

Collier's

JULY 31, 1948

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playing Cops and Robbers!"**

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A new Little Bee Bend story

By Roark Bradford

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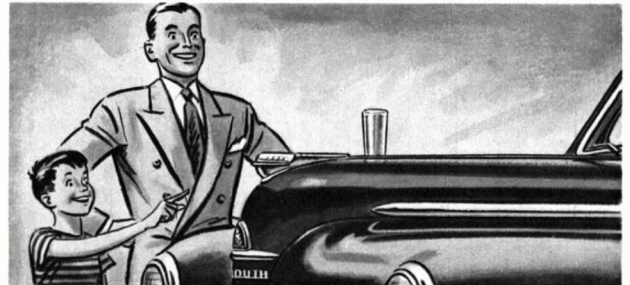
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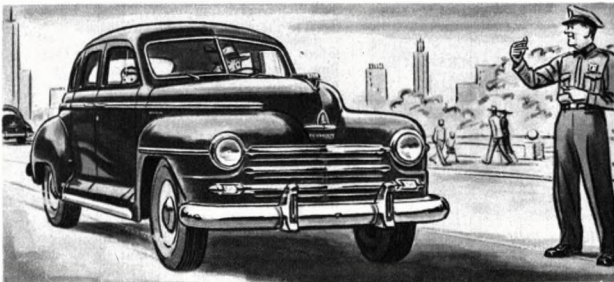
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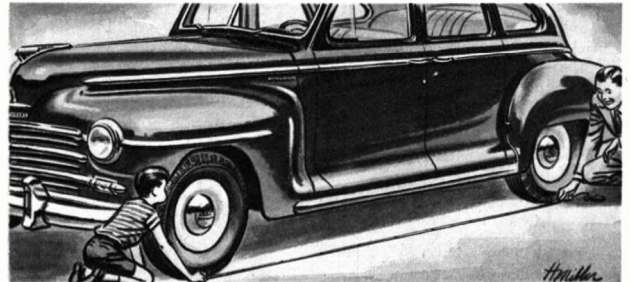
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Your nearby Plymouth dealer will provide the service and factory-engineered parts to keep your present car in good condition while you're waiting for your new Plymouth.
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Picture OF THE MONTH

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer presents

GREER GARSON • WALTER PIDGEON

in

"JULIA MISBEHAVES"

PETER LAWFORD • ELIZABETH TAYLOR
CESAR ROMERO

LUCILE WATSON • NIGEL BRUCE
MARY BOLAND • REGINALD OWEN

Screen Play by WILLIAM LUDWIG,
HARRY RUSKIN and ARTHUR WIMPERIS
Adaptation by GINA KAUS and MONCKTON
HOFFE. Based on the Novel "The Nutmeg Tree"
by MARGERY SHARP

Directed by JACK CONWAY
Produced by EVERETT RISKIN



We've just received the most side-splitting surprise of our movie-going career... and we hasten to declare that we are filled not only with mirth but with admiration. For we have just seen Greer Garson, with a wicked twinkle in her eye, shed her famous dignity to become one of the most delightful comedienne you could hope to see. Don't miss seeing her, with Walter Pidgeon, in M-G-M's hilarious new comedy hit, "Julia Misbehaves," adapted from Margery Sharp's famous best-seller "The Nutmeg Tree."

Greer Garson gives an uproariously funny performance as a woman who wouldn't be done wrong. She holds her creditors at bay in a bubble bath... joins an acrobatic troupe in tights... tries frantically to be a lady and an adventures at the same time... and is found in assorted pairs of arms. But somehow Walter Pidgeon's seem to fit best.

You'll be delighted with handsome Walter Pidgeon's performance, too. As a suave, high-hatted clown, he reaches new heights in comedy characterization.

And with this wonderful pair is the most brilliant supporting cast in years. There's Peter Lawford, Hollywood's brightest young romantic star, giving a gay and charming performance as the lad who loves Elizabeth Taylor, whose fresh young beauty and sweet, spirited performance are completely captivating. And you'll laugh and laugh again at Cesar Romero as the man on the flying trapeze—who lands in Greer's net. Besides these great performers, there are Lucile Watson, Mary Boland, Nigel Bruce, and Reginald Owen... and every one of them will have you in stitches.

The director of this merry film is Jack Conway, veteran Hollywood perfectionist. Everett Riskin, noted for a long list of dramatic hits and comedy riots, is the producer.

"Julia Misbehaves" is everything a great comedy should be and can be—with all the gaiety, sparkle, and charm that spell great entertainment.

COLLIER'S

July 31, 1948

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THE WEEK'S MAIL

HOPKINS

DEAR SIR: Despite statements that Dramatist-Author Robert E. Sherwood was to serve up the *unexpurgated, unabridged* Secret Papers of Harry L. Hopkins (Machiavelli of the New Deal & World War II or Rasputin) which you as editor so presented; the first three installments—following as they do confessions of Cabinet officers as to the asinine ignorance of Domestic & World Affairs of all concerned, and the cheap claptrap politics in each arena—should be retitled as follows, "The Secret Thoughts of one of the Palace Guard of would-be Emperor Franklin of the World" on Secret Policy to that end—and how to best present it as justifying same—with his own interpretations of said Secret Policy, and reasons therefor, occupying first place, and Harry L. Hopkins revealed as office & messenger boy to F.D.R." ROBERT L. PEYTON, Waco, Texas

... We have used the material and spoken of the articles in various classes in history and political science. These papers constitute an important source for both historians and political scientists.

DANIEL H. THOMAS,
Rhode Island State College

AMEN, BROTHER!

SIRS: PEACE! Someday, some home-loving woman shall emerge and be heard: "Brothers, build homes! HOMES FOR ALL, the path to PEACE!"

H. L., Hinkley, Cal.

DEAR SIRS, YOU CADS—

DEAR SIRS: Just noticed how many "Week's Mailers" address Collier's as "Gentlemen." Oh, no! F. M. E. C.

IN THIS CORNER: LAGEMANN

GENTLEMEN: Re They Cut Down The Old Pine Tree (June 19th), apparently Mr. Lagemann took a trip up through Michigan, listened to a few tall tales in a beer joint and wrote his history of the north Michigan lumberjack. However, I fail to see a "sporty" flare in his allusion to the so-called "broad-minded" women.

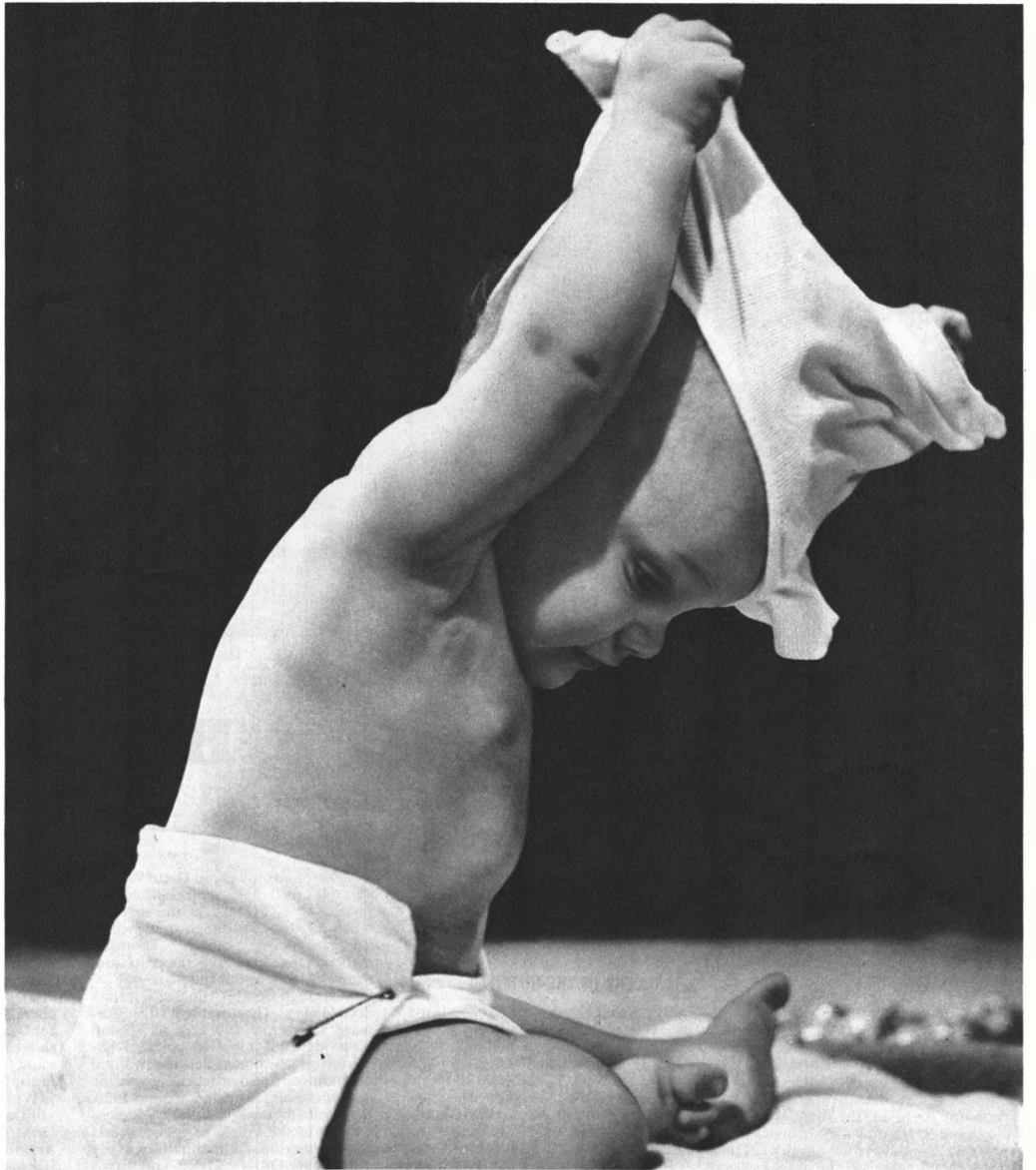
Mr. Lagemann must feel very sure that the "gallant jacks" have all gone to their reward or that he is at a very safe distance. I feel very sure he would not know a pike pole from a peavey and that he would readily believe that a cant hook is a mooly-cow.

Yes, sir, I am one of those old retired
(Continued on page 69)

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We've outgrown the old size, too



The telephone facilities that seemed big enough before the war are not nearly big enough for now. So we've been hard at work on our biggest expansion program.

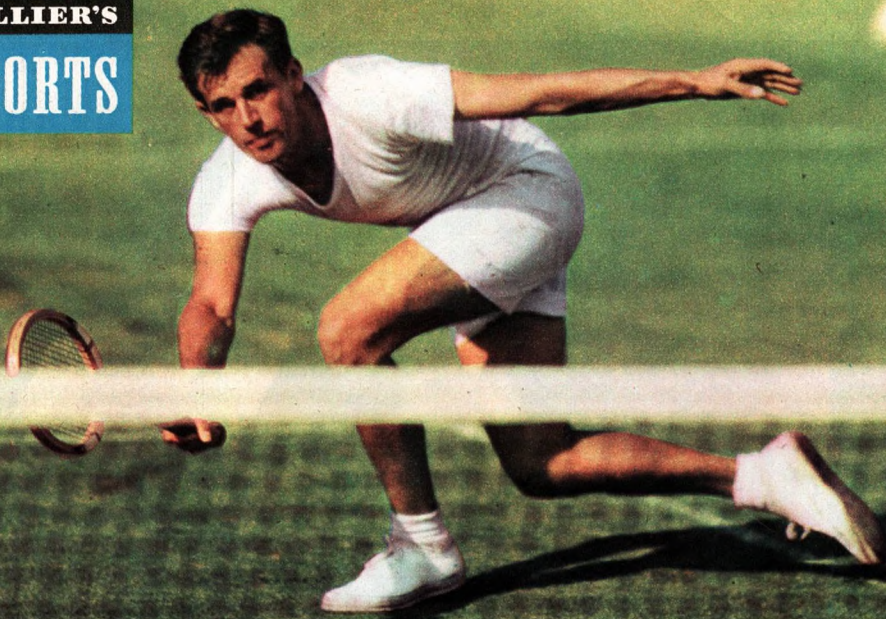
Just in the past year, we started work on 1500 new telephone buildings or additions to present buildings. In the three years since the war, we've added nearly 9,000,000 new Bell telephones. And still more are needed!

It shows how the Telephone Company must keep growing to meet your needs. To serve a nation like ours, the Bell System can never be too big.

We're going full speed ahead with this expansion program so that everybody, everywhere, can have more and better telephone service than ever before.

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM





Frankie Parker is one of the few non-Californians ever to win the national junior tennis title. He is a Milwaukee native who migrated to Los Angeles

TENNIS' RHYTHM BOYS BY BILL FAY

ONLY two non-Californians—Frank Parker and Buddy Behrens—have won the National Junior tennis title since 1932. Why the monopoly? What have Californians got that youngsters in other parts of the country haven't got? Rhythm, mostly. Rhythm and speed. "Court surface is the big factor," Bobby Riggs insists. "Californians grow up on hard courts. Every ball bounces absolutely true. They develop smoothness and timing—the attributes which produce speed.

"Youngsters in the East, Middle West and South play mostly on clay—a slow, unpredictable surface. On clay, the bounce of the ball varies with the weather. On damp clay, the ball skids. On dry or dusty clay, it takes a long slow hop. You have to make constant little stroke adjustments to compensate.

"Consequently, few clay-court players attain the smooth power you see in Budge's backhand, or Kramer's forehand. However, hard-court players like Budge and Kramer, once they get their timing down pat, can make the switch to clay or grass without any trouble. Once you get the rhythm, you never lose it."

The Californians who dominated the juniors—Budge, Riggs, Hunt, Schroeder, Kramer—have dominated American tennis. That's why talent scouts will be watching the impending National Junior tournament at Kalamazoo, Michigan, college. Chances are the winner will be the Davis Cup hope of 1951.

The form sheet says Tony Trabert of Cincinnati has power, Dick Mouldous of New Orleans (the '47 finalist)

has experience, but either George Gentry of La Jolla or Jerry de Witt of Vallejo probably will win. George and Jerry are from California. They've got rhythm.

▶ LARCENY IN THE OUTFIELD

Tris Speaker—the fellow who used to cover center field like a circus tent for the Boston Red Sox and the Cleveland Indians—visited Manager Mel Ott on the New York bench in Phoenix last March. Naturally, the conversation got around to the Giants' pitching, or lack of it. Mel remarked he'd like to find a third reliable starter—somebody to follow Larry Jansen and Dave Koslo.

"Maybe," Speaker said, "you'll find that extra starter out there." Tris waved toward center field. Whitey Lockman, Bob Thomson and Willard Marshall were spinning and running—practicing the almost forgotten outfield art of chasing back after fly balls.

"You mean make a pitcher out of Thomson?" somebody asked.

Speaker shook his head. "About 85 per cent of your outfield hits drop in front of the outfielders," Tris explained, "because the lively ball has backed them up against the fence. But Thomson and Lockman are so fast they can play in close—say 10 feet closer than average—and still back-track to grab balls that go over their heads. That 10-foot edge could cut the percentage of short hits that fall safe. Maybe those kids will snag enough singles and doubles to make winners out of average pitchers."

Thomson made Speaker's analysis look good during the Pirates' first

Polo Grounds invasion. Dixie Walker was on third base, and Jansen was protecting a 2-1 lead in the seventh, when Danny Murtaugh punched a liner into left center. Thomson stabbed the liner on the run and threw Walker out at the plate.

Murtaugh really "singled" into a double play. Thomson had edged forward to within 100 feet of second base—daringly close by modern fly-retrieving methods, but the normal position for Speaker when he was the best of the center fielders around 1920. In pre-Ruth days, Tris played close enough to the infield to cover second base in sacrifice-bunt situations.

Manager Ott applauded Thomson's thievery, but worried when Kiner came to bat. "Imagine," Mel remarked later on, in the clubhouse, "Thomson and Lockman both played Kiner close—practically on the backside of second! I waved Tommy back, but he just pointed his glove at himself with a surprised who-me look and moved in another foot. I had to remind him that Kiner smacked 51 homers last year!"

In rebuttal, Thomson observed: "By playing close I can catch four or five singles a week. There are only a few hitters who can drive the ball so far I can't reach it. And when they smack it over the fence it doesn't matter how deep you play."

Rival managers credit the Giants' surprisingly steady early-summer pitching to this larcenous outfielding by Lockman, Thomson and Marshall. "You can't keep a rally going on those kids," Cincinnati's Johnny Neun commented. "You have to drive the ball right in the slot to get a hit."

▶ ROUGHRIDING ARCARO

The Jones Boys, Ben and Jimmy, surprised a good many people when they picked Eddie Arcaro to ride Citation after Jockey Al Snider was lost on a fishing trip off the Florida keys. At Hialeah last winter there was persistent talk that Arcaro would never work for Calumet again. Reason: Eddie shoved Calumet's Armed around more than a little, while riding Assault in the \$50,000 Widener.

While Arcaro was committing Assault and battery on Armed, outsider El Mono slipped home in first place. After the race, Jimmy Jones was asked if Arcaro apologized for the roughriding. Jimmy shrugged. "We get six or seven apologies from Eddie every year."

Arcaro salts his conversation with double negatives—expressive and frequently humorous. Once, describing a popular woman owner, Eddie remarked admiringly, "She's a high-class lady. She never has nothing to say." Another time, asked for assistance by an eager apprentice, Eddie gravely advised, "Never get beat by no noses." Eddie's little pearl of sports wisdom ranks with Walter Hagen's helpful hint to a young golf pro. Warned Walter: "Never miss a six-inch putt on the home hole."

▶ WHEN TO USE A SPINNER

Anglers in Northern states who have been experimenting with spinning—a pastime popular in England since the early 1900s—sometimes rush in where fly casters fear to tread. (Continued on page 65)

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ALASKA



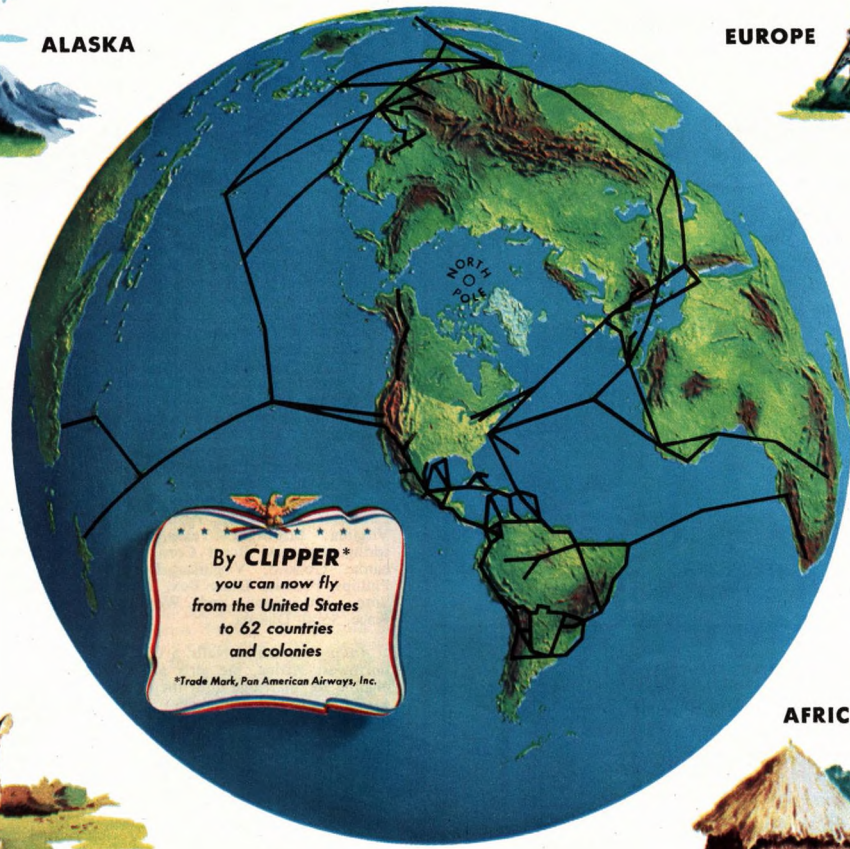
EUROPE



ASIA



SOUTH AMERICA



AUSTRALIA



AFRICA

This air-age map shows you the world somewhat as it would look if you were miles high in the air, directly above Chicago, Illinois. It is an "azimuthal, equidistant" projection.

Name your overseas destination!...Chances are that Pan American World Airways flies there direct...*One* ticket and *one* set of baggage checks take you from the U. S., straight through to your destination.

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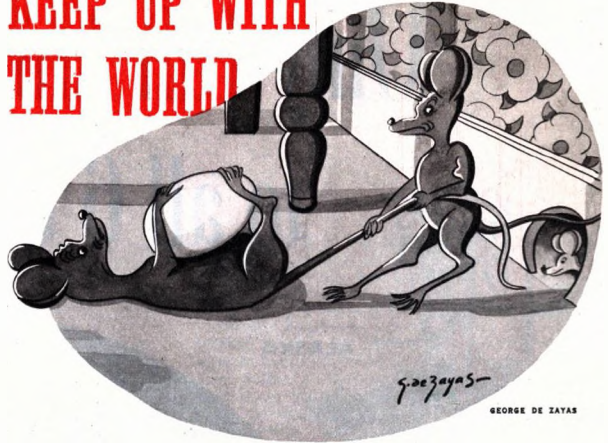


*Nationwide surveys prove it!

Helps Make Beards
Up to 47% Softer
for Shaving



KEEP UP WITH THE WORLD



GEORGE DE ZAYAS

BY FRELING FOSTER

A strange tale about an egg-stealing method used by rats has been published, with drawings, in many countries since the 13th century. And the story is still widely believed, although it has never been proved by photographs. To transport an egg to a distant burrow, one rat, it is claimed, gets on his back and clutches the egg tightly with his four feet while his partner pulls him by the tail—against the lie of his fur and under and over any kind of obstacle.

The hundreds of strangely named towns in the United States today include Accident, Maryland; Anvil Location, Michigan; Assawoman, Virginia; Birthright, Texas; Boxspring, Georgia; Burnt Corn, Alabama; Cuckoo, Virginia; Doctor Phillips, Florida; Dime Box, Texas; Soso, Mississippi, and Wounded Knee, South Dakota.

Among the Ouled Naïls, a tribe in northwest Africa, the girls are not eligible for marriage until they have earned a considerable dowry. So between thirteen and eighteen years of age, they serve as entertainers in the native cafés of Algiers, Tripoli and other Mediterranean ports. As the dowry grows, they display it in the form of gold coins worn as ornaments, totally disregarding the danger of robbery.

One of the most daring swindles in American history was that perpetrated by Charles A. Ponzi through the Securities Exchange Company which he opened in Boston in 1919. Claiming he was making huge profits by dealing in international postal coupons, Ponzi offered a return of 50 per cent on any sum invested with him for 90 days. Before he was stopped, seven months later, through the disclosure that the few demands made on him for interest had been paid out of the mounting capital, he had taken, from some 50,000 investors, about \$18,000,000, half of which was never found. After serving two prison sentences Ponzi was deported to his native Italy in 1934. Today, half paralyzed, he is a charity patient in a hospital in Rio de Janeiro.—By Mary Ford Roslyn, Long Island, N. Y.

One of the strangest situations that ever saved the life of a condemned man arose as a Negro, Jim Williams, was about to be executed in the Florida state penitentiary at Raiford in 1926. After he had been strapped in the electric chair and the black hood placed over his head, both the warden and the sheriff on the case refused to pull the switch, each claiming it was the duty of the other. At the end of their futile and heated argument, which lasted 20 minutes, Williams was unstrapped and returned to his cell. For being subjected to this torture, his sentence was commuted to life imprisonment, and eight years later, for saving two lives on a prison farm, he was rewarded with a full pardon.

Probably the oddest incident in American railroad history was the mysterious disappearance of a refrigerator car from the center of a long freight train during a nonstop trip of 25 miles in Pennsylvania on a night in 1898. Until the car was found by a farmer three weeks later concealed by a group of trees at the foot of an embankment no one could imagine what had happened to it. While rounding a sharp, steep curve, the car had become uncoupled at both ends and, after it had toppled from the rails, the rear section of the train caught up with and coupled itself to the front section.—By Gustav Kaiser, Mt. Vernon, N. Y.

Soon after the mythical actor George Spelvin first appeared on Broadway in the cast of Brewster's Millions in 1907, the name acquired such a reputation for being lucky that it has since been used in the programs of about 2,000 stage plays, usually as the second name of an actor playing two parts. Women and boys in minor roles have also been billed as Georgette Spelvin and George Spelvin, Jr.; and even the Moscow Art Theater, when it came to New York in 1922, had among its players one who was listed as Gregor Spelvanovich.

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

SAFETY IS YOUR BEST INVESTMENT



DANGEROUS: Death backs down the driveway, and you may be at the wheel! The driveway is where some of the most tragic accidents take place, according to the National Safety Council. Teach children never to play in the drive. And when you back out, look out—see what's behind you. Let's play safe!

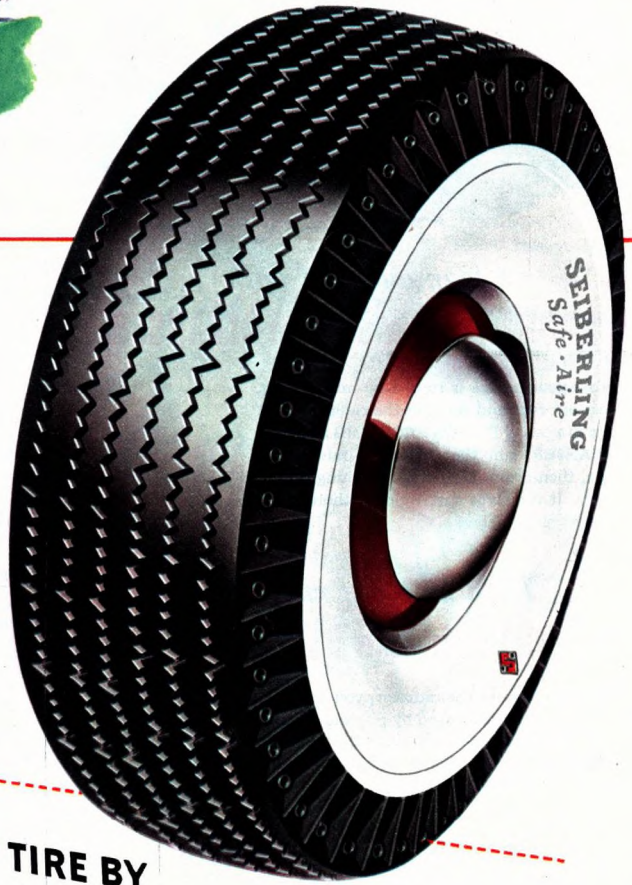
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Then keep out rust with

DU PONT Acid and Rust INHIBITOR

After cleaning out the radiator, you can keep it free from rust all season by pouring in a can of DU PONT ACID AND RUST INHIBITOR. This neutralizes the acid and prevents damaging rust from forming.



Avoid radiator leaks with

DU PONT Cooling System SEALER

You can stop leaks quickly and securely—and make cooling system LEAK-PROOF—by pouring in DU PONT COOLING SYSTEM SEALER. It will not clog the radiator.

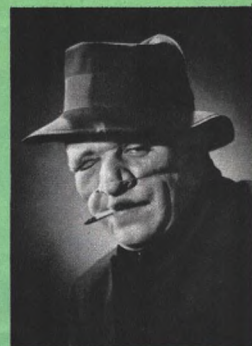


BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
... THROUGH CHEMISTRY

THE WEEK'S WORK



OKAY



NOKAY

THE dossier on the Jekyll-Hydeish gentleman above is as follows:

Born: Fred John Balk, Aug. 30, '05
Profession: Cartoonist
Height: 6'1" (Slightly higher in mended socks)
Weight: 210 lbs. (Slightly less when Cartoon Editor Wms. isn't buying)
Reach: Table length
Chest: Normal—for a man
Expanded—when bragging
Waist: Beltless, suspender type
Education: American grade; Chicago Academy Fine Arts; various ateliers around Dill Pickle Club & Bughouse Square in Chicago

General

Has cartooned for past 10 years; except for 3½ years spent in service. Enlisted in Navy in May, '42, jumped into sea of matrimony six weeks later. Now, with wife chained to Oar No. 2, paddles own free-lance galley ship. No children; deeply engrossed in raising small mustache; if it can be made to behave, may tackle a baby next.

Remarks

Has two sides to nature: the "Okay" and the "Nokay." Nokays cause him to retire to his lair, make himself up as illustrated above, and ponder the question: "After arms and legs have been removed from humor editors, should torso be filed under finished or unfinished business?" Nokay side also takes care of friends who rush up crying: "I saw something today that would make the funniest gag for you!" The Okay side is accounted for by the cartoon on p. 48.

THE story Flannagan's Last Resort (p. 18) springs out of Nord Riley's early exposure to the northern Minnesota lake country. Nord himself was born in Wyndmere, North Dakota (population 500), where the land was so flat Riley claims water couldn't pull itself together for a stand. "We swam in the railway ditch, then went home and washed the mud off," he tells.

"For a fish we had lutfisk, a Norwegian yuletide horror with one of the most powerful odors known to man. Strangers should approach it with a bad cold. Lutfisk turns silverware blue-green, but all it does to Norwegians is make them want to chase Swedes." This sort of thing drove the Rileys to Minnesota resorts each summer. "Flannagan is about a man pursuing a woman; I should have known better. It is basically unnatural and contrary to the facts of American life," continues this Gael-weigan. (Chaise longue appearing in illustration for Flannagan's Last Re-

sort (pp. 18-19) courtesy of Carole Stupell.)

Since the war Riley has lived at Manhattan Beach, California, a little town perched on a sand dune. "Its front beams on the Pacific, its rear is buried in Los Angeles smog," this unnative son reports. "My little apartment has a view every day but Monday, when I see the Pacific through the trap door of a small boy's underwear as it dries on the patio."

COMES now one James Young Atlee Phillips (The Chousey Man, p. 13) crying trivia anent his own life. Deposits that he is 6 feet tall, weighs 181, is thirty-two, hath wife of vivid appearance and one son, Shawn.

Deponent further states he was, for a most enjoyable period of years, a collegiate bum; hath written novels; much poetry; some short stories.

Deponent hath had several jobs. Oil-field roustabout and Big Inch pipeline; and publicity agent for Billy Rose in New York City. For a time with Consolidated-Vultee. Title: In Charge of Procedures, Training and Followup on Outside Purchase. Served with Chinese air force; was Marine. Later with Leatherneck. Now writing two novels, one with each hand.

Deponent writeth spasmodically, usually in shorts and derby, on battered portable. He playeth tennis in good amateur fashion, also softball, golf, and drinking, the way he does it, is exercise. The Chousey Man grew from deponent's ups and down as an amateur rodeo rider.

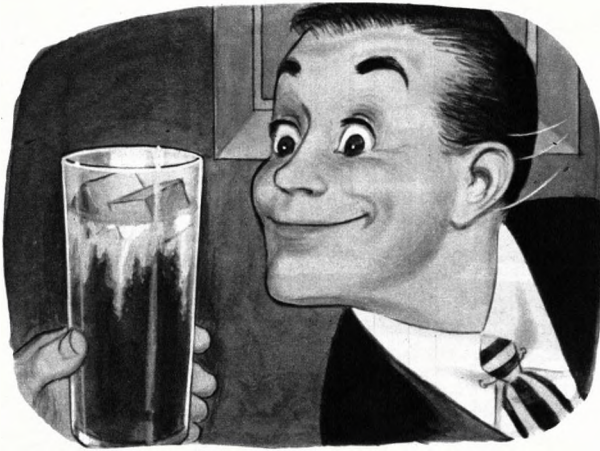
WE WERE just looking over a layout for a fall piece on college wardrobes by our men's fashion editor, Henry L. Jackson. We got pretty absorbed in the usual editorial problems involved in getting the spread set for the forthcoming issue in which it will appear. Then we remembered—Henry went down in the horrible DC-6 crash at Mount Carmel, Pennsylvania. Henry was a good fellow, a hard-working colleague and a gentleman. We miss him.

This week's cover: Rare Beauty. George Karger first saw Janet Abel in the elevator in his studio building. Then he met her by the water cooler opposite his studio. Then he kept seeing her disappear behind an office marked "Translations." He wondered what language she spoke and what her slant eyes meant. When he took courage and asked her to pose for a Collier's cover, she answered in good old Nawth Cahlina she-all'd be delighted. Janet has never been on a cover before. . . .

TED SHANE

How to be Coffee-Happy

(on a hot summer day!)



Good iced coffee starts with good hot coffee! You get a rich, full-bodied brew every time . . . with a General Electric Tastegard Coffee Maker.

What a joy to have coffee the way you like it—*perfect coffee*—day after day!

And you can, simply by switching on a General Electric Coffee Maker.

For General Electric has found the way to take the guesswork out of making coffee. The result is that each and every General Electric Coffee Maker brews your coffee under *scientific control*.

The secret is *Tastegard*—a tiny but important hole in the stem of the upper bowl.

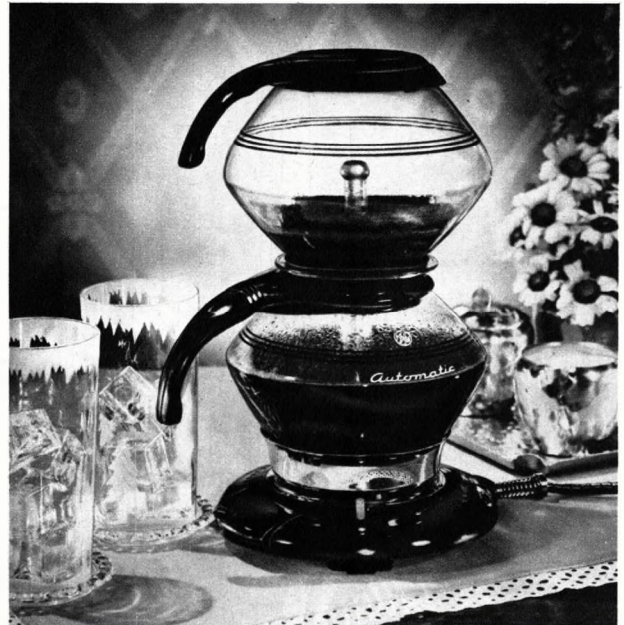
And ONLY General Electric has it!

Tastegard controls exactly the temperature at which your coffee brews. Water doesn't boil up the stem until it's at just the right heat to make a rich, mellow, and full-bodied brew.

Every General Electric Coffee Maker, no matter how little it costs, has Tastegard. And *only* General Electric has this wonderful, sure-fire way to make perfect coffee!

And think of this! Tastegard controls the brewing of your coffee exactly, whether you make two cups or eight, or any amount in between. With a General Electric Tastegard, you need no other coffee maker.

There are five models to choose from, at prices to suit your purse. See these two and the other sparkingly beautiful General Electric Tastegard Coffee Makers at your retailer's.



Lowest-priced, all-automatic glass coffee maker there is! \$17.95

Press a button . . . that's all you do! And this push-button marvel makes coffee automatically. Keeps it piping hot automatically, too, until you pour out the last delicious drop. No watching—to make 2 to 8 cups of heavenly coffee!



A complete G-E Tastegard Coffee Maker for only \$6.95

Two-to-eight-cup coffee maker, plus chromium stove, plus plug-in cord. Adds up to one of the lowest-priced complete coffee makers sold! No extras to buy! Like all General Electric Coffee Makers, it has wide-mouth bowls for easy cleaning . . . and Tastegard, of course. General Electric Company, Bridgeport 2, Conn.

Prices subject to change without notice.

Every G-E Tastegard Coffee Maker brews 2 to 8 cups
. . . every cup perfect, every time!

GENERAL  ELECTRIC



Dynaflow Drive optional at extra cost on ROADMASTER models only. White sidewall tires, as illustrated, available at extra cost.

It lifts the limit on luxury

with **DYNAFLOW DRIVE**

PROPER as an ascot on the best man is the name that goes with this most bountiful of Buicks — *Roadmaster*.

Here, indeed, you ride in luxury as long on comfort, room and distinguished design as that of a car built to your own custom.

But beyond that, here's where you become master of the highway as in no other car at any price — through the magic of Dynaflow Drive.

For the Buick Roadmaster alone offers this advanced answer to simplified driving — the only drive in all America in which you move swiftly and smoothly through varying speeds *without a gear ever shifting*.

Usually, that's enough said. We hope it is for you, too. Enough, at least, to send you to your Buick dealer to see about getting an order in for this fleetest of fine motorcars.

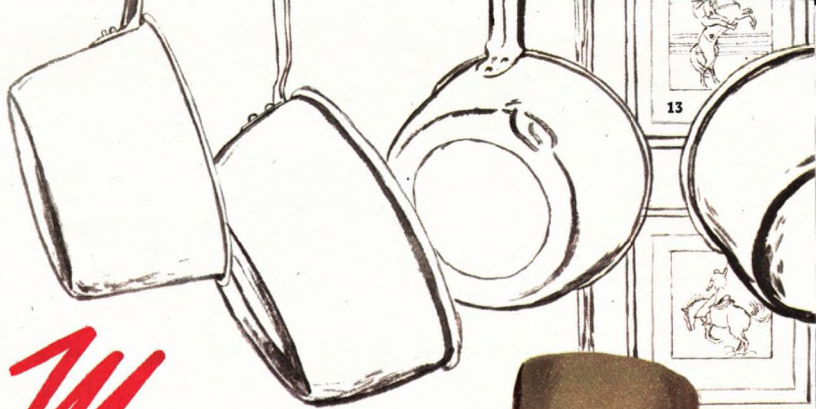
BUICK Division of GENERAL MOTORS

Buick Roadmaster

When better
automobiles are built
Buick
will build them

Tune in HENRY J. TAYLOR, Mutual Network, Mondays and Fridays

Ruth Evans' laughter made Jeff Hastings burn, and Jeff was not the type of cowboy who smoldered quietly. He exploded all over the place



The Chowsey Man



Jeff put his hands on the table. "Folks," he said mildly, "you paid for tickets to the show, so I suppose you bought the right to talk about the performers"

BY JAMES ATLEE PHILLIPS

THE chute doors swung open and the shaggy black bronco came exploding into the arena. The crowd, banked in rows of smoky faces, held silent as the plunging horse whirled and jolted, hammer head thrust down. Sprays of tanbark were pounded up as the hoofs struck, and the rider, face intent under a flaring hat, let his body give to the lunges. His left hand was gloved and down; it held a death grip on the single halter rope. His right hand was high and free as his spurred boots raked the black from shoulder to flank.

Tufts of hair, ripped loose by his spurs, floated behind the twisting horse, who crowhopped with stiffened

legs and then started sunfishing. The desperate rider tried to balance against this change of tactics, but centrifugal force loosened him in the saddle. When the horse leaped sideways, he leaned out, and he was falling as the ride bell rang.

Jeff Hastings, perched on the fence over the chutes, watched the rider fall and shook his head in disgust. Hastings was a spare man with sun-bleached hair and oddly light gray eyes. His skin was the color of cured leather, and the scarlet shirt and whipcord pants fitted him like an extra layer of skin. While he sat there with displeasure written on his face, the speaker system up among the rafters clicked on and an incisive voice cut

through the great noise of the crowd.

"No ride for Junior Bean," the horns rasped. "Next rider is Lyndon Wayne, coming out of chute four on Guided Missile."

Guided Missile was a roan mare with a blaze face, and she tried to leave the chute through the top. Wayne, a morose cowboy in dusty black clothes, had been easing down on her back. When she went skyward, with slashing hoofs, he scrambled back up and waited. The ground handlers got the mare settled again, and Wayne resumed his patient descent toward the saddle.

Watching this maneuver but hardly seeing it, Hastings reflected that the rodeos were keeping up with the

times. The broncs used to be called Broken Box or Midnight, but now it was Atomic and Guided Missile.

Progress, he thought, faintly amused. The mare in the chute reared again, put her wild-eyed face over the top slat, and had to be hauled back down. Over his head, Jeff heard a voice coming from the boxes. It was a woman's drawl, much affected.

"Aren't they quaint?" the woman asked. "I mean—all the gaudy circus clothes, like little boys playing a game."

That's interesting, thought Jeff, and his tanned face crinkled under the hat brim. It's a shame this lady can't hoist

(Continued on page 40)



The War Against

ONE morning last March an expensive convertible, bearing New York license plates, rolled up to the American side of the international bridge at El Paso. It halted there before crossing the line into Ciudad Juárez, Mexico's honky-tonk border town. The American immigration officer on the bridge glanced at the driver, a neatly dressed man in his middle thirties, and at the attractive young woman who sat beside him. He asked them the usual questions. Yes, they were American citizens, husband and wife. And they were on a short trip to Mexico.

At Juárez, the car halted again, outside a café just off the main drag. The driver blasted his horn. Almost at once a flashy young beetle-browed Mexican wearing a pink shirt and a horseshoe stickpin in his lavender tie came out.

"Everything's fixed," he said to the driver in a low voice. "The man will be waiting for you there when you arrive."

They exchanged a few remarks on the condition of the Central Highway to Chihuahua, capital city of the state of that name, and the car moved away swiftly.

Six hours later it pulled up before the best hotel in Chihuahua. Inside, the driver registered as Mr. and Mrs. Harold Selden, New York City. He disclosed to the manager that he was the owner of a chain of drugstores in small towns around New York City, and that he and his wife had come down to Mexico on vacation.

The Seldens had been in their room a few minutes when the telephone rang. It was a blue-eyed Mexican, whom we'll call Señor Diaz. That is not his real name. He had been watching for Mr. Selden's arrival, he said, and would like to have a talk.

That evening at dinner the Seldens and Señor Diaz had their talk. It was a long time before Diaz came to the point.

"You will forgive me if I have asked so many questions," he said at last, "but it is necessary. My friends must be sure that you are legitimate buyers and that you have the money with you."

"Don't worry about the money," Selden said.

"You have it in American dollars?" Señor Diaz asked.

"I'd be crazy to carry all that cash," Selden said. "If your friends will tell me when the stuff will be ready, I'll arrange with the local bank to have the cash here in 24 hours."

Diaz nodded.

During the next two days there were more meetings—accidental encounters at bars and restaurants—with two or three other men, when no actual business was discussed. A good deal of sizing up of the Seldens went on. One evening Selden let fall a hint that some of his prosperity might be derived from the underground distribution of narcotics.

The following night, in the bedroom of a cheap hotel on the outskirts of Chihuahua, he was permitted to examine the merchandise he wanted to buy, while three men wearing automatics stood by. Selden looked the stuff over carefully and nodded his head. It was the *stuff* all right, coffee-colored heroin, the most violently effective of all the opium-derived narcotics.

Money by Telegraph to Buy Heroin

The next morning Selden visited the bank and arranged for the telegraphic transfer of United States funds. The money would be available the following morning. It was decided the deal would be consummated at the hotel at nine o'clock that evening. Selden would get 100 ounces of heroin for \$25,000, American money.

At five minutes of nine on the appointed evening the three men who had shown Selden the

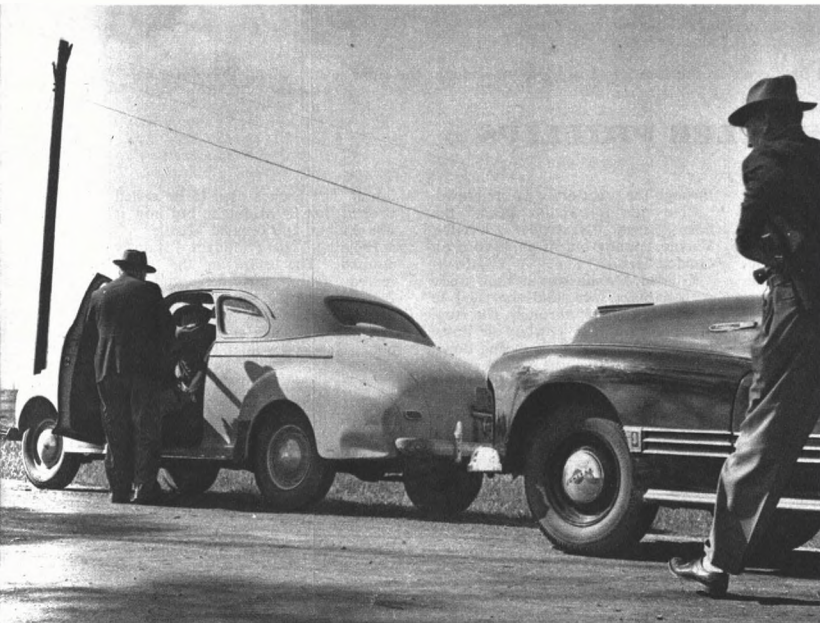
heroin sat in their hotel room waiting for his arrival. The heroin was in a fiber suitcase under the bed. At two minutes after nine there was a tap at the door. One of them went to the door, unlocked it, pulled it open and sprang back, reaching for his gun. But the Mexican narcotic agents charged into the room, sub-machine guns up and ready, one of them letting go with a burst into a corner to scare the dope traffickers. The men were quickly handcuffed and led away.

Mr. and Mrs. Selden? They had headed back home inconspicuously soon after dinner on the appointed evening, not to any chain of drugstores in New York, but to their headquarters somewhere in the American Southwest. The Seldens (this is not their name) are undercover agents of the U.S. Customs Division of the Treasury Department.

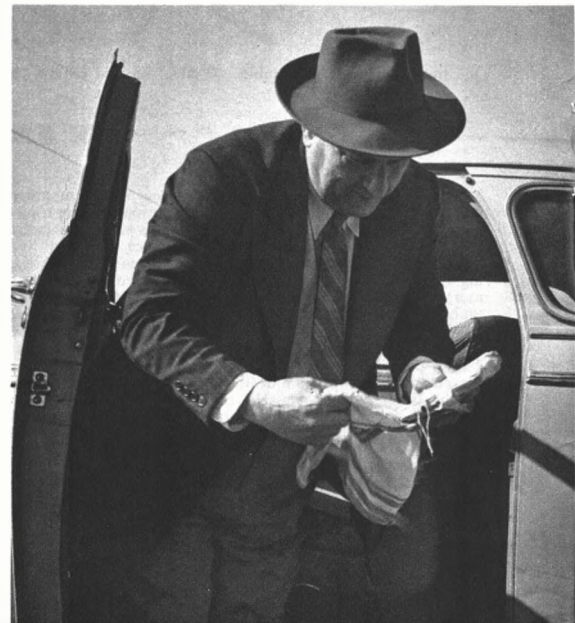
Heroin, morphine, opium—products of Mexico's red poppy—are today moving in a hundred cunning ways across the Mexican border into the United States. With marijuana, they developed into an illicit business amounting to an estimated \$40,000,000 in 1947. Most of the dope went to the United States. A determined effort to stop this traffic is engaging the full time of hundreds of American and Mexican customs officers and narcotic agents.

Opposing them are the operators of the dope rings, with legions of peddlers, runners, mules (people who carry the narcotics across the border) and missionaries (those who attempt to convert people to dope addiction). The ramifications of these rings reach deep into the remote arroyos of Mexico's Sierra Madre Mountains. There, armed peasants stand watch over their secret poppy fields, waiting for the night when the poppy capsules will be ripe and ready for the harvest of raw opium, which agents of the ring bosses will buy from them at fabulous prices through underground channels

At Eucalyptus Grove a few miles from Tijuana, Mexico, the Customs Patrol closes in on a suspect. Inspector W. F. Patterson opens car door, while Sergeant J. Doolittle covers him



Inspector Patterson searches the suspect's automobile, discovers a package hidden under the front seat, and unwraps it



DOPE RUNNERS

The narcotics products of Mexico's red poppy are moving across the border in a hundred cunning ways. The U.S. is co-operating with the Mexican government in an effort to halt an illicit business that amounted to well over \$40,000,000 last year

BY PETER PACKER

ALL PHOTOGRAPHS, EXCEPT LOWER RIGHT, BY RICHARD C. MILLER

in the cities of Culiacan-Rosales, Hidalgo del Parral, Ciudad Obregon, Durango and Chihuahua.

In the past few months co-operation between U.S. and Mexican authorities in the capture of smugglers and the seizure of marijuana and poppy-derived narcotics has become much more effective than it had been hitherto. Behind this co-operation lie the efforts of Dr. Harry J. Anslinger, dynamic chief of the U.S. Treasury's Narcotics Division and his associates in the U.S. Customs.

At a meeting of the United Nations Commission on Narcotic Drugs last summer, Dr. Anslinger pointed out that although prohibited by Mexican law the cultivation of the opium poppy and marijuana appeared to be tolerated by local authorities in Mexico. He reported 10,000 illicit poppy fields are known to be in existence south of the border. He said there are a dozen or more clandestine laboratories for refining the raw opium into smoking opium, morphine and heroin, and secret landing strips in the Sierra Madre Mountains from which narcotics smugglers take off for this country with their cargoes of dope.

Since then the Mexican government has stepped up its drive against the illicit narcotic traffic, aimed primarily at the destruction of the secret poppy fields in the Sierra Madres. That the campaign is beginning to take effect is attested to by stories like that of a Mexican peasant whose family has farmed its half hectare of land in the mountains of Durango State for generations.

Shortly after dawn one day last April this farmer went to the door of his adobe shack high up on the mesa and looked down the arroyo to his field where the poppies grew in tidy rows of bright green and crimson. He had planted seed in November. Now his crop was ripe. He had invested his labor and that of his family, and 100 pesos in cash. His return would be about 5,000 pesos—more money than he

had ever seen. He vowed no one would prevent him from getting it.

That day he called on three of his neighbors—his partners in the poppy fields.

"The poppies are ready," he told them. "We will cut them tonight. Tomorrow, when we have collected the *honey*, I will ride to Parral. When I return we will celebrate."

The Chinese who had lived in these mountains before a revolution expelled them had taught the Mexican peasants how to raise opium poppies and extract the milky sap of the ripened capsules. They had also taught them that the sun must never see the gathering of the sap—for sunlight impairs its strength. The sap of the opium poppy must be harvested by night.

How the Opium Crop Is Harvested

Soon after sundown some forty men, women and children went down to the poppy fields. They were the families of the farmer and his partners. Each carried a *cuchillo*—a short, tapering piece of wood with a razor blade stuck in one end, projecting no more than an eighth of an inch so that the cut into the capsules would not go too deep. All the men were heavily armed.

In each capsule they made five or six horizontal incisions. Gradually, the pods, as big as golf balls, began to bleed. Their milky sap seeped stickily out of the cuts and clung like pine resin to the surface of the capsules. When all the pods had been slashed the women and children were sent home. The men stayed to guard their harvest and to wait for early morning when the *honey* would be ready.

Just before five o'clock the farmer rose and went into the poppy field. He ran practiced fingers around a capsule, grasping and twisting it as though it were a doorknob. The sap had turned brownish

gray. It collected in the joint between his thumb and index finger, looking like a wad of chewing gum. From his belt he unclipped a tin canister about the size and shape of a half-pint stein. In the lip of this canister there was a semicircular, inch-deep groove. He fitted his thumb into this groove and scraped the raw opium down off his thumb and into the canister.

"Pronto!" he shouted to the others. "To work!"

The men moved quickly, each using his own canister. So busy were they that the stealthy approach of men through the undergrowth on the other side of the wash went unnoticed. Not until he heard a shouted command did the farmer look up. It was too late. The federal troops who had been tramping all night across the mountains were already running across the dry bed of the wash and coming up the sloping bank with their guns drawn. Panic set in among the opium gatherers. One of them fired his rifle. His fire was returned at once by an officer with a tommy gun, and the soldiers advanced into the field, shooting as they came.

In the pitched battle two of the opium gatherers were killed and five wounded.

In spite of the efforts of the Mexican government, however, U.S. narcotics officials are not too hopeful for an early end to the cultivation of opium poppies and marijuana in Mexico.

"We're giving Mexico all the co-operation we can," says Edson J. Shamhart, Deputy Commissioner of Customs in Washington, "but it's their country and we can only go so far. Besides, they're short of man power and money. We can convince the higher-ups, but it's down in the lower echelons where bribery and corruption are a part of everyday life that it begins to get tough. We do all we can in the way of giving them leads to traffickers and peddlers down there, but we keep our powder dry. In other (Continued on page 47)

The package is found to contain a can of dope. As the handcuffed suspect stands quietly by, Patterson hands the contraband to Sergeant Doolittle



Lieutenant Colonel Rosendo DeAnda and Chief of Police Maese of Juarez, Mexico, police display weapons seized from runners in a single week end



Mountain Mutton

DESIGNS FOR TOURING—X

THE sheep come calling and galloping down the scrub-oak draw to the ford across the Little Cimarron River in southwestern Colorado—wise old ewes and white, spindle-legged lambs six weeks old. Behind them the herders yell and yippee and fan strays with old weather-beaten hats. The sheep pour in a creamy flood down the long slope, rumble over a pole bridge above the snow water from the ice fields up on old Uncompahgre Peak and turn up the Ute Indian Trail—a thin, perilous pathway that was old centuries before the Spaniards came.

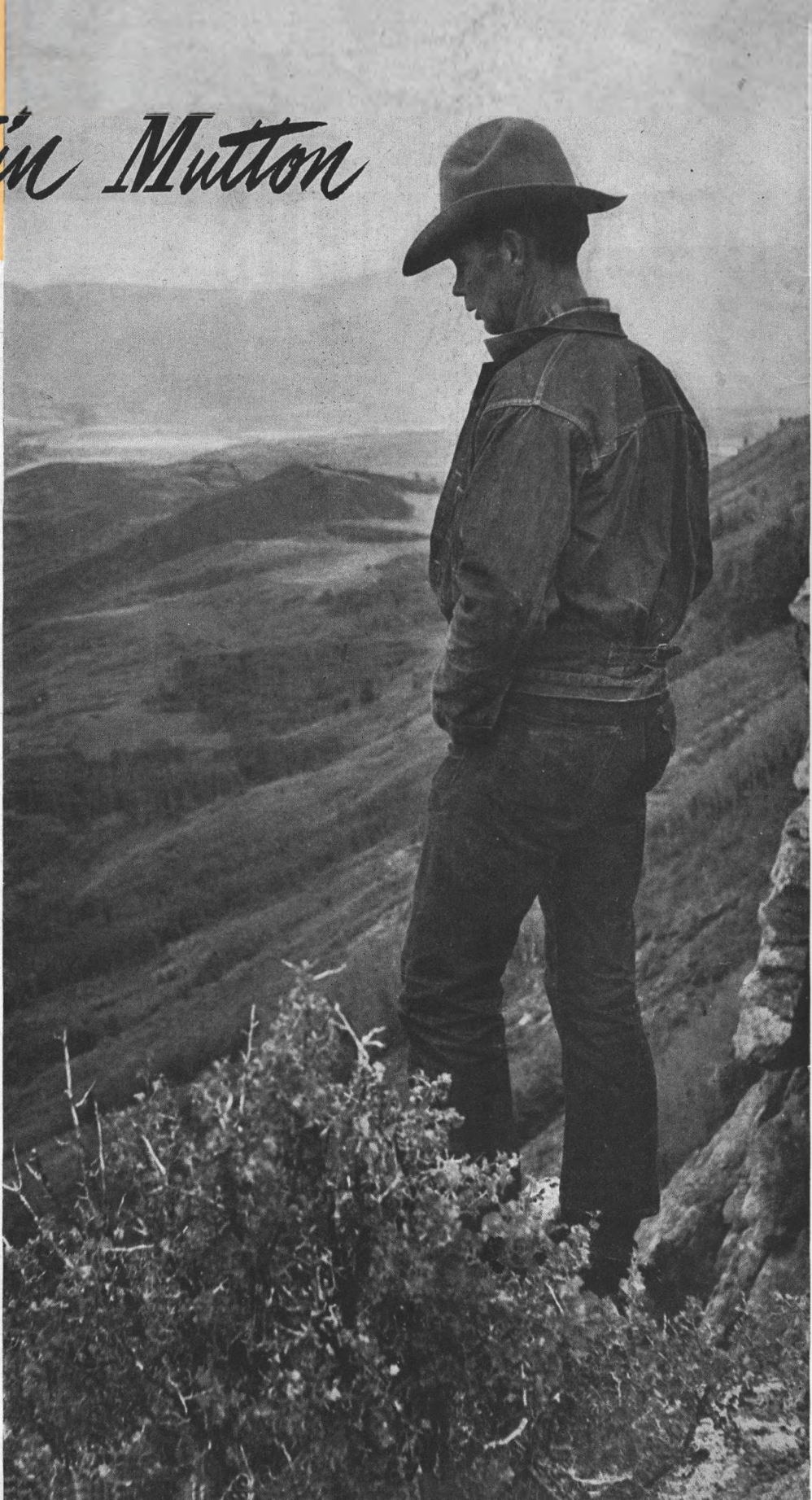
They are headed for summer pasture forty-seven miles away and ten to fourteen thousand feet above sea level. Before they get there they will top ridges thirteen thousand feet in the blue sky above the Rockies.

This is "high country," one of the great untapped tourist recreational areas in the United States. A perpendicular section of southwestern Colorado, it thrusts up some of the highest peaks in North America. It contains colorful ruins and cliff dwellings at Mesa Verde National Park, ghost mining camps by the score, one of the deepest unexplored canyons on the Gunnison River, and a crosshatching of magnificent federal highways threading passes above timber line, streams, canyons, deserts and virgin forests.

The place names in the high country are intriguing and descriptive of events, people, and the tall country itself—Desolation Canyon, Little Nellie Creek, Bridges of Heaven, Gray Copper Gulch, Slaughterhouse, Gentle Ruby, Hay Press, Gold Basin, Slumgullion, Canyon Inferno, Kitty Creek, Red Cloud, Wild Horse, Beaver, Elk Horn, Powderhorn, Tumble Creek, Bear Trap, Hell's Canyon, Bill Hare Gulch and Cannibal Mountain. The latter was named in honor of a prospector gourmet who ate his two companions during a hard winter above timber line. At his trial, the judge expressed chagrin that he had eaten the only registered Democrats in Hinsdale County.

Some of the wildest, roughest, most spectacular country in the world, it is readily accessible to motor tourists over a network of oiled and surfaced federal and state highways. In case you may be heading for the tall timber, here are some of the ways to get there: from Fort Worth via U.S. 287 to Dumas, Tex., then via U.S. 87 to Pueblo, Colorado, then via U.S. 50 by way of Canon City and the spectacular Royal Gorge over Monarch Pass at an elevation of 11,312 feet. From Chicago by way of U.S. 30 to Big Spring, then via U.S. highways 138 and 6 to Denver and on U.S. highway 285 over the continental divide

Rancher Crosby Vandeburg watches his sheep come up switchbacks of the old Ute Trail in southwest Colorado



Come along on the old Ute Trail in the Colorado Rockies and find out why lamb chops are so expensive

BY JIM MARSHALL

through Kenosha Pass at 9,990 feet. From San Francisco via U.S. 40 to Salt Lake City, then over Soldier Summit into western Colorado on U.S. 50. If you are ready to abandon motorcars for the horse trails of the high country, then we had better take a look at the outfit we will follow on the trail to timber line . . .

This is the Crosby Vandeburg band from the Bird Ranch on Little Cimarron—989 ewes and their 1,200 spring lambs. They have wintered down in the irrigated meadows and on the sagebrush mesas of the home ranches 7,500 feet up. The bucks—rams to you—still are down there, held against the breeding season in the fall. The rest will stay up in the high country, around the old ghost camp of Capitol City, feasting until the frost cuts down the grass in September. Then they will drift slowly down the hills again—easily so as not to take off meat—and the fat lambs and culled ewes will be loaded onto the double-decked narrow-gauge cars of the Denver & Rio Grande for market.

Summer Range in the Rockies

Mutton chops and lamb roasts will be expensive this fall and winter—after you've climbed around in the Colorado Rockies with a band of sheep for a few days you stop wondering why. This summer thirty-seven bands of sheep have walked, balked, trotted, galloped and clawed themselves up into the highlands around Uncompahgre Peak to reach their summer range ten thousand feet in the clouds. If your lungs and legs will stand it let's go back and join one band.

Down on the home ranch it is early summer and the timothy and red clover and dandelion cover the meadows. This is a master stock country—a pioneering "homestead" country; and it would take genius to go hungry in it. The people who have been in the high valleys all their lives live high on a variety of food the land provides—thanks to their hard work and savvy—with wanton extravagance—deer and elk and beef and mutton and fresh trout; golden butter spread thickly on crusty homemade bread; fresh eggs, and cream you can stand a fork up in; preserves made from half a dozen kinds of wild and cultivated berries that riot everywhere.

"I put up 800 quarts of food last summer," says Crosby's mother.

"Mother put up 1,200 quarts one year," says Crosby, "because she thought world conditions were a little unsettled. . . ."

The trail herd—there are no "flocks" in the mountains—have been paint-branded with the S-Quarter-Circle mark; the lambs' tails have been docked. Now the outfit starts up the forty-seven-mile trail. A pack train of four mules and a horse carries the gear for four mounted men; Crosby, two herders and a camp tender. Three dogs and a pup in train-

ing help keep the band together.

The camp tender has gone on ahead, located a site with good horse feed and a spring for water, spruce and aspen for the fire—a place where the visibility is good and the sheep herd can be watched through the night. The sheep come up about sundown and bunch on a selected bed ground. Ewes mill around looking for lambs they've lost on the trail and the blatting and baaing die down.

"Daylight'll be a little late in the morning," says Crosby. "No use turning out until about 3:30. . . ."

Just before dawn the alarm clock goes off and the herders eat breakfast and move off with the sheep (with or without herders, sheep are ready to leave a bed ground at dawn). The trail leads up a forty-five per cent grade along historic Ute Trail to the top of Horse Mesa. A few crippled ewes and weak lambs can't make it, and are left along the trail to be picked up later. The bunch grass is two feet high and the sheep feed on it and on dandelion greens as they move up. The land on the mesa is an open park of aspen, blue spruce.

Some of the native ewes are old mountaineers. They have been up and down the trail four or five times and lead the way. Here and there is a black sheep.

"We try to keep a black sheep spotted about every hundred ewes," says Crosby. "Use them for markers. If you're short markers, you're short sheep. We used to use goats for leaders, too, but we don't any more. They get spoiled and feel superior."

From ten to fifteen sheep in each thousand are belled, and the tinkling blends with their baaing and the barking of the dogs and the shouts of the trail crew. The more bells you have in a band, the more the sheep will scatter and the density of a herd is regulated in this way. The bells also scare off coyotes and cougars.

The camp tender, left behind at the bed grounds, strikes camp and packs his string. Then he moves on, detours around the trailing herd and gets ahead to set up the noon camp. The sheep cross a ten-thousand-foot flat and plunge down a steep slope into the canyon on the Big Blue River, at an elevation of 9,500 feet. There's a sheep bridge over the brawling stream. This is a permanent bridge, eight feet wide. The herders rush the sheep onto the bridge with a yell, an old ewe and a lamb in the lead. Crosby watches.

"Lucky this time," he says. "Usu-

ROUTES: U.S. Highways 4 and 50 (east-west), 87, 138 and 285 (north-south). Roads generally hard-surfaced, but check conditions en route. Cars head rapidly in high altitudes, so don't overload.

ACCOMMODATIONS: Plentiful in larger cities and along highways, but reservations advisable. Trailer parks and dude ranches throughout Colorado Rockies and at Mesa Verde National Park during season (May 15-October 15).

FOOD: Good restaurants in all towns; local produce available en route.

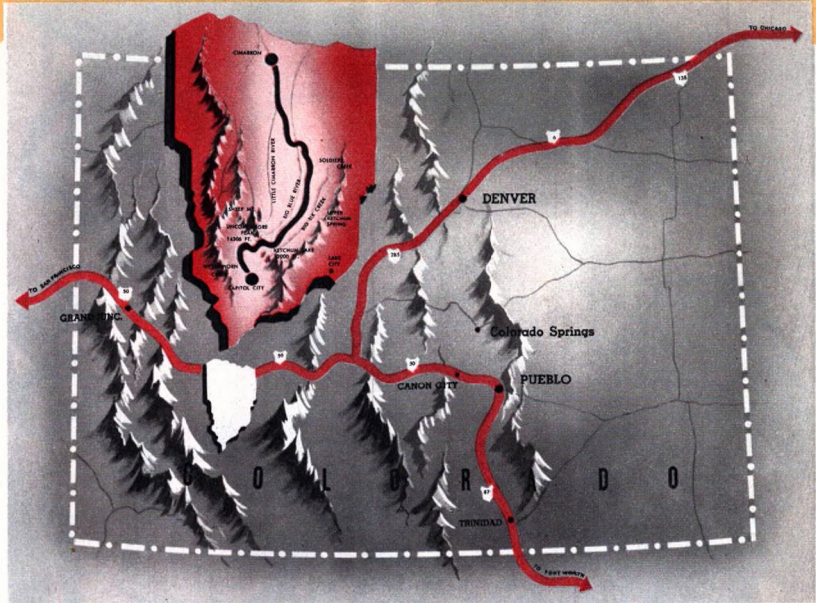
CLIMATE: Cool in summer, cold in winter. Quick summer rains. Best season, early June through September.

WHAT TO WEAR: Casual clothes, except at resort hotels. Lightweight coat to double as raincoat. Sturdy shoes. Plenty of outdoor garments.

WHAT TO SEE: Mesa Verde National Park, Black Canyon of the Gunnison National Monument, Great Sand Dunes National Monument, Royal Gorge, Colorado National Monument, old mining towns (Ouray, Telluride, Silverton, Leadville).

WHAT TO DO: Fishing, hunting, hiking, riding, sight-seeing, plus usual facilities at resorts.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION: Write Colorado State Highway Department, Denver, Colo.; Information Division, National Park Service, Department of Interior, Washington, D.C.



ally a couple of them fall in the creek and we have to ride in and save them. . . . You ought to see some bridges. If you come to a creek and have to get the herd across, you cut a couple of poles, lay them close together, trough pack-paulins on top, fill in the trough with dirt—and haze the sheep over."

Across the Big Blue, the sheep turn upriver, feeding and drinking as they go. The tender has found a noon camp on a knoll and as they come near, the sheep "shade up" for a siesta. No tents are pitched. When the herders arrive, the portable camp stove has been set up and coffee is boiling. Lagging lambs trail in and feed from their mothers. Here and there a ewe tries to hide out in the brush or behind a rock with her lamb.

A Mountain Thunderstorm

After an hour, the herd starts on again, a herder ahead and another behind. The tender takes a short nap, repacks and follows, working around the herd and getting ahead to pick out a night campsite. The trail is still upriver into the Uncompahgre Forest. Along in the afternoon black clouds gather around the snow peaks; the lightning flashes, and the thunder cracks and rolls. This is a real thunderstorm! Red balls of fire—a mountain phenomenon similar to St. Elmo's fire—roll from the riders' metal stirrups to the horses' shoes and go rolling away across the ground. The rain pelts down, cold and dreary. Men's hair stands on end. The sheep plow on stolidly and the horses don't seem to mind. But the dogs howl miserably.

The tender is up ahead, setting up the night camp—the tent traditionally facing east. This is a survival of the days before alarm clocks, when the tender had to depend on the first light of dawn to awaken him. A good

tender can set up a camp, have a fire going and everything ready in half an hour.

"I can do it in twenty-three minutes myself," says Crosby, as the herd starts to come in from the trail. Herders try to time the arrival of the sheep just as dark comes; the sheep are tired and bed down without scattering.

There is the usual sorting out of ewes and lambs. Night settles down with only the fireglow and a lone candle for the herders to eat by.

At daylight the herd starts up again toward the Alpine Ranger Station near the fork of the Big Blue and Soldier Creek. Other herds of sheep are converging on the station, where they will be counted through by a forester. Now everyone is alert, because if the herds get mixed, there's the devil to pay. Mountain range law is that the herder responsible for a mixing must unmix the mingled herds—which sometimes takes a long, long time. It's wet and foggy, with a touch of frost, as the S-Quarter-Circles move up to the counting corrals, leaving the old Ute Trail and crossing to the Ridge Trailway.

Ahead is a band of yearlings owned by Jean Chuchuru, a Basque sheepman from Big Cimarron. They are five days out. Crosby gives them plenty of time to get ahead, then moves his own sheep into the V of the corral. At the point of this V there is a rough sort of podium and here the forester, Lyn Holman, keeps the records and waits to count the sheep through. Some counters use a notched tally stick; Lyn transfers a pebble from one pocket to another at the count of 100. Just outside the point of the V there is a squeeze gate through which the sheep must go single file. Each sheep is counted through the gate on the run.

(Continued on page 68)



Flannagan's Last Resort

BY NORD RILEY

"If you're delivering fish," she said, "you can take them around back and give them to the cook"

IN THE Minneapolis headquarters of a corporation that owned and operated a chain of hotels and resorts across the North Central states, George Flannagan, president, was conferring with his son, a vice-president.

"It's a \$25-a-day place called the Saginac Inn," the elder Flannagan said. "The original owner died and left it to his sister, a mildewed old female who doesn't want to own a resort even if it makes a little money. We've had a tip that it's for sale. So far we're the only ones that know, and that's important. If the place is in good shape the price we're quoted is very fair."

The vice-president, who was nowhere near as backward as he looked, smiled. "Say no more, Pop. You want me to go up there, count the towels, check the bellhops' connections with the underworld, and in general snoop until I can tell you whether the inn is a sound investment?"

His father nodded. "You've done it before, Roger, and I bank on your decisions. I've got you a reservation. When you get up there, act like a paying guest. Find out about fishing and mosquitoes. Get me the whole picture. Don't let anyone get wind of what you're up to, or word will leak out the place is for sale and the price will be jacked up. And the management might get ideas of covering up things they don't want you to see." The genial old capitalist eyed his son affectionately. "You won't need a disguise, son, you were born with one."

Roger rose to his feet. He was a tall young man, lean as a soupbone and slightly stooped. His eyes were blue, his hair was straight, rather fluffy and parted on the side. On his thin pleated face he wore a puzzled, faintly worried expression, as if he couldn't quite understand what was going on around him, but wished he could. The expression was a swindle.

"I'll start this afternoon," he said.

Saginac Inn, on Saginac Lake, was a six-hour drive almost due north. Roger arrived about eight that evening, registered and was escorted to a neat cottage along the lake front.

He went fishing the following morning and returned in early afternoon with eight walleyed pike on a stringer. As he shambled up toward his cottage, his gaze fell upon an object lying on a chaise longue on the lawn of the next cottage. It was a

body and it certainly was female. It had on a sun suit that confined itself to obeying the law and left the other stuff for the glory of man. A nature lover, Flannagan walked over and stared.

The girl looked up at him and the pike. "If you're delivering fish take them around back and give them to the cook," she said. She picked up a magazine, then glanced nervously back at Flannagan. "What do you think you are staring at?"

"I don't think I'd better say."

The girl reddened. "Maybe you hadn't, at that." She appeared to be about twenty-five years old. Her hair was copper-colored and her eyes were bluer than his own—blue as flax blossoms. She was the loveliest creature he had ever seen.

"I'm your neighbor," he said. "I thought perhaps you would like some of these pike."

She smiled. "That's very kind."

A slight, silver-haired woman had come out of the cottage and walked down to them. She nodded affably at Roger and peered at the fish. "I'll be darned—walleyes! Every fisherman in the resort has been trying to hook just one walleye. And you get eight." She scanned Flannagan's peculiar visage and shook her head. "It doesn't seem possible."

"You'd better be nice to the gentleman," the girl said. "He wants to give us some."

"You see, I'm all by myself," Roger said. "That's funny, I had a feeling that you must be here with your parents," the old lady said. "Well, then, why don't you dine with us tonight? You look like you needed a good meal."

"I'd be happy to come," Roger said. "I'm Mrs. Carlson. This is my niece, Tabitha Carlson."

Roger introduced himself. "I wonder, Mrs. Carlson, if it would be all right with you if I made a few passes at your niece?"

"Hey," Tabitha said.

Mrs. Carlson pulled herself together. "I think I'd better warn you, Mr. Flannagan, that my niece is being energetically courted by a young man who will be back tomorrow. She's spoken for." She paused and her old eyes began to sparkle. "However, a few discreet passes don't seem an unreasonable request from a neighbor."

"That's very hospitable, Mrs. Carlson," Roger said. "I'll get right at it." He looked down at Tabitha.

Tabitha's mouth opened to blast him down to size, but his expression disarmed her. He looked like a spaniel who had just brought in the evening paper and was waiting for a pat on the behind.

WITH some difficulty she pulled her gaze from Roger to Mrs. Carlson. "I'm perfectly content, Auntie May, to sit around in the sun. We aren't so backed to the wall that I have to spoon with a neighbor simply because he brought us fish."

"Are you in love with this other gentleman?" Roger asked.

"That is none of your concern. What's more, I'm certainly not going to fall for a guy that looks like he's just wandered off from his mother."

Roger took a deep breath and removed the stoop from his back. He drew on a semblance of dignity. "I regret that you feel it necessary to be sarcastic about my face. I know it isn't striking, but I have to use what I came in with."

Tabitha was touched. "Gee, Mr. Flannagan, I'm sorry. Your face is swell, honest. It's just that it kind of throws me. You don't talk like your face says you ought to. It doesn't fit. It is sort of like seeing a clergyman shooting craps."

He smiled sweetly. "I accept your apology." "Well, I guess I'll beat it," Mrs. Carlson said. "I dropped out of this sort of thing 30 years ago, darn it."

"Mrs. Carlson, I'll always be grateful to you for this," Roger said. "I estimate that with a couple good days Tabby baby and I will be hugging and kissing with vigor."

"There you go again!" Tabitha said. "Judas priest, Mr. Flannagan, you can't go around saying things like that!"

"Once you get by my face," Roger said, "you'll find I have a good heart and an affectionate nature."

"Mr. Flannagan," Tabitha said, "you take your

face and your passionate nature and go take a good shower."

"Tabby baby," Roger said. "Before you change out of those britches I'd like to report that I've never seen rompers filled with nicer goods. I swear." He bowed gravely to each woman and slouched off to his cottage.

Tabitha stared after him, her lovely brows knit.

THAT evening Roger appeared at the door of the Carlson cottage clad in a gray double-breasted suit, a blue tie, and a white shirt. The sun had pinked his skin, and soap had polished it until his cheeks glowed like Winesaps. His hair was carefully brushed and parted. He could have been on his way to choir practice, except that he carried an armful of roses and a box of candy. He gave the letter to Mrs. Carlson and the flowers to Tabby.

"Thank you, Mr. Flannagan," she said, blushing. "It's sweet, but you can't do things like this."

"The candy's lovely," Mrs. Carlson said. "And don't pay any attention to Tabitha."

A tall, powerful man of about sixty came out of the kitchen carrying a tray of beer. John Carlson was head of a flour company. He was introduced to Roger, and while the women busied themselves getting ready the dinner the men chatted about fishing and business. Roger spoke with erudition and authority about walleyed pike, bait casting, corporate structure, financing, the SEC and the grain market.

Carlson studied Roger. "Are you here with your father and mother?"

Roger put down his beer and carefully wiped his mouth. "Mr. Carlson, I realize that I give the impression of being pretty much behind the ears but I jumped the family nest ten years ago, went through college and a war without either parent helping me and in the past two years I have made enough money to afford this highwayman's resort."

"I'll be damned!" Carlson said.

"Also," Roger said, "it is my intention to woo and wed your niece, starting shortly after dinner. Any objections?"

"Hell, no; give her a whirl."

"Thank you. As a favor, I wish you would not tell either your wife or Tabby about my war or business experience." He indicated his face. "I find that a countenance like mine, if left on its own, has certain natural advantages in dealing with women."

Dinner was a jovial affair. Afterward they played bridge. With an air of engaging male helplessness Roger, teamed with Carlson, somehow won every rubber. Carlson was immensely tickled. At ten Roger looked at Tabitha. "It's time we got started with my courting. Let's go for a walk."

Tabitha reddened. "For Heaven's sake, Mr. Flannagan."

"If you go by the lodge," Carlson said, "get me a newspaper, will you?"

Tabitha eyed him, then her smiling aunt. "Oh, it's that way, is it? All right, I'll go." She turned on Roger. "But a fat lot of good it'll do you."

They went out in the warm sweet air and strolled along the beach. Several times Tabitha had the sensation that her cumbersome escort was about to stumble and it was with some difficulty that she controlled a desire to take his hand and lead him around objects on the sand.

"Tabby baby," he said.

"Now, see here, Mr. Flannagan—"

"Roger."

"Roger, I mean. You've got to stop saying—"

"I've never felt this funny before. It proves that the Lord had you staked out to be my woman."

Tabby was so sure he was going to fall over a boat pulled up on the sand that she took his arm. They stopped and faced each other. "You make me nervous," she said. "Sit down."

They sat on the boat. Ineffectual and bewildered-looking, he sat and gazed at her, and Tabby felt strongly that she ought to cuddle the young man. It was indecent, considering that she had just met him; and she decided the Martini at dinner had loosened her moral fiber.

"Flannagan," she said, "this is silly. What's happened, you've busted the regulator on some of your glands. You're kind of deprived in a nice way."

"Tabby baby, I—" (Continued on page 51)



Assassin of the Dance

Iva Kitchell is short, wide and handsome. What she does to the mystic art of The Dance

BY KYLE CRICHTON

THERE is the sound of a piano on stage and then this pudgy little woman comes on from the wings at the Ziegfeld Theatre in New York and begins going around on her toes. She isn't bad; she isn't good. Then she stops and takes a pose, one foot out behind, the right arm slightly extended. This is all in the classic mode, but somehow she has made the pose too little or too large or too late. There is a titter in the audience.

She sashays around some more and then makes another pause—this one with the left foot planted and the right twisted in a graceful arch. She raises her hands over her head to form a circle and has some slight difficulty in accomplishing this because her arms are obviously not long enough. The titters increase and there are even a few faint bursts of laughter. This stirs her to the point where she runs around in a circle with a fine straight-legged, heavy-footed lurch. This is to express ecstasy, passion or fear.

At this juncture the audience finally succumbs and hysteria reaches a peak. There is a spontaneous roar, a general convulsive heaving of shoulders and Miss Iva Kitchell, the dance satirist, knows that she has them again.

America is a great country and the strange ways people find to make a living prove it. As a serious ballet dancer Miss Kitchell would find herself in competition with 18,412 limpid-eyed people who have made The Dance more important than home, Mother or Congress. They suffer, they labor, they rehearse some more, they take a few private lessons, they borrow money to span the breach between their pitiful salaries and dietary decency. No art in the world is so self-conscious and precious as The Dance. It is a cult and its followers approach it with sharp devotional cries. Miss Kitchell does nothing serious to it: She simply deflates it, gently—gently, and rather lethally.

This was not the original Kitchell intention. At sixteen she was in the ballet corps at the Chicago Opera, and it was here that her life was changed. She had a habit of monkeying around with ludicrous dance steps while breaking stage waits. The ballet master noted this and gave her a word of advice that still worries her.

"I don't know whether he was being kind, tactful or just taking the easiest way out. He could have said, 'Kitchell, take that funny shape out of here and stand not on the order of your going.' I think that's what he had in mind but what he actually said was, 'Kitchell, there are thousands of good ballet dancers and only a few comic ones. You ought to do something with that talent.' It all worked

out the same way; he got me out of the opera house."

It might be thought that a whole evening of Kitchell kidding the dance could be an evening of exquisite boredom, but it seems not. The bill consists of Harvey Brown, her accompanist, and Kitchell, but she does break up the dance routine with pantomimic sketches. These are considered hilarious by most spectators but the *aficionados* slumber heartily through these and wake up in time for the next criminal onslaught on the dance.

For sheer concentrated murder her satire on Martha Graham and the modern dance wins the badge. For this short exercise in genocide entitled *Soul in Search*, Miss Kitchell uses the spoken word, as is done by Miss Graham. She wanders around the stage like a woman who has just lost her husband in a bus wreck. She is desolate, tortured and demented.

"Who am I," she cries hoarsely, "that searches and seeks and never finds?" She gets tangled up with a long robe and ends on the floor, temporarily defeated. From that position she sets out on hands and knees in her search. "Seek and search," she howls. "Seek and search." No luck—and then a thought occurs to her. She exits hopefully. "The light dawns," she says as she leaves the stage. "I will go into the fertile fields."

What she does to that old chestnut of the opera, the bacchanalia, is a shame. She uses a fake goblet, a wooden slab painted like a pitcher, a scarf, a bunch of paper grapes. She is joyous and abandoned. She is *Sex Repulsive*. She capers; she leers; she is the moth-eaten incarnation of every Scheherazade in history. She makes it difficult ever to take that *mélange* of tinkling bells, tambourines and general frenzied loping seriously again.

She was born Emma Baugh at Junction City, Kansas, where her father was in the Army, but her mother and father died when she was three and she was adopted by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Walter Kitchell. She is married to Stokely Webster, a relative of the Kitchells. If she were really a Kitchell, he would be her cousin, but of course isn't her cousin because she is really a Baugh. (Had enough?) Since the Kitchells were also Army folk, she lived in Fort Riley, Kansas, and a succession of other Army posts.

The illness of her foster parents forced her to work and she naturally drifted into the ballet, which she had been pursuing in a gasping fashion since she was four. This brought her to the Chicago Opera ballet, where she made \$35 a week and took on airs rather too weightily for a girl of sixteen. It resulted also in some vaudeville work in the Balaban & Katz houses

and a bit of tentative touring in spots not too far from State and Madison.

"What I really had," she says now, "was a lot of crust. I'd try anything."

Among other things she tried New York, without which no theatrical story is complete. She had the usual experiences in agents' offices, ate the usual cafeteria meals and rather hoped she would do a stretch of romantic starving, but her ambition and nerve were always too much for her.

Instead of lingering poetically on her attic pallet she went up to the Radio City Music Hall with the express purpose of backing the great Leonidoff into a corner and making him hire her. Leonidoff interviewed her, hired her as a featured dancer at \$150 per week, and back she went to the wardrobe lady, who was startled but not nonplused.

"It's been true through the ages," she said, rationalizing the inevitable. "Great dancers don't need a shape. Pick out what you want."

She Goes Over Big in Berlin

After that Iva worked in night clubs and hotels—the Adelpia in Philadelphia, the Jefferson in St. Louis. She had a summer season at the Mohawk Festival, doing acting and pantomime with Charles Coburn and Percival Vivian, and then came her European break. A producer hired her for a big German show called *Etwas Verrückt* (meaning *Somewhat Nuts*) and she opened in the Scala in Berlin, where the thing ran two months. She was getting \$300 and boat transportation for herself and husband. The Germans found her very droll.

She played one scene as a bratty kid in a restaurant making a nuisance of herself and did it so well that, at the end of a week, nobody in the cast was speaking to her. The producer had to call a meeting of the company to explain that she was ruining their lines at his orders. Her success was so pronounced that she was soon ordered to appear at a party for the Nazi bigwigs. "Goebbels, Goering, everybody but Hitler," she says. "With one small tommy gun and a little guts I could have changed history."

When Austria fell the company was playing in Munich. Back in New York she decided she would have to do something on her own if she wanted to get ahead. She gave a recital in Studio 61 in Carnegie Hall and 100 people showed up and she broke even. On the strength of that she got a manager who dug up four dates in a year and convinced her that the way was going to be hard. The second year was spent in Oklahoma where Maurice Laroux of Bartlesville hooked a tour of twenty towns in that fair, flat and prosperous

state. Between times she did two recitals at the Barbizon-Plaza Hotel in New York.

On the basis of this doubtful success she launched herself as her own manager, wrote her own brochure, became her own press agent and started booking dates by mail. They came mostly from women's clubs and sold for \$150 each. Her triumph in that field attracted the attention of Harold Peat, the agent, and he started doing right well with her—30 dates one year, 40 the next.

But now arose a problem: How to jump from women's clubs to the big time? What came to her rescue then was the well-known Kitchell nerve. She rented Carnegie Hall and prepared to put on a concert of her own. This is somewhat comparable to renting Yankee Stadium for a friendly softball game.

She badgered friends to buy box seats and ran all over town as her own press agent getting items into the papers. It ended with her breaking even financially on the engagement and getting the reviews that established her as a major attraction.

"Those costumes," said one critic, "those wonderful costumes!"

He was referring to the outfits, which looked as if they had been run up on a very old machine by a wounded seamstress. They had, in truth, been made by Miss Kitchell herself and she still busies herself with the chore. They look exactly right and they are patently wrong.

The Carnegie Hall business brought her a contract with the National Concert and Artists Corporation and she was immediately booked for 40 dates and will have more this year, many of them repeats. There is in prospect a tour to Australia and another to Alaska. In short, the girl has made it, and free enterprise has scored another triumph.

Among her favorite numbers is the satire of a chorus girl of the late-prohibition, Texas Guinan era. In the person of this plump, bemused and desperately gay character, Miss Kitchell has done as thorough a job in the dissection of a period as would be possible for an anthropologist. The dancing is crude but willing; the smile is perpetual and childlike; the general effect is death in the evening.

So the plump little girl takes a whack at all forms of the dance and mows them down as she meets them. A critic in Boston had this to say about her:

"And in spite of the barbed wit, there was nothing that the most ardent balletomane could resent or that could injure any truly great dancer."

More nonsense was never put in fewer words. ★★

is a shame. But it's hilarious



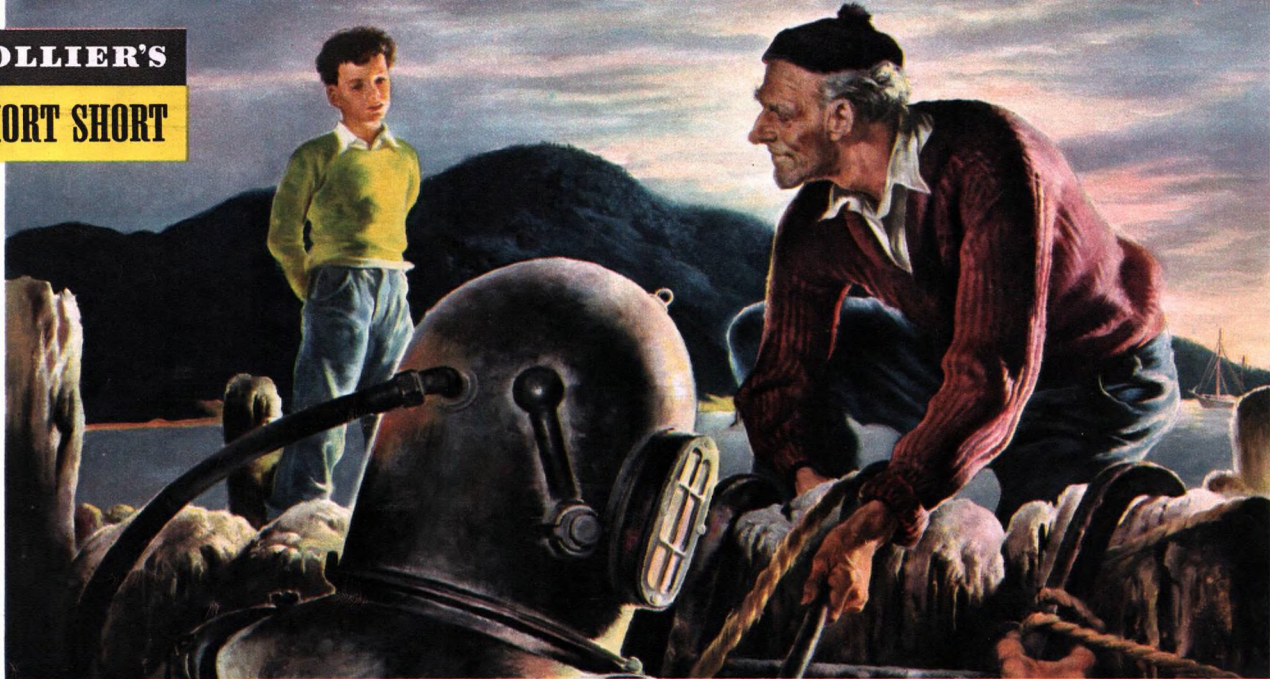
Chorus Girl of the '20s is one of Iva Kitchell's favorite satires. In it her smile is perpetual and child-like; her dancing is studiously crude



Here is the Vert Brothers number, portraying Extro and Intro. This is the backslapping, leaping Extro



Soul in Search is a satire on the modern dance in general, Martha Graham's Dark Meadows in particular



The kid said, "I think the bicycle fell off this way about twenty feet"

FOR *Divers* REASONS

BY EUSTACE COCKRELL AND DANIEL GORDON

THE kid walked out on the pier and then stood a little distance away, watching the man beside the air compressor. The man was short and swarthy, maybe sixty years old. It was a warm day but he wore a stocking cap.

He said to the kid, noticing his ragged pants, his clean face, "Good evening, son, the top of the evening to you; also any other part of the afternoon you would care to have."

The kid said, suppressed excitement in his voice, "Whatcha doin'?"

The swarthy man put his head down to the cone of the speaker and the tassel of his stocking cap bobbed brightly. "We got a kid up here wants to know what we're doing. What *are* you doing down there, Matty?"

There was an annoyed grunt from the speaker that sat on a box by the compressor. Two lines trailed off into the water. They were lashed together, the air hose and the smaller life line.

"I could get me a paper route," the kid said.

The man in the stocking cap said, puzzled, "You lost me, pal."

"There aren't many jobs around in the summer. Deliverin' papers is about the only one and the man promised me a job if I had a bicycle."

The man in the stocking cap made minute adjustment on the compressor. "In other words," he said seriously, "you need a bicycle."

The boy said patiently, "A rich summer kid lost his bicycle over the pier last season. I thought if your guy down there saw it he might not mind tyin' a rope on it for me."

"Oh." The man said into the speaker, "Seen any bicycles, Matty?"

"I'm ridin' one now," the diver's voice said.

The boy said, "Aw, he's kiddin'."

The man in the stocking cap looked at the boy, noticing him. "H'm," he said, "why don't you get somebody to—"

"I don't take no charity," the boy said, flushing.

"He don't take no charity," the man in the stocking cap said into the speaker's cone. "So if you see a good bicycle—"

"I can hear you and him, too," the diver's voice said. "You don't have to say it all twice."

"What's he doin'?" the kid asked.

"Inspectin' the pilin'," the man said. "For an insurance company. But about that bicycle. Man ain't got the money to buy one, and needs one to make any money and won't take no charity, he's in kind of a fix. You doubtless also have strong feelings against buyin' on time?"

The kid grinned. "Naw, but the man runs the bicycle shop has."

"A jerk," the man in the stocking cap said carelessly.

The kid said, "I think it fell off up this way about twenty feet."

A few yards out from the pier, the little circle of seething bubbles moved seaward, hovering above the diver. The man in the stocking cap considered the bubbles and the run of the lines. "About there, Matty," he said.

There was a steady and constant burbling noise coming out of the speaker, Matty grunted and started to say something, changed his mind and said, "Hell."

The kid said, "He gettin' mad?"

The man said, "He's always like that." The diver said, "While you sit in the sun and gab." The small voice came out of the speaker in clipped words, precisely spaced from habit. "And if it ain't a kid wants a bicycle, it's some dame wants to know can I find her wedding ring she dropped in this very spot only forty years ago. I'm in mud up to my neck. I can't

see my hand in front of the face plate, and you want me to find a bicycle."

"I guess," the kid said uncomfortably, "it's time I was gettin' towards home. He comin' up soon?"

"Naw. It'll be quite some time—if ever. I'm fixin' to cut his lines."

The kid looked at him attentively, then said, "You're foolin'—well, so long—an' thanks." He walked up the pier.

"Hey, kid! If I were you, I'd come down in the morning. The light is better then."

The kid said, "All right. I'll be down—"

The man in the stocking cap lifted the helmet expertly, without scraping the diver's nose.

"It was a nice kid," he said, "needed a bike to get a job. Wouldn't of hurt you none."

Matty said coldly, "I should crawl around in the mud looking for a bike."

"He was proud," the man in the stocking cap said thoughtfully. "A nice, clean kid, and proud." Tugging sharply, he unbuckled a lead-soled shoe.

Matty kicked and the shoe clumped heavily some five feet away. "Let his old man buy him a bike."

"He looked to me like a kid didn't have an old man," the man said.

MATTY was just swinging down the ladder the next day, when the kid came out on the pier.

The man in the stocking cap winked at the kid, and kept paying out the lines. When he stopped, Matty said, impatiently, "Give me more slack." Then soon: "Got a bike down here."

The man shoved back his stocking cap, looked sideways at the kid. "You ever seen this bicycle?"

"Never did." The boy moved to the edge of the pier and considered the

diver's bubbles in happy anticipation.

The swarthy man said into the speaker, "Hang on. I'm haulin' you up," and when the shining red bike broke water, he said, with the proper wonder in his voice, "Salt water beats all for preservin' things. That bike looks as good as new."

"Don'tcha think it's his?" the boy asked. "He found it."

The diver said, "Hurry up with the helmet."

"Get goin', kid. He never would have found it if you hadn't of known where it was."

"Yeah. I guess." The kid moved down the pier, pushing the bike. "Thanks."

Turning his thin, pale face toward the swarthy man as he raised the helmet, Matty said bitterly, "Wasn't that bicycle red?"

The man lighted a cigarette and placed it between the diver's lips with a smooth, backhanded motion.

"Yes, it was, Matty."

"Which you bought and threw in there last night?"

The man in the stocking cap blushed, stammered, but said no word.

"I had a coupla drinks and bought a blue one and eased her offa there about midnight," the diver said, abashed. "What the hell we gonna do with it?"

"Yeah," the man in the stocking cap said, "Now we got one bicycle too many. What we really need, I guess, is another kid."

A thin boy with great, dark eyes walked up the pier and stood at a distance. "What're you doing?" he asked.

The man in the stocking cap took one look at the boy's clean clothes, his bare feet, and snatched the cigarette out of the diver's mouth and picked up the helmet.

"Waitin' for you," he said. ★★★



Hitherto, Joe the cat has never been anything better than a happy warrior. Behold him now—a cat of shining virtue

Monkey's Uncle

BY RICHARD STERN



EILEEN SAMPSON'S phone call began the afternoon's events. Eileen said sweetly, "Darling, I was in town today shopping and I saw something in a store that I thought you simply had to have."

"Sweet of you," Lucas said uncertainly.

"It's really for Joe. A playmate, sort of."

"Lovely," Lucas murmured, frowning. It was just possible, she thought, that this was an overture designed to re-establish peace and amity, to wipe away memories of recriminations made upon a certain night. "So thoughtful," she added.

"Darling," Eileen went on, "I simply couldn't resist, so I bought it and asked them to send it along. I hope you won't think I'm too silly."

"Not at all. I think it was sweet of you to think of us." Lucas hung up and leaned back in her chair and stared at the ceiling. Those recriminations had been vicious.

She was still wondering about the call when Cook brought in the afternoon's mail. A few bills, an ad for a new cleaning establishment, one letter. The letter was from Aunt Lucy, she of the unpredictable enthusiasms. Lucas read it, thinking of the small severe woman, thinking, too, of the Pekingese—what was his name?—who had been the old lady's current passion. "I have come to realize," said Aunt Lucy, "and I am willing to admit, that I was mistaken about the nobility of Pekingese. I have disposed of Chang Poo."

Of Aunt Lucy's letters Tim had once said, "I think that she gives you hints, like the time, station and wave length. Then she settles down and starts her mental broadcast and you're supposed to be ready to receive. Unfortunately, I'm not wired for proper reception." Neither was Lucas. She put the letter down and leaned back in her chair once more and pondered on Eileen Sampson's curious behavior, and presently she gave that up, too, and went in to dress for the evening. She was in her dressing room when the gift arrived.

Cook answered the doorbell and glared at the

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"And you think that the bum information at John's bank is all part of the same thing?"

"Think it?" Lucas said rather loudly. "I know it. Eileen has hated us ever since that night."

There was silence. Vincent shifted uncomfortably in his small crate. He looked at Lucas and he looked at Tim and then he chattered.

Tim studied him thoughtfully. "He's a cute little fellow," he said at last. "And he's probably tired of being shut up and he's probably hungry." Vincent listened carefully and with obvious approval. Tim got up from the bed. "Let's—"

"If you let him out of that cage," Lucas said, "he's your responsibility. I'm in favor of shouting for the Animal League."

Slowly Tim advanced on the crate. He hunkered down beside it and held out a forefinger for Vincent's inspection. "If you're right about Eileen's motives, sending him away would just make her laugh at you." Vincent studied the forefinger gravely and then made up his mind. He reached out one tiny hand, grasped the finger, and held it tight. He looked into Tim's face and chattered volubly and with considerable appeal.

"I hadn't thought of that," Lucas said.

Tim was grinning at Vincent. "He's friendly. We'll get along fine. Eileen's campaign will bounce right back on her."

"And John's little joke?"

Tim undid the crate with one hand, letting Vincent hold the finger for assurance. "About John," he answered with a certain grimness, "we'll see. That's a different thing altogether."

"Joe," said Lucas, watching the opening of the crate, "is going to take a dim view of Vincent."

"Joe," said Tim, "is basically a gentleman. And his family feeling is strong. And Vincent is now part of the family."

Vincent said nothing.

NOW it is one of life's verities that relatives come in varying degrees of compatibility. Amongst in-laws, this is especially true. Joe took an unenthusiastic, although unalarmed, view of the new member of the McCoy family. His approach the next morning and his investigation were cool. He eyed Vincent's small, peculiarly human face, and he listened noncommittally to Vincent's excited chatter. Then he stretched himself out on the warm cement of the side porch and apparently dismissed the entire matter from his mind. Vincent was here, obviously under the auspices of Tim and Lucas, who kept house for Joe, and under the suzerainty of Cook, who was necessary, if annoying. There was no more to be said upon the subject. Joe dozed.

Vincent, moored to a new collar and a long piece of line, sat in a hanging flowerpot, well out of Joe's reach. His fur was carefully cleaned and fluffed to the warm sun. His face, beneath the shining black skullcap that is the mark of the capuchin, was bland and guileless, but his thoughts, like his bright eyes, roamed without pause. And his small fingers picked ceaselessly at the irksome collar, endeavoring to discover the combination. His chattering had ceased. It is not on record how long the decollating operation took, but the open collar was found, some hours later, resting in the flowerpot. By that time many things had happened.

Vincent, freed, sat quiet for a time, rubbing his neck and laying his plans. His eyes were focused upon Joe, watching for any sign of wakefulness. There was none. Vincent swarmed up the wires which supported the pot and across the porch-roof eaves to the nearest upright. There he disappeared into the heavy ivy, and only a rustling sound and the gentle shaking of leaves marked his progress to the ground. He reappeared, thrusting his head out from the foliage, and rested motionless for a time, studying Joe.

And then, quietly, stealthily, he emerged and crept across the cement on all fours. The last three feet he covered in a soundless rush and as he passed Joe's head he reached out one small arm and grabbed a handful of Joe's whiskers. He did his level best to carry them with him to the next upright.

Joe's awakening roar sent shivers up and down the back of every dog in the neighborhood. He came to his feet in a rush, his stub tail twitching and his eyes narrowed and his great head swinging slowly from side to side as he searched for his tormentor. Vincent paused halfway up the ivy vine. His bright eyes were gay and his entire small body began to shake with (Continued on page 48)

Suddenly Joe's stub tail rose like a flag and began its ominous twitching. His sore whiskers laid themselves flat against his cheeks. He let the growl begin deep in his furry chest, and advanced into combat

grinning delivery man and signed the receipt without examining the package. She closed the door and peered through the slats of the little crate. Vincent peered back at her. Cook recoiled a full step. She thought of Joe, the cross she already bore, and it passed through her mind that flight is not always ignoble and is sometimes downright smart. But then she reconsidered, and in the end picked up the crate. Holding it at arm's length, she delivered it to the bedroom door.

"This just came," Cook announced. Overtones of disapproval crackled in her voice.

"Just put it on the bed," Lucas said and went on with her dressing. Vincent peered through the slats in his crate, studying the room in silence. Then he settled himself philosophically, stretched out one small arm and began to pull tufts from the bedspread.

IT WAS five o'clock when Tim drove in, slammed the garage door and stalked through the kitchen without a word. Joe, crouched beneath the stove at his evening bowl of warm milk and rum, raised his head and braced himself for an affectionate pull upon his stub tail. It did not come, and Joe turned his head in astonishment. Then he heard the clink of a bottle and glasses and ice and he returned to his warm punch. At the close of day, a man deserved his drink.

Carrying two highballs, Tim marched into the bedroom. He handed one glass to Lucas, ignoring the peculiar set of her face, and then plumped himself down upon the bed and drank long and deep. From the corner of the room, Vincent watched through his bars in silence. Lucas said angrily, "I am going to—"

Tim jerked his hand. "I found out today," he said slowly, "why we didn't get that Eastern Steel account." He raised his head and looked at Lucas. "They're new out here, of course, so they didn't know the agencies. They went to their bank, Western Trust, for information. I don't know who they

talked to, but they got the wrong dope on our dependability, and on the basis of it, they turned our presentation down. They know better now; I talked to them this afternoon, but it's too late. They're already signed with Forbes."

There was silence. Then, "I can guess who they talked to," Lucas said.

Tim grinned at her over the rim of his glass.

Lucas said angrily, "All right, smarty, who's president of Western Trust? The new, imported president? The bulwark of respectability? The man who used to own a dog that tangled with Joe one fine night and came out on the wrong end of the engagement?"

Tim said, "John Sampson wouldn't do that."

"Wouldn't he? Wouldn't—"

"Look," Tim said patiently, "the whole thing was a mistake. Nobody, particularly a next-door neighbor, would stoop to a thing like that."

"You think so." Lucas gestured toward the corner. "Meet Vincent. He came this afternoon. From the Sampsons. Eileen phoned and told me that she was sending a playmate for Joe." Tim followed her hand. He and Vincent eyed each other. "And if you'll stand up," Lucas said, "and look where you're sitting, you can see some of Vincent's handiwork." She watched him rise and examine the circle of detuffed bedspread. "Clever little fellow," Lucas added. "When I finally saw him he was pulling them out by the roots, playing she-loves-me-she-loves-me-not."

Vincent entered the discussion, chattering briefly in a high, squeaky voice.

"Articulate," said Tim, "isn't he?" He sat down upon the bed once more and sipped his highball thoughtfully. "A monkey—from the Sampsons with love and good wishes." He looked at Lucas. "What's the idea?"

"What do you think? It's Eileen's subtle way of getting even because our cat whipped her dog. Vincent's a gift, just like the Trojan horse or a bomb sent in the mail."



PELL-MEL PATTON

BY ANDREW ROBERTS

For years the world's fleetest sprinters hammered at the fabulous 9.4 seconds 100-yard mark. Some tied it, but nobody ever beat it—until Mel Patton breezed through with his smashing 9.3

SOUTHERN California has been tried many times and never convicted of modesty. They ding you endlessly with climate, scenery and general moral superiority. The lights are brighter, the mountains are higher, the girls are prettier, the crowds are larger. Occasionally they come up with somebody whose excellence can't possibly be disputed, such as one Mel Patton who, according to the records and the raucous acclaim of all southern Californians, is the greatest sprinter in the world.

Patton broke the world record for the 100-yard dash by doing it in 9.3 seconds on May 15, 1948, at Fresno, California. Experts regard this as a superhuman feat because the 100-yard record has been hammered at by the greatest sprinters in the world.

Some quarters believed the human constitution was incapable of anything better than the fabulous 9.4s mark, which had been recognized only five times by the international authorities—Frank Wykoff, Southern California, in 1930; D. J. Joubert of South Africa, in 1931; Jesse Owens, Ohio State, in 1935; Clyde Jeffrey of Stanford, in 1940 and Patton in 1947.

The Fresno event was something of a grudge contest between Patton and Lloyd La Beach, the great Negro sprinter from Panama. Since Patton had refused to run in the regular 100-yard event scheduled for the night at Fresno, there were hints that he was avoiding La Beach. Patton answered by agreeing to a special match in the afternoon.

Tension Almost Forced Withdrawal

The race generated a terrific emotional tension. There were four false starts (three of them by La Beach). Patton has said since that he was so near a state of collapse that one more mishap would have brought his withdrawal from the race.

When they finally got off, La Beach was practically left at the post, but at 20 yards he was only a yard behind Patton and at 80 yards he threw himself forward in a mighty lunge and only missed collaring Patton by six inches. When the race was finished, meteorologists, surveyors and officials took over.

The weather people estimated there was a one-mile-an-hour southwest wind which was slightly against the runner. The temperature was ninety. The engineers brought out their instruments, measuring tapes and even a plumb bob. They filed an official report that the track measured exactly 300 feet, 1½ inches.

There were five watches on the race, three official and two checkers. Of the three official timepieces two had 9.3s and one showed 9.4s. The alternate watches had 9.3s and 9.4s.

Alonzo Stagg, referee, officially approved the mark, and there it was—all signed up and delivered for the august gentlemen who meet in for-

eign parts and decide whether a man is a god or a mere mortal.

On the personal side, Patton is human enough, being a long thin man of twenty-five with the lean and leathery look of a Texan, even to the skin drawn taut over his cheekbones. He is six feet tall, weighs 152 and has a stride of seven feet, two inches.

Mel has been married three years; he has a daughter aged twenty-three months and a desperate ambition to return from the Olympics in London as world champion because it might help him get a coaching job.

He was a great schoolboy sprinter at University High in Westwood, a part of Los Angeles. He did 9.7s in the hundred and 21.3s in the 220. UCLA is on his doorstep, but Mel went instead to the University of Southern California in downtown Los Angeles, under Dean Cromwell, coach of the American Olympic team.

Patton was in the Navy for three years during the war, as a seaman first class and then as an aviation cadet at Jacksonville. He had a hard time getting his sprinting form back on his return.

At the N.C.A.A. meet in 1946, he qualified for the finals but couldn't do better than seventh place in either sprint event. But in 1947, the man who runs like a ghost (the easy flowing style of Jesse Owens and Charley Borah rather than the plunging manner of Charley Paddock and Frank Wykoff) came into his own. He did 9.4s three times. The last, made in the California Relays at Modesto, was accepted by the International Amateur Athletic Federation meeting this year in London on May 14th, the day before the great record at Fresno.

But 1947 was partially ruined for him by leg trouble that kept him out of competition the latter part of the season. "It's just like a cramp you get in bed," he explains. "It leaves a soreness that stays for weeks."

He didn't help any by pushing a stalled car, and in some circles his troubles are felt to stem from this excess.

He started this season very carefully, with his eye on the Olympics. For one month he did nothing but walk; the next month he jogged but never sprinted. Coach Cromwell doesn't believe in tricky training methods, and rarely attempts to change a man's natural style.

Patton has been called a fast starter but he objects to that.

"I work out with Tom Patsalis, the broad jumper," he says, "and no matter how I try I can't catch him before 20 yards. When you can't beat a broad jumper off the marks, you're not a fast starter."

Patton thinks the 100 is his best race, but Cromwell insists he is best at the 220. "Maybe the Dean is right," concedes Patton, with a shrug. "He always is." His greatest thrill was not the cracking

of the world record but an occasion in 1947 in the Coliseum in Los Angeles when he beat Bill Mathis in the 100 and Herb McKenley in the 220.

There was considerable heat over the Fresno race when Dink Templeton, Stanford coach, said it didn't look like a 9.3s thing to him. Patton added to the fire by saying: "Honestly, I didn't feel I ran a good race at Fresno. I know in my own heart that I didn't run that last 40 yards in good form. I felt I was floundering, trying to get to the tape."

Events Uphold Timers' Watches

It was generally agreed, however, that the official watches were a better guide than Mr. Templeton's admittedly keen eye, and several events occurred rapidly thereafter to clinch the argument: (a) Patton beat La Beach at Fresno; (b) He beat him by five feet in a race shortly afterward at 200 meters at the Coliseum; (c) At the Compton Relays, in which Patton didn't compete because of a leg cramp, La Beach tied Jesse Owens' 220-yard mark of 20.3s, tied the 100-meter mark of 10.2s and created a new world record in the 200 meters at 20.2s. Ergo, if Patton can beat La Beach every time they meet and La Beach can ruin world marks at other times, it seems plain that Patton is capable of the 9.3s record.

Now all he has to do to prove he is the greatest is to win at London. That isn't always as easy as it looks. In strange parts of the world men are working their legs into a frenzy at this very moment with little publicity to give a warning of their threat.

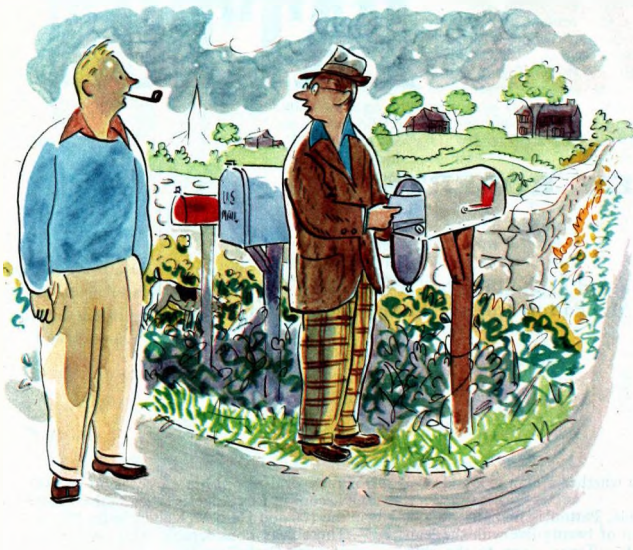
There was the time back in 1928, when Percy Williams, a totally unknown runner from Canada, popped up and ran the ears off everybody in sight. But if Patton doesn't tie up with his cramps the chances are slight that anybody will beat him. He has great poise as a runner and never makes a mistake in a race. Although his nerves may be breaking he will not beat the gun. This comes from Cromwell's tutelage.

"I've said this a million times to my runners," says the Dean. "Learn to react to the gun. You never see my men try to beat the gun. When they react accordingly they come out of their holes as if shot from a cannon."

Getting to the tape is all that counts with Patton. "I try to keep my mind as blank as I can when I'm there waiting to start," he says, "and then I pay no attention to anything but the tape."

Cromwell says Patton is the greatest of all sprinters, and southern California is sure the climate is responsible for the whole thing. If some monster from Iceland should beat Patton to the finish line it would be the greatest blow to Los Angeles pride since Michigan slaughtered Southern California in the last Rose Bowl game. Another one like that wouldn't be good. Patton will simply have to forget about his cramps and sail along there. ***

Ideas by The Mile



"no, I haven't been able to find a home yet, but I've established this mail box as a permanent address"

SATURDAY: Wife having insisted vacation will pay for itself through the ideas I'll get, we start for Lake Nipissing. She drives while I think. Lonely mailbox along the way gives me an idea



"— and when we have enough money saved will go somewhere on our honeymoon"

SUNDAY: Niagara Falls. Good gag grounds. The bride-and-groom subject is the most obvious idea to work on, but has been done a lot. Still—



"want to keep him?"

WEDNESDAY: Start early with Indian guide named George who never heard of the expression "Ugh." His pet idea of conservation is to throw everything back



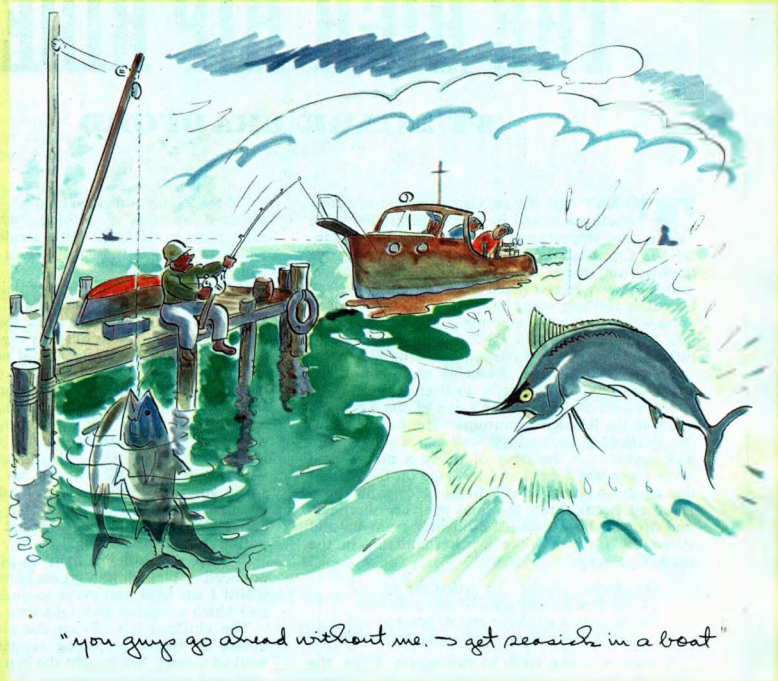
"We played him an hour before he straightened the hook"

THURSDAY: Big day, lots of fish. Meet our gang on an island for lunch. Have fried pickerel (supposed to be the best eating) and bass. Much talk and the usual tall stories—with gestures

Somebody once said the human brain is wonderful because it starts working the instant you wake up and doesn't stop until you get to the office. But the creative instinct of the cartoonist never rests—even on vacation. Here's Garrett Price to prove it



(I guess this doesn't need a caption)



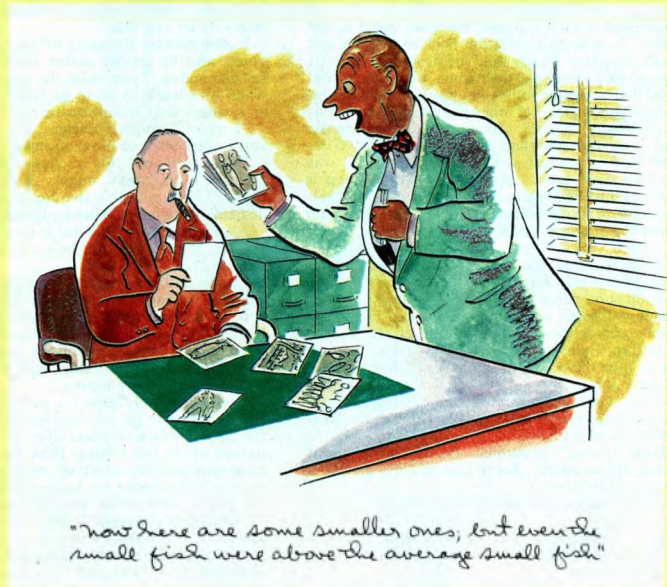
"you guys go ahead without me. → get yourself in a boat"

MONDAY: Through wild country to North Bay, Ont. Later we see Quintuplets' home. Maybe they'll have quintuplets. Idea? No. See moose head outside hotel

TUESDAY: Rain. I practice casting from dock while friends take two boats and go out. We catch two great northern pike from shore, and another inspiration for a cartoon pops into my head



"This place has everything; no newspapers, no radio, no telephone, no television"



"now here are some smaller ones; but even the small fish were above the average small fish"

FRIDAY: I begin to go native, but it's time to head for home. Hate to leave the peace and quiet. There must be the germ of an idea in that. Let's see—I've got it!

SATURDAY: Back in the studio everybody wants me to prove my fish stories. Have no photos but there must be a cartoon idea somewhere. My wife was right. The gags paid for the trip

THE HIGH HIP RIDER

BY ROARK BRADFORD

TO SAY that Eutaw Graves was completely worthless would be to exaggerate his value as a sharecropper on Little Bee Bend Plantation. Complete worthlessness implies a negative quality, and there was something very positive about the way Eutaw loved to sit in the shade, pick his guitar and sing songs about how tall the Johnson grass was growing in the cotton. Yet, he was popular. The men liked him, the ladies made jokes with him and the children followed him around.

Eutaw's satisfactory financial, standing at the commissary was due, chiefly, to Beena. Beena was Eutaw's ever-loving wife and one of the best field hands in the Red River bottoms. Her hoe was sudden death to grass, and the way that woman could pick cotton was the envy of many a man. And while there was a hard and fast rule on the plantation against women plowing in the fields, it had been rumored Beena threw the lines over her shoulders and drove a big two-mule cultivator team up and down the furrows while her husband lay in the shade and sang:

*Oh, darlin', darlin', hit grieve me so
To see you plowin' up and down de row
But de cotton so shawi and de grass so tall,
I swear I don't b'lieve we'll make hit dis fall.*

If there was any truth to this gossip, Giles, the foreman, never got around to verifying it. Eutaw's field was on the extreme back fringe of the plantation, and Giles seldom managed to get down that way. However, in the foreman's book, a man was supposed to work or "git ruffn off de place."

"I don't b'lieve dat boy is worth de patience for me to run him off," Giles explained to the Widow Duck. "Efn he was, how come he ain't long gone?"

The Widow Duck laughed. "Go 'haid, Giles," she chided. "You know good as me when dat boy start pickin' his guitar and singin' dem reels, God set natchally changes conditions in yo' heart. You lets Eutaw ride high on yo' hip."

Giles was serious. No good foreman could afford to show favoritism among the field hands. "Can't nobody ride high on my hip," he protested. "But I swear when dat boy git to whangin' dem strings and singin' dem songs he look so happy and pert dat hit make ev'ybody else feel mighty satisfied."

Eutaw was no fool. He knew exactly how he stood with the foreman and with Beena. Giles would be tolerant just as long as Eutaw's field was kept free from grass. And Beena would keep it grass-free just as long as her instinct as a natural-born cotton-raising woman drove her into the battle against the Johnson grass.

SUDDENLY in the midst of what seemed an ideal crop year for Eutaw, Beena rebelled. The first indication came at sundown one evening after she had walked all day behind Hawk and Eagle, the fastest-stepping pair of mules on the place. As was his custom, Eutaw dropped by the field at quitting time to take the mules to the barn, so Beena could go home and get his supper. Eutaw didn't believe in a woman doing all the work, and besides, it would look too suspicious if his wife showed up at the barn with the plow team.

"Dem mules," grumbled Beena, "jest about walked me to death. Seem like you c'd git me a slower-walkin' team."

"I'll git old Shotgun and Darlin' for you," promised Eutaw.

"I kin walk faster den Shotgun and Darlin'," stated Beena, "but hit would be a pleasure, after Hawk and Eagle."

At that moment a neighbor woman, Cissie Lee, who lived just across the ditch on Ringgold's Plantation, walked down the turnrow. Across her shoulder was a fishing pole, and in her hand was a string of yellow-belly catfish.

"Hit's a rule on Ringgold's," Cissie Lee announced, apropos of nothing, "which say a lady can't plow in de field. Hit's a rule on Ringgold's which say de mens got to plow in de field and de ladies kin go fishin'."

Beena was in no mood to explain that a similar rule operated on Little Bee Bend. "Ladies on Little Bee," she countered, "don't like for we's husbands to come home all tired out ev'y night."

Cissie Lee laughed. Beena did not. . . . An hour later, Eutaw sat on his own front porch, picking out twilight-sounding chords, "playin' de seconds" to the songs of the katydids, the crickets, and the tree frogs. Half a dozen children from neighbor families were scattered about the floor at his feet, coaching him. "Play 'bout de frog waltz, when de frog went out to git his supper and dat snake got after him, and man kind! Did dat frog git hisse? on down de road!" Or, "Play dat song about de old kaing buzzard dat didn't had no nothin' to eat for so long."

"Nawp, dat's all I'm fixin' to play," Eutaw announced. "Y'all chillun git on home to yo' supper, whilst I sits hyar and plays seconds to dat screech owl which screeches about dis time ev'y night."

The children left. From the kitchen came the noises of Beena preparing supper. Usually she worked quietly, but tonight she banged the pots and pans and grumbled to herself. "I gits mighty tired er plowin' all day in de field," she complained, "and den come home and cookin' supper on a hot stove and all."

"No mind de talk, honey," Eutaw called pleasantly. "Jest you git supper."

"De yuther ladies don't plow in de field," Beena reminded him. "Whilst I was out yonder, knockin' dem jackasses up and down de row, de yuther ladies was settin' on de bayou bank, fishin'."

"I'll catch you a mess er fish tomorrow," Eutaw promised grandly.

"I don't want no fish," declared Beena. "I jest wants to set and fish."

Eutaw noted a strangely defiant tone in his wife's voice, and he set his guitar aside. "You mean," he demanded, "you want to quit and go fishin' when hit's work to do in de field? Gal, what kind er shiftless field hand you turnin' into?"

"I mean," asserted Beena, "I'm tired er plowin' and I don't want to plow no more."

Eutaw changed his tactics. "But, baby," he pointed out, "you's mighty nigh done wid de plowin'. Hit ain't mo'n two hours er plowin' left in de field, and whar you done plowed looks so purty."

Flattery failed. "Plowin' is men's work," Beena argued. "And I don't be's no mens. I be's a woman."

Eutaw had one more argument. "Sho, you's a woman," he said bitterly. "And dat ain't all. You's a contentious woman. And you know what old Kaing Solomon got to say about a contentious woman? He say a contentious woman is a 'bomination. Now you jest stop bein' a 'bomination in de Bible, and git my supper."

Beena contritely mixed a pan of cornbread batter. Wanting to go fishing when there was grass in the cotton was a shiftless thing to do. And being named out in the natural Bible by old King Solomon was nothing short of awful. She was thoroughly embarrassed by each situation. She placed the pan of corn bread into the oven, put on water for the coffee and went to the porch. She was stung and hurt. She was also very tired.

"Eutaw, honey," she apologized, "I ain't gonter be shiftless no more, and I ain't gonter be no contentious woman no more. I'm jest gonter speak wid Giles and let him rise up hell about who gonter and who ain't gonter plow dem jackasses in we's field."

Eutaw was busily working out a complicated

chord and gave no sign that he had heard Beena's threat. But when the chord suited him, he whanged the strings loudly, and sang sadly:

*Ef you don't speak wid Giles
—You'll never git in trouble.
But ef you speak wid Giles
—Yo' trouble will be double.*

Beena returned to the kitchen, removed the corn bread from the oven, and placed it on the table with dishes of snap beans, onions, side meat and fig preserves.

"Come and git yo' supper, Eutaw."

"I ain't hungry, jest yit," he told her. "I'm waitin' for dat screech owl to screech. I think I kin catch him in dis new E-flat minor chord I got."

Next morning at the lot, Eutaw forgot to ask for a slower team of mules in spite of the fact that he had promised Beena. He had Beena's interest at heart, but he was so engrossed in a song he was composing about what a hard time a woman like Beena had raising cotton and cooking and going on that the slow-walkers slipped his mind. Already the first verse of the song had come to him:

*Work in de kitchen and work in de field,
Hit'll drive me to rogue and drive me to steal.
But my ever-loving husband is so kind and so true,
Darlin', I'd work myself plumb to death for you.*

And before he realized it, he had caught Hawk and Eagle and was on his way to the field.

BEENA was not waiting for him when he rode up to the cultivator. Usually she was on hand to help hitch the team before she started plowing. Eutaw waited a quarter of an hour before he saw her coming down the turnrow.

"Gal, you's late," he complained. "I been makin' up a purty song about how hard you works, and hyar you come lazin' in late! You want me to sing a lie? Can't you git dem dishes washed up and git to de field whilst I gits all de way to de barn and gits back wid de mules?"

"I been to de barn, too," explained Beena. "I been speakin' wid Giles."

Eutaw could not believe it. "You been whichin'?" he demanded.

"Speakin' wid Giles," she repeated. "I axed him wouldn't he drap by we's field, ev'y day, and see how purty hit look whar us been plowin' hit."

"You done dat?" Eutaw demanded. "Woman, you know efn Giles ride down hyar and catch you plowin' he'll git mad and fuss at me and you bofe."

"I figger he will," admitted Beena, suddenly.

"You like to make Giles mad? Hit's a rule agin you plowin'."

"Dat's how come I axed him to ride by, today," explained Beena. "Cause when he come down, I ain't fixin' to be plowin'. I'm fixin' to be settin' out yonder on de bayou bank, fishin'."

There it was! Eutaw could recognize rebellion when he saw it. So he just smiled and started plowing. Wrapping his fingers around the cultivator handles was not as pleasant as wrapping them around the neck of a guitar and singing pretty songs. But the immediate situation was so wrong that his mind refused to consider it. Instead his mind raced ahead to the time when things would be right again, with Beena plowing and himself singing songs in the shade.

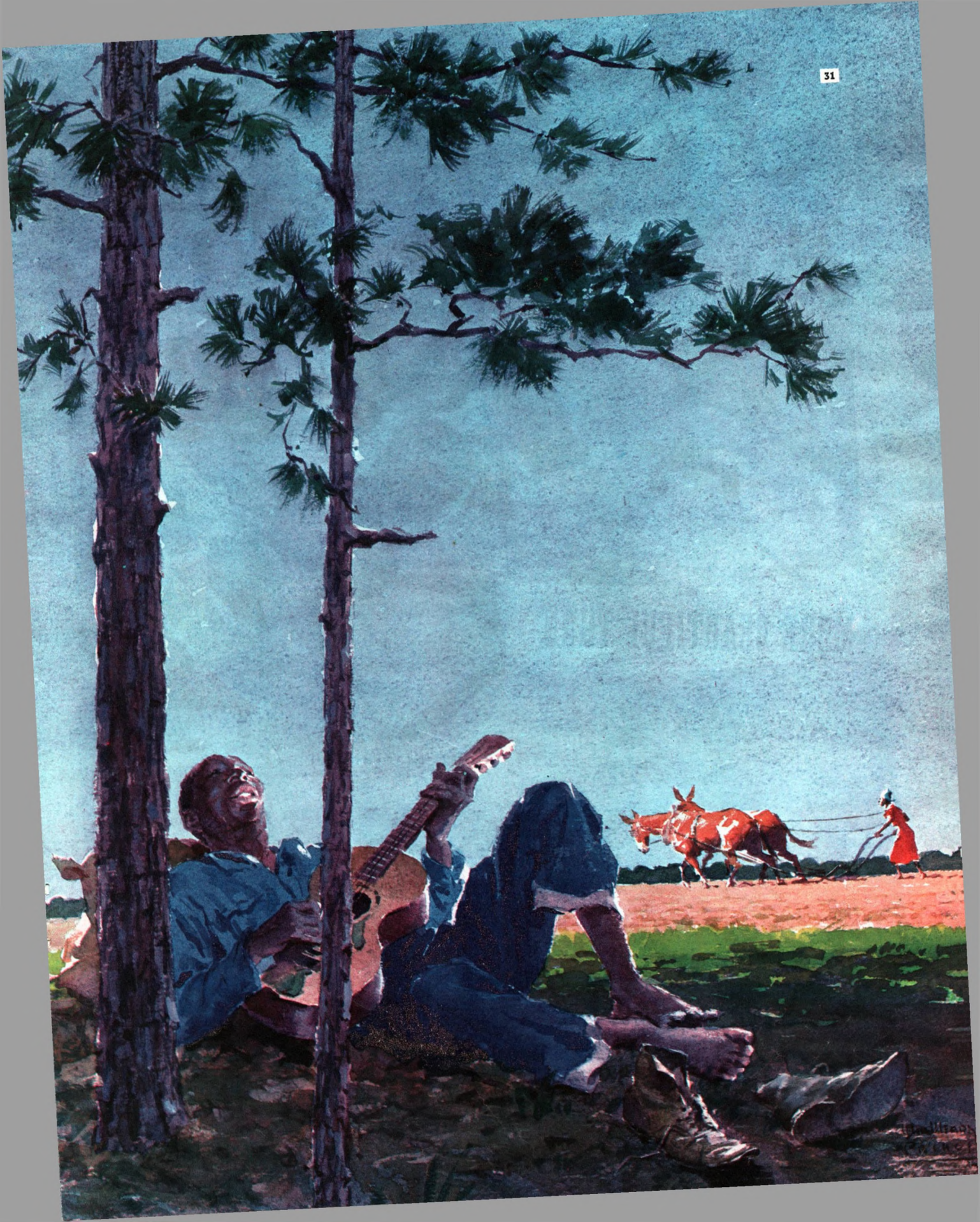
Just how he would go about re-establishing the situation, he had no idea. But he had confidence. "I'll trick me out some kind er trick," he promised himself. "And den I'll raley lay back and sing all about hit."

The first hour, he stepped blithely behind Hawk and Eagle. Then the sun got hot, and he began to sweat. Soft dirt worked its way into his shoes and hurt his feet. He removed his shoes and threw them on the turnrow. The newly plowed dirt felt good to his feet, but the clouds bothered his toes.

"Y'all mules walk too fast," he complained. "Whyn't you slow down?" But neither Hawk nor Eagle varied one iota from their swift, relentless gait.

(Continued on page 34)

Eutaw was no fool. He knew Beena would keep his field grass-free just as long as her instinct as a born cotton-raising woman drove her into the battle against the Johnson grass





MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN **MURDER**

Santa Claus's hat was off and his whiskers were awry. He sat at the foot of the stairs surrounded by his scattered gifts. His eyes were wide with horror

BY OCTAVUS ROY COHEN

CONTINUING A NOVEL OF TENDER LOVE AND DESPERATE CRIME

The Story:

When young engineer STEVE BLAKE, on trial for the murder of ex-convict JEFF NULTY, is saved from almost certain conviction by the perjured testimony of a beautiful stranger, MRS. PATRICIA KINGSLEY, he is sure that she is covering for someone. Determined to find out whom she is protecting, and to remove the cloud of suspicion that surrounds him, he moves into the fashionable Casa Linda Apartments, where Mrs. Kingsley and her husband live, and where Jeff Nulty was found shot to death.

Ignoring Pat Kingsley's husband, REX KINGSLEY, who has taken over Jeff Nulty's job as manager of the Casa Linda night club, Steve takes Pat to dinner several times. She is with him one night when he finds friendly, pretty CONCHITA MONTERO, a Cuban dancer from the night club, strangled to death in his

apartment. In her handbag is Steve's revolver, which has been missing since just before Nulty's murder. Ballistics tests show that this is the gun that killed Nulty.

MARTY WALSH, tough detective, who still thinks Steve killed Nulty, is now convinced that he killed Conchita, but Walsh hasn't enough evidence to make any arrests.

To complicate Steve's life even further, PETE CONNOLLY, famous jockey, asks Steve to help him get WADE RAMSAY, owner of the Casa Linda, to fire RUSTY MASON, his beautiful blond secretary. Pete figures that if Rusty is out of a job, she won't keep refusing his marriage proposals. The plan fails. Steve continues to wrestle in vain with the problem of murder, and with a new problem—his growing love for Pat Kingsley.

IV

ON CHRISTMAS EVE the Club Casa Linda was decorated as gaily as a lady of leisure who had been on a shopping spree. There were garlands of imitation holly with big, red, unnatural-looking berries. There was some real holly hanging around looking apologetic. Just inside the main entrance was a vast Christmas tree.

Rex Kingsley was in evidence, too. He was putting on only one show. It would go on after midnight, after Santa Claus had distributed his souvenirs to all the paying guests; and he moved through the crowd now trying to estimate which of the celebrities would respond to clamor for free entertainment.

I told myself that I didn't know why I was there, but I was only kidding. I knew perfectly well what had

brought me: the hope that I'd run into Pat Kingsley. Of course, she was probably at her father's home.

I didn't see Pat. I didn't even see Rusty Mason. That was odd, because Christmas Eve at the Casa Linda couldn't possibly be official without her. I didn't see anybody I wanted to see. Then suddenly a voice sounded at my elbow. It said, "Even Christmas can't be as miserable as you look."

It was Floyd Andrews. He said, "How's about a quickie?"

That sounded like a good idea. I waved him to the other seat at my table, the one I hoped Pat Kingsley might occupy. At least he wouldn't talk too much.

People were circulating. This wasn't the night for being still. There was a

(Continued on page 54)



TASTE THRILL AT THE BEACH...

Just sink your teeth into a Milky Way candy bar! At the beach in the afternoon,
or at home in the evening . . . anywhere . . . anytime . . . you will thrill to the taste
of a truly rare flavor combination. For, in a Milky Way you enjoy a
thick, milk chocolate coating . . . a golden layer of smooth, creamy caramel . . .
and a soft, chocolate nougat center, richly flavored with real malted milk. Here is
a real taste thrill, right down to the last, delightful flavor that lingers
in your mouth. When you crave good candy, eat a

Milky Way



THE HIGH HIP RIDER

Continued from page 30



PENNZOIL
MOTOR OIL

**FLOWS FAST
STAYS TOUGH!**

Your car's engine needs
instant protection during
warm-up...lasting safety
for all kinds of driving.
Pennzoil gives you both!



At this sign of better dealers, coast to coast

Tough-film PENNZOIL gives all engines
an extra margin of safety

"Maybe ef I could whup up a song about dese fast-steppin' jackasses," he mused, "maybe hit wouldn't seem so bad."

He watched their steps. Eagle, tall, leggy and high-headed, took long strides. Hawk was stockily built and had to make almost two steps to one of Eagle's. This irregularity caused the doubletree to jiggle unevenly and irritatingly. Even the gifted Eutaw could not translate the situation into any kind of song rhythm. But he felt desperately in need of singing, and he tried variations on an old song:

*Oh, de hawk shot de eagle, and de eagle shot de crow,
And my Beena's on de bayou, gontar catch a buffalo.*

The song did not help. "I bet I sung a lie," he accused himself. "Dese mules is fixin' to walk me to death, and ain't nothin' gontar shoot nobody. And I bet Beena is fishin' wid worms instid er dough bait, and she know she can't catch no buffalo wid no worm. Yep," he concluded, "I jest hauled off and sung me a big old rusty lie."

Eutaw next began looking hopefully across the narrowing strip of unplowed field. Less than fifty yards away was the little drainage ditch which marked the lower boundary of his crop. At the pace the big team was stepping it wouldn't take long to cut that strip down to nothing.

"Another hour, maybe," he estimated, "and dis old field will be done plowed." He gritted his teeth and tried to throw his mind out of joint until the bitter ordeal should have passed.

But long before he finished, Giles rode up on Prince. "Eutaw," he greeted pleasantly, "I figured you'd have yo' guitar along so's you c'd sing me a song."

EUTAW tried to grin, but failed. "Nawsuh, Mist' Giles," he explained. "I'm so busy plowin' I ain't hardly got time to bring my guitar to de field."

"Yo' crop looks fair," Giles said, suddenly becoming businesslike. "And I wants hit kept like dat."

"Yassuh."
"You'll git done plowin' over in about an hour," continued the foreman, "and den I want you to go back and start plowin' hit over again."

"But, Mist' Giles," protested Eutaw, "dis field is clean. Hit don't look like hit need plowin' over again."

"I don't go by de looks," snapped Giles. "I goes by de weather. Ef she come up a big rain so's you couldn't plow for a week, de grass would sprout and ruin dis cotton. So you got to kill dat grass before she git sprouted through."

"Hit don't look like hit's fixin' to come up a big rain," urged Eutaw.

"Ef hit don't come up a big rain," Giles warned, "all de moistures is gontar seep up through de cracks in de new-plowed dirt and dry up, and dat'll make de cotton suffer from a drou't. So efn she don't rain, you got to keep on plowin' to hold dat moistures in de ground. And you got to keep on plowin' to kill de grass which ain't yit come up, in case she do rain."

"Lawd, how long?" groaned Eutaw. After the foreman left, Eutaw once more tried to throw his mind out of gear so he wouldn't contemplate the misery which lay ahead. "When I sung dat song about Giles, last night, I called him double trouble. And I was singin' de truth."

Before he finished another round, the words for a song came to his tongue, but no tune came to his ear:

*Keep on plowin' in case she rain.
And in case she don't, keep doin' de same.*

At noon, when Eutaw took the team to the barn for feed and water and to eat

his own lunch which Beena brought in a tin pail, Little Bee Bend's happy minstrel was angry and in pain. When Johnnie T, manager and bass singer for the Old Ship of Zion Five-Man Quartet, reminded him to be sure to bring his guitar to church Sunday, Eutaw snapped, "Efn I feels like hit, I will."

Johnnie T was shocked, but he managed to call his quartet together. "Le's try dat trouble song," he suggested. "And, Eutaw, why'n't you practice doin' plink-plonk, plink-plonk wid yo' mouf like hit was a guitar. Hit'd be might' nigh as good as havin' two second tenors in de quartet."

Eutaw merely glared at Johnnie T. His feet hurt, his back ached and his skin was chafed and smarting. He sulked in the shade of a little elm tree in solitude until Giles tapped the back-to-work bell.

By sundown, there was no more pain in his feet nor smarting on his chafed legs. Nor was there any anger or self-pity in his mind. His whole being, mental and physical, was one big, dull ache.

He dragged himself upon his front porch and flopped in a chair. His guitar rested against the wall within easy reach, but he ignored it.

Beena was gay and chipper. "I done pumped you a big washtub full er water, on de back porch, efn you wants to bath off," she announced. "I always feels more better when I baths off after plowin'."

Eutaw rolled his eyes, sadly. "I'll bath off after supper," he mumbled.

"Git up and git washed," commanded Beena. "I done tuck de patience to catch a mess er dem yaller-belly catfish for yo' supper, and you ain't gontar eat none er my catfish whilst you's dirty. Now git clean."

Eutaw went through the motions. But soap and water and fresh clothing on his skin did not help much. His ache was more than skin deep. It was bone deep; it was soul deep.

He ate without appetite, although his capacity held out as long as the food lasted.

"Now, darlin'," suggested Beena, cheerfully, "whilst I'm washin' up de dishes and all, why'n't you set on de porch and play me dat screech owl song you missed last night?"

"Fish," said Eutaw, drowsily, "make me sleepy." He got up from the table and managed to fall across the bed.

The next day was little different. The mules walked fast, the sun shone hot. When Eutaw got home that evening, the seat of his pants was just about dragging out his tracks.

By the evening of the third day, Beena began to show concern.

"Honey, you ain't picked me no song on yo' guitar since I don't know when," she reminded him. "Why'n't you pick me dat song all about how you tuck me away f'm big old Buldickie, and married de fool outn me, right in front er my eyes!"

Eutaw rolled his eyes sadly. "I'm too sleepy," he said.

THE next morning when Giles visited Eutaw's field, he said, "Son, you look like yo's offn yo' feed. You feel ailin'?"

"Nawsuh, I ain't ailin'," said Eutaw. "Hawk and Eagle steppin' too fast for you?" he suggested.

"Nawsuh," said Eutaw. "I'm got to plow f'm sun to sun. I'd as soon step fast as slow."

Other questions popped into the foreman's mind, but prying too deeply into another man's personal affairs never helped Giles get a crop of cotton made. After all, Eutaw's field was in good shape. Beyond that, Giles could have no fair interest. He galloped off, dismissing Eutaw from his mind as soon as he was out of sight. He had sixty-odd other plow hands to keep after, and that was no small job when the fields were free of grass. No man objected to plowing when he could see the grass wither and die in the furrow. But to believe you are killing grass as yet unsprouted, "in case she rain," or that you are preserving unseen moisture, "in case she don't rain," is a great strain on any field hand's imagination when the sun is hot and the fishing is good.

The image of the sad-eyed little Eutaw Graves returned to the foreman's mind. But Giles forced the image away. "Ain't nobody kin ride high on my hip," he growled, "an' mo' specially a no-good like Eutaw. He's workin' for de first time since he been on de place, and work harms no man."

At noon, Eutaw's three-day sad spell permeated the entire working crew of



"Am I glad you're back! This place just cries for a woman's touch!"

COLLIER'S

BARNEY TOBEY

plow hands. The trouble started when Johnnie T called his quartet for rehearsal. Usually he was pleasant. But not today.

"Now, dis is a quartet," he announced, almost belligerently, "and ev'ybody got to sing his part. Dat mean you tenors got to stick to de tenors, and you ba'tones got to stick to de ba'tones, and hit don't mean ev'ybody got to try to sing bass. I'll tend to all de bass singin'."

"I kin git lower in de bass den you kin," challenged Nud Holey, second baritone. "Lower and louder."

Johnnie T ignored Nud. "Now, Dock, you got to lead out wid, 'I'm so glad,' and hold dat 'glad' cause dat's when I wrops my bass around you and say, 'Yas?' And den, when Dock git done 'gladdin' and I git done 'yas-in,' ev'ybody else pitch in wid, 'Trouble don't last always.'"

"How come you got to wrop up my 'glad'?" demanded Dock, the first tenor. "How come you can't wait to I gits done 'gladdin' before you come in? De way you sing, 'Yas?' sound like a bullfrog wid his head in a crawfish hole."

That brought to an end, even before it got started, the rehearsal of the Old Ship of Zion Five-Man Quartet. Among the other plow hands there occurred three fist fights, a rock-throwing and numerous bitter arguments before Giles tapped the back-to-work bell.

Giles realized all the bitter feeling centered around Eutaw's unhappiness, and that fact called for a little social work.

From next week's installment of THE PRIVATE PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS: Following our invasion of North Africa, "the British, after their long, lonely struggle to keep alight the flame of European liberty, would hardly relish the spectacle of the Americans becoming the noble liberators of Europe."

Personal problems which interfered with the work of the workers were supposed to be referred to B'r Charlie, the preacher. But Giles knew that the Widow Duck, senior usher, ruled B'r Charlie, and Giles never referred things to an underling when he could go straight to the head.

It was a ticklish matter, however. In the first place, it would not be good for people to get the idea that the foreman was nosing into the personal affairs of a field hand. It also would be bad for plantation discipline for the idea to get abroad that Giles was making a special effort in the interest of so notoriously worthless a character as Eutaw. A man in Giles' position had to get results, but he also had to get the results in such a way as to leave no grounds for criticism. "Ev'ybody know good as me dat Beena been plowin' his crop for him, and ev'ybody is willin' to look de yuther way about dat, same as me, wid no skin offn nobody's back and ev'ybody satisfied. But now, Eutaw is plowin' his own crop just as good as de next man, and ev'ybody done quit workin' and gone to quar'lin'."

He rode directly to the Widow Duck's house.

"Mis' Duck," he asked, "is you been fishin' on de yonder end er de bayou lately?"

The Widow Duck got the idea, immediately. "You mean on de bayou, down close to whar who live at?" she asked.

"Nobody in particular," shrugged the foreman. "I hyar Beena Graves been snaggin' some mighty fine yaller bellies, de last three-four days."

"Is?" the Widow Duck asked in surprise. And after a moment's thought she pressed, "Did Eutaw sing you a song about dem yaller bellies?"

"I disremember," evaded the foreman. "Seem like I disremembers hyarin' Eutaw sing a song about anything, de last three-four days."

He rode away. He had discussed fishing; not Eutaw's business. What the Widow Duck made of it would be her business, and Giles felt comfortably certain that the wise old woman would make plenty of it. . . .

The Widow Duck followed the approved etiquette for a late-arriving fisherman when she reached the bayou where Beena was fishing. She bowed a pleasant but silent howdy to Beena, unwound her line, threaded a worm on the hook, sat down noiselessly, and dropped her hook into the water. For a few minutes nothing happened. Then her cork began bobbing. She yanked out a fat yellow belly.

Beena nodded approval. The Widow Duck rebated, and soon another catfish lay on the bank. A few minutes later a third one had tangled fatally with the Widow Duck's hook.

"Beena, dem cats is bitin' good," the Widow Duck announced. "I done snagged three, and you ain't even got no nibble. Is you sho you got yo' hook baited good?"

"Baited and spit on," Beena said, sadly. "Only I'm fishin' wid dough bait."

"Tryin' to catch buffalo, at dis time er de year?" the Widow Duck demanded.

"I know de buffalos won't bite," admitted Beena. "I just kind er hoped dey would."

"Catfish is more better, anyhow," snorted the Widow Duck. "How come you so dead sot on catchin' a buffalo?"

Beena squirmed. "Mis' Duck," she said, timidly, "efn I don't catch no buffalo, den Eutaw done sung a lie."

The Widow Duck tried to figure that one out, and failing, she commanded, "Speak on, daughter. You speakin' wid de tongues er men."

BEENA explained: "Eutaw ain't put a hand to his guitar in four whole days, and when Eutaw don't pick his guitar and sing and go on, his name ain't hardly Eutaw no more, hit seem like."

"Eutaw been workin' too hard, on account er you axed Giles to ride by de field ev'y day," summed up the Widow Duck. "I'll keep Giles away f'm de field, and you kin git to plowin'." Quick as Eutaw git rested up, he'll pick and sing."

"Dat's what I figgered," said Beena. "So yistiddy, quick as Giles rid by, I tuck de plow and put Eutaw in de shade. But last night he couldn't pick a lick. He claim de last song he sung was a lie, and hit's on his soul."

"Eutaw singin' lies?" demanded the Widow Duck. "Hit don't sound like him."

"He claim hit's de onliest lie he ever sung, and dat's how come hit's on his soul and he can't sing no more."

"What kind er lie did he sing?" asked the Widow Duck.

"He was plowin' old Hawk and Eagle," Beena recounted, "and he felt like he needed to sing a song. He didn't had his guitar and he didn't had no song. But he sung one anyhow. All about old Hawk shootin' old Eagle, and old Eagle shootin' a crow and whilst dat was takin' place he sung about me bein' on de bayou bank, catchin' a buffalo. Dat's how he sung hit, but I wasn't catchin' no buffalo. I was catchin' catfish."

"So," summed up the Widow Duck, "you figgers ef you kin catch a buffalo dat'll make Eutaw's song come true and he'll pick and sing some more?"

"Yas'm," said Beena.

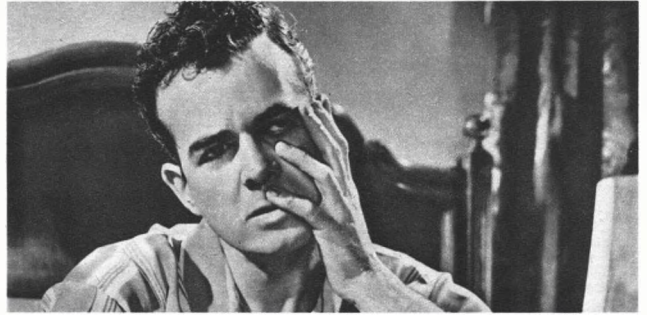
The Widow Duck weighed the situation carefully. "Gal," she concluded, "you's in a mess. But be not disencouraged. God will change conditions."

"I hope somebody change conditions," wailed Beena. "Eutaw ain't happy unless he's makin' songs, and when Eutaw ain't happy he look so sad outn his eyes dat hit makes me too sorry."

"De best you kin do right now," the Widow Duck counseled, "is git out yonder and take de plow f'm Eutaw."

Beena glanced toward the sun. "I kin

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Calvert Collins
Tall, cool, and refreshing:
Put teaspoon of sugar and juice of lemon into shaker. Add ice. Pour in a generous jigger of smooth Calvert Reserve. Shake until well mixed and icy cold. Pour into tall glass half-filled with ice cubes. Add club soda. Garnish with cherry, slice of orange. Now—relax and enjoy it!
(Official Bartenders' Union Recipe)

Switch to a

COLLINS



Calvert Cola Collins

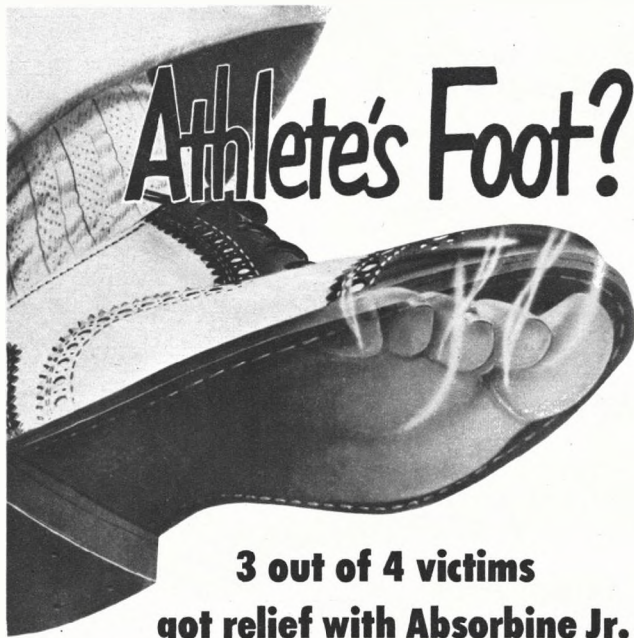
Delicious and easy to make:

Squeeze juice of half a lime over ice cubes in a tall glass and drop in rind. Now add a generous jigger of smooth, matchlessly mellow Calvert Reserve. Fill glass with your favorite cola, and stir well. Is it delicious? M-m-m!

(Official Bartenders' Union Recipe)



Calvert Collins



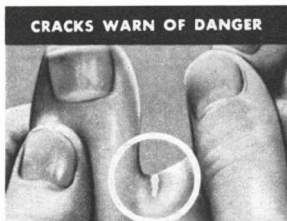
3 out of 4 victims got relief with Absorbine Jr.

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jest about stand walkin' behind dem mules de rest of de day," she said.

The Widow Duck strung her fish on a willow twig and waddled up the turnrow toward home. Seeing Giles across the field, she waved him to her.

"I been speakin' wid Beena about Eutaw," she told the foreman.

"I ain't got de patience to hyar nothin' 'bout hit," snapped the foreman. "I ought to done run him off de place. He a no-good. He never was no good. He make his wife plow in de field, and when I put a stop to dat, he turned ev'ybody agin me. I'm gonter run him to whar de Southern crosses de Dog."

"What Eutaw did which make you make up yo' mind?" she demanded.

"Hit ain't what he done," declared Giles. "Hit's what ev'ybody else didn't done. I comed up on Johnnie T, de best plow-hand I got, layin' back in de shade, singin' plink-plonk, plink-plonk—yas."

"He was practicin' for de Five-Man Quartet," guessed the Widow Duck. "Dey gonter sing next Sunday."

GILES demanded indignantly: "And what you reckon I found Dock practicin' for? You know I kin always count on Dock to keep turnin'."

"Dock," admitted the Widow Duck, "is mighty stiddy."

"I been favorin' Dock ev'y since he sprung his ankle," elaborated the foreman. "I give him a slow team, and told him to take hit easy. But he didn't even take de patience to shade his team. Whilst his mules was standin' in de sunshine, Dock was over under a chinaball tree makin' yab-yab talk wid a frizzle-haired gal I'm Duke's Bend."

"Hit don't sound like Dock, for true," the Widow Duck declared.

"And hit's been like dat and a heap more of de same, ev'y since Eutaw won't sing wid 'em at de barn. Ev'ybody fussin' and quar'lin' and won't workin'. I'm gonter run him plumb to Italy."

"You done runned dat boy off," the Widow Duck announced, sadly. "You done runned him plumb outn his mind. He worked so hard dat he too tired to sing, and when he can't sing he jest hauled off and went crazy. Giles, dat's a shame to work a man crazy."

"I didn't work him hard," defended Giles. "Hit takes de same thing to kill Johnson grass in his field as hit do in de yuthers. De only thing is, I made him do de plowin' instid er lettin' him make Beena plow. Beena been plowin' all summer. How come she ain't crazy?"

"I found Beena fishin' for buffalo," said the Widow Duck in a hushed voice. "In de dead er summer!"

"Dat make her crazy?" asked Giles.

"She got to set dar I'm now to next spring to catch a buffalo," said the Widow Duck. "I don't call dat actin' smart."

"I don't feel so good, myself," said Giles. "I wonder—"

"Yeah, you's right," broke in the Widow Duck. "Eutaw de cause er hit all, and he can't help hit no mo'n you kin. Ev'ybody like to hyar him sing, and when he won't, ev'ybody feel mighty sad."

"Well, git him to singin'," ordered Giles. "I got a crop er cotton to make and efn Eutaw got to sing de grass outn hit, well, make him sing."

"He won't sing," the Widow Duck reiterated. "I told you he done worked hisself crazy."

"I'll make him sing," threatened the foreman. "I'll—"

"Giles!" warned the Widow Duck. "How long since I drug you across my lap and paddled yo' behime?"

Giles laughed. "Too long, I reckon, Mis' Duck," he admitted. "Why?"

"I don't know why," she said. "But I'm de way my mind gittin' shaped up, hit look like efn you might ride down to Eutaw's tonight, say about a hour after moonup, and start raisin' sand about de way things goin' on de place, hit might

be dat I'd git mad and drag you across my lap and paddle de fire outn you."

"I don't know what you got in yo' mind," the foreman stated, "but efn dat'll git folks in high gears again, I'm willin'. Cause hit's sho liable to come a big rain." He glanced at the cloudless sky. "Or else hit ain't liable to." . . .

The Widow Duck got around the plantation for the remainder of the afternoon. Part of her plan was to get those most affected by Eutaw's indisposition gathered at the home of the unhappy song maker; hope for some sort of a solution to Eutaw's troubles—and then have Giles ride up and raise enough of a ruckus to maintain his own dignity as foreman and his position of complete disinterest in the affairs of a field hand.

B'r Charlie, the preacher, was invited, just in case the solution included Eutaw getting religion all over again and requiring professional aid. Uncle Henry, who loathed B'r Charlie, was invited to counteract any evil which B'r Charlie's presence might generate. The Quartet and a few neighbors completed the party.

The Widow Duck opened the meeting with a brief, factual statement of the situation. Everybody knew that Beena had plowed the field while Eutaw sang, and nobody cared. But Beena had forced the issue with Giles, and now Eutaw had to plow. Beena had done a wrong, but that was water under her bridge. Now, Beena was willing to plow again, and Giles was willing not to notice it. But Eutaw couldn't sing any more, because he had sung a lie. She called on Eutaw for a fuller explanation.

Eutaw was in his Sunday clothes and his guitar was within easy reach. But even in the pale light of the moon, people could see how sad Eutaw looked out of his eyes. The atmosphere was more funeral than festive.

"Used to," Eutaw explained, "when somethin' made a noise, hit didn't come to me like no noise. Hit come to me like a song in my years. So I'd git my guitar and pick out de song and make up de words. And den, ev'ybody feel good and dat make me mighty satisfied."

Everyone agreed he spoke with reasonableness.

"But now," he continued, sorrowfully, "when hit's a sound, hit jest say, 'Eutaw, you sung a lie. You sung a big old rusty lie.' And I can't pick dat on my guitar no neither sing hit."

B'R CHARLIE suggested that Eutaw had a visitation of evil spirits. "Somewhar in de Bible," he explained, "hit tell about de time old Kaing Nebbyka-neezer found a man full er evil sperrits. So Nebbyka-neezer done certain things and put dem sperrits in a drove er hogs, and de hogs runned and jumped in de bayou and got drowned, evil sperrits and all. Now, efn we take some hogs—"

"You ain't gonter drown no hogs on dis place, you old hypocrite," snapped Uncle Henry, and B'r Charlie withdrew.

"What dat lie song you sung, Eutaw?" asked Cissie Lee.

"I was plowin' a big old pair er mules named Hawk and Eagle," he explained, "but I couldn't git me no song. So I jest hauled off and sung, anyhow:

*Oh, de hawk shot de eagle, and de eagle shot de crow,
And my Beena's on de bayou, gonter catch a buffalo.*

"You didn't sing de right words," suggested Uncle Henry. "When I was a young sinnin' man, dat last line used to say: 'I'll ramble in de canebrake and catch a buffalo.'"

"Ain't no buffaloes in de canebrake," observed Beena.

"When I was a young sinnin' man," explained Uncle Henry, "us fast men—I was fast—used to call a lady a buffalo." He grinned. "I caught many a buffalo in de canebrake, in my day and time."

"Dat ain't de way us ladies used to sing dat reel when I was a sinner gal," snorted the Widow Duck. "Us used to sing:

*Oh, de hawk shot de eagle, and de eagle shot de crow.
When you shake hit at yo' darlin', well, shake hit kind er slow.*

Everyone except Eutaw laughed at the fat old woman's demonstration, which accompanied her song. Eutaw merely looked sadder and pointed across the field. "Yonder come Giles, ridin' old Prince like he mad at one and all!"

THE foreman galloped up, and he lost no time in getting to the point of his visit. He had made up his mind; things were going into high gear, come sunup. He had fooled around with Eutaw and he had gone easy on Dock, and that made everybody else slacken down. "Dock's ankle too sore to plow stiddy in de field, but dat same ankle all okay to walk down hyar at night. Johnnie T lays in de shade, singin' plink-plonk—yas, whilst de grass grows in his field. Buldickie tryin' to take Dave's wife away f'm him, and dat sends Dave up to de hills to talk wid his wife's mamma instid er plowin' in his field. Joe Boody and Eiler gittin' mad and fist-fightin' when hit take all de brain hofe of 'em got to do dey work in de field, instid er studyin' up devilment to do each other. And old Grant Chism chunkin' rocks at de young mens 'cause de gals likes de young ones more better dan him—"

"And you, Giles," accused the Widow Duck, violently, "spite-ridin' Eutaw's field, 'cause he got de cleanest field on de place instid er some yuthers which ride higher on yo' hip."

"Mis' Duck, you keep outn dis," ordered the foreman, angrily. "You run de church and I'll make de cotton."

"I paddled you when you was a baby, Giles," said the Widow Duck menacingly, "and you ain't too big now." She advanced threateningly. "I'll drag you offn dat horse and wear you out."

"Mind out," warned the foreman, "Prince might kick you."

"I'll paddle you and Prince," she snorted. "You come down hyar yippin' about what's water under ev'ybody's bridge and den say ev'ybody got to git in high gears. Whyn't you tell folks what

dey got to do, instid er how fast dey got to do hit?"

"I'll tell 'em what," snapped Giles. "Dock, you got to catch Hawk and Eagle tomorrow, and stop lazin' behind Shotgun and Darlin'. Johnnie T, you got to quit plink-plonk—yassin' and git to plowin'. And, Eutaw, you can't wear yo' field out runnin' up and down hit wid Hawk and Eagle. You got to catch Shotgun and Darlin' in de mornin', and plow slow. And Miss Duck, you got to keep outn my business." He wheeled Prince about and galloped off.

After Giles left, Eutaw shyly reached for his guitar, and picked searchingly at the strings. "You know, Mis' Duck," he admitted, "I reckon I didn't really sing no lie. I reckon I jest tried to sing a woman song like hit was a man song."

"How you mean, Eutaw?" she asked. Eutaw picked soft, wistful chords as he explained, "Hit's comin' to my years, now," he said. "Hit say Hawk is more stouter den old Eagle and he kin shoot Eagle any time he want to squat down and pull. And Eagle's so long-laiged and fast, he kin shoot de crow—Beena ain't no crow, but she dark enough to be a crow—and you got to shoot things wid a shotgun. So dat make Hawk and Eagle shootin' Beena in de first line, leavin' only old Shotgun. Den in de next line, old Darlin' is shakin' hit slow alongside er Shotgun, wid Beena trompin' along—" He picked soft, rhythmic beats that sounded exactly like Beena's steps in newly plowed ground. "Beena, honey," he said, "I'm gonter catch old Shotgun and Darlin' for you, in de mawin'."

Beena drooled pure love. "Eutaw," she said, "you de sweetest." . . .

ON HER way home that night, the Widow Duck passed the foreman's house. He was waiting for her.

"Ev'rything satisfied?" he asked. "Satisfied," she confirmed. "Eutaw done had dat one figgered out before me and you. He picked a nice little song about Shotgun and Darlin'."

Giles grinned. "I swear I'm gonter run dat no-good plumb to Italy, one er dese days."

"Naw you ain't, Giles," she told him. "Eutaw ride too high on yo' hip for you to run him off."

THE END

"Hoot! I'm eatin' gr-r-and!"

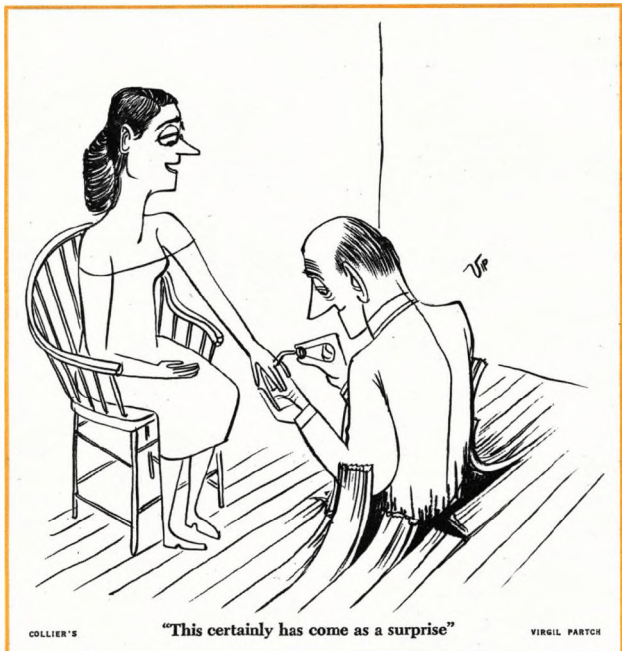


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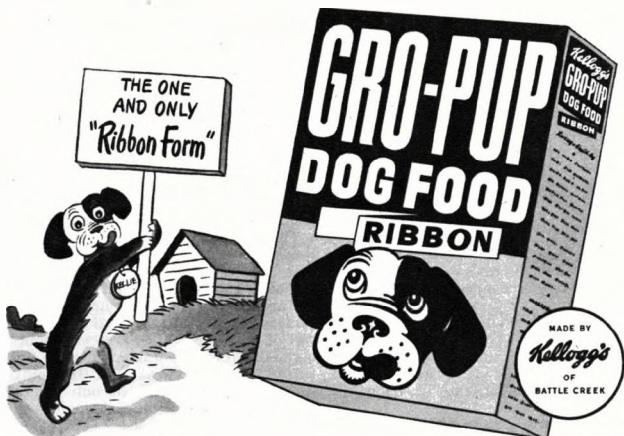
"This certainly has come as a surprise"

COLLIER'S

VIRGIL PARTCH

Collier's for July 31, 1948

The Biggest Box on the shelf



Dogs Go For Kellogg's GRO-PUP

THE CHOUSEY MAN

Continued from page 13

her petticoats and climb down in that chute, on top of Guided Missile. Maybe she would forgive us for the loud shirts if she knew how sudden it can get out there. He was still smiling when the man's voice answered.

"Yeah," said the man. "Strictly a racket, now. These fancy jokers would starve to death on a real ranch. This stuff is nothing but a vaudeville act."

The smile faded off Jeff Hastings' face. He frowned and rubbed at his jaws with a gloved hand. This fellow is a mite unfair, he thought, and turned around. There were three people in the box behind him, and the girl caught his eye first. She was tall and lovely. A look of hauteur was written in every move she made. The man was about her age and had the same tended look. The other woman was older, but just as expensive-looking.

The man and the girl were looking past Jeff, but the other lady was not. Her glance tangled with his, and for a second they stared at each other—he in appraisal and she in amused contemplation. Like she's at the zoo, thought Jeff, turning around again.

He was still slumped on the fence when Junior Bean climbed up to sit beside him. Junior was a thin boy, and in the tight levis he seemed to have no rump at all. A smear of dirt darkened his cheek, and his forehead glistened.

"Well, I dogged it again," he said unhappily.

"Not too bad," answered Jeff. "You was working the spurs so wide you unbalanced yourself. Don't crowd the cattle so much. You got to go along with the horse. It wasn't a bad ride."

Junior lighted a cigarette, frowning into the cupped flame. "First part wasn't so bad," he muttered, and Hastings backhanded him lightly and went sliding to the arena floor. He moved with a peculiar hitching gait that was partly saddle roll and partly a broken hip he had earned at Cheyenne one year. Men called out greetings as he crabbed along, and he answered by throwing up his head a trifle. It saved talking and got the same result. He was outside the arena and headed for his tack room when Guy Dobson hailed him. Dobson was a rumped, thickset man and all his pockets seemed to be jammed with papers, for he was road secretary for the Rodeo Association.

"You still in both events?" asked Dobson, his cigar angling up and down.

"Yep."

Dobson took the cigar out and spat. "Too much, Jeff. You're too damned old for it."

Hastings grinned at the tips of his boots. Every year it was the same. "No, Guy," he answered pleasantly, "I ain't old. Just quaint."

WHEN they relayed the signal, Jeff tumbled into his left stirrup lightly and swung aboard. He was under the archway of the arena gates, but still out of the crowd's sight. Taking a deep breath, he settled his hat firmly and patted Conquistador on the neck. After checking his belt and gloves, he looked up and nodded, dark face impassive. The skeins of blue smoke hovering in the rafters wavered as the address system came on.

"Next bulldogger," announced the horns, "and a distinguished fixture of this rodeo, is Jeff Hastings of Plano, Texas, two times World's Champion All-Around Cowboy . . ."

There was a burst of applause, falling out of the tiered seats like a waterfall, and Jeff galloped out and reined Conquistador up sharply. The golden horse reared, front feet pawing, and the cowboy swept his hat off. Wheeling, he

turned back toward the chute, after glancing briefly at the box where the two women and the man sat. When his hazy nod, Hastings murmured to the chute men and the gates swung open.

It was a medium steer and it broke straight out, front legs winging. The two horsemen boxed it on the run, and as Jeff leaned down he knew he had a chance for good time. He was almost out of the saddle when the steer slackened and fell behind the stampeding horses.

CURSING bitterly, Jeff cut a tight turn and thundered for the far wall. When the steer came around, he banged Conquistador in close again, knowing he had lost six seconds. Hands outspread, he launched himself and for one dangerous second seemed to be hanging in space, falling with outflung arms.

His clutching fingers closed over the

"Sounded good," said Junior, unsaddling the palomino. "What was it?"

Jeff hunched the fatigue out of his shoulders and rubbed at his neck. "Little over sixteen," he answered. "He stopped on me or I'd a' shaded ten."

Junior was grinning into the flaxen mane. "You ain't never satisfied. Sixteen will get day money."

"Might" Jeff took off his gloves, went into the tack room and washed his face. "Let's go get a drink and eat something," he called.

"Roger," answered Bean. "Soon's I take the champ down." The tall boy led the horse away, into the barn across the alley, and Hastings combed his hair, feeling irritated. "Roger." Airplane talk in the horse stalls, he thought. Maybe the glossy people in the box were right. Maybe it was just vaudeville. . . .

Their passage into the Buckhorn was, as always, in the nature of a triumphal

"Maybe," the younger woman put in lazily, "it's all part of the act. Maybe they get extra money for providing atmosphere between shows."

The chair scraped as Jeff stood up. Moving with that fluid, hitching motion, he took three steps and was at the other table. The three people from the box watched him come, amusement faint on their faces. The man looks a little loaded, thought Jeff; must have had the bottle with him all the time. The women were even more alike close up. They glanced at each other when Jeff put his hands on the table.

"Folks," said Jeff mildly, "you paid for tickets to the show, so I suppose you bought the right to talk about the performers." The older woman had two fingers on her chin, and Jeff figured the man would outweigh him by twenty pounds. "But not in here," he went on. "Regardless of what you think of rodeo cowboys as a breed, in here we're just having a drink off duty, quiet-like."

"Now, really—" said the younger woman.

"This stuff"—Jeff pointed at his flaming shirt—"is a trifle loud, but we have another show to do before long. It's not polite to make rude remarks about clowns and atmosphere."

"I assure you—" began the older woman, but Jeff cut in on her smoothly.

"Got a lot of scars," he murmured pleasantly, "because this is dangerous work. Got my back broken in Calgary, smashed a hip in Cheyenne and busted a leg in Fort Worth. I know it seems uncouth, but it's only business. Same way your husbands could get their fingernails scratched, maybe even a hang-nail, working down at the bank."

THE man had his head down; he was looking sullen. He started to speak, and that was what Jeff had been waiting for. His right hand bladed across the table and caught the man across the mouth. It was a backhand slap that quieted the whole bar and brought a spurt of blood between the cowboy's fingers.

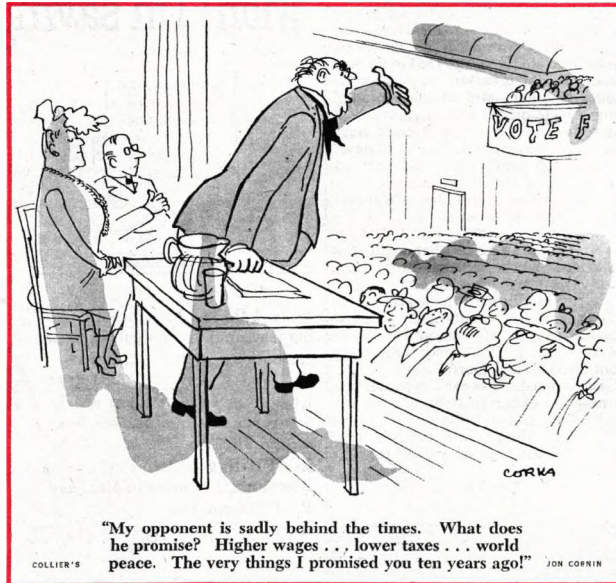
Notice thus having been served, Jeff moved back a step and waited. The man came with a rush, and when he pumped his left hand out, Jeff knew he was in for trouble. It was no wild-rage blow; it was pistonlike and professional. Got to get in close, the cowboy thought, or he'll butcher me with that reach. So he ducked inside, banging away at the short ribs.

The ladies were both screaming and the din became general. Jeff could feel the crowd banking around, and once, when his boots slipped on the smooth floor, a right-hand shot nailed him and exploded rockets in his head. But the belly punishment was sapping the bigger man; he was blowing heavily.

Jeff went down again, from another right hand he never saw, and was on the floor raising his boot heels for protection when he remembered that he was fighting a Harvard type. Scrambling back up, he closed again. He was crouched inside, working on that roll of midriff fat, when the police shouldered through and broke it up.

There were questions shouted, and then more questions in answer to the original ones. The young lady, not so immaculate now, pointed a trembling finger at Hastings, but the other woman seemed almost amused. Jeff stood smoothing back his hair and licking his dry lips, and the policeman in charge feigned sorrow, ignoring the others.

"Don't you get enough exercise?" asked the cop in mock despair. Jeff grinned and felt his teeth. "You want to prefer charges against Rollo here?" the policeman continued. Rollo was badly disheveled: his pompadour was matted



"My opponent is sadly behind the times. What does he promise? Higher wages . . . lower taxes . . . world peace. The very things I promised you ten years ago!"

steer's horns and his body pivoted down, legs thrust forward and boot heels bouncing as the steer's drive carried them forward. When the steer stopped, Jeff slipped his off hand under the sweaty muzzle and started twisting the head. Slowly, under the hush of the crowd, the little man in scarlet strained and the steer's head turned. When the circle was half done, the animal's braced legs buckled and the body flopped over. Jeff wriggled free and jumped up, fanning the oiled sawdust from his pants with both hands.

"Time for Jeff Hastings," said the horns crisply, "was sixteen and twentieth seconds—"

There was more applause, but not so heavy, because it always looked faster than it was. The crowd was disappointed. The hazy brought Conquistador around and Jeff swung up. He went cantering out of the arena to a rippling surf of handclaps. The hazy was shouting at Hastings; he was apologizing for letting the steer break, but Jeff only winked at him and rode on out. Junior Bean was waiting at the tack room, and Jeff swung off the horse neatly. Not vaulting with both feet, because too many horses in too many shows had sapped a lot of the spring from him. Now he saved it all for that brief moment before the crowd.

The same cluster of kids was at the door, wanting autographs, and as Jeff balanced the pads and made his scrawl, he remembered how all this had started. It was the cereal ad, the full-color shot of him roping a calf, with a loud lettering over it to the effect that Jeff Hastings, internationally famous cowboy, never ate anything for breakfast but Peppies. If he couldn't get Peppies, the ad implied, Hastings grew sulky and wouldn't eat anything.

Remembering the pictures, plastered on billboards and in magazines, Jeff smiled. Now he nodded to all his friends, and when they were really his friends he grinned or winked. He and Junior got a small front table, and ordered two bourbons. He had taken the drink and was savoring its warmth when he heard the voice again.

"Well, well," came the ironical comment. "The clowns are here." It was the man's voice.

Jeff put his empty tumbler down and sighed. Out on the range, when cattle got excited and ready to stampe, the men who handled them said they were "choused." Now Jeff Hastings was beginning to feel a little chousey himself. He made a neat wet circle with the bottom of the tumbler, and when Junior Bean heaved up, the older man pushed him back into his chair.


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SELF-SHARPENING... ONE PIECE

with sweat and his cheek was bruised. But he didn't seem angry. He kept staring at Jeff with a kind of fascination.

"Naw," said the cowboy. "No harm done. We was just practicing."

"I see." The cop put his charge book up. "Just in case you ever decide to have a real fight, eh?"

"That's it." Hastings bowed slightly to the two ladies and went back to his own table. The crowd drifted away, and Junior went into an impassioned tirade about what a rannie Jeff was to give away fifteen years and twenty pounds. Hastings told him to hush, and they had another drink and ordered steaks. When they got up to go, the table behind them was empty.

AS HE dressed for the arena the next afternoon, Jeff could tell the crowd was big. That anticipatory rustling was louder than usual. Opening the closet door, he glanced over his gaudy wardrobe. His face and shoulders were still stiff from the fight, and, smiling a little wryly, he pulled out a dark blue shirt and put it on. It was the most subdued garment he owned, and he admitted to himself that he was wearing it because of what the fashionable trio had said the day before. He was adjusting the flaring collar when Junior Bean sidled in.

"Lady here, Jeff," he drawled. "Wants to see you."

"Okay." Hastings turned around and had a moment of complete surprise. It was the lady from the box, the older one. She wore a coat of lustrous brown fur, and a chaplet of bright flowers was woven into her hair. She held out a slender hand and he shook it briefly.

"I'm Mrs. Evans," she said, her dark eyes directly on him. "I came to apologize about yesterday."

That startled him again, and he swept his coiled lariats off the only chair and motioned at it. She sat down gracefully, but kept her eyes fixed on him.

"Why, ma'am," he answered, very formal, "that's hardly necessary. I had no business getting so provoked."

She smiled at that, and Jeff thought of the stars over Laramie, on a bright night. "Nevertheless," she went on, "we owe an apology. My daughter feels the same way." The red curve of her mouth deepened with mirth. "My son, Dan, feels that he has already—rendered a certain amount of apology."

Jeff's pulse was beginning to hammer. "The boy fights very well, ma'am," he murmured. "But he had a few drinks and I went at him without much warning." Stooping, he picked up one of the ropes and turned it nervously in his hands. "Nice of you to come back like this, but no apology was necessary."

"Fine. We'll be friends, then?" She rose and held out her hand again, and he took it gingerly. Her fragrance made him uneasy. "Will you and your friend have dinner with us?" she asked.

They were coming a little faster than Jeff could field them. He said, "Ayannh," and coughed, and dropped the rope, and said he and Mr. Bean, Jr., would be honored. Mrs. Evans nodded and moved toward the door, and he rushed forward to help her down the step that was all of three inches high. She thanked him and was going away when he called out. "Hey!" and immediately cursed himself for bawling out so crudely. "I mean," he went on, "you might enjoy the calf roping this afternoon. Horse does most of it, and I got the best horse in the world—"

She was smiling again. "I'll watch very closely," she promised. "The horse, I mean." Shrugging the coat around her shoulders she went swinging away on absurdly high heels. Now I wonder, mused Jeff from the doorway, where Mr. Evans can have got off to? Turning, he went inside, ripped the dull blue shirt off, and changed into the suit of pure silver brocade, the one he had worn before the King of England.

Junior Bean sauntered back into the tack room and stood watching silently. Although Junior hadn't said a word, Jeff told him to shut up. Then he grabbed his ropes and bolted out the door.

The roar was there, as always, and Jeff waited nervously, praying for a good calf. When the flag dropped, he fed Conquistador the spurs, and the golden horse shot forward. The calf was big, but it went straight, legging wildly. As he made the throw, Jeff's lips tightened. The loop snaked out, flared, and the running calf's head was in it. When the line tightened, Conquistador stood like a rock and the calf found the lasso's end and did a complete flip.

Backing up slowly, the horse kept the line taut from saddle horn to calf, and Jeff peeled off and went running down the rope. He grabbed the bawling animal, flanked and flopped it with a solid thump, and made three ties so fast his hands blurred. When he stepped back, the flag fell again and the crowd voice rippled in excited conjecture. One of the judges dismounted, turned the calf over, and inspected the tie. It was secure, and, as Jeff remounted, the loud-speaker horns boomed hollowly.

"Time for Jeff Hastings," said the voice, sounding pleased, "a new record for this arena is ten and five-tenths seconds!"

That turned them loose. Bedlam washed out of the packed stands until the smoky air swam with it; it was a thunder that kept shaking the afternoon. Jeff put the palomino smartly across the tank-bark to a spot directly under the box. There, with uncovered head, he made the horse kneel gracefully three times, and went riding quickly out of the arena. Applause was still churning behind him and most of the people were standing up, but he did not go back in.

WHEN the dinner party sat down, both cowboys were dressed so somberly, in dark suits and conservative ties, that they looked like coffin salesmen. Jeff had insisted on this. Dan Evans was laughing and pointing out his bruises, and Mr. Bean, Jr., was beaming idiotically at young Angelica Evans. All in all, things were progressing nicely. Mrs. Evans had become Ruth; she wore a sheath of wine taffeta that flared around her bare shoulders, and the faint perfume slugged Hastings again. When they got up to dance, he had the slightly dazed look of a man under anesthetic, and he asked her casually how was Mr. Evans these days.

She smiled, moving into his arms, and asked him how was Mrs. Hastings these days. That was in the nature of a minor bafflement, since there was no Mrs. Hastings, but Jeff thought it might not be insurmountable. He was stiff to the music, at first, but she went so neatly to his lead that he relaxed and moved out with dawning appreciation. When trumpet notes showered an end to the number, she clapped her hands with delight and said he was a superb dancer. Jeff grinned and answered that many new things were drifting into the Southwest, like dial telephones, and Cellophane, and even the samba. She laughed out loud at that.

Somehow, during the next number, he allowed himself to be wheeled out of pertinent information. His ranch in Furr County (which happened to be larger than the state of Rhode Island), his college days at Hardin-Simmons, and certain other matters of personal interest.

She was properly attentive, and when the music stopped he left her standing in the center of the floor and walked to the bandstand. The musicians had finished their set and were breaking up. Hastings' hand turned green with currency, and the band leader, thus stayed, said yes, they knew the number. Yes, they would play the number. For that kind of money his glass-blowers would play it skillfully, putting in all the notes. So, while the

orchestra sat back down and swung into Lady Be Good, the cowboy turned to Ruth Evans and took her in his arms again.

"It's a beautiful song," she said quietly.

"It's the one for you," he answered, and they moved smoothly away while strings rippled out the lovely melody. It was a moment of some enchantment, and when the music stopped they were both a trifle subdued.

"We could not ever be happy together," said Jeff abruptly.

"No?" She looked startled; the spell of the music drained off her face and gave way to faint surprise.

"No," repeated Jeff. "It would be an unequal contest. Never the twain—" He turned toward the table, but she checked him.

"You are an insufferably conceited man," she said, a flush mantling her cheekbones. "And a very prejudiced one."

"Yes, ma'am," he answered smugly. "But I bet we could have a lot of fun finding out why."

"Why what?"

"Why we couldn't ever be happy together."

"Really!" She was blushing higher still. "I never heard—"

"But you will, ma'am. You will," he answered politely, and handed her back to the table with a flourish.

AT MATINEE time the next afternoon, Jeff Hastings stood before his mirror for last-minute inspection. Dark blue pants were snugged into his triple-stitched boots, and he adjusted the big hat to a jaunty angle. As he was turning to pick up his ropes, Junior Bean's lean shadow fell in the doorway.

"Oh, my! Got on his velvet courtin' britches," sniggered Junior. Hastings did not turn around; he was seemingly undisturbed by such ribaldry. "Ain't you going to use just a dab of rose water, back of the ears?" inquired Junior coarsely. Jeff turned, smiling, but the boy knew that look of old and he retreated swiftly.

He was twenty feet away and picking up speed when one rope walked along the ground and noosed his right boot. The other hissed over his head and pinioned his arms. Junior, arrested in mid-flight, took off on a soaring arc and fell to the ground with a grunt. Humming, Jeff walked up and trussed him securely to a near-by bale of hay.

"More respect for age and dignity, Junior," he admonished, and vaulted over Conquistador's rump into the saddle. Tapping the flaring hatbrim, he rode toward the arena gates at a gallop. The chute boys saw him coming and relayed the signal, and as the golden horse thundered out before the crowd, the rodeo band broke into Lady Be Good. Swerving Conquistador on the run, Hastings took him under the Evans box. There was a rising storm of applause and laughter. Ruth Evans was sitting in the box alone, looking vexed with herself when the blush mantled her cheeks again. "Lady, be good," implored the mighty brass band, "Oh, lady, take care—"

Down below her, Jeff and the golden horse were motionless in a low bow. They stayed that way until the song was over, and then, grinning and waving, Hastings rode to the chutes. Leaning forward, he patted the palomino on the neck with a gloved hand and whispered, "Horse, if you don't fox-trot out and make me look good picking up this dogie, I will sell you to one of them painted Hollywood cowboys." Conquistador's ears twitched, the flag fell as the calf bolted out, and the man and horse stretched in hot pursuit. The brass band was in a rut: they surged back into Lady Be Good, and the chousey man grinned, stood up in his stirrups and turned the long loop loose.

THE END

THE SECRET PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS

Continued from page 22

the two leaders. Stalin took over the argument himself and insisted that homes as well as war plants should be destroyed. Churchill was in agreement that civilian morale was a military objective but the bombing of workmen's homes must be considered the by-products of near misses on factories. The tension then started to ease, and an understanding of common purpose began to grow. Between the two of them they soon had destroyed the major industrial cities of Germany.

With marvelous adroitness Churchill took advantage of this more friendly interchange to bring the talk back to the second front. Explaining the decision regarding TORCH and its tactics, he emphasized the need for secrecy.

Churchill drew a sketch of a crocodile and explained that it was just as damaging to hit the belly as the snout. Plans were detailed for the offensive in Egypt. All of this greatly interested Stalin.

Then Churchill brought the discussion back to the Russian front. He said that you and he were exploring the possibility of sending an air force to the south Russia front but only after Rom-

From next week's installment of THE PRIVATE PAPERS OF HARRY L. HOPKINS: Hopkins writes, "Churchill liked the idea of pictures because he loved publicity. He told me he could put on a very warlike look whenever he wanted to . . ."

mel was defeated. He asked how this plan would suit Stalin, and the answer was simple and brief: "I would gratefully accept it."

Then the talk came back to TORCH, and Stalin summed up its strategic advantages with a masterly understanding of its various implications. The operation really aroused his enthusiasm.

Stalin then asked: Where would the operation eventually lead? It was at this point that Churchill drew the picture of the crocodile—the "soft underbelly" being the Mediterranean front, and the "snout," to be struck subsequently, northern France.

Harriman assured Stalin that Roosevelt was in full agreement with the Prime Minister on the decisions reached.

Suddenly Stalin exclaimed, "May God help this enterprise to succeed!"

I have been told that it was by no means unusual for Stalin, who had been educated for a time in a religious seminary, to invoke the aid of the Deity.

On the second day of the meetings in Moscow, Churchill had a short talk with Molotov which was evidently less satisfactory—Molotov expressing the view that the North African Operation was "ambiguous" and reminding Churchill of the communiqué that had been issued after his visits to London and Washington two months previously.

At eleven o'clock that night there was another large meeting in the Kremlin. Stalin opened this meeting by handing copies of an *aide-memoire* to Churchill and Harriman, as follows:

As the result of an exchange of views in Moscow which took place on the 12th August of this year, I ascertained that the Prime Minister of Great Britain, Mr. Churchill, considered the organization of a second front in Europe in 1942 to be impossible.

As is well known, the organization of a second front in Europe in 1942 was preceded during the sojourn of Collier's for July 31, 1948

Molotov in London, and it found expression in the agreed Anglo-Soviet communiqué published on the 12th June last . . .

It will be easily understood that the Soviet Command built their plan of summer and autumn operations calculating on the creation of a second front in Europe in 1942.

It is easy to grasp that the refusal of the government of Great Britain to create a second front in 1942 in Europe inflicts a moral blow to the whole of the Soviet public opinion, which calculates on the creation of a second front, and that it complicates the situation of the Red Army at the front and prejudices the plan of the Soviet Command . . .

(Signed) J. STALIN.

From that point on, the visitors from the West encountered "very rough sledding," as Harriman put it. The cordial atmosphere of the previous night's meeting had vanished. Stalin made it painfully clear that the Soviet government took no interest in the TORCH Operation. He spoke caustically of the failure of the Western Allies to deliver the promised supplies to the Soviet Union. He spoke of the tremendous sacrifices that were being made to hold 280 German divisions on the eastern front. He said that he thought it would not be too difficult for the British and Americans to land six or eight divisions on the Cherbourg peninsula. Churchill described in great detail the perils of an operation across the English Channel, but Stalin was unimpressed.

There was considerable puzzled speculation in the British delegation as to what had produced the dismaying reversal in Stalin's attitude as between the first night's session and the second. The same technique was to be encountered on subsequent occasions and the most usual explanation of it was that when Stalin got really tough he was expressing the attitude of the mysterious Politburo rather than his own personal appraisal of the main issue.

Cordial Relations Are Restored

On the evening of August 15th, Churchill went to the Kremlin for a final meeting with Stalin and came out of it more surprised than ever—for now the atmosphere of cordiality was completely restored and enthusiasm for the TORCH Operation was again running high. At the end of this session, Stalin asked, "Why not come over to my apartment in the Kremlin and have some drinks?" Although Churchill's airplane was to take off at dawn, he accepted this invitation and remained for seven hours, discussing all manner of subjects including the possibility of a meeting between Stalin and President Roosevelt in Iceland.

Churchill got home at 3:30 A.M., then wrote and dispatched a long cable to Roosevelt. He reported that the meetings had ended in an atmosphere of the greatest good will and that a personal relationship of real importance had been established.

During this summer Roosevelt had established his week-end retreat called Shangri-La in the Maryland hills about sixty miles north of Washington. This enabled him to get away from the White House at times when it was dangerous for him to travel even as far from base as Hyde Park. It was a simple woodland lodge with three bedrooms.

Roosevelt sat by the hour on the little screened porch with a fine view over the Catoctin Valley. He worked on his stamp collection, he played solitaire, and he wrote his name or his initials in books

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of this longer, finer cigarette—gives you
that smoothness, mildness and satisfaction
that no other cigarette offers you.

PALL MALL—the longer, finer
cigarette in the distinguished red package.

OUTSTANDING

—and
they
are
mild!



from his library. He gave one of these books to me that August, 1942. It was an old Book of Psalms that someone had sent him. He had marked certain passages—he wanted me to study them with a view to future speeches—and one that he marked was the last verse of the 39th Psalm:

Oh spare me, that I may recover strength, before I go hence, and be no more.

There was continued correspondence between London and Washington about the planning of the TORCH Operation. On August 30th, Roosevelt cabled Churchill:

I have considered carefully your cables in reference to the Torch Operation . . .

I feel very strongly that the initial attacks must be made by an exclusively American ground force supported by your naval and transport and air units. The operation should be undertaken on the assumption that the French will offer less resistance to us than they will to the British . . .

. . . I am reasonably sure a simultaneous landing by British and Americans would result in full resistance by all French in Africa whereas an initial American landing without British ground forces offers a real chance that there would be no French resistance or only a token resistance.

Then your force can come in to the eastward. I realize full well that your landing must be made before the enemy can get there . . .

In all the discussions preceding TORCH it was obvious that the eternally sore subject of De Gaulle and the Fighting French would again manifest itself. Roosevelt was obdurate on this point. He wrote, "I consider it essential that De Gaulle be kept out of the picture and be permitted to have no information whatever, regardless of how irritated and irritating he may become."

A Decision by Eisenhower

At a meeting in London on the morning of September 22d, Churchill, Eisenhower and their staffs reviewed the whole TORCH prospect. Because of the expansion of the operation and the added shipping required for transport of men and materiel, Eisenhower made the decision that the date must be postponed to November 8th.

The postponement had considerable political significance in the United States; November 3d was Election Day and it would have been obviously advantageous to Roosevelt to have this exciting news received before the voters went to the polls—but this was a decision, according to Roosevelt's order, that must be made by the responsible officer, Eisenhower, and not by the Democratic National Committee.

Roosevelt had to give a great deal of attention to the domestic political scene in this summer and fall of 1942. He hated it but he couldn't escape it. The Congressional election was approaching and the partisan voices were becoming more and more strident. They had plenty of targets for criticisms—more, in fact, than most of them knew about. The progress of production was in some important respects disappointing and in a few respects downright alarming. The war man-power situation was in a dreadful mess.

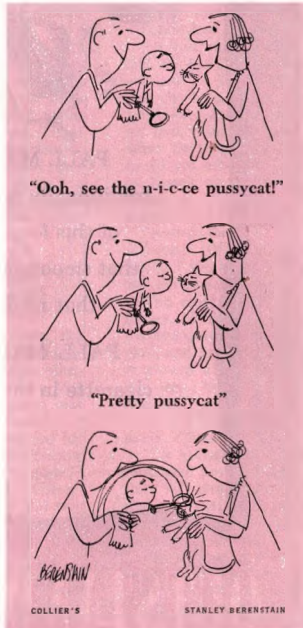
There was even more than the usual bickering and backbiting between departments and agencies. In the battle of Washington, as on most of the real fighting fronts, this was the lowest point of the war.

Worst of all was the failure of the Congress to do anything toward meeting the threat of inflation. The President's requests for higher taxes and more rigid controls on the civilian economy had been ignored or evaded by congressmen

afraid to face the voters, especially the farmers. Roosevelt was urged to take drastic action to stabilize farm prices, for which Congress was willing to provide a floor but no ceiling.

The principal force in this urging was Leon Henderson, director of the Office of Price Administration and currently the center for the storms of criticism and complaint. A public servant of exceptional ability, courage and imperviousness, Henderson had an unfortunate flair for flamboyant publicity: He was often photographed dancing the rumba and wearing funny hats and that made him all the more unpopular with the conservative elements, which, as always, were strongest in the rural areas. Henderson, who was in a bad enough spot anyway, made it all the worse for himself by allowing himself to be represented as a frivolous fellow in wartime.

It was usual for the President to speak to the nation on Labor Day and Roose-



velt decided that this was the occasion for decisive action against inflation. The preparation of that speech was ten days' work—at Shangri-La, the White House and Hyde Park—and involved some arguments among Roosevelt's advisers. The President had the power to stabilize prices and wages by executive order without reference to Congress, and some of us believed that he should do just that immediately and not run the risk of hostile action or no action at all on Capitol Hill.

There were unquestionably many congressmen who fervently hoped that he would do it this way and thereby absolve them from all responsibility for decision on such a controversial issue. (It was an ironic fact that many of the congressmen who were loudest in accusing Roosevelt of dictatorial ambitions were the most anxious to have him act like a dictator on all measures which might be unpopular with the people but obviously valuable for the winning of the war.)

Roosevelt himself was in favor of an arbitrary executive order to achieve stabilization, and his speech was at first written as a proclamation and explanation of that; but some of his advisers, notably Hopkins and Henderson, strongly recommended that he put the issue up to Congress in the form of an ultimatum—"You act before October 1st or I will!"—and their arguments finally prevailed.

Roosevelt concluded his speech of September 7th with these words:

Battles are not won by soldiers or sailors who think first of their own personal safety. And wars are not won by people who are concerned primarily with their own comfort, their own convenience, their own pocketbooks.

We Americans of today bear the gravest of responsibilities. All of the United Nations share them.

All of us here at home are being tested—for our fortitude, for our selfless devotion to our country and our cause.

This is the toughest war of all time. We need not leave it to historians of the future to answer the question whether we are tough enough to meet this unprecedented challenge. We can give that answer now. The answer is "Yes."

After this speech, Roosevelt decided to take a trip around the country to visit defense plants and various Army training camps, airfields and naval stations. It was a good chance for the President to see a great deal of production and training progress—and he was one capable of understanding the essentials of what he saw—but the main purpose of the trip was, of course, for political influence on the Congress and on the Congressional elections.

The secrecy surrounding all of Roosevelt's wartime journeys would seem to have been greatly overdone, especially on occasions such as this one when the President was visible and often audible to millions of citizens over a route of some 9,000 miles. There were many stories at the time of workers who came home late for supper, explaining to their wives that "President Roosevelt was at the plant," and when the wives saw no mention of this important event in the local newspapers, they accused their husbands of lying.

Roosevelt loved all this air of mystery. It was part of his nature to wear the mantle of military security like a small boy playing "cops and robbers." Furthermore, he loved to irritate the press which had so often irritated him.

He returned to Washington on October 1st, the deadline set for Congressional action, and the next day the Stabilization Act was sent to the White House and he signed it, expressing certainty that it would "assist greatly in bringing the war to a successful conclusion" and "will make the transition to peace conditions easier after the war." The same day he named James F. Byrnes Director of Economic Stabilization, which made him, in effect, Assistant President in charge of the home front. This relieved Roosevelt of a considerable amount of work and worry, and consequently greatly reduced the accumulation on Hopkins' desk.

Hopkins later laughed and said, "Shortly after Jimmy Byrnes moved in I went to talk to him about something and he told me, 'There's just one suggestion I want to make to you, Harry, and that is to keep the hell out of my business.' He smiled very pleasantly when he said it, but by God he meant it and I'm going to keep the hell out." It is improbable that Hopkins was entirely faithful in living up to this resolve.

In the elections on November 3d the Republicans gained 47 votes in the House which was only nine short of a majority. They gained ten votes in the Senate. Roosevelt had only just escaped the overturn inflicted on Wilson in 1918 and he was now down to the narrowest margin of his entire Presidential career.

During September and October, Wendell Willkie made the journey to Africa, the Middle East, the Soviet Union and China which he described in his influential book, *One World*. He flew this enormous distance in an Army transport plane with, of course, Roosevelt's hearty approval.

Willkie's trip did an enormous amount of good and it also stirred up some trouble. In Moscow he heard direct ac-

cusations that the British had "stolen" American Lend-Lease material intended for Russia. Hopkins was in a position to know that this charge was grossly unfair. He himself had given instructions that some ships which could not get through to Murmansk should be unloaded in Scotland so that the ships themselves would be freed for service in the TORCH Operation. But Willkie was given only the Russian version of it. In Chungking, Willkie heard the Generalissimo's expressions of bitterness against the Allies in general and Britain in particular and also against the then American ambassador, Clarence E. Gauss, and General Stilwell. The long feud between Stilwell and Chennault was then much in evidence.

Mission Ends on a Sour Note

From Moscow, Willkie chided the Allies for failure to open a second front and from Chungking for failure to make an all-out effort in aid of China—two statements which caused Roosevelt to remark: "You can't have it both ways." (It might have been added that at this stage of the war it couldn't be had either way.) Shortly before Willkie returned to Washington via the Northwest Passage from Siberia on October 14th, Roosevelt fell some remarks about "typewriter strategists" at a press conference including an impish imitation of Willkie's pronunciation of some words, and Willkie consequently ended his mission of good will in a fury of rage at the President.

It is my belief that Roosevelt really regretted having yielded to the temptation to indulge in unworthy wisecracks at Willkie's expense. He was talking off the record, but he had plenty of reason to know that his little quips would be given wide circulation by the correspondents present, many of whom were accurate reporters.

There is no doubt in my mind that Roosevelt had far more admiration for Willkie than for any opponent he ever faced; he respected Willkie's enormous courage, if not his political acumen, and he was profoundly and eternally grateful for Willkie's persistent battle against the isolationism of the Old Guard in the Republican party.

Once I heard Hopkins make some slurring remark about Willkie, and Roosevelt slapped him with as sharp a reproof as I ever heard him utter. He said, "Don't ever say anything like that around here again. Don't even *think* it. You of all people ought to know that we might not have had Lend-Lease or Selective Service or a lot of other things if it hadn't been for Wendell Willkie. He was a godsend to this country when we needed him most." The skeptical might suspect that Roosevelt's affectionate regard for Willkie was due at least in part to the fact that he had defeated him, but he had none of the same respect or regard for Herbert Hoover or Thomas E. Dewey, whom he also defeated.

There were many messages between Washington, London and Moscow during these critical weeks of the fighting in Stalingrad and the Solomons, the immeasurably complex preparations for TORCH, and the build-up of British forces in the Middle East preparatory to the battle of El Alamein. Just before Roosevelt left for his swing around the country on September 17th, he wrote a note to Admiral Leahy:

I am anxious to get the cables to me from the Prime Minister and other heads of government in various countries, and my replies to them, co-ordinated through Harry, because so much of them refer to civil things.

I am asking him to see that all of the military aspects of these cables are referred to you and the Combined Chiefs of Staff and he will co-ordinate them and give them to me for my approval.

When Roosevelt was in Seattle,

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Churchill sent cables containing a message he proposed to send to Stalin relative to the canceling of another convoy (PQ19) to Murmansk and the proposal to establish a British-American strategic air force on the Russian flank in the Caucasus. The argument for the canceling was powerful; the preceding convoy to Murmansk had lost one ship out of three but had required 77 warships for escort duty. In view of the enormous naval requirements of the impending TORCH Operation, it would be obviously impossible to assign anywhere near that number of warships for another convoy.

Hopkins immediately cabled Churchill a message paraphrased here:

The President is now at a distant point and your urgent messages are being relayed to him there. I very strongly urge you not to send Stalin the proposed message until you hear how the President feels about it. It seems very clear to me that the turning point in the war may well depend on what is now said to Stalin and what firm commitments we are prepared to make to him...

Hopkins also sent a telegram to Roosevelt in the Northwest:

... I have no doubt there are compelling reasons for discontinuing the northern convoys for the balance of this year.

In replying to the Former Naval Person relative to a wire to Stalin, I hope you will give full consideration to the importance of the proposal for a joint Allied air force on the Caucasian front...

The Canceled Convoy to Murmansk

From his train Roosevelt cabled Churchill that he agreed with him the realities of the situation required canceling PQ19. He said he realized how disappointing this would be to the Russians but that the need for the escort ships elsewhere at that time made it inevitable. Roosevelt urged, however, that since PQ 19 was not to sail for another ten days the Russians should not be notified of its cancellation until that time had expired. He pointed out that there was nothing to gain and much to be lost by telling Stalin in advance.

On October 24th, Churchill cabled Roosevelt that he was baffled and perplexed by the correspondence from Moscow—or, rather, the almost total lack of it. Two weeks previously he and the President had sent long, parallel messages to Stalin detailing the proposals for supplies and for the air force in the Caucasus. The only reply that Churchill had received consisted of two words, "Thank you."

Churchill had sought to obtain further information through the British ambassador in Moscow, Sir Archibald Clark Kerr, who had been able to gain nothing but evasive replies from Molotov's secretary. Churchill wondered what was going on inside the Soviet Union.

Roosevelt cabled him that he was not disturbed by Stalin's silence, since he felt the Russians "do not use speech for the same purposes that we do."

The mysterious silence out of Moscow at that time was not due, as some alarmed authorities (not including Roosevelt or Churchill) then feared, to the possibility of a separate, negotiated Russo-German peace; it was the direct result of the improvement in the situation at Stalingrad. The need for immediate help became less desperate day by day and the Russians never did agree to the project for a British-American air force in the Caucasus. Some time later, General Burns prepared a memorandum for Hopkins which is presented here in highly condensed form because it was an excellent statement of Hopkins' own views on the subject of relations with the Soviet Union:

... We not only need Russia as a

powerful fighting ally in order to defeat Germany but eventually we will also need her in a similar role to defeat Japan. And finally, we need her as a real friend and customer in the postwar world...

It is generally conceded that the "step-by-step" plan for reaching Tokyo by way of the Pacific Islands must be supplemented by large-scale bombing attacks based upon Asia...

This will require very substantial ground forces for the defense of bases, and in addition a large air force, together with its personnel, its ground installations, its planes, its gas, its spare parts, its ammunition and all other supplies. This strength can hardly be placed in Asia without the assistance of Russia.

If the Allies are victorious Russia will be one of the three most powerful countries in the world. For the future peace of the world, we should be real friends so that we can help shape world events



in such a way as to provide security and prosperity.

Furthermore, Russia's postwar needs for the products of America will be simply overwhelming. She must not only rehabilitate her war losses in homes, industries, raw materials and farms, but she must provide the resources for the inevitable advances in her standards of living that will result from the war.

From the above, it seems evident that Soviet relationships are the most important to us of all countries, excepting only the United Kingdom. It seems also evident that we must be so helpful and friendly to her that she will not only battle through to the defeat of Germany and also give vital assistance in the defeat of Japan, but in addition willingly join with us in establishing a sound peace and mutually beneficial relations in the postwar world.

On the same day, October 24th, that Churchill sent his message to Roosevelt confessing perplexity and bafflement about Moscow's silence, he sent another short cable that was full of the emotions of one who, having for long stared defeat in the face, now saw the first glimmer of victory:

At 8 P.M. London time the battle began in Egypt. The whole force of the Army will be engaged. I will keep you informed... all the Sherman tanks you gave me on that dark Tobruk morning will play their part.

This was the first word of El Alamein which came to Roosevelt with his breakfast at Shangri-La; it was four months

almost to the day after "that dark Tobruk morning." But it was impossible to be exultant, for those were indescribably nerve-racking days for everyone aware of the fact that hundreds of ships carrying tens of thousands of men had sailed from the United Kingdom and the United States across the submarine-infested seas to North Africa. The TORCH Operation was on and the possibilities for leakage in Washington could be (and were) so terrifying that it seemed inevitable the enemy would know all about it and would have ample time to take effective measures for combating it.

Preparing the Invasion Messages

The final stages of preparation for TORCH involved a great deal of very careful word-choosing for the various messages from the President to Pétain, Franco, General Antonio Carmona (President of Portugal), Yves Châtel (Governor General of Algeria), the Sultan of Morocco and the Bey of Tunis. These messages were to be flashed as the troops hit the beaches—and at the same instant every international radio transmitter in the United States and Britain would start broadcasting the same program which had been in preparation for weeks. Every word of General Eisenhower's proclamations had been cabled back and forth between London and Washington and scrutinized and many words revised, for it was obvious that the slightest political slip could cost lives.

Most interesting of all was the drafting of the message to Pétain. I don't know who drafted this first, but when the text of it was cabled to Churchill he protested that it was "much too kind." The Prime Minister reminded the President that Pétain had "used his reputation to do our cause injuries no lesser man could have done." Roosevelt then took a good look at the message and what he did to it can be observed in the reproduction on page 22. The original draft started out:

My dear old friend:

I am sending this message to you not only as the Chef d'État of the United States to the Chef d'État of the Republic of France, but also as one of your friends and comrades of the great days of 1918. May we both live to see France victorious again against the ancient enemy.

When your government concluded, of necessity, the Armistice Convention in 1940, it was impossible for any of us to foresee the program of systematic plunder which the German Reich would inflict on the French people.

The words that I have underlined were cut out by Roosevelt. At the end of the message he deleted a reference to "the venerated hero of Verdun," and "my warm regards" and the subscript, "your friend."

Pétain replied: It is with stupor and sadness that I learned tonight of the aggression of your troops against North Africa.

I have read your message. You invoke pretexts which nothing justifies... France and her honor are at stake. We are attacked; we shall defend ourselves; this is the order I am giving.

Thus, for the "honor" of the Vichy government, was enacted the sordid spectacle of Frenchmen shooting at and killing Americans, and Americans shooting at and killing Frenchmen. It was like a tragic misprint on the pages of history.

In three days of fighting, the French suffered heavy losses in ships and in men; American losses were not as heavy, but they were deplorable because they were so unnecessary. Furthermore, the delay in landing caused by the resistance gave the U-boats time to assemble and do a considerable amount of damage.

Next Week: At Casablanca Roosevelt and Churchill plan the invasion of Sicily.

THE WAR AGAINST DOPE RUNNERS

Continued from page 15

words, we are watching that border." Along the more than 700 miles of border from El Paso to San Diego, there are nine or ten official ports of entry through which passes all of the legitimate traffic in and out of Mexico. But it is along the line between the ports of entry, or over it by plane, that most of the illicit narcotics traffic from Mexico is run. That line is guarded by officers of the U.S. Customs Southwest Patrol, men who take their lives in their hands when they go out after dope smugglers. "If we simply patrolled the border waiting for the stuff to come across the line," one plain-clothes member of the Southwest Border Patrol stated, "we wouldn't seize one tenth of what we seize now. The way to get it is to go out after it before it's ready to be run—as we did in the Woodbine Check affair."

Baiting a Trap for Smugglers

Woodbine Check is a drop in the All American Canal, a few miles west of the Calexico port of entry in southern California. Last summer customs officers on duty at Calexico, gateway to Mexicali, heard of some high-level narcotics connections who were offering huge quantities of smoking opium and heroin for sale to American buyers in Calexico.

To get more information on the big men behind the offer, an undercover operation was decided upon, and an experienced narcotics agent, Oscar W. Polcuch, visited Calexico. He posed as a Hollywood buyer of narcotics. Approached by the usual pack of middlemen, he convinced them he was a legitimate buyer, by his manner and by the flashing of a fat roll. It didn't take him long to learn about a smuggling gang on the Mexican side of the border headed by Jesus Demara, known as the Al Capone of Lower California, and Jesus Maria Reyna, alias the Professor. Demara was known to Polcuch as a notorious bank robber.

It took weeks before the big men really believed that Polcuch was a bona fide buyer. Finally it was decided by the smugglers that 138 five-ounce cans (something over five ounces) of smoking opium, worth well over \$100,000 on the basis of sales to addicts, would be delivered to him at Woodbine Check.

On the appointed evening Polcuch drove out to the rendezvous. As he approached he saw three men waiting on a footpath on the Mexican end of the bridge spanning the All American Canal. All three had tommy guns. He stopped his car, got out and went to meet them. It was the most dangerous moment of all for Polcuch. A suspicious move and the smugglers would drop him on the spot.

He spoke to them briefly, and then led them back toward the automobile. When they were within a few paces of it, four U.S. narcotics agents, who had been concealed in the vehicle, tumbled out to help Polcuch make the arrest.

One of the smugglers fired and missed. Another dropped to the ground and was instantly captured. Polcuch fired at a third and wounded him, but two of the men dropped the contraband and retreated rapidly. They were covered by fire from their own weapons, and from more of their men shooting from hiding places in the undergrowth.

The fight went on for more than half an hour—until it was dark.

A week or so later, indictments were returned against the smuggler who was captured at the beginning of the gun fight, and against some behind-the-scenes operators known to be involved. Reyna, alias the Professor, was arrested when he took a chance on entering the United States some three weeks after the affair.

Collier's for July 31, 1948

In a recent report on the incident to a Congressional Committee, Dr. Anslinger said: "About three Mexicans were killed. Our car was destroyed but none of our men was hurt. But these smugglers went back into the town of Mexicali and machine-gunned and killed the chief of police there. They had some idea that he had tipped us off to the fact that they were trying to make these deliveries..."

The grim-looking prison that dominates the Mexican border town of Ciudad Juárez today holds 27 Mexican dope traffickers. Among the prisoners are two chemists, a lawyer, two Mexican Customs officers, a sawmill operator, a taxi driver and two businessmen from Hidalgo del Parral.

According to the chief of police in Juárez, there are at present some 100 narcotics smugglers in the town, who are using it as a base for their illicit operations. Cleaning them out is a task which is taking up most of his time and that of the federal officers, both Mexican and U.S., who are co-operating with him.

In his office he showed me a week's seizure of illicit narcotics which, on the trolley, or secret channels of distribution, would be worth about \$250,000. There were suitcases, cartons and gunny sacks filled with marijuana, balls of raw and prepared opium, and packages of morphine and heroin. The narcotics are shipped to Mexican government laboratories, but the marijuana is destroyed.

Seizures of Narcotics Increase

The Treasury report for 1947 on seizures of illicit narcotics shows a substantial increase over the previous year. During last year 7,388 ounces of opium and its derivatives were seized, as compared with 5,464 ounces in 1946. Marijuana seizures amounted to 26,300 ounces as compared with 22,400 ounces the previous year.

"But we're not kidding ourselves," says Fred Gardner, Deputy Commissioner of Customs on the West Coast. "Those seizures represent no more than 15 per cent of the total amount being smuggled into this country, whether it's from Mexico, Turkey, France, India, Iran or any other place. Mexico seems to be the principal source at the present time. And when they use airplanes for getting the stuff into the country, it isn't so easy to stop."

A light airplane recently was forced down in the sage country between Laredo and San Antonio. Border patrol officers found 48 pounds of opium for smoking in the plane. The pilot and his passenger were both arrested. The passenger was Paul Roland Jones, a well-known Dallas gambler who had been suspected of being engaged in the illicit narcotics traffic. He got five years.

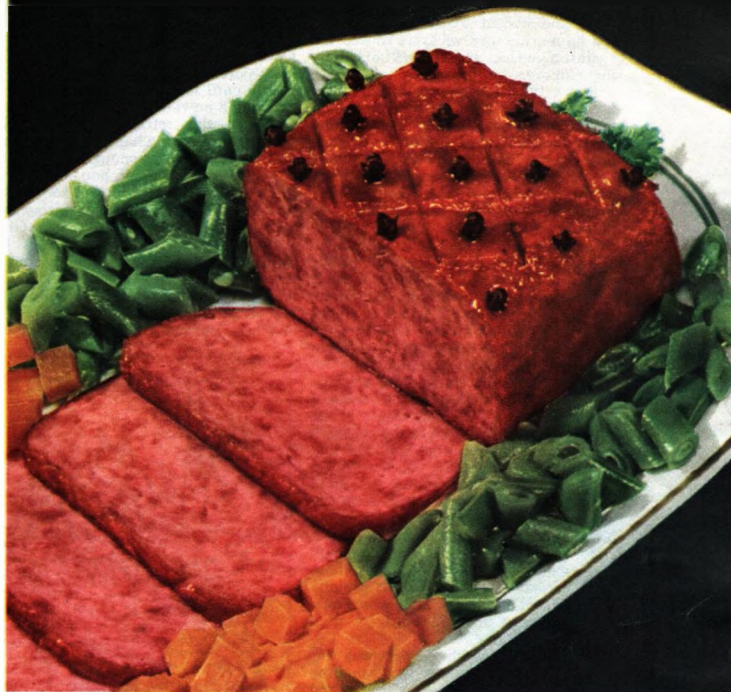
Relentlessly the battle of the border against the thugs and runners of the dope rings goes on. A few months ago Treasury agents learned of the existence of a ring which was distributing marijuana by auto, air and railway express to New York, Ohio, California and Illinois. The ring was finally smashed with the arrest of seven men, but a lot of damage had been done.

An alarming result of such smuggling was the arrest, a few days before this writing, of a sixteen-year-old student in Manhattan. He produced long lists of customers among the children of the high school he attended.

"It's mighty serious when that stuff comes up from below the border finds its way into our high schools," said one narcotics agent. "That's why this war against the scum who are running this traffic is an all-out war!"

THE END

Family favorite! BAKED SPAM



SCORE SPAM, by cutting the top lightly with a knife to make a pattern • **MIX** together 1/3 cup brown sugar and 1 tsp. each prepared mustard, vinegar and water • **SPREAD** over SPAM • Stud with whole

cloves • **BAKE** in moderate oven (375°) 20 minutes, basting twice • **SERVE** generous slices with sauce poured over... buttered green beans and carrots from your garden for good companions.



WHY GO WEST? Stay home and make this western salad: chunks of lettuce, quartered tomatoes, green peppers, slices and slivers of tender-mild SPAM. Touch of garlic, liberal splashes of French dressing.



MODAY MAGIC. Cut generous slices of chilled SPAM to go with an old-fashioned tomato-cucumber-green pepper-lettuce salad, French dressing or mayonnaise. Pickled crab apples or relish.



HUSBAND HOME for lunch? Please him with a baked bean SPAMwich—juicy slices of SPAM and hot baked beans on a buttered bun. Peach and cottage cheese salad. A he-man's meal in 5 minutes.



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MONKEY'S UNCLE

Continued from page 25

happy merriment. He danced there among the ivy, chattering shrilly in his glee until Joe, in heavy dignity, turned away and stalked around the corner of the house, his sore whiskers tucked flat against his cheeks and his stub tail twitching with rage.

For a time Vincent remained in the ivy, talking softly to himself and scratching his little black skullcap. Then he went up to the roof eaves and out over them onto the roof itself, where he turned three successive back flips before setting out on a tour of inspection. Cook was at the sink preparing vegetables and crooning to herself. The sound, flowing softly through the open window, was attractive. Vincent scuttled down the pitch of the roof. He lowered himself over the edge, hanging upside down and examining Cook gravely from a distance of about three feet. Cook's scream rang through the house like the echo of death. Promptly Vincent disappeared.

On all fours, he coursed the rooftop, climbed into the three chimneys, sneezed soot, and then scurried the length of the ridge pole and took off into the air like a small, furry trapeze artist, landing nonchalantly on a spreading oak branch, up which he ran with abandon, his small arms spread wide for balance. Near the crotch he found a bird's nest. Settling down beside it, Vincent examined it carefully, poking at its sides with his small black hands. Then he tore the nest loose from its anchorage and bore it proudly the length of another branch, which partially overhung the carnations.

DOWN amongst the flowers was Joe, working off his rage in a soothing bath. Vincent's eyes sparkled. He raised the bird's nest and sighted carefully. Then he let it go.

The shot was perfect. It caught Joe amidships, driving breath from his lungs in an audible hiss. He covered five feet in one side-wise spring. Crouched and ready, he landed, the fur on his heavy shoulders already risen in an angry ruff, his entire body tense and waiting. One great paw was half lifted with the curved knives free of their sheaths.

In the branch tip, Vincent squeaked in his glee, bouncing precariously and shaking the leaves.

It was too much. Even relatives, sometimes, must be taught their lessons. Joe came up the trunk of the tree in a rush. At the crotch of Vincent's branch he paused. Deep in his chest there was a rumbling sound like summer thunder high in the mountains. He began his stalk out along the branch. Vincent watched, his chattering laughter silenced.

Joe crouched for his spring. Vincent stood erect and reached, almost negligently, for a hanging twig from the branch above. He gave a little jerk with his small arm and a little spring with his legs and disappeared like smoke before Joe's eyes. There was a rustling in the leaves, but that was all, and then a sudden rain of twigs down upon Joe's upturned face. When the deluge was over, Vincent's grinning face reappeared, two branches up. He turned a back flip upon a branch no thicker than a man's forefinger. He hung briefly by his tail. Then he plucked another twig and dropped it on Joe's head and promptly disappeared once more. Only his laughter remained.

Joe returned to the crotch of his branch. Slowly he sat down with the air of a man holding himself under rigid control. He raised one paw and studied it with care. Then his pink tongue emerged and, bending his head, Joe scrubbed conscientiously at an imaginary spot. His stub tail, sticking straight out, twitched without pause.

The balance of the afternoon was a

lesson in the tactical value of surprise. Vincent entered the house through the open kitchen window, leaving sooty footprints the length of the immaculate sink and sideboard. He laid an ambush for Cook, crouching upon the top of the back-porch water heater and waiting patiently until she passed the kitchen door carrying a bowl of freshly prepared radishes to the refrigerator. Then he pounced, squeaking happily and pausing on her shoulder long enough to shout the capuchin equivalent of boo in her ear, after which he went down her ample front, hand over hand, and, seizing two radishes from the floor, fled in chattering victory to the front of the house. He swarmed up the living-room draperies and ate his prizes and curled himself into a small furry ball for a brief nap on the top of the valance.

When Vincent awakened, refreshed,

He came into the bedroom, kissed Lucas, and then walked absently over to his dresser. "Mail," he said, looking at the letter propped against his hairbrush. "I wonder what the club wants now." His voice was dull. He walked over to the bed and sat down. Lucas watched him in silence. "There's something damn' funny going on," Tim said.

Lucas waited. There was something in Tim's face that drove Vincent from her mind.

Tim said, "I lost another account to Forbes today. Air Machinery. I thought we had it sewed up."

"But, darling," Lucas said gently, "that's just a little account. You didn't really care much about it."

"It isn't the size." Tim was facing her now, and his eyes were serious, troubled. "It's the reason. I talked with them this afternoon. They wouldn't come right

"What?"

"Proposed membership ballot at the club." He flipped it idly with his forefinger. "Heading the list is John Sampson, proposed by Henry Forbes."

Lucas sat up. "And you can blackmail him. Just like that." Her eyes were bright. "It'll kill Eileen. I can just see—"

Tim's smile was gone again. "That's a hell of a petty thing to do."

"Petty? Petty? What do you call all this? The bank and Forbes and that—that animal Eileen sent us." Her lips were thin and straight and the afternoon's happenings came back in a flood. "That furry beast," she said. "That skullcapped monstrosity. Why, why—" she spluttered in her savage eagerness to find words to describe Vincent's forays upon the peace and the quiet of the McCoy household. When the list was totaled and checked off, Lucas sat in the center of her bed, a huddled, angry figure, filled with the wrath of a woman who has seen her draperies spoiled and her kitchenware broken and her cook driven to open revolt. "You can call it petty if you like," she snapped.

"Slow up," Tim said. "You're racing your motor." But he did not smile.

DINNER was quiet. Afterward they sat without talk over their coffee in the living room. Joe strolled in. He sat down in the center of the room and looked at Tim without enthusiasm. Lucas said, "It's got to him, too. First thing we know we'll have a neurotic cat on our hands."

"Somehow," Tim said slowly, "I can't quite believe—"

Cook's frightened roar burst into the living room like a thunderclap. There was the sudden sound of hurrying feet and a dull thud as of a broom swung with force against a kitchen wall. Vincent rounded the bend into the living room, chattering. He put on a sudden burst of speed and flashed past Joe, grabbing a handful of whiskers as he went. Joe's squall echoed from the walls. He swung once, all claws out, but Vincent was already out of range and onto Tim's knee and then onto Tim's shoulder. He spun around and settled down quickly, one small arm and his limber tail around Tim's neck, his tiny face half hidden behind Tim's ear. He made small, chortling sounds.

"That," said Lucas, "settles it."

Tim said, "Look, young fellow." He peeled Vincent loose and held him in his hands and gazed at him somberly. From the floor, Joe watched in baleful silence. His tail twitched without pause.

Vincent made no struggle. His little eyes were bright and he put his small warm hands trustingly upon Tim's wrists and wound his soft tail around Tim's forearm. Tim stifled a grin. "Now, see here," he said. "You're a guest in this house. Joe's your host, and hosts are sacred persons. And Cook—"

"You can do what you like, of course, but if you don't get rid of that beast and if you don't get even with the Sampsons, you can count me out. For good." Lucas got up from the sofa and marched toward the kitchen, her lips set and her shoulders stiff and square.

"Your hostess," Tim said to Vincent, "is understandably upset. Come morning maybe she'll feel better."

"Come morning," Lucas snapped over her shoulder, "you can make up your mind. Me or the zoo."

At breakfast there was no mention of the crisis. Silently Lucas watched each mouthful of food, from the plate to Tim's mouth. "I know now," Tim said finally, "how men get ulcers." He pushed back his chair and took his coffee into the study and sat by the large window over-



"A date with some wealthy playboy. His name escapes me, but he won't!"

he entered the kitchen once more and found Joe asleep beneath the stove. For a time he paused, weighing his chances. Then he scuttled across the floor, gave Joe's stub tail one vigorous yank that brought Joe growling to his feet, and went up the stove leg to the burner shelf and thence to the oven top and, via the towel rack, to the top of the kitchen cupboards, where he rested and peered over the edge to study the confusion that followed. Joe came out from beneath the stove prepared for combat with anything that moved. He stood in the center of the floor and eyed Cook speculatively. Cook fled into the pantry.

WHEN Lucas returned to the house, her lips tight and angry with the memories of Eileen Sampson's smiling cordiality at tea, she found Cook, packed and wearing her Sunday hat, about to leave. A reconciliation was eventually effected, but at some cost to Lucas' peace of mind. When it was done, she undressed and bathed and lay down in a dressing gown upon the bed to await the coming of Tim. Vincent dozed contentedly atop the cabinet, hidden from prying eyes, well out of reach of Joe.

Tim was late. He came into the house slowly, thoughtfully, nodded to Cook and paused to bend down and rub his hand the length of Joe's back, ending in a pull on Joe's stub tail that almost lifted Joe's hind feet off the floor. There was no answering purr, which was unusual. On any other evening, Tim would have hunkered down to discuss the matter and find out what was amiss. But tonight he walked on, into the pantry, without noticing Joe's lack of enthusiasm.

and say it, but they let me understand that they didn't think we were financially dependable." He sipped his drink. "I told them to check with Western Trust if there was any doubt."

"And?" Lucas said softly.

"Ah?" said Tim, "they brushed it off."

There was silence. Lucas said slowly, "John Sampson."

"I called him. I asked him what in hell was going on. We're sound as a dollar and he knows it." Tim looked down at his feet. "You know how he is."

"Pompous," Lucas said promptly. "Pompous and smooth."

"Yes. He didn't know anything about it. He was sure I was mistaken. There was no slightest doubt of our financial stability. So," he said, "there we are."

Lucas looked up at the ceiling. She thought of Vincent and she thought of Eileen Sampson smiling at tea, cordial, almost overcordial. She said, "Well, that sort of brings it out in the open, doesn't it?" Her voice was low and hard and angry. "It's petty and it's small and—"

Tim grinned. "Sure it is. But what do we do about it?"

Lucas was silent, still staring at the ceiling, feeling anger mount. She heard Tim get up and take the letter from the dresser and tear it open, but the anger was the important thing, and would not be denied. "Joe," she said suddenly. "If he hadn't—"

"Joe," said Tim, "was a hero that night. Remember? He saved you from a fate worse than death." His voice was lighter than before and he was smiling a little. He waved the letter. "Here's one thing we can do, anyway."

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looking the yard. Joe was not in sight. Vincent, his collar latch secured with wire, roamed at the end of his rope, past the potting shed, under the oak tree, out onto the drive and back, and every now and again one small hand went to the collar and fussed with it. Tim turned back to his coffee. He remembered the Eastern Steel account and Air Machinery. Thoughtfully he lighted a cigarette.

Lucas came into the study. In her hand she carried the proposed membership ballot and the return envelopes, the large one for mailing and the small, plain one which went inside. She handed them to Tim. "Decision time," she said grimly. Tim took the papers. He held them in his hands, staring. Then he looked at her. Lucas said, "There's only one way to fight nastiness, and that's to be nasty yourself. Eileen will know who voted against them. And every time anybody mentions the club, she'll think of it, and pretty soon she'll begin to realize that maybe feuds aren't such fun after all."

It carried a specious sort of conviction. Tim looked down at the list. Slowly he got out his pen and held it in his hand. "I suppose you're right," he said.

When he was done, Lucas said, "Now, about that beast Eileen sent us." Out in the yard at the moment the beast was chattering furiously at an untidy dog who had appeared from nowhere and in whose attitude there was more than a trace of hunger. Vincent waved his small arms and he danced on his small legs and his voice was shrill and provocative. Behind him, in easy reach, was the oak tree.

Slowly the dog advanced, his head low and his ears tucked back. He stopped, studied Vincent, and listened to Vincent's epithets. His head dropped a little lower. Almost imperceptibly he gathered himself and then, without a sound, he charged.

VINCENT let out a little squeak of glee. He skipped nimbly to one side and sprang for the tree. The dog went past, pulled up quickly, turned and made ready for his return charge, and Vincent, chattering victoriously, swarmed three feet up the trunk and then stopped dead, his rope securely snagged around a lath of the potting shed.

Seizing the rope in his little hands, he tugged hard. The rope was caught for sure. Vincent picked desperately at his collar and his chattering rose quickly in pitch. He and he healed, and the dog, watching, gathered himself with care.

And it was then that Joe strolled into the picture, silent, unnoticed by anyone but Tim and Lucas. He stopped short to survey the scene. A strange dog, obviously out of bounds, obviously trespassing. There was temptation. On the other hand, readily accessible, the small, tormenting Vincent.

For a moment, for one brief moment, Joe hesitated. Then the ruff of fur lifted all across Joe's heavy shoulders. Family honor was the stake; against that, whisker pullings and birds' nests were unimportant. His stub tail rose like a flag and began its ominous twitching. His sore whiskers laid themselves flat against his cheeks and his eyes took on their opaque shine. He let the growl begin, deep in his furry chest, and advanced into combat.

It was not much of a fight; it was scarcely, as a matter of fact, more than a brief warmup for Joe, and it did little to discharge the emotion stored up by recent torment. It is doubtful if the strange dog, who has not been seen since in the neighborhood, really understood what it was that descended so savagely upon him. Nor did he remain to investigate. He chose the driveway as the straightest, the most direct route to a more friendly world, and he went down it at a rate that argued whippet ancestry. And then he was gone and quiet descended again upon the yard.

Joe turned around. Vincent, shaking clear down to his small toes, clung to the tree trunk, still pulling vainly upon the snagged rope. Joe eyed him carefully. In the set of his great shoulders, in the steady gaze of his opaque eyes, purpose was plain. He advanced a few steps and stopped, crouching, within easy spring of the little monkey. Vincent's eyes blinked like small lanterns and he tugged pitifully upon the rope.

And then, quite slowly, the tenseness began to leave Joe's body. The ruff of fur across his shoulders lay flat and his stub tail ceased its twitching. He sat down on the grass and his ears resumed their normal posture. Slowly he raised one great paw, examined it gravely, then put out his tongue and bent to his work.

Vincent watched him, unbelieving. His small hands stopped their tugging and the shivers died away. Relaxing a little against the tug of the collar, he drew his first full breath in minutes. Slowly, his eyes fixed upon Joe, Vincent began to creep down the tree trunk to the ground. Joe paid no heed; his tongue worked steadily, cleaning, polishing, working indistinctly between his spread toes. Vincent was on the grass, still watching, still moving slowly as a man moves in a dream. He crept closer, closer, and then stopped. He sat down and he stretched out one small hand and touched Joe's great shoulder. Joe's tongue worked on, undisturbed.

In the study Tim said softly, "Well, I'll be damned!"

Lucas said nothing. Tim turned away from the window. There was a strange expression upon his face. "That ballot," he said. "If Joe can forsake revenge, I don't think we can do any less."

Lucas only nodded. The doorbell rang. Lucas started for it. The phone rang. "I'll get it," Tim said. He picked up the phone. "Hello."

"This is John Sampson, McCoy." There was a silence. Then, "I—uh, McCoy," Sampson said, "I find I owe you an apology."

"So," said Tim, thinking of the ballot. "Oh."

Sampson said, "After our talk yesterday I—uh, I looked into that matter of references. I found, to my chagrin, that you were perfectly correct when you said that we had misrepresented the facts concerning your firm."

"So?" "Yes," said Sampson. "One of our employees, hoping to ingratiate himself with the Forbes agency and, as a result, gain a position with them, had deliberately maligned your firm to two prospective accounts."

"Omigod," Tim said. "I have discharged the man and I have talked with Henry Forbes, who assures me that the misrepresentation was done completely without his knowledge and that the man will not benefit by it in any way. I have written to the two firms

in question stating that the standing of your agency is beyond reproach, and explaining that the mistake was entirely ours."

Tim opened his mouth and closed it again. He looked out of the window. Joe and Vincent were still sitting side by side and Vincent's small fingers were busy in Joe's fur. He said, "I—uh, I don't quite know what to say about this."

"I understand," Sampson said. There was a long silence. "Of course I realize," Sampson added, "that the action of our employee has made this bank liable to—"

"No," Tim said gently. "Forget it. Revenge doesn't do anybody any good." He was still looking out of the window. "It's all straightened out now."

"I—uh, I must say," Sampson said slowly, "that you're taking a very generous attitude, McCoy."

TIM was grinning. "I've had a couple of examples recently." He hung up the phone carefully and turned away. Lucas was coming through the door and her face was red and unhappy. In her hands she held an opened package and a card and a small, unidentifiable object. She held it out for Tim's inspection. "It's a rabbit," she said, "a catnip rabbit with a squeak. Hear." She squeezed the toy. It emitted a faint sound.

"Good Lord!" said Tim. "What next?" "There's a card with it," Lucas said.

"From Eileen. It says, 'I hope you won't think this is too, too ridiculous. I thought Joe might like it. Fondly, Eileen.'" She looked at Tim. "This is the playmate she said she had bought."

"Then where did—" The words just stopped there. Tim gestured with his thumb toward the window. "Vincent," he said, "Who? Whom?"

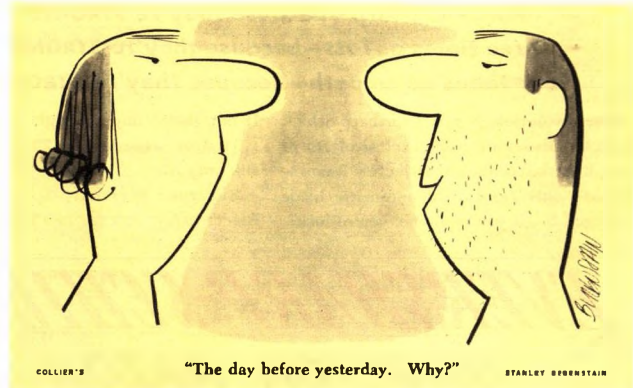
Lucas' eyes were suddenly wide and round. "Aunt Lucy! She told me that she'd given up Pekingeses, and that can only mean that she's found a new enthusiasm. Monkeys! She sent him."

"Oh, Lord." Tim brushed his palm against his forehead. "And we had that ballot all marked and ready to go." He looked out of the window again. "I think," Tim said, "that we owe Joe a little something."

"Yes," said Lucas in a small voice. In the kitchen they set out the bowl of warm milk and rum. Joe came to it with his tail raised and his whiskers curling briskly. Beside him, trailing lengths of rope astern, came Vincent. Joe sniffed the concoction. He chirruped briefly and began to lap. Vincent crowded in and lowered his small head for investigation. He looked up at Tim and at Lucas and then back at the punch again. Then he put his small hands flat against Joe's shoulder. He pushed. Joe moved a little sideways. Vincent's head almost disappeared. The sounds of his drinking were audible.

And in the human section of the McCoy family, there was silence.

THE END



FLANNAGAN'S LAST RESORT

Continued from page 19

"That's another thing. You stop that."
"You mean Tabby baby, Tabby baby?"

"Yes. It sounds awful unless you mean . . ."

"Considering the way I feel about you, Tabby baby, it's conservative."

"Now let's break it up and go home. My boy friend had to go away for the day, but he'll be back tomorrow, so I won't be seeing—" she stopped. Roger had leaned toward her. She realized that she was going to be kissed and she decided suddenly that if you're going to do a thing you might as well do it right. When she opened her eyes he was gazing at her with adoration.

"Let's go put in an order for a parson," he suggested softly.

"That does it!" Tabby stood up. The blond he-goat had overpowered her. She shivered and had some queer feelings of

and efficiency of the clerks and bellhops. He talked casually to maids and to guests. He then investigated boats, docks, outboard motors and icing facilities for shipping fish. Shortly after noon when he had finished his snooping for the day he ate a light lunch and telephoned his father. He told the old gentleman that so far the place looked good, but that he wanted a couple more days to check fishing at near-by lakes. He did not mention that he needed more time to work on Miss Tabitha Carlson. His father said the deal was hot and to get the lead out.

When he had rested from his lunch Roger changed to his swimming trunks, donned an elderly robe and strolled over to the Carlson cottage. Mr. and Mrs. Carlson were both fully attired, but Tabby and a hairy-chested young man were clad for the water.

"Hello," he said to the Carlsons.
"Hello, Tabby baby."

Tabby winced and gritted her teeth. The young man rolled over and regarded Roger with sour interest.

"Mr. Flannagan," Mrs. Carlson said, "I don't believe you've met Howard Ruud. Howard, this is Roger Flannagan, our next-door neighbor."

"Mr. Flannagan—" Tabby began.
"Roger, Tabby baby," he said gently.
"All right, Roger then. Roger brought us some walleyed pike, Howard, and had dinner with us last night."

"How nice," Howard said.
"Flannagan," Carlson said, "will you have a drink?"

"Thank you, no. I came over to ask if Tabby baby would like to go swimming. You can come too," he said to Howard.

HOWARD grunted and the three of them walked to the dock, dived in unison and raced to the float. Howard was first, Roger a gasping third. When he reached the float Tabby reached down and gave him a hand up.

While Roger lay on his back panting, Howard, brown and muscular, did a jackknife from the low board. Tabby glanced at Roger. "He's really marvelous in the water, isn't he?"

Roger eyed her solemnly. "Watch me," he said. "I'm going to do a swan dive from the high board."

He climbed the ladder to the upper level of the float and stood there a moment looking frail and rickety. His dive was in earnest and in its way spectacular, but he failed to come out of it fast enough and landed almost entirely on his face. When he finally came up he had a nosebleed.

"Gee," Tabby cried, "are you hurt?"
"It's nothing," he said.

"You can hurt yourself that way, fella," Howard said. "Better leave diving to grownups. Watch this one."

Howard stood on tiptoe on the high board, his furry chest bulged like a robin's, then hurled himself into a smooth somersault.

"He's pretty limber," Roger admitted.
"All muscles and no brains, like a bull."

Tabby laughed sardonically. "Better wipe your nose, bub."

For some time after that, while Howard entertained the Carlsons and Tabby with accounts of the droll carryings-on of the resort's screwballs, Roger sat dripping at the nose and staring ravenously at Tabby baby. After an hour he said. "Do you suppose someone, Tabby baby maybe, could apply some ice to the back of my neck before I hemorrhage myself to death? I think I am getting weaker."

Tabby hurried into the cottage and returned with ice cubes in a napkin. She held them against Roger's nape. "Your

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—By Margaret Fishback

her own. "Come on, we're getting out of here."

But she allowed him to accompany her while she bought a paper for her uncle. Roger told her a little about himself, of his birth in Sioux Falls and of going to school at the University of Minnesota. He was vague about his present condition. Tabby, in turn, revealed that her parents were dead and that she had spent a couple years in the Waves, come home and landed an advertising job. She was on her vacation. Her boy friend, Howard Ruud, she had met a year ago, at the inn.

"Howard Ruud, the manager of the resort?"

"Do you know Howard?"
"Not yet." They were at her door. "I shall continue my suit tomorrow."

"The dickens you will. This is the end of the ride. Good night and thanks for the walleyed pike." She kissed him on the cheek. "This is all there is. If you bother me again I'll send a note to your mother about the way you get around girls." . . .

The next morning Flannagan rose early and walked to the main lodge, an enormous, rather ugly though comfortable structure. He noted the condition of the furnishings and the courtesy

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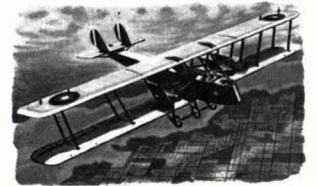
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Air Transport to Serve It

mother ought to make you eat more vegetables," she said, smiling. "Don't you want to get big and strong so you can chase girls without getting a nose-bleed?"

Roger regarded her with grave, hurt blue eyes. "If you have finished your ghoulish comedy I'll take my remaining hemoglobin and go home."

"So long, fella," Howard said. "Be a good boy now."

Tabby walked with Roger to his cottage, chucking.

"It is not humorous," Roger said. Tabby suddenly began to feel a little contrite. After all he'd gotten his bloody nose showing off for her. His heart had been in the right place even if his nose hadn't. She yearned to take his battered head to her bosom and comfort it.

At his door he stopped. "Temporarily, I'm not hemorrhaging," he said. "If it starts up again I'd like you to know I'll love you clean down to the last drip."

"I'm glad," Tabby said. He eyed her piteously. "I suppose you've made up your mind to marry the gentleman with the built-in rug on his chest? He couldn't possibly give you the lifetime of love that I could."

Tabby rubbed her pretty nose; she bit her lip. "A girl's got to look out for her future, you know. She can't live just on love. She'd have malnutrition."

Flannagan groaned inwardly at being restrained from stating that he was a prosperous executive. "As I told you, I don't have a job right now, but I have a little money and—"

"Now, see, that's what I mean. No job, yet here you are throwing your money around in a clip joint like this."

"That's just it," Roger said. "I ought to have someone to look after me."

"Golly, Roger, don't say things like that. It makes me go all motherly-like inside. But that's all it is. It's not love. It's just that you appeal to the Red Cross in me."

He sighed glumly. "Well, that's that. I might as well go in and open another vein." He looked as if he ought to be on Mommy's lap having his hurt kissed. She felt awful. "Take care of yourself, Roger. You're not strong you know. Maybe I ought to call a doctor."

He shook his head. "I'll probably pull through, even if I don't care 't." Stopped and despondent, he went in.

After an hour's soul-searching and evaluation of his chances with Tabby, Roger convinced himself that he was whipped. She was going to marry Howard. There was no longer any point in stalling his father. When he had dressed he called the old man and read him his findings. He recommended immediate purchase.

THAT night after Mr. and Mrs. Carlson had driven in to the nearest town to see a movie, Howard and Tabitha sat on a davenport before a fire. Tabby seemed moody and detached. After circling his arm about her shoulders, Howard kissed her antiseptically on the cheek. "Honey, what day shall we make it?"

"Make what?" she asked. "Oh, that!"

"You're going to marry me, aren't you, sugar?"

"I like you a lot, but a girl's got to feel more than that."

Howard's face darkened with a noisome thought. "You're not, by any chance, falling for that goon with the runny nose?"

She turned on him with indignation. "That's no way to talk about a sweet, harmless man like Mr. Flannagan. Everybody can't be built like a bull, you know, all beef and no brains."

Howard colored. "I'll match my I.Q. against that bundle of bones any day in the week. And I don't go for the way he hangs around playing on your sympathy. He does that much more and I'll shatter him like a bulb."

"He's not playing on my sympathy! He was hurt and I helped him like I would any wounded animal. He doesn't mean a thing to me, but if you so much as twist his arm you'll never lay another hand on me."

Howard smiled. "Okay, sugar, now how about us?"

"We'll let it set a few days, Howard," she said wearily. "Maybe I'll know then." She gave him a sharp look. "And don't let me catch you pushing poor Mr. Flannagan around meanwhile."

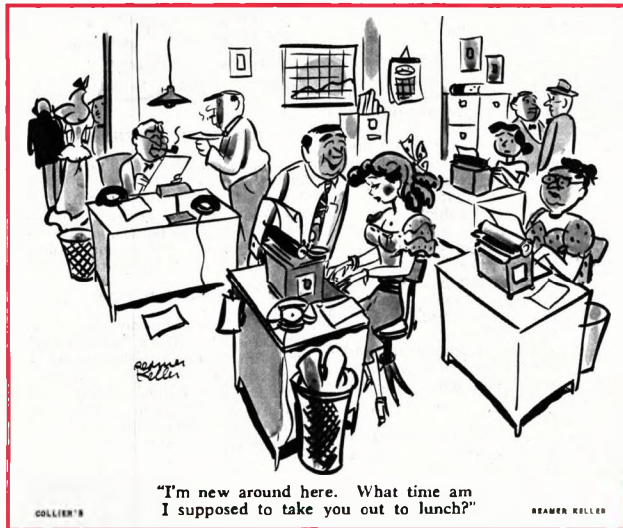
They did not see poor Mr. Flannagan until the following afternoon when he appeared at the Carlson cottage looking, if possible, more futile and gloomy than ever. As upon an earlier day, he had fish, this time black bass that he had taken that morning. He nodded bleakly to the Carlsons, Howard and Tabitha. "Could you use some bigmouths?" he said to Mrs. Carlson. "I'll be leaving

this 'Tabby baby' routine," Howard said. "I don't go for it at all."

"You don't, Ruud? She engaged to you or something? Got a lien on her, maybe?"

"Just about," Howard said. "Just about is not enough," Roger said happily. "Either apologize or get up on your feet where I can swat you." Howard grinned at Tabby. "I won't hurt him seriously."

IT WAS a short bout, but absorbing. Howard swung at Roger's head and missed it. He swung again and hit Roger's forearm, banging it sharply against his nose and springing an old leak. Roger took a few more blows on his elbows and shoulders before his long thin arm, swinging like a bent rake, came whistling out of nowhere. The enraptured Carlson family heard knuckles crunch on the spot where Howard's jaw



soon and I would like you to have these."

"So you're leaving?" Howard said. "That's tough, fella."

Roger was peering at Tabby. "My nosebleed never came back," he said.

"You look awfully peaked though," she said.

"He looks strong enough to me," Howard said.

Roger regarded Howard somberly. "I'm not well," he said.

"Oh, brother!" Howard said. "What an act!"

"Howard!" Tabby cried.

Roger had a perplexed, hurt expression. He looked like a pup trying to figure out why he had been booted out for something he did on the kitchen floor. "Mr. Ruud," he said, "any more slights from you and I'll be compelled to flatten you."

"It's not my policy to mangle a paying guest," Howard said, "but anytime you feel like mixing, fella, speak up."

"Howard, I told you!" Tabby cried.

"He's asking for it, sugar," Howard explained.

"Just a minute," Roger said. "You told him what?"

"She told me not to slug you, fella," Howard said.

Roger's despondency dropped from him like a dark coat. "You told him that?" he asked Tabby.

"Well, Judas, Roger, I had to. You're in no shape to defend yourself."

"That was very thoughtful of you, Tabby baby," he said. He gave her his gentle smile and looked invigorated.

"Another thing, fella, I don't go for

joined his skull. Howard collapsed soundlessly and lay inert. Roger gave the spectators a diffident smile. "Lucky punch," he said. "Couldn't do it again in a million years."

"Gee, Roger, you're busted open again," Tabby cried. "Here, let me wipe." She used her hanky on his face. She took Roger into the cottage and made him lie down. She sat beside him. "You know, Flannagan, in your strange, pitiful way you are marvelous. Even if you were lucky, it took a lot of nerve to stand up there and fight Howard. I know you did it for me and a girl appreciates having bucks battle over her. I'm going to kiss you for it."

Roger hadn't felt so wonderful since birth. "Do you think that what you feel for me is what I feel for you? I mean this isn't just the Florence Nightingale in you, is it?"

She stroked his cheek. "I don't know, Roger, but I certainly feel funny."

He suddenly had a thought so horrible that he cringed. In a few hours, maybe less, the inn would be part of the Flannagan chain. News of it would be in the papers. Howard would be notified. Unless something fast and drastic was done to keep his name out of it, Tabby would certainly find out that he, Roger Flannagan, vice-president, was a liar, deceiver and a loose man with a woman's heart.

He sat up. "I've got to get to a phone," he cried. Then he kissed her quickly and raced out the door like a sprinting crane, and legged it for the lodge.

He called the main office and was informed that his father was playing golf, proof to Roger that the deal had been

consummated. All that he could do now was to pray that the old man hadn't mentioned him to the papers or in the notice that Howard was sure to get. If he hadn't he still had time to figure something out. He slouched back to the Carlsons' and found everyone waiting for him, everyone, that is, but Tabby. Howard held a telegram in his hand and appeared to be on the verge of tears.

"Mr. Flannagan," he said, "I've just been informed that you and your father have purchased this resort. It says here I am to report to you, the vice-president, for instructions. What can I say? Would it help if I let you hit me again?"

Roger waved a hand at him. "Forget it, Ruud. You run an efficient, pleasant place here. If you want it the manager's job is still yours." He set his jaw a moment. "And don't let this make any difference between you and Tabby."

Obviously moved, Howard said, "That's white of you, sir, but I know when I'm licked. I knew last night. She told me."

"She did? Where is she now?"

"There's a very funny thing. I showed her the telegram and all she did was let out a yell and charge into the house. I don't think I ever saw a female with a bigger burn on."

Roger winced. "Thank you, Ruud. I'll drop in to see you and the books later." He faced the Carlsons, who were still more or less spellbound. "Do you think I've got a chance to square myself?"

Mrs. Carlson just winked and clasped her hands over her head like a prize fighter.

HE FOUND Tabby in the kitchen, waiting for him. "There you are, you big phony! You and your pitiful look and danged old nosebleed! Making me want to protect you! Probably working through me to spy on poor Howard! I wish he'd beaten your ears off!"

"Tabitha, please don't think—"

"You don't care what you do to a girl's feelings. Just have a good time, use her as a business trick and make a fool of her, that's your!"

Roger suddenly straightened. The lines on his face set in hard little frowns. His eyes took on a cold, calculating glint. He looked, in a second, forceful and commanding. It was a pretty powerful thing to see. "Quiet!" he roared. "Pipe down and listen. I've had enough of this sentimental jabber. I had to act like I did because I was scouting the resort for my father, preparatory to buying it. I had to be secretive in order to find out how things really are, not how the owners might want me to see them. The deal was hot and I couldn't talk about it. I didn't know you would be here. I had no way of knowing I was going to fall in love with you. When I did I was snookered. Can you get that through your beautiful head?" He sounded somewhat like an irritable first sergeant addressing a back-ward platoon.

Tabby stared at him, impressed. "That may be," she said weakly. "Just the same you didn't have to—"

"That swan dive and the nosebleed were planned, I admit that. You might as well know too that I was on the university swim team and I did some boxing. I can dive and I can fight a little. I deceived you, but damn it all anyhow, you're the woman I want for a wife and I had to do it! I had to work fast!"

"Well, gee, Roger, you don't have to get sore about it. I'm sorry. I just felt maybe you didn't really like me, I guess."

"Nuts!" Roger said. "Come over here!"

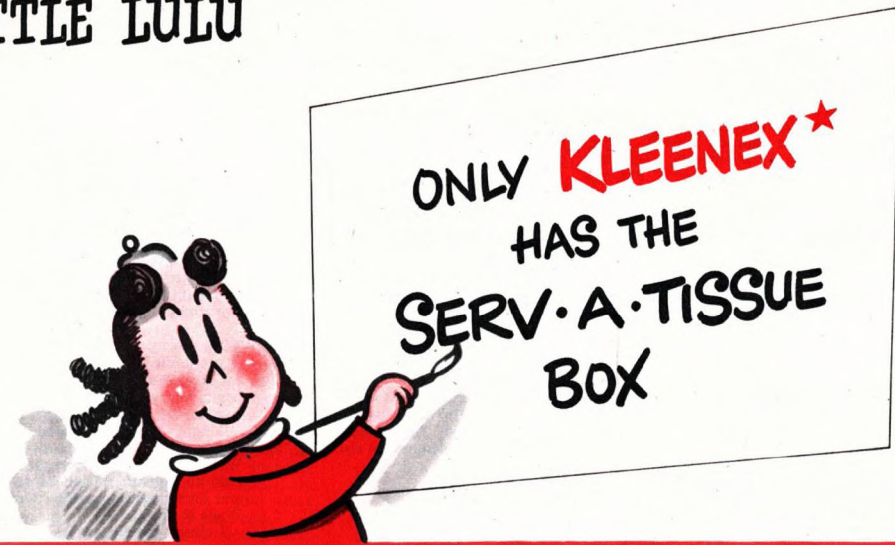
Tabby baby came over and when they had completed some of the hugging and kissing he had predicted for them he put her down. "I've got some pull around this joint. I'll reserve the bridal suite."

"Yes, sir," Tabby said. "Shall I salute?"

THE END

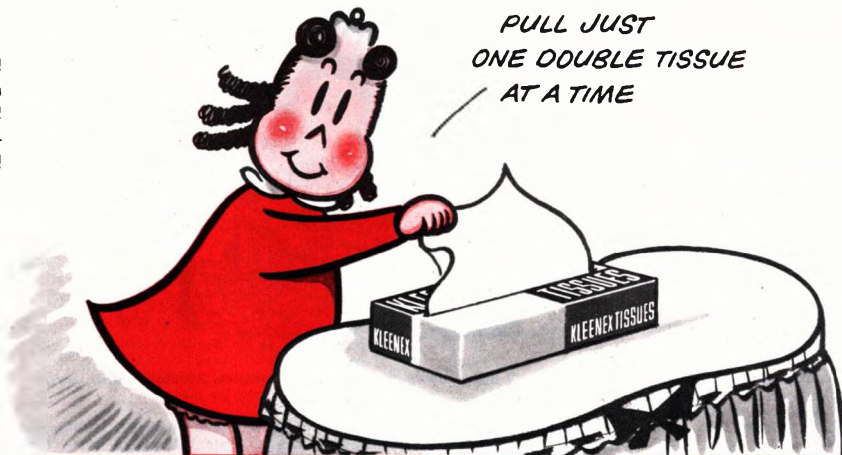
LITTLE LULU

by Margei



LITTLE LULU says

Compare tissues—compare boxes—and you'll see why 7 out of 10 tissue users like Kleenex better than any other brand! No other tissue gives you *all* the advantages of Kleenex. Soft! Strong! Pops up!



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MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN MURDER

Continued from page 32

lot of silly chatter, of gay laughter, of greetings called back and forth. When Vince Mabry and his boys gave out with the music, the floor jammed instantly and stayed that way.

About ten thirty I saw Pete Connolly standing in the archway which separated the main dining room from the bar. His clothes matched the decorations in gaiety, but his face didn't. He looked mean and ugly. Something had hit him wrong. Several people spoke to him, and he shrugged them off. I was willing to lay even money that he was drunk.

THAT was one of two surprising things about Mr. Connolly that Christmas Eve. I knew he wasn't a drinker. He was a bear cat on ginger ale, but ginger ale hadn't got him the way he was now. The second surprising thing was that Rusty Mason was nowhere around.

Pete's sharp little eyes searched the crowd. They picked me out eventually. He started toward me. I didn't think I was going to like it. He looked as though he'd had several too many.

He shouldered his way roughly through the crowd and came straight to where Floyd Andrews and I were sitting. I started to greet him, but he cut me off. His voice was hard as nails and deadly as cyanide. He said, "Blake, you're a dirty rotten louse."

I blinked. Maybe this was a Christmas gag. Maybe I was supposed to laugh and call him names, too. But he didn't give me a chance. Taking it from where he'd left off, he proceeded to express his real opinion of me.

It wasn't flattering. He called me everything I'd ever heard and a lot of things I didn't quite get, being unfamiliar with racing-stable profanity.

I knew he must have discovered that I'd seen Wade Ramsay, and that Wade had refused to check in with his little scheme for influencing Rusty Mason. But even so—take that plus all the drink he'd had—it seemed that he was carrying a logical idea too far.

I tried to keep my temper. I sat there and took it, pretending that it was all right because he'd been drinking. I didn't want to start something.

Once again it was Floyd Andrews who pulled me out of a jam. He got up slowly and ranged alongside Connolly. He said, calmly, "Let's go have a drink, Pete."

Next thing I knew he was leading the bitter little jockey away from my table. They disappeared through the archway to the bar.

Floyd rejoined me in about ten minutes. This time he was welcome. He said, "Mad little turkey, isn't he? What's his beef?"

"He's nuts about a gal named Rusty Mason—Wade Ramsay's secretary. Wanted me to grease the tracks of true love so they'd roll smoother. The deal got loused up. He probably thinks I did it deliberately."

"Did you?"

"No," I said, "I didn't. I like Connolly. I thought he liked me."

"He probably does. He merely expresses himself badly."

Shortly after 11:30, sunshine burst through the gloom. I glimpsed Pat Kingsley standing alongside the white and blue Christmas tree. Just as though she'd been passing through the lobby and happened to look in at the merry-making. I was on my way instantly. I grabbed her arm and said a couple of silly things and smiled for the first time that night. I said, "You've got to join me," and she agreed.

Floyd Andrews stood up as we reached the table. I had a flash of sanity and watched them closely as I performed the introduction.

I still couldn't tell if they'd ever met before. I got no hint of why Andrews had seemed so interested in Pat, or in me.

He stuck around for about ten minutes. Then he excused himself. I protested, but not vehemently. This was working out as I had wanted it. Pat, myself, and Christmas fifteen minutes away.

He vanished into the crowd. Pat said, "I watched you from back yonder, Steve. You looked like a funeral."

"I was busy missing you."

Pat smiled. "You say that as though you mean it."

I said, "I was afraid you were with your father."

"No." Her face grew serious for a moment. "I was upstairs."

"Doing what?"

"Thinking a little. Maybe crying—"

"About what?"

"On the thinking part, I can confess. Some of it was about you."

"Willing to tell me more?"

come . . ." Then suddenly everything changed. The voice rose to a bellow. There was a crash which grew into a series of bumps and thuds, punctuated by the clatter of a hundred gay little packages which rolled down the steps.

A man's terrified yell rose above the din. Down the stairs came Santa Claus, battered and bedraggled. His hat was off, his whiskers were awry. He banged to the bottom of the stairway and sat there surrounded by his scattered gifts.

His eyes were wide with horror. He was gazing up the way he had come, and then, grotesquely, he scrambled away.

A body came rolling down the stairway. It rolled down awkwardly, slowly, as though reluctant to interrupt the festivities. It reached the bottom and sprawled there, sightless eyes turned upward, lean little legs spread.

Someone said, "Good God! It's Pete Connolly!" And someone else said, "He passed out."



"I hope you've already had the measles, Senator"

"Do I have to?"

The look she gave me did more than all the drinks I'd had. I started to say something, but the band broke in on it. Vince Mabry waved his baton, and the boys started playing Jingle Bells.

A big spotlight made a circle in the middle of the floor. All the other lights went out except the little blue lamps on the white Christmas tree. Rex Kingsley limped onto the floor, looking very handsome in white tie and tails.

He told us that in a few minutes it would be Christmas. He said that on the stroke of twelve Santa Claus would appear with presents for everybody.

He stopped talking and the band hit it up. Heavy on the Jingle Bells. I wanted to take Pat's hand, but that didn't seem quite in order.

A few seconds before midnight, the big spot went off. A smaller spotlight moved across the floor and came to rest at the foot of a little flight of steps. Those were the back stairs leading from the club to the dressing rooms on the mezzanine. That was where Santa Claus had been getting ready.

The crowd hushed. The music died down, just a gentle melody of Jingle Bells to hold the mood. Rex Kingsley said, "And now, folks—Santa Claus!"

Everybody watched the stairway.

From the head of the stairs we heard a deep, jovial voice saying, "Here I

A man rushed across the room. He bent over Pete Connolly's body, then straightened. He said in a voice which he couldn't quite control, "He isn't drunk, folks—he's dead."

The electrician in the basement didn't know about that. All he knew was that he had orders to do something at midnight. He threw a switch and an elaborately gay sign blinked on over the bandstand. It said MERRY CHRISTMAS.

SOMEBODY telephoned somebody. Two radio-car cops appeared. Maybe by this time there was a private line into Hollywood Division, to be used only for Casa Linda murders. Anyway, the uniformed men stood next to the Christmas tree and told everybody to keep calm and to remain where they were.

The battered Santa Claus had crawled as far as possible from Pete's body and was saying, over and over again, "He must of been lying at the top of them stairs. It was dark and I tripped over him." The doctor who had pronounced Pete dead now stated that he had been shot. The word spread. Men and women said they hadn't heard any shot, but that was understandable: There had been a lot of noise, and nobody knew when the shot had been fired. Sometime between eleven o'clock and now.

Two more cops appeared. Lanky, efficient Lieutenant Lane of the Holly-

wood Detective Bureau, and the stocky, prematurely gray Sergeant Ehrlich. Lane saw me, walked over to my table and said, "Howdy, Blake. Just like old times, huh?"

I didn't say anything. Ehrlich said, in a nice, quiet, conversational tone, "You reckon this is tied up with Jeff Nulty and that Conchita babe?"

I said I didn't know, but that I'd guess yes. Lieutenant Lane said he'd already asked the complaint board downtown to notify Marty Walsh. He said that this was a hell of a way to spend Christmas Eve, and I agreed.

IN a few minutes Marty Walsh and Sergeant Vic Tremont came in. All present or accounted for. The fireworks could begin. They joined the other two detectives at the foot of the steps and started talking. Lane whispered something, jerked his head in my direction, and Walsh looked over at me. His eyes were cold and hostile. Then he turned back and started talking to Rex Kingsley and Wade Ramsay.

I closed my fingers on Pat Kingsley's arm and begged her to relax. I got her back in her chair and pulled mine close alongside. I took her hand. It felt as though I had picked up a piece of ice.

I still didn't understand the effect the tragedy was having on her. She seemed shocked, but not so surprised as I might have expected. I told myself that I was imagining things. Well, perhaps I was.

I was too interested in Pat and in my own thoughts to pay close attention to what was happening elsewhere. The dicks were talking to everybody but us. That didn't mean a thing. Marty Walsh was my buddy. He wouldn't neglect me.

Pat and I didn't talk. We just sat there with her hand warming up a little in mine, looking at nothing and seeing less. After a while I said, "Get a grip on yourself, Pat. Walsh is storing up ammunition. He's going to ask an awful lot of questions."

I was right, but Marty took his time about it. It was almost one thirty before he came over to where we were sitting and invited us into Rex Kingsley's office, which was on the same floor—way over in the corner. I thought this was a neat touch, but I didn't say so. People stared at us as we walked across the room: Walsh, Lane, Pat Kingsley and myself. On the way I passed Floyd Andrews. He was staring at us hard.

Kingsley's office wasn't much. It was a little square room shoved off in the corner of the club. It had a nice, modern desk and against the opposite wall a flat-topped table piled with a mass of things which I presumed had to do with the running of a night club.

Rex wasn't there, which was fine with me. Marty Walsh motioned Pat to the swivel chair in front of the desk. He pulled by a second chair, placed it next to hers and invited me to sit in it. The idea was simple: he could see both of us all the time. And what he missed could be observed by Lieutenant Lane, who was leaning against the door frame.

Marty Walsh said, "Quite an evening, eh, Steve?"

I said it was quite an evening. "Of course you've got an alibi." It was a statement, not a question. "Mrs. Kingsley was with you. She always is when people are being killed."

I didn't say anything.

"What did you and Pete Connolly fight about?"

I said, "We didn't fight. He walked over to my table and cursed me steadily and bitterly for several minutes."

"Why?"

"I don't know"

Marty leaned back against the table,

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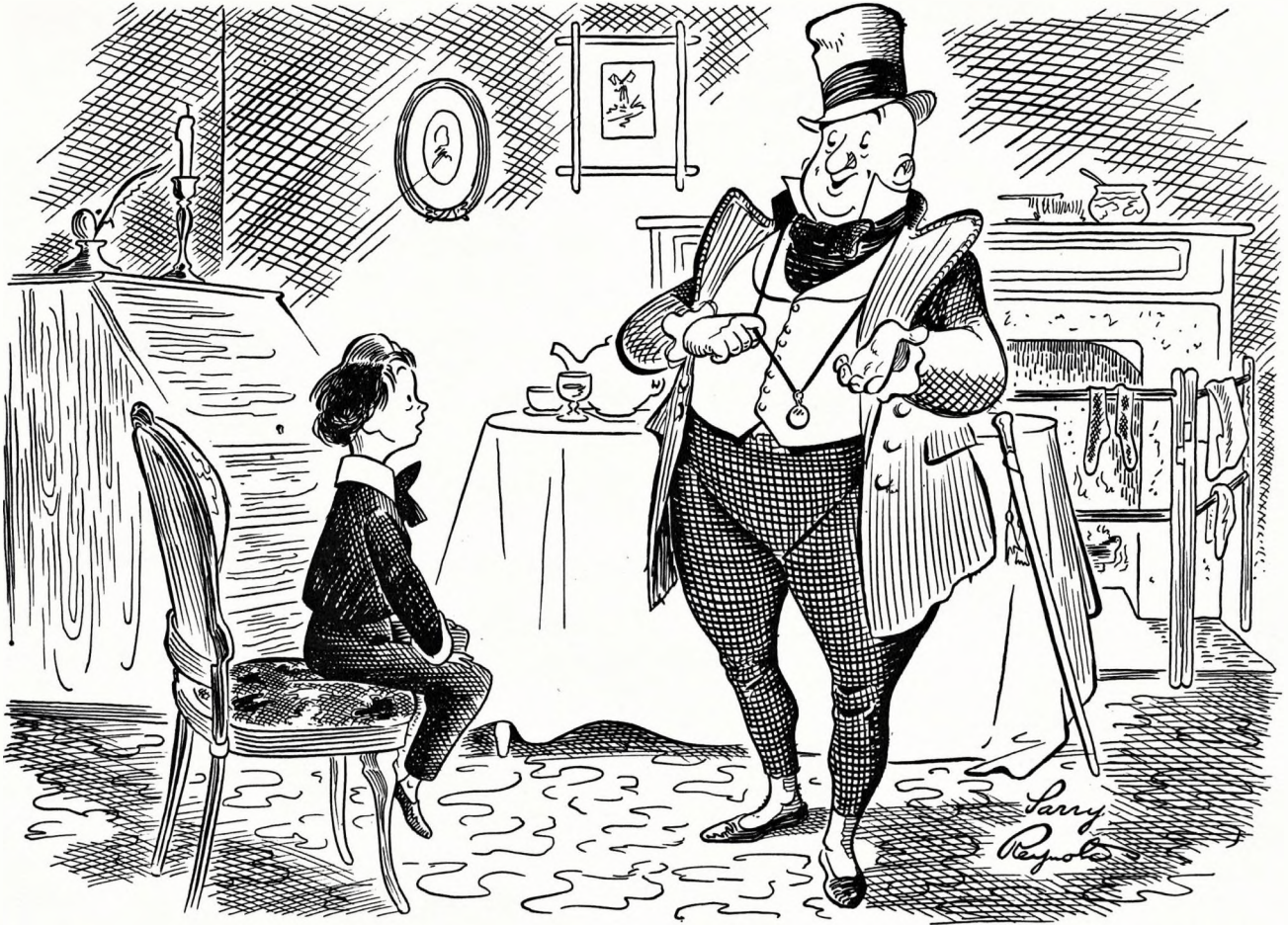
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Mr. Micawber was only half-right !

MR. MICAWBER'S financial advice to young David Copperfield is justly famous. Translated into United States currency, it runs something like this:

"Annual income, two thousand dollars; annual expenditure, nineteen hundred and ninety-nine dollars; result, happiness. Annual income, two thousand dollars; annual expenditure, two thousand and one dollars; result, misery."

But Mr. Micawber was only half-right!

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isn't enough. Every family must have a cushion of savings to fall back on . . . and to provide for their future security.

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Join the Plan *you're* eligible for today! As Mr. Micawber would say: "Result, security!"



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but his eyes didn't waver. He said, "Let's don't play like that, Steve. A man doesn't blow his top that way without reason."

"I didn't say he had no reason. I said I didn't know what it was."
"You had any fuss with him recently?"
"No. I liked him, and I thought he liked me."
"What made you think that?"

I TOLD him about the Rusty Mason setup. "About all I can figure is that he found out it wasn't going to work, and figured I'd double-crossed him."

"How?"
"Perhaps by advising Mr. Ramsay not to fire Miss Mason, even temporarily."
"Why would he think you might do that?"
"I don't know. I also don't know whether someone might have told him that Rusty had tried to be friendly with me."

He said, "You must have something that ain't visible to the naked eye. Women kinda go for you, don't they?"
"They never used to, Lieutenant. And I have an idea that they don't now, really. My opinion is that Miss Mason had ideas of her own, and that they weren't what you're thinking."

"Are you accusing . . ."
"—I'm not accusing anyone. Miss Mason tried to make me think that I was a Big Moment in her life."

"Why would she try that?"
I said, "Look, Marty, all you've asked me to do is guess. I can tell facts as I know them."

He said, "You don't look like the kind of lad who would let another guy bawl you out in front of a crowd and do nothing about it."

"I liked Pete Connolly."
Marty said, "I think you killed him."
"Of course you do. But you're wrong."

"Can you prove it?"
"Am I supposed to? Isn't there such a thing as a legal presumption of a man's innocence?"

"Marty said, 'That's double-talk. It's reserved for trials. When a cop thinks you've done something, he has good reasons for thinking so. It's always healthy when you can prove to him that he's wrong.'"

I nodded. "That should be easy. I was at that table all evening except when I got up to meet Pat at the Christmas tree."

"You weren't alone for a minute?"
"No." Then I remembered something. "I'll change that. I was alone for about ten minutes when Floyd Andrews convoyed Pete Connolly away from the table. But I was surrounded by scores of people."

"How many of 'em did you know?"
"None. But they saw me. They couldn't help it."

Marty smiled. "You probably couldn't put your finger on a single person who would remember that, Steve. The joint was crowded. People were drinking and dancing and having themselves a helluva time. Under conditions like that, no one who wasn't especially interested would know how many times you got up from the table or where you went or how long you were away."

I could see his point. That was the trouble, I always could.

"You could have been away from your table any time," he continued, "at any part of the evening—without being noticed—provided you didn't do anything to attract attention to yourself."
"Not any time," I said. "Not after Floyd Andrews was with me. Not after Mrs. Kingsley joined me."

"No?" Marty appeared to be amused. "There's something here you haven't got quite straight. Pat Kingsley has alibied you often enough; so often that her word doesn't carry much weight any more."

"Telling the truth doesn't help much, does it, Marty?"

"It might. Why don't you try it?"
I said, "You sure hang onto an idea. Any idea. Now it's Connolly. Before that, you thought I killed Jeff Nulty."
"Didn't you?"
"No."

"But if you did, you could also have killed Conchita Montero and Pete Connolly. It's my guess they're all three tied up."

"I think so too. But I didn't do any of the killings."

"Always the little guy that wasn't there, the boy with the cast-iron alibis. You got ideas, too?"

"Yes," I said, "but you probably won't like them. I think that so long as I was on the spot for killing Nulty, the real murderer was content to take it easy. I was the fall guy. If I'd been convicted, that would have ended it. But when I was acquitted, the case was reopened."



"I do happen to have a house priced at \$3,000
—but I never show it on a rainy day"

That seems the answer to why things were tranquil until they turned me loose—and have been popping ever since."

Marty said, "You make it sound good, Steve. Too good maybe."

"You were wrong before, Marty."
"I still ain't sure of that. What a jury says and what I think are two different things." He dropped his cigarette and ground out the light with the toe of his right shoe. "After Connolly finished bawling you out, what happened?"

I told him about Floyd Andrews convoying Pete back to the bar. Lieutenant Lane said, in a placid, drawing voice, "That's the lad who came up in the ninth inning when those two hoods were working Steve over."

"They been picked up yet?" asked Marty.

"No. But we think soon."

Marty asked, "What's this Floyd Andrews to you, Steve?"

"I don't know. He's interested in me, but I don't know why."

"You ever met him, Mrs. Kingsley?"

"Not until tonight." Pat's voice was under control. "Mr. Blake introduced us."

Marty was focusing on her. "Where were you before you joined Steve?"

"In my apartment."

"Do you—or maybe your husband—do either of you have a small-caliber gun? We don't know yet the exact size, but probably a .32 or a .25?"

"No."

"We don't know how long Connolly's dead body had been lying at the top of those stairs. It could have been there even before you entered the club. Could be you're so accustomed to dishing up for Steve, here, that it had to be."

I said angrily, "That's lousy."
"So it's lousy. So I'm just a cop doing a job."

Pat touched my hand. She said, "He's right, Steve. He's got to learn the truth."
"Or anyway," said Marty, "he's got to keep on pretending like he thinks he is. Me, I ain't optimistic."

He walked across the room and started whispering to Bert Lane. Lane's head moved up and down in assent. He said, "It ain't a bad idea, Marty. Not bad at all. I'll go get her."

He opened the door. Noise surged in at us, then choked off as the door closed again. Marty grinned with his lips, but not with his eyes. He said, "Either of you see Rusty Mason tonight?"

Walsh looked at me. He said, "How much do you know about Miss Mason's past, Steve?"

I said I didn't know anything.
Marty asked, "Ever know a girl named Olive Palmer?"

I shook my head.
"Try again. Maybe you'll remember."
"The answer is still no, Marty."

"In San Francisco, maybe?"
"No."

He looked at Lieutenant Lane. The tall night-watch commander of the Hollywood Detective Bureau shrugged as though to indicate that he didn't think Marty would get very far on that road. Walsh said, "This Olive Palmer was connected with Jeff Nulty. Long time ago."

There wasn't much I could say about that. He was telling me things now, not asking questions. Only odd thing was Jeff Nulty cropping up again. He seemed to be having a hard time staying dead.

"The thing Nulty did three years in San Quentin for," Marty went on quietly, "was armed robbery. His girl friend helped him. She was the lookout. Part of the loot was a fur coat. That, he gave to the girl. The San Francisco police found her wearing it. The rest was easy. They had Nulty hog-tied in less time than it takes me to tell it. Nulty knew they had him. He evidently liked the girl, because he advised her to make a deal, turn state's evidence, and buy her freedom that way. No use both of them taking the rap. So she did. Her name was Olive Palmer."

Walsh took a long, narrow envelope out of his pocket. From it he extracted a couple of yellowed newspaper clippings. "These," he explained, "are from San Francisco newspapers. Nineteen thirty-eight. All about what Jeff Nulty did. The second clipping is about his trial, and about Olive Palmer testifying against him. Pictures of Nulty, and pictures of Olive. Take a look and see do they register."

He handed me the clippings. Nice, big, sensational stories. Nulty's picture didn't mean anything to me. I hadn't known him well enough to guess what he would have looked like in 1938.

THE girl—this Olive Palmer—jumped right out of the clippings and hit me in the eye. She looked exactly like Rusty Mason.

She was Rusty Mason. I showed the clippings to Pat. She was as surprised as I had been, and as shocked. Walsh let her hold the clippings, as though to say she could read 'em if she wanted to. Then he said to me, "Guess where we found them, Steve?"

I looked at him.
"Right in this envelope. And the envelope was in Pete Connolly's pocket. It was there after he died and probably before he died. It was mailed in Los Angeles day before yesterday. We figure it was delivered to Pete Connolly this afternoon . . . or yesterday afternoon if you remember that it's now Christmas morning. Mean anything to you, Steve?"

"No."
"You claim you liked Connolly, don't you?"

"Yes."
"Could it be that you liked him enough to figure he shouldn't marry a girl unless he knew all about her, unless he knew, for instance, that the woman who called herself Wilma Mason was really named Olive Palmer and that she'd been mixed up in a criminal affair many years ago?"

I said I didn't know what this was all about. He paid very little attention. He continued calmly: "Of course, we might have here the answer why Miss Mason didn't rush into matrimony with Pete. Could be she was afraid to get a marriage license under an assumed name."

I said, "But I didn't know any of this Olive Palmer business. How could I know?"

"She tells me Jeff Nulty had the clippings. So maybe whoever killed him found them."

"Oh, for the love of Mike!" I made a hopeless gesture. "We're back to that!"

"Yep. We seem to swing back to it no matter how hard we try otherwise. So I'm asking you again . . ."

"Save your breath, Marty. I didn't kill Nulty. I didn't find any clippings in his apartment. I didn't mail them to Pete Connolly as a warning he'd be smarter to steer clear of Rusty Mason. I didn't kill Connolly."

"But you know now why he got drunk and started cursing you, don't you?"

"Why?"

"He obviously thought you sent the clippings. He thought it was your answer to his plea for assistance in getting Miss Mason to marry him."

I said, "I never saw those clippings before . . ."

"He's a dirty liar!" Rusty's voice swept harshly across the room. "I've known from the first Blake had them. I knew he killed Jeff Nulty . . ."

I said, "Look, Rusty . . . that doesn't check. You've been more than friendly."

"Sure. And why? Because I wanted those clippings. Nobody in Los Angeles knew I was Olive Palmer. You're thinking I made a play for you. Well, I did. But what I wanted was the freedom of your apartment. I wanted to find out if you had 'em. I wanted to get my hands on them and burn 'em."

"But why . . ."

"I think you suspected all the time that I knew you killed Nulty. You figured I'd keep my mouth shut as long as you could hold this over me." She turned to Marty Walsh. "Jeff wasn't a bad guy, Lieutenant. He treated me swell. It was his suggestion that I turn state's evidence. I never saw him again until I read in the papers about him being made manager of the Club Casa Linda. I went to him for a job. That was a couple of years ago. Good secretaries were scarce. He recommended me to Mr. Ramsay."

"Why didn't he give you back your clippings? You knew he had 'em."

"Yes. He told me. He was an angle player; a guy like Jeff always is. He was keeping them just in case. But he wasn't using them."

Walsh asked, "How about you and Nulty? Were you playing games after you got the job with Ramsay?"

"No. That was all washed up."

"Why? Wasn't he still human?"

"We just didn't, that's all."

"But you'd have been happier if you had known those clippings were destroyed, wouldn't you?"

"Sure. But what . . ."

"Well, what's to say you didn't try to get 'em? What's to say you didn't kill him yourself and then hunt for them?"

SHE stared at him, badly shaken. She said, "It wasn't that way. Why would I make a pitch for Steve Blake—"

"You knew he'd been in Nulty's apartment the night Jeff was killed. Could be he somehow got the clippings without killing the man."

She said, "Steve Blake killed him. You don't want to think it, because a screwball jury acquitted him. You gotta hang it on somebody. You're trying to elect me."

"That wouldn't be difficult, Rusty." Marty wasn't any more excited than a teacher explaining something to a classroom. "See how this sounds. You helped a criminal in San Francisco. You got off on a state's evidence deal. You came to Los Angeles under an assumed name. You re-established contact with Nulty after he got out of San Quentin—as soon as he fell into something which looked like soft money. He held you in line with a batch of clippings which could ruin you if he ever spilled about them. You had other men on a string: perhaps Blake, certainly Pete Connolly. There

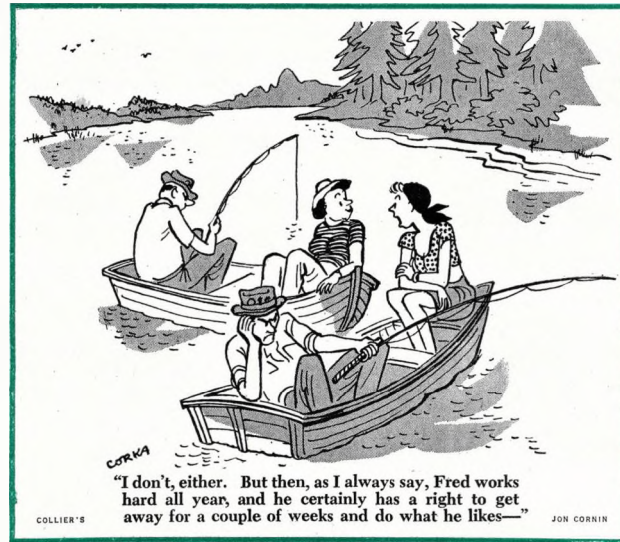
may have been others. You weren't at Blake's cocktail party, but you knew all about the beef he had with Nulty. That could have been your chance. You could have killed Nulty with Blake's gun, knowing the finger would be pointed straight at Steve. You hid the gun in that catchall closet in your office, where nobody but you ever went. You maybe forgot it was there until the night Conchita found it. You didn't have anything against her personally, but you were at the table and heard her insist on talking privately to Blake. And as for Pete—it's a cinch bet you and he quarreled last night. He'd maybe ended your romance. So you killed him right there at the top of the stairs outside your office."

She said, with an odd, haggard dignity, "I didn't kill Pete Connolly. I was in love with him."

"You quarreled, didn't you?"

"It wasn't a quarrel. I was upset."

"That's the way you tell it, Rusty. A jury might not think that way."



"I don't, either. But then, as I always say, Fred works hard all year, and he certainly has a right to get away for a couple of weeks and do what he likes—"

She said bitterly, "You jump on the first suspect, don't you, Walsh? Once it was Steve Blake. Now it's me. Anybody you've got a case against. To hell with you!"

Marty took that in stride. He said, "Is that why you hired those two hoods to work over Blake? Maybe if this lad, Floyd Andrews, hadn't got there in time, they'd have beat out of him where he had the clippings."

She said something to indicate her supreme disgust. But she wasn't fooling anybody. She was badly frightened.

She had every reason to be. The case Marty had built against her was good, almost as good as the one he'd constructed against me on the Jeff Nulty thing.

Pat leaned over and whispered to me: "She didn't do it, Steve. I'm sure."

"What makes you so sure?"

"Woman's intuition, I guess."

Lieutenant Lane was doing things. He pulled out the side compartment of Rex Kingsley's desk, and a typewriter popped up. He looked through the drawers and found an envelope. He examined the envelope carefully. Then he slipped it under the platen of the machine and typed slowly.

When he finished he went over to Marty Walsh and took from him the envelope in which the clippings about Olive Palmer had been mailed to Pete Connolly. He studied them for a half minute, then drew Marty Walsh into a corner. I saw Walsh's face brighten, and heard him say, "You got something, Bert—you sure got something."

Lane's soft friendly voice floated across the room. He said, "This is mighty interesting. This envelope was typed on Rex Kingsley's machine."

Pat Kingsley's hand flew to her mouth. It pressed tight against her lips. She said, "No! Rex wouldn't have killed Pete Connolly. He had no reason to."

She was too sure, too vehement. Looking at her, listening to her words, I got a sick, sinking sensation in my stomach.

THE cops worked hard on the Pete Connolly murder, but they didn't get very far. Within seventy-two hours several things were discovered, but none of them was terribly important. Connolly had been shot through the heart, once, with a .32. There were a lot of .32s in Los Angeles.

There was a bruise on Connolly's forehead which could have come from a fist, or a door. There was very little blood, and the floor of the dark, narrow mezzanine hallway indicated that he hadn't been shot where the body was

his death by a bullet fired from a .32-caliber gun in the hands of a person or persons unknown. The gun wasn't found.

I spent the next few days adjusting myself. I saw Pat Kingsley infrequently and for not too long at any one time. She looked drawn and tired. I thought she was avoiding me, but I couldn't be sure. Business downstairs spurted. Nothing like a few good murders to draw a crowd. New Year's Eve was already a sellout, at ten bucks per cover.

On the night of the twenty-eighth I was alone in my apartment. I was struggling to concentrate on a tricky problem of wing design, and getting nowhere fast. The telephone rang. It was Lieutenant Lane of the Hollywood Detective Bureau. He said a couple of his boys had just brought in two men who answered the description of the pair who had battered me around on a lonely canyon road. Could I come down and make positive identification before they started being persuasive? I said I could. I asked him whether he'd told Marty Walsh and he said he was trying to contact him.

I drove to the Hollywood station, an unimaginative two-story building of yellow brick. It looked exactly like a police station.

Downstairs there was a jail and a desk, behind which clustered a lot of uniformed policemen. They sent me upstairs to the Detective Bureau, which was on the second floor. I walked into a little room with a railing.

It was full of detectives, some large, some larger. Lieutenant Lane was behind the desk. He stood up to shake hands with me.

THE detective outfit occupied a series of tiny squad rooms. Lane took me into one of them and beckoned Sergeant Ehrlich to follow. Two other detectives came in also: a long, lanky one with a round face, very little hair, glasses, and a big gun; and another, equally tall, but much younger and heavier.

Lane said they had picked up the two men in a bowling alley. Both had denied knowledge of the incident, and the cops didn't want to start really arguing with them unless they were sure. They took me back into the main office and let me peep through a gimlet hole into the next room where two policemen were sitting.

I recognized them right away, but I wanted to be even surer than that. While I was still looking, Marty Walsh and Sergeant Tremont came in. They'd driven all the way from Homicide Division in City Hall. We said hello all around, and Lane asked me the score.

I said, "Those are the two, all right."

"Mind walking in on them?"

I said that was okay with me. We opened the door and walked in: Walsh, Lane, Tremont and Ehrlich. They shoed the policemen out of the room. Slim and Ernie looked at me.

I repeated my positive identification. They swore they'd never seen me before, and—that was more—that they had never beaten up anybody in any canyon at any time. Marty Walsh started talking to me in a placid conversational voice. He said, "The public has a lot of wrong ideas about third degree, Steve. Walloping a statement out of a man isn't worth soup. It doesn't stand up in court, and it hurts your case. But when you're dealing with hoods, and when you know you've got the right ones—when you're sure of it like we're sure of these mugs—why, we got to go as far as they make us go to get some truth out of them."

He looked at Tremont and Ehrlich. Both were big men, both powerful. Calmly and dispassionately, they took off their coats and folded them neatly. One stood in front of the two prisoners, in whose eyes the faint, flickering light of apprehension was beginning to show.

Marty Walsh spoke softly. He said, "This is going to hurt you more than it

does us, boys. You've both been around. Will you have it the easy way?"

Slim cracked first. "We ain't done nothin'," he growled.

"How much nothin' ain't you done?" "Well, not entirely nothin', but we ain't mixed up in them killings."

"Then you do know Blake, eh?"

"Sure, we seen him."

"When?"

"The night we had that mix-up in the canyon."

"You've decided to talk?"

THEY looked at each other, and again Slim acted as spokesman. He said, "Hell, there ain't no percentage gittin' it beat out of you."

Walsh said, "This is your chance, boys. Don't try playing cute."

Slim said, "It's so screwy, you ain't gonna believe it. But no matter how hard you bounce me, I ain't gonna be able to change it."

The officers waited, patiently.

"It was like this," Slim went on. "Me and Ernie, we live in one of them backstreet Hollywood hotels. One day comes a letter addressed to the both of us. We open it and there is five one-hundred-dollar bills. No letter, no nothing. Just that dough. We think maybe we're crazy, only we ain't. Then we think it's phony. We take it to a bank and ask the teller right out is it real. We say we won it, and maybe it ain't genuine. They look it over, say it's okay and break it up into little bills for us. We go back to the jernt, wondering what's happenin'."

"Maybe an hour later, the manager calls us to the phone. It's on the street floor, under the stairway. Just the one phone. There's a guy on the other end. He asks me have we got an envelope with five hundred smackers in it. I say yes. He asks would we like another five hundred to go with it, and I say yes again. I ask him who is it, and he says that doesn't matter."

"Anyway, he gives me a description of Mr. Blake here: name, size, coloring, everything. He says he knows me and Ernie have got a car. He says we're to park every night outside the Casa Linda. Some night Blake will come out alone and drive away. We're to follow. If we get him in a dark spot we're to grab him, work him over, and tell him to keep his nose out of things that ain't none of his business. He says he'll know if and when we do it, and the day after, we'll get a second five hundred."

"Did you get it?"

"Hell, no! Can you imagine a guy welshing on us like that?"

Walsh said, "Keep going."

"Well, anyway, the third night we're staked out, things work beautiful. Except we don't have no easy time following Blake on account he drives fast and far. But we get him. We tell him what we was told to say, and we work him over. Then somebody else comes along and that makes it two on a side so we beat it."

Walsh thought it over for a moment. He said, "You wouldn't happen to have the envelope the money came in?"

"Yeah, I got it." Slim fished around in the pocket of his dirty sport jacket and produced a battered, typewritten envelope. He handed it over to Walsh. He and Lane looked at it and walked into the front office together. Walsh took two other envelopes out of his pocket and they examined the three together. Then they called me in.

"Interesting," Walsh said. "They check with the envelope Lane typed on the machine in Rex Kingsley's office, and with the typing on the one which was used for mailing the clippings about Rusty Mason to Pete Connolly. You wouldn't be knowing anything about them, would you, Steve?"

"No. Lots of people had access to that office. Any one of them could have

typed the envelopes. And I'm sure even you wouldn't believe I'd pay two hoodlums five hundred dollars to beat me up."

"I don't think you would, at that." Walsh walked back into the squad room. He said, "One thing more, boys. Would you recognize the voice that talked to you over the phone?"

They said they thought they would. Marty said, "I'm going to talk to somebody. When Lieutenant Lane here gives you the word, you're each to pick up one of the extensions. You're not to say a word. Nothing. Just listen."

He went in the front room and called the Casa Linda. He identified himself and asked to speak to Rex Kingsley. Lane picked two telephones off their cradles and handed one instrument to each of the prisoners.

The conversation didn't mean a thing. Marty asked a few questions about how the club was running. He stretched it out for about three minutes. Then he hung up, and Slim and Ernie did the same. He said, "What's the answer, boys?"

Slim said, "That's the guy."

Ernie said, "I'll ride along with that, Chief."

"How would you know?" asked Walsh sharply. "Slim was the one talked to him from the hotel."

"Yeah. But I was interested, 'count of the five hundred, see? I was crowdin' the phone all the time they was talkin'. That's the guy."

Walsh and Lane nodded at each other. Lane said to Sergeant Ehrlich, "Take these monkeys down an' book 'em, will you? Anything you can think up."

They disappeared down the hall. Marty looked at me and then at Bert Lane. He said, "You busy, Bert?" and Lane said no.

"How's about riding over to the Casa Linda? Maybe you and me and Stevie boy could have a cozy little talk with Rex Kingsley, huh?"

Lane said he thought that was a good idea. We started down the hall. Marty Walsh said, half to himself, "And we might as well make it real good, while we're at it. We'll bring Mrs. Kingsley in, too."

MARTY WALSH, Bert Lane and I went through the lobby and up to the seventh floor. Walsh pressed the buzzer on 7-A, and Pat Kingsley opened the door.

She had on a powder-blue negligee. The general effect was Grecian, and didn't hide the fact that she was a perfect 34. It was very lovely.

She recognized the two detectives. Then she looked at me. She asked, nervously, "What is it? What's wrong?"

Marty said, "May we come in, ma'am?"

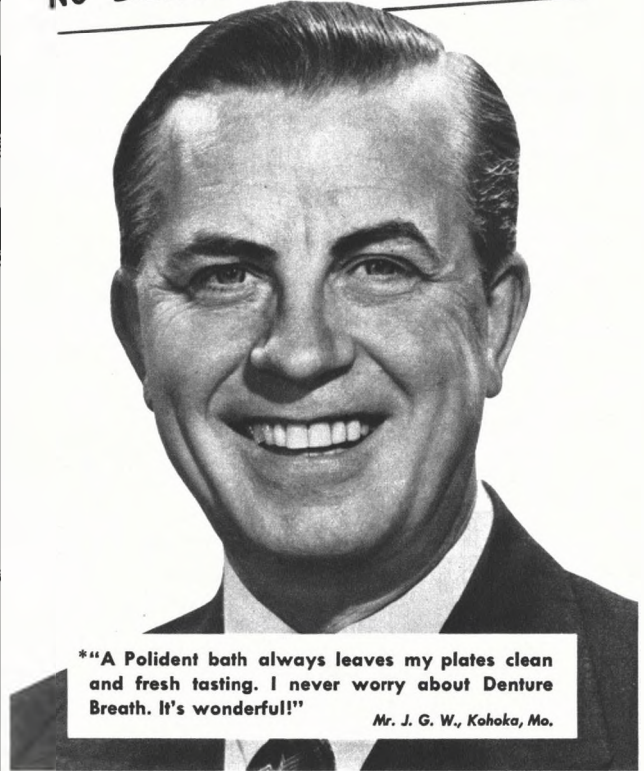
She stood aside and we walked in. It was quite an apartment. There were two doors in the living room. Both opened into bedrooms. Walsh asked which was Kingsley's. Pat pointed to the nearest one.

The living room was huge. Lots of windows, lots of view. Evidently Pat had been reading, because an open book lay face down in an easy chair under a standing lamp, and a half-smoked cigarette smoldered in an ash tray alongside. Off the other end of the room there was a dinette and quite a kitchen, much bigger than the setup in my next-door apartment. There was a telephone on the little table just beyond the archway separating living room and foyer.

Marty Walsh said he had merely dropped in for a little chat. He asked Pat to phone downstairs for her husband. She hesitated, but only briefly. Her eyes were still full of questions. I managed to grin, trying to convey to her the information that everything was all right—or as nearly all right as it could ever be while indiscriminate homicide was in the air.

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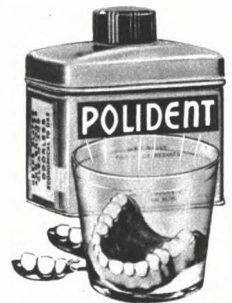
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phoned, a key grated in the lock, the front door opened and slammed and Rex Kingsley walked in. He looked very handsome and very annoyed. He took three steps into the living room, looked at each of us in turn and said, "What the hell goes on here?"

Marty invited him to have a seat. Rex didn't refuse, but he didn't sit down, either. He was overflowing with hostility and ill temper. It seemed to me that he wasn't playing it very smart.

Walsh started talking, his voice soft as silk. He described Slim and Ernie. When he finished, he said, "Do you know either of those men, Kingsley?"

"Why should I?"

"I didn't ask that. I asked, do you?"

"No."

"They're a couple of rough characters," Marty stated. "They trail people and beat them up. They do it for money. They're not awfully good at it, but they try their best."

Kingsley asked, "What has this got to do with me?"

"They say they know you. Not personally, but by mail and telephone. Just a little while ago when you and I were talking on the telephone, they listened in. They identified your voice. They claim you sent them five hundred dollars anonymously, through the mail, and then followed up with a phone call offering an extra five hundred if they beat up Mr. Blake and warned him to keep his nose out of things that didn't concern him."

Kingsley said, "They're both liars."

"Maybe. I'm just trying to find out."

"Couple of cheap hoods. Why wouldn't they identify any voice you asked them to identify?"

"You got a point there, Kingsley. Could be that way. Only I don't think so."

"You'd take their word against mine?"

"Here's the deal, Kingsley. Those clippings we found in Pete Connolly's pocket after he was killed: they were typed on a machine in your office downstairs. The envelope these two characters say they got the five hundred in—that was typed on the same machine."

"So what? I don't keep that office locked. People are in and out of there day and night. Anybody could use that typewriter."

"But do they?"

"How would I know?" He picked a cigarette out of a cigarette case that looked like solid gold, and lighted it with a lighter that also looked like gold. "You boys will have to do better than that if you're trying to tie me in."

WALSH said, "We're not trying to tie anybody in, Kingsley. We're prospecting, is all. We're asking questions, and sometimes we're getting mighty unsatisfactory answers. I'm going to try a few on you. I'd advise you to answer straight. You might fool for a little while, but not always."

"I'm not certain of that, Walsh. You've been fooled before."

"About Steve Blake? Tell you the truth, Kingsley—I'm still not entirely sure I was fooled. That's one of the things I came up here to talk about. Blake was acquitted on the strength of your wife's testimony. You know what she testified, so I won't rehash it. What's been happening since ain't exactly according to Hoyle."

Rex's expression was ugly. "What kind of a crack is that?"

"You understand me, all right. Either you know she lied on the stand and know why, or you know she told the truth and you go right on living with her. Which is it?"

Pat started to say something, but Marty cut her off. He said, "Just a minute, Mrs. Kingsley. What I've just stated is fact. If it's embarrassing, I'm sorry. Maybe there's a good answer. If there is, I'd like to hear it."

Kingsley said, "Just what way is your dirty mind working, Walsh?"

Marty's eyes grew a shade colder. He said, "You ain't buying yourself a lot of good will, Kingsley."

"I'm not asking for it. What happens inside this apartment—between my wife and myself—is our business."

"She couldn't have been covering for you, could she?"

Rex didn't answer. He leaned against the mantel, obviously enjoying the theatrical quality of the scene.

"Or is it," continued Marty easily, "that you were willing for her to play house with Blake for reasons of your own?"

"Why, you lousy . . ."

Lieutenant Lane's long figure uncoiled and ranged alongside Rex. He said, gently, "Ain't any sense getting mad"

"But when he insinuates . . ."

"He ain't insinuating. He's saying it right out. When a man's wife tells the

him beat up. And since you knew that Rusty and Pete Connolly were talking about getting married . . . that could have made you mad, too. So damned mad maybe you would put a .32 right through his heart."

Kingsley moved away from the mantel. Bert Lane moved with him, his arctic eyes watching warily. But Kingsley didn't do anything except talk. He started telling Walsh what he thought of him. His language was straight out of the gutter. It was vile and shocking.

Walsh relaxed on the couch and took it imperturbably. When Rex ran down, Marty said, "You sure waste a lot of words, Kingsley."

Rex said, "Are you accusing me of murder?"

"Not yet."

"Do you plan to?"

"It all depends. But I'm interested. You're in the middle of everything. You're neck-deep in motive. I came up

"I ain't so sure."

"It certainly is," broke in Kingsley, "unless you get something more to go on. And I've had enough of this. Either you arrest me or get the hell out."

Marty asked, genially, "What are you, Kingsley—tough or frightened?"

Bert Lane said, "Looks like we ain't welcome, Marty."

"You're not!" That was Kingsley again, whipping himself into fresh fury. "You'd crucify me if you could."

Walsh and Lane started for the door. They motioned me to follow. Rex stood where he was. But Pat walked halfway across the living room with me.

"We looked hard at each other. In her face I saw worry and fear. But I didn't see guilt. Maybe that was because I was prejudiced—because I knew then, unmistakably, that I was in love with her.

FOR several days I did nothing more than work and think. But my thoughts were not on aerodynamics. No matter what I tried to think about, I would come back to Pat Kingsley.

That scene in her apartment hadn't been pretty. Not much of a personal nature had been discussed that she and I hadn't touched on before. But this was bringing it out in the open.

They had a lot on Rex Kingsley. Too much perhaps. By all the rules, he should have been scared to death. He had been frightened, but not nearly enough. He had played it like a man who held pretty good cards and was determined to play them for all they were worth. He hadn't even reacted violently until they needed his vanity.

Anybody could have typed the matching envelopes. Rex hadn't lied about his office being a thoroughfare. If someone wanted to cover, there couldn't be a more logical front than Kingsley. I didn't like the guy, but I couldn't see that they had any more on him than they had on me when they'd thrown me in the cooler for the murder of Jeff Nulty. Not half as much, actually.

New Year's Eve came around. I watched the beginning of the show downstairs and was surprised to see that Vince Mabry, the orchestra leader, was emceeing. I wondered what was ailing Rex Kingsley.

I didn't see Pat. Maybe she and her husband were together somewhere, celebrating privately. I didn't relish the idea. I finally turned in and flopped around on the bed for hours before getting to sleep. When I woke, the clock told me it was after nine, and outside there was that oppressive quiet that follows a too-hecktic night.

The day passed miserably. I was certain of only one thing: No matter what happened, I wasn't going to contact Pat Kingsley. It was a New Year's resolution, and I wasn't one of these weaklings who make resolutions idly. I kept that one until afternoon: the early afternoon of Friday, January 2d. And even then circumstances had to conspire against me.

Twice my apartment telephone rang. Twice I answered it. Twice the line had been crossed with the line to the Kingsley apartment. Twice I heard Pat talking—not about anything in particular. Just talking. Both times I replaced the instrument on its cradle.

I went into the hall and rapped on her door. We were both embarrassed.

"I've been wanting to talk to you," she said.

I suggested having dinner together. I said I thought it'd be fine if she got dressed right away so we could have a long pleasant drive and just talk. She said she'd rap on my door as soon as she was ready.

When she knocked on the door, I opened it with my hat in my hand. She said, "May I come in a minute first?"

I said sure, gave her my best chair, and offered her a drink which she declined.



"Some of the boys are getting up a card game for tonight and they dared me to ask you if I could go"

world she's another man's mistress, the husband usually does something about it. Not shooting, or anything old-fashioned like that . . . but maybe just walking out on her, or throwing her out. He doesn't just take it. Kind of makes him a ridiculous figure if he does."

That got under Rex's hide.

"Of course," Lane went on, "could be you're a noble guy. Could be you think Mrs. Kingsley killed Jeff Nulty. Only you don't strike me as the noble type. Kingsley. You look to me like the wrong end of a horse."

Marty picked up the needling. He said, "Who pays for this apartment, Kingsley? You or the missus?"

"None of your business."

"Did she buy you that swank new convertible you're driving?"

No answer.

"And all those expensive new clothes you had tailored recently? And those gold accessories? You couldn't afford those things yourself, Kingsley."

Marty Walsh was doing a nice little job of whittling away at Rex's ego. "Killing Nulty, I could figure," Walsh went on. "You don't mind being kept by a rich wife, but you'd hate to be anybody's assistant in a night club. Maybe also you and Nulty didn't agree about Conchita. And maybe Conchita didn't agree about you. Must have hit you hard, too . . . when you're such a bear cat with the women. Now about Rusty . . . there's a gal who could have gone overboard for a collar ad like you. You're the type who might think she was worth having. You could hate Steve Blake because Rusty went for him, so it might have been worth five hundred dollars to get

here to give you a chance to talk your way out. You haven't played it that way. You know why? I think you're scared."

"Of a cheap cop like you?"

"Nope. Of something else. Of something I might have overlooked."

"You mean you haven't enough evidence to arrest me, is that it?"

"Perhaps. I believe those two hoods I've got locked up. But they could be lying. Maybe they're covering for somebody they know. What they said didn't have to be the truth. For all I know, that telephone call they got could even have been from a woman. Maybe they just said it was a man to throw us off." He turned to Lieutenant Lane. "Smart crooks pitch curves like that all the time, don't they, Bert?"

Lane nodded gravely. He said, "It ain't impossible that Mrs. Kingsley did the telephoning. Keeping on living together this way, how do we know but what she and this louse are still crazy about each other?"

I felt myself getting tight inside. I said, "Take it easy, Lane."

"You keep out of this, Blake. It ain't your party. And take my word for it, anything could be. Especially where there's a lot of murder concerned. I'll ask you just one question, then you can get back to the side lines: Haven't you done some wondering why Kingsley and his wife didn't bust up after what she testified about her affair with you?"

Pat Kingsley said quietly, "It probably does look odd. Lieutenant. But that's the way things are."

"Why?"

"Isn't that our business: Rex's and mine?"

She said, "If you hadn't come to see me, I was going to telephone you, Steve. I'm worried."

"About what?"
"About something we might discuss before we go out." She looked everywhere but at me, as though wondering whether to go through with it. Then she raised her eyes to mine and said, "Rex has disappeared."
"Disappeared? You mean...?"

SHE said, more steadily, "Nothing wrong that I know of. He's simply gone."

"Where?" I asked. "When? How?"
"I don't know. The first time I was aware of it was night before last, just before the show. Wade Ramsay dropped in to see me. He was up in the air a mile. Asked me where Rex was. I said I didn't know. He said Rex wasn't in his office, wasn't anywhere around the club. He said their special New Year's Eve show was about to be ruined."

"You haven't heard from Rex since?"
"No... I'm afraid I won't."
"Why?"
"His big suitcase is gone. He has taken a lot of his clothes, about all he could jam into that suitcase. His new convertible isn't in the garage. He drove out in it about four o'clock Wednesday."

I said, "He wasn't here at all New Year's Eve or last night?"
"No. This morning I contacted his bank. I spoke to one of the officers who happens to be a friend of Dad's. He had no right to tell me, but he told me anyway. The day before New Year—Wednesday—Rex drew out practically all the money he had in the bank."

"How much was that?"
"Around eight thousand dollars."
I said, "Wow!"
"The amount surprised me, too. Anyway, he took it and left. It sounds as though he didn't intend to come back."

I said, "Listen, Pat—I've got to ask you something. What's between you and Rex, really? Most times you act as though you hated his insides. Other times—like now—you seem about to break down because maybe he's got himself into a jam."

She looked at me a long time. Then she said, "How much do you know about Rex and me?"
"Quite a bit. Not as much as I'd like, though."

She said, "I feel directly responsible for whatever mess he's made of his life. There was an auto accident..."

"I heard about that. It seems to have paid off pretty well."

"It kept me tied to him. That, and my pride. I went against Dad's wishes when I married Rex. I knew better than he did. Or, anyway, I thought so. I was very much in love with Rex then."

"Not now?"
"No. Not now. I haven't been for a long time. But I owe him something. Right or wrong, any time he's in trouble, I'll do my best for him."

"Meaning you're not reporting this to the police?"

"Not immediately. I asked Mr. Ramsay not to. Rusty Mason called Rex this morning. I said he wasn't able to come to the phone. I didn't lie straight out, but I deliberately created the impression that he was here, sick. Of course, if a lot of time passes and I don't hear from him..."

I said, "That could be awkward, Pat. Marty Walsh won't like having you hold out on him. What do you think that his flight indicates?"

"I'm worried. He's my husband, legally at any rate. I won't be a party to having anything happen to him."

"That's just another way of saying you know something you're not telling. Isn't that obstructing justice, Pat?"

"No." Her answer was direct, as though she had thought it over for a long time. "The law provides that a wife

cannot be compelled to testify against her husband. There's another provision which holds that she isn't even a competent witness against him except in certain types of actions. That seems to indicate to me that if I know something which might injure Rex, I'm legally as well as morally justified in keeping it to myself."

I said I wouldn't argue the point with her. The important thing was that she had elected to follow a certain course, and it was none of my business whether or not she was right.

We got ready to go somewhere. She was standing at the door waiting for me to close the windows when the telephone rang. It rang long and loud. I knew it was important before I even said hello.

It was important, all right. A woman's voice asked whether this was my number. I said yes, and the other voice said, "Victorville calling." Pat was close to the phone. She came even closer. That was fine with me.

I said hello again. There was a brief pause and then a man said, "Who is that?"

"Steve Blake."
"Are you alone?"
I thought I recognized the voice. I said, "Yes. Who is this?"
"Rex Kingsley." He sounded shaky. "I need help. Lots of help. Right away. You're the one person in the world I feel I can trust."

That struck me as odd. Kingsley continued nervously: "Will you keep this to yourself—no matter what you decide to do?"

I said, "Yes."
"Okay. You've got to come where I am. No one else knows where that is. It's terribly important."
"Why?" I asked.

"Because," he said tensely, "if you do exactly what I say I'll be able to give you tangible, documentary proof which will clear up all three of those murders."

THE distant voice said impatiently, "Hello—hello!" and I said, "I'm still here, Kingsley."

Rex said, "Are they looking for me?"
"I don't know."

There was a brief pause. "You know the San Berdoo-Victorville road?"
I said I knew it.

"I'll meet you at ten o'clock tonight. You won't throw me down, will you, Steve?"

"Where are you staying?"

"It doesn't matter where I'm staying. Where I'll meet you is the important thing. Listen carefully, but don't write it down. Don't write anything. Ready?"

"Yes."

"You don't go all the way into San Bernardino. You swing left before you get into town. That'll put you on the Las Vegas road. Keep on it until you get almost to the top of Cajón Pass. There's a curve in the road—a left curve the way you'll be driving. On the right of it there's a gas station with a few auto cabins scattered around. Everything painted in black and white stripes like zebras. Your headlights can't miss it. Follow me so far?"

I said I followed him.

"Okay. Right in front of the gas pump, check the mileage on your speedometer. Exactly three and two-tenths miles from there a narrow dirt road winds off into a canyon. The mileage is important: you'd miss it otherwise. Be sure no other car is anywhere around when you turn off the main highway. Go about a quarter of a mile along that dirt road."

I said okay. I thought of a lot of questions, but I knew he wouldn't give me the right answers. He talked as though this might be pretty important. He made it sound like this was my big chance to get somewhere. He said, "You won't tell the cops, Steve?"

"No. I won't tell the cops."
"You got plenty of time. Even driv-

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ing slow you can make it in less than three hours."

"I'll be there," I said. "Now let me check back on the directions." I repeated them carefully.

Rex said nervously, "You haven't written any of that, have you?"

I told him I hadn't. He said goodbye and the line went dead. I put the telephone down and looked at Pat. Her cheeks were pallid, her eyes too bright. She said, "You're not going, are you?"

"Why not?"

"You might be killed . . ."

"By Rex?"

"Even that. He's frightened."

"He sounded on the level," I said. "Just because he was frightened and desperate. Figure it out, Pat. He didn't have to tell me where he was."

"What's your guess, Steve?"

"You won't like this," I said. "I haven't much admiration for your husband. Maybe he thinks I'm in love with you. Maybe he'll offer a trade: He'll step out of the picture if I'll help him. There's nothing chivalrous about that, but it might be the way he's thinking."

She looked at me oddly. "Suppose he shot you?"

"If he's got that in mind, he's certainly doing it the hard way. Uh-uh, Pat. This I've got to do."

"You'll tell Marty Walsh?"

"No."

She said, "I'm going with you."

"No soap."

"I'll either ride with you, or follow in my own car. Take your choice, Steve."

She wasn't kidding. I asked what she had in mind, and she said—plausibly enough—that she knew Rex better than I did; she'd be able to evaluate whatever it was he intended to say; she'd know whether he was trying to pull a fast one. I finally gave in.

We took my car and drove out Sunset slowly; traffic both ways was heavy.

PROGRESS through Pasadena was slow. Plenty of traffic cops lurking around, and I didn't want a ticket. We continued moving at a modest pace until after we'd passed the town and come within sight of the gaudy magnificence of the Santa Anita track. After that we picked up a little speed. Just short of San Bernardino I pulled up across the street from a big lunchroom which specialized in short orders, thick malts and juke boxes. I said, "We've got a lot of time to kill. We'd better eat something."

I finally sold Pat an order of bacon and eggs and ordered the same for myself. She ate a little, but not much. I did all right by mine. We each had three cups of coffee, and we wound up on lemon meringue pie. Some high-school kids barged in, dropped nickels in the juke-box slot, and a name orchestra began to beat out loud jive. I paid the check, tipped the waitress and we went back to the car. We leaned against the cushions and just talked. We still had too much time.

The food had helped me, and it had done wonders for Pat. She was still tense, but not jittery. Finally she said, "I can't help being apprehensive, Steve."

"I hoped you had quit worrying."

"Worrying has become a habit with me." She lighted a cigarette for herself. "Will Rex be there?"

"I think so."

"How far will you play along with him?"

I said carefully, "It all depends on what he's got on his mind."

"You'll be careful? Every second?"

"I said I'd do my best. I didn't like the setup any better than she did, but it still looked like a smart play. Anything seemed preferable to the doubt which had been plaguing me for so long. And there was another angle I hadn't discussed with Pat: Marty Walsh hadn't checked me out of his calculations. Not by a long shot, he hadn't. He couldn't

touch me for the killing of Jeff Nulty, and he didn't have any gripe against me personally, but he still thought the jury which acquitted me had been wrong.

We turned left at a highway intersection, and I stopped for more gas. We didn't need it, but a checkup is always in line when you're heading out into the mountains and desert.

I headed north, avoiding the town. I knew the approximate distance we still had to travel. By taking it at a conservative thirty, we ought to hit it on the nose.

The road started to climb a few miles north of the town. It would keep right on climbing. This was the beginning of Cajon Pass.

Up and up. Twisting and turning. We were in the mountains now—among peaks and ravines and canyons. There was a quarter moon and a million stars. The air was cool but not cold. It was fragrant with the odor of sage and manzanita. It was mountain and desert all together: lonely, stupendous, impressive country.

At the top of the pass, the road swung left in a long, leisurely arc. Our headlights picked out a gas station and a half-dozen forlorn cottages painted in broad, diagonal zebra stripes. This was our checking point. I looked at the speedometer, made a mental note, and added 3.2 to the total.

I drove meticulously from there on, remembering Rex Kingsley's warning about the danger of overshooting the mark. Precisely at the 3.2 point I saw what looked like a trail jutting off to the right. I made sure there were no other cars about, went into second and nosed cautiously along the path.

Thirty feet after leaving the road, it dropped downward. It kept right on dropping. I wondered how a car could manage to turn around, but that was something to worry about later. I shifted into low, and moved even more slowly.

A quarter of a mile. That's not far, but it's still difficult to estimate. I put my lights on bright. Lots of sage, a few Joshua trees. Hills, ravines, nothing else.

Then suddenly my headlights picked out a long, sleek convertible. Rex Kingsley's car. It had been backed off the trail, as though in preparation for starting its upward climb suddenly.

I didn't see Kingsley. I got out from under the wheel, leaving my lights on. Pat got out the other side. I took her hand.

We approached the car slowly. I called Rex's name. My voice seemed to carry forever. There was no answer.

That was odd. If he were anywhere around, he couldn't have failed to hear me. But even when I called again, he didn't answer.

And then, suddenly, I knew why: Rex Kingsley was there, all right. He was lying on his face on the far side of his new car.

It took me less than ten seconds to realize that he was dead.

WHATEVER I had expected to find, it wasn't this. I had looked forward to a long, informative, perhaps unpleasant, talk with Rex Kingsley. But the man wouldn't talk again. Not ever.

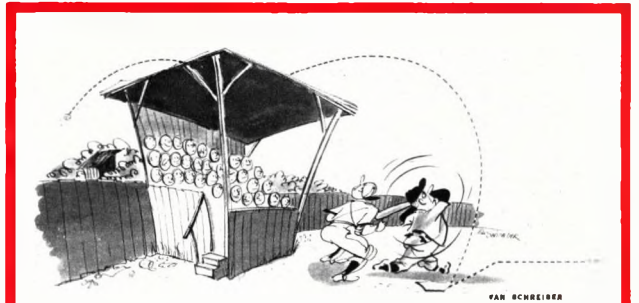
Pat was down on her knees beside the body. She was limned in the headlights of my car as sharply as a stage star in a big scene. Only she wasn't acting, not at all. She had one hand on Rex Kingsley's cold forehead, the other on his shoulder. She showed more shock than grief, but I couldn't be sure. It hadn't been so long since she reminded me that she had once loved this man.

The scene was too brilliantly lighted, too stark. I walked back to my car and got a flashlight out of the glove compartment. I snapped off the head lamps. I went back to where Pat was, throwing a little circle of light wherever I wanted it to go.

I put my hand on Pat's head. It wasn't much of a gesture, nor all that I would have liked to do, but it was something. More than anything else in the world, I wanted to help her, to soften the blow that already had fallen, and to shield her from what was still in store.

I didn't know how to go about it. I had the insane feeling that Rex Kingsley was listening to whatever I might say; that he could see me with his wife, that I must be careful not to intrude on things which were none of my business.

I had disliked Kingsley from the moment of our first meeting, but I didn't dislike him now. I was sorry for him.



SPORTING ODDS

Shortly after the turn of the century, Marysville, Missouri, had a baseball team in the Mink League, so named because it was cornered on four states: Missouri, Iowa, Nebraska and Kansas. Their second-base pride and joy, and occasional despair, was Bulger Walsh. In one game, Bulger was at bat with two strikes on him. The pitcher put everything he had on the next pitch, a low ball with a lot of drop. Bulger took a mighty swing—and missed. This was lucky. For the ball slammed into the front edge of the plate, bounced high over the catcher, umpire and grandstand, and disappeared. Bulger waddled around the bases, all four of them, for a home run—and a strike-out. And the homer was allowed, for there was no ground rule covering interference by the grandstand.

—C. E. Kane, Chicago, Illinois

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And if I was experiencing that much of an emotional impact, what must his wife be feeling?

Her voice came up to me, scarcely more than a whisper. She said, "This doesn't make sense, Steve."

"What doesn't, Pat?"

"Rex. Killed. Why? By whom?"

I couldn't answer that.

"I—I can't understand it," she said.

I made a quick but thorough examination. Rex had been shot twice, both times just under the left breast. Either of the bullets could have killed him. Why he was on his face, I didn't know.

I turned the flash on Pat. She looked as though she might crack wide open. I didn't relish the thought. Not that I'd mind nursing her under ordinary circumstances, but this was something different.

I said, "Listen, Pat—and this is awful important. Until later, try to forget it's Rex. Keep a grip on yourself. Promise?"

She nodded stiffly.

"Things have got to be done," I went on. "I have to look around. I'll have to get someone out here pretty soon. I want to go through his pockets."

"A lot of women won't have babies these days because they're afraid of another war," Susan Pickett told Jeff Baker. "And that's why I won't have another man. I'm afraid of losing him." The young diplomat tried to convince her that was cowardice—but when Susan agreed, it was almost too late. The cold war was getting hot, and Jeff was headed for the middle of it.

BEGINNING NEXT WEEK

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"Why?"

"He said over the phone that he had documentary proof which would clear up all the mess. If that proof is still in his pocket, or in his car, I want to find it. I want to find it first."

I heard a sound a little way up the hill. I snapped off my flashlight. I was jittery as hell. I got the idea the killer might be lurking somewhere. It would be a lovely setup for him: Rex Kingsley dead. Pat Kingsley and Steve Blake in perfect target position.

I squatted down alongside where Pat was sitting. I wanted to put my arms around her, but I didn't. I wondered whether she understood why I couldn't help feeling that this was Rex's last scene, and that I ought to leave the spotlight to him. My heart was hammering. The fear that someone was lurking up the hill persisted. My intelligence told me that the murderer was long gone from Cajón Pass, that the sound I had heard was just a coyote that was probably twice as scared as I was, if that were possible.

I turned the flashlight on again, and handed it to Pat. If someone wanted to do something, this was his chance. I said, "This isn't going to be easy, Pat. You know I'd spare you if I could. But I need a light, and I also need both my hands. Will you help?"

She didn't answer. But she did what I asked. She held the light steadily.

I flipped back the right side of Rex's coat. The first thing I saw was a long, bulging wallet. Expensive tooled leather. It was halfway in the pocket, halfway out. Someone could have taken something else from that pocket and left the wallet that way.

I looked inside. It was filled with nice new currency: hundreds and fifties. I

didn't take time to count it, but Pat had said he'd drawn eight thousand dollars from the bank, and this would come pretty close to being that much. In any event, it was a lot of money.

There was another wallet in his left hip pocket. Perhaps a hundred dollars in that one. In the other trousers pockets, some dollar bills and a little silver. The smaller wallet had identification cards. In his other pockets were cigarettes and matches. There was the beautiful gold cigarette case I'd seen before. He was wearing an expensive wrist watch and a ring set with a too-large diamond. You could think anything you wanted about his death, except it couldn't be robbery. Whoever had killed Mr. Kingsley had done so because he wanted Mr. Kingsley to be dead. Period.

I looked all around for a gun or a shell. No sign of either, but that didn't mean anything. A gun could have been tossed forty feet away and I could have looked for a week without finding it.

I got up and pulled Pat to her feet. She didn't protest. She followed me to Rex's car, walking like an automaton. His keys were still in the ignition. Again I had her hold the flash for me, while I went over the car. Everything seemed to be shipshape. I flicked the light around, looking for a third set of tire tracks. I didn't find them. Whoever had killed Rex had walked down the trail. Or had ridden with him.

I FOUND a hummock near by which I was just about of bench height. I pulled Pat down beside me, and put my arm around her. I knew that no matter what the circumstances I would always be poignantly aware of her nearness, that I would always want my arm about her. I tried to keep my feelings out of my voice. I said, "Whoever killed Rex took whatever it was he wanted to show me. It must have been in his inside coat pocket, where the long wallet was. Have you any idea what it could have been?"

She shook her head.

"Anything you can think of," I prompted. "No matter how far-fetched it seems."

She shook her head again. Then she began to tremble, as a person trembles at the beginning of a chill. It wasn't the cold, although it was plenty chilly here. It was a trembling that came from inside, from too much emotion pent up too tightly and too long.

She started to cry. She put her arms around me and kept right on crying. It was a quiet crying, rather dreadful. I didn't try to stop her. I didn't say a word. After all, what was there to say? I kept my arm about her, holding her body close against mine. I reached over with my free hand and stroked her cheek. Eventually the crying stopped and her body was still again, and we sat that way, just the two of us lost in a world that was bigger than all eternity.

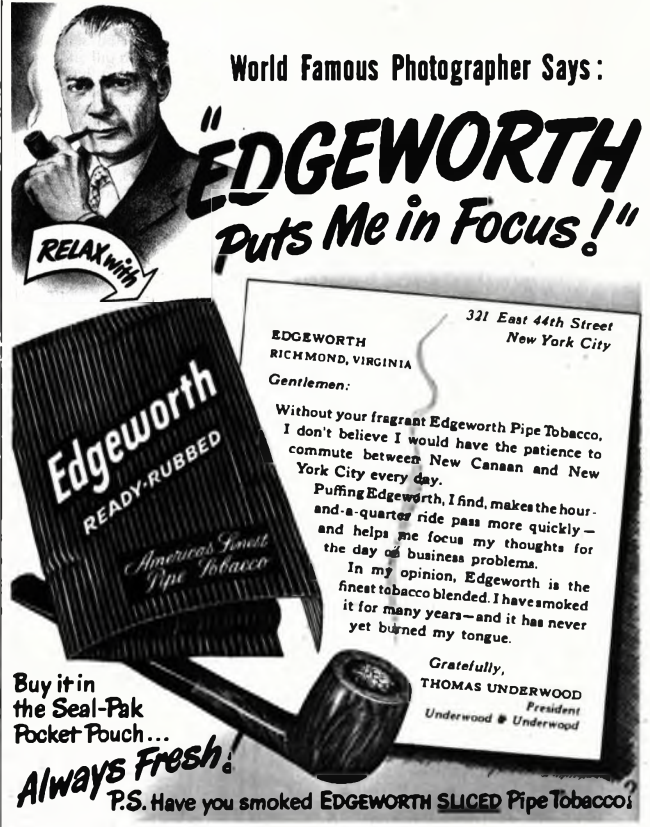
After a long, long time she got herself under control. I told her we had to do things. We had to get word to the sheriff in San Bernardino, and ask him to notify Marty Walsh. Walsh would be mighty interested in this.

I said I was going to try to flag a car headed for San Berdo. I explained it would be better if we didn't leave the body of Rex Kingsley. I took her hand and we walked slowly up the trail to the main road.

Three cars appeared, traveling south. They didn't even slow down in answer to my thumb appeal. I said, "They don't want any part of a man hitchhiker on this lonely stretch, Pat. I'll step back here in the darkness. You flag the next one. They'll stop for a woman."

She nodded.

One car ignored the lonely woman on the deserted highway, but the next one stopped. There was a couple in it, a young man and his girl friend. Or maybe she was his wife. They had been seeing



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SYLVANIA RADIO TUBES

the New Year in at Las Vegas and were headed home. Even when I stepped into the picture, the man didn't turn a hair.

I pointed down the hill and said there had been a bad accident. I let them think it was my car. I said a man had been killed. Instantly the man and woman became solicitous.

I said there was only one thing they could do. Get into San Bernardino as fast as they could and go straight to the sheriff's office. I handed the man my card and asked him to give it to the sheriff. I told him it was of vital importance to ask the sheriff to telephone Lieutenant Marty Walsh of the Los Angeles Homicide Division.

THE woman in the car looked at my card. Then she looked at Pat Kingsley. I saw recognition leap into her eyes. Steve Blake and Mrs. Patricia Maxwell Kingsley. All alone in the mountains with a dead body. Sure, they'd know about us, if they could read.

The driver reached into the glove compartment of his car. He said, "It's cool up here. Maybe you and the young lady might be able to use this."

I accepted gratefully. He gave me his card, renewed his promise and drove away. His car was a good one. It vanished swiftly and smoothly. Pat and I found another hummock by the side of the road, far enough back to be clear of headlights. I made her take a big drink.

We sat silent for a long time. I began to think back over all the things that had happened since I had first seen her; the things I understood and the ones I didn't expect ever to understand. I took her hand and started to talk.

I said, "I don't know what's right and what's wrong about this, Pat—but there's something I'd like to say. Now. For whatever it's worth, I want you to know that I love you. I've loved you for a long time. I've never understood you, but that still hasn't made any difference."

She was silent. I started worrying. And then her voice came to me, ever so faintly. She said, "I've loved you for a long time, too, Steve. I couldn't help it, either."

I drew her closer in the circle of my arm. It was out in the open now, for better or for worse, for happiness or for misery. I made no attempt to kiss her. We simply clung to each other, not talking at all. It was a hell of a love scene, but for the moment I forgot tragedy and doubt and uncertainty, and remembered only that I was happy.

Two people in love can say a lot without words. Pat and I were that way. For a while there wasn't anybody else in the world. The mountains and the desert were there just for us. Someday perhaps we could act like normal human beings who loved each other. Now we could just sit quietly and know that it was so.

A car came whirling up the pass. I touched Pat's hair with my lips and said, "Steady, darling." It was the first term of endearment I'd ever used with her. It gave me a nice, possessive feeling.

I walked out on the road and flagged the car down. I knew it had to be the sheriff.

The car jerked over to the side of the road, and three men tumbled out. One of them carried quite a bit of extra weight, but he was solid, too. He showed me a badge and said he was Sheriff Watterson of San Bernardino County. I told him who I was and introduced Pat. He, in turn, introduced the other two men. They were deputies. He said, "Who's down yonder?"

I said, "Rex Kingsley. Mrs. Kingsley's husband."

"Accident?"

"No. Murder."

He took it in stride. His soft, pleasant voice didn't betray any excitement. He said, "Got any ideas, Blake?"

I said no. I told briefly about finding the body. I didn't mention the thing Rex

had called documentary proof, and which was apparently missing. He conferred with his deputies and sent them down the hill. They looked tall and rangy and efficient. I suppose they had to be. Policing an area as vast as San Bernardino County must be a considerable job. He told them to search carefully, and not to disturb anything, especially anything which might have fingerprints on it. "Even these folks' prints," he finished. "Of course, you've kind of poked around, haven't you, son?"

I said I had. He didn't seem surprised. I don't think he was ever surprised.

I asked him about Marty Walsh. He said he'd phoned right away and had contacted Marty. He said the lieutenant seemed mighty interested. He was on his way. We were all supposed to wait for him. "And if I know those L. A. homicide boys, he's practically here now," the sheriff finished.

He asked a few questions. I told my story, again—still omitting the supposedly missing document. That, I was saving for Marty. Watterson listened patiently. He spoke only two or three times, and then merely to say, "Ain't that a helluva note! Excuse me, ma'am."



The story took quite a while in the telling. Down the hill I could see two flashlights poking around. Then the ravine was lighted up. That would mean that they had turned on the headlights of both cars.

The San Bernardino coroner showed up. The official photographer was with him. They chatted with Sheriff Watterson and stumbled down the hill.

Watterson didn't try any tough-cop stuff. He was plain as an old shoe, and as comfortable. He put himself out to please Pat Kingsley.

Another car came racing. Watterson said, "That'll be your friend from L. A." He was right. It was Marty Walsh, looking slender and dapper and efficient. Behind him bulked the tall, solid figure and granite face of Sergeant Vic Tremont.

Sheriff Watterson and Marty shook hands. They conversed in whispers. Then they approached us. Pat and I got up.

Marty was neither friendly nor hostile. He said, "The sheriff tells me Rex Kingsley is lying down yonder, dead."

I nodded.

"You think it was murder, Steve?"

"Yes. He was shot at least twice. Right around the heart."

Marty Walsh looked up at the moon and the stars. He looked at me. He looked at Pat Kingsley.

"Same old rat race," he commented. "Just a different background."

Sheriff Watterson was a nice guy. He

sat around with us until they'd taken what remained of Rex Kingsley far away from Cajon Pass to the morgue in San Bernardino. Then he took us to his home—us being Pat, myself, Lieutenant Marty Walsh, Sergeant Vic Tremont and one of his two deputies.

We sat around and talked. Everybody knew the questions, but no one seemed to have the answers. It was like that. Same old story against a fresh backdrop. Cajon Pass instead of the Casa Linda. Watterson didn't try to take the case away from Marty just because it happened in his territory. That was good, because otherwise we'd have had to do a lot of explaining about things that never had been in the newspapers.

Marty Walsh left it up to us whether we'd prefer to hole up in some San Berdoo hotel for the night or beat it right back to Los Angeles. He didn't suggest that we were under arrest or likely to be, but that didn't mean he wasn't considering it. Pat said she'd prefer to go home. It was decided that Vic Tremont would drive my car while Marty, Pat and myself rode in the police car.

Marty stopped long enough to buy gas, have his oil and tires checked and lay in

couldn't see any sense going over it twice." She was staring at the broad ribbon of road ahead of us. "I can clear up one part of this case."

"Which part?" Walsh's voice was unemotional, but I detected a note of eagerness in it.

"The beginning," stated Pat quietly. "I can tell it now because my husband is dead. Rex killed Jeff Nulty."

For a few seconds, silence hung heavy in the car. Then Marty asked, "You sure of that, Mrs. Kingsley?"

"Yes."

"What makes you so sure?"

"He told me."

More silence. I could feel Marty thinking. His profile didn't show whether he was surprised.

Marty tried to make it more specific. He said, "Are you telling me that your husband confessed to you that he killed Jeff Nulty?"

"Yes."

"When?"

"The day before I went on the stand to testify for Steve."

"Go ahead, please."

I was sorry for Pat. She wasn't finding it easy. But she kept going. "Rex and I haven't hit it off for a long time, Marty. I stuck with him because there had once been affection, because I had perhaps too much pride . . . and maybe because I was stubborn. I hadn't made out too well. I had married Rex against the advice of my father and friends . . . and I was determined to make the best of what seemed like an exceedingly bad bargain."

"We didn't quarrel much. Maybe you'll understand if I say he nagged me. Ever since I caused his injury in that accident—"

"It wasn't your fault," I broke in harshly.

"I was driving. I was careless. The only thing in the world that meant anything to Rex was his dancing. When he learned that he could never dance again, I think he hated me. He didn't say so, but he was bitter. And, no matter how I felt about him, I was terribly sorry for him. Sometimes pity can be a stronger emotion than love."

Marty said, "Yeah. It sure can."

"From the day I heard about Jeff Nulty being killed, I had a suspicion that Rex had done it. I didn't believe it was Steve . . ."

"It couldn't have been," said Walsh. "Wasn't you with him in his apartment when it happened?"

I tried to stop Pat, but she ignored me. She said calmly, "No, Marty. I wasn't. You knew all the time I was lying."

"Uh-huh. Especially after I met you. You ain't the type you advertised you was."

IT WAS a backhanded compliment. But it was well meant. Walsh went on, "Then, of course, it could have been Blake."

"I was sure not. Rex hated Nulty. I think they were both fascinated by Conchita. What was fully as important was that Rex loathed being anybody's assistant, especially someone like Nulty, who didn't know the first thing about running a night club."

"Seems to me he did a pretty good job."

"Rex was doing that. He knew it, and Nulty knew it. They never quarreled because Rex didn't want to be kicked out. But he'd get sore at Nulty and tell me about it. After a while, his hatred got pretty deep. Holding it in all the time, I suppose that can cause a sort of . . . well, a sort of emotional corrosion."

"Yeah . . ." Marty was just stringing along. "Kinda eats on you inside."

"Rex was present at Steve's cocktail party. He saw Nulty's brutal attack and heard Steve's threat. That night, before I heard anything about Jeff having been killed, I knew something was wrong. Rex had a bad case of the jitters. When I

learned what had happened, I figured that Rex had done it."

"Reaching kinda far, wasn't it, Mrs. Kingsley?"

"No—I knew Rex pretty well. I didn't know how he had got the gun..."

"That'd be easy," Walsh volunteered. "Anybody could get a key to a lock like was on Blake's door at the Collins."

"Rex took too much interest in Steve's trial. He did more than brood over it; he seemed worried. He was too anxious to see Steve convicted. That seemed to check with what I already suspected. Then the day before the trial ended, I told him I knew he had killed Nulty. At first he was panicky, then he got mad. We quarreled bitterly. Finally he admitted that he had killed Nulty. He told me to go to the cops with it. He said I had wrecked his life and ruined his career—now I could top it off by sending him to the gas chamber. I knew I couldn't ever do that."

HER voice had become low and almost pleading. "I don't even expect you to understand how I felt, Marty. Or you either, Steve. But you can't be married to a man, you can't have been in love with him once, you can't feel responsible for his misery... and say the words that will cost his life."

"Nulty was dead. There was nothing I could do about that. Right or wrong, I never seriously considered telling the police that Rex had killed Jeff Nulty. But I wasn't going to see an innocent man convicted, either."

"I told Rex what I intended to do. He seemed relieved. I think if he'd believed that I intended to betray him, he would have killed me."

"So you were scared of him?"

"I suppose so. I don't know how frightened I was. Or how much courage I might have had. I cooked up the story I told on the stand. I went to Mr. Garland and volunteered to testify. He didn't know I was perjuring myself."

"You sure went whole hog."

"I had to. The jury had to believe me. The only way I could be sure they would was to show that I was sacrificing something. They'd believe I wouldn't ever do that unless it was true. I'm not defending myself, Marty. I'm not saying how you, or anyone else, would have felt or what you would have done. I'm only explaining how I felt and what I did. I committed perjury—"

"We can skip that for a while. Alongside of murder, it ain't important. Tell me this, Mrs. Kingsley—why did your husband hide the murder gun in the closet in Rusty Mason's office?"

"I don't know."

"Were there any shenanigans between Miss Mason and Jeff Nulty?"

"I don't know. But there could have been. Not only because of what we know now about their previous association, but also because Rex insisted that Nulty was a rake."

Walsh nodded. "Could be, of course. And that Rusty—she's the luscious type." He passed cigarettes around and slowed down to light his and hold the match for Pat. He said, "You sure loused us up good, Mrs. Kingsley. You sure did."

"You believe me now?"

"Why not? Your boy friend here is safe on the Nulty deal. Your husband is dead. Yeah, I believe you. Your story is just screwy enough to be true. And it sounds reasonable to me that you'd prefer to sacrifice your own reputation than to see an innocent man convicted. Provided Blake was innocent."

Walsh turned his attention to me. "What do you think of the setup, Steve?"

I said, "I believe Pat. I understand her motives. When a person confesses that he murdered another man, you've got to believe him. Everything she did was based on that belief. It was aggravated by her odd relationship to her husband." I drew a deep breath. "But I still don't think Rex Kingsley killed Jeff Nulty."

(To be concluded next week)



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TENNIS' RHYTHM BOYS

Continued from page 4

Spinners firing from long range took plenty of Minnesota trout in shallow water last spring. Fly casters, who operate from shorter range, frequently had to detour shallow water because their wade-in style scared the fish.

Of course, spinning isn't going to replace either fly or bait casting, but there are times and places where spinning tackle comes in handy. Outdoor writer Bud Jackson found that out on a recent excursion to Bridger Lake in the Wyoming Absarokas.

"Bridger was packed with trout," Bud reports, "scrappy two- and three-pounders, but it wasn't a good spot for fly or bait fishing. Timber grew right down to the water's edge, and the lake bottom dropped abruptly. Wading was too risky."

"Consequently, the trees cut off the backcast room you need for flies, and using bait plugs wasn't much fun, because a stiff bait rod is just a little too heavy for a two-pound trout. A spinning rod—which I didn't have—would have been the sporting solution."

Spinning blends fly and bait casting technique. Bait casters use sturdy rods and don't need much windup because their plugs (½ to ¾ ounces) are heavy enough to pull line from a revolving spool. Fly enthusiasts need lots of windup (crack-the-whip backcast) because they throw the line and their featherweight (1/50 ounce) lures go along for the ride.

Spinning rods—almost as light and whippy as fly rods—handle 1-ounce lures without fly-rod backcast. The secret is a spool reel mounted parallel to the axis of

the rod. The spool doesn't revolve like a bait spool. Instead, the line rolls easily off the forward end, much as you pull thread from a spool. But the line must be light.

Spinning tackle operates successfully in hard-to-fish spots where you need distance and light lures, or there isn't enough backcast room. It works well on trout, salmon, smallmouthed bass and pike—particularly if you like to go after pike with light flasher spoons and pork rind.

► THE BIG DRIVE

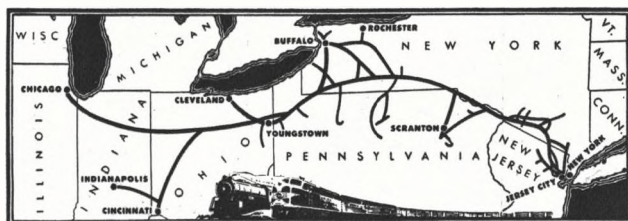
Who hits the longest tee shots? Some pros say Jim Thomson. Others say Skip Alexander. Golf fans in the Pittsburgh district nominate amateur Frank Souchak, burly varsity end on Pitt's 1937 Rose Bowl champion team.

Souchak supporters like to tell skeptics what Frank did to a 575-yard par-5 hole at Grove City, Pennsylvania, where the fairway curves around a lake. Frank took the all-water route—330 yards from tee to green—and socked his drive eight feet from the cup.

Wind and roll have to be considered in all long-drive arguments. Souchak had a slight tail wind. Alexander drove 290 yards last spring on an uphill fairway with no wind and no roll.

Craig Wood probably blasted the longest ball in major tournament competition—a 430-yard wallop in the 1933 British Open. Craig had a strong wind and a long roll on a brick-hard fairway.

THE END



HOMEMADE

Glamour



NO. 4972—SIZES 14-17—80 CENTS
FABRIC—BURMEL SLIPPER SATIN
JEWELRY—CORN
SHOES—CAPUCIN
FUR JACKET—GINSBERG AND ACKERMAN

Above, a slipper satin formal that is certain to conquer stag lines. Adele Simpson, one of America's leading designers, demonstrates the importance of fit and correct choice of fabric in achieving the custom look. Right, Toni Owen, who specializes in mix 'em and match 'em separates, suggests a gathered flannel skirt and separate wool jersey top for a dressy sportswear look

NO. 4969—SIZES 11-17—25 CENTS
FABRIC—WYNER JERSEY
JUILLIARD FLANNEL
JEWELRY—GOLD



Admiring glances indicate the success of Emily Wilkens' low-cut neckline, snug bodice and full skirt

A matching faille bolero added to this graceful dress gives an informal touch for a less festive evening

MAYBE it was letting down their hems last year that set some women to sewing. Maybe it was the high price of ready-to-wear. Whatever it was, girls are hard at it now and home sewing is enjoying its biggest boom.

Pattern companies report that they did a \$50,000,000 business last year, selling 167,000,000 patterns as compared to 60,000,000 in the best prewar year. Sales are still mounting. Piece goods yardages have more than doubled since 1940. Sewing-machine manufacturers say they can't catch up with orders before next spring. Sewing classes have tripled in four years, and they're harder to get into than a Broadway show.

Young girls are a big part of the sewing boom because they want more clothes than Dad is willing to buy. And they've found it's a cinch to make them.

Falling in with this idea, Collier's asked four of America's most popular designers of young clothes to design costumes typical of their new winter line. We asked the Advance Pattern Company to construct patterns from the designs. These will be available in leading stores through the country the second week of August. Then we asked for sewing advice from Miss Helen Yeo, designer for Advance; Mrs. Edna Bright Bishop, some of whose sewing methods have been included in these patterns' instructions, and Mrs. Mary Campbell, director of the popular Singer sewing center on New York's Fifth Avenue.

We wanted to know typical errors of the amateur sewer. From experts, here's what we learned:

1. Most beginners buy their patterns too small. A woman who wears a 16 in a ready-made dress may need an 18 pattern. Order by bust measurement, and adjust waist and shoulders if necessary.

Young girls have the additional problem of deciding whether they are Teen Age or Junior Miss in shape. Teen Age patterns are sizes 10 to 16, and squarish; Junior Miss patterns are 11 to 17, and more shapely. A girl needs to let her mirror as well as the measurements on the pattern envelope be her guide, says Miss Yeo. The patterns here are Junior Miss.

2. Inexperienced sewers sometimes fail to follow the grain of the fabric in cutting patterns. The grain is the straight up-and-down thread and with every pattern comes a cutting layout, showing how to lay the pattern pieces on the fabric. Be sure to follow these directions accurately.

3. The beginning sewer grips her cloth with a nervous desperation. This can create a stretch and strain from which the cloth never recovers. Relax and hold your fabric easily. When you press it, really press. Don't iron the daylight out of it.

With hat, bag and gloves, Miss Owen's separates make a smart ensemble in town for the early autumn

HAT—MADCAPS BAG—LESCO



BY RUTH CARSON

For the benefit of girls who make their own dresses, Collier's presents styles by four top designers

At an armhole, a neckline, or wherever cloth has to be cut across the grain, stretching is a hazard. Mrs. Bishop proposes a row of machine stitching, which she calls the stay-line, to prevent it. The stay-line is placed a scant half inch from edge of the material. If you are stay-lining a neckline, for example, stitch from each shoulder to the center front. This line of machine stitching holds cloth as the pattern intended.

Mrs. Bishop has taught her system, which she calls Modern Construction Techniques, at Syracuse and Carnegie Tech and in lectures throughout the country. With her special tricks of stitching, she maintains, little pinning and no basting are necessary.

Costumes shown, say our experts, are easy to make, and here are a few helpful tips.

The gray and purple two-piece dress by Toni Owen typifies her famous separates. "The tight basque top," she tells us, "represents the dress look in sportswear."

Be sure, say the pattern people, to cut the contrasting gray bands on a true bias so that they will lie flat. Frances Sider's dark green velveteen jumper with pink crepe blouse is another popular pair of separates. "Wear the jumper with the blouse all day," says Miss Sider, "then park the blouse for your dinner date."

If you stitch the skirt seam up from the hem instead of down from the waist, you get a smoother job.

Adele Simpson designed a dance dress with fitted high waistline, tiny puffed sleeves, graceful off-the-shoulder neckline and handsome sweep of gored skirt. She specified heavy slipper satin, but it could also be made in faille, taffeta or waffle piqué for summer.

Follow directions carefully for lengthening or shortening the pattern to hug your waistline, if you want to look precious in the middle.

Emily Wilkens, who designed our fourth costume, was perhaps the first to specialize in clothes for Teen Agers turned Junior Miss. Her new book, Here's Looking at You, tells them how to plan a wardrobe.

"A girl needs a basic suit, a wool dress, a black silk dress, a tea dress and a dinner dress," she says. "This sleeveless, low-necked faille dress with bolero jacket was designed for Collier's to fill the tea dress bill."

Watch your stay-lines. Mind the grain. Have fun with Collier's dresses. ★★★

Within two weeks Advance patterns may be purchased at leading stores in your city, or enclose price of pattern and order from COLLIERS, Dept. 873, 250 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y. Pattern sizes 11-17

The back view of the portrait neckline of Miss Simpson's elegant satin dance dress gives a flattering effect



NO. 4974—SIZES 11-17—28 CENTS
FABRIC—BURMIL RAYON FAILLE CREPE
JEWELRY—CASTLECLIFF
SHOES—CAPEZIO

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S
BY ZOGBAUM

NO. 4974—SIZES 11-17—28 CENTS
FABRIC—BURMIL RAYON FAILLE CREPE
JEWELRY—CASTLECLIFF
SHOES—CAPEZIO



Above, the date dress in Jacquard faille with velvet bows is typically Junior Miss and Emily Wilkens. Miss Wilkens' designs for the young teens are largely responsible for starting a trend in fashion-wise clothes for the awkward age. Right, Frances Sider designs for the busy career girl. From desk to date, the velveteen jumper may be worn to the office with crepe blouse, as shown, or without, if you're rushed and have a festive evening and an important date

The modified fullness in the skirt of Miss Sider's jumper is indicative of skirt styles for fall wear

Without the blouse and with jewels added the jumper becomes a dress for a social evening of fun

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CHASERS

MOUNTAIN MUTTON

Continued from page 17

It's all over in twenty-five minutes. "Twelve hundred lambs; nine hundred eighty-nine ewes. Right?" says the forster.

"Close," says Crosby. "The old ewe wearing a herder's hat made you miss a couple."

The herd drops down into the canyon again and fords shallow Soldier Creek. There is a steep ride through heavy spruce and a gray cloud bank and then a long climb up a seven switchback slope to a park on the ridgetop at eleven thousand feet. The timber is gnarly and stunted up here and the going is hard across the slide-rock. Down off the ridge there is a steep seventy-five-foot slope and the sheep flow down like a cataract.

Here and there are the old rock monuments, erected by early herders, that used to mark the trail, but now the Forest Service has put up black-and-orange signs: "Center of Driveway," in English and Spanish.

Sheep raising in the Rockies is always a gamble. The trick is to breed the ewes late in December so that the lambs will come just after the last snows and blizzards the following spring. Once the breeding is over, the chips are down; the crop will come 145 days later, regardless of weather.

After lunch we hit the trail again; it winds on over high mesas and bald knobs of slide-rock and so to Upper Ketchum Spring and past timber line at 11,500 feet. Here the camp tender packs up some dead red spruce and packs it on the mules for firewood. It will be five meals farther on before he hits timber again.

A Narrow Escape from Death

After dinner—which is "lunch" in cities—the sheep climb to the big mesa between Big Blue Creek and Elk Creek, where an altimeter would read 12,000. The jutting snow peak of old Uncompahgre looms through the mists and the trail flows around it. Superstitious sheepherders call it Vandenburg's monument. Just four years ago Crosby Vandenburg was rounding the peak when lightning struck him in the top of the head. It broke an eardrum, fused the coins in his pocket and exploded out the toe of his boot. He lay on the mountain thirty-six hours but lived to go up again.

The night camp is at Ketchum Lake, 12,750 feet. Here the frost is heavy and sheep huddle in the lee of a ninety-foot snowdrift hard enough for the horses to walk over. Camp is on the bare ground beside the drift.

The lambs aren't playing tonight. "Too tired," explains Crosby, "and besides, they don't fool around much after their tails are docked. I don't know why, but it seems to take the spirit out of them. . . . Plenty of stamina, though. Once in a while a lamb will be born on the trail. We give it three days and then it has to walk along with its mother.

"And don't get the idea sheep are dumb. These old ewes are pretty wise. They can remember a trail they've been over just once. You take them around a detour this year, and they'll head around it next year, too. They can pick out their own lambs by a sense of smell from among hundreds—which is more than a human mother can do."

We ask if it is true that, if a lamb dies and its pelt is stripped off and fastened on an orphan lamb, the ewe can be tricked into accepting it as her own.

"Yes," says Crosby, "if you leave on the tail. That's what the ewe goes by. She decides by sense of smell. After a day or two, you can take off the pelt and the ewe will go on mothering the orphan as if it were her own."

The morning brings the herd around

Uncompahgre Peak, through the drifts and over a slide-rock trail. The sheep must keep moving on the rock, or they'll all slide down into the canyon. It's 13,000 feet now. The herders and dogs pant and the pack train gets frequent rests. (Sometimes horses collapse and die of heart failure.) The sheep plod along, tired and nervous. The driveway leads along the ridges, down into a small basin, and onto the top of the pass. This is the summit—13,800 feet—with Uncompahgre Peak only a scant five hundred feet above. The wind howls dimly and snow flurries melt on the sheep's backs and settle on the horses. This is "high country" sheep pasture. Cattle cannot live at this altitude.

The herd moves on over a 'dobe hill and over another high pass into the Wetherhorn Creek canyon. Night camp is down a fast two and a half miles, at timber line. Here the stunted spruces appear again, the grass grows and the scrub willows sway in the gale.

A new morning, frost-laden, and the drive heads down through mountain parks to hit an old ore road built in 1857. The trail edges around iron beds, worked long ago with burros and scrapers.

Down, always down, to "Quaky Line," where the aspen start again. The end of the drive is in sight now, at the old ghost camp of Capitol City on North Henson Creek. Capitol once came within a few votes of being selected as the capital of Colorado. Here are open parks with green grass floors and willow patches, working beaver dams and the remains of the old Vulcan mine that flourished for exactly one week at a cost of \$90,000—with not a cent taken out.

This is snowslide country and the scars of the runs are like strips of hair torn from the timbered head of the mountain. Bear and red fox prowl the timber. Of the camp, there remain one old cabin, a falling stage barn, the remnants of the schoolhouse, long since taken over by trade rats. A narrow-gauge line once got up here, ten thousand feet in the air, but nothing is left now.

The herd is now on its summer range, on forest land leased under the Taylor Grazing Act. Crosby has a tract twelve miles long and from one to three miles

wide leased for ten years. It will cost him eight cents a month a sheep to pasture his herd. For that, everything from the grass roots up is his; everything from the roots down belongs to prospectors and miners.

The sheep will stay up here until about the fifth of September. After that, there is too much danger of blizzards; the grass will freeze down and lose its goodness. Lambs that straggled up in spring weighing around thirty pounds will bounce down in early fall weighing around seventy-two—having put on more weight than lambs kept in valley meadows far below on softer feed.

Grazing in High Pastures

To tend the herd during the summer there are one herder and one camp tender and mover. Trucks bring supplies around eighty miles by an old dirt stage road, and camps are changed as pasture is eaten down. In the fall the five-month-old lambs and ewes not wanted for breeding will be shipped away to Denver.

"You should have seen the boys eat in the old days," says Crosby, as camp is set for the last time on the drive. "One of their favorites was baked sheep's head—baked in the wool. They milked ewes for drink, and for a treat they wrapped thirty feet of the milk gut around tallow and fried it in deep grease. The early Spaniards here learned that from the Indians and passed it along to the herders."

But tonight it's canned goods and another rack of lamb, black coffee and potatoes boiled in snow water and berry preserve with condensed milk. . . . The sheep are bedded down in the parks and the frost comes creeping down from the peaks, black in the moonlight.

Behind are forty-seven miles of the hardest mountain trailing in America. As you slide into your bedroll and tuck in your ears Crosby and the herders and the camp tender are speculating on the price of lambs this fall.

"Might make a few dollars this year," says Crosby, remembering years when everybody went broke.

However many dollars it'll be, the boys certainly will have earned it.

THE END



COLLIER'S

hoff

"Try to meet us later. I'd like you to see what a marvelous build Mr. Twimble has in street-clothes"

THE WEEK'S MAIL

Continued from page 4

"jacks." And I can lick Lagemann any day of his life. If you or Lagemann wants to make a date with me you better address me as Old Lumberjack, in care of E. J. Petersen, Sand Lake, Mich.

WHO'S WHO WITH THE CLUTTERBRAINS?

DEAR SIR: After reading the many letters in response to Albert Maisel's article in the May 1st issue calling him clutter-brained (The Week's Mail, June 19th), as I understood the article it was one with which an intelligent veteran would agree. One point I thought he was trying to make, which seems to have been missed altogether, is that some of these schools are gyping the veterans. They arrange for the courses to be longer and more expensive than necessary in order to use as much as possible of the veterans' educational allotment.

Are veterans so shortsighted that they cannot see that they are going to be paying themselves for many years in taxes for all they are getting?

No—Albert Maisel is not clutter-brained—and they certainly are.

E. M. CALVERT, Los Angeles, Cal.

CHILD CUSTODY

DEAR WALTER DAVENPORT: In your May 29th issue in Open Letter to Jimmy Fidler you erroneously reported that my daughter Bobbe Junior lives with Mr. Fidler and his present wife. That is completely untrue. I have custody of the child.

MRS. JOHN SUTTON, Los Angeles, Cal.

In a custody proceeding instituted by Mrs. Sutton, the custody of Bobbe Junior was given to Mrs. Sutton for nine and one-half months of the year and temporary custody was given to Mr. Fidler for the remainder. During the period that the child is in the custody of one foster parent, she spends week ends with the other.

29 HORSE PARLAY

DEAR SIR: I enjoyed reading the article on Frank Menke (Figurin' Frank, June 5th). But there was a slight error when you stated that Frank, with all of his statistical background, never picked a winner at a race track. Back in 1937 we drove out with Ruth Lyons, then CBS program director, to cover the Latonia Derby. Frank's a great kiddier and on the way out to the track he kept riding Ruth about her age. We got to Latonia just in time for the daily double.

Frank, for want of a better system, took Ruth's age, 29—number two in the second race and number nine in the third. Sure enough Frank gathered in about \$270. Quite a system.

The following Saturday, assigned to describe the running of the American Derby, I played two and nine.

It won and I got \$81. I don't think two and nine have won since. I know. I've been playing it.

CY NEWMAN, Des Moines, Iowa

BEYOND THE FINISH LINE

DEAR EDITOR: In reading your A-bomb of a short short story, What Would You Do? (June 26), in which a "foreign" power threatens to take us by secreting A-bombs in our key cities, I have an idea for the finish of the story which makes me feel more comfortable (?).

Here it is picking it up from the last paragraph: "Gentlemen," the President of the U.S.A. said, "that is the situation. We have less than one hour. What shall we do?"

There was a moment of stunned silence and then a gradually rising hum of conversation that took place when little knots of Cabinet members spoke in hushed tones to one another. After a few minutes of this, the President asked again if anyone

had the solution and the grim silence that followed told him as well as words that no one had.

At this point, the President started to speak again. "Gentlemen," he said. "I have dreaded this moment for a long time—ever since our Intelligence learned that (Russia) had an atom bomb. At that time we couldn't announce it, but I took it upon myself to order the Atomic Commission to place bombs all over (Russia) just as they have done here. (Russia) has been notified." WHAT DOES THE WORLD DO NOW?

I will let someone else pick it up from this point.

FRANK ROSSI, New York, N. Y.

One question: How does reader Frank Rossi propose to plant the atom bombs in Russia? Please communicate with our Chief of Staff.

HIGH SCHOOL AWARDS

DEAR MR. DAVENPORT: It has made me very happy and proud that my student, Sueo Miyagawa at McKinley High School should have been selected to receive one of the Collier's high-school art awards (Teen-Age Talent, May 29th). My confidence in his ability has just been further justified by his winning a year's scholarship to the Honolulu School of Arts, where he will continue his studies next year.

I have found Sueo to be a very intelligent and sensitive boy.

IVALEE HARRINGTON, Honolulu, Hawaii

LWV

DEAR SIR: We cannot tell you how much we appreciate your editorial about the League of Women Voters (June 5th). We have had several letters of comment on it, many of them wanting more information. It goes to show how many people your magazine reaches and what impression your editorials make on the readers.

MRS. DONALD B. STOUGH,
Press Sec'y., League of Women Voters,
Washington, D. C.

UNHANDY MAN

DEAR SIR: In your June 12th column The Week's Work you mention Jay Hyde Barnum. Well, in 1914 he worked for Meyer Both & Company, fashion artists at Eighteenth & Indiana, Chicago, Ill. He was very good on color but he couldn't draw hands or feet. He was pretty foxy so he always tried to buy the hands and feet. If you notice on page 21 of June 12th he has part of the left hand buried as usual. But his color technique cannot be beat. How do I know this? I used to work at Meyer Both's in 1914.

GEORGE BUERN, Los Angeles, Cal.

In all my years of study in the realm of art I never found that beauty of design went hand in hand with academic accuracy of drawing. El Greco never thought so, nor do Matisse and Picasso. So why should I worry? JAY HYDE BARNUM



Earl Blossom

James Kimble, Sr.

The Kimble Garage at 1401 So. Harrison Street, Fort Wayne, Ind., has a reputation for fine workmanship. James Kimble, Sr., the owner, has been tearing down and repairing cars since 1911. He *knows* cars.

"Yes, I use Macmillan Oil in my own car. When you overhaul motors for 37 years as I have you get so you can see, feel and hear what a difference Macmillan Ring-Free makes. It pays to use Macmillan regularly."

You're right, Mr. Kimble... there's no motor oil in America like Macmillan Ring-Free. The patented Macmillan refining process guarantees fast lubrication... carbon removal... cleaner motors for smoother performance.

Thousands of garage and service station men throughout the nation choose and use Macmillan Ring-Free for their own cars. Follow the advice of these experts—use Macmillan regularly.



Collier's believes...



... SOME COMPANIES ARE TELLING 'EM

IN COLLIER'S for May 1st last, we shot an editorial entitled Collier's Believes . . . That Igleheart Said a Mouthful. It noted a recent speech by General Foods Corporation President Austin S. Igleheart, about the need for management these days to explain to employees the workings of and the reasons for the profit system—the idea being to counteract radicals' and crackpots' attacks on that system and to show workers that their interests are practically the same as those of employers.

At this writing, we have received three particularly interesting and instructive replies to that editorial, and expect quite a few more.

The International Harvester Company informs us that it has got out a booklet entitled Profits Mean Progress for Everyone, for distribution among its employees, and sends us a copy. The pamphlet is written in language that anybody can understand, and impresses us as a masterpiece in the art of social engineering, which was what Mr. Igleheart was talking about.

In Baltimore, the Glenn L. Martin aircraft concern for some months has been getting out a single-sheet company newsletter for its employees. Title: Talking It Over; and the sheet does just that, in plain English and the frankest possible manner. This is only one activity of the Martin company's Personnel and Public Relations office—a department to which any employee can take grievances or suggestions and expect a sympathetic reception.

At the Avco Manufacturing Company's American Central kitchen-equipment plant in Connersville, Indiana, General Manager Eric O. Johnson for a little more than a year has been personally running a "tell 'em what we're trying to do" program of occasional speeches to the employees. Mr. Johnson is described as a man who came up the hard way in the metal processing business, and consequently still speaks the language of the average employee. His creed: "Be honest with them. Tell them the truth. If nothing else has been accomplished, you certainly have a clear conscience."

We'd call all this most encouraging; and we hope this present report on what three leading companies are doing to explain the job to the jobholder may inspire a lot of others to similar activities. We're well aware that many others are already doing it, but the custom, it seems to us, cannot become too widespread in U.S. industry.

We don't know of a more important task facing management in these times, when the American capitalist system is under multiple attack from innumerable quarters, despite its having proved itself the most exuberantly productive and result-getting economic system yet evolved on earth.

... FIGURES WOULD BE HELPFUL: Every once in so often, some person or group gives with a loud blast against the comic books and/or the radio melodrama programs which are such favorites nowadays among millions of American children.

You're familiar with this complaint, no doubt—how it's alleged that these entertainments are too strenuous, and that they either tend to make nervous or emotional wrecks out of children or inspire them to go whooping out and commit murder or mayhem.

What we always look eagerly for, and don't find, whenever this complaint comes up, is a nice selection of statistics going to prove that the comic books and radio spine-wrinklers are as bad as all that.

For example, how many children in the year 1947 actually did blow their emotional or nervous tops and have to be sent to rest-cure homes or insane asylums as a direct result of reading comic books or bending the ears too steadily into the radio? And how many children in that same year did no such thing?

Again, how many children in 1947 or any other period really did try to fly out the window or up onto the roof like Superman, or kill some little

playmate in ways approved by various comic-book villains? And how many didn't?

We never see figures bearing on these questions. Yet without such statistics, it seems to us the enemies of the present-day thrillers are merely blowing off a lot of unsupported theories.

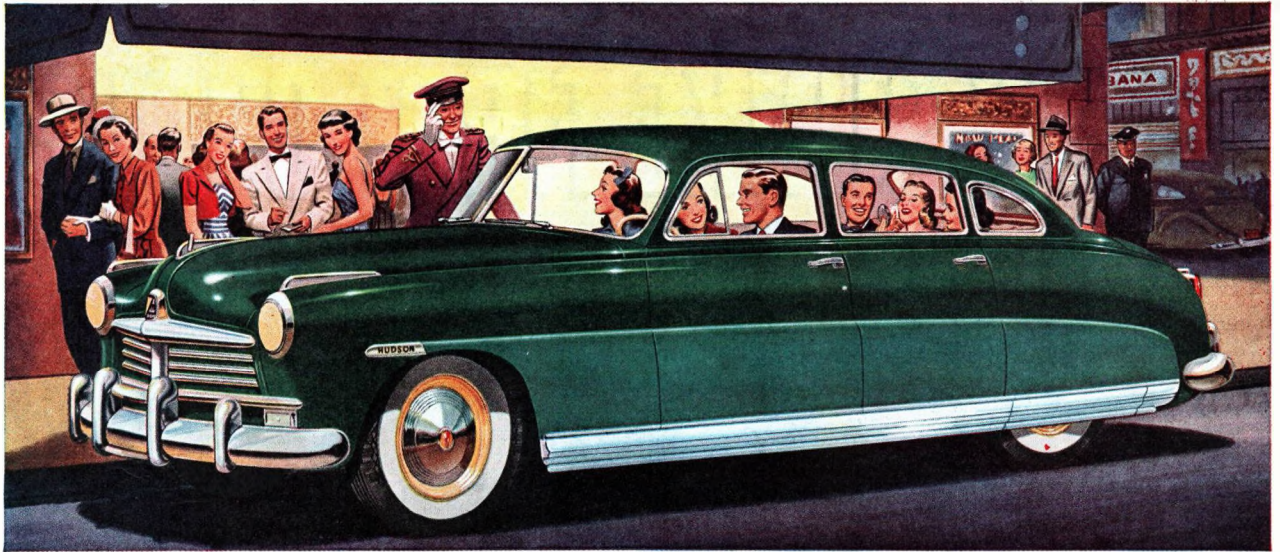
Until concrete, convincing, fully documented proofs of this kind are forthcoming, we think we'll just go on pretty much ignoring these earnest and alarmed persons. Our own guess is that they are the spiritual heirs of the heavy thinkers who used to moan two generations ago about what the dime novel would do to the youngsters of that era, and of the alarmists of a generation back who foresaw hideous evils flowing from the then popularity of movie serials like The Perils of Pauline and The Iron Claw. None of the nightmares came true in either case.

... BLOOD DONATIONS ARE ESSENTIAL: The great value of blood plasma and whole blood for any number of medical uses was dramatically demonstrated in World War II. Now, the American Red Cross is putting together a steady, year-in-year-out peacetime blood-donation program, so that physicians and surgeons all over the country can have access to dependable supplies of plasma and whole blood for use in treating accident victims, hemorrhage sufferers, women in childbirth, etc., etc.

It is estimated that 3,700,000 pints of donated blood per year will fill the bill—meaning that one pint a year is needed from at least one out of every 20 Americans between the ages of twenty-one and fifty-nine. That is hardly an excessive request.

The Red Cross at this writing has set up the first six of what will eventually be a nation-wide network of blood collection and distribution centers.

Will you please make a note of this, if you're healthy and near a blood center and anxious to do something patriotic and public-spirited from time to time? Why not?



What "Stepping Down" means to you

How the New Hudson, America's most streamlined car with the low silhouette, brings you roominess and comfort never before obtainable in an automobile.



You've seen them flashing by in all their sparkling color—those trim, gorgeous New Hudsons with the low, streamlined silhouette.

But have you really examined one of these amazing cars? They are the *big news* in the automobile world today!

Hudson, always known for great forward steps in the development of the automobile, and for efficient use of motive power, is again 'way out ahead with a motor car that hits a new high in efficient use of space—that makes a greater percentage of its total space actually available for your use and comfort.

When you take a close look, you'll find that Hudson, through the use of a new, exclusive "step-down" zone, reclaims so much usually wasted space that this sensationally efficient car gives you more useful interior room than you've ever before experienced in an automobile.

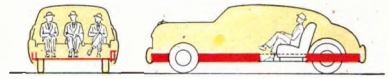
This new kind of motor car has a sturdy foundation structure surrounding the passenger compartment, which permits the floor to be recessed down within the base frame so that you step down when entering. This makes space between frame members, which is usually wasted, available for use inside the car.

Seats can thus be lowered to harmonize with the new, lower top, and by stepping down into Hudson, which is only five feet from ground to top, you get *more head room* than in any other mass-produced car built today!

And how about seating room? Hudson's new design reclaims space formerly taken up by wheel housings and protruding fenders. This is accomplished by placing rear seats ahead of the rear wheels, in a zone unrestricted by wheel housings. As a result, rear seats are 15 inches wider in this car that is only little more than four inches wider over-all. Both rear and front seats extend the full width of the body, giving Hudson the *roomiest* seats in any American-made car! Hudson's use of the "step-down" zone and unique seating arrangements are illustrated in the sketches that follow:



OTHER CARS—Passengers ride on top of a frame, which is shown in red, and (in the rear seat) between rear wheel housings, which occupy space that should be a part of seating room. Riding on top of a frame means that essential head room must be reduced if the roof is lowered for streamlining.



NEW HUDSON—You ride cradled down within Hudson's base frame, which is shown in red, and also ahead of the rear wheels. Seats can therefore extend full width of the car. Due to the use of the "step-down" zone, roof is lowered for streamlining, yet ample head room is provided.

The New Hudson even reclaims the unused space in doors by providing gorgeously tailored, recessed compartments where interior door handles, window cranks, ash receivers and generous arm rests are placed out of the way to allow increased elbow room for passengers.

This development of Hudson's exclusive, all steel Monobilt body-and-frame* with its "step-down" zone required years of engineering work, the perfection of new production techniques and millions of dollars in highly specialized new plant investment. This may be why Hudson, and Hudson alone, offers this important advance today!

"Stepping down" is so important to motor-car beauty, riding qualities and safety—as well as roominess and comfort—that the nearest Hudson dealer has a booklet—yours without obligation—fully explaining this design principle. Hudson Motor Car Company, Detroit 14.

*Trade-mark and patents pending

This time it's Hudson

Eight body styles in Super Series, and Commodore Custom Series, with luxuriously panelled, beautifully fitted interiors. Your choice. 121 h. p. all-new Super-Six or 128 h. p. masterful Super-Eight engine. Super-Cushion tires. Ten rich body colors. Two special colors or five two-tone combinations—white sidewall tires—at extra cost.

Independent Tobacco Experts Again Name
LUCKY STRIKE FIRST CHOICE
*over any other brand!**

*An impartial Crossley poll covering all the Southern tobacco markets shows that more independent tobacco auctioneers, buyers and warehousemen smoke Lucky Strike than any other brand.

Certified by Crossley, Incorporated
Archibald M. Crossley, President



*So, for your own real deep down
smoking enjoyment remember—*

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COPR., THE AMERICAN TOBACCO COMPANY

LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO

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