart," I said.

Big Red flexed his great arms. "I showed him. Too bad—I like him better'n any of the others. But I reckon he ain't man enough."

Millie looked up at him. "Hush your noise," she told him clearly. "He's man enough for me. I'll marry whom I please."

A sheepish grin spread over Big Red's face as he said, "You're just like your ma, ain't you?" THE END

Gorillas Love Mom

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33

man's diseases and died. The first gorilla to reach the United States was imported by an animal trainer in Boston in 1897, but survived only five days. The New York Zoological Park's first gorilla arrived in 1911 and lived only 12 days. Their second, which was the first gorilla exhibited in this country, arrived in 1915 but lived only 11 months.

Discouraged, they didn't try again until 1928 when, beginning to suspect the need for companionship, they placed Janet Penserosa, a badly nourished 17-pounder, in the same cage with a young chimpanzee. The pair seemed happy, until Janet contracted infantile paralysis. (Two gorillas have suffered from this disease in America.)

Then came the amazing accomplishment of Mrs. Gertrude Lintz of Brooklyn, New York, who once owned 280 Saint Bernard dogs but switched to the raising of great apes. She had reared numerous chimpanzees and then, in 1931, a steamship captain brought her a baby gorilla. Eventually, he became Gargantua the Great; but at that time he was called Buddy and looked neither Gargantuan nor great. He weighed 22 pounds.

The captain later brought Mrs. Lintz another young gorilla, also a male. He was suffering from pneumonia on arrival and was in a critical condition. Mrs. Lintz lavished a mother's care on both young apes.

Massa, the younger of the two, refused to eat; for hours the woman would sit and rock the infant anthropoid in her arms. One day she happened to be chewing food when Massa raised his head and made a sound which told Mrs. Lintz that her pet wanted to eat. She removed some of the food from her mouth and the gorilla took it readily. For almost a year Mrs. Lintz chewed the food that the gorilla ate.

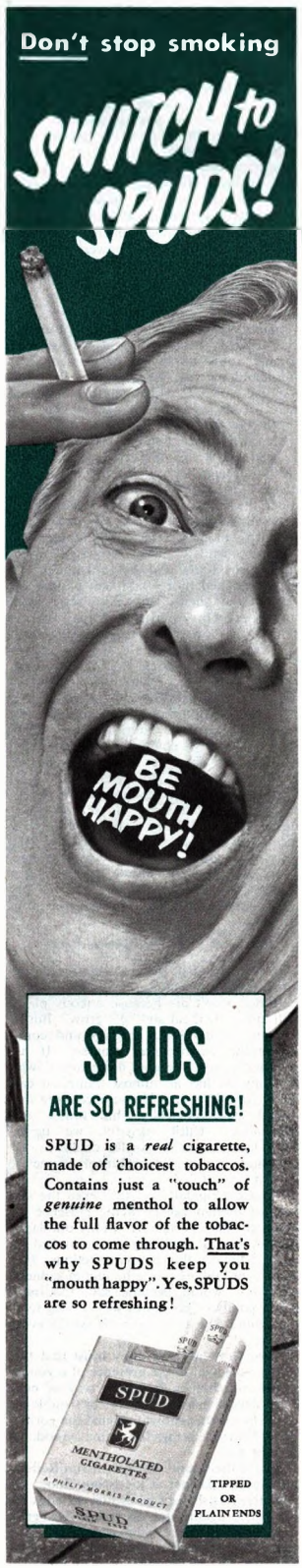
In time the apes were in robust health. They romped about the big house and climbed on tables in the basement billiard room. Like John Daniel, they ate rosebuds in the garden and wrestled on the wide lawn. As they progressed, Mrs. Lintz cared for them as though they were children. She oiled their coats, faces and hands. She extracted Gargantua's baby teeth by pulling on a gunny sack. The loose fangs became enmeshed in it as he held it in his mouth. Even after her gorilla boarders began to assume formidable proportions, she still permitted them to wander in the house.

It was a strange but happy household. The apes were hard to keep up with, but Mrs. Lintz had developed a deep affection for them.

Massa liked nothing better than to mop the kitchen floor. One day he was engaged in this household chore when Mrs. Lintz slipped on the wet floor. As she fell, one of her feet struck the gorilla. Massa jumped and overturned the bucket. The water flew in the air and the ape became frightened. Such unaccustomed antics upset him. Suddenly, Mrs. Lintz heard the low, guttural noise that a gorilla makes when it charges.

As the ape leaped on her she raised her right arm to protect her throat. The gorilla bit her arm time and again, breaking a large blood vessel. A woman visitor ran into the kitchen, grabbed an iron skillet and brought it down on the gorilla's head, knocking Massa out cold.

The friend ran out for help and Mrs. Lintz started to crawl across the floor. Reviving, the ape shook his head and charged again, this time tearing open the calf of his owner's right leg. Mrs. Lintz managed to kick him with the other foot. Massa drew back and, before another charge, Mrs.



Lintz crawled from the room and closed the door. The anthropoid became quiet and keepers whom Mrs. Lintz retained came running and got Massa back to his cage.

Weeks later, when her 22 bites had healed, Mrs. Lintz went back into Massa's cage. She said the ape appeared to have no direct recollection of the attack, but realized that he had conquered her. Her quasi-human friend had assumed a dominant attitude. Her foster-parental association with him was gone. Soon after, Mrs. Lintz sold Massa to the Philadelphia Zoo.

Mrs. Lintz continued to enter Gargantua's cage when he was a powerful animal of some 400 pounds. But gradually he, too, became obstreperous. He would fly into rages when she went away from him and, as he became more ferocious, the woman gave up entering his cage. Finally, she decided that Buddy, grown to 460 pounds, could no longer be classed as a household pet; so she sold him to John Ringling North, head of the circus. It was then that his name was changed to Gargantua the Great.

Meanwhile, Mr. and Mrs. Martin Johnson had sold a pair of mountain gorillas to the San Diego Zoo. The animals were alleged to be mates. There they came under the care of Mrs. Belle J. Benchley, the kind, motherly director of the institution. Again the instinct and intuition of woman prevailed. Mrs. Benchley raised them successfully and both of the great beasts weighed more than 600 pounds at the time they died. Unluckily they turned out to be two males instead of a pair. Mrs. Benchley is now raising three more young gorillas.

Down in Cuba, Mrs. E. Kenneth Hoyt was rearing Toto, who became Mrs. Gargantua, in luxurious surroundings.

The success of the women, and the instances of gorillas dying upon removal from a happy environment, gradually brought close observers the realization that there was something deeply emotional in a gorilla's make-up. They learned that companionship and a sense of security were vital to their well-being. They learned that once a young gorilla begins to mope, it is more than temporary moroseness. They know now that when this melancholy sets in, there is an unfilled void in the young ape's consciousness that can lead to death.

Danger Lies in Moroseness

Lee S. Crandall, general curator at the New York Zoological Park, puts it this way: "A kitten won't die because nobody plays with him. He'll eat and he'll grow. But if a young gorilla lacks security and companionship, he becomes morose. If he becomes morose, he goes down and down. If happy he has an almost unlimited capacity for play. And if you encourage the animal psychologically, his limits are unbounded. Until recently, we never knew how happy a gorilla could be. I still think it's the establishment of security that does it."

Curator Crandall says that even the actions of human beings in the presence of young gorillas is a factor. In the old days, he said, a small, unhappy gorilla looked so sad and forlorn that it was infectious. His keeper, on looking at the bundle of sadness each day, would become sad, too, and would go about his duties with a long face and dismal air. This made the gorilla even sadder.

Now, Crandall says, they insist that the keeper act jovial in the presence of a young gorilla, whether he feels that way or not. If the keeper has a hang-over or trouble at home, he mustn't show it around the gorilla cage. When he brings the animal's food, he must be gay.

That is the reason why genial Jim Reilley is the gorilla keeper at the Bronx Zoo.

Reilley's Irish face gives him an edge in any battle against melancholia. His grin is perpetual and his laugh carries conviction. He has lived so long with Oka and Makoko, the zoo's prize pair of gorillas, that their relationship is far greater than that usually existing between keeper and zoo denizen. Recently I watched him enter the cage with Oka, the 300-pound female.

Oka put her arms around him and they began a playful wrestling match. Oka started to chew his shoulder. Reilley reached around and started tickling the ape in the ribs. Soon the two of them were laughing uproariously. Some visitors came along and they started laughing. I began to laugh, too. I laughed so much that I began to feel psychologically adjusted myself.

John (Tex) O'Reilly, the author of this article, is a member of the New York Herald Tribune staff and makes a specialty of stories about animals

But such a scene as this represents the end of a long chain of adjustments. When a baby gorilla is captured in Africa, the shock of leaving natural family life is overcome with the aid of native women. Phillip Carroll, the animal collector who has brought in most of the gorillas in this country, says that if a newly captured gorilla becomes downcast and refuses to eat, he might as well be turned loose in the jungle again.

But once a partial adjustment, at least, is made, the young ape is put on a plane and transported quickly. On arrival in New York, another adjustment is made at the animal dealer's establishment. The anthropoid offspring is placed in charge of a woman. After at least a month's quarantine, the gorilla is taken to the zoo, where another woman or an especially ingratiating male keeper starts work on the final job of fitting the creature to its new life.

There are many pitfalls along the way. Last November, George Vierheller, director of the St. Louis Zoological Park, received a small gorilla named Bobo. He put it in the ape and monkey house and the other animals started an uproar, as they usually do when a strange creature arrives. Bobo, who weighed only 14½ pounds, was upset by the racket. He became frightened and lonely. Mr. Vierheller was fearful of losing his gorilla, so he had his ape keeper, Frank Florsek, take the youngster home with him.

Bobo quickly became a member of the Florsek family. Mrs. Florsek, who had raised three children, took charge of him and he became deeply attached to her. Mr. Vierheller was pleased, until he discovered that it was impossible to get Bobo away again. When attempts were made, he howled something awful. A young chimpanzee was sent to live with the family, in hopes that Bobo might transfer his attachment to his anthropoid cousin. Bobo spurned him and clung to his human associates.

Now Mr. Vierheller is in the curious predicament of having a healthy and valuable ape (young gorillas bring up to $7,500 delivered) but he can't put him on exhibition in the zoo. He announced that he is going to get another young gorilla to add to the Florsek family. The scheme is that Bobo and the new gorilla will be happy with each other and then can be brought back to the zoo together.

Meanwhile, Bobo plays around the house under the watchful eye of Mrs. Florsek. He now weighs 48 pounds.

Like other officials of the country's large zoos, Mr. Vierheller hopes to be the first to breed gorillas in captivity. The competition is keen, but so far it has just so happened that no American zoo has had a well-adjusted pair of fully grown gorillas. The San Diego Zoo's great mountain gorillas were both males. There are giant males in various zoos—such as Bushman, in Chicago, who is the finest specimen in America. Mr. and Mrs. Gargantua were both acquired when they were large and the circus never risked putting them in the same cage. They might have fought, rather than spooned, and anybody would shudder at the thought of trying to separate 900 pounds of fighting gorilla.

The New York Zoo stands the best chance of being the first to have a gorilla family. Oka, the 300-pound female, and Makoko, the 422-pound male, are nine and eleven years old respectively and have almost reached maturity. They grew up together and are adjusted gorillas. As they increased in size, their play got rougher and rougher. Finally, they were separated, because Makoko developed the habit of playfully heaving his girl friend against the wall and then eating all her food.

This was just juvenile play, but it must be remembered that the strength of a gorilla is beyond belief. Gargantua used to twist a truck tire into pretzel shapes without any show of effort. One investigator estimated that the strength of a gorilla is seven times greater than that of man. Furthermore, they just don't know their own strength.

COLLIER'S

"When I ask for your opinion, don't take advantage of it!"

KATE OSANN

Two Anthropoids at Play

Each morning, Oka and Makoko are permited to play together for an hour or more. Recently, I was on hand early to watch this performance. The apes had just finished their breakfast of fruit and vegetables. The doors of their shift cages were opened and they hurried through them, both realizing it meant the play hour was at hand. After their cages had been cleaned the doors opened again and the gorillas returned.

Slowly, the steel door between their cages opened and Makoko walked into Oka's cage. At first the apes appeared to ignore each other, but close scrutiny showed they were watching each other out of the corners of their eyes. After pacing back and forth with great dignity, the two came together and held hands. For a few minutes they sat there like a couple of massive kids about to play London Bridge Is Falling Down.

"Now they'll start kiddin' around," Reilley said, grinning.

He had no sooner said it than Makoko stood up and beat his chest with both fists. (Gorillas express either pleasure or anger by beating their chests.) Then the two started to wrestle. What a sight! More than 700 pounds of frisky gorilla in a tickling match!

Sometimes they bent forward from the waist, like professional wrestlers, their heads together and their hands groping for holds. Once they got holds, they started rocking back and forth. Sometimes they rolled over and over on the floor. Sometimes they tickled each other in the ribs. At times, one or the other would break suddenly and flee through the door into the other cage. This usually resulted in a wild chase. Occasionally, Makoko would walk over and kick the steel door of his shift cage with the flat of his foot. When he did, the whole building seemed to shake. They have to keep replacing the doors because he kicks them out of shape.

As the two played, the sound of compressed-air drills and concrete mixers could be heard coming from over near the Reptile House where a home for the four great apes—gorillas, orangutans, chimpanzees and gibbons—is under construction. This will be a moated palace, incorporating the latest ideas in ape housing. Makoko and Oka will occupy the royal suite in this $450,000 château when it is opened next summer.

There they will have indoor quarters and, for summertime, an outdoor yard where visitors can watch them across the moat, instead of peering through bars.

Oka and Makoko will soon be full-fledged adults. Their new quarters with the outdoor yard will provide more natural living conditions. They are in fine health and spirits. With these advantages, it is expected that, sometime within the next few years, the New York Zoo will become the first zoo in the world to exhibit a gorilla family, complete with offspring.

When that happens, the line of visitors undoubtedly will extend from the zoo to City Hall.

"That," said Crandall, with a grin as broad as Jim Reilley's, "will be something."

It also will mean that Oka will be able to show all these women and laughing keepers the real way to bring up a psychologically adjusted gorilla. THE END

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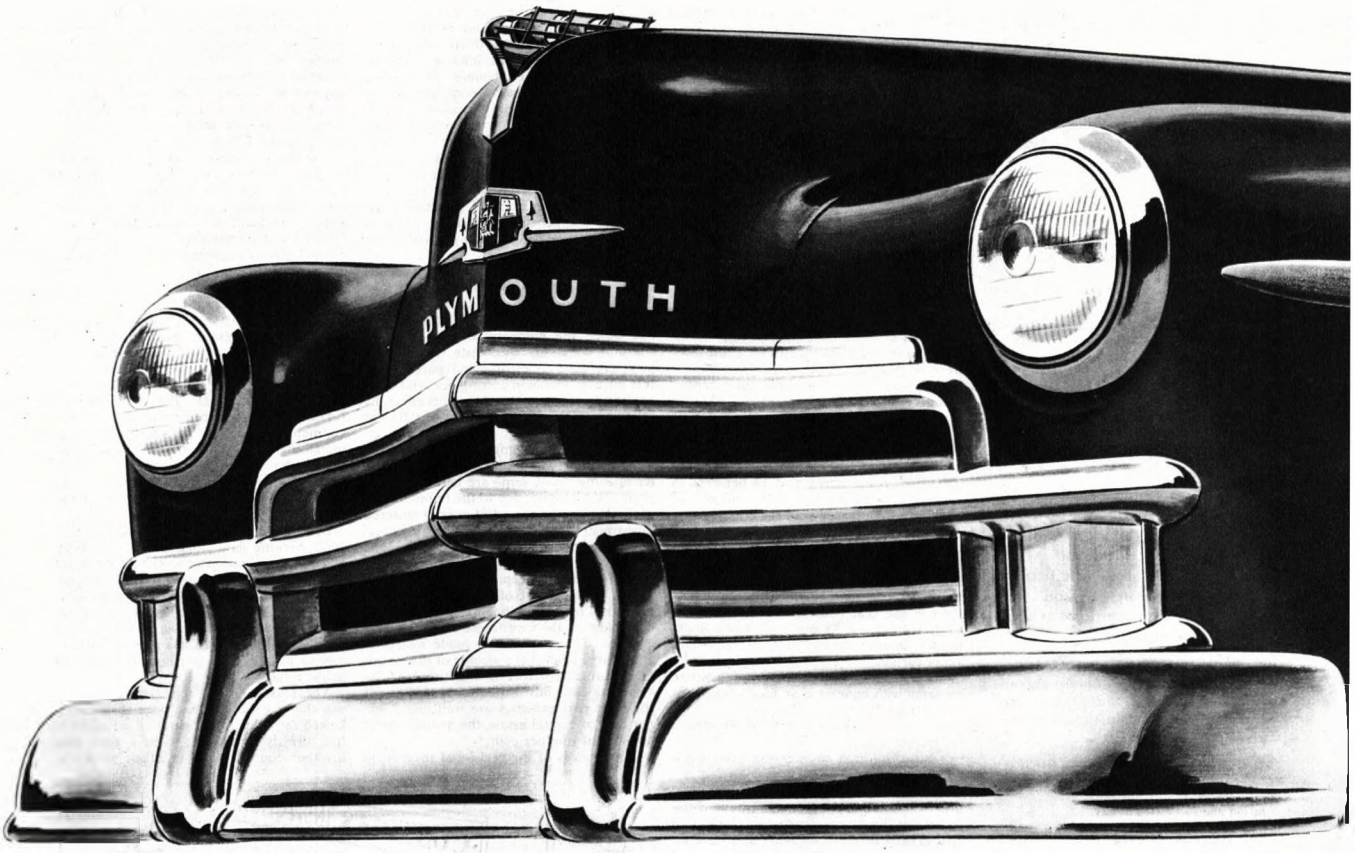

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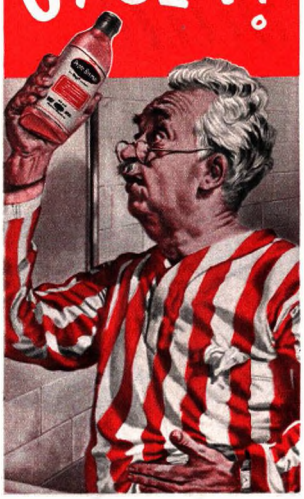

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The Little Capitalists Get Together

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 26

of what he is buying. He must decide for himself whether "leverage" shares are suitable for him.

WHAT GOOD DO THE INVESTMENT COMPANIES DO? It is fairly obvious that in making investment a reasonable and economical possibility for people with small sums to invest, they are serving a large number of citizens who have hitherto been excluded from the risks and rewards of ownership in American business.

Many essays have been written demonstrating how the shares of investment companies are suitable for foundations, colleges, trustees and other large institutional investors. The identical shares are available to the millions of Americans who would like to own a diversified piece of the industry of America.

THE YOUTHFUL GIANT. The registered investment company, as we see it today, is a new creation. It is the husky youthful giant in the ancient family of financial institutions. Its growth since the passage of the Investment Company Act of 1940 has been spectacular any way you want to judge it.

Perhaps the most significant way of judging this rapid growth is in terms of the amount of savings which have been recently entrusted to investment companies.

At the end of 1940, investment companies were trustees for about $1,100,000,000 of capital. By the end of 1948 their capital amounted to $2,200,000,000—a 100 per cent increase in eight years. Nine months later, on September 30, 1949, the capital funds in the hands of the investment companies had grown to the sum of $2,500,000,000. This is an increase of 14 per cent as compared to the end of 1948, and of 127 per cent as compared with the end of 1940.

If you judge the growth of the registered investment companies in terms of the number of their stockholders, the story is very much the same. In every recent year there have been more individual stockholders than in the year before, and at the end of 1948 there were 35 per cent more stockholders than at the end of 1940, only eight years earlier.

Victor Hugo has said, "More mighty than an army with banners is an idea whose time has arrived."

The reasons for the growth of investment companies are:

First of all, that co-operative investing is in itself a good idea.

Second, that since the law of 1940, federal regulation and supervision have eliminated, for the future, errors and abuses that had existed in previous years and have established ground rules for the protection of the investor.

And third, that Supplement Q of the Internal Revenue Code has caused most investment companies to distribute substantially all their income every year.

A GOOD IDEA. Why is the investment company idea a good idea? We can understand this best if we look at the investment company as a co-operative, as a means of joining together in a common investment program many individual investors with a common interest, providing in common what no single individual would be able or likely to provide for himself.

The investment company provides three important advantages that the ordinary citizen cannot provide for himself, or at best can provide only imperfectly. These advantages are: (1) diversification of investments; (2) experienced and continuous management supervision; (3) liquidity. And with these go a rate of return substantially higher than an individual can ordinarily obtain for himself without assuming risks with which he may be unfamiliar.

The diversification of holdings by any one of the larger twoscore investment companies staggers the imagination. No individual working alone could divide his savings over so many investment risks and opportunities unless he happened to be very wealthy indeed and was also able to give his full time to the job.

Some investment companies own securities in 100 or more different companies. They have an interest in public utilities, railroads, oils, mining, manufacturing and retailing enterprises. In each field of industry and commerce, a selection is made of securities of companies with preferred records of performance and prospects for the future. Other investment companies concentrate on a more limited range of securities, with the thought of making somewhat larger relative commitments in somewhat more special situations. Some investment companies are devoted to particular industries, but these are few at the present time. All nevertheless have the element of diversification, and all are therefore protected against overwhelming loss as a result of a single error of judgment. All share in the general welfare of the economic area over which their diversification is applied.

Next, there is the advantage of experienced and continuous management. The investment company is much more than a pool of diversified securities. These securities which the company owns are under constant watch by specialists who are always prepared to recommend purchase or sale of investments in accordance with their judgments as to how developments affect the relative values of the securities of different companies.

Of course, managements differ in ability; some are better than others. Some are better in some years, some are better in other years. But happily, due to the requirements of disclosure, the record of every registered investment company is open for all to see, the portfolios are public documents, and the investor can judge the management company he wants to keep.

The management of investment companies costs money. It has to be paid for by the holder of the investment companies' securities. This payment is made indirectly as a charge against the income of the investment company before it is distributed. Investment company expenses vary, but for the most part expenses are well under one per cent of capital assets, the average being about ½ of one per cent.

The records of the registered investment companies as to expense management are also a matter of public record, so that comparisons can be made.

Is this average expense ratio high or low? Every investor must judge for himself. If he has $2,500 in the securities of investment companies, he is paying about $20 a year for management. The significant question is "Could he do better for himself for less?"

Finally, there is the advantage of liquidity. The shares of the principal investment companies command a ready market. Like savings bank deposits or government savings bonds, they can be cashed in easily, if some emergency requires ready money. Unlike savings deposits or government savings bonds, the exact price of redemption cannot be foretold. It may be more and it may be less than the original cost. That depends principally on the level of security prices generally at the time of redemption.

The liquidity of investment company securities is a real advantage, but no one should purchase these securities merely because they are liquid or if they intend to dispose of them in a short time. Even though easily disposed of, the sale of investment company securities on any particular day is almost certain to be different, above or below, from the price at which the securities were purchased. Liquidity in investment company shares should be looked on only as insurance against unforeseen emergencies that may require instant cash in hand.

BUSINESS ASKED TO BE REGULATED. We must remember that the investment company as we know it today is something new. When President Roosevelt signed the Investment Company Act of 1940, a new instrument was created to help serve the saving and investing needs of the people.

Before the Investment Company Act of 1940 became law, long study had been given to the question as to just what the act should provide and how far it should go. In these investigations, businessmen, government officials and legislators worked together wholeheartedly over a long period of time, and the result has proved satisfactory to business, to government and to the public alike.

The reason for all this getting together was that a good idea had been shamelessly kicked around. Co-operative investment had already turned out to be a good idea in other countries and in many particular

COLLIER'S

"I must say, sir, I admire your devotion to your duty"

IRWIN CAPLAN

instances here in the United States. More than 60 years of experience in Europe, particularly in Scotland, had shown the practical value of co-operative diversified investments. Interestingly enough, American farm mortgages had been a popular buy for some of these foreign groups, and in this way needed capital funds were provided to the American farmer.

But in the years just preceding the crash of 1929, many investment companies were organized with objectives far removed from the old ideals of safety of income and diversification of sound capital investment. Some companies with longer histories were caught in the speculative current of the times. Some investment companies continued to do business soundly and maintained a solid position through those tempestuous days.

Then came the crash and the desperate years of the early thirties. The Securities and Exchange Commission was created in 1934, and the preceding investigations had disclosed instances where the managers of investment companies had been more protective of themselves and related financial institutions than they had been of their own stockholders.

Whether or not these instances were more numerous than might have been expected under the circumstances is beside the point. The fact is that the public, large investors and small investors, lost confidence in the investment company idea; and the provisions of the Securities and Exchange Act were not sufficient to restore the good name of co-operative investing under experienced management. Consequently the regulation of investment companies became a matter of serious consideration.

AND REGULATION WAS PROVIDED. Something more than the SEC was needed, and that something more was what business and government worked together to produce: the Investment Company Act of 1940.

Except for technicalities, some of which are very important in the running of the business, the regulatory provisions of the Investment Company Act are about what one would expect.

First of all, no company may offer its securities for sale to the public unless it has access to an initial $100,000 of capital. This provision discourages fly-by-night and petty operations. Next, an investment company must have a conservative capital structure. This means not too many bonds and not too much preferred stock. For new "open end" companies it means no bonds and no preferred stock at all. Nor can one investment company buy more than a small amount (5 per cent) of the stock of another investment company unless control has already been acquired.

Here is another important provision. Every investment company must make a public statement of its basic investment policies and these cannot be changed without the consent of the stockholders. This provision gives to every individual stockholder a chance to express himself personally on any proposed policy change, and ample opportunity to get his savings into another company if he does not approve the old company's new policy.

Finally, strong provisions of the act safeguard the trustee relationship of boards of directors and management to the savings whose investment has been put at their discretion. For example, at least 40 per cent of the directors of an investment company must be persons who are neither officers nor investment advisers of the company. Nor may there be any inside dealings between the company and its directors and officers.

The investment companies welcome these regulations, since they make specific by law the elementary requirements of sound investment company practices.

Naturally, no set of regulations will guarantee against the uncertainties of the future in general or of managerial discretion in particular. But these uncertainties may cause both favorable and unfavorable results. And in any case, the income and gains derived from investment are the reward to the individual for putting his savings to use in an always uncertain world, uncertain yesterday as well as today and tomorrow.

One additional legal provision needs to be kept in mind. That is the famous Supplement Q of the Internal Revenue Code. This Supplement Q applies to any investment company which meets prescribed standards of diversification of investments and which distributes to its stockholders not less than 90 per cent of its income for the taxable year computed without regard to capital gains or losses. Such a company is exempt from federal corporation income taxes upon that part of its income and that part of its capital gains which it pays out to its stockholders. The stockholders of an investment company pay income or capital gains taxes, as the case may be, on income received, but since the investment company pays no taxes on what is paid to the stockholder, double taxation is to that extent avoided.

The consequence of this Supplement Q has been that most investment companies distribute to their stockholders every year all of their net income, whether it be from dividends, interest or profits on the purchase and sale of securities. There are important exceptions to this practice, but by and large, the stockholder of an investment company receives in dividends every year substantially all that the company makes.

THE MONEY GETS REINVESTED. So far we have been looking at the investment companies for the good they may do the individual investor. But there is another good that is hardly less important, and that is what the investment company does in helping to maintain healthy capital markets. For the investment companies make it possible to direct the small savings of millions of people into equity investment in American business on a prudent, economical and supervised basis.

The life insurance companies and the savings institutions generally are restrained by law and custom from assuming the risks of ownership in American business. Even if there should be some relaxation in legal requirements, it is unlikely that the trustees of these institutions would invest largely in equities with depositors' money payable at par on demand.

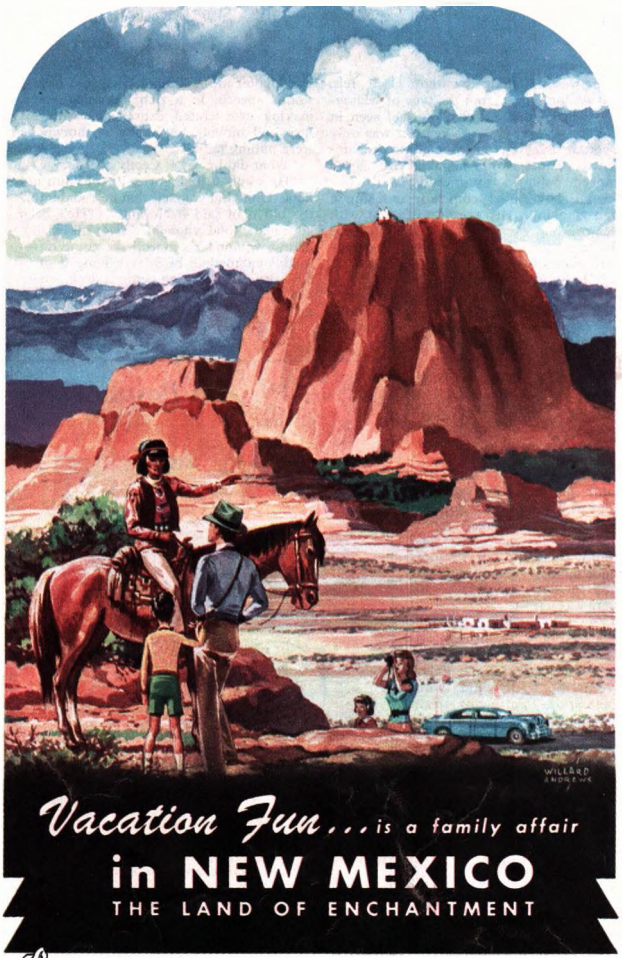
The investment companies offer a powerful escape from the necessary rigidities of trust and savings institutions. They afford the single regular institutional channel for bringing together savings, large and small, that can properly be committed to equity investment. In doing so they tend to restore to the equity markets, in part, capital that had been withdrawn as savings. They thereby make it again available to take the risks and rewards of ownership. Just as the investment companies already perform this service with respect to the savings of individuals, they may in the future come to have an important similar position with respect to endowments and pension funds. As a matter of fact there are already instances where endowments and pension funds have invested some portion of their capital in the securities of investment companies.

The investments of the investment companies serve only in the most indirect way to ease the tightness of capital for investment in new business. Most investment companies have most of their investments in the easily marketable securities of standard companies.

It is not likely that this situation will change in the near future. The risks and costs of straying very much afield are too great to justify for most investment companies the chance of an occasional bonanza turning up out of the unknown.

By and large, new business is not the business of the investment companies.

The business of the investment companies is to give to investors, large and small, a means of putting their savings into the ownership of business, with diversification, with management and with liquidity. The co-operative investing idea is a good idea. Apparently its time has arrived. THE END



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Tiki

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 19

There was something about him, Cecily felt, that set him apart from the type of bedraggled and apathetic native she had seen in Atuona. Perhaps, she thought, it was only a certain liveliness in his manner, his animated gestures with his cigarette as he smoked, puffing away grandly, almost like a small boy rather comically mocking a man smoking. His eyes were alight with pleasure and excitement and that too was different: the eyes of these island people were more often distant and withdrawn.

"Cecily," Charles said, "take a drink."

The steward was standing before her with his tray. She accepted a glass. Everyone was silent while the boy passed on to the trader and the Marquesan, and then returned, with his tray, to the bar at Charles's elbow.

"If people are interested in it and come to see it, I like to show it to them," Mr. Skaneateles said. "But it ain't for sale. It was in my wife's family, handed down like. She could tell thirty-two generations of her genealogy but our four kids all died ahead of her and she felt bad about her family being done with, so I made up my mind to keep that tapa for her, since it was all there was left."

"A most delicate tribute," Charles said. "But isn't it an expensive one?"

"I could of sold it nine times over," the trader said, with some pride. "For plenty, too."

"And do you suppose your dead wife appreciates your sacrifice?" Charles asked.

"Sure she does," Mr. Skaneateles replied, as if he considered it a foolish question. "Sure. Her and all her people —she come from this island."

THE trader lifted his glass and drank. His Adam's apple ran up and down in long, appreciative swallows; and the Marquesan drank and then spat between his fingers on the carpet, and lighted a cigarette from the butt of the one he was smoking. The Marquesan caught Cecily's eye and grinned. "Prenty beer," he said, and lifted his glass.

"He knows good and well it ain't beer," Mr. Skaneateles said. "He's playing up to you. But I will say him—or me neither—don't see many folks from the outside in a year around, and a lot more seldom we see any like you people. We don't get liquor like this, either. So you pardon us, Miss, if we all get dog-drunk. Although I'll say good whisky takes a long time to turn me blotto. But it makes me talkative quick enough." He pointed a purple thumb at the Marquesan and said, "His name is Laughter in the Teapot. His granddaddy was a cannibal."

Laughter in the Teapot drank and laughed and choked, and when he had recovered spat again between his fingers.

"He's the last of his family too," Mr. Skaneateles said. "Everyone is the last of everything in the Marquesas. Did the doctor over there tell you how long it would be until their race is extinct? It's kind of interesting to try to cipher it out. We ain't got enough people left on our island now for them to even keep a priest any more. And the valleys used to be jam-packed, in the old days before the whites. Beautiful land, beautiful people. The islands of beautiful people, the old Spaniards said. Now all that's left is the floors of their houses, hundreds of them, all grown over now by the bush. Beautiful land, no beautiful people. Jam-packed with ghosts, that's all. Them still left, they set around like scarecrows, set and die."

Laughter in the Teapot burst into impassioned speech, in a rich, booming voice, making exaggerated expressions with his face and moving his hands as though he were pulling taffy.

"What did he say?" Cecily asked.

"He wants to tell stories. I told him not now. Don't kid yourself that he's so dumb," the old man said irrelevantly. "He's been educated, good enough. Why, his granddaddy wouldn't no more have come down in this cabin than he'd have jumped off a cliff. It was tapu to go below a deck, where someone might walk over your head. But *he's* shut of all that stuff, Laughter is."

Mr. Skaneateles winked at Laughter in the Teapot and the Marquesan bared his teeth in a droll, grotesque grin. His eyes were glowing and his nostrils dilated to his quick, ebullient breathing.

Quite suddenly he lost his comic aspect and Cecily found herself in an unexpected electric sympathy with his strange intensity, if for no other reason than that it was strong and genuine, and therefore moving.

"I won't say we ain't got a wild one or two yet, living back up there in the mountains," Mr. Skaneateles said. He winked again at the Marquesan, hugely, as if he spoke in double meanings that turned on a private joke between them. "Gone in the head they are, and they get sad to see things nowadays and they try to turn back to the old ways but they've mostly forgot how, so they go up there and hide and live like animals." He guffawed and Laughter in the Teapot laughed loudly with him and lighted another cigarette. Mr. Skaneateles wiped his eyes, watching the Marquesan merrily, and said, "But it's hard on them because they ain't got company to talk to—and God how they love to talk!"

"I'm sure they do," Charles said agreeably, from across the room.

Mr. Skaneateles continued to talk. Charles listened with a cordial interest. The trader drank incredible quantities of whisky and soda and he talked of business, and how popular chewing gum was with the children; of the old, old days in the Pacific, when he had been young and prosperous and had been ruined by the Long-Handle Firm, the gigantic German trading company, Deutsche Handelsund Plantagen-Gesellschaft der Sudsee Inseln zu Hamburg, which built a Pacific empire for Germany in the time before the first World War. He talked of his departed wife. Her name had been Kaukau Haa. Her granddaddy, he stated, had also been a cannibal. She had been the adopted mother of Laughter in the Teapot. She had done the trader's bookkeeping and typing. They had lived together for twenty-two years.

"Ah, now," Charles said at that point, "I thought you men out here changed native wives as frequently as you changed shirts." He smiled at the trader's grimy shirt, stained with sea water, and added, "Or perhaps more often still."

The trader was silent for a moment. Cecily could not tell whether he was hurt or angry or even aware of the gibe in Charles's words.

He said at last, "Not me and her."

Cecily's eyes unaccountably filled with tears. She felt that she was smothering. She thought she had drunk too much of Charles's whisky. She said, "Excuse me," and went past the Marquesan and up the ladder to the deck.

The night was a deep, still blue, filled with enormous stars. The open air was a relief. She stood by the rail. A host of minute creatures swam past the ship and created a glow like the flare of a match. There was activity forward, and a topside light flashed on and then off, and she saw their Polynesian pilot and André and a deck hand working at the yacht's longboat.

AFTER some time deck lights snapped on in a yellow flood, and the Marquesan and Mr. Skaneateles and Charles appeared. The trader was carrying a bottle of whisky in each hand and reeling as he walked, and still talking; again about cannibals, and the ancient days of savage life among these empty islands.

"... bashed in your brains," he said. "I've got the holy stone they done it with, and made into a tiki. That I'll sell you, mister."

"You can buy them by the gross in Papeete," Charles murmured, "these supposed holy images."

"Beautiful people," the old man said, as if he had not heard Charles's remark. "Lovely, good people, but, ah, bloody."

André came aft, hurrying. The Marquesan went over the side to Mr. Skaneateles' cutter, a slim-masted cockleshell lying alongside. It looked like a decked-over canoe, and was smaller by several feet than the schooner's longboat. Mr. Skaneateles stuffed the two bottles of whisky into his pockets and followed.

Charles said, "Cecily."

Cecily said, "You don't expect me to go?"

"By all means, my dear. We're going to see the tapa. It's to be a party."

"But in this costume?" she said. "See how I'm dressed."

"Certainly, for a party." Charles spoke very distinctly in his pleasant voice. His round brown eyes looked amiably past her face. "It will please them for me to take a woman with me."

Cecily hesitated, and then gathered her skirts and swung her legs over the rail. She found the ladder with her toes and made her way down. The Marquesan lifted her into the cutter. She was a little startled that he did so, and she imagined a curious thrill at his touch, at the exuberance trembling in his hands.

His face was upturned to the sky, and at the angle of her vision his head and shoulders seemed to rise from the black profile of the island's mountains hung high upon the backdrop of the night, so that she was struck by a momentary illusion that he was the living embodiment of those silent places, those mountains that were wild with the wildness of the hidden people there, the feral people who sought the old, forgotten ways. She was fascinated and then, for an instant, unreasonably afraid. The yacht's searchlight sprang to life and stabbed down upon the boat, and the illusion vanished. Something swirled and plunged softly in the sea near by.

"Mako," Laughter in the Teapot said. He snapped his teeth in imitation of a shark. "Mako come quick to light, woman too."

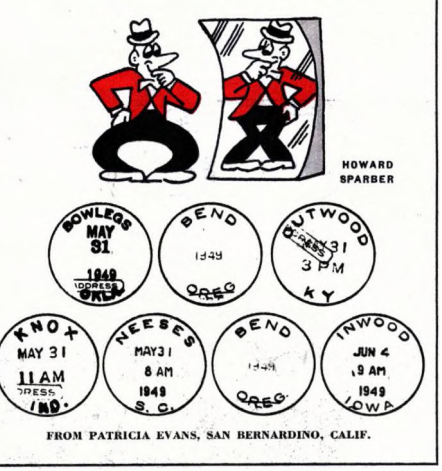
Cecily would have liked to know if he meant woman too came quickly to light, or shark came quickly to woman too, but Mr. Skaneateles was opening a bottle of whisky and offering it to her.

She said, "No, thank you," and sat down in an inch of warm salt water.

"Here," Mr. Skaneateles said. He arranged a scrap of soggy tarpaulin for her to sit on. He spilled some whisky from the bottle and said, "Well, damn it," and added immediately, "Pardon my French, Miss."

Charles still stood at the rail above, talking to André. "This stuff is fit to drink," the

Picture Postmarks



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TRADE MARKS REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

trader said. "I'd almost think you people was deliberately trying to get old John drunk." He took a long pull at the bottle and handed it to Laughter in the Teapot. He said, "He wants that tapa, don't he? You should of heard the prices he went to offering me."

"He's very determined," Cecily said. "He usually gets what he wants."

"Maybe so," the old man said, studying her in the glaring light. Cecily was captivated by his bright blue eyes, bold and reckless now, entirely different from what they had been when he was sober. "What he does with it after he gets it, though, that's the joker. His woman now, I hear how he gives her whippings in front of his servants. You're a relation of hers, you say?"

Cecily was struck dumb with astonishment and a cold, stunning shame.

"When I drink I'm talkative," Mr. Skaneateles said. "You've got an Anaan pilot in your crew and he's recited the story all through the archipelago. Well, a man as rich as him can't do no wrong, can he? Don't you worry, Miss. He won't get my tapa."

Charles ran down the ladder, lightly, for his size, but he took pride in doing such things well.

Cecily said desperately, "Charles, I really can't go. Please let me stay."

"But we're started now," Charles said absently. He signaled with a flashlight in his hand and the lights of the schooner were cut. Laughter in the Teapot took his place in the stern sheets at the tiller. Mr. Skaneateles continued to talk. Charles graciously took a drink from the bottle. Cecily felt that she was freezing. Her body was wet to the waist. The green dress clung to her like a sodden sheet.

THEY slid upon the surf, its spray flung itself over her, the Marquesan shouted in a startling yell, "Hee!" and they shot through a roaring tunnel of black water that clapped its mighty hands upon their heels.

The cutter was brought up against a flight of dripping steps hewn in a rock wall. The Marquesan lifted Cecily out and, with her head close to his, she heard him singing beneath his breath. Mr. Skaneateles, by now, needed help to walk, and Charles went beside him with his light.

The Marquesan led the way. A group of ragged children who appeared before him on the road turned aside quickly, silently into the darkness, but Laughter in the Teapot seemed not to notice them. His step was curiously rhythmical, as if the song in his mind was swelling through his muscles and edging him into the dance. Cecily thought the light of the electric torch made it appear that he had actually grown in size. His ragged dungarees and the battered old hat on his head could not conceal his animal litheness and the majesty of his bearing. He was a giant, a warrior, conscious of the surge of life and the glory of his being. He dwarfed the white men behind him. The *u'u*, the war club, was in his hand. His bare feet, at each step on the slick mud of the road, twisted a trifle this way and that, in rhythm, in the merest suggestion of the rhythm of the dance.

There was a lamp burning in the white frame store, and two half-grown girls were waiting there to join them. They wore shapeless dresses and they looked like slum children anywhere, with enormous eyes and thin wrists, but in the mood that possessed her, Cecily saw the cheap cotton prints as dyed *pareus* of tapa cloth, and the classical Greek lines of the girls' bodies and the grace of all their movements lent them enchantment. The beautiful people.

One of the girls, a supple, high-breasted creature, hurried about in ecstasies of alternate delight and shyness, pouring whisky into glasses and tin cups, while Laughter in the Teapot spoke to them volubly, and Mr. Skaneateles staggered through the store to fetch the tapa.

Charles took Cecily's arm and said, "Now for the great moment," and followed him. Cecily's teeth were chattering. She thought she would never feel warm. She went with Charles into the back room of the store, a crowded, miserable room dominated by a brass bed, a glittering gasoline lantern, and stacks of empty cartons and tin cans beside an open back door. The tapa was stuck in a roll behind an ancient typewriter on a table by the bed.

"And her typewriter, too." Charles said. "How very touching!" But his voice lost its bantering note when he unrolled the tapa in the light of the lantern. He said, "By George!" and dropped to his knees and spread the tapa on the floor. He said in his soft voice, "It is real, after all."

It was a strip of dark, soiled cloth, made from pounded bark, and imprinted with a dim pattern resembling swastikas.

"Thirty-two generations," Mr. Skaneateles said, swaying over Charles. "That's what's left of them."

Charles knelt before the tapa, absorbed.

"Thirty-two generations," the old man said. He gave the brim of his straw hat a rap and pushed it over his eyes. "That there's the epitaph." He peered at Cecily and then looked about and found an old coat on a chair and gave it to her. "That's the way they die, Miss," he said. "They get cold in wet clothes."

Cecily put the coat on like a cap and drew it around her. It smelled of beer and strong tobacco.

"I really must have it," Charles said, almost plaintively, from the floor.

"Epitaph," Mr. Skaneateles said, speaking to Cecily with great earnestness. "Did you ever see Stevenson's grave, Miss? It's one of the places in the South Seas looks like it ought to. You climb up Mount Vaea from where he lived; you go in the time of the southeast winds; when the skies are clear, why, you look down, there's the blue sea sparkling, and the hills as green as jewels, and Apia all white lace around the bay. The mountains stand up there behind you like the gods in feather cloaks. He found his Treasure Island, you may say. You know his epitaph, 'under the wide and starry sky' and so on. A poet deserves the best in them things, tombs and epitaphs. He can't often afford the best in anything else, can he? I knew Robert Louis Stevenson, once, Miss. But I knowed more about him from his epitaph. It shouldn't tell what you was but what you wanted to be, like her tapa there tells how her and her people wanted pretty things. How do I buy a drink?"

He started out of the room and ran into the wall.

"Cecily," Charles said, "please keep them out of here."

Cecily led Mr. Skaneateles through the door into the front room. One of the native girls, laughing, came to them with drinks, but she met Cecily's eyes and subsided into instant embarrassment. There was a white flower in the girl's hair. Her teeth were bright and even, and the modeling of her face was indeed beautiful.

Laughter in the Teapot, sitting on the floor, smoking a cigarette, began talking excitedly.

Mr. Skaneateles said to Cecily, "He wants you folks to go to his *paepae* and he'll make kava." Mr. Skaneateles drank from his cup and dropped into a chair. He said, "He wants to celebrate looking at the tapa. The tapa means as much to him as it does to me. Maybe more. Big tiki."

Mr. Skaneateles gave his head a shake and the straw hat fell off and rolled bobbing on the floor. His head was bald across the top, and freckled with large brown spots.

"I'm afraid we won't have time," Cecily said. "We're going on tomorrow."

"You'll hurt his feelings. He don't invite many people, Laughter don't."

CHARLES called her name, and Cecily went into the back room. Charles said, "Close the door, if you will." She closed the door and he got up from his knees and rolled the tapa and handed it to her. He said, "Take this and the flashlight and go to the beach. I told André to come in with the longboat and wait. He should be there now. I'll keep the old man entertained while you're gone."

She said foolishly, "Do you mean to steal it?"

"I'll see that he's well paid for it." Charles smiled and said in patient explanation, "It's simply that he doesn't realize its value."

Cecily said, "But you can't do that."

"This is scarcely the time to discuss it," Charles said. "He'll wonder what we're doing." He switched on his flashlight and went to the open back door and glanced outside. He said, "You can see the path quite clearly."

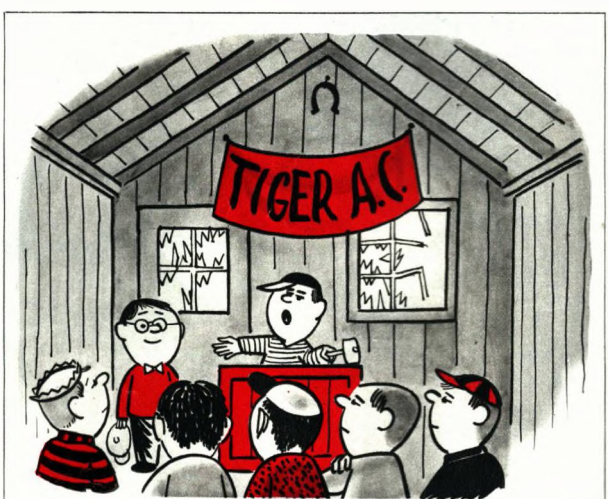
Cecily began to tremble. She said, "Charles, I won't let you do it."

Charles turned and looked past her and smiled wryly at nothing. He said, "I'm not sure I understand that."

"You'll kill it," Cecily said. "It's alive here. You'll kill it, like everything else, like Judith." She had never thought she would have the courage to speak like this to Charles.

Charles said, "Like Judith? My dear girl."

"I thought I could help her," Cecily said. "I can't, I know that now. You've



COLLIER'S

"It won't hurt to have a man in the organization who understands legal terms"

STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

simply used me to make it worse for her. You're killing her as surely as if you were strangling her with your hands. It's the way you are. It's amusement for you."

Charles said, "I'll take it myself. Go in and talk to the old man. And keep this door closed."

Cecily held the tapa behind her back. Charles reached around her and ran his fingers lightly down her arm and closed his hand on the tapa. She let him take it from her. "Go in to them," Charles said.

Cecily opened the door in the partition and stepped into the front room.

Charles said at her shoulder, "And do close the door."

Cecily drew the door shut behind her.

She saw Laughter in the Teapot, still seated on the floor, looking at her intently, almost as if he had been listening, which was clearly impossible, over the voices of the storekeeper and the two girls.

She reached back suddenly and pushed the door to the back room wide open. Laughter in the Teapot watched her with lustrous eyes. He leaped to his feet as if on springs and strode out the front of the store and down the steps into the darkness, his feet turning a trifle at each step in the persistent suggestion of the dance. The two girls cried gaily after him.

Cecily had the feeling, an absurd sensation, that she was not able to move from her place beside the door. She did not look into the room behind her.

The two girls became solemn. They squatted on the floor by the bottles and the glasses, gazing at her. The younger girl was smoking a pandanus cigarette. Their faces were like masks carved cleverly in wood. The littered counter of the store dissolved in the shadows behind them and the clean-limbed, beautiful people came in silent hordes to watch through the children's sad, inscrutable eyes.

Mr. Skaneateles said from his chair, "He ain't like the others, Miss, Laughter ain't."

CECILY turned quickly, fearfully, to look at him. She pulled the door to the back room shut once more.

"He's alive," Mr. Skaneateles said. "It's a big thing because all the others here are dead, so it makes him alive all over, like a bird in the air, living every minute. But you seen him. You remember me telling you about the people that turn wild and go up in the mountains? Well, Laughter's one of 'em. He went that way when his wife died. He don't come back at all except to visit me and see that tapa, and that ain't once in six months."

Cecily huddled inside the old coat, clutching it close around her. The two girls crouched at the counter, watching in silence, the younger girl smiling timidly.

"But I don't know what goes on in his head," Mr. Skaneateles said presently. His eyes were a hard and brilliant blue, but filled with warmth and pity. "I ain't his boss at all."

Laughter in the Teapot shouted at the door and ran into the room, his bare feet stamping on the floor. His eyes were crazed. His lips were drawn back from his teeth. His hands were clenched into fists. The girls screamed with delight and leaped up to snatch at his flapping sleeves.

On some uneasy impulse, Cecily opened the connecting door to the back room. She immediately felt a difference there, and she saw the rolled tapa returned to its place behind the typewriter.

She said, "Charles," as if he might be hiding in the shadows, hiding from the hissing light of the lantern and the shrieks of the excited girls.

There were footprints on the floor, the prints of damp, naked feet, leading from the outer door to the typewriter and back to the door and the black wall of night beyond. It was clear that Laughter in the Teapot had run down the path, overtaken Charles, brought back the tapa by way of the open rear door to replace it silently in the back room, and then gone outside again to re-enter the store by the front entrance. But Charles?

THE girls were clapping their hands at the dance of Laughter in the Teapot but when Cecily looked toward him he raised his head and saw her and stopped instantly and stood immobile. The muscles in his massive shoulders continued to move, spasmodically, in the syncopated rhythm of the dance. The two girls fell quiet again. The three faces were three still wooden masks upon the wall.

Cecily turned around and ran through the back room and out of the store. She ran down the steep path toward the bay, and saw ahead a circle of light. She stopped. The light approached her and became Andre, the captain, swinging the flashlight in short dazzling arcs beside his white uniform.

"Miss Pine," André said. "Mr. Eaton has had an accident."

Cecily could not speak.

Andre pointed with the light. A little tree spread contorted arms before them, and below it was a running stream strewn with rocks and a glimpse of stripes that might have been shadows and might have been Charles's colored blazer.

"He fell," André said. "There is a ledge beside the road here. It is low, only a few feet, but he struck his head against a rock."

Someplace, near at hand in the unseen valley, there was a sound like the muffled beating of a drum, or the pounding of Laughter in the Teapot's naked feet on the worn floor of the store.

"He is dead," André said. He said respectfully, "He had been drinking?"

"Yes," Cecily said. "You know." She still wore Mr. Skaneateles' coat over her shoulders. She wrapped herself deep within it. The leaves of the jungle around them rustled a tiny chanting chorus in the rapid rhythm of the dance.

"We were waiting at the beach," André said. "We saw his light, and then we saw it fall. We came at once, but there was nothing to be done." THE END

It Pays to Get Fired

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

"I may be too tall, too short, too blond or too dark. In fact, at this point, I don't know *what* I am. But I can work. I can work like a dog."

"She didn't have to read a line after that," Miss Lupino recalled recently. "She was the girl I was looking for."

She worked like a dog—for 12 days. At the end of that time, her first picture, Not Wanted, was finished. It had cost only $151,000, including all salaries and the music. This sum is less than the individual salaries per picture of such stars as, say Gary Cooper, Claudette Colbert, Cary Grant, or, for that matter, Ida Lupino herself.

Sally earned something like $1,000 for a three-week stint, one week of which was spent in rehearsal. Her salary was about tops in the project.

Not Wanted, a moving, simply told story about an unwed mother, got nice reviews. So did Sally. But the box office spoke louder than any of them. When a $1,000,000 gross was predicted—on the $151,000 investment—RKO took over the Lupino-Young organization and gave Sally the lead in another film, Never Fear.

Although Never Fear cost twice as much to make as Not Wanted, the big studios were again impressed, enough to begin waving contracts under Sally's chin. Who waved the papers with the longest numeral after the dollar sign? Why, M-G-M, of course. Weren't they the people who gave her her start—by firing her? THE END

Emily Post SAYS:

Upon the death of a friend you should go at once to the house, write "With sympathy" on your card and leave it at the door. Or, you write a letter to the family. In either case you send flowers, addressed either to the funeral of (name of the deceased) or to the nearest relative.

The latter method is preferable, if the relative is a friend. But the former method is followed if the deceased alone was known to you.

On the card accompanying the flowers, and addressed to one of the family, you write "With sympathy," or "With deepest sympathy," or "With heartfelt sympathy," or "With love and sympathy." When flowers are addressed to funeral of the deceased, no message is included. If there is a notice in the papers requesting that no flowers be sent, you disregard it only if you are a very intimate friend.

A very natural impulse of kindness is to send a few flowers with a note either immediately or a few days or weeks after the funeral to any bereaved person who is particularly in your thoughts. A few flowers sent from time to time—possibly for long afterward—are especially comforting in their assurance of continued sympathy.

FLORISTS' TELEGRAPH DELIVERY ASSOCIATION, 149 Michigan Ave., Detroit 26, Mich.

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Marriage Is a Dangerous Sport

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 23

calling to say that Dr. Chublow had them down for the fourteenth of next month, instead of this one.

Miss Crimps, the dressmaker, practically lived in the Smith home. She went around with her mouth full of pins and with a big pair of shears on a string around her neck. Emerald stood for hours, as patient as an ox though much prettier, while Miss Crimps draped things on her and pinned things to her and told her to take a big breath or blow one out.

WHEN Sam called in the evenings, he found Emerald looking at him in an odd way. "What's the matter?" he asked. "Why are you looking at me like that?"

"I'm just wondering."

"Wondering about what?"

"If any man is worth what I'm going through. They're certainly giving me a going-over," said the bride-elect.

The ceremony was to take place in the Smith living room. The floral arch which was to form the centerpiece of the decorations arrived in good time.

"Oh, how sweet!" cried Mrs. Whityer.

"Let's put it up and see how it looks," said Mrs. Smith.

"You mean you're going to put that thing over the mantel?" said Mr. Smith. "Why, it must weigh a ton!"

Mr. Smith's temper was wearing very thin. His home had been upset for weeks, there were no proper meals and everywhere he went he ran into Miss Crimps with pins sticking out of her mouth.

He might as well have stood on the shore and told the waves to stop coming in. In a few minutes he was balanced on a stepladder and Sam was balanced on another, with the floral arch between them. They lifted it up and brought it down; they moved it two inches to one side and two inches back and the mothers stood at the end of the room and studied the effect. Mr. Smith said for Pete's sake, his arms were dropping off, without getting any sympathy. At last the ladies were satisfied, Sam secured one end and Mr. Smith secured his. At least he was in the act of securing it, leaning forward and whacking with a hammer, when the stepladder flew out from under him; Mr. Smith executed a complicated maneuver and fell on top of it with a resounding crash.

Dr. Dollfast came, found that Mr. Smith had cracked three ribs, taped him up, and put him to bed.

"Now who will give the bride away?" asked Mrs. Smith. . . .

The wedding rehearsal was held the following evening. Everyone admits that it is common for rehearsals to go badly but this one was unusually fouled up. It was not helped by Miss Crimps wandering through them looking under cushions for her shears which she had mislaid. The bridesmaids brought friends who giggled; and the best man, Georgie Sellars, stood under the floral arch and gave an imitation of Dr. Chublow.

Poor Sam could do nothing right.

"Try to move with dignity," said his mother.

Once more he wheeled into position before the arch, stepped back, tripped over a hassock and fell into a chair. He rose with a yell, clasping himself behind.

When Sam said that life had no more surprises to offer a man who had played center on a basketball team, he spoke too soon. There were surprises still in store. One of them was finding Miss Crimps's dressmaking shears by sitting on them.

Dr. Dollfast came as quickly as he could and stanched the flow. Sam was put to bed —on his face—in the Smiths' spare room.

"Oh, we'll have him on his feet in time for the wedding," said Dr. Dollfast, "but it's a very tender place, ha, ha!"

A calm of despair settled on Mrs. Smith.

"Accidents go in threes. Mark my words, something else will happen. Emerald, I'm so glad you are not in that terrible ski race tomorrow. At least, we have that to be thankful for."

Emerald dropped in at bedtime to say goodnight to Sam. He had placed a book on the floor and he was reading with his face hanging over the side of the bed. He took a dim view of weddings.

"Mother says these things go in threes. She says there'll be another accident."

"Why just one more? More likely we'll all be overwhelmed in some general catastrophe. It's a wonder to me that anyone survives the ordeal of getting married—rib crackings, scissor stabbings, general bedevilment. As for me, I'm not going to stir from this bed until the minister fetches me."

Downstairs the telephone rang. Mrs. Smith called up. "For you, Emerald."

She came back looking much happier.

"A ray of good news?" asked Sam.

"That was the race committee. They're in a pickle. Dody and Maddy can't race. Dody has tonsillitis. Maddy fell in the shower and twisted her ankle. The committee says that that leaves it up to me. So I said I'd race."

"I don't see how you could do anything else," said Sam. "The mothers, how are they taking it?"

"They're down there, moaning and eating aspirin. They already have me maimed, disfigured for life and the honeymoon ruined. They seem to think that if I don't turn up in perfect shape for the honeymoon, I've played you a dirty trick."

"Mothers have low minds."

"Do you feel that way?"

"Me? No. I'd be glad to take you on a honeymoon, even if I have to bring you in a basket."

THE Whityers and the Smiths gathered around the radio in Sam's room to hear the broadcast of the race.

"Good afternoon, ladies and gentlemen," said the radio, "I am speaking from the side of Mont Tremblant and in just a few moments we will bring you a description of the race for the Women's Downhill ski championship. The girls have gone up the mountain—they are waiting at the top for the timer's signal.

"Conditions are ideal. The weather is cold and sparkling and there are four or five inches of new snow. The trail is lightning-fast.

"There is a big crowd here, five thousand people scattered about the lower slopes and the finish line. We are stationed some way up the mountain where the trail takes a curve around the edge of a small cliff—place called Slaughterhouse Corner. A first-aid crew is standing by here with all equipment. They are still waiting up above, the timer has not given the signal.

"While we are waiting, a word about the contestants. We have a star-studded field here today, winners from all across the country: Rhoda Paul, the Western champ, Netta Nilsen from Vancouver, Babe Marshall from North Conway—and representing the home division, Emerald Smith. They're all out to win today, to come blasting down this rugged old speedway, shooting for a new record.

"Well, we're all set here, the fore-runners have gone past to break the trail and everything is ready. We're waiting for the timer's signal—there it is, there goes the flag! The race has begun, the first girl has started down the mountain! They are started with a short interval between them and they drop down this two-mile course in under three minutes—and that's traveling! In just a few seconds the first racer will come into sight. . . . Here she comes, here comes Number One—and she made it! Number One, crouched right down on her skis, made the turn all right and dropped out of sight down the hill. In just a minute we will give you her name—look out! Here comes another! That was Number Two—and here comes Number Three! They're coming too fast to give you their names. Folks, I wish you could stand here at this dangerous corner and see the girls come skidding round the edge, just miss the trees and go tearing on down. It's terrific!

"Here comes the favorites, the human cannon balls. Here's one—wow! That was Rhoda Paul, the Western champ. She looked as if she had been fired from a gun. Wow! What was that?—It looked like Babe Marshall, North Conway, but she was just a blur. . . . The next racer should be Emerald Smith. Here she is, here is Emerald—Merciful Heaven, did you hear that crash?

"That was terrific! Emerald Smith, going very fast, did not quite make the turn. She skidded over the edge on one ski, missed a tree, hit another, bounced back onto the trail and disappeared in a cloud of snow. What a race! I'll turn you over now to Ed at the finish line . . . Come in, Ed."

"This is Ed at the finish line. And what a race this has been! They are still working on the times—several girls have broken the old record. Everyone is milling around, the excitement is terrific. In just a moment we will give you the name of the winner. There it is! There she is, the winner and the new champion! Wait a minute, we'll try to get her to the mike. Hey, Emerald, Emerald Smith! Say something to the folks."

"Hello, Mum and Dad," said Emerald. "I'm fine—just a little skin off one knuckle."

AT LAST the great moment had arrived. Sam and the best man stood in their places. Reverend Dr. Chublow beamed under the floral arch.

The bride—and no bride ever looked lovelier—waited at the top of the stairs. Mr. Smith, his ribs still taped, seemed resigned to giving his daughter away.

The mothers exchanged thankful glances. Every single detail was arranged. No third calamity had befallen. At last they could relax and enjoy the wedding.

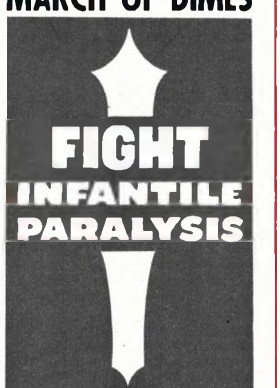
The wedding march pealed out; the bride and her father descended the stairs. Emerald smiled at Sam; his knees trembling, he tried to smile back. Reverend Dr. Chublow swelled his chest. "Dearly beloved—"

Softly the floral arch fell forward and beaned him. . . .

Afterward in the car on their way to the station, the new Women's Downhill ski-racing champion, now Mrs. Sam Whityer said, "They'll never get me into another wedding."

"Me neither," said Sam. "Too dangerous." THE END

MARCH OF DIMES



FIGHT INFANTILE PARALYSIS

JANUARY 16-31

Ana, the Political Pin-up

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27

Throughout Arizona she is known as the great "No" woman. She has said "No" to seven of Arizona's eight governors (she didn't get a chance at the eighth because he left the capitol before she arrived), to scores of state senators and representatives, attorneys general, treasurers, highway commissioners and similar functionaries, and to hundreds of lesser jobholders, contractors, lawyers and bill collectors who came to her with debatable claims for state funds.

At times when she deemed it necessary, she has also said "No" to the august justices of the state Supreme Court, and even to the sovereign people themselves when they voted to spend money in ways which she could not approve.

And when Ana says "No" she is a hard woman to budge. Masculine officeholders may fly into tantrums, governors may lose their dignity and pound their fists on her glass-topped desk, but they cannot intimidate Ana, or even ruffle her very much. She never gets into arguments, and she is always maddeningly calm. "If you don't agree with me, you can go to court and sue," she says. This is a devastating answer, for Ana has been sued many, many times, and has almost always won.

Perhaps it is Ana's charming smile that rouses the deepest exasperation among her male antagonists. "She just sits there and smiles and makes you feel like a fool," says ex-Governor Bob Jones, who had numerous minor tiffs with Ana during his terms. "She doesn't laugh at you exactly, but she seems to be saying, 'Now, now, little boy, don't lose your temper!' "

About the only time that Ana ever was really flustered by a male politician was back in January, 1927, just after she became auditor for the first time. Charles S. Studley, a veteran legislator from Pinal County, stalked into her office one day with a copy of the state constitution in his hand. Clearing his throat portentously, he began to read from Article 5, Paragraph 1, as follows: "The executive departments of the state shall consist of governor, secretary of state, state auditor, state treasurer, attorney general, and superintendent of public instruction, each of whom shall hold *his* office for two years beginning on the first Monday of January next after *his* election . . .

"Now it's just as plain as day, young lady," he announced, "that you cannot be the auditor, because the constitution says the auditor shall be a man." Then he turned around and marched out of her office.

The Judge Laughed It Off

Ana retained her composure until he disappeared, then she hurried up to the third floor of the capitol to the private office of Justice Alfred C. Lockwood of the state Supreme Court. He grinned as he heard her story. "Don't you bother about that," he told her. "The Nineteenth Amendment took care of the 'his' business. And *we'll* take care of interpreting the state constitution."

Several of Ana's more celebrated "Noes" have forced a complete turnabout in the political history of her state. At the 1948 election, for example, Arizona's voters approved an initiative measure setting up a civil service system for state employees. Ana studied this plan and decided that it was "vague, ambiguous, confusing, uncertain, conflicting within itself and incomplete and does not fix and establish any legal standards or guides for its administration, and is wholly violative of the essentials of due process of law."

Besides that, said Ana, the plan was unconstitutional and would produce a lot of unnecessary expense; she refused to pay any state salaries based on it. Deputy state treasurer, Philoma Hernandez, filed suit to force payment of the salaries but the state Supreme Court ruled the law unconstitutional.

This particular "No" earned Ana the enmity, at least for the time being, of the Arizona State, County and Municipal Employees Union, which had been the principal sponsor of the civil service measure. But only a few months before, Arizona's labor unions were loudly singing Ana's praises after she refused to pay $20,856.97 for salaries and expenses of a National Guard unit called out during a lettuce packers' strike. She was not convinced, she said, that money spent for guard strike duty was for a "public purpose." However, the Guard got its money when the governor overrode her rejection of claims.

This Is a Responsible Job

As auditor, it is Ana's job to receive, investigate and pass judgment on all financial claims against the state, including pay rolls, expense accounts, contractors' and supply bills, pensions, relief payments, and other categories too numerous to mention. When she finds that a claim is properly authorized, she signs and issues a warrant for the amount involved. (Warrants are the same as checks, except that they are drawn directly against the state treasury instead of a bank. And every one of them must have Ana's signature before it can be cashed.) When she disapproves, she sends the bill back to the department it came from.

Of course she approves far more claims than she rejects: Every month some 45,000 warrants roll through her office without a hitch. And since she became auditor, she has authorized the payment of more than $350,000,000 in legitimate claims. About one out of every 1,000 claims is turned down, but those are the ones which stir up the most fuss, and bring her the most applause from the taxpayers. Less scrupulous politicians sometimes grumble that "Ana acts as though it's her own money," and in a roundabout sense, it is. For Ana is the only state official who can be sued personally for recovery of all or any illegally spent state funds.

If she should approve an improper claim, any taxpayer could go to court and force her to pay back the entire amount, plus a 20 per cent penalty. So far, she has avoided any such ordeal.

A typical instance of the way Ana operates is what has been called the Case of the Thousand-Dollar Luncheon, which a few months ago had all of Arizona alternately chuckling and then choking with indignation. The luncheon was given at Tucson by the board of regents of the state university, who had just elected a new university president and wished to induct him with due pomp and ceremony. Handsome invitations were sent to academic dignitaries all over the U.S., and also to important state officers, including Ana. She ran her finger thoughtfully over the engraving, murmured, "Beautiful work," and filed it away for future reference. But she did not attend; she never does.

"In the first place," she says, "I don't have time. And in the second, it wouldn't be right for me to go and have fun, and then have to pass on all the bills later."

When the bills for the university's party reached Ana's desk, they were fully up to her expectations. The regents had run up a $1,117.61 printing tab for the invitations and programs, another bill of $848 for rental of caps and gowns for the visiting celebrities, and a $1,084.22 bill for the luncheon itself, including $232.43 worth of cold sliced breast of turkey, $170.11 for ham, $42 for 1,008 "tea sandwiches," $29.04 for spiced peaches, $19.48 for celery, olives and carrots, $33.66 for ice-cream sundae nut cups, $50 for 42 gallons of punch, and $33 for after-dinner mints.

Ana perused these items carefully, stamped "Rejected" on all the bills, and sent them back to the regents.

Now it happened that the new university

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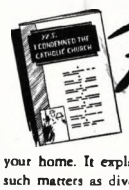

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president, Dr. Byron McCormick, was a former dean of the University of Arizona Law School, and many of the state's leading lawyers and judges are also loyal alumni of that institution. So when the regents sued, as they had to do for the benefit of their creditors, the preponderance of legal sentiment was in their favor, although public opinion generally was for Ana. The state's high court finally ordered Ana to pick up the check for the lunch, but praised her for being so careful.

And Ana's main point was won—it will be a long time before any other state institution throws another such elaborate luncheon at the taxpayers' expense!

Poem Settles Bull Argument

The board of regents is one of Ana's oldest antagonists; she has sued them and they have sued her at least a dozen times. One recent disagreement between them was resolved happily, however, in a state-wide gale of merriment. The university agricultural department had sent in an order for a "one-half interest" in a purebred Hereford bull and Ana held it up while asking the attorney general's office to decide whether it was a proper claim. The opinion which she got back from Assistant Attorney General J. Edward Jacobson read as follows:

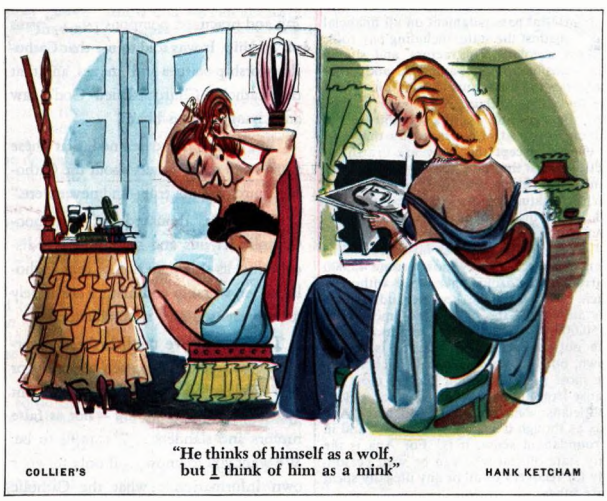
In re your question concerning a bull
Here follows our answer, complete and in full:
The purchase order to which you refer
Concerns "Indiana," a "him" not a "her";
The interest concerned is labeled "one-half,"
If not undivided it may cause a laugh
For one half is useful, the other eats food;
We mean to be careful and not to be rude.
But upon this order we need one correction
So that the books will not fail on inspection;
If the order is changed to "one-half undivided,"
We think the protection you need is provided.

Probably Ana's most celebrated coup was the campaign she waged several years ago against the expense accounts of higher state officials. At that time she declared publicly that $100,000 a year was being wasted in "wanton, reckless and unnecessary" travel, mostly by higher-ups, and mostly outside the state of Arizona. Almost every top official, she charged, was spending a considerable part of his time going back and forth to Washington, or to "conventions, conferences, meetings, clinics and so forth" in scattered parts of the U.S. Henceforth, she announced, no travel expenses outside the state would be approved by her unless they concerned actual state business, "which does not include mere attendance at a convention."

This drastic stroke won almost unanimous approval from the states' newspapers and taxpayers, and created a near panic among other officials, including the governor, who had authorized many of the trips which Ana labeled "unnecessary." Ana followed it up by ordering that expense accounts, even inside the state, must be submitted to her office and approved before any trip was actually made. At the same time she launched a series of lawsuits to recover nearly $100,000 which she said had been illegally expended by various state departments; these actions dragged on for years, but eventually most of the money was recovered.

Needless to say, the expense accounts dropped sharply, both in numbers and amounts and Arizona today probably pays as little for such purposes as any state in the Union. The legislature was so impressed by all this that it passed a new law greatly enlarging the auditing powers of Ana's office, and also making her the virtual dictator of the state's budget, with authority to investigate and suggest changes in any part of the budget before it even reached the governor. Bill Turnbow, veteran political columnist for the Phoenix Gazette, promptly dubbed this measure the "Czarina Law," and predicted it would make the governor a mere figurehead in budget matters. The legislature passed it anyway, after three different governors had vetoed it. It is still in effect.

Ironically, the legislators themselves were among the first to feel the rod of Ana's increased authority. In 1947 they passed what was known as the "Feed Bill," giving themselves $10 a day apiece for hotel and eating money while in session: their $8-a-day pay scarcely covered these expenses, and the voters had just refused to give them a raise. But when they turned in their expense accounts to Ana she refused to pay them on the ground that no separate appropriation had been made. The Supreme Court upheld her, and the saddened legislators had to wait for another session to pass a new and legally foolproof "Feed Bill" with proper opposition.



"He thinks of himself as a wolf, but I think of him as a mink"

COLLIER'S — HANK KETCHAM

Almost everyone in Arizona agrees that Ana saves a lot of money for the taxpayers by such activities, but no one really knows how much. Her admirers estimate that the direct economies effected by her office average around $100,000 a year, while the indirect savings are several times larger. Ana herself declines to guess. A large part of the money she saves undoubtedly results from what she calls her "nuisance value"—state officials and employees simply don't try to spend as much money as they might if she weren't there to go over accounts.

Inevitably Ana has made some devoted enemies. One group of Arizonans has never forgiven her for an incident that occurred some 16 years ago, following a tragic airplane accident. Carmel Giragi, a former printer's devil who had risen to be one of Arizona's most influential newspaper publishers, was flying to Phoenix to attend a State Fair Commission meeting when his plane went down in the mountains during a snowstorm. The then governor, B. B. Moeur, ordered National Guard planes to make a search, which ended with the finding of Giragi's body and that of his pilot. But when the bills for this activity were forwarded to the auditor's office, Ana declined to pay them. The search, she contended, was a private affair, and should not be charged to the taxpayers.

The governor and the dead Giragi's host of personal and political friends were outraged by this ruling, and for years the Giragi newspapers in Flagstaff and elsewhere opposed Ana at every state election.

Ana has another stanch newspaper foe in William R. (Bill) Mathews, peppery editor and publisher of the Arizona Daily Star of Tucson. Years ago Ana refused to pay for a subscription to the Star for the office of Secretary of State Dan Garvey, who is now the governor of Arizona. "Dan wanted to read his home-town paper, but I didn't think the taxpayers should pay for it," she recalls. She says she thinks this incident first aroused Publisher Mathews' antipathy toward her, an imputation which Mathews denies with scorn. His opinion of Ana was amply expressed in an editorial which he published at the time of the 1948 election.

Headed "WANTED: A NEW STATE AUDITOR," it went on to say:

"For many years Ana Frohmiller has been state auditor of Arizona. Throughout those years she has gone out of her way to be mean to Pima County [which includes Tucson and the state university]. Whenever an opportunity has come to embarrass Pima County . . . she has been mean, petty and downright perverse. . . ."

Mathews also charged that Ana was unduly influenced by the Arizona Tax Research Association, a "keep the taxes down" organization. "What the state needs," he concluded, "is a real big-game hunter for auditor, instead of one who just goes after petty game."

Despite this clarion call, no one else came forward to oppose Ana and she won an easy re-election. After twenty-three years she is pretty well steeled against newspaper criticism.

For her risky and important job, Ana receives $6,000 a year. Her tastes are modest: She lives by herself in a neat three-room apartment that costs $75 a month and is furnished largely with Victorian antique furniture and mellow old glassware in shades of lemon, amber, rose and green. Collecting such things is her principal hobby, but she budgets herself strictly—no more than $200 a year is spent on new acquisitions. Her clothes are mostly well-tailored, long-lasting business suits in grays and blues. Every Tuesday morning she visits the hairdresser to have her fluffy, brown-gray hair set in an attractive wave.

On the other five days of the week Ana is always at her desk before eight, though her office does not open officially until nine. At noon she usually goes across the street for a drugstore sandwich with a group of girls from her office. Her two closest friends and most constant companions are Mrs. Myrtle Harris, her tall, thin deputy auditor, and Mrs. Lillian Barber, her plump, grandmotherly reception clerk. Whenever her office is rushed with work, which is often, Ana likes to stay through the evening and work after everyone else is gone.

On other evenings she and a group of her office "girls" attend night-school classes at the near-by Arizona State College; one winter they studied accounting together, another year Spanish, and last winter Ana took up ceramics. She has what amounts to a dread of appearing "too feminine," and her office is bare and austere-looking, except for a single vase of roses.

Ana does not cook much, although she does usually have breakfast at home: coffee and one hot roll. Sometimes she and Mrs. Barber, who lives in the apartment below her, prepare their dinner together; sometimes she visits her married sister or brother, or just "eats around."

Ana has always managed her personal finances as efficiently as she does the state's. Every year she puts a stated sum into an annuity program; in a few years more she could, if she had to, retire with an income as large as her present pay.

Her simple mode of life is in keeping with her background, which is distinctly that of a self-made "career girl." She was born in Burlington, Vermont, on July 28, 1891. When she was seven, her parents—Michael and Mary Collins—moved to Phoenix, where her father opened a drugstore. Her mother died in 1908, leaving seventeen-year-old Ana in charge of seven younger brothers and sisters. She took commercial courses in high school, got a job as bookkeeper in a local meat market, and in 1916 moved to Flagstaff, in the rugged northern part of the state, to take a similar but better-paying post with the Babbitt Brothers Trading Company. The Babbitts were—and are—the leading merchants and landowners in that part of the country, and Ana's association with them was a definite boost to her political career. In 1922 when the treasurer of Coconino County (in which Flagstaff is located) died, Ana was appointed to take his place. She was re-elected twice to this position before winning her first race for state auditor in 1926.

Honeymoon in Navajo Country

Residents of Flagstaff recall that Ana had several persistent suitors while there; the one who finally won out and married her was Joseph Frohmiller, a sober, steady grocery manager for Babbitt's. On their honeymoon the young couple went off to manage a Babbitt trading post in Canyon Diablo on the Navajo Indian reservation. There Ana learned to swap groceries for Indian blankets, hides and silver jewelry, and to pack freshly sheared wool in 300-pound bags. The bags were lowered into a hole in the floor, and the packing was done by jumping on top of the greasy wool. One day Ana landed on a fat, slithery king snake; that was the last time she ever packed wool.

The marriage was not successful, however, and ended in divorce, after a few years. Mr. Frohmiller later died. In the late 1920s she made another try at marriage, but it also ended unhappily.

Ana's first election campaign in 1926 was almost the last in which she had to take an active part—on that occasion she drove all over the state making speeches at dances, county fairs and barbecues, and handing out paper fans with her picture on them. But for the last dozen years or more she has been re-elected regularly with no effort at all. Practically her sole political "activity" now is her annual "party contribution" of 5 per cent of her state pay.

The noise and flurry of political triumphs hold no great charm for Ana anyway. She has been through 12 noisy and elaborate inauguration ceremonies at the state capitol.

"The governor always takes the center of the stage anyway," she says, with a faintly satirical smile. "Last year I felt so sorry for our new attorney general and new state treasurer. They bought themselves new clothes and got all dressed up for it, but they didn't even get their names mentioned. I was used to that myself and, presently, I just slipped down off the platform and watched the show with the rest of the crowd. But those were such nice boys—and they were so disappointed.

"Governors never learn, I guess. But they can have the spotlight so far as I am concerned. I'll just keep on doing my job here as long as the voters will let me." THE END

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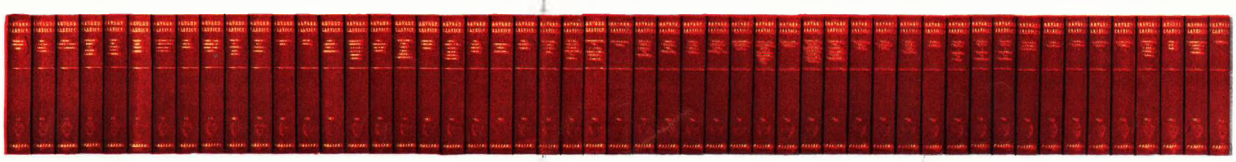

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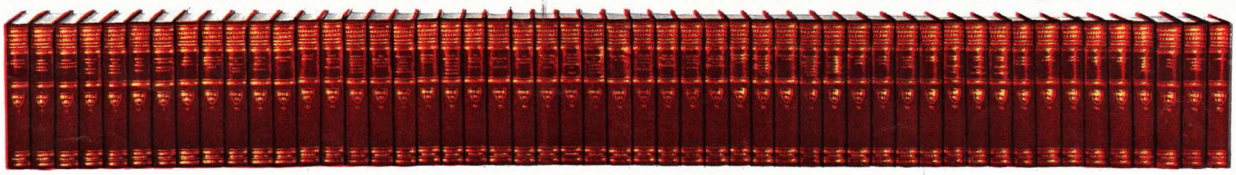

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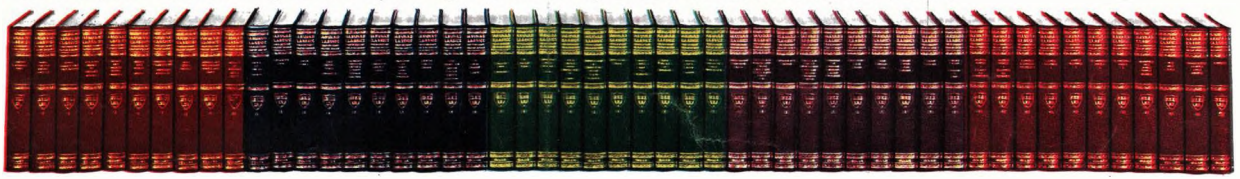

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CO-4

The City That Does Something About Sex Crime

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

like as not they were let off with $100 fines. To cynical observers, the sex criminal was, in effect, being permitted to molest children for a fee. He paid the fee when he got caught, amortized the fine against the time he didn't get caught.

A St. Louis mother wrote to the Post-Dispatch: "One man has molested five little girls. He was fined $100 for four of these offenses. If that wasn't the most shameful thing I have ever heard, it comes close to it. We must have a law to protect our children. Not next year or in 10 years, but now!"

St. Louis didn't take it lying down. Not at all. The story of what St. Louis has done and *is doing* is a glowing tribute to the verve and power of aroused Americans.

It shows what a little knot of people can do when they start the ball rolling *in a democracy*—and keep it rolling.

P.T.A. Leaders Get Results

Come along to the Bryan Mullanphy School, on Shaw Boulevard. It is 8:30 P.M. but the downstairs lights are on. There is a P.T.A. executive meeting tonight. Gathered at their kids' desks are Frederick J. Mueller, the P.T.A. president, Darold E. Crotzer, who was president last term, Leo Zappe, Lloyd Brackman, Mrs. William Wagner, Mrs. J. C. Rudloff, Mrs. David Paster and others—a typical gathering of American parents.

These grass-roots moms and pops performed something of a miracle in Missouri. How people had scoffed at P.T.A.s! What could these futile aggregations do, except gab and gab and gab some more? Well, the Mullanphy P.T.A. in the Show-Me State really showed them. Snapped into action by the rape of a Mullanphy kindergarten girl on September 20, 1948, the P.T.A. started kicking like a Missouri mule and hasn't stopped yet—even though its kicks have been felt all the way to the Statehouse in Jefferson City.

A newspaper reporter at the first sex-crime meeting of the P.T.A., at Mueller's house, remarked, "Aw, nothing will come of this. It'll all blow over in a couple of weeks." There were only 10 at the meeting. In a couple of weeks, instead of blowing over, there was another meeting—attended by 100. Then there was a city-wide meeting, which two hundred attended. The Children's Protective Association was founded and a full-scale attack on sex crime was under way.

Mullanphy women became "block mothers." In the morning, at lunchtime and after school they'd take their stations along the neighborhood streets—watching for strangers, herding the kids through alleys, standing guard near open fields and garages. Newspapers were persuaded not to print the names of children who were molested, so that type-shy parents would come forward and report cases to the cops. Parents and teachers—and the children themselves—were taught to fight sex crime as jungle families must be taught to fight the panther.

The woman who thought it was "cute" when her eight-year-old said, "A man offered me a nickel for a kiss," learned to spot the danger of a sex criminal's come-on. The naive parents who felt safe because their children were *boys* learned—some with a shock—that 20 per cent of the victims are boys. Teachers stopped keeping children after school (because they learned it was the late ones, the stragglers, whom molesters preyed on). Principals kept basement doors locked, told children to walk in groups, and sent along a convoy of older students when a little one had to be sent home during the day.

Children were educated—without alarming them unduly—to take no short cuts, to avoid alleys, not to loiter, and to flee from any man who offered them candy, gum, comic books or roller skates. In case of real danger, Meramec Principal Ralph W. Kottkamp advised, "Run to any door, ring the doorbell—and scream."

Meanwhile Bruno Sendlein, chairman of the Children's Protective Association, and Attorney Echeal Feinstein worked on legislation which could deal properly with sex criminals once they were caught. St. Louis did not lose its head. It did not call for blood. It did not ask for medieval retributions. It did not lust for revenge.

The Mullanphy P.T.A. had set the pace. Mueller had said, "We would like to see the persons guilty of these offenses treated like the sick people they are, instead of as criminals—but in any event committed to an institution until they are cured."

Attorney Feinstein drew up a sexual-psychopath bill, and what began in a P.T.A. ended up in the legislature at Jefferson City. The bill was signed into law on August 1st. Its basic provision is that mentally ill sex offenders may be sent away to a state hospital to be *treated and helped*—but at the same time *kept isolated from society until cured*. This means they may stay away for life if they remain sick and dangerous. On the other hand they may be returned to society whenever doctors and the court pronounce them well.

This is the only sensible approach to sex crime. It avoids the fiasco of prison raps, which simply put the offender on ice for a while, often aggravate his condition, and send him out to repeat his depredations—unhelped, untreated, and unsafe. *Treatment* and *quarantine* are the two essentials of a sound sex-crime program. Missouri's new law provides both.

The police department is supporting the parents and the lawmakers with a good right arm. It analyzed the known offenses against school children during 1948 and discovered that the lunch period was the most dangerous time of day (35 per cent of the cases occurred from 11:30 A.M. to 1:00 P.M.), that Monday was the most dangerous day, that the concentration of victims (55 per cent) was in the five-to-nine age ranges, that offenders usually lived near the scenes of their crimes (60 per cent lived within half a mile), and that roughly half of the apprehended offenders had previous arrests.

Dr. Val B. Satterfield, assistant professor of psychiatry at Washington University Medical School, was brought in to teach the police department—from colonels to rookies—about neurotic sex behavior. "I give them a rough time," he remarks. "Just because they're he-men they think they know everything. Lots of them are pretty surprised by what they learn." The doctor acquaints them with transvestitism, fetishism, exhibitionism, sadism, pedophilia and the whole gamut of sex psychopathy.

"They've got to know their sex criminal just as they know their safecracker and their con man," Dr. Satterfield insists.

Finally the police department sent a sex-crime squadron of 71 motorcycle men into the school districts. They ride in slow, protective circles around the school neighborhoods each school-day morning, at lunch hour and after school.

I made the run in a sidecar with Patrolman James Krause. We spun into alleys and side streets. We peered into garages and boarded-up sheds. We watched for idlers in parked cars and twice we stopped truck drivers who had pulled up near yards where kids were playing. We quizzed a businessman who was sitting in a parked car. He was okay— "But you can't be too careful," Krause remarked. The businessman was glad to be questioned. "It's good to know you fellows are on the job," he said. "I've got an eleven-year-old girl of my own."

Sex crime isn't licked in St. Louis. But it's getting a run for its money. The home-town on the Mississippi is safer for kids than it was a year ago, and bids fair to be safer still a year from now.

In addition to crime against children, St. Louis—like most of the nation—has been hit by the whole gamut of hoodlum crime. *Crime against people*, successor to gangsterism, has scorched its way into the minds of 905,000 home-town folks.

I was in the Ninth District Station, around 11:00 P.M., when Paul LaPlant came in.

LaPlant was a brand-new father. His wife had had a baby that morning, and he had just come from the hospital. But he wasn't handing out cigars. He was white-faced, still shaking a little.

"At Compton and Delmar," he said. "I was just sitting there waiting for the light to turn. Both doors of my car opened. Two men got in. One took the wheel. They squeezed me in between them. One said, 'If you don't want to get hurt, look straight ahead.' After they got my money, the other one said, 'Shall we take him for a ride or let him go?' I was lucky. They let me go."

Double Danger at Red Lights

That happens regularly these days. A sort of Jesse James deal. They jump right into your car and take the wheel. It happened to a woman on Olive Street, one of the busiest streets in St. Louis. Stop for a red light—and zowie.

Strong-armings, muggings? There were 453 in the first 10 months of 1949, more than the whole year's total for 1948. There were 126 purse-snatchings, 177 women and girls raped, 1,510 homes burglarized.

"Show burglars" have terrorized the Second District, in the southwest. It is a newly built-up area, full of young, enthusiastic homemakers. When these honest folks take a night of relaxation, the "show burglar" invades their bungalows—while they're at the show. Route 66 cuts through the district. It's a fast road for getaways. Police Captain Charles H. Busch calls it "Burglars' Highway."

In one of the pleasant little bungalows of the Second District lives Colonel William L. Holzhausen, the new president of the Board of Police Commissioners, with his wife and his two little girls, Lynne, seven, and Gail, three.

Holzhausen was chosen for the job completely out of the blue last March. He is a lumber company executive, a quiet liver, a churchgoer, a rough-cut double for Melvyn Douglas—and as honest as the day is long. Governor Forrest Smith, egged on by accusations of plotting to pack the police board with pawns of the gamblers, pulled

Action!

Michigan is now doing a job, too. Its newspapers and enlightened civic groups such as Detroit's Economic Club have long sought an answer to the problem of sex crime. The concerted efforts are beginning to pay off. Here are some of the things that have happened in Michigan since Collier's published Howard Whitman's shocking report on Detroit sex crimes (Nov. 19th) in the first of the Terror In Our Cities series:

The State Mental Health Commission was convened in a special session under orders from Governor G. Mennen Williams to look for "immediate measures" to meet the problem and to seek a long-range answer. It has already achieved the following:

(1) Persuaded Wayne University Medical School to establish a clinic for research on psychosexual deviation.

(2) Declared itself against a proposal that the state "farm out" 1,200 aged and mentally ill wards to county infirmaries.

(3) Requested six state hospitals to review their case files and list all patients sufficiently recovered to be discharged to the care of relatives or county welfare departments, in order to make room for new commitments.

(4) Agreed to present an urgent $16,000,000 hospital-construction request to the governor for submission to a special session of the legislature on mental health problems, called for March 1st.

(5) To relieve congestion in the psychiatric wards of Detroit's Receiving Hospital and the Wayne County General Hospital, it promised to consider a proposal that a bond issue, to meet Michigan's mental hospital needs, be put to a vote at the next general election.

(6) Ordered advertising for homes for patients requiring only minimal custodial care and voted to raise the amount paid for such care in Wayne County from $13 a week to possibly $22.75.

(7) Planned to create a Detroit neuropsychiatric institute for training psychiatrists, psychologists and psychiatric social workers in co-operation with Wayne University.

Meanwhile, the Wayne County chapter of the Michigan Society for Mental Hygiene is backing a still more extensive program for taking Michigan off the list of states backward in mental care. Among other things, the chapter advocates a long-range hospital building program, a new family-care program and revision of the laws governing commitment of the mentally ill.

In Detroit, Mayor Eugene F. Van Antwerp has named a special Mayor's Sex Deviates Committee to work on the problem, and plans are being made for the women's division of the Detroit police to present a series of lectures to school children under the guidance of psychiatrists, to help children recognize sex deviates.

Another Detroit development in the wake of Collier's report is the posting of $40,000 in rewards by the Detroit News for information in six unsolved murders by sex deviates. —THE EDITOR

dizzily out of the barrage and named Holzhausen, who couldn't possibly be anybody's pawn.

The president's job pays only $1,000 a year (plus the title of Colonel), yet it's a mammoth responsibility and takes half of a man's time, maybe more. Holzhausen does all right as vice-president of the H. A. Stockmann Lumber Company, and ordinarily he wouldn't have touched the police job with a ten-foot plank.

There was just one thing that made him take the job. *Terror in the streets.*

Home Life Must Be Protected

Like any American he had seen our cities scorched by hoodlum crime. Not crime of the gangster era, when the criminals killed one another. But crime of the hoodlum era, when you and I, our wives, our children and our homes are targets. Police work in this new era begins at home. It begins with the Vital Four—man, wife, child and home. This, Holzhausen firmly believes. He took the board job to protect the Vital Four, to bring police protection back where it belongs—whence it never should have strayed—to the home and the neighborhood and the family.

The first thing Holzhausen did after taking office March 7th was to order every available cop in the department *back on the street*. You can't protect a neighborhood while sitting in swivel chairs. And the customary overreliance on radio cars had left vast areas of St. Louis virtually nude of beat patrolmen.

The cop on foot—as vital to a police department as the infantry is to the Army—was going the way of the dodo. The cry, "We never see a policeman," was heard in scores of neighborhoods.

Holzhausen wanted St. Louisans to "see a policeman" and see one often. He wanted the would-be prowler, molester, mugger and rapist to see *lots* of policemen. Over lunch he said to me, "There's no substitute for the beat man. The very psychological effect of seeing a cop in uniform is enough to stop a lot of crimes before they start."

At the Police Academy, where rookies train, much is made of the role a beat cop can play. He is more than a cop. He is the *neighborhood security officer*. He knows the people. He can spot the stranger. Just *being around*, he can do more to flush the hoodlum, to protect the kids, to smell crime brewing, and to save juveniles from delinquency than all the hell-for-leather radio cars on the road. The beat cop also can get more "information" than a brace of detectives.

I stepped into a classroom where Alfred Fleishman, St. Louis public relations man and unofficial counselor to the police department, was giving rookies a lecture on human relations. "Most of you men will be going out on foot beat," he said. "The people who live on the beat will be your clients. You will be a professional man, like a doctor or lawyer—except that your profession is that of *protector*.

"The safety of those people, their homes, and their kids will be your responsibility. You must get to know them. Perhaps you can help the youngsters with some of their problems. Perhaps you can help them keep out of trouble. You can ask the grocery man how his sick kid is. You can counsel the Smith boy if he keeps bad company.

"These people will like you because you *like them*. You can represent the power and the majesty of the law—and at the same time be their friend. They'll *help you* enforce the law. And the kids will grow up liking cops, not hating them—wanting to be 'good guys,' not hoodlums."

Later, at a meeting of the police board, Mayor Joseph M. Darst, an ex-officio member, remarked, "I remember as a kid—the cop on the beat was always around. He was the protector of the neighborhood kids. We always knew his name, whether it was Murphy, Callahan or Schultz."

Colonel Daniel G. Church, another member of the board, added, "Kids used to idolize the policeman. They used to want to get home on time—chiefly to please the neighborhood cop."

Here, Holzhausen spun around in his chair and said, "If we could put a beat policeman at every school there wouldn't be any trouble. Those molestations don't occur at schools with beat men on the job."

The police department of St. Louis has an authorized strength of 1,915. That's almost enough—not quite. "Give me 200 more men and I can safely cover every foot beat in town," says Chief O'Connell. But in St. Louis that's like saying, "Work me a miracle." It's a strange setup. The police board is appointed by the governor of the state. It can make up any budget it wants to and the City of St. Louis *must* pay the bill. But—the state legislature controls the size of the force. You can't budge the 1,915 without a formal legislative enactment.

Hence, Holzhausen and his crew can shoot a wad of millions; they can spend money on any gadgets or gimcracks they want to (in the late twenties a police board demanded—and got—$2,000,000 for a new headquarters building all in one year's budget), yet they are helpless to hire so much as one single extra policeman!

I saw some of the gaps that need plugging. In the Eleventh District, the night a woman was raped in her apartment on Delmar Boulevard, the district was short 10 foot men. One man was trying to cover three beats in the section where the rape occurred. He naturally couldn't cover the dim alleyway and the court behind the apartment house; the rapist had these areas all to himself.

In the Ninth District, one of the sorest spots in town, I found nine men covering 33 beats. In the Second District, 12 men were covering 27 beats. In the Fifth District, 19 men were covering 38 beats.

It's the old story. The force is shorthanded, so when the calls come in for special details to cover strikes, ball games, parades, circuses or what not—well, they just loot the foot beats. Someday a department is going to get wise and keep a pool of special detail men, and a captain will no more think of pulling men off the beat than he'd pull doctors out of a hospital.

But give St. Louis time. It'll get there. It's getting lots of places—fast.

The young bloods in the saddle (three of the police department's key men are thirty-five) have an evangelistic urge to make the St. Louis Police Department the best in the country. The chief evangelist is Lieutenant Colonel Curtis Brostron, a venerable of forty-three. Under his wing the Police Academy is one of the finest training schools in the country. It goes into all the bang-bang of police work, but it gives a lot more. St. Louis rookies are trained in human relations and race relations. That's important in a city which is 13 per cent Negro and had an ugly taste of race rioting at Fairgrounds Park last June 21st.

Advice to Police Graduates

When 39 rookies graduated from the academy on October 8th, Holzhausen told them, "We expect all of our citizens to receive fair and just treatment under the law. The appearance of a man's face, the way he combs his hair, the color of his skin or his national origin should have nothing whatsoever to do with the manner in which he is treated by our police department.

"This is America, a land where all citizens have equal rights. They expect and must receive the rights and the privileges which are theirs. This is democracy in action, and our police in many respects are the front line of our democratic practices."

Once a year Brostron brings every man on the force, from the chief to the wet-behind-the-ears "probes," back to the academy for in-service training. When this was started in 1947 Brostron commented that even the best force gets a little rusty. Yes, the force was rusty—literally. One hundred and five cops had been walking around with service revolvers that wouldn't shoot!

Lieutenant Andrew (Young Andy) Aylward heads a Records and Communications Division which is one of the nation's best. Crimes are properly reported (not hidden in the district captain's bottom drawer) and records are kept on punch cards. Instead of the rat's nest so common in our cities, St. Louis' record room is trim, slick, efficient.

It wasn't always. In 1946, Holzhausen's predecessor, a do-or-die gentleman named H. Sam Priest, got so disgusted with police records that he called in the F.B.I. to investigate. With consternation, St. Louis learned that up to 50 per cent of its crimes were not even reported to headquarters, and others were grossly "down-graded" (aggravated assault reported as disturbance of the peace, for example).

Sam Priest said that, by George, there'd be honest reporting or he'd know the reason why. He blasted the fossilized captains who liked to show a lily-white district as evidence that they were "doing a good job." Priest, a businessman (Gaylord Container Corporation), took a more logical attitude. No business thrives by showing *how little* it's got to do, he insists, but rather by showing *how much*.

Crime Reports Are Honest

With Priest's blessing, Young Andy Aylward put in the punch-card machines plus a virtually foolproof system of reporting crime from the districts. A bright young professor of economics, Arthur C. Meyers, Jr., was brought in from St. Louis University to handle the figures, make statistical analyses and reports. Today St. Louis feels it turns out honest crime statistics. That's more than can be said for many a city. Breast-beating New York, with its "Finest," was quietly left out of the F.B.I. Uniform Crime Reports for mid-year 1949 for lack of "complete data."

Aylward cleaned out 26¼ tons of old records going back to 1899 and put them on microfilm. They had occupied 2,068 filing compartments covering almost half the fifth floor of police headquarters. Today they are in three cabinets.

As its *pièce de résistance*, St. Louis created a unique Microfilm Rogues' Gallery. Instead of keeping 62,000 past offenders' pictures in endless albums and wing racks, Aylward mounted a microfilm slide on each offender's card. The cards went into files which catalogue them by type of crime (rapists, other sex offenders, strong-arms, armed robbers, night and day burglars) and by description of the criminal (21 categories of description with 155 separate characteristics).

Thus a victim tells the police, "The man who held me up was about twenty-one to twenty-seven, white, five feet six to five feet seven, 140 to 150 pounds, brown-haired, ruddy-complexioned." With machines sorting the cards, 49 pictures are tossed up to fit this description. These are placed into a projector, and the microfilm image is thrown upon a four-foot screen.

Where a victim can say, "My assailant had a missing index finger on the right hand"—or one eye, or a chin scar, or a hunched back, or a missing ear—the machines simply riffle the cards and toss out the pictures of all known criminals with those characteristics.

From stem to stern the St. Louis Police Department is swathed in earnestness, enthusiasm and—most of all—a desire to do a job for St. Louis' 905,000 men, women and children. Chief O'Connell, 35 years on the force, has the flair of the old-time beat man plus a resilient mind that responds to the very latest in modern methods. He's like the old country doctor combined with the hep young specialist. That's what police work needs.

As long as Holzhausen can keep the greasy hand of politics out of the department all will be well. So far, blandishments from Jefferson City or anywhere else have met a cold, cold shoulder. And they're likely to continue to. Holzhausen is the kind of guy they'll corrupt the day the Mississippi River flows with strawberry pop.

THE END

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Shell Game

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31

to bump into Eddie. We had a reform wave in town last year, and Eddie might have had to answer some embarrassing questions if he stayed in town. So he skipped. Nobody really had much on Eddie, but he didn't want to get friends worrying about what he said. When I ran into him here I thought I might coax some inside stuff from him.

"Eddie coaxed me out to his cottage last night by hinting that he was ready to talk. It turned out his idea of talk was to say, 'How about it, baby?' He had a few drinks and began to act rough and I broke away and ran. And honestly, Bill, I didn't know anything happened to him. I thought he was the one driving along the beach and following us into town. It was his car."

"Now who do you think was driving the car?"

"A man named George Lawrence. He had a piece of the numbers business back home, and Eddie ran errands for him. They both came here to sit out the special grand jury, and Lawrence kept Eddie on the pay roll. Eddie told me that much. I also got the idea that Eddie figured he was getting paid off in box tops. Maybe they had a fight and Lawrence was just waiting for a chance to kill Eddie. So if I could find him—"

"Don't be foolish. What could you pin on the guy?"

VALERIE explained: "I can prove that he was Eddie's boss! I can prove they were both in the rackets. Don't you see? It opens up a new angle that the police can't laugh off."

"Why don't you tell them right now and let them find Lawrence?"

"I'm just a simple little city girl," she said, "but I've covered enough crime stories to know that when the police have a bird in the hand they don't waste much time chasing possible birds in theoretical bushes. I have to be able at least to give them a few feathers and twigs."

"Why would Lawrence have been around the cottage last night?"

"I don't know. Maybe he happened to stroll down the beach to see Eddie, and spotted me. So he stayed outside, listening. After I ran away he decided it was too good a chance to miss, and went inside and shot Eddie. Then he took Eddie's car and went looking for me."

"Do you have any idea where to look for Lawrence?"

"Eddie told me he lives in another place on the beach. All I have to do is wander around and keep my eyes open."

"Uh-huh. Would you care to make me the beneficiary of your life insurance?"

"Oh, fiddlesticks! He doesn't know I'm hunting for him. I've just got to be smart and spot him first."

I grumbled, "I don't believe half that story. But I suppose I'll have to trail along after you to mop up the bloodstains. Now do you want some breakfast? I can offer you fruit, cereal, bacon or eggs. Any of them appeal to you?"

"All of them," she said, linking her arm gaily through mine and coming with me into the kitchen. "Sit down and I'll have breakfast ready in a moment."

"You sit down. I know my way around kitchens."

"Men don't know how to cook. How do you like your eggs?"

I saw it was no use arguing. She was beginning to rush around the kitchen with milk bottles and pans and eggs and oranges and paring knives. It seemed safer to stay out of her way.

"Soft-boiled," I said sadly. I could hardly bear to watch what was happening. She cut her finger getting the oranges ready for juicing and almost scorched herself lighting the gas stove.

She brought water to a furious boil and dropped in the eggs and said cheerily, "Why don't you clear those shells of yours off the table, and set it? Did you collect all those last night?"

"No, Eddie did. They were in a bag in the cottage, and the chief said I could have them. He must have collected them a short time before you came, because they were still wet."

She looked at me with startled eyes, and said, "Eddie never collected those! His interest in conchology was limited to oysters on the half shell."

"That's ridiculous. He must have studied shell collecting. He was hot stuff at it, judging from this bunch."

"He didn't know a thing about shells! That was one of his gripes about his boss. He said the way Lawrence collected shells you'd think they all had pearls in them."

"Then you think Lawrence left them?"

"It would have been perfect in a swimming pool"

COLLIER'S — LOUIS A. PRISCILLA

"Bill, he must have! And after the shooting he was too busy following me to remember them, or anyway to get a chance to go back for them."

"You know," I said slowly, "maybe a shell collector like me could find a shell collector like Lawrence."

She looked at me doubtfully. "Bill," she said, "it's wonderful of you to help, and I think shell collecting is a nice hobby, but let me figure out how to find Mr. Lawrence, will you? Now sit down and drink your orange juice. Any more questions?"

I thought for a minute. In some ways her story had holes big enough to drive a prowl car through. For example, why hadn't there been anything to identify her or to indicate where she came from, in her cottage at Beachcomber Court? And why, before she was supposed to know about the murder, had she thought of pearl-handled automatics when she spilled the contents of her shoulder bag? I didn't think I would ask those questions; I might get answers that would worry me.

There were, however, some minor questions that seemed safe to ask. I said, "Where did you spend the night? And how did you manage that train business?"

"I spent the night in the Civic Center. I used a bobby pin to unhook a screen, and climbed in."

"That's called breaking and entering. It's illegal."

"I had to have a place to sleep, Bill. Then this morning I went to the train station and—"

"Didn't you know they'd be watching trains?"

"Only outgoing trains, Bill. There are only two a day. I picked eleven o'clock because I knew a train arrived then. After the train came in I mixed with the passengers and grabbed a taxi and here I am."

"Yes," I muttered. "Yes indeed! Here you are."

"Don't act so depressed about it," she said gaily. "You really ought to pay me a salary. Look what you're getting, a housekeeper, a cook—"

"Speaking of cooks," I said, listening to the feverish bubbling of water on the stove, "let's have those hard-boiled eggs."

"Oh, dear! I did forget them, didn't I? But if you put a little milk in them and stir it around they'll seem soft-boiled."

I shuddered and said, "Can I pay you a salary not to cook?" . . .

It was afternoon by the time we finished eating and clearing up, and installing Valerie in a bedroom as far away from mine as possible. She suggested driving out to the cottage where Eddie Jones had been murdered, pointing out that if the police were there we could keep track of what they were doing. We could also look for the footprints of Lawrence, the mystery man, on the beach. So we drove to the cottage.

The police were there, all right. The chief and two of his men were busily raking sand and crawling under bushes, apparently looking for the murder weapon. Al Leonard was standing around like a Dead End Kid with a pocketful of stolen lighters watching Boy Scouts start a fire by friction. We parked the car and walked over to them.

"Surprised to see you here, Mr. Stuart," the chief said. "Something on your mind? And, uh, does Mrs. Stuart understand now what's going on?"

"Oh, yes," Valerie said. "I hope it teaches Bill not to pick up any more girls."

Al Leonard looked Valerie over slowly and admiringly. "I can't figure," he said, "why a guy should chase dames when he's got one like you already caught."

Valerie blushed, and I scowled. Ordinarily I try not to take violent dislikes to characters as big and tough as Al Leonard, but I didn't like the cool way he looked over another man's wife. Of course Valerie wasn't my wife, and I felt no more possessive about her than I would about a time bomb, but Al didn't know that.

I told the chief, "I picked up a lead for you."

"I already have leads," he said. "But you can't throw a lead into jail and charge it with murder. Don't let me discourage you, though. What did you pick up?"

"I picked up a bag of shells last night in this cottage."

"That's nice, Stuart," Al said. "Built any sand castles lately?"

BUT I ignored him, and explained the significance of the fact that the shells were moderately rare and that they had still been wet. "It proves," I said finally, "that a third person, an expert sheller, was around when Jones was killed. He must have been the driver of that gray sedan."

The chief said, "You're parking overtime with that gray sedan. Either the girl or Jones picked up the shells."

"I was collecting shells when I met her," I argued. "The way she sneered at me you might have thought I was picking up cigarette butts. That lets her out. Now let's think about Jones. Whoever collected those shells was an expert, a nut about it, like me. A guy who is nuts about shells and stays here any length of time will have his place filled with them. I've only been here a few days and I bet I have a couple hundred at the Casa del Mar. You said Jones had been in that cottage a year. If he liked shells, the place would be jammed with them. But the only ones were those in that canvas sack. That proves Jones had no interest in shells. It proves that a third person left them."

The chief yawned. "All right," he said. "You go find him."

"If you mean that," I retorted, "maybe I will."

Al said, "How would you go about it?"

I thought about the facts Valerie had dug up on Lawrence, and reminded myself not to pull any rabbits out of hats. "I thought I'd go along the beach looking for a third person's footprints."

The chief said, "Unfortunately we have tides on the beach."

"People don't always walk below high tide mark."

"It's a waste of time, Stuart."

"You don't mind if I waste my own time, do you?"

"Well, all right," the chief grumbled.

Al turned to Valerie and said, "We're looking for the murder weapon. A thirty-two-caliber automatic. Like to help?"

"I'd love to!" she cried.

I suspected that Al wanted me out of the

way so he could try to make time with Valerie. I started to remind her that she had been going to help me hunt footprints on the beach, but before I could get her attention Al began telling her how he had handled a gang killing up North. That seemed to appeal to her more than my project, so I went to the beach alone.

I wandered north along the water's edge for quite a while. I saw some footprints, but they might mean a lot or nothing and I couldn't work up much interest in them. In fact I couldn't even work up any interest in an excellent banded tulip shell that I located under a bit of seaweed. I kicked the tulip shell until it broke, and headed back to the cottage. Perhaps Valerie had finished helping Al solve the Northern gang killing by now, and was willing to pay attention to the case of the State of Florida versus Valerie Wilson.

WHEN I returned, she and Al were no longer in sight. After a minute I spotted Valerie moving through some high bushes near the cottage. I worked my way toward her, stooping to avoid branches. She didn't see me coming, and so when she gasped suddenly I thought I had startled her. I was wrong. She was gasping at the sight of an object lying in a clear space between two masses of sea grape. The object gleamed dully, like a coiled rattler. It was just as deadly.

I watched with sickening fascination as she crouched and scooped a hole in the sand and buried a thirty-two-caliber automatic.

I must have made a slight noise. Valerie's head snapped around and she saw me. Sunlight coming on a long slant through the sea grapes painted a leopard pattern of light and shadow on her crouching figure. She looked lithe and graceful and dangerous.

"Oh, there you are," she said. "You startled me."

"Did I?" The words came up my throat like sandpaper.

"Some darned old sandspurs are in my shoe and I was trying to get them out." She stood up, limped toward me and said, "Could I borrow one of your nice broad shoulders to hang on to while I shake out my shoe? I know I keep hanging all kinds of burdens on your shoulders but—"

I said, "I don't think my shoulders will take this one," and brushed past her and kicked at the sand over the gun.

She was up beside me with panther quickness. "Bill," she said. "Don't." Her fingernails bit into my arm.

I kicked the gun clear of sand. "Funny," I said. "It should have a pearl handle, as advertised. But it just has a plain old blue-steel grip."

"Bill, it wasn't in my handbag. It wasn't!"

"Not when you spilled it at the bus station. But it had been. That's what brought that remark about pearl-handled automatics into your mind."

"Let me bury it again. Oh, Bill, please!"

I stared at the lovely upturned face and watched her eyes widen slowly with fear. I wasn't going to enjoy this. "No sale," I said. She bent and tried to grab the gun but I yanked her up. "Let it alone," I snapped.

"At least let me wipe it off! I handled it a moment ago. My fingerprints—"

I shook her roughly. "Whose fingerprints were on it before then?"

"I don't know! Maybe the fingerprints of the man who shot Eddie. But if they find my prints on it now I won't have a chance!"

"Your prints were all over the cottage. What does another set matter? The important thing is did this gun do the killing?"

"I don't know," she wailed.

"Well, the cops can get that answer. And maybe they can get another one. Do I have to wait for them or will you tell me?"

"All right. It's my gun."

"Is that the works? It's just—your gun? Nothing more?"

"I was afraid of Eddie. I took it in my purse last night, and when he got rough I grabbed it. But I wouldn't have shot him. I couldn't! He must have seen that. He made a lunge and knocked it out of my hand and then I ran out the back. But, Bill, the police will never believe that! You've got to let me hide it." She blinked her damp eyes and smiled and said, "It's easier to hide a little gun than a girl who eats as much as I do, isn't it?"

"That's an odd thing, it isn't easier. I helped hide a girl who wanted a chance to clear herself. But I won't hide a gun that may prove she can't."

"The whole thing might be a frame-up! Lawrence could have picked up my gun and shot Eddie. He threw it out here for the police to find, so everything would be pinned on me."

"Yeah, maybe," I said. I called loudly, "Chief! Al! I found a gun." There was an answering shout from the chief and a choked cry from Valerie. She twisted from my grasp and flashed away into the thick green brush. I waited with a hang-over throb in my head until the chief and Al and the other two cops arrived. I pointed to the gun. "That's it," I said.

"Man, that *is* it!" the chief said. "Did you touch it?"

"Only with my foot."

The chief picked up the gun carefully, sniffed at the muzzle. "It's been fired not too long ago," he said.

Al asked, "You got a ballistics lab?"

"Nope. But I'll do a rush job on the prints and fire a slug into a bunch of rags and send that and the two slugs from the body to the F.B.I. If we hurry I can get off the package on the night plane. Have an answer day after tomorrow. Let's go."

"Okay," Al said. He started to follow the chief, then turned back to me and asked, "Where's Mrs. Stuart?"

"She wandered off somewhere."

His eyes had the cold blank stare of gun muzzles. "Funny she didn't hear you call out about the automatic."

"If she's a few hundred yards away these bushes would muffle the sound."

"Uh-huh. You want to make sure these bushes don't muffle any sounds that might not be nice."

"What do you mean?"

"I wouldn't say a shot was a nice sound, would you? Won't be any cops here in a couple minutes. If this Valerie Wilson ever gets a load of what you're doing to her, she may not play cute. So long, pal." He turned and walked back to the others.

I WATCHED everybody drive away. It began to seem very quiet. Sounds made me flinch: the whisk of a lizard through dry fronds, the squall of a heron. All the facts indicated that Valerie was guilty. She coaxed me out not to look for footprints but to get her automatic before the police did. I had certainly messed up her plans, but she didn't have to put out much energy to clear things for herself. If she had another gun, all she had to do was point it at me and pull the trigger.

I peered into the cottage and searched the low green jungle of sea grape and mangrove and palmetto. An hour passed. Another. Now and then I called softly. There was no answer. The sun went down. In the west, colors darkened and long purple clouds cruised along the horizon like sharks. A breeze came in from the Gulf; leaves and fronds whispered behind my back, and on the beach waves snickered and chuckled. I went to the car to get my flashlight so that I could continue the search. The flashlight was gone. Valerie must have crept back and taken it. I shivered, wondering what she was planning to do.

As I stood near the car I heard a faint but increasing sound. It wasn't much: just the hum of an engine and the whisper of tires on the shell road. A car was approaching. My nerves turned into hot wires and I dived behind a clump of palmettos. Along with hearing the car I should have seen the glow of headlights. But there was no glow. The car came down the last stretch of road and glided through a patch of starlight and I saw it plainly. It was the gray sedan.

The faint hum swept up close to me. A

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spotlight blazed. The beam of light flicked silently over my empty convertible, touched the cottage, fingered through palms and shrubs, went out. The gray sedan eased forward into the sandy ruts leading to the beach.

I ran to my car. My hands were numb and sweating; I dropped the ignition key and fumbled away time trying to fit it into the lock. I must have lost at least a minute before I got started. The car leaped forward, jerked through soft sand, skidded onto the beach. The gray sedan had vanished.

To the south I saw nothing but the pilings of the old pier looming against the sequin glitter of the Gulf. To the north, the beach stretched in a long hazy crescent to the headland a couple of miles away where the main beach residential section began. Lights gleamed from houses on the headland but the beach curving to it was dark. I flicked on my headlights. They caught the crisp fresh marks of tire tracks swinging north, and a line of footprints where a girl's high heels had sunk in sand. Valerie's footprints. She had taken my flashlight to follow the day-old trail, partly erased by the tide, that I had traced a short distance during the afternoon.

I turned off the lights, and followed. My tires spun across damp sand with a faint rising wail that blended with the hiss of air and the surf-beat of blood in my ears. The car skimmed along like a pelican riding updrafts over dunes, dipping and rising and dipping. I stared ahead, fingers cramped and aching on the wheel. Light pricked the darkness for a second. A flashlight, not too far ahead.

I saw the gray sedan.

It was drifting along like smoke a few hundred yards ahead of me, closing in on the spot where the light had twinkled. I slammed the accelerator to the floor. The car leaped under me. A spotlight beam lashed out from the gray sedan. It picked up a small figure that ran and twisted like a rabbit dodging hounds. A spurt of orange jetted from the sedan. Another. I couldn't hear the shots over the howl of my motor. But I saw the figure, larger now, trip and tumble and roll and lie still.

The gray sedan picked up speed lazily. The driver hadn't heard me. The spotlight centered on a limp sprawled figure and the gray car went down the beam like a train on tracks. He was going to make sure. His wheels would jolt and shudder, and then he would have no more worries about Valerie Wilson. He needed about five seconds. He had only three. There was time enough for me to do what had to be done: I drove toward him from the upbeach side, sideswiped his car and we rocketed together past the girl.

I should have swung my wheel harder, smashed him into the Gulf. I didn't get two chances. Shots crashed above the shriek of twisting metal. As I ducked, his car wrenched ahead and cut into my front fender, and I went whirling out and hit and kept on falling through blackness.

GOBLIN faces swung over me against the black sky. A gasoline lantern hissed on the sand, lighting the faces above it so that they looked like masks. The right side of my face, and my right shoulder and knee, felt scalded. My stomach had been used as a backstop in batting practice.

I said weakly, "Where's Va—"

A soft hand slid over my mouth and a finger tapped my lips warningly. "I'm all right," her voice murmured. "Don't try to talk yet."

I turned slightly. My head was resting in her lap. Her face was a dim white blur and stars were tangled in her hair. It made a nice effect, one that I would use in a layout sometime. "You shouldn't be all right," I objected. "What about the—"

Her hand pressed my lips again. She bent lower and whispered, "Those bullets didn't hit me. I dropped to make him think I was hit. Be careful what you say in front of all these people. The police are coming. How do you feel?"

"I'll live," I muttered. "Or will I? Let me sit up and see what falls off."

I sat up and flexed muscles. There were a few creaks and twinges, but I had come through fairly well for a Model-T guy driving in a fast league. Beyond the circle of faces my convertible lay on its side. Apparently it had flipped me out when it swung broadside. There was no sign of the gray sedan. A quarter mile away the houses on the headland pasted yellow windows against the darkness.

A voice from the circle of faces said, "He's all right. Wind knocked out of him, was all."

A woman said shrilly, "Maybe it knocked some sense into him. I ran out when I heard those cars backfiring. Racing each other on the beach at night! And no lights! Young man," she told me, "I think you're crazy."

"That," I said, "makes two of us who feel that way." I got up and limped to the car.

Several men helped me right it. I crawled behind the wheel and tested the motor. It worked, sort of. A siren sang mournfully and a pair of headlights swung down the beach and stopped near us. The chief and Al Leonard jumped out. The chief came up to the side of my car, put his foot on the battered running board as if it was a brass rail and he needed a drink badly.

"Mr. Stuart," he said, "could I coax you to finish your vacation in Maine?"

"I like it here, Chief," I said. "There's no chance to die of boredom. Too many quicker ways."

"All right, what's the story? Don't talk too loud. I don't want it all over town."

I said, "We were following footprints that looked as if they had been made by somebody walking to the cottage last night. We drove along picking them out with a flashlight, wherever they hadn't been washed off by the tide. We heard a car coming up behind us and got worried and put on speed. We didn't start soon enough. A guy in a gray sedan shot at us and sideswiped our car and we turned over. Now I'd like to see where those footprints came from."

The chief jerked a thumb at the crowd and grumbled, "We got footprints coming from every house within a half mile. Stuart, if you'd tell me about these things before you mess them up—Stuart, if this heap can still move, we'll trail you to your place."

I said I thought we could make it. We started off, the chief following closely.

Valerie said humbly, "I'm awfully sorry about what happened. And I haven't thanked you yet. Bill, I think he was going to kill me!"

"You don't owe me any thanks. You ought to kick me, for thinking you shot Eddie Jones and for going off and leaving you."

"But you didn't! You looked and looked, and twice I thought you were going to step on me. And besides I could very easily have shot Eddie. Why, when he jumped at me I could have squeezed the trigger and—"

"Don't," I said.

"Bill," she said softly, "if you thought maybe I shot Eddie, didn't you think perhaps I might have another gun and might shoot you?"

"You couldn't have hit me in the heart. It was up in my mouth."

She ducked her head against my shoulder and made queer little sounds. She was either laughing or crying. If she had any brains she was laughing, and in many ways she seemed to be a very bright girl. . . .

"First you'll have to pass a loyalty test. I'm going out for an hour and leave you alone with my cousin!"

COLLIER'S BO BROWN

When we were all together at my place, I pointed out to the chief and Al that what had happened proved that there had been a third person at the cottage when Jones was murdered. It proved that the third person was the killer. It also indicated strongly that the killer lived in a house on the beach; otherwise he wouldn't have been so worried when he saw us backtracking the footprints. If he didn't live right on the beach, his footprints would end on a road or pavement and we would lose the trail.

"So," I said triumphantly, "the thing to do is forget about Valerie Wilson, and find a killer who is an expert shell collector and lives on the beach."

The chief said, "Do I also forget those Valerie Wilson fingerprints I found on the gun?"

That was a niggling point for him to bring up. I said, "You don't even know if that gun did the killing."

"I'll know in two days," the chief said, adding, "Meanwhile would you care to place a small bet?"

I glanced at Valerie and saw that she wasn't in a gambling mood. I said irritably, "How can you possibly tie Valerie Wilson in with the bag of shells and the footprints on the beach and the gray sedan?"

"I don't give a hang about the shells. The footprints on the beach don't mean anything, just a casual stroller."

"Then why did a guy in a gray sedan try to knock us off tonight?"

The chief looked at me fondly, "On account of you're gonna be such a swell witness against Valerie Wilson. In fact, maybe she was even driving that gray sedan."

I was so scandalized that I almost blurted out the truth. "She was not!" I cried.

"How do you know?"

"Be sensible, will you? If she had a car, why didn't she make a getaway last night?"

"On account," the chief said, "of she found another place to hide and hasn't finished her business here."

"I bet she's left town," I said faintly.

"Yeah? I bet you been so close to her tonight you could have touched her."

If he kept this up he would save me the trouble of introduc ng him to Valerie Wilson. The devil of it was that he could probably twist his theories around to make me the accomplice, if and when he found out the score. He might claim that Valerie and I faked the accident on the beach, with Valerie driving the gray sedan and hiding it after the accident and running back to join me. He might say I produced the murder weapon merely to try to keep him from suspecting us.

THE chief rose to his feet and said, "It was a tough fight, Mom, but I won. Come on, Al."

I said angrily, "Maybe all you won is another dead body."

"You nuts, Stuart? What do you mean?" the chief demanded.

"I'm going to hunt along the beach tomorrow for that guy's house. It has to be dripping with shells. If you're right about all this, nothing happens. If I'm right, maybe I get knocked off tomorrow."

"Now look, Stuart, why don't you stay away from the beach?"

"Because I'm the only person who seems to be interested in it. Because the murderer was collecting shells on the beach, because he shot a guy who lived on the beach, because he tried to kill us on the beach tonight. Because he lives on the beach!"

"Oh, damn it to hell! I'll give you a cop for tomorrow. No, wait, I can't. I need them all. Look, Al, how about you doing it?"

Al said, "I didn't come down here to play nursemaid."

The chief said coaxingly, "There just might be something in what Stuart says. And if anything happened tomorrow, none of my boys would know how to handle it. How about it?"

"Please come with us, Mr. Leonard," Valerie said.

Al grumbled and growled, but finally agreed. The chief got ready to leave again and told Al to come on, but Al said he'd stay a while and talk over plans for the next day.

After the chief left, I looked at Al and said grudgingly, "Thanks. Sorry to take up your time tomorrow."

Al gave me a smile that was as nice as a swig of prussic acid. "You won't be taking up my time tomorrow," he said. "I just agreed so I'd get the chief out of my hair. I got other plans."

"But you promised the chief—"

"I got other plans," Al repeated lazily. "I'm going to spend tomorrow with a girl named Valerie Wilson."

The way he spoke gave me the creeps. I said huskily, "You don't know where to find her."

"Oh, don't I?" Al said. He smiled and looked across the room and said, "Hello, Valerie."

He might just as well have taken the blackjack from his hip pocket and smacked me with it.

Valerie cried, "You shouldn't have sprung it on Bill that way!"

"Why not?" Al said. "He's gotta know sometime. You can't stay here tonight with him. The guy's bad news for you. And everything he does gets you in worse trouble. He—"

He who does not believe in miracles is not a realist!

For centuries they said, "if the Jews in Palestine ever have a State of their own it will be a miracle." But they got the State. And Israel is here! A miracle!

Next, they said, "if a handful of Jews could ever stand off the hordes of Arabs it would be nothing short of a miracle." But the Jews fought. And won. And lo! a miracle.

A Miracle Indeed

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The miracle of the twentieth century for realists to see and wonder at!

If you hadn't helped

You who *wanted* to believe in miracles helped make them come true. If you hadn't given your time and your money, the immigrants couldn't have arrived . . . the fighters couldn't have won . . . the people would have been pushed into the sea. And Israel would be a dead, unburied dream.

Miracles have happened. But more still lie ahead. There are still thousands of wretched humans standing at the gates. There are homes to build. Clothes to make. Food to plant. Tools to fashion. Factories to rise. Schools to run. Hospitals to establish. And souls to nourish.

And we realists have got to see these miracles through. We have done a great deal. We are coming closer to finishing the job. But all the miracles we have achieved may be wiped out if we fail to do what is expected of us this year.

Lift Up Your Brother

So give, realists, give. Doesn't the Bible tell us that the true joy is the joy of giving? Isn't it exhilarating to see a friend heal, knowing you helped him heal? And don't we come closest to God when we reach out our hand to lift up a brother?

United Jewish Appeal

on behalf of the Resettlement and Reconstruction Programs of the Joint Distribution Committee, United Palestine Appeal and United Service for New Americans

HENRY MORGENTHAU, JR., *General Chairman* • 165 WEST 46TH STREET, NEW YORK 19, N. Y.

I said dizzily, "Turn the record over. It doesn't make sense on this side."

Valerie said, "Bill, I can clear everything up in two minutes."

I tried to steady a match long enough to light a cigarette. I said, "Is this the five-star final version of your story this time? With all names spelled correctly and no typographical errors? If not, I don't want to waste time listening."

"This is it, honestly. And anyway there are only a couple of little things you don't know."

"Little things," Al said. "About the size of bullets."

She looked at him angrily, then told me, "I'm not here on vacation. I came down because Eddie Patrono, or Jones, got sore at his boss and wanted to sell him out. I used to string Eddie along back home. He thought it was because I went for him in a big way, but my real reason was that sometimes I got a good news lead from him.

"He telephoned me long-distance a week ago and said why didn't I run down here and cheer him up. I said it was sweet of him but I couldn't. He said it might be worth while for both of us. I asked why. He said maybe certain people would pay plenty to locate a guy he worked for. I knew who that meant. I tried to find out more but he wouldn't tell me. He said if I could set up a deal with those certain people I was to come to Gulf City, Florida, and get in touch with him through a post-office box here. After he hung up I told my editor. He talked to an organization called the Committee of Thirty that started the grand jury cleanup, and they decided I ought to come down."

"Alone?" I asked.

"Nobody knew whether Eddie was on the level or not. If I found things looked good, I was to yell for help. So I came down alone and rented that cottage at Beachcomber Court and left a note for Eddie at the post-office box. I bribed the desk clerk at a hotel to take any phone calls or messages that came for me from Eddie."

"Why so much caution?"

"I was afraid if Eddie found out where I was staying he might search it for the money I was supposed to bring. And I thought he might turn mean if he suspected anything."

"How much money did he want?"

Valerie took a deep breath. "Fifty thousand dollars."

"Fifty thousand bucks!" I cried. "For turning in a guy named George Lawrence who merely had a piece of the numbers racket in your city?"

Al said, "You wanted names spelled right, didn't you? Let's clean this one up for you. The name is not George Lawrence. It's George Lane, L-a-n-e. Maybe you heard of Champ Lane?"

MY VERTEBRAE turned into a stack of ice cubes. Now I knew what city Valerie and Al Leonard came from. When you said Champ Lane you identified the place, just as Nucky Johnson used to mean Atlantic City and Tom Pendergast meant Kansas City. The boss. The big shot. The man who sat behind the scenes and pulled strings. Champ Lane had made the New York papers a year ago when he vanished one jump ahead of an indictment.

I said hoarsely, "Fifty grand sounds like a bargain."

"Yeah," Al said. "Fifty grand to buy a city. Eddie was a cheap skate. And so was the Committee of Thirty for not coming across. Fifty grand and they owned the town."

Valerie snapped, "The committee isn't buying the town. They want to give it back to the people who live there. They don't pay bribes."

"They put up a couple hundred thousand bucks for the investigation," Al said, "and wouldn't pay fifty grand to Eddie to make it stick. Maybe I'm wrong. I'm not a businessman."

I said, "That brings up the interesting question of who you are."

"I used to be captain of the Vice Squad, a year ago. When our girl friend here decided that perhaps Eddie had something, they sent me down to try to pick up Lane."

I did some quick figuring and got an unpleasant answer. "You headed the Vice Squad a year ago? Wasn't Lane still running things?"

"Uh-huh," Al said, without much interest. "I merely come from New York City," I said. "We never have any racket troubles there so I don't know the score. So maybe I'm off base in asking why they sent Champ Lane's Vice Squad captain on a secret mission to arrest Champ Lane."

Valerie said, "Al did as honest a job as he could with the Vice Squad. And when the special grand jury started work, Al slipped them all kinds of information."

"Just a Boy Scout at heart, huh?" I said. "And you never got anything out of it?"

Al said, "Sure I got something out of it. Lane's crowd busted me to sergeant and threw me off the Vice Squad and sent me to run the city stables. I was lucky. If they'd known what I told the special grand jury, instead of only suspecting it, they'd have sent me to a slab in the morgue."

Valerie said, "Al has no reason to love Champ Lane. He's one of the few cops the committee can trust."

"And the city isn't cleaned up yet?" I asked.

"Oh, no," she said. "There haven't been any real changes, except that everybody's lying low. That's why the committee had to be so careful in picking a man to send here. If they'd gone to the police commissioner for help, Champ Lane would have known in an hour. Al isn't here officially. He's on vacation. But he has a secret warrant for Lane."

"Do you mean Lane's still running the town?"

Al said, "When Lane pulled out, he left word that if he was nailed he'd make sure everybody else got nailed with him. They say he took all his records. Probably got them here, maybe in his house."

Valerie said, "The committee thinks that Lane phones his orders back home from here."

"Well," I said, "that only leaves one thing to clear up. When you got in a jam, why did you come to me instead of to Al?"

"I didn't know Al had arrived. It wasn't until the night before Eddie was killed that I decided Lane was really here. So I called my editor and told him, and later that night I got a call back from him saying the committee would send Al Leonard down and that Al would contact me at Beachcomber Court. I didn't expect him to arrive so quickly."

Al said, "I flew down yesterday afternoon. Got here at six, checked in at a hotel, tried to contact Bright Eyes—no luck. So I thought I'd meet the local law and see if I could figure on co-operation in case I needed it. Then the riot started, all on account of Bright Eyes tried to wrap the case up by herself."

"I'd made a date with Eddie and didn't dare break it," Valerie said. "How could I know what was going to happen? After we reached the cottage Eddie wanted the money. He wanted it right then. He figured we would skip off together with it. When I stalled for time he got horribly suspicious. He said I was either going to pay off both ways, or find myself holding up a couple tons of sand." She shuddered, and hid her face in her hands and said, "Then you know what happened."

"Yes, I have made advances to your daughter, and I wish you could get her to pay them back"

COLLIER'S — LEO GAREL

"Yeah," Al said. "Can't say I blame you, either."

Her head snapped up. "You don't blame me for what?"

"Forget it," Al said.

"You think I shot Eddie!"

"Look, sister," Al said, "I'm for you. It don't matter what I think. Eddie asked for what he got. We'll try to pin it on Lane. I don't doubt he was around Eddie's cottage, then or later. But it'll be hard to explain the fingerprints on that gun. You'll be smart to dust out of here and let these hick cops chase their own tails. They'll never trace you."

"Do you think I'd go back home and live the rest of my life with a murder charge hanging over my head?"

"At least you'd be living."

She said angrily, "I don't care. I want to make sure that man is caught. He's been hiding almost a year now. And witnesses are disappearing and the reformers losing interest the way they always do. In another few months Champ Lane can stroll back into town and laugh at that indictment."

Al shrugged. "All right. Then pack your things and I'll find you a hide-out. Stuart can tell the cops you got tired of it here and went back to New York."

"Wait a minute," I said. "Why doesn't she stay here?"

"It's an idea," Valerie said. "Why don't I?"

"Here?" Al said. "With a guy who keeps getting you in worse trouble all the time? Don't be dumb. Anybody would tell you this guy is poison."

Valerie said, "And anybody would tell me I shot Eddie Patrono. What's your guess, Bill?"

"I'm not guessing," I said. "I know you didn't shoot him."

She gave me a smile that made me dizzy. "We wouldn't make very good cops, would we, Bill?"

"Personally," I said, "I always wanted to grow up to be a fireman."

Al got up. "Now I've seen everything," he said. "Are you two dopes still set on tracking up the beach tomorrow?"

"I am," I said. "I don't know about Valerie."

"Certainly we are," she said.

"Now listen," Al said. "I admit Lane must have a place on the beach. Eddie told Valerie he did, and everything points to it. We got to find his hide-out. But this shell business don't make sense to me. I'm not parading up and down the beach in daylight advertising to Champ Lane that I'm in town. Tomorrow, first thing, I'm going to rent a car and a tourist shack on the beach, and do my poking around at night. That's the way to handle this."

"I'll try my way too," I said stiffly. "Then we won't see you tomorrow?"

Al went to the door. "Oh, I'll be down there," he said. "I'll keep my eyes open for you."

"Don't put yourself to any trouble," I told him.

"No trouble," Al said. "I don't figure you can find Champ Lane tomorrow. But there's always a chance he might find you." He flipped his hand casually and walked out.

I HAD great hopes of finding a clue to Lane's hide-out that next day. We knew his place was on the beach. He was an enthusiastic shell collector, and had been living for a year in a shell collector's paradise. So the chances seemed good that, among the houses and cottages strung out along the beach, we would find one filled with specimens: shells on the porch waiting to be sorted and cleaned, shells heaped on every table inside, imperfect shells littering the sand around the place. But, like all the other ideas I had had, it was a flop.

We trudged along the beach and looked every house over carefully. We found a number of amateur shell collectors, but no experts. We also found Al Leonard, who had rented a small place for two weeks. We had some coffee at his cottage and listened to him sneer at my ideas of how to play detective. When he got tired of sneering at me, he invited himself to dinner at my house. As a cop, he brought out all my criminal instincts. . . .

For dinner that night I made biscuits and Valerie charred a steak and Al warmed over a few of his favorite murder cases. He served us a gang knifing with the fruit cup and a hatchet murder with the steak. After dinner he began a long story about a dope ring. I couldn't take it any longer and decided to amuse myself drawing a caricature of him. I got my pad and a box of colored pencils; I always carry sketching stuff around in case I get a good idea for an ad layout. I sat in a corner and tried to do a nasty sketch of him. I didn't enjoy it, though, and I switched to Valerie.

That came out nicely. I sketched a head-and-shoulders job, and showed her wearing a bandanna and white shirt, just as she had the night I met her. It really did seem like a good illustration for a Caribbean travel advertisement.

Al became curious finally and came over to see what I was doing. "Look, Valerie," he said. "We got an artist in the house. And all the time I thought he was just a detective. A lousy detective."

"If you don't like my ideas, Leonard," I said, "how about giving me a chance to sneer at yours?"

Al looked as happy as if I had asked him for his autograph. He loved talking about himself. "People write a lot of baloney about how a big-time cop works," he said. "You get your best results with three methods. One, you get a pigeon who tips you off what you want to know. Two, you know how the guy you're chasing operates,

and you set a trap for him. Three, you keep a good set of rogues' gallery photos filed in your head, and you keep your eyes open for the guy you want. We had a nice pigeon—Eddie Patrono. But Valerie fixed that. So I'm using the third method."

Valerie said, "What would happen, Al, if you went to the chief of police and told him you're looking for Champ Lane and maybe he's connected with the murder?"

Al shrugged. "They can't find a dame who's right under their noses. How can they find a guy who's really hiding?"

"I think it might still be worth trying," I said.

Al shook his head. "Tell them about Lane and it would get all over town. You can't keep a thing as big as that quiet. And Lane may have stooges in town."

"Then do we just sit here?" Valerie asked plaintively.

"Next to leaving town, it's the best thing to do," Al said. "The last idea Stuart had was that one you tried today. Got any more dumb ideas, pal?"

If he hadn't said that in such an irritating way, perhaps I wouldn't have thought of another idea. "Matter of fact," I said, "I do have another. Tell me what Champ Lane looks like and I'll sketch him and take it to places he might have visited, and see if anybody knows where he lives."

Al said, "From what Valerie says Eddie told her, Lane didn't go anywhere. He stayed under cover and let Eddie run the errands."

"Eddie hated shell collecting," I said. "Lane is nuts about it. So I bet Eddie never ran any errands about shells. I want to take a sketch of Lane to bookstores and see if he ever bought books on shell collecting. I want to take it to that big shell shop, and to shell experts. One of them might recognize him."

"And maybe," Al said, "they recognize it as a sketch of Champ Lane. Then everybody in town hears of it."

Valerie said, "I don't think they would spot him as Champ Lane. He didn't like photographers. There were seldom any pictures of him published, so his face isn't well known."

Al argued, "But that's only one of the things that can go wrong. Now listen. All along, Stuart's ideas have been backfiring. I got a hunch this one is booby-trapped, too. So let it alone, will you?"

"I vote we try it," Valerie said.

Al muttered, "Here we go again."

I began working on the sketch. It wasn't easy to do the job from oral descriptions, and sometimes Valerie and Al disagreed on the shape of Lane's nose or the color of his eyes, but eventually I finished. An interesting face stared up at me. Bald head, thick black eyebrows, gray eyes, nose built like a meat cleaver, wide firm mouth, heavy chin. The face was not one I wanted to meet in a dark alley.

"It's good," Valerie said.

"You're asking for grief," Al grunted.

The doorbell rang just then. Valerie opened the door, and the chief of police bounded in like a big puppy retrieving a ball.

"Guess what," he said happily. "I figured out how to get my hands on Valerie Wilson!"

Valerie flinched. She was two feet away from him.

Al said, yawning, "Reach out and grab her, then." I glared at him; the remark was in bad taste.

The chief said, "Oh, I got to spend a little time on it first. Today I had an idea, see? The night of the murder, here was this girl at the bus station in bare feet. She didn't have any money and she had to walk back to Beachcomber Court. Her feet must have been mighty sore. She starts packing and gets scared away before she finishes, but we know she took a suitcase. I'm sure she didn't leave town. She went to another hide-out. How do people get places when their feet hurt and they have to take along a suitcase, huh? They get a taxi."

I said, "If she had no money how did she pay the taxi?"

The chief said, "She knew a friend at the new hide-out would pay the cabby."

"Oh," I said. I wished I hadn't asked that question. I had been the friend at the new hide-out who had paid the taxi driver. Right in front of the chief, too.

"So," the chief said, "I been checking all the taxi drivers today."

Valerie gulped and asked, "What did you find out?"

"Not much, yet," the chief admitted. "This is a dull season, and the cabbies take it easy. They work a day or so and then go fishing. May take me a couple days to see them all. But one of them gave her a lift either that night or the next morning. How's it sound?"

"Lousy," Al said. "Maybe her pal came for her or maybe it wasn't a long walk to his place or—"

"I have a feeling I'm right," the chief said. "But, Stuart, this time you really got to help. I need a really good description of that dame."

I sat there frozen, staring at him. I didn't have to give him a good description. All he had to do was reach out and pick it up from my table. The sketch of Valerie was lying right between us. I couldn't remember whether it was face up or not. I tried to avoid looking at it; the chief's glance might follow mine, and if the sketch lay face up he could hardly fail to note the bandanna and white shirt and remember my description of how Valerie had been dressed.

"Well?" the chief said.

The sketch was a faint white blur at the edge of my field of vision. But was it face up? *Was it face up?* My eyes began to ache. The blur danced and shimmered mockingly. I looked. The sketch lay face up.

The chief gave a sharp gasp. "Man!" he said. "There she is!" He pounced on the sketch like a barracuda hitting a mullet.

(To be concluded next week)

The Challenge

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 25

toward Bob, whose face all at once went slack with shock.

"You're doin' some big talkin', guy," Tommy said harshly. "You ack like you're anxious to get in a fight or somethin'."

"Aw, heck no, Tom," Bob said. "I just—well, everybody else was talkin', too. I was just talkin'."

Hope stirred in Erwin's tight breast. Let Tommy get sidetracked. Let him forget all about what he'd been called.

But Tommy turned back to Erwin. "Nobody's callin' me what you did and gettin' away with it," he said, moving toward Erwin, stiff-legged, tensed.

And then the bell rang. Recess was over. Let him hit me once and be done with it, Erwin thought, for now he ain't got time to beat me up the way he likes to beat up guys he fights. The bell kept ringing, the voice of authority that could bring a temporary armistice to the bitterest schoolyard war, and Tommy Hicks was not impatient. He could wait.

"All right then," he said. "I'll get you at four o'dock, Fat."

Erwin was possessed of a devil, that spoke words for him that he didn't want spoken. "I'll be here, don't worry, guy," he said.

Don'tworry! *Tommy* shouldn't worry!

IN LINE, with Tommy's dark head a safe distane in front of him, Erwin looked around a the familiar scene. It was real, not a dram; there would be no blessed awakenin, Recess was ended but the fear persisted. The two-storied brick building was the sane he'd come out of minutes ago. The patchs of metal-gray cinders showing through th sooty snow and slush were the same; the sale, clean blue of the sky was unaltered, nd beneath its high serene indifference the school's inmates hadn't changed: boys and girls, bored, giddy, loud, withdrawn, bold and hearty or pale and sniffling, they trudged with practiced regimentation through the double doors and into the gloomy schoolhouse. Everything was the same as before, but a terrible change had occurred in Erwin, and the others were strangers now, enemies lusting for his blood.

North, beyond the schoolyard and the muddy east-west road, behind the distant hay barn in the stubble field, were the bare willows of Crystal Creek, where the ice was rotting but still firm enough for sliding. Erwin's throat was thick with the wish to be there.

Back of him, running east from the schoolyard under a tunnel of naked maples, the street led to home and safety, a long block and a half away. Last year there had been a gangling, loutish country boy named Claude, three years older than Erwin, who had chased him all the way home from school now and then. Erwin had convinced himself it was a race and not a rout; he'd taken a measure of comfort from knowing he could outrun Claude, whose family, luckily, had moved away during the summer vacation. Now, more than anything under the cold winter sun, Erwin wanted to turn tail and outrun Tommy Hicks and all the lesser enemies to the haven of home and Mama, who didn't believe in fighting.

But if he ran now, something worse than getting beat up would follow him home, into his very bed, his last refuge from strange and disturbing images. And, so, knees hinged with jelly, he went into the schoolhouse and up the creaking wooden stairs. In Miss Carter's seventh- and eighth-grade room he found his seat, conscious of the knowing eyes and the snickers. He slumped into his seat, sunk in a black and bottomless pit of gloomy apprehension. Four o'clock, four o'clock, his mind mumbled.

He gripped his hands and stared out the windows at the small town sprawling north and south beyond the schoolyard. Two blocks away, at the other end of his street, was the Santa Fe depot, where his father worked. He yearned for his father.

A SWITCHING engine moved in front of the depot, and he wished he were on that train, going away forever. He sat there, achingly empty inside, and thought of all the places he'd like to be. Any of a thousand would do. Anywhere but here and now.

"Erwin Wilkerson," Miss Carter said. "Pay attention."

"Yes, ma'am," he said dully, staring at the blackboard.

"Erwin, don't you feel well? You look as if you might be ill."

Snickers and titters ran around the room like mice in an attic. "I fail to see the humor of my remark," Miss Carter said. "Erwin, I asked if you weren't feeling well."

Ah, salvation, escape! All he had to do was confess illness and she'd send him home, and he wouldn't be there at four o'clock. But the proud and evil thing in him spoke first. "I feel okay, Miss Carter."

"Very well," she said. "Then pay attention, Erwin."

But that was asking too much. Can a prisoner display interest in civics when the guillotine awaits? Can multiplication distract the mind when disaster lurks on the clock's face? . . .

Erwin had never had a fight, unless you counted the one-sided affairs with his older brother, Glenn, in which he refused to fight

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back. It was crazy, but he didn't want to *hurt* Glenn. He earnestly believed that he was terribly afraid of really *hurting* Glenn, who was nearly two years older than himself and who had no compunction whatsoever about hurting Erwin. Once, in a fury of impatience, Glenn had cried: "Dammit, Erwin, why don't you fight back? You're bigger than I am!" But Erwin could not say why. It sounded too crazy.

There was no hope for him. It was the longest, sickest afternoon of his life. It was worse than any of the times—like the first day he had come home with wet hair, while the creek was still out of bounds by parental decree—when his mother would make him sit on a chair all afternoon, waiting for punishment to be meted out by his father when he got home from the depot.

It was worse than the time his father had looked at him narrowly and said, "Calvin Parks knows who the kids are that've been swiping his watermelons, and he's going to have them all put in jail." Nothing had come of that, but he'd sweated for a few days. This was worse than facing life imprisonment for stealing Calvin Parks's watermelons. It was worse than looking forward to his father's razor strap, which made a loud noise but didn't really hurt.

There was no clock in the classroom. The janitor was timekeeper for the coming fight; his bell would sound the call to battle at four o'clock. After a half hour had passed, Erwin began listening for the bell, his heart pounding loud in his ears. It seemed to his taut nerves that each second was the *now*, that time had finally devoured his brief reprieve, the bell would ring. As the heartbeat seconds robbed him of safety, he strained and sighed and ached from the interminable, unbearable waiting. And it was now, *now*.

BUT he wasn't ready for it when it came. Suddenly the brass-throated bell rang, and Erwin jerked upright in his seat sweating and panting. Oh, no, please! he thought. Not yet, not yet! But the bell was undeniably ringing, ringing and ringing with a hysterical, alarming insistency.

"All right, students," Miss Carter said briskly, "we'll march out in orderly fashion. No jostling, no rushing, no talking. We're having a fire drill."

Erwin sagged. Fire drill. Then it wasn't four o'clock after all. Just a fire drill. A good old fire drill. He marched out with the others, feeling shaken and weak, thinking: Oh, let it be for real. Let the schoolhouse really burn down and everybody get so excited nobody will remember about four o'clock. Especially Tommy.

But the schoolhouse wasn't on fire, and they went outside and stood around and marched back in again; in an orderly fashion, and in the hall Erwin felt Tommy Hicks's glance following him up the creaky stairs. But when he slumped into his seat again, he was somehow relieved of the awful strain of waiting. The fire drill had recalled him from his gloomy introspection; it would be impossible for him to react again so rawly to the bell. And when, in a few minutes, the bell rang again, it was anticlimax, it did almost nothing to him.

In a sort of trance he got up and went out, his eyes meeting Miss Carter's perplexed glance and slipping away. He descended the stairs with the others, with the calm and measured voice of the bell telling everyone to go home, everyone but Erwin and Tommy and the blood-lusting, the violence-craving, the trouble-hungry. Everybody go on home now, the bell seemed to say, except those who want to watch Tommy Hicks pulverize Fatty Wilkerson.

Hey, you ever see a guy get beat to death with just bare fists? Hey, stick around, then. You ever see a guy with a broken jaw and his nose splattered all over his face and his eyes swole shut and his teeth all busted out and his ribs caved in and blood running out of his eyes and his ears, huh? Say, hang around, then.

Erwin didn't run, but, on the other hand, he didn't march out in an orderly fashion, either. He didn't saunter or tarry. He moved briskly, thinking: If he ain't out there I'll just ack like I forgot about it, I'll just go on home. And oh, he thought with anguish, don't let him be out there!

If the fight took place, he had no strategy. There were no last-minute bits of technical advice that might help him avoid pulverization. His only tactics were to hope and pray that Tommy wasn't out there and, if he wasn't, to just go on home. It was even possible, he thought wistfully, that Tommy had forgotten, that all them other guys had forgotten, too.

Hey, listen! Forget a thing like that? You kiddin' or something? Forget a bull-fight, a deadly duel, a gory accident, a lynching, a bone-splintering, blood-spattering homicide? Listen, you ever see a guy with his head busted open and his brains runnin' out? A fat guy?

Oh, they were waiting all right. They had scurried from classrooms to intercept his flight, to make sure—as someone said from the anonymous safety of the crowd—to make sure it was a clean fight without nothin' dirty gettin' pulled off, like bitin' or kickin' or gougin' eyes and stuff like that. A good, clean, bloody fight, see? They waited across from the schoolyard under the bleak, nude branches of the maple trees. Archie and Joe and Pete and Cotton. Nate, Jack, Herman, Jelly, Elbert, Ralph, Bob, Kermit and Squeechy, Buck and Flip and Clinton and Snake and Rex and Poochy and Delbert and Al and Sam. They were all there, the whole enthusiastic pack of them.

But Tommy Hicks wasn't there yet. He was in no hurry, Tommy.

"Slow down, Fat. You ain't forgot, have you, Fat? About Tommy?"

"Well, listen, if he ain't here, I can't wait all night," he said.

"Who says all night? Holy cats, give 'im time. You scared, Fat?"

"I ain't scared," Erwin said desperately, "only I promised I'd get home early. I got a lot of chores to take care of. Cripes, I can't hang around here all night. It looks like he ain't comin'."

But they wouldn't let him go. Nobody laid a hand on him, nobody blocked his path. They kept him there with words. Okay, they said. If he was yella, okay, then he better get it in high gear before old Tom showed up. Go on, head for home, Fido. Be a yella-bellied coward.

What was so terrible about being scared, Erwin wondered miserably. It was so easy and natural to be scared. But he couldn't make his feet betray that proud and evil thing inside him. He didn't want to wait, waiting longer was impossible. But he couldn't make himself run away. . . .

Tommy was later and later, and Erwin kept telling the mob: "Well, I ain't gonna wait no longer. I got chores to do at home." But he stayed, because they tied him hand and foot with taunts, they shackled him with names, and they milled and stamped and roamed about in the slush.

AND then, after ten slow minutes, Tommy came out of the schoolhouse and turned north across the now deserted school grounds, his eyes on the ground, deep in thought, oblivious.

The mob was indignant. *Hey, wait a minute. He can't do that to us, for cripes' sake!* They wanted to see blood spilled, flesh bruised. And suddenly Erwin was consumed by a terrible rage that included them all. He hated them, all of them, because they insisted on seeing him humiliated, beaten insensible. He stared over their heads as Tommy hesitated, turned, and came trudging toward them. Erwin looked at the schoolhouse, and saw Miss Carter's pretty, serious face at a window on the second floor, and he had a moment of hope. But then he knew there would be no end to his nightmare through Miss Carter, for didn't the teachers always hang around the school until five or later? None of them would be coming up the street for an hour, at least, and a guy didn't need an hour to be pulverized in.

He looked at the hungering, bright-eyed rabble, hating them for forcing disaster upon him, and he wanted to kill them, every single darn' one of them. But he still didn't want to fight Tommy.

Now Tommy was sucked into the whirlpool of boy-flesh, trapped as Erwin was trapped. Tommy Hicks had no more choice than Erwin had, and he knew it. So he said wearily, "Let's go up the street a ways. We'd git reported for fightin' here."

The crowd enfolded them lovingly, protecting them from everything but the crowd and themselves. The mob hemmed them in and escorted them up the wintry street; the mob stopped and formed a tight circle around them.

Tommy Hicks was nobody's fool; he looked at Erwin now with a sort of regretful acceptance. Erwin was an inch or two taller, many pounds heavier—just bigger. Tommy knew his own capabilities; Erwin didn't know his. If Erwin had been in any condition for thinking, he might have thought of the coincidence of Tommy's previous fights; they had all been with boys who were thin and wiry like himself, not bulky stout boys like Erwin.

"Well, go ahead, start," Tommy said without enthusiasm.

"You start," Erwin croaked. "You're the one that wanted to fight in the f-first place."

Aw, knock off the talk. Whassa matter? Bust 'im; g'wan, fight!

"Well, you called me a dirty name," Tommy said.

"Well, I wouldn't of if you hadn't busted me one in the back with a water-soaked snowball. Well, my gosh, that's dirty."

Aw, cripes! Let's have some action. C'mon, durnit, fight!

Two things happened simultaneously. Erwin's fury at the treacherous gang flooded over his fear, and someone behind Tommy gave him a sudden push, sending him forward off balance. Seeing Tommy's lunge, hating the whole world, Erwin lashed out, with all of his weight and fury and desperation behind the blow, and his plump, sturdy fist smacked into Tommy's face and Tommy reversed his direction, staggering back against the barrier of bodies.

As the shorter and smaller boy straightened up, looking stunned and unhappy, blood began welling thinly from his split eyebrow. The crowd gasped with pleased horror, and Erwin stared unbelievingly. He'd actually hit Tommy and made him bleed. All at once he felt a kind of exhilaration, a glowing exultation that filled the emptiness inside him. Cripes! Well, doggone!

So now, when Tommy advanced upon him, white-faced, his pride and his reputation in jeopardy, Erwin didn't retreat. Instead he himself moved forward, swinging his plump arms awkwardly and without skill, but flailing with a sort of frantic exuberance, and his fists smashed soddenly into Tommy's face and head, and he didn't know that he was being hit in return. Bony, hard knuckles skidded off his cheekbone, leaving it raw and burning, but Erwin kept striking and hammering and pummeling and punching and *fighting*, with a singing in his mind and heart. Who's yellow? I'm not yellow. Gee whizz!

Kill 'im! Bust 'im. G'wan, hit 'lm some more. Fight, fight, fight!

SUDDENLY, in desperation, Tommy caught him around the waist and hung on, and Erwin heaved and panted and wrested the smaller boy away, shoving him back. Tommy came upright again and drove in, his face set in a stubborn grimace, and Erwin struck with more deliberation, with more intent and purpose and better results, getting through Tommy's lifted arms. Tommy's hard fists bludgeoned his arms and chest before the wiry arms once more encircled his pudgy waist and clung tenaciously.

They strained and gasped and swayed and struggled. Erwin thrust Tommy from him again, and again Tommy crouched and came back, and it went on and on and on, Tommy forever coming back, driving and diving and hanging on, clutching Erwin until superior weight and lesser hurt threw him off and away. Each time, Erwin hit him coming in, and now Tommy's fist were striking his body with little force. Tommy tried to throw him to the ground and it was no use. Tommy tried to trip him but went staggering himself. They fought in silence except for the grunts and gasps and slithering feet of the gladiators and the panting movement of the crowd.

Strike the white, stubborn, bruised face coming at him; struggle, break away, and then begin all over again. And all at once a new kind of terror was born in Erwin because his beaten opponent wouldn't admit he was beaten. Tommy's face was lumpy and raw and marked with blood from a split eyebrow and cut lip; his nose bled thinly but steadily, but he wouldn't stop. No words passed his mashed lip, but his stony eyes said: "I'm not whipped."

Erwin was sick of the damage he'd done to Tommy; he stopped trying to hit the

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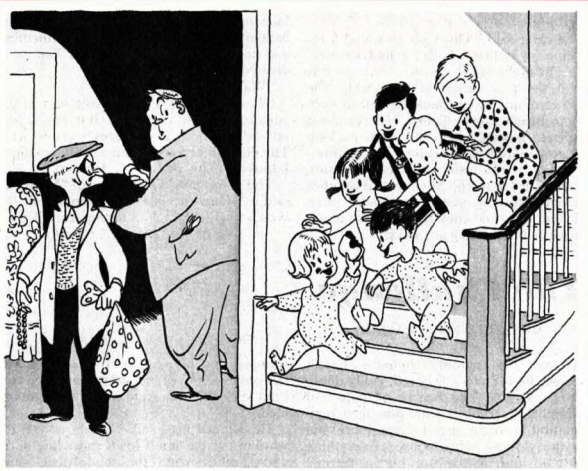

"You were smart fixin' the little one a jelly sandwich, so she'd go quietly back to bed"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

other boy. And a conscience came awake here and there in the mob. "Come on, you guys, stop fightin'. C'mon, let's break it up, you guys."

But nobody tried to separate them, and Tommy wiped blood from his face with a torn sleeve, spat on the ground and turned on the crowd.

"I ain't lost yet," he gasped, and renewed the fight with such dogged, relentless stubbornness that Erwin's face was now a stiff mask of panic. Oh, make him give up, he prayed. Oh, why doesn't somebody stop him?

"You crazy nut," Erwin sobbed. "Oh, you crazy nut."

"I ain't whipped," Tommy whispered through battered lips.

"I don't want to hit you no more," Erwin said frantically. "I don't want to hurt you no more, Tommy."

AND then, abruptly, his prayers were answered, and it was over. Miss Carter was suddenly there, blasting a path through the crowd with indignant authority crackling around her like sheet lightning. She grabbed Tommy and Erwin by the arms, shaking them.

"Stop it this instant!" she said. "Fighting," she said. "I'm ashamed of you. Common street brawlers." She scolded and shook, but in her eyes were anguish and compassion, and the bewilderment of all women when men clash in senseless, prideful combat. Oh, foolish, foolish, foolish boys, her eyes seemed to say. Tearing and beating each other. And for what? A silly point of honor; a matter of false, stupid, deranged pride.

Erwin felt only relief. Go ahead, nag me, he thought. Just hang onto that guy. Don't turn him loose, is all I ask.

Erwin had changed a lot in a very short while. Now he had a great swelling enthusiasm for the future, because not only had the proud and evil thing that was in him made him fight and regain his own self-respect, but from now on he would also command the respect of others. Even as Miss Carter scolded him, he was thinking: There ain't gonna be no more callin' me "Fatty" from now on. Maybe I can't keep the girls from doin' it, but them guys better knock it off.

". . . report this to the principal," Miss Carter was saying. "You both know what that means."

Yeah, a whipping tomorrow at school, because they hadn't gone home yet when they had the fight. The grade-school principal, gray, bespectacled Miss Krogstadt, would whip him and Tommy with her paddle. But she didn't whip hard, and besides, all of a sudden, he wasn't scared of a whipping.

"Now, shake hands and make up," Miss Carter commanded.

Gladly, gladly. I'm glad I fought this guy, I'm glad I ain't yellow. I'm tickled to death I beat him up, but cripes, I sure don't want no more trouble with him, Erwin thought. He stuck out his skinned and pudgy right hand. Tommy looked at it stubbornly for a long moment.

"Tommy," Miss Carter said.

He glowered at her, and then he took Erwin's hand. "Well, I wasn't whipped yet," he said.

Among the onlookers, safely immune from the punishment Erwin and Tommy would get tomorrow, Bob Enright crowed scornfully. "If you wasn't whipped," he said, "then I never seen a guy that was."

Tommy turned his battered face toward the boy. "Tomorrow night look in a mirror, guy," he said. "You'll see one then."

"Look in a mirror yourself," Bob Enright said, but scorn had been replaced by an uncertainty that robbed the words of effectiveness.

Miss Carter turned to the crowd. "Disperse," she said. "Go to your homes, boys." They lingered, reluctant to leave the stadium even if the game had ended. "Boys!" Miss Carter said with an edge of danger in her voice. "I shan't tell you again."

Aw, this ain't the schoolyard. Where's she get that stuff? But they dispersed. *Boy, wasn't that a fight! How about that, old Fat beatin' up on Tommy like that? I sure wouldn't wanna tangle with Fat Wilkerson, boy. Listen, I'd hate to be Bob Enright tomorrow, boy.*

ERWIN, looking at Tommy, felt pity and compassion and respect for him, and the affection of a boy for another boy he need no longer fear. "Tommy, I didn't mean what I called you," he muttered. "I take it back, what I said at recess."

Tommy kicked at the ground. "Aw, forget it," he said. "I didn't aim to hit you with that water-soaked snowball, either."

"Aw, it wasn't really water-soaked," Erwin grumbled.

"Erwin, go home," Miss Carter said, her voice stern but gentle. "Tommy, come back to the schoolhouse and I'll try to make you a little more presentable. What would your mother say if you walked in on her in that condition?" She smiled. "You're a mess."

"Well, so long," Erwin said, looking at Tommy.

"So long," Tommy said.

"You both ought to be thoroughly ashamed of yourselves," Miss Carter said, but her tone held no conviction. They might be a lot of other things, but they were not ashamed.

THE END

DEBUNKING EXPEDITION

THE DEBUNKER	THE DEBUNKING
Boone Descendant, New York	Daniel Boone never wore a coonskin cap. He used a felt hat in winter and went bare-headed in summer.
Otolaryngologist, American Academy of Ophthalmology and Otolaryngology	Blowing your nose hard when you have a cold positively does not spread the infection.
Criminologist, Detroit Police Department	The leading cause for suicide is not disappointment in love—it's poor health.
Botanist, McGill University	The atmosphere at the North Pole is not bacteria-free; it's full of live germs.
Journalist, Terre Haute	The famous "Three-fingered" Brown of the Cubs really had four fingers on his pitching hand.

—W. E. FARBSTEIN

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HARRY DEVLIN

So What's Wrong with Ghosts?

PROBABLY THE WORLD'S most anonymous human, during working hours, is the ghost writer. He's even more obscure than the people who write editorials. And he's likely to lead a pretty frustrating existence. If he's good he may —and frequently does—turn an awkward, wooden manuscript into a best seller. The speech he writes may help elect a man President. But his authorship is unsuspected by most of his audience. And when his identity is occasionally disclosed, it's usually long after his praise-winning work is done.

So maybe the ghost writer ought to be grateful that the Supreme Court has taken notice of his existence, even if the notice is unflattering. For two of the justices called him "legal fraud" and other hard names in a decision to uphold the Patent Office in a case involving an eighty-year-old lawyer and a twenty-three-year-old patent application. The lawyer had submitted a ghost-written article signed by a labor union official in support of his application. For this the Commissioner of Patents prohibited the lawyer from practicing before him. But Justices Jackson and Frankfurter said that the lawyer wasn't the chief villain. They rather blamed "the custom of putting up decoy authors to impress the guileless, a custom which . . . flourishes even in official circles in Washington." Ghostwriting, they declared, "has debased the intellectual currency in circulation here and is a type of counterfeiting that invites no defense."

Well, invited or not, we're going to speak a few words of defense. And we'll begin by confessing surprise that two jurists should call a professional rewrite of somebody's ideas a debasement of intellectual currency. Offhand, we can't think of anything more verbose, tiresome and ripe for revision than the average legal document. After years of wading through briefs that use six verbs to describe one action, you'd think a judge would be the first person to welcome a "decoy author" who could turn prolixity into easy and understandable English.

Perhaps the justices lean toward the common belief that readable writing requires no special skill. But there is a lot of evidence to the contrary. A person may have had exciting adventures. He may have thought great thoughts. But when he sits down to write about them he frequently runs into trouble. That's why ghost writers were born. The literary specter may be incapable of lofty thought and innocent of any extraordinary experiences. But he does know how to write what his employer wants said in such a way that the reader doesn't give up in boredom or confusion after the second paragraph.

If the practiced writer has a legitimate job to do for the ordinary amateur, he has an added reason for functioning "in official circles in Washington." The top members of those circles are busy men. Part of their business as public servants is reporting to the people through speeches and articles. This might turn out to be a full-time and discouraging job if they did all the word-weighing and pen-chewing of composition themselves. So most of them are content to outline the general theme of a speech or article, and then let assistants put their ideas in an orderly, concise and interesting form.

This practice isn't new or startling. We are told that Alexander Hamilton did some ghosting for George Washington. And anonymous authors have been haunting the White House off and on ever since. It remained for Franklin D. Roosevelt to put ghosting on a mass-production basis. His most telling and successful speeches were the result of collaboration. And he hired first-rate collaborators—among them Robert E. Sherwood, the distinguished playwright and one of the few nonanonymous ghost writers of our time. Mr. Truman also has a stable of speech-writing hants, but there aren't any Pulitzer prize winners among them.

We can't see anything counterfeit or disgraceful about this. We don't think it is any worse for a President to hire a professional writer than for him to hire a professional economist or lawyer, or a professional chauffeur to drive his car.

Obviously anyone who employs a ghost should read and approve what is written under his name, just as he should read and approve a contract his lawyer draws up before signing it. If that is done we can't see where any "legal fraud" comes in. All that happens is that a long-suffering public is partially protected from having to listen to Washington officials address them in their native gobbledygook.

Gum with a Kick in It

IF MARSHAL TITO wants to pick up a few honest American bucks to help finance his quarrel with the Cominform, here is a suggestion for him. Just start exporting *sakz*, Marshal, and then sit back and watch the money roll in.

Sakz is chewing gum. It's a homemade product that dates back to the days when Yugoslavia was part of the Ottoman Empire. We have this on the authority of an American newspaperman who interviewed a resident of the gypsy village of Skoplje, in Yugoslav Macedonia. The villager, who has been chomping the stuff all his life, revealed a hitherto secret property of *sakz* which should capture the interest of every red-blooded young American.

You can not only blow a bubble with *sakz*, the gypsy said. You can let the bubble float down and then kick it with your foot.

We think that bit of information is slightly important. Ideological and cultural differences recede for the moment while the backward Balkan nomad introduces to our youth this fascinating combination of eatin' gum and football. A little unsanitary, perhaps. Maybe a little tough on rugs, upholstery and parental tenpers, but definitely one-worldly. We don't see how it could miss being a money-maker.

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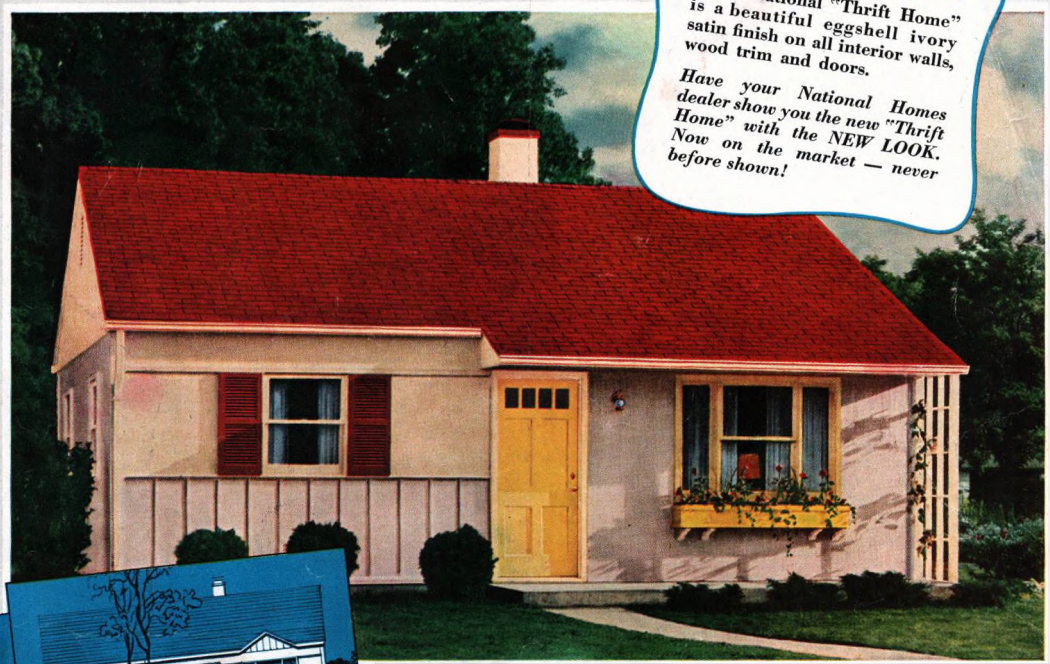

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